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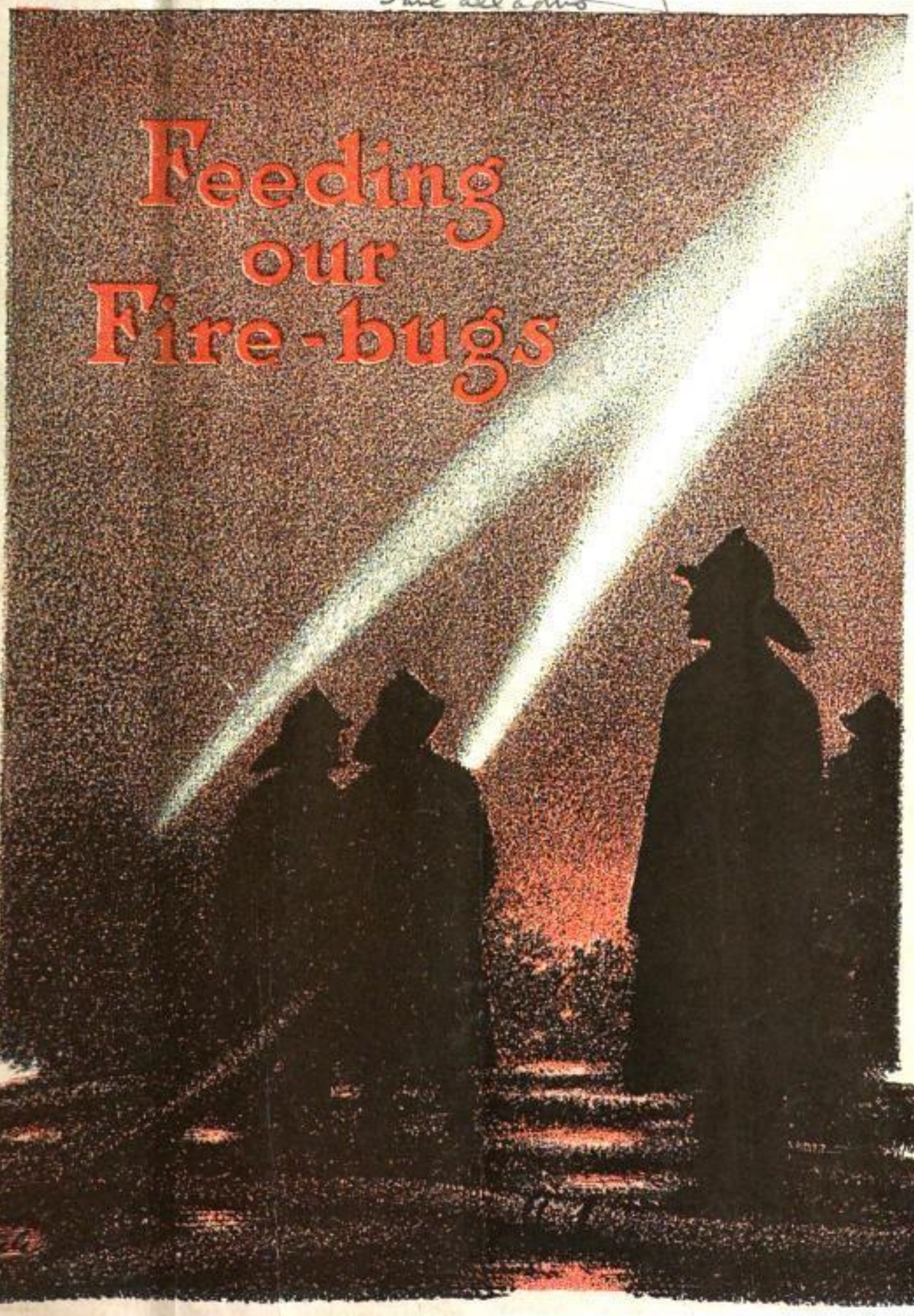
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Save all advts



—resuming "The Business of Arson"

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 1 MARCH 22 1913

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Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with "P. A."



10c

for P. A. in the tidy red tin

You enlist in the jimmy pipe army—whether you boss a briar, clay or meerschaum. Just jam it chock full of Prince Albert, make fire with a match—*and* you've certainly got yours!

Prince Albert kicks the grouch right out of any old pipe you ever saw or smoked—*or tried to smoke!* It tunes 'em up and puts in sweetness and fragrance and *real* pipe joy!

My, how you can go to that old jimmy NOW! Because Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue. *And it won't bite yours!* The bite's cut out by a patented process. It just makes men pipe happy!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

tells its own story in simple words: "It's the goods." Realize, men, that it has doubled the number of pipe smokers in a few years. Think how downright delicious it must be, to set pipe-shy men "going to it" and to bring into line old-timers who suffered with "biters" and "ranks" till Prince Albert blazed the way!

Unlimber that jimmy pipe. Buy some P. A. —*and cheer up!*

And you can't get away from this: You never smoked a finer cigarette in your life than you can roll up with Prince Albert. Get into your system some of that bully good fragrance, sweetness and freshness. It's a revelation. Won't parch or sting your throat. Just isn't built that way! Forget those *fire*-brands and *chaff*-brands and get the good things of life that are yours for the asking.

Copyright by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C., 1912

"Getting right down to it," says Hunch. "P. A. is the Indian sign for 'big smoke.' You get on speaking terms with P. A. and you'll wish you had a jimmy as big as the one that tells its own story on this page. It's about the cheerful-lest I ever hit. Just brimful of solace and happiness and content. It's a real dog—a bent bull—with earmarks of 10 years' service and the flavor that just drives you to some more P. A., early and late."

5c

for P. A. in the toppy red bag

Prince Albert tobacco is sold everywhere in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Stewart Speedometer

MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE



The only speedometer made with a grade indicator

Model B $50

The Victory of the Magnetic Speedometer

10% of all the speedometers made 5 years ago were magnetic
15% of all the speedometers made 4 years ago were magnetic
50% of all the speedometers made 3 years ago were magnetic
70% of all the speedometers made 2 years ago were magnetic
80% of all the speedometers made 1 year ago were magnetic

According to all indications, over 95% of all the speedometers to be made for 1913 will be built on the magnetic principle.

Over 400,000 cars for 1913 will be equipped with the magnetic speedometer.

90% of all cars specifying standard or special equipment for this year will be equipped with a magnetic speedometer.

208 out of 214 automobile manufacturers use the magnetic type.

The famous Stewart speedometer is built on the magnetic principle.

With the above astonishing facts before you, the supremacy of the magnetic speedometer is apparent.

The above figures tell their own story. To any reasonable mind this must indicate clear success for the magnetic speedometer.

The magnetic speedometer must thus be conceded to be the most accurate, practical and reliable speedometer made. We are the only makers of magnetic speedometers.

Insist on a Stewart. It is built on the magnetic principle.

We maintain and operate the largest chain of speedometer service stations in the world. We operate more service stations than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined. In buying a Stewart you can enjoy this international service.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory

1868 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U. S. A.

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1916
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Common Carburetor Sense

There is scarcely an automobile owner, or owner to be, (with the possible exception of scientific and technical men) who take the carburetor question seriously enough—that is, from an economical or efficiency standpoint. Few really understand the purpose, necessity or *economy* of proper carburetion. The very men who are continually quoting and quarreling over the present high price of gasoline would probably not be able to name the carburetor on their car. Some do not even know whether it is under the hood or part of the re system—and they own cars too.

If more attention, careful consideration and serious thought were given the carburetor, itself, and less to the soline, *fuel bills would shrink* at an astonishing rate.

You cannot change or alter the supply or gasoline market, but you *can* see that your car is equipped with the carburetor that gets you the most out of gasoline, and makes it go furthest.

The carburetor has become one of the most vital and important things for the buyer to consider in connection with the purchase of a motor car.

The quality of present day gasoline, and its advancing price, makes it imperative that the carburetor be absolutely right to give the maximum of motor efficiency at all speeds, under all climatic conditions, with the utmost economy.

A few years ago, gasoline—of high quality—was twelve cents a gallon. Today it is about twenty-two cents a gallon, and of very low quality. This varies, of course, in different localities, *but the fact remains that the price is up and the quality is down.*

STROMBERG

Carburetors

Power Economy Flexibility

The Stromberg Carburetor is probably the most scientifically developed and most highly perfected economy apparatus of the modern automobile.

The Stromberg gets more out of a gallon of gasoline (of any grade) than any other carburetor made.

The Stromberg is designed to meet, with the utmost economy, present day conditions—in any part of the world. It can be adjusted to any climate.

Since the Stromberg has been on the market it has won first honors on practically every score—efficiency, economy, flexibility and staying in adjustment.

We are the originators of the easy starting device, which eliminates tickling and flushing and really does make starting easy.

The Stromberg is the highest priced carburetor—but its use has always resulted in effecting great economy for the automobile owner.

There are more Strombergs on high-grade cars than any other carburetor.

The Stromberg always produces the correct mixture for any speed, under all climatic conditions or sudden changes.

The Stromberg is made for any size motor and for any number of cylinders.

The Stromberg will never flood or get out of adjustment.



TYPE "A" STROMBERG is the original Stromberg Carburetor. It is water-jacketed in order to give the highest degree of volatilization. It is so construct d that it gives the most economical mixture on ordinary running speeds and may be opened up immediately for high power work on hills or high speed work on straight-aways.
Notice the practical glass float chamber so that you can tell at a glance whether or not there is gasoline in the carburetor.

We are carburetor experts. We have a trained corps of scientific men and engineers who keep pace with the changing conditions in both fuel and design. It is well known in the automobile industry that the Stromberg Company is pre-eminent in this line.

The Stromberg is made in our own thoroughly modern plant in which we make and specialize on carburetors exclusively.

You, who are about to buy a motor car or you who own a car equipped with a carburetor, which may have been right for conditions when that car was new, can have no possible conception of the added efficiency, sweet running qualities, easy control and economic consumption of gasoline made possible by the installation of Stromberg carburetor.

Study the specifications of the car you are considering. Look under "Carburetor." See if Stromberg is listed. In most cases it is, but if it isn't, insist on a Stromberg, and see that your request is complied with. It will save you money and time.

It will pay and interest you to read our book "Motor Troubles." It is also instructive and—gratis. Drop us a line and we will mail you a copy.

Stromberg Motor Devices Company

64 East 25th Street, Chicago, Illinois

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New York Boston Detroit Indianapolis Minneapolis

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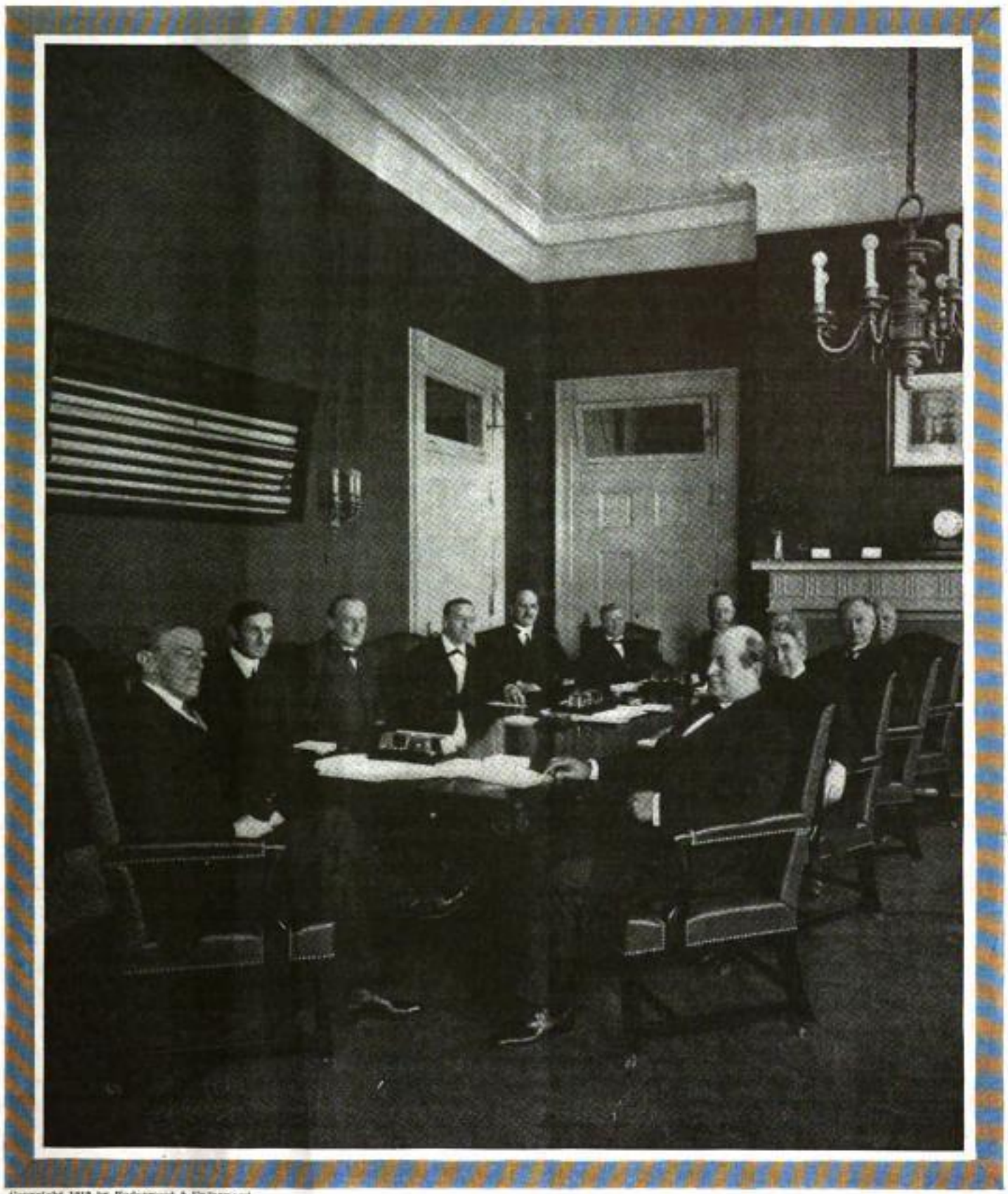
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



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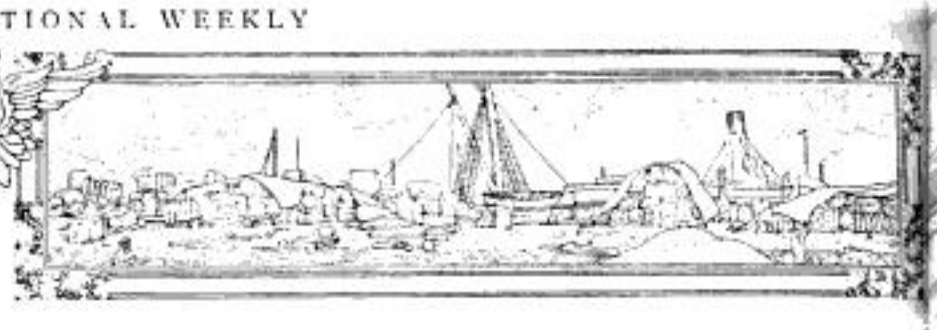
A Scholar's Cabinet

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil."

President WILSON and his Cabinet at their first conference in the White House. Reading from left to right: The President; WILLIAM G. MCADOO, Secretary of the Treasury; JAMES C. MCREYNOLDS, Attorney General; JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of the Navy; DAVID F. HOUSTON, Secretary of Agriculture; WILLIAM B. WILSON, Secretary of Labor; WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Secretary of Commerce; and (continuing around the table) FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior; ALBERT S. BURLESON, Postmaster General; LINDLEY M. GARRISON, Secretary of War; and WILLIAM J. BRYAN, Secretary of State

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A WORD

RICH PERSONS had much better help along the conservation idea. Both in this country and in England a great deal of money is going to be needed in the future for certain large humanitarian measures—old-age pensions, pensions for mothers, and the like. In England there is no place to get this money except from those who now have it. LLOYD-GEORGE must tap vested wealth. In this country, more fortunately, we have reserves of natural wealth which are still the common property of all. Properly conserved, there will be enough to finance our humanitarian program, and we will not need to take anything away from those who already have it. Enlightened self-interest should lead the rich to be on the side of conservation. But enlightenment and riches do not always go together.

TECHNICALITIES AND JUSTICE

MAURICE M. LUSTIG was charged with the murder of his wife, whose life was insured for $3,000 in his favor. The wife was at first supposed to have died a natural death, but an anonymous note to the coroner led to the exhuming of the body. The principal medical witness for the State testified that he had found a hundredth of a grain of strychnine in the body of the dead woman. Another expert found no traces of strychnine. Was the woman poisoned? On that question the life of a man depended. Yet when LUSTIG's lawyer asked the State's expert to describe the test which he had made for strychnine, for the purpose of showing its lack of value, the trial judge, on the objection of the prosecutor, refused to allow the question to be answered. Again, the prosecutor objected to the defendant's showing the personal hostility of witnesses who testified to LUSTIG's attempted purchases of strychnine, and the court sustained the prosecutor. This happened in 1909 in New York City. The case may be found in 206 New York Reports at page 162. The decision of the Court of Appeals, which reversed the conviction of LUSTIG, has been criticized. LUSTIG has been released, and escapes a second trial because the material witnesses against him are said to have left the country. This is unfortunate, but had the Court of Appeals not reversed LUSTIG's conviction any man might be convicted on the undisputed word of an expert. The rules of cross-examination were clearly violated by the prosecutor and the trial court. No case better illustrates the distinction between foolish technicalities and those constitutional rights which every man on trial for his life is entitled to.

THE BUSINESS OF ARSON

"SOME INSURANCE JOURNALS express contempt, some concern, some vituperation" (we quote from the Alabama "News"), "some play hide and seek with their dignity by attempting to disprove and, at the same time, ridicule Mr. MCFARLANE's sensational charges." It may be said that *publicly* the whole insurance world denies them, and with vehemence. In private, if we may judge from the great majority of the letters coming to this office, it admits everything. In Montreal, Cleveland, Kansas City, and a number of other places the fire department authorities say that we have not put our arson estimates at all too high. Are we, as a nation, ready to admit what seems proved by the evidence of plain figures? Are we going to stop talking about accident and carelessness as the cause of most of our fires; to expect the man who burns out, "fully covered by insurance," to make it clear beyond cavil exactly how that fire started? As Dr. EDWARD A. WILLIS, the head of the Indianapolis Health Department, expresses it: "What effect will your series have on the fires which occur during the reading of these stories? To my mind, most interesting and startling results, corroborating your findings and statements now being made public, should occur within the next year." Whatever is to come, in Utah they are beginning to ask for a fire marshal. Some Texas persons interested in fire insurance reform have supplied each member of the Texas Legislature with a subscription to those copies of COLLIER'S which contain the fire insurance articles; and the fire marshal of West Virginia has called on his State Legislature to act.

CUTTING OFF OUR NOSES

WE ARE IN A POSITION with respect to Russia which we occupy toward no other country in the world—not even Abyssinia. As a fitting climax to recent diplomacy, we have no treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation with the Russian Empire. The chauvinism of certain newspapers, the astuteness of certain politicians seeking the Jewish vote, have led us once more into the old game of playing politics with our foreign relations. As a result of abrogating the Buchanan-Nesselrode Treaty, we are now in much worse case to protect American residents in the Russian Empire, whether they are Jews or not, than before. The Imperial Government is under no further obligation to recognize our consular officers, for example. It may make special and oppressive laws touching the standing of all Americans in the Empire. It may discriminate against or even prohibit the importation of American products. As our exports to Russia are almost double our imports, the possibility of retaliation on our part is not reassuring. The Russian, on the other hand, can afford to wait. His course toward the Jew may be a mistaken one, as we think it is, but it is essentially his own affair. We especially have nothing to say, for, in this matter of race, we may be reproached with conspicuous prejudices of our own. Even in the matter of religion we are not wholly consistent. A faithful follower of the Prophet would have some difficulty in bringing his family into the United States. To the Russian mind it is very clear that we are actuated not by principle but by politics. One can see him chuckling over the consternation of the Administration when, in reply to a remonstrance of our ambassador, the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs proposed to transfer all the Jews in Russia to the United States! By denouncing the treaty we have neither benefited our Jewish citizens nor strengthened our position as a great power.

OUR SLIPSHOD MILITIA

THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION took about four and a half hours to pass the President. During three hours, probably, of this time military organizations of one sort and another were marching by. If those unfit to appear in such a place had been eliminated, this part of the parade might have passed in less than half an hour. The West Pointers were excellent, of course, and so were the Annapolis Cadets, although the latter looked a bit less trim in their heavy overcoats. The marines and most of the regulars were businesslike and shipshape, and several of the civilian organizations—the Richmond Blues, for instance; Squadron A, New York, and the High School Cadets of Washington—were all that could be desired. Many of the militia regiments, however, were disgraceful. Officers went by chewing gum, men wore black or tan shoes indiscriminately, and the general standard of dress and marching was inexcusably slipshod and careless. The Tammany politicians were far more soldierlike than many of these regiments, supposed to be trained in soldierliness. Such deportment is no more "democratic" than was the behavior of the Governor of one of the Eastern States, who went into a drug store on the line of march, spat tobacco juice on the floor, called for a glass of water, irrigated his mouth, and deposited the contents on the floor before finally partaking of soda water. The men of '76, who could bring down a squirrel with a rifle two hundred yards away, could afford to smile at the Hessian mercenaries with their blacked pigtails, but the simplicity of our militiamen at Washington was not that of backwoodsmen; it was the boorishness of city streets and corner groggeries. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once called attention to the fighting ability of the dandy, and there can be no doubt of the increased efficiency, other things being equal, which comes from a regiment's mere "smartness." A regiment with a reputation for it will try to sustain that reputation when it gets into action. The sloppiness revealed at Washington was more than a mere lack of finesse—it indicated a general slackness of mind and lack of concentration on the business in hand, a slackness which is only too characteristic of our citizen soldiery.

A NEWSPAPER CLASSIC

ART'S INSURGENTS, as represented in the recent International Exhibition of Modern Art in New York, apparently adopted a rather shrewd attitude. They put their products before the public without comment beyond: "Please judge for yourselves!" The result was to let down the bars to the bystander and get plenty of other folks into the editorial forum besides professional critics. Some good conversation and writing resulted. But the real classic upon post impressionistic art from the average man's standpoint was published a year ago. It is BERT LESTON TAYLOR's "Lines Written After Viewing Mr. Arthur Dove's Exposition of the 'Simultaneousness of the Ambient.'" We select some of the choicest stanzas:

At first you fancy they are built
As patterns for a crazy quilt,
But soon you see that they express
An ambient simultaneousness.

This thing, which would appear to show
A fancy vest scenario,
Is really quite another thing—
A flock of pigeons on the wing.

But Mr. DOVE is much too keen
To let a single bird be seen;
To show the pigeons would not do,
And so he simply paints the *coo*.

THE GREATEST LEAK

LLOYD-GEORGE, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, keeps reminding the British landholding aristocracy that the land values of the United Kingdom constitute a great reservoir of values from which, the future, funds are to be drawn in larger and larger measure for the Imperial program of militarism, and for an equally expensive campaign

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ainst pauperism. It is pointed out that land values are merely the pression in money of the benefits of good government. *Anything that kes the nation a better place in which to live and do business is money the pocket of landowners.* It may be good for others, but *to the landlord es the money benefit.* Taxes on lands, say the disciples of land-value cation—following either HENRY GEORGE or DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE—are t drawn from the returns earned by labor, but only from the takings n monopoly. If the burden of taxation becomes too heavy for the land nopolist to endure, he can sell out; but the Georgians insist that this a consummation devoutly to be wished. The buyer in such a case will ays lay to put the land to a higher and more intensive use—and in ding he must, of course, employ labor, and thus make times better. this connection it is rather startling to have it brought to one's atten- n that land values in the United States at the present time pay not one rt of the expenses of the General Government. The great bulk of our ent increase in the so-called wealth of the nation has been in land lues. Most of these enormous increases are in the incredibly valuable nd in cities, but agricultural lands have grown in value in the past ten ars to the extent of from 100 to 300 per cent. A Lloyd-George would ist that every cent of this value is capable of being taken in taxation thout in the slightest degree lessening the rewards of the productive tivities of the people.

THE LAND

ALL THE LAND in the United States—just the bare land—is valued at something like forty or fifty billions of dollars. All the improve- nts thereon, the farmhouses and factories and skyscrapers and rail- ys, are probably worth about as much more. The *improvements* rep- sent human toil and thrift. The value of the land represents simply man need—of food and clothing. The value of the bare land is due lely to the pressure of population, and not to what the owners have ne upon it. The improvements are perishable and of steadily declining lue. The land value is imperishable and advances steadily. In the last teen years the land value has more than doubled. In these same fifteen ars the larger part of what stood thereon—factories and buildings— s had to be replaced. The greater the amount of the improvements, e greater the value of the bare land. Those who made the improve- nts—that is, the whole of the population—presented to the owners of e land something like twenty or thirty billions of dollars. The gift was a-ked by the fact that a very large part of the improvers were also the nd-owners. But the rapid rise of farm tenantry and city tenantry will on make the line of cleavage clear. Then perhaps we shall become telligent enough to secure the increment in land value to the whole mmunity, and not to the steadily decreasing number to whom it is now urce of private and enormous gain.

THE SAGE FOUNDATION AND EDUCATION

THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION has published a comparative study of public-school systems in the forty-eight States. It is pamphlet packed with most accessible, striking, and valuable informa- n. The eye is attracted by facts put in charts. Lines, dots, and dollar ars tell their tale more clearly than print, and make comparisons much asier. Washington and Massachusetts, in that order, turn out to be e two banner States as far as education is concerned. Few people would spect to see Massachusetts take second place, and fewer to find that Washington led all the rest. Figures as to the proportion of children in hool, value of school property, salaries, and so on cannot absolutely ow the worth or comparative worthlessness of schools; but, taken all gether over a State-wide area, they are fairly conclusive. If you ant to see how your State comes out in these and other respects, nd fifteen cents to the Division of Education, Russell Sage Foundation, 30 Metropolitan Tower, New York City.

CONVERSATION

WE LIKE EVERYTHING about the above-mentioned booklet better than its definition of the object of education. It says: "The object f education is to develop physical health, enhance economic efficiency, nd increase intellectual vigor." The emphasis on health is a good idea, ut the prize pupil of such an education might be a bitterly blighting ort of superman. No, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON did far better, though he rote before the days of hygiene: "The ends of education are three: o develop the moral nature, to train the judgment, *and to furnish materials for conversation.*" The italics are ours. HEINE seems to be the nly other person who ever properly saw that a large part of the value f education lies in knowing what your fellows know. "What a thing s education!" he cries; "if I had not learned the names of the early oman kings, what good would it do me now that NIEBUHR has proved hey never lived!" Precisely so.

KEEP OFF THE CLOUDS

THE KEEN-EYED AIRMAN of the future need not be surprised on perceiving due ahead of him in the flawless turquoise a floating buoy or captive balloon, painted red and bearing this inscription:

CASTLE 5,000 FEET BELOW. KEEP OFF

Such a contingency, indeed, is foreshadowed by the recent appeal made to the Johannisthal Flying Ground Association as the result of a "turn" suffered by the Empress on her birthday, when a well-intentioned, if overenthusiastic, birdman, after cutting a few figure-eights, dropped a wreath on the roof of the palace. In Germany, where most things are "Verboten," from letting your chimney catch fire to whistling ragtime on the streets, such an order may be accepted without question. We only wonder what would happen if American millionaires, in their zeal for exclusiveness, should decide to adopt similar measures. But it is getting more and more difficult to be exclusive. The goggled pilot, volplaning down an aerial glide, would probably pay as little attention to a "Don't fly here" request from a Guggenheim, a Morgan, or a Vanderbilt as a taxi chauffeur would to the appeal of a pedestrian. Only the stork winging his way in silence through the night will heed a warning of this kind, for he has already heard the admonition.

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

SIX OR EIGHT YEARS AGO the business men of Henderson, Ky., the metropolis of a large but lagging agricultural district, organized a commercial club and set out to make their town a young Pittsburgh. They proclaimed Henderson's advantages on billboards and sent their cleverest talkers to interview capitalists in the large cities. But months and years slipped by, and scarcely any new factories were built. It took these men a long time to realize that they were wasting much precious time in misdirected effort. But at last came an inspiration. The progressive members of the club met the other day and resolved themselves into a crop improvement association, opened the membership books to everybody that would pay the annual dues of one dollar, and hired a farm expert by the year. The idea became popular with the farmers, who will control the policies of the organization. The Chicago Board of Trade became interested in the experiment and agreed to contribute $2,000 to help pay the first two years' expenses; and the Department of Agriculture will pay $50 a month of the expert's salary. The trained agriculturist will make laboratory tests of soils and dairy products, conduct practical demonstrations on farms, and give free advice to all who ask for it—in fact, do anything he sees fit for the promotion of better farming. The idea is a splendid one. It is based on the sound, fundamental truth that the soil is the source of new wealth. Most commercial clubs spend their energy and money trying to get factories away from other cities.

HELEN KELLER

OUR COUNTRY is blessed in its visitations, and BERGSON, the famous French philosopher, received the welcome he richly deserved. BERGSON has shown how matter, ponderous and of close-knit fiber, is ever in front of the troubled currents of man's spirit, shutting them off from an easy flow to their place of emergence. The tides of man's restless spirit, searching for the light as if they were a current in the tunnel of a rocky hill, must turn aside from the too great thickness and toughness of the interposing rock, and seek a new direction and easier outlet. Then later, after they have gone around and passed beyond the barrier they could not penetrate or undermine, they resume their passage toward the light, picking up the old direction. They do not know defeat, but the thwarting is constant. In all his travels BERGSON will hardly find a more perfect illustration of this than in the person of the lovely woman who has gained victories all through life over her two supreme limitations. HELEN KELLER has been blind and deaf since infancy, but her spirit has won through every stubborn barrier.

OVERHEARD

IN THE VILLAGE BY THE LAKE a woman was softly playing and singing to herself. Over and over she went with her quiet tune as if she were telling her happiness to herself, a happiness which she was half fearful might be envied and invaded if overheard. So she gave her music gently. So she subdued her joy and the melody that it might escape avenging tongues.

AGE

IT TAKES THE FAIREST of the young, and touches each of them with change and loss. The skin, once so soft that even the lover was half fearful in touching it, stiffens its texture, and the transparent veil, through which soft lights and tender colors played, hides impenetrably those hoverings and vanishings of mood. The undulations of the cheek droop with care. All the gracious perfection is reduced.

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The Business of Arson

V—Feeding Our Fire Bugs

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Being a Chapter on the Thing That Gives Us Our Human "Rotten Risks"

In my first two articles I showed that at least one-half our fires of any importance are criminal. In the third article I showed that all our great and powerful stock fire insurance companies gain by our criminal fires, above all by our present constant and terrible increase in criminal fires. In the fourth article I said that our great companies have concealed the real nature of our fire situation because of their own criminal responsibility for it. This is not an absurd and unmeasured attack upon a great business interest which, presumably, should be doing all in its power to prevent fires. It is a charge which is now to be made good in detail. The present article will show that it is the fire insurance business, as conducted in America by the majority of stock fire insurance companies, which is making our fire bugs in the beginning

SOME months ago in Chicago, at what might have been called a convention of fire insurance officers, there stood up a straight-spoken Canadian, one E. P. Heaton of Toronto—himself a fire insurance man—and he asked: "Who is feeding our fire bugs?" And for an answer there was only the strangest of silences.

"Who is feeding our fire bugs?" What did the question mean? How could a fire bug be "fed"? And who would knowingly "feed" one?

There is only one thing which can "feed" fire bugs, and that is "overinsurance." So long as the face of a man's fire policy is kept at even $10 less than the salable cash value of his property, you may be absolutely certain that—though he be the worst scoundrel unhanged—he will never have an "insurance fire." To take the words from the first report of our first fire marshal: "Nothing but overinsurance can cause this crime to be committed."

In America, as I shall show in the first part of this article, it is the seller of insurance himself, the agent or broker, who is feeding our fire bugs; often enough he urges their arson food upon them. **The situation is at its worst in the tenements of our great cities; there, every year, it is creating fire bugs by hundreds and thousands. And I shall show in the second part of this article that in the tenements the feeding is carried on with the connivance of the companies themselves.**

Confine the story, in the beginning, to the agent or broker alone. He *must* want to overinsure. And for his motive we must go back once more to the iniquitous, indefensible, flat commission system. The more insurance he can sell to each and every customer, the greater will be his income.

There are agents and brokers who shut their eyes to self-interest and—all honor to them—will not overinsure under any condition. There are agents and brokers who overinsure deliberately, hoping for a second profit when the fire occurs. The average agent or broker does not want to sell temptation. Like all of us, he merely wants to make the best living that he can.

MAKING A FIRE BUG OF JOHN SMITH

LEFT to himself, grocer John Smith may take out insurance to the full value of his property—say, $4,000. With sufficient urging to be on the safe side—we have all experienced such urging and wondered why—he may take $5,000. If he does this, the agent, instead of a $0 commission, may have $11.25. And he may be a poor man, with a wife and children in every need of it.

But what of Smith? From then on he is a man with a temptation. If money troubles come, always in his badgered mind is the thought that, with a fire, all might yet be well; he has been given his moral morphine! And when next a lantern falls down his cellar steps or a match head flies into a barrel of waste, he may rush to put it out or *he may not*. As told in a dozen confessions, the story of arson shows that one-half of all "first fires" are of this kind. For turning the honest man into the criminal, there is nothing to compare with overinsurance. In a few hours John Smith, once the incorruptible, may be the burner of his town.

What do the agent and the company make out of John Smith? On that $1,000 of overinsurance the agent gets, on an average commission, about $2.42. The company stands to get, in case Smith has no fire, about $8.58. If he has a fire, John Smith has been made a criminal for less than eleven dollars!

This story is not imaginary and exceptional. It is the rule. Behind it is a condition that is country-wide. And though the public has heard strangely little of it, what that condition has meant in loss and crime and the increase of crime has made the beginning and the end of half our fire marshals' reports for twenty years!

THE TESTIMONY OF THE FIRE MARSHALS

"THEY encourage poor people to overinsure," says former Fire Marshal Sullivan of Louisiana. "It is overinsurance that first gave us our need of fire marshals."

"The local agent," says Fire Marshal Ballard of Oklahoma, "is usually ready to write insurance to any amount on which the person will pay the premium."

"He [the agent] has his eye on the percentage he is to receive," says Fire Marshal Randall of Nebraska. "Seventy-five per cent of the fires that we have investigated were overinsured."

In 1912 Fire Marshal Zuber of Ohio found that out of 300 risks written by one agent alone, 120 were heavily overinsured. **The local agent admitted he knew 115 of the risks were overinsured; but said that if he had not overinsured them the other local agent would have done so.**

That, out of 300 insurers, 120 should *accept* overinsurance gives a percentage admittedly far above the average; but those are the facts from Ohio.

"It is my opinion," says Fire Marshal Oliver of Tennessee, **"that at least 60 per cent of the fire waste in Tennessee is the result of overinsuran**
I am not exaggerating when I say that 90 per cent the cases of loss by fire reported to this department f investigation are traceable directly to overinsurance."

"The three cardinal reasons for our enormous fi waste," said Insurance Commissioner Preuss of Min sota, speaking as chairman of the last Fire Preventi Congress, **"are carelessness, overinsurance, and arso** The last two, of course, are synonymous.

Almost exactly the same words are used by the pre dent of the Fire Marshals' Association, C. A. Paln of Michigan. And he adds: "If I could have my wa I would make it a criminal offense."

In New Hampshire and in South Carolina, Insuran Commissioners Merrill and McMaster are at the pres moment seeking to *have* overinsurance made a crimin offense!

If there were no other reason—with arson what it in America—why our insurance companies take lit part in prosecuting our incendiaries, there is this: H *can* they prosecute when, in three cases out of fo the man who laid the temptation at the incendiary's fe was the agent, and apparently the employee, of the co pany itself?

Who is feeding our fire bugs? **"I feel from m experience,"** says Fire Marshal Doyle of Illinois, **"th the temptation of the average fire bug is brought abo in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by overinsu ance** upon the part of the companies carrying his ris And when the fire marshal says "companies," and s "agents" or "brokers," he puts the responsibility e actly where it belongs.

OVERINSURING THE CROOK

THE crook need not be urged to overinsure. will gladly pay high rates for every dollar overinsurance there is any chance of his being a to use. And the result is something which would d credit anything but American fire insurance for all ti to come.

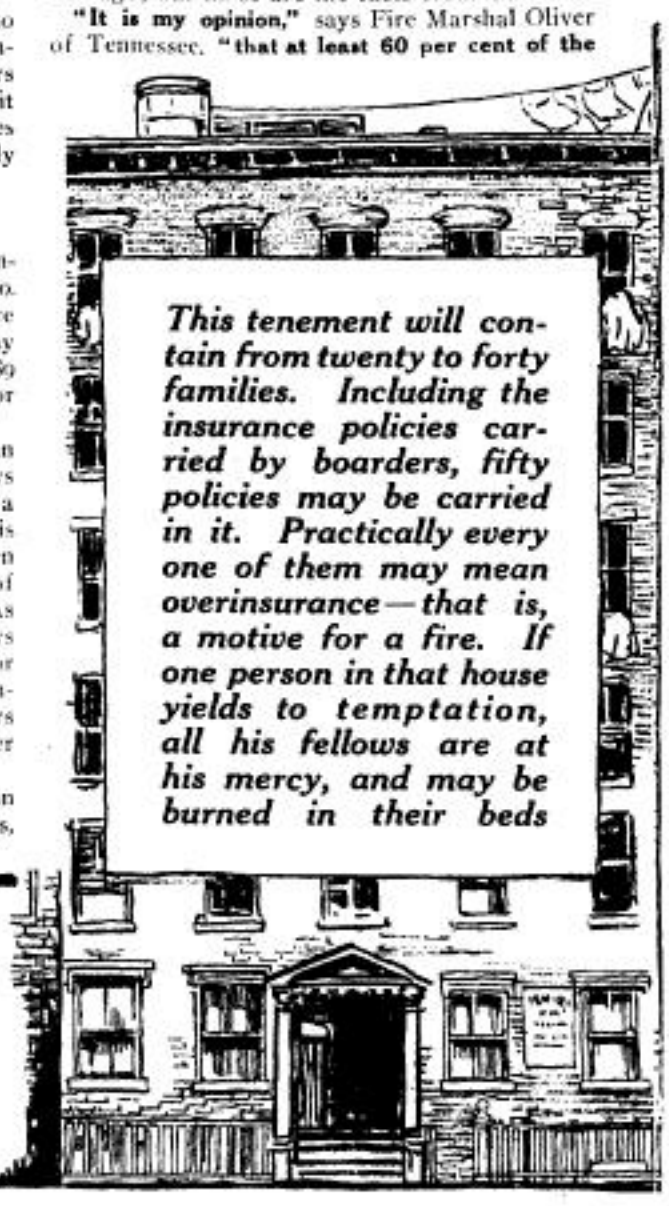
Take some recent cases in Chicago. In one reputable agent learned that the assured had ad $12,500 to the $5,000 he had given him. The first $5, was promptly canceled. **Another agent replaced it t same day, and the fire took place that night. Part the debris—valueless tobacco—was moved to anot store, $6,000 was placed on it, and *it* was burn anew!**

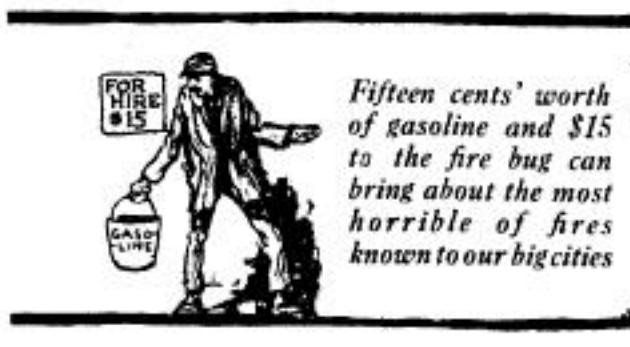
In another case the detectives were following up crooked fire; $4,500 in insurance had been placed o value of less than $300. It was discovered that the fa drug house from which the fire bug had purchased benzine had obtained some $26,000 in policies on a va of about $260! *Its* fire would probably have taken pl within a week.

About the same time two enterprising South S Poles were showing what they could do. One bou an old building for $150, spent about $50 in repairing and obtained insurance for $2,000. The other sp $500 for an abandoned brewery outhouse, paid $100 have it moved, set it up on posts, and when he had fire he held $6,500 in insurance money.

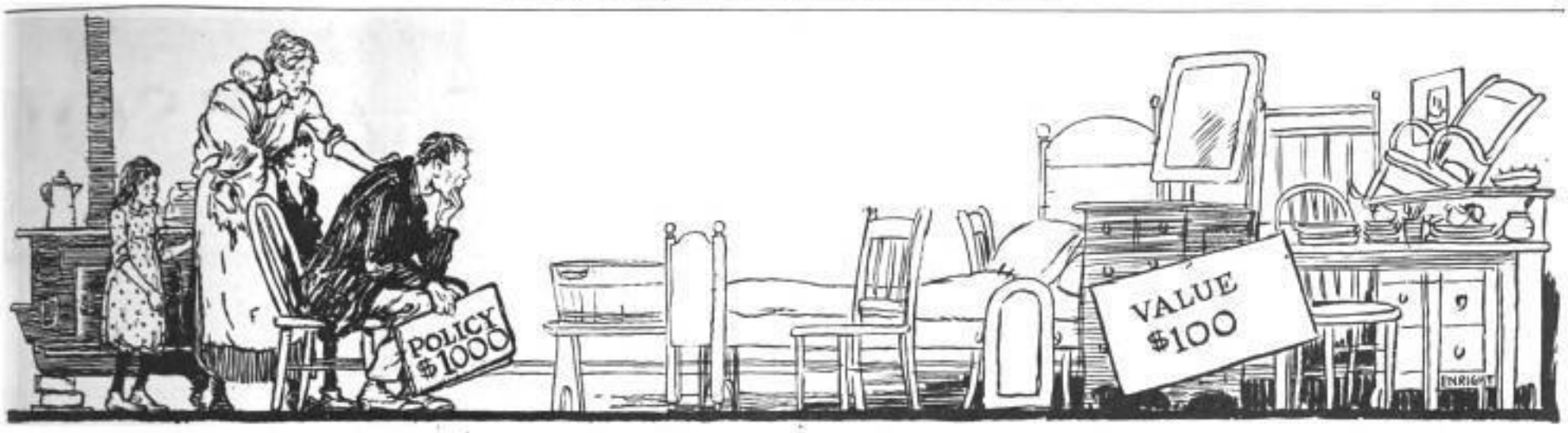
THE BLACK HAND AS A FIRE EXCUSE

THE Italian-American fire bug almost always Black Hand letters written to himself—to giv satisfactory "cause of fire." Last June it was repor to Fire Marshal Bach of Chicago that a local Ital produce house was threatened with such destruct on the approaching Fourth of July. A deputy w rushed to the scene with orders to remain on gu day and night. "My God, Chief," he phoned ba "this place'll never last till the Fourth!" The flo were oil-soaked, the cellar half full of excelsior, an load of kindling had just been delivered to help t About the only stock in sight consisted of a lot of da aged, unsalable spaghetti, which the proprietor fina





Fifteen cents' worth of gasoline and $15 to the fire bug can bring about the most horrible of fires known to our big cities



and sorely, attempted to sell to his hated guardian at a cent and a half a pound. But he had obtained $32,000 in insurance.

If you think Chicago must be exceptional, here are some recent overinsurance examples from Ohio and Tennessee:

Actual Value of Property	*Was Insured for*	*Actual Value of Property*	*Was Insured for*
$3,500	$15,000	$495	$1,600
2,500	9,000	361	5,000
2,000	5,000	300	2,000
1,800	9,000	200	1,350
1,500	9,000	150	1,500
1,115	5,500	196	6,000
500	1,800		

One could gather whole columns of such contrasts.

$10,000 ON TWO BED SPRINGS

A YEAR or two ago a lady of leisure who had already made a fire record in America—call her Madame Settina—took a large house at Nyack, and her household furniture—if it existed—was insured for $10,000. After the fire, Loss Adjuster "Jimmy" Mulford, representing one of the companies involved, went up to the ruins with a gravel sieve, and with it began to seek, or sift, for evidences of value. He found one copper cent, perfectly good when cleaned, two bed springs, and some four kitchen utensils such as are commonly sold in our five- and ten-cent emporiums.

The crook may not collect the full amount of his insurance. But if his fire has been a thorough one, in few cases can the insurance company prove that the value was not there before the burn out. In practice, if not in law, the onus of proof is upon the company. And the result is that almost always the company has to agree to a "compromise settlement." For example, in a recent Kentucky case, where $15,500 of insurance had been given, the appraisers after the fire estimated the actual value at $806. The companies offered to pay $6,000. The offer was refused. And but for the untimely confession of one of the crooks, the companies would almost certainly have had to pay more.

Where the policies are small, one is soon in the realm of farce comedy. "The Fire Alarm," the official organ of our fire marshals, tells a story of a chicken coop, insured for $160, which the firemen knocked over in their haste to get to a 6 by 14 corncrib which had been insured for $480! Another fire marshal tells of finding in a kitchen door three nails which had been insured for $100 as a wardrobe. That, in New York and Chicago, is common. In New York I have placed my $3,000 of insurance on nothing at all. The New York Fire Department, in the course of its recent investigation of arson, sent out inspectors to prove how easily property could be overinsured. **On two chairs, a cuspidor, three 16-cent curtains, and a $1.25 gas stove, worth in all $3.44, they obtained $127,500 of insurance.**

PRODUCING A FIRE EPIDEMIC

ALL firemen have an especial interest in the matter. "This department," says Fire Marshal Reif of Montana, "and the chiefs of our fire departments can do nothing so long as local agents continue to overinsure!"

In the last convention of fire chiefs, Chief Hunter of Springfield, Ohio, attempted "to get the subject squarely before the public." And one point was brought up as yet not touched upon—the way in which one "successful" fire will be followed within a few weeks by a whole group or series, a veritable explosion of fires. Get a town well overinsured, let business become bad, then allow one man to make his arson profits, and, as Chief Byswater of Salt Lake City expressed it, the fires will, as a result, "break out like an epidemic."

In January, 1912, such an epidemic in a certain New England city did damage within forty-eight hours to the extent of $250,000—the local press was quite frank in attributing it to arson—and it sent the local fire chief and half his men to the hospital.

And here, too, the fire marshal can give his corroborative evidence. Take a typical example from Tennessee. Fire Marshal Oliver tells how, not long ago, a former ladies' college, "old and in bad condition, was sold to a group of individuals for $17,000—on promissory notes." From the local agents they obtained insurance for $36,500—and the fire took place. "The fire insurance was paid, and from that time on a fire epidemic raged in this town—it was badly overinsured—

Overinsurance alone can feed or create fire bugs. Helped by poverty in our tenements it is today creating them in thousands. Even the children often become adepts in arson

until thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost."

Fire Marshal Oliver then goes on to tell of what he did—note, too, it was *all* he could do—to prevent the destruction at least becoming any worse, and "to save and protect the good people of this town." He went to it, and, *"cooperating with the insurance people, by mutual consent of the local agents they were suspended for a period of thirty days, agreeing not to write any business for the above time!"*

If the Jesse James band were still in existence, and could ride into and take possession of that Tennessee town for a week, could it loot that town of "hundreds of thousands of dollars," though it worked its hardest? Is there any business on earth save fire insurance, such as we have it now in America, from which we would tolerate such abuses for one moment?

THE WHOLESALE MANUFACTURE OF FIRE BUGS

WHO is feeding our fire bugs? But all of the above is only the beginning, and the smallest part of the story.

So far, in almost every case, the company could, with color, plead that it did not know. I come now to overinsurance where the company does know and has always known.

So far we have seen fire bugs made singly, or at most a dozen at a time in epidemics. **I come now to the making of the fire bug, by overinsurance, in thousands and at wholesale.**

For pure horror the tenement fire has for long been our classic American fire. Every few weeks three or four people are burned to death in one. And every few months New York or Chicago or Boston gives us what firemen call "a big roast." Eight, ten, sometimes even twenty, people die together. After almost every such fire "suspicious circumstances" are discovered. But never is there any "discoverable motive." What even the Chicago or the New York reporter in his omniscience does not know is this: In almost all cases, practically every family in the house is overinsured. **In a single house there may be fifty insurance policies which, in fireman phrase, "want a fire."**

Again—and something which for the present will seem to have no connection—everyone who reads the daily "fire record" anywhere throughout the country knows that in 1913 two names of every three which appear in it are not those of "our own people"—that is, people who have been "American" or "Canadian" for at least forty years. Certain races and nationalities appear far oftener than others. Why should this be?

For thirty years we have had two kinds, or tides, of immigration. One has been directly to the land: the Swede and Norwegian have gone to the Northwestern States, the Galician and Icelander to the Canadian Northwest, the Cornishman into the Michigan iron country. Most of these peoples have had insurance in their own countries. But to none of these peoples has any taint of arson attached in the past, and to none of them does it attach now.

Our great cities and manufacturing towns have received a second tide of immigration. It is made up racially of the Russian and Pole, the Austrian and Hungarian, the Bulgarian, the Greek, the Italian. These races differ among themselves as radically as the group above. They have none of them had "insurance fires" at home; before coming to America practically none of them have had *insurance*. And already the majority of them are so arson-tainted, their race names appear so constantly in every "fire record," that most of our insurance companies try to insure none of them whatever. These strangers within our gates have made their first halt in our tenements, or in the frame rows of Fall River and Paterson and Pittsburgh. And by studied and deliberate overinsurance on the part of certain companies our tenements and packed framed rows have been turned, first, into habitations where people who are virtually children burn each other in their beds for money, and, second, into places which may be called arson's very colleges and focal centers. In them almost all our professional fire bugs are produced. It is exactly as if there were quarters of New York and Boston and Pittsburgh where one emigrant in every twenty could, before going on into the interior, be infected with cholera or bubonic plague.

WHERE ALL IS OVERINSURANCE

IN EUROPE, unless the agent wishes to have to do with the law, he must write insurance by valuation and inventory, which means that the peasant's fifty rubles or kroner or lire worth of old clothing and chairs and bedding must be insured for no more than their real value, or left alone. At their real value it could not possibly be worth an agent's time to insure them; in Italy, for example, the average premium rate is about twelve cents on the $100! **Accordingly, nine immigrants in ten who now come to America hardly know what fire insurance is. And, scarcely landed from Ellis Island, they have policies for $500 and $750 and $1,000 thrust upon them!**

They are told—and there are accidental fires enough to point the fact—that everybody must take out insurance in America. The red seal on the insurance policy means to many of them that it is a kind of Government bond; and little is done, it may be said, to disenchant them. Few of them remain so simple long. But in the beginning, often enough, they absolutely believe that should they have a fire, $500 or $750 or $1,000 will really be paid to them. In a country where buildings are fifty stories high, and there is running water in every hallway, why should one thing be more incredible than another? And such policies, under such conditions, are put into the hands of people crowded one and two hundred together in some of the most inflammable fire traps ever constructed.

WHY THE COMPANIES DO IT

YOU ask, first, why do the companies do it? The majority of companies do not do it. Or they do as little of it as, given the compulsion of agent or broker, they can avoid. All will hasten to *tell* you that they do not do it. And few important companies, save those controlled in England, do it as a matter of deliberate business policy.

But why overinsurance at all? Because, **only by overinsurance could there be any money in it.**

Out of every premium he takes in, the agent, in many States, insists on having at least $1. If he employs soliciting brokers, the broker must also have his commission. In New York this last alone takes its 25 per cent from the tenement premium. In any case, of every $2 taken in by agent or broker, on an average half will be gone before it gets to the company. There is, plainly, little in that, even with the $2 premium made the minimum, as it is.

Now, to get more, the company can either try to insure the tenement dweller for what his effects are worth—$25, $50, $100—and make the rate so high that, despite the real fire danger, hardly anyone will pay it; or the company can, for the same money, offer a $500, a $750, or a $1,000 stamped paper, give the broker something to make his "talk" about, and get everybody in the house. And that is what it does. While doing it, too, the company can always make that ever-unassailable defense that "wherever there is overinsurance the responsibility rests with the policy holder alone." In this way:

For his $2 or $3 or $5 the tenement householder *may*, if he desires, take as little as $100 or $50 or $25 worth of insurance. As was explained to me when I took out some sample tenement insurance for myself, "though $2 was the minimum *price*, there was no downward limit to the face of the policy. He, the tenement dweller, could have $50 worth of insurance for his $2 or he could have $500 worth." If, then, he took the $500 policy, that was his own account. In other words, you offer a child two sticks of candy, a little one that is perfectly good and safe, and a big one that may possibly contain arsenic. And if he takes the big one, he must answer for the consequences himself.

About 52 per cent of the 17,000 fires in New York alone are tenement fires. On an average there is a fatal fire once a week. During the preparation of this article fatal fires took place on three successive days. I took two of them for investigation. The first—in which only two children lost their lives—was in a typical slum-tenement house on Mangin Street. The

(Continued on page 22)

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Comment on Politics

By MARK SULLIVAN

PRESIDENT WILSON is about to undertake an extremely difficult business. He has the responsibility of leadership in an effort to deprive certain persons of privileges they have held so long that they have come to look upon them as rights. These persons have the disposition and the ability to make a very loud outcry. The wiping out of high protection is certain to cause some painful readjustments, and in some quarters may pinch severely. The powerful persons and groups who are threatened will try to make their resistance effective through individual Congressmen and Senators in the Democratic party. Already the "Sawmill Senators," like Smith of Maryland, are beginning to deplore the threatened wiping out of the tariff on lumber. The Democratic sugar Congressmen from Louisiana are fighting free sugar openly. Some Democratic members from Massachusetts will oppose the tariff reductions which affect their home districts. All these and others may threaten disaster to President Wilson's program. He may find it necessary to appeal to the people. *Apprehending that Mr. Wilson may have the same sort of contest that Cleveland had with Gorman, every thoughtful person should be ready to support him.*

The Immediate Job

MR. WILSON and his party will achieve two definite, helpful results: he will reduce the tariff and he will break up many of the larger units of industry which now exist, thereby destroying or minimizing most of the evils of overcapitalization and other attributes of monopoly or near monopoly. He will do this by going back to the original principles of his party, identical with those of Thomas Jefferson. But in taking his stand with Jefferson he runs a grave risk of disqualifying himself for handling more modern problems of industry and for meeting successfully certain humanitarian problems which are of practically universal demand. Once the tariff and the trusts are out of the way, Mr. Wilson must face the demand for the abolition of child labor, for the six-day week, for limited hours for women in industry, for automatic compensation to injured workmen. Mr. Wilson can never deal with these demands successfully if he stands on the State-rights ground taken by many members of his political faith. There is a party in the country which is organized primarily to handle exactly these problems, and which, in order to do so, is not afraid to adopt legislative and constitutional innovations. It may very well happen that once the Democratic party has got the trusts and the tariff out of the way it will become apparent by 1916 that the Progressive party is very much better adapted to the immediate business of governing the United States. However, a good deal of water, politically speaking, must flow under that bridge before we have to cross it.

The Case

AT THE investigation into wages and vice in Chicago, this dialogue occurred between the chairman of the commission and James Simpson, vice president of Marshall Field & Co.:

"What would you think of a minimum wage of $2 a day for women?"

"If it were enacted in Illinois it would drive many men out of business in the State. *It might not be hurtful to business if it were a Federal law in force in all the States.*"

What is said here about the minimum wage is true of nearly all the humanitarian program. This country is not going to have much patience with any statesman who must acknowledge that Federal legislation is the obvious and effective means to a desired result, but refuses to adopt it because of a historic distinction between State rights and Federal rights.

Waste of Public Money

THE extravagance of the recent Democratic Congress will live to plague the party for many a day. It is all set down in the Congressional Record, and it will be strange if the party's opponents fail to use it. It is likely that economic conditions in this country during the coming few years will be such as to cause people to think a great deal about economy and waste. It was not only the Public Buildings Bill: there was another, the Rivers and Harbors Bill. Some remarks that Senator Burton made about it not only describe the indefensible quality of it, but go to the heart of the whole matter of pork:

> The American people have been complaining of the high cost of living, and the pinch of that high cost is being felt in many if not nearly all homes. *They fail to recognize that one reason for this added cost is the greater cost of government* and the smaller degree of care and supervision which is given to public enterprises.
>
> In a way we who are Senators and Representatives are compelled to yield to the demands of the people. It has been a matter of experience that if any project is brought here, however wasteful, however objectionable it may be, is sought to be included in a river and harbor bill, eventually it is almost certain that an appropriation will be secured. If delegations from chambers of commerce, if resolutions of State Legislatures, cannot accomplish what is desired, telegrams sent in at the last moment are sufficient to cause members to yield.
>
> So this evil, like every other one, must be traced to the ideals and demands of the people, to the fact that there is no general public opinion which supports economy in expenditures.

Senator Burton then described the utter waste involved in some of these large river and harbor appropriations. For example, more than $3,000,000 has been spent on the Red River in Louisiana. But in the year 1910 its traffic, leaving out timber and logs, which could be floated down the stream without improvement, was *sixty-two tons*, and the official report gravely puts down "one passenger."

At the Pork Barrel

AN ARIZONA friend of COLLIER'S sends us the record of a correspondence between Henry F. Ashurst, United States Senator from Arizona, and a constituent who claimed that Mr. Ashurst hadn't done very much for Arizona. The correspondence closed with this letter:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 25.
>
> MR. A. W. DAVIS, Prescott, Ariz.:
>
> Glad to hear from you. I could name a hundred things, but will give you some of the most important. We have secured $500,000 for public buildings in Arizona; $400,000 for the survey of public land; $200,000 for bridges in Arizona; have shown up how the robber tariff taxes the poor man and lets the rich escape; *passed over one thousand pension bills;* have secured recognition for the initiative and referendum; helped elect Woodrow Wilson President, and, last but by no means least, beat Sloan for Federal judge.
>
> HENRY F. ASHURST, United States Senator.

Our Arizona friend wants us to be harsh about Senator Ashurst for writing this letter. But we think most of the blame attaches to the people who set up this standard of judging a Senator's achievements, and who undoubtedly bombarded Mr. Ashurst with letters, telegrams, petitions, and resolutions from Chambers of Commerce and the like. Pork-barrel reform, like most other improvements, must start with the individual conscience. At the same time it would help if Senators had enough courage to say their concern is with questions of broad public policy, and not with the humiliating give-and-take of the pork barrel.

The Better Course

PUBLIC men ought to have more courage in this matter. The truth was once well stated by Senator Burton:

> How many times I have seen men in legislative positions, anxious and trembling almost, for fear they should not secure an appropriation, declaring that if they did not get it their promising future would be shrouded in darkness and that their defeat was foreordained. But I can say here in the presence of the Senate that I never knew a case where a single one of those anticipations was realized. On the other hand, I have known cases in which men received large appropriations, and were confident that their future with their constituents was founded on a rock, as it were, and yet who lost the nomination the very next week. When you reach the real American citizen he is not going to judge a Senator of the United States or a Representative for the part that he plays in the getting something out of the national grab bag. He has a higher ideal of a Representative and of what should be done by him than that he is merely an agent for his constituency in securing money to be expended in his home locality.

Members of Congress might profitably read all of Senator Burton's speech. It will be found in the Congressional Record for June 30, 1910.

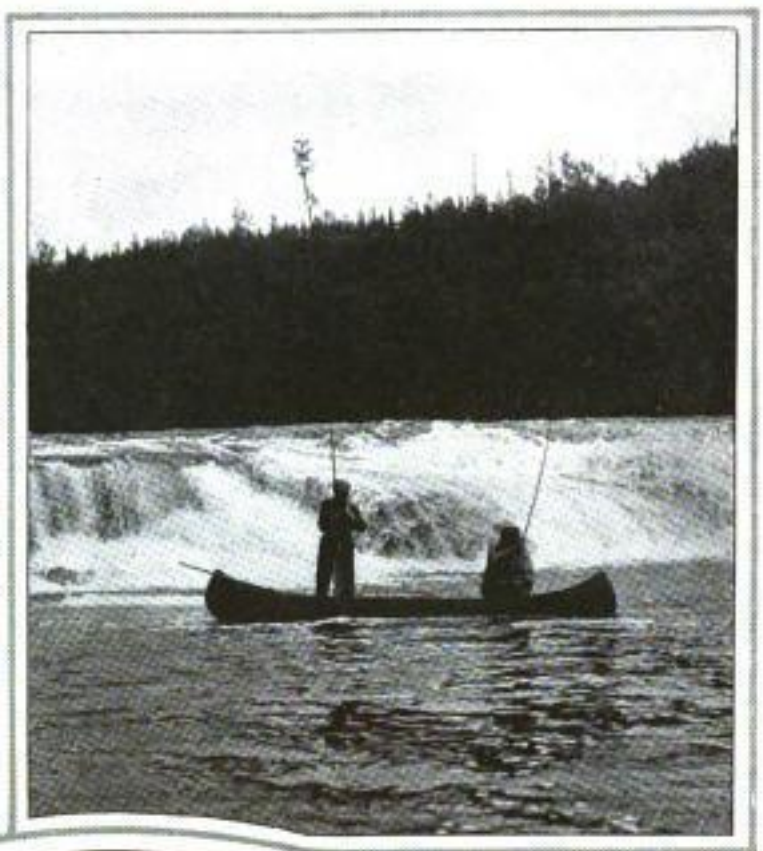
Think Very Hard about This

IN THE Government buildings in Washington, scrubbing and cleaning are done by white women, who get $240 a year for the work. It takes them from two to four hours in the evening, from five or six to nine or ten o'clock. The jobs are very much sought after by women with young babies, because it enables them to stay at home with their children all day and go out to work at a time when other members of the family are home to look after the baby. Many very good persons think that the city in which this use is made of nursing mothers is the ultimate expression of beauty in the best of all possible civilizations.

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At the end of a day's hunt



Gaffing a gamy eight-pound salmon

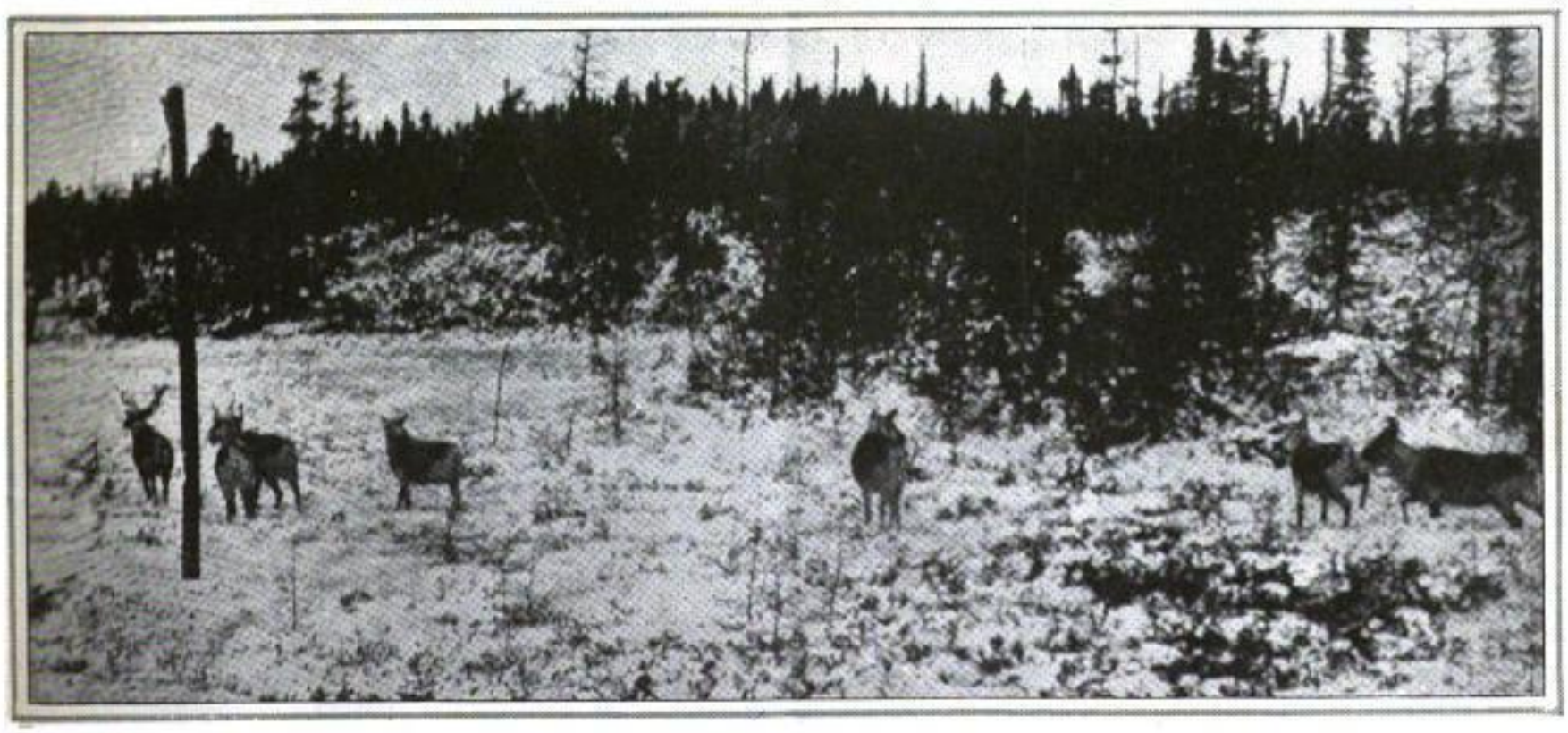
Heigh-ho! Spring's Here!

AN EDITOR may take no more delight in disaster, bloodshed, and riot than his readers. He may feel the same call of spring; the same longing to see fishermen and hunters and game, or to watch salmon leap in roaring rapids. And perhaps it may be good "news judgment" to give a page this week to Newfoundland wilds and celebrate spring's official inaugural with four glimpses of the open. No Bashibazoukesses, no murdering Mexicans, no Balkan War shall lead—spring shall preempt them! Thoreau himself shall sound our defiance to conventional obligations;

"The first sparrow of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the redwing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations?"



Two salmon leaping Big Fall, in the Upper Humber River



Caribou—a photograph taken from the tracks of the Reid-Newfoundland Company's Railway, near Howley

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Two Snapshots in the Spirit of Easter Sunday



A CURIOUS fact that has attracted little comment in American newspapers is that the President, the Vice President, and the Secretary of State all began their Washington churchgoing in Presbyterian congregations. Only a few editors have spent any time trying to puzzle out deep significance in the fact. A report that the White House dinners henceforth will not include wines or liquors is attracting livelier comment.

The snapshot above shows Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their youngest daughter, Eleanor, as they were leaving the Central Presbyterian Church on their first Sunday in the capital. This church is more than a mile from the White House and not rated as particularly "fashionable." Washington expected to see them at a larger church where Mr. and Mrs. Marshall attended. The Vice President and his wife appear in the photograph at the right.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, appeared at the Presbyterian church that Grover Cleveland used to attend; and Mr. Bryan, like the President, submitted to Washington custom and wore a silk hat. A Hearst report says: "The Nebraskan wore it with evident embarrassment."



By Way of Contrast— Two War Scenes

OF THE scores of photographs that have poured in lately from Mexico City, none shows better than this how heavy the firing was in the streets before the American Consulate.

What is more unfortunate, however, is that the American diplomatic chief in Mexico City, Henry Lane Wilson, is still under fire. Though he is no longer in any danger from Mexican bullets, some of the correspondents are busily bombarding him with deadly pieces of "circumstantial evidence," which they declare are proofs that he has acted in sympathy with the Diaz-Huerta revolutionists.

Battling on Mountain Tops

SINCE the Turkish fortress of Janina, with a garrison of 30,000 men, surrendered to the Greeks, the Montenegrins have been striving harder than ever to capture Tarabosch. The photograph at the right shows one of the Montenegrin ammunition stores in the mountains.



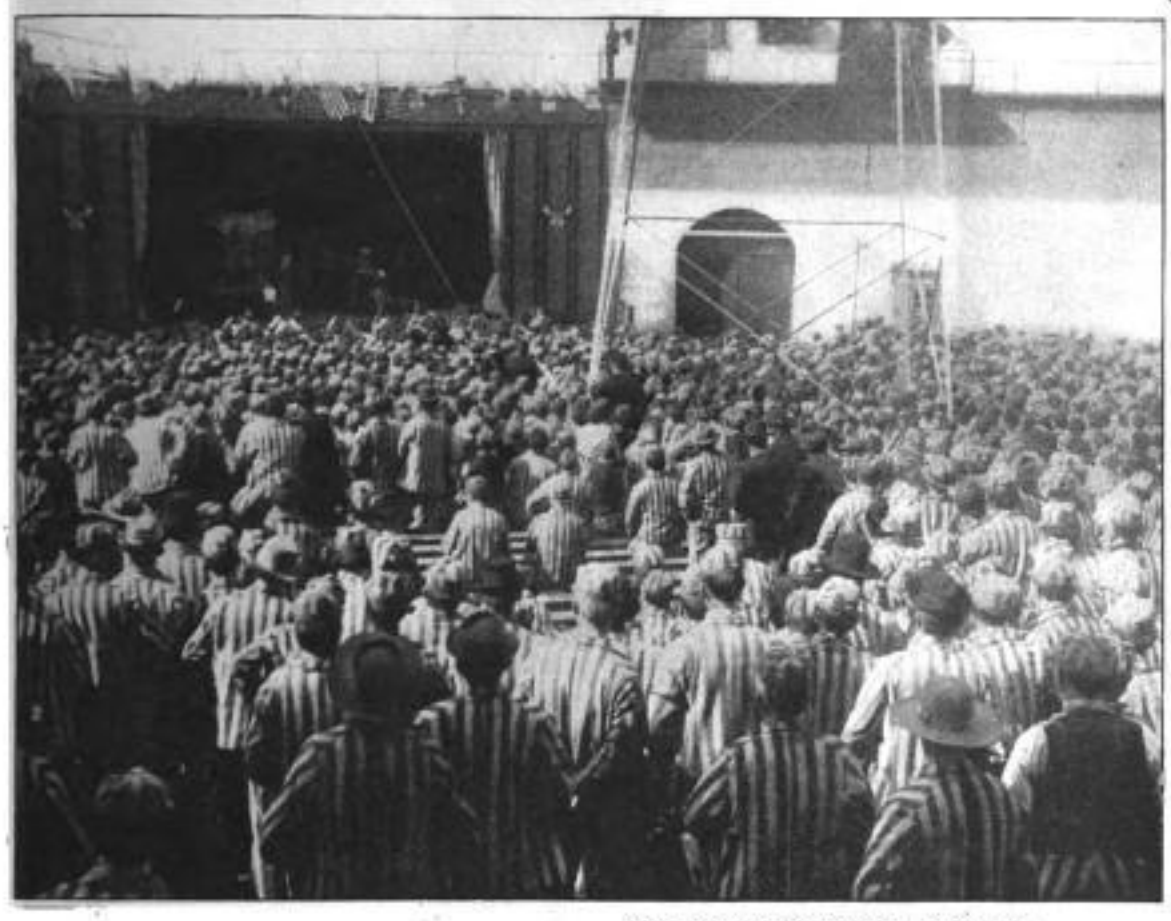
Sarah Bernhardt Plays in a Prison

IN THE prison yard of the San Quentin (Cal.) penitentiary Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, a few weeks ago, played for an hour to an audience of 1,950 convicts. The rudely constructed stage and the scenery were the work of prisoners; and half a dozen convicts acted as "supers" in the play. Six men who were condemned to die sat well to the front of the yard, unshackled, and with only one guard beside them. The audience was on honor to behave, and proved itself well deserving of the warden's trust.

The piece—"One Christmas Night," by Maurice Bernhardt, the actress's son—was played in French, but many of the prisoners, by following the action with the aid of a synopsis in English, laughed and wept as if they understood every word. When the play was over, a tall, elderly French convict read to Mme. Bernhardt a testimonial from the prisoners, drafted by Abe Ruef, the political boss convicted in San Francisco graft prosecutions.



"To-day, for an hour," read the French convict from the testimonial, "these stone walls have faded away. For an hour your great art has made us free. Our hearts have been touched by the woman, the actress, and the play. We extend to you our grateful thanks." Mme. Bernhardt received the manuscript of the testimonial with a gracious bow and a smile of gratification —just as a camera clicked



Mme. Bernhardt's audience of convicts



Pumps Destroy a Dry Dock

A CONSTRUCTION that cost four years' labor and $3,500,000 was destroyed last month in less than four minutes when the great Pearl Harbor dry dock, near Honolulu, fell to pieces. When the water was pumped out of section two, it upheaved, as in an earthquake, while the two adjoining sections collapsed.



A King in His Royal Barge

THE modern "royal barge" is an airship. The picture reproduced below shows Alfonso XIII of Spain (at the right) about to start on a short flight above Madrid in his dirigible, the *España*.



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Women Organize a Chamber of Commerce

CHICAGO now has two Associations of Commerce. The newer organization makes no attempt to depart from time-tried methods, but surprises by its membership—all women. They are Chicago citizens, interested in professions or business, and hitherto unrepresented in commercial clubs. They are working to advance the economic and educational interests of women and to improve civic conditions. The club has a membership of more than five hundred and holds two meetings each month to attend lectures on business topics.

This photograph shows one of the meetings in progress, with Miss Florence King, president, speaking. She is a patent attorney, admitted to the bar seventeen years ago, and now one of the four women who may practice before the United States Supreme Court.





London Sees "Movies" in an Opera House

SINCE Oscar Hammerstein's misunderstandings with the British public, the new London Opera House has been made a moving-picture and vaudeville theatre. Nowhere else may the "movies" be seen in such style. The chairs are inlaid with mahogany, and there is a telephone in each box.



An Engagement That Ends a Long Feud

A BETROTHAL ends the feud of the houses of Hohenzollern and Guelph, an enmity of nearly half a century. Smiling and holding hands, Princess Victoria Louise, only daughter of the Kaiser, and Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland, unofficially announce their engagement through this snapshot taken in the gardens at Carlsruhe.



A Rabbit-Proof Fence 2,000 Miles Long

A WIRE fence more than 2,000 miles long—extending the whole width of a continent—protects the western half of Australia from invasion by rabbits. This photograph shows one of the ocean ends of the fence—at a barren rock and a precipice. In a favorable season the rabbits grew adventurous and were attempting to cross the mid-continent desert which formerly had been sufficient barrier against them.

A War of Extermination on Berkeley's Cats

UNDER the suspicion that they spread smallpox, the stray cats of Berkeley, Cal., are relentlessly being exterminated. The accompanying portrait is of Daniel C. Wooley, a special officer who has won unusual distinction in cat hunting by his marksmanship and agility.

The photograph was taken just after he bagged his eighty-sixth.



AT THE INAUGURATION



By ARTHUR RUHL

Photographs by James H. Hare, Staff Photographer

AN INAUGURAL procession is not more than ten or twelve miles long, and takes but three or four hours to pass a given point, so that if you have a good seat and a few sandwiches in your pocket you can see it all quite comfortably.

You can pick out the horses that ought to be in museums instead of in such a place; the militia companies, half in black shoes, half in tan, with officers chewing gum, and despair altogether of your countrymen. Or you can watch that endless stream of friendly faces—exquisite West Pointers, half-tipsy campaign clubs from goodness knows where, undergraduates cheering and singing, hobbling Grand Army veterans, ward heelers in top hats, and little boys from public schools marching stiff as pokers past the stand—all in their different fashions here to help in this peaceful revolution and then as peacefully to go back home; you can watch these, your own people, flowing past mile after mile, with the banners of States coming into sight, one by one, and the bands crashing past with "Maryland, My Maryland," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Dixie," and "Old Nassau" until you are ready to sing hymns or get down on your knees.

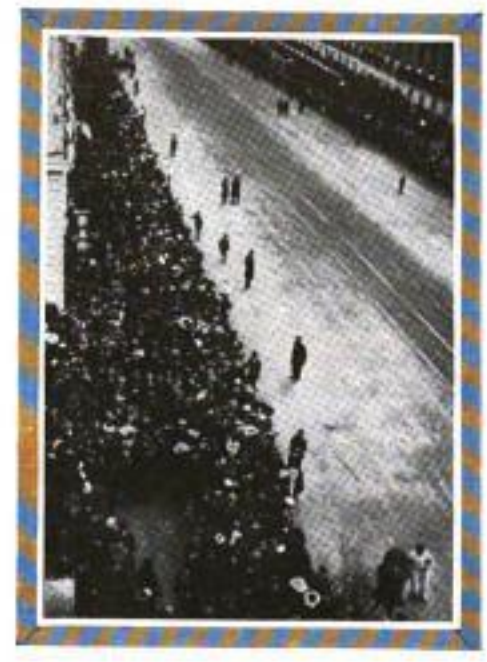
These and many other states of mind are possible, for this extraordinary pageant is as big, kindly, enthusiastic, beautiful, crude, and sprawling, by turns, as American life itself; and as the parade is only a few feet wide, in spite of its length, it is comparatively simple not to miss anything. But the parade is only one scene in a many-sided and bewildering drama, and perhaps the most cut-and-dried and conventional one.

CAREERS DYING, AND CAREERS BEING MADE

A MOMENT after President Wilson swears to uphold the Constitution, out there in the shadow of the great gray dome, with a hundred thousand people watching him with their eyes, and a hundred million, more or less, watching him from afar, an elderly man of benign and somewhat melancholy mien emerges from the group behind him and, with bared head, for a moment holds the President's hand. The crowd cheers a little, and a moment later President Wilson whirls away in a cloud of cavalrymen. Of course one hasn't time to stay behind and talk with the Hon. Champ Clark, yet he may well be saying to himself as the escort clatters down the asphalt: "There—but for the fickle gods—go I!" One must see the new President in the moment of his triumph, of course, and at just about the time the fourth and fifth bands are crashing past the stand Mr. Taft is stepping into a train on the other side of the city—a moment later, across the Potomac, to see the Washington Monument go behind the trees, and the last of a career which already must begin to seem something like a dream.

The air is jammed and tingling with comedy and tragedy, with things much more than fifteen miles long and as wide as all the future, as a new party comes into power and a man as interesting and unknown as Woodrow Wilson steps into Washington. Here are ten thousand American soldiers on the border, and nobody at the moment knows certainly who may be Secretary of War and has only a fairly good guess as to who will be Secretary of State, or how Mr. Bryan may act when he is Secretary. What other men out of the two or three hundred thousand strangers surging through the capital, not even names to the crowd to-day, will emerge tomorrow into significant reality? Every hotel lobby and incoming train, the whole town, indeed, is like a plate in the developing solution with the picture just coming into view. And as Washington is a city of magnificent distances, the spectator is in the position of a photographer who is trying to develop ten thousand plates in different places at the same time.

Here is the new Vice President—"Little Tom," as he is already called—who quaintly pictures the Senate as the blinders of the national horse. Mr. Marshall promises to become a picturesque understudy to the main actor in the new regime, and if you appear at the Shoreham at 3.45 p. m. you may get a chance to develop *him* a little and hear more of his Hoosier epigrams; but at the very same instant, perhaps, Mr. Wilson himself is arriving at the other end of town. Over in the capital a number of careers are dying, and one ought perhaps to watch them flicker out; but here, square in front of you, are Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, and Mr. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, writing neither novels nor plays, but wandering about with the preoccupied air of those for whom, as gossip suggests, new careers may just be about to begin. Here, even, is Mr. E. R. Boxwell of Horsington, Kas., who hasn't had a hair cut or shave for sixteen years. Mr. Boxwell had sworn not to have a hair cut until a Democratic President was elected, and now that all the Sunday editors want exclusive stories of the event, with pictures and comments by the barber, he is disappointing enough to say that he has grown to like the thicket in which his head is lost, and thinks he will keep it after all. The tingle goes out of these things quickly once the new Administration takes form; but their number and liveliness, as the complex picture is just beginning to come through, complicates the task of writing a brief letter telling all about it to the folks at home.



"VOTES FOR WOMEN" AT THE CAPITAL

THE suffrage parade, for instance, seemed likely, just after it was over, to eclipse the inaugural parade itself. Correspondents who had seen Presidents come and go said that never had there been such a crowd on Pennsylvania Avenue and there wouldn't be as many there the next day. Five thousand women who demanded the vote and were at least entitled to respectful treatment marched through this vast mob of a quarter of a million, more or less. And with this procession, short of actually breaking it up, the crowd did almost as it pleased.

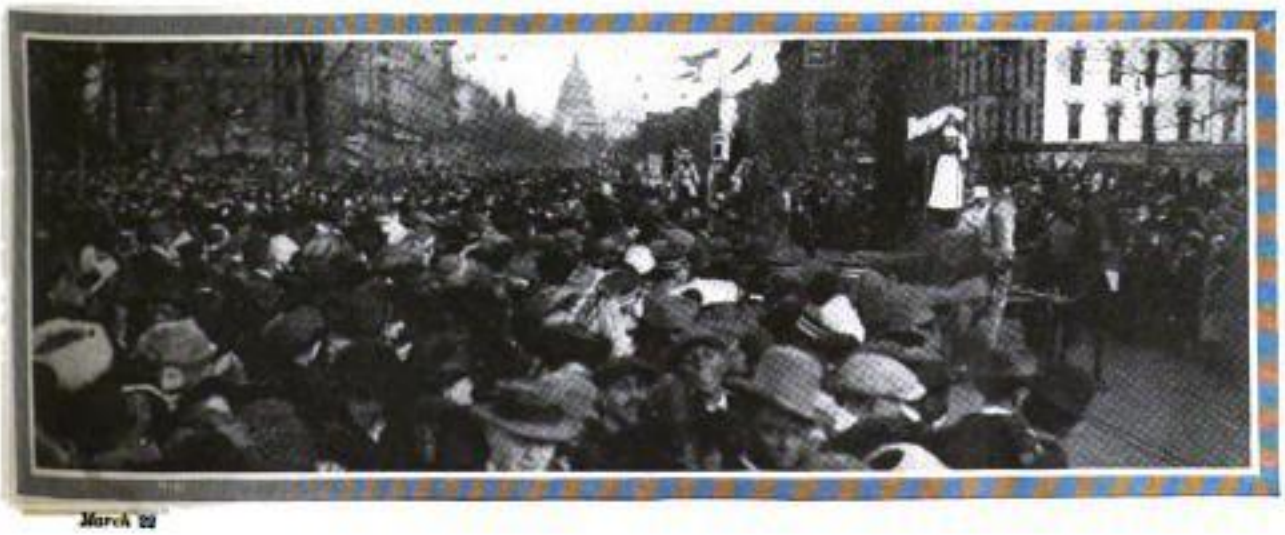
Nobody votes in the District of Columbia, so that the interest in votes for women is not so piercing as elsewhere, and what might be called man-in-the-street Washington had no notion, apparently, how deeply enthusiasm for the parade had taken hold even of the women of the capital. When the day actually came, the same part of the town was rather amusingly divided between its evident dislike of the general idea and its Southern tradition of being gallant to the fair sex at all costs. It wouldn't give the marchers decent police protection, but the papers in headlines of chivalrous size and blackness declared that "Woman's Art, Beauty, and Grace Bewilder the Capital," and "Miles of Fluttering Femininity Present Entrancing Suffrage Appeal."

From the float on which I had the pleasure of riding, thanks to the failure of a regular flag bearer to appear at the last moment, I saw none of the violence which some of the marchers reported; but that narrow and derisive lane which often closed so as to push those on foot almost under the wheels of floats and feet of horses, was anything but a pleasant place for women to walk through. The crowd was good-natured, but its ideas on suffrage were, to say the least, early Victorian; they were out for a good time, had nobody to discipline them, and the inevitable happened.

The pageant on the steps of the Treasury Building—the figures in their delicately shaded robes against the warm gray of the stone, like so many strings of sweet peas or wistaria in the wind, was beautiful, and the main procession would have been well worth seeing if there had been a chance to see it. It would have been improved, perhaps, if there had been no floats; most of them were as ugly as usual, and the one, at least, which we adorned deserved all the witticisms it drew forth. It was drawn by two tottering horses, half supported, half pushed by two imperturbable gentlemen of color; there were no brakes, and as it started down the asphalt of Capitol Hill, it promptly attracted enthusiastic comment, because of the aplomb with which one of the horses squatted on his hind legs and slid the entire distance to the Peace Monument. The float was supposed to suggest the nine suffrage States, while the young women representing the States still enslaved marched alongside with appropriate legends suspended from their chains. The crowd jammed in so close, however, that they had to walk behind the float most of the time, and as the committee had failed to deliver our banners, no one, of course, had the remotest notion what the people hanging to bare poles on top of the truck might represent. One man in the crowd suggested "The Garden of Eden," another "Under the Bamboo Tree," and a tall and very solemn negro, holding a baby in his arms, near the Hotel Willard, announced that the "*Titanic* survivors were coming."

One of the young women on the truck was greeted with "Yes, Grandma! Tea is served," but nearly all of the remarks were fired at the men. "Henpecked!" was the favorite. We were assured that there was no doubt that we were married all right, and one man shook his fist and bellowed earnestly: "Yo' ain't doin' that with yo' heart! Youse only gettin' a free ride!" A few applauded, one or two old gentlemen took off their hats and bowed with great respect, a militiaman yelled: "Hurrah for Ireland!" There were few policemen, and most of these appeared to be deputies in citizens' clothes, with freshly varnished clubs, and the little Boy Scouts, who jammed their staffs in the car tracks and held back as hard as they could, were perhaps the most efficient of all. Unpleasant as it was, the treatment the women received did more to advance their cause than any parade could have done, and the sight of them—women of all sorts of social station, marching down from the Capitol through a quarter of a million of their countrymen—was the most impressive symbol of that new era the President spoke of which the inauguration brought forth.

The upper photograph shows one of the more decorative features of the suffrage parade. The other two contrast the careful policing of the streets on Inauguration Day and the disgraceful lack of it during the women's parade



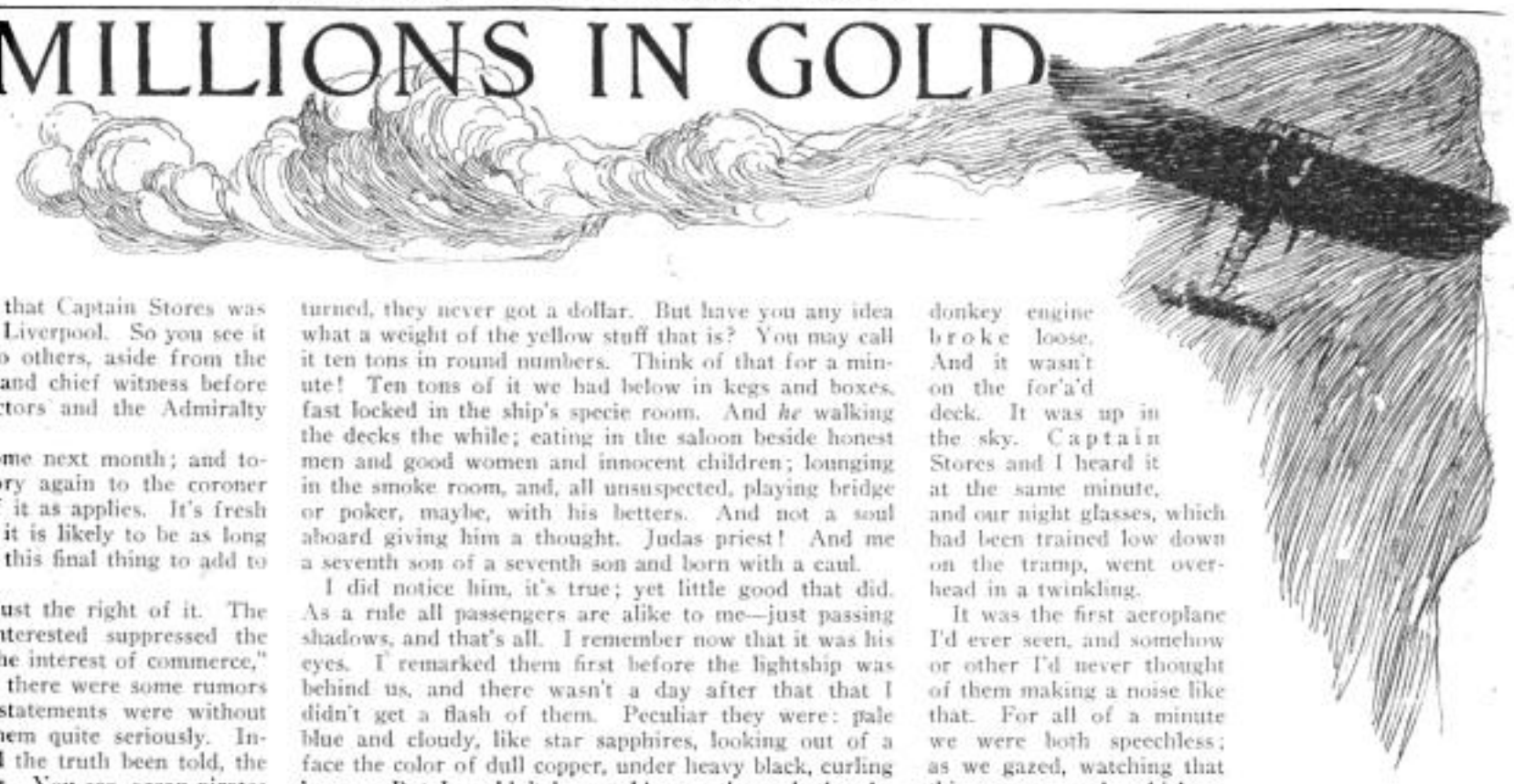
IN THE REVIEWING STAND WITH THE NEW PRESIDENT

THE President's parade next day was all that could be demanded even by a man who had sat up all the night before because he couldn't find a place to sleep. Nature herself was kind, and witty, as Peer Gynt would say, and after bringing in President Taft—"Good Old Bill,"—with a blizzard four years ago, she must needs

(Continued on page 29)

FIVE MILLIONS IN GOLD

BY HORACE HAZELTINE



IT WAS my sister Maggie that Captain Stores was to marry the next week in Liverpool. So you see it came closer to me than to others, aside from the fact of my being first officer and chief witness before the company's board of directors and the Admiralty Board as well.

That was two years ago, come next month; and tomorrow I'll be telling the story again to the coroner here; or leastways as much of it as applies. It's fresh enough still, God knows; and it is likely to be as long as breath lasts, especially with this final thing to add to it another bit of the grim.

The newspapers never got just the right of it. The company and others most interested suppressed the facts the best they could, "in the interest of commerce," as they called it. And though there were some rumors printed here and there, the statements were without authority, and nobody took them quite seriously. Indeed, I'm thinking that had all the truth been told, the world wouldn't have credited it. You see, ocean pirates hereabouts had been out of business so long that we'd come to look on them not only as dead but as buried too deep ever to rise up and give trouble in these days of greyhounds and wireless.



We were both speechless as we gazed at that black shape with spread wings against the dark blue velvet of the star-spangled sky

The best proof of this is that the big liners had been going and coming every week for years loaded with more gold and gems than were ever carried by any treasure argosy of piratical times, and yet with rarely a gun aboard bigger than a magazine automatic, and cutlass drills to repel boarders unheard of.

The *Sultanic* had been carrying gold, coined and in ingots, ever since her maiden trip; and though every precaution was taken to protect it, loading and unloading, once we had it safe aboard and locked up, and the engines started, all anxiety as to theft was dismissed.

Five millions we carried that time—five million dollars and a hundred and fifty thousand over. I'm told part of it was a war loan or something for the unspeakable Turks, who, of course, didn't deserve it. However, that's neither here nor there; since, as matters turned, they never got a dollar. But have you any idea what a weight of the yellow stuff that is? You may call it ten tons in round numbers. Think of that for a minute! Ten tons of it we had below in kegs and boxes, fast locked in the ship's specie room. And *he* walking the decks the while; eating in the saloon beside honest men and good women and innocent children; lounging in the smoke room, and, all unsuspected, playing bridge or poker, maybe, with his betters. And not a soul aboard giving him a thought. Judas priest! And me a seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul.

I did notice him, it's true; yet little good that did. As a rule all passengers are alike to me—just passing shadows, and that's all. I remember now that it was his eyes. I remarked them first before the lightship was behind us, and there wasn't a day after that that I didn't get a flash of them. Peculiar they were: pale blue and cloudy, like star sapphires, looking out of a face the color of dull copper, under heavy black, curling brows. But I couldn't have told even then whether he was young or old, tall or short, fat or lean. No, not until— Well, until the night it happened, and for four hours I had nothing to do but look at him and listen to him giving his orders.

BUT it's that I'm coming to. It was the night of the second day out—Saturday night—at the beginning of the midwatch. I was on the bridge myself, and Captain Stores was with me. We had been making twenty knots or more on the average since we were out of Ambrose Channel, and as near as I remember were about forty-five west and maybe forty-three and a bit north, three hundred and twenty-five miles east-southeast of Cape Race, and twice that due east almost of Sable Island. The night was clear as crystal, with scarce a breath of wind, but the sea was a bit lumpy, and the air was chill.

It was my watch from twelve to two, and the captain, who had come up for a final look around, was about to go to his quarters when the lookout in the crow's nest signals ship in distress over our port bow. And sure enough we see the tail of a rocket. Another minute and there's two more—from the bridge this time, of course—and then a blue flare aft.

Ten miles away or less we figured her; a tramp, probably, with no wireless outfit, seeing that we'd got neither C. Q. D. nor S. O. S. I orders up answering rockets, and our whistle bellows the good news that we're coming to save them that be perishing in the deep waters. The quartermaster had put the wheel over a point, and the engine room had orders to press on steam.

We were carrying mails and had time to make, and if it came to transferring souls it might mean a delay of hours; so Stores directs a wireless call for help, seeing that there might be some other boats near with less urgent business and a willingness equal to our own. And then, of all times in the cycle, it must happen that the answer comes back: "Wireless out of order!"

"Out of order!" storms the captain, in a sudden rage. "What in h——'s kitchen is the matter with it? Get it *in* order; and do it d—— quick!"

But it wasn't done quick. It wasn't done until the next day. Just what happened to it I don't know. I'm not an electrician, and the story Bates told me—he was our operator—was worse than Choctaw or Chinese to my understanding. All I could make out was that somebody had stolen something and done something else; and stolen it and done it so adroitly that even Bates and his assistant working together couldn't discover it for twelve hours.

It wasn't hard to decide who did it. We knew that inside of fifteen minutes. It was the man with the eyes, of course. But when we knew it, our hands were tied, and it didn't do us any good. I should say not.

IN THE half hour following our sighting of the rockets there was a lot happened.

The damage to our wireless equipment was the first. But the next was even more of a stunner; because it was not only a surprise of the most stupendous sort but a thing that at that time was practically unheard of.

The first intimation we got of it was a sound like a donkey engine broke loose. And it wasn't on the for'a'd deck. It was up in the sky. Captain Stores and I heard it at the same minute, and our night glasses, which had been trained low down on the tramp, went overhead in a twinkling.

It was the first aeroplane I'd ever seen, and somehow or other I'd never thought of them making a noise like that. For all of a minute we were both speechless; as we gazed, watching that thing soar and whirl, a black shape with spread wings, against the dark blue velvet of the star-spangled sky. It was Stores who found his voice first.

"Where in the name of the four winds did that thing come from?" he demanded, more of himself than anyone else. And I thought I detected a new and strange note of apprehension in his voice.

It certainly was a poser. You can see that, can't you? A birdman, flying at midnight over the North Atlantic, three hundred and more miles from the nearest land! It just wasn't understandable; that was the truth of it.

And then the next thing happened—the thing that found us groggy, and came in with a punch that sent us both staggering to the ropes. For an answer came out of the night at our very side, in a tone so nonchalant and self-assured—seeing that the speaker was on the bridge without leave—that for just a minute I thought I'd lost my senses and was all of a sudden a victim to delusions.

"That thing's here by my orders, captain; and, seeing that it has a dozen dynamite shells aboard, you'd better, for the safety of your ship and passengers, put yourself in my hands."

NOW a sea captain, on the bridge of his own ship, is about as near a king as anybody can be and not sit on a throne. So it's not hard to fancy how this sort of treason affected Stores. I think if he'd been armed at the moment he'd 'a' shot to kill, then and there, and taken all the chances. But he wasn't armed. And so all he did was to say to me: "Seize that man! Take him below! I'll—" But I didn't hear the rest. Already I'd jumped to obey. But the fellow wasn't there. He'd sprung back like the very artfulest prize-ring dodger; and straight before my eyes I see something flash in his hand, and describe a circle of light. It was the quickest thing I'd ever seen done; and what followed wasn't tardy.

Before I could get a clutch on him there was a blinding glare for'a'd, a thunderous report, and a concussion that shook the ship from stem to stern. Lordy, what a shot that was! Less well aimed and calculated, it would have blown every man jack of us on the bridge and near it to Kingdom Come. As it was, it tossed the lookout for'a'd into the sea, wrecked the starboard anchor davit, and parted the cable like so much rotten rope, besides digging a gaping hole in the deck as big as one of the funnels.

If Stores didn't go white, he was a bigger man than I am. I'd a died before taking any more chances with that passenger. Another wave of that little pocket searchlight of his, and every mother's son and daughter in the ship's company might be in pieces the next minute.

And him! My aunt! He *was* a cool one! Would you believe it? He was laughing. He didn't look over thirty. He was tall and slim—all hard muscle and sinew, I should say. And nerve! Don't forget the nerve. I never saw more in any man anywhere. He was laughing. Think of that!

"Just to show you, captain," he drawled, "that I'm not bluffing. Only a pellet, that one; dropped where it would do least harm. But I don't mind telling you that my friend aloft has his watch out now, and that unless he gets 'All's well' from me inside of five minutes, he'll drop a real one."

I saw the captain glance upward, and I did the same. The birdman had come lower. When we first saw him he was two hundred yards or more up. Now he wasn't more than a hundred above our mast tips, and circling in narrow circles. I've seen all sorts of 'planes since then, and some of the best airmen that ever flew, but I've never seen a gamier or more expert one than that fellow.

What was going on in Stores's mind I could pretty near imagine. If he'd had himself to think about only,

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he'd 'a' had a try for the pale-eyed boy, and I'm thinkin' he'd 'a' tossed him over the side and taken what was coming. But he had his ship and he had his passengers and crew to consider; and so he must needs pocket his pride and make terms. We both knew that something was wanted, but, Lord bless you! we neither of us come within a thousand miles of hitting on what it really was.

We might have known, though, that such a planned scheme as this wasn't thought out and put in practice for anything picayunish. Of course, we saw at once that the ship with the distress signals was a part of the game. She wasn't any more in distress than we were, for she was coming for us fast now, all her cabin lights ablaze, and the smoke pouring from her funnel in a long, black cloud. She was sure the speediest thing to be mistaken for a tramp that I ever saw. And we knew, too, that it must have been from a rigged platform on her deck that the aeroplane took wing. They hadn't the hydroaeroplane in those days, and needed more than a wire for a start.

"I can't see, sir," says Captain Stores, suddenly amenable, "how you are to profit by this vaunted effort at destruction. A bomb that destroys us must destroy you as well."

I REMEMBER that the invader—he appeared on the passenger list as McBride; E. E. McBride—wore a long overcoat and an officer's cap, with gilt braid and some yacht-club insignia in front. Now he thrust his hands deep in his coat pockets, threw his square shoulders well back, and came a step nearer.

"I've considered that," was his reply. "And I'll take my medicine, if needs be. I have one life to lose—only one. You have eight hundred and sixty. And you can save them all by a word."

You'd 'a' thought he was talking about the weather, he was that cool, quiet, and composed.

What Stores said next must have come hard. But that object lesson we'd had was one not to be got over; and all the while the racket of the aeroplane was sounding viciously overhead, and the seconds were cutting bits out of the five-minute limit.

"What—what's the proposition?" he stammers.

"The gold shipment between decks. Every ounce, every pennyweight of it," comes the quick answer.

I heard the captain swear a good, round oath under his breath. "Man alive, you're mad!" he said.

"Maybe," McBride returns. "But not as mad as a captain that won't listen to reason."

"It's sheer impossible," protests Stores. "Even if I'd say the word you couldn't be moving it. It's a ten-ton weight."

"If I can't move it, that's my business and not yours. Lay to and keep your hands off. That's all that's asked of you. But be quick, man! Be quick! Half your time's gone already. I swear there's no grace in this. Two minutes more and he'll drop it the next time he passes over."

God! How the quaking fear got me! I'm not a coward as men go. I've had my bit of life at sea and the dangers; and I'd never but took it strong-hearted till now. But with that hovering death above, and not a move possible to check it, my blood went cold and every muscle in me was a-quiver. And at that it wasn't of myself I was thinking most, but of the women and children there below in their berths. If there had been a chance I'd 'a' said take it. But there wasn't. Anybody that knew anything about men could have read that in those pale blue eyes. It was the gold, or the long sleep for all of us; and the gold at the sea's bottom at that.

THE captain stood silent, his hand on the rail, his eyes somewhere out in the night, and his thoughts—God only knows where his thoughts were; but I suppose they were something like my own. And the seconds ticked—I counted two of my heartbeats to one; which shows you how my pulse was racing.

"Sure," I says to myself, "he'll do something or say something with the next beat."

But somehow what he said or did I didn't see or hear. Maybe it was just a gesture or only a breath. But whatever it was, McBride understood. There couldn't have been two seconds to spare either, when that pocket light flashed again—flashed safety this time—in a long horizontal wave. And I knew the danger was past. And for a minute I was like a rag from the reaction.

Having made his decision, Captain Stores took his medicine, to use McBride's phrase, with as valorous a front as a man could. It is one thing to meet death unmoved, but it is a still harder thing to stand by and see five million dollars taken away, knowing that it has been intrusted to your safekeeping. And that was what the skipper had let himself in for. I believe that the hardest thing he was ever called on to do in his life was the giving of the orders to stop the engines, to lower the for'a'd gangway, and to open up the steel-clad room in which that gold was stored. And yet he did it all without turning a hair, and as if it was just part of the ship's regular routine. I get all choked up when I think of it.

The passengers might have slept through the signaling, whistle blowing, and all, but it wasn't in reason for them not to be scared by that dynamite explosion; and when I left the bridge to carry out the captain's commands, I found the decks crowded and everyone with a score of questions to ask.

"Danger? No," I says. "Explosion? Didn't hear any. Only a detonator, which is another name for rocket. It's new orders," I went on, "to transfer to you steamer part of cargo."

I quieted them that way, and explained anything they might question when they should see the kegs and boxes going. By that time McBride's steamer—a nine-hundred-ton iron schooner-rigged screw cargo boat she was, gray, with black funnel—was within four or five miles of us; and by the minute I had all ready, with the lee gangway down and waiting, she had come up standing, riding the swell, not more than fifty yards from us to leeward.

And standing beside me there was McBride, with a megaphone, giving orders as though he were the *Saltanic's* master. The *Taurus*—'twas that she was called—had her boats manned and swung out ready for lowering before her engines stopped; and at a word from him they lowered away. There were six of them, I remember, with five men in each. And husky, hustling men they were, too.

For four hours they worked, loading the boats, rowing them back, unloading, and returning for more. And I watching the while with a sinking feeling at the stomach pit, to see all that hoard of good gold going to that devilish piratical crew. It was like the worst nightmare you can imagine. I could barely keep my hands off the easy-spoken fellow with the pale eyes there beside me. Twice, in my fury, I was within that of tossing him from the grating into the sea. But after all it was not my business. Captain Stores had decided and given me orders, and it was only up to me to obey and swallow my dudgeon.

But as I watched my man there I took note of him, and there were two things that made a mark on my memory—the lobes of his ears grew fast to his jaws, and under his shock of a black forelock was a scar that indented his skull. I saw this but once; and then when, while he was stooping for something, one of his men brushed his cap off in passing. Before he put it back he tossed his hair from his forehead with a head shake, and I caught a sight of it. And it was lucky I did, as you'll yet see.

All this time the 'plane had been circling above us, suspicious still of some treachery, I suppose; and it was this that was most difficult to account for to the inquiring passengers. All we could do was to declare it was as much a mystery to us as to them. But I misdoubt that any one of them believed that.

I KNOW there was a lot of talk about the ship the next day; and, for that matter, during the rest of the voyage. But every officer, seaman, and steward was sworn to secrecy. And, to tell the truth, it was only a small percentage of them that really knew anything definite about it.

The *Taurus* carried away McBride, bag and baggage; and the last we saw of her she was steaming to the eastward, with all lights out. We thought for a little of following, but it was plain that that would be useless. Gold or no gold, we had our time to make; and, besides, that thing in the air never left us until the pirate craft was lost in the fog to leeward. And we felt that it would be foolhardy to tempt a bomb, when the fellow overhead had nothing now to lose and everything to gain by sinking us. Not a soul alive but himself and the scoundrels on the *Taurus* would ever have known what had befallen the *Saltanic* and all hands aboard her.

It was early afternoon of the next day before our wireless got to working; and then we began to send out inquiries. But, strangely enough, we never got a single word of tidings concerning her. And it has always been my theory that she made all speed to get out of the ocean lanes, there changed her name and colors back probably to what they were when she cleared, and put into her avowed destination without a scrap of suspicion attaching to her. Certainly there was no *Taurus* afloat that answered her description. There was a steamer of her type, but black with red funnel, that called at Angra, in the Azores, two weeks later, and proceeded to Mediterranean ports. The company traced *her* to Bengazi. But she showed a clean bill; and that ended it.

AS FOR us, we put the mails and a few passengers off at Queenstown, as usual, and steamed away for Southampton on the last leg of our voyage. Suffering Job! What a home-coming that was! The contrast in Andy Stores would have made you weep. Imagine if you can the youngest captain that ever commanded a first-class liner, and the finest fellow that ever trod a deck, going home to marry the girl he loved, and you'll have an idea of the gay heart that was in him as we cleared from New York. I never saw a man happier. Six days and he'd have his Maggie in his arms, not to leave her until she was his wife. Lordy! It made you feel good just to see his smile.

And now! He sent for me as we were rounding Land's End; and I went to his cabin. There'd been change enough in him before. Of that you may be sure. He'd hardly spoken the way over after that night, except as circumstances demanded; and there was

(Continued on page 30)



But as I watched my man as he stood there giving orders, I took note of him, and there were two things that made a mark on my memory

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Overland

A simple way of judging values

You get all of the following features in an Overland for $985

Showing that in the Overland, for $985, you get similar features, practical improvements and the mechanical fineness that you do in other cars that cost from $1200 to $4000. Here are the facts.

The following clippings were taken from current advertising. These only further establish and emphasize the fact that in the Overland you get more car for less money. Read, compare and be convinced.

From the description of a $2250 car.

—Twenty-one coats paint

No cars are more carefully finished. Each body receives twenty-one coats of paint and rubbing varnishes. Colors deep and durable. Fenders, motor bonnet and radiator have four coats of baked-on enamel.

From the description of a $1650 car.

2-passenger, 4-cylinder, 18 H. P.; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32 x 3½" front, 32 x 4" rear. Equipment includes top and windshield. Price $1650.

From the description of a $1450 car.

Frames are made of cold pressed, high carbon steel, channel section, corners are braced with gusset plates, giving added strength.

From the description of a $1875 car.

—Magneto—New Remy type, Model R. D. X.—Condenser across points, eliminating point adjusting.

—Fuel Economy—One quart oil to 100 miles; one gallon gasoline to 18 miles, average road travel.

From the description of a $4000 car.

VALVES

Nickel steel valves, mechanically operated and interchangeable.

From the description of a $2250 car.

The crank shaft is of chrome nickel steel of very large dimensions, supported on three bearings of proportionate size running in bushings of Raymond's Genuine Babbitt. Experience has proven the value of large shafts and bearings, as they lengthen the life and help materially toward silence in operation.

From the description of a $2100 car.

All crank and cam shafts, pistons, piston rings, piston pins, cylinders, valve lifters, valve lifter rollers, cams, and such parts are ground to a finish on special grinding machines, within a limit of less than one one-thousandth of an inch.

From the description of a $1095 car.

Center Control

Timken Bearings

Speed 45 Miles Per Hour

Chrome Nickel and Vanadium Steel

From the description of a $2750 car.

— - Center Control.

From the description of a $1285 car.

CARBURETER: Schebler.
IGNITION: Remy magneto.

From the description of a $2000 car.

5-passenger, 4-cylinder, 25 H. P.; wheel base, 103"; tires, 32 x 4" front and rear. Equipment includes top and windshield. Price, $2000.

From the description of a $3500 car.

TRANSMISSION—CLUTCH: Cone type in flywheel, leather faced, spring backed aluminum shoes to take hold gradually.
GEARSET: Sliding gears, direct drive on high gear. Annular ball bearings.
SPEEDS: Selective, three forward and one reverse.

From the description of a $3500 car.

The front axle is "I" beam section forged without welding

From the description of a $1095 car.

Mohair Top with Full Side Curtains, Mohair Slip Cover, Windshield, Ventilator, Speedometer, Gas Tank and Self Starter.

From the description of a $1850 car.

—Ground gears, bearings and steel parts

In addition to being cut with the utmost accuracy and thoroughly heat-treated, gears are ground tooth by tooth to insure noiselessness, least friction and perfect mesh. All heat-treated bearings are ground and micrometer-tested for accuracy. Nickel-steel parts throughout car ground to accuracy of one one-thousandth of an inch.

From the description of a $1875 car.

CLUTCH—The clutch is of the cone type with leather facing. The spring plungers underneath the leather secure a gradual and easy engagement.

From the description of a $1285 car.

WHEEL BASE: 108 inches.

From the description of a $1850 car.

The has 356.6 square inches of braking surface. A fully equipped Touring car, filled with gasoline and oil, weighs 3517 pounds.

That's one square inch of braking surface for every 9.86 pounds of weight.

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From the description of a $1850 car.

In addition to the careful balancing of parts, motors are given a block test of ten hours, running under load. Each motor is placed on a dynamometer and made to develop its full rated horse power.

From the description of a $2100 car.

The unit power plant is hung from three points on the main frame and in such a way as to absolutely relieve it of all strains which may be brought upon the running gear. This means continuous undiminished power on all kinds of roads.

From the description of a $1285 car.

PRICES AND BODIES: 30, 2-passenger roadster, $1,175; 31, 5-passenger touring, $1,285.
CYLINDERS: Four, cast in pairs, 4 x 4 inches. T-head.

From the description of a $1475 car.

Self Starter
Prest-O-Lite Tank.
Warner Speedometer
Nickled Trimmings
Tools, Tire Iron.
Center Control.

From the description of a $1475 car.

Hyatt Roller bearings
"I" beam front axle, ball-bearing hubs, latest type fore-door body, inside control, nickel trimmings throughout. Steel

From the description of a $1875 car.

COOLING—The motor is cooled by the thermo-syphon system.
CARBURETOR—Schebler Model L.

From the description of a $4000 car.

PRINCIPLE
Two units, the motor unit comprising the motor and clutch and the rear axle unit comprising the transmission, final drive and differential gears.

From the description of a $1095 car.

No Possible Flaws

The steel in this car is twice analyzed, to make sure it accords with my costly requirements.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds. This test is usually made with light hammers.

The springs are tested in another machine, to stand 100,000 vibrations.

From the description of a $1475 car.

Three Point Suspension
Self Starter
Buffed Leather Cushions

Increased Wheel Base
Carburetor Dash Adjustment
Nickle Trimmings

From the description of a $3250 car.

REAR AXLE 3/4 floating type. Differential in pressed steel housings.

Now Draw Your Comparisons

Below are the Overland specifications. Compare these facts with those shown above, then you will clearly understand what a big value the Overland is.

There are over 3000 Overland dealers in all parts of the world. Look up the one in your city and see this car. Write us for a handsome catalogue.

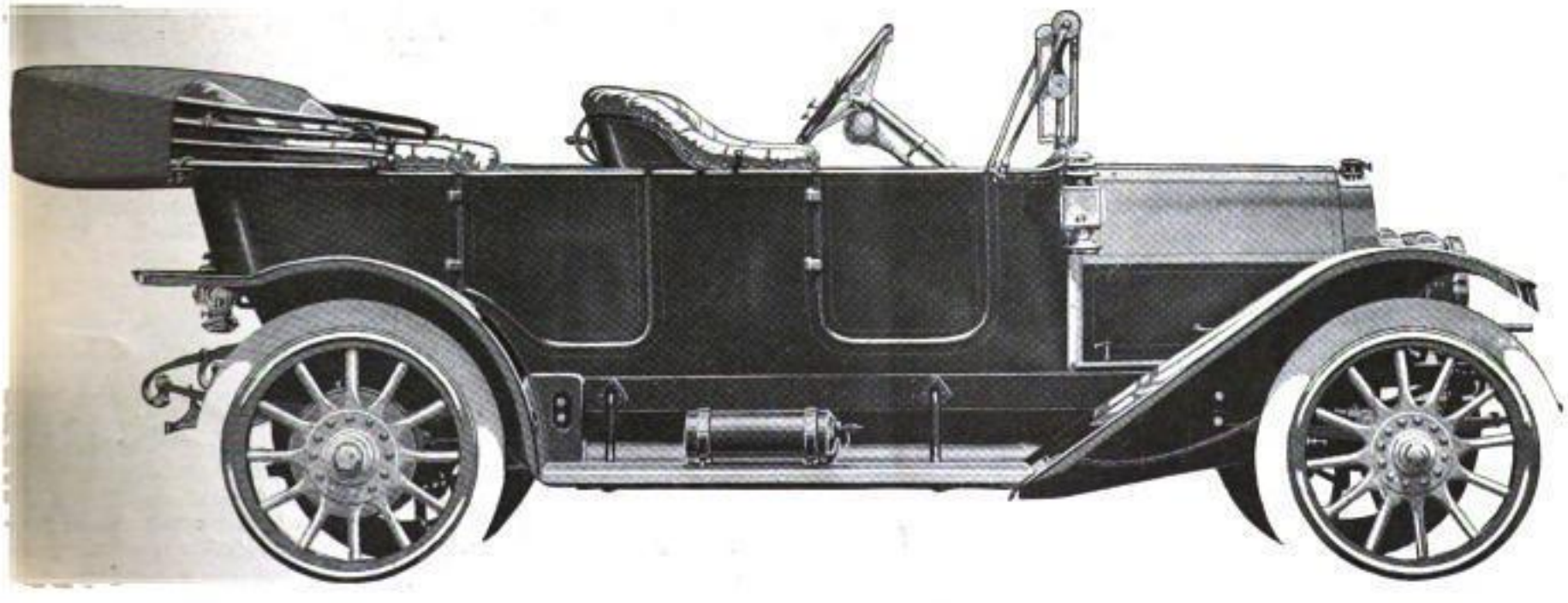
Please address Dept. 6

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

$985 Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Toledo

APACITY—Five-passenger Touring Car.
OTOR—4 in. x 4½ in.
AGNETO—Remy.
OOLING—Water cooled. Thermo-syphon cellular radiator.
RAKES—Contracting and expanding on rear wheels; inside diameter brake drum 13 in.; width of brake shoe 2¼ in.; outside diameter brake drum 13½ in.; width brake band 2¼ in.
ONT WHEEL BEARINGS—Timken roller bearings.
ONT AXLE—Drop forged.
RANSMISSION—Selective; three speeds forward and reverse; annular bearings.
TIRES—32 x 3½ Q. D.
FINISH—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim.
BODY—Overland blue; gray wheels.
OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force feed oiler.
CAM SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, three bearings.
CRANK SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, five bearings.
REAR AXLE—Three-quarter floating; bearings Hyatt.
EQUIPMENT—Warner Speedometer; Remy Magneto; Clear Vision, Rain Vision wind-shield; Mohair top and boot; Prestolite tank; Five black and nickel lamps; tire irons; robe rail; foot rest; tool kit and jack.
CONNECTING ROD—Carbon steel, drop forged.
MAGNETO SHAFT—Drop forging.
PUSH ROD—Crescent drill rod steel.
CARBURETOR—Model L Schebler.
CENTER CONTROL.
FRAME—Cold rolled steel.
SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic; length, 36 in.; width, 1¾ in.; Rear, three-quarter elliptic; length, 42 in.; width, 1¾ in. All springs have six leaves, steel bushing eyes.



PURE FOOD

Are You Making Adulterated Food Profitable?



A Department Conducted by

LEWIS B. ALLYN

THE food adulterator or the patent-medicine faker seldom supplies the initiative for the demand for his particular product. There are many contributing causes. Aroused interest along any line is apt to beget any number of "foods," "drinks," "lotions," "pills," and the like. When the kissing-bug scare excited sections of this country there immediately appeared on the market specifics against the poison of this mythical insect. Dr. William Douglas, almost two hundred years ago, declared that after an earthquake in Jamaica one quack advertised "pills to prevent persons or their individual effects suffering by earthquakes." The same thing is going on all about us every day.

Every woman who demands a package of evaporated fruit, and then sends it back to the grocer if the fruit does not meet her ideas of whiteness and plumpness; every housewife who demands that her molasses shall be light-colored and refuses to purchase a darker variety, is a contributing cause to food adulteration.

Many questions have been asked and many letters have been written asking why evaporated apples, apricots, and the like have not been listed in the "Pure Food Book." The reason is that the compilers of the book were unable to find this class of evaporated fruits free from added sulphur compounds. This has all come about from the fact that the majority of the purchasers have demanded light-colored dried fruit, and not because the manufacturers on their own initiative desired to sulphur it. A representative of one of the largest wholesale grocery houses in New York City recently remarked that:

"We would much rather sell the old-fashioned, honest, sun-dried fruit than to sell the bleached stuff that we are obliged to handle to-day. But," he continued, "there isn't one woman in a thousand, if you put the old honest fruit beside our modern bleached stuff, would hesitate to take the latter; and I don't believe it is any too good for them either, but they demand it and we are not in business entirely for our health."

And there you are—the cause and the effect plainly demonstrated. The public wants bleached stuff and gets it.

Does the Consumer Prefer Color to Merit?

THE process of bleaching fruits is an interesting one, and we take the liberty to quote from an authority on the subject. After an apple has been peeled and cored it is dropped on to an endless belt for transportation to the sulphur chamber.

"In this chamber," he proceeded, "sulphur is being burned continuously, and the fruit is passed through the fumes for perhaps fifteen minutes, the object being to bleach it so that it will not turn brown during drying. 'Color,'" he says, "is essential in selling everything. The public have become used to the white dried apple and demand it. The brown fruit of our grandparents will not sell. We must therefore either use sulphur, if we utilize the present process of drying, or else adopt some new method. The question has been raised time and time again as to whether there is not some way in which fruit could be dried more cheaply, dried better, and a better flavored product be secured."

This is apparently being answered in the affirmative, as the new process of dehydration is producing fruit of better flavor and almost equal in color to the sulphured product.

There is a reason why sulphur compounds should not be introduced in a food product. The acrid, choking odor of a burning sulphur match is familiar to all. This odor is due to the gas known as sulphur dioxide, which consists of one part of sulphur to two parts of oxygen in combination. The gas has a strong affinity for water, with which it readily unites to form sulphurous acid; and sulphurous acid is by no means a desirable compound to be used in food products. Circular No. 37, issued by the Department of Agriculture, reads as follows:

The administration of sulphurous acid in foods produces serious disturbances of the metabolic functions. It adds an immense burden to the kidneys which cannot result in anything but injury. It impoverishes the blood in respect to the number of red and white corpuscles therein, and the administration of a substance which diminishes these important component particles of the blood is in every sense highly prejudicial to the health.

But the practice still continues, and will continue just so long as the consumer prefers color to merit.

To mix foods by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,

has always been recognized as a poor type of social economy. Yet in spite of the findings in Circular No. 37 issued over five years ago, tons of sulphur products find their way into dried fruits, wines, molasses, sultana raisins, Maraschino cherries, lime juice, gelatins, and confectionery. The consumer of dried fruits is not so much confronted by a question of greed on the part of the manufacturer as the manufacturer is confronted by the problem of perverted taste on the part of the consumer.

Many manufacturers of dried fruits would be glad of uniform State laws regarding the amount of water which could be legally left in the fruits. The present Federal law relative to evaporated apples reads as follows:

Evaporated apples are evaporated fruit made from peeled and cored apples and contain not more than 27 per cent of moisture.

"It would be better," says a prominent evaporated fruit producer, "if this standard were down to 20 per cent, for the fruit would stand shipment better and would keep better. We are to-day trying to sell too much water. The dryer does not see why he should dry the fruit below the legal standard, and he has to compete with everything—with 30 per cent, 35 per cent, and even 40 per cent left in the fruit. The original apple contains 84 per cent, but the best dried fruit will probably be found to be apples which contain around 20 per cent to 22 per cent. They probably need not be dried any more than this in order to carry satisfactorily anywhere. If left too wet, the fruit turns sour or moldy, especially during the warm weather."

When we remember that out of a bushel of fifty pounds of apples, only from five to seven pounds of dried fruit are prepared, and that it requires approximately one pound of coal to dry one pound of green fruit, and in this drying or rather evaporating process part of the flavoring material of the apple itself is dissipated, we will see that the manufacturer, too, has his troubles.

One has little sympathy with those misguided individuals who are constantly regarding all manufacturers as crooks and rogues, out to "do" the consuming public. In the majority of cases this is not so; more often the consumer is "doing" himself, for, though it is easily possible to obtain high-grade goods of excellent quality prepared by manufacturers who refuse absolutely to juggle their foods, many a housewife for appearance' sake, or through what is now getting to be a willful ignorance and apathy, still continues to serve these debased products.

The Poison Menu

THE following menu, suggested by John Philip Street of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station of New Haven, emphasizes the fact rather strikingly. Somebody must protect the consumer against himself. With the exception of the boric acid, saccharin, and copper, most of the products mentioned in the menu below are legal under the Federal law!

BREAKFAST—Sausage, preserved with sulphurous acid and more than half cereal and water. Hot cakes, made of bleached flour, covered with renovated butter or oleomargarine, and maple sirup from brown sugar and glucose. Coffee, consisting of chicory and cereal pellets, and diluted with condensed skim milk, or cream thickened with sucrate of lime.

LUNCHEON—Bouillon, preserved with salicylic acid, and consisting of 99 per cent water and salt. Potted meat, made of meat of uncertain origin and preserved with sodium benzoate. Sweet pickles, sweetened with saccharin, preserved in wood acid vinegar, made brittle with alum, and coppered with copper. Rolls, made of bleached flour and baking powder containing alum. Strawberry jam, made from glucose and apple pulp, artificial flavoring, preserved with benzoate of soda and colored with coal-tar dye. Cheese, made of skim milk and preserved with boric acid.

DINNER—Oysters, preserved with boric acid and bloated with water. Soup, preserved with benzoate of soda. Corned beef, preserved with saltpeter. French peas, colored with copper. Stewed tomatoes, made from factory waste. Salad dressing, made from cottonseed oil instead of olive oil, and colored with coal-tar dye. Mince pie, made of anything convenient to the manufacturer, preserved with benzoate of soda, and flavored with colored alcohol, called "brandy." Strawberry ice cream, made of cornstarch, gelatin, artificial flavoring, and colored with coal-tar dye.

The city of Providence, R. I., has just benefited by its second pure-food exposition, which closed March 1. It was given under the auspices of the Rhode Island State Confederation of Women's Clubs, comprising some 3,600 members and including about 36 clubs; in connection with the Butchers', Grocers', and Marketmen's Associations of Rhode Island and the Providence Retail Grocers' and Marketmen's Association. The fundamental idea of the exposition was not one of financial gain, but rather an attempt at a general education of the public in the selection of food products.

"The object of our association," says Mr. George W. Amison, president of the Retail Grocers' and Marketmen's Association, "is to give information about the goods we sell, their value in all ways, and the methods of handling them. Through this publicity we hope to obtain a law that shall compel the manufacturer to place in plain sight the net weight or count upon a package of goods. Another law which we are striving for is an act to prevent dishonest advertising. More and more advertising men are seeing the necessity of this and are refusing to lend their aid to articles whose one merit is attractiveness to the eye. We stand for sanitary markets and stores, and believe that there is no reason why cleanliness should not exist in all departments of business."

These people down in Rhode Island are beginning to appreciate the necessity of suppressing food adulteration by decreasing the demand for low-grade articles. Several prominent marketmen confess that the tide has already turned strongly in favor of high-grade products. One merchant remarked that if the club women themselves would demand pure food and would return to the markets those articles which did not measure up to this standard, one of the most helpful objects of the exposition would be accomplished.

The Effect of Cooperation

IN NO other exposition, so far as is known at the present, has there been such an earnest cooperation to secure the advent of better food conditions. The Federated Clubs, the City, and the State approached the subject from three different points of view, all uniting to accomplish a common purpose. The effect on the spectator was remarkable. First of all, the club women were successful in securing firms generally noted for their production of goods of quality.

"The exhibitor hereby agrees," reads the space contract, "not to exhibit any impure foods, foods containing any preservative, nor foods bearing a dishonest label; the penalty being immediate forfeiting of space, booth, and all money paid on account of same."

The dominant idea of the Federated Clubs and the affiliated associations was to show the people what to purchase, to draw their attention to foods that could be used with safety and convenience, and to discourage the idea of eating with their eyes.

The city of Providence, through its Health Department, brought into the exposition a most astonishing array of cleanliness and filth, purity and impurity, good and bad; for occasionally it is well to teach by contrast and to allow the individual to draw his own conclusions. Two booths were arranged side by side separated from each other by a partition. "On the left hand," to fill out the Scriptural scheme of division, was a booth fitted out as a type of low-grade grocery store. The shelves were filled with dirty, fly-specked cans and packages, the contents of the same being preserved with chemicals usually thought of in connection with the drug store, colored with coal-tar dyes, misbranded, short weighted—the very personification of the lying work of the food faker; the floors unswept, littered with rubbish; the "liver block" badly in need of a spring renovation, covered with moldy, rat-eaten hams and bacon; and the general débris of the careless, devil-may-care retailer. All of this was presided over by a genius in the dirty white apron, black finger nails, and the generally repulsive appearance of the great unwashed. When asked "How is trade going to-day?" he replied: "Right by," which struck one as being a particularly succinct remark.

A Contrast

THIS display was all the more terrifying because the representative of the Board of Health alleged that all the exhibits from the battered scales to the garbage on the floor were taken from actual life in the city of Providence.

Adjoining this booth, on the right-hand side, was a model grocery store, not only as it should be, but as it really exists in the capital of Rhode Island. Not only were the food products displayed in sanitary containers, but there was no adulteration or misbranding permitted here. Cleanliness, honesty, and good value were the keynotes of success.

Another department of the city work which deserves special commendation is that conducted under the auspices of the Bureau of Market Inspection. Inspector Scott, with his assistants, took the utmost pains to inform the crowds that continually surrounded his booth of the conditions governing city market supplies, and through actual exhibits, pictures, and literature assisted in the general scheme of civic education. The record

(Concluded on page 2

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The Dictator at His Desk

A Modern Comedy

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING : : Illustrated by H. L. DRUCKLIEB

SCENE—*A sumptuous modern office in the National Palace, Mexico City. The centerpiece, a rosewood desk, equipped with telephone, push buttons, etc.*

Enter the PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT. [*Tosses his hat on a rack and rapidly runs through a heap of newspapers, letters, and telegrams. Presses a buzzer and summons his secretary.*]

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Good morning, Juanita.

SECRETARY—Good morning, boss.

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Take down a letter to W. Wilson, Washington, U. S. A., and be quick about it. [*Dictates.*]

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

The insistence of some of the civilized powers upon a thorough investigation of the Francisco Madero matter is unjust and high-handed in the extreme; and I plead, as one American President to another, that you may be able to find a way to say something in our behalf through your esteemed press. Journalists are complaining that the Provisional Government has no defense to offer for the shooting of F. Madero and J. P. Suarez. What, sir, could be more unreasonable? We have *two* defenses: one that the prisoners were killed in an unfortunate street fight on their way to the penitentiary; and another (in the event the first one fails) that they were shot out in the back yard of the penitentiary as they were making a second desperate attempt to escape fair trial in a court of law.



For the love of Mike, be reasonable!

Sincerely,

———.

[*Drawing a long black cigar from his vest pocket, the* P. P. *lights it, and, puffing away in great comfort, reads a report.*]

Now a note to Señor Pedro, Sause, near Juarez. [*Dictates.*]

DEAR PEDRO:

Your report of the 25th inst. to hand and note its contents with pleasure. In particular, I commend the efficiency of your marksmen—"95 Madeists in 95 shots." As a matter of economy, however, I advise that in the future where you have as many prisoners as this to dispose of you should dispatch them by some cheaper method. Why not try standing them in single file and shooting into the head of the column instead of picking 'em off one by one? Again thanking you for this eloquent little testimonial of your good will and courage, I subscribe myself, Yours affectionately,

———.

[*Files the report, reads a letter, and dictates again.*]

HIGINIO AGUILAR, VERA CRUZ.

Sir—I have your letter demanding 100,000 pesos to lay down your arms and join our cause. All I've got to say to you, sir, is that this Administration is to be conducted in upright and honorable fashion, without giving bribes or taking them, and your letter is an insult.



Yours,

———.

P. S.—Perhaps, however, we might be able to compromise on 75,000 pesos, paid in advance? Drop me a line.

[*Interruption. Enter* OFFICE BOY, *with greasy note on a silver platter.* PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT *reads.*]

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Show him in.

OFFICE BOY—Yezsir!

[*Exit—to reenter with* MESSENGER *from a bandit chief.*]

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Have a chair, neighbor, while I dictate an answer to take to your chief. [*Dictates.*]

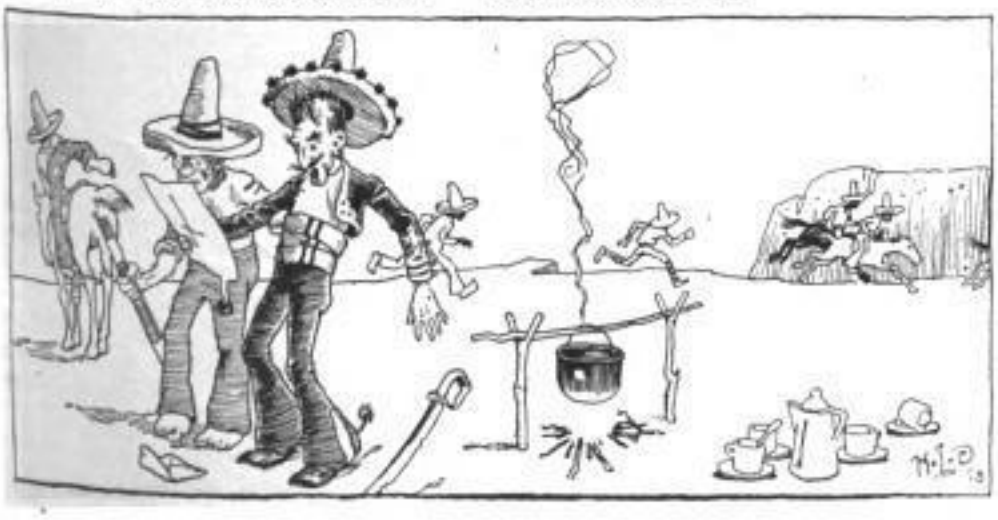
SENOR PADILLO:

In answer to your demand for 100,000 pesos in graft to persuade your men to quit disturbing the peace, all I care to say is that unless every one of them has laid down his arms and submitted to the supreme will of this Government within thirty-six minutes after this messenger arrives, they'll all be shot on sight. As for you, you will not be shot, but your head will be hacked off with a machete. I don't like to seem so severe, but I'm sure we can lick you.

Many happy returns of the day.

[SECRETARY *types the letter and* MESSENGER *departs, much dismayed.*]

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Rather neat retort, that, wasn't it?





Isn't this note a useful hint to you?

It is part of an actual letter we recently received.

"I am a bride," it continues, "and not very familiar with cooking; so you see how doubly I appreciate the constant helpfulness of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Constant helpfulness—that is what this wholesome soup offers to every housewife. You can serve it either plain or as a cream of tomato soup by following the simple directions on the label. Serve it with croutons (small cubes of bread toasted) or with grated cheese or noodles, or vermicelli or rice. Use it for tomato cocktails, for a brown sauce or a Tomato Tar-tare to season meats, pot-roasts, fish, omelettes, etc. Without effort or trouble for you, it transforms the plainest dish into a savory and appetizing repast.

Write today for our little free booklet which gives complete recipes for some of these inviting dishes.



"I boldly sail the flowing main.
And here's my main idea:
To find and capture
And taste with rapture
This goodly *Campbell* cheer."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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"Kathleen Mavourneen"

Brings Childhood Back
When Played by Instinct

Some Joyous Experiences With The New Instinctive Playing. No. 7 of Series

"I SAT at the Virtuolo Player Piano, a strange yearning in my heart. The few, poor, loving words of a letter had touched me—a letter from the old people in the old land. I longed to be back there among them, among the green hills and dewy dales.

"I put the roll of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' into my Virtuolo, closed the panel, closed my eyes. I didn't want to see. I didn't need to see, with the Virtuolo. I wanted to put my whole self into the music, to feel myself in the dear, far fields, again, where I was young.

"I touched the time-lever as in a dream. I moved it back and forth by *Instinct*, to make the time please my ear. I didn't think about *how* to do it. My heart told me. I pressed the simple Acsolo buttons, softening or making tremulously strong, the pure, clear music that I love.

"I pressed *instinctively*—just as I felt—and the music came.

"There rose before me the old land, the sweet dip of softened emerald hills, the smiling stream, the lover waiting at a window, his heart trembling in his voice:

"'*Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,*
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.'

"My eyes closed still, the music swelled, throbbing into intensity—just as I *pressed*—just as I *felt*. I was back with the gay tender colleens, their eyes pure as their hearts, in the wonderland of the lost years.

"Soft as a fantasy the music died. Kathleen and her lover faded. I opened my eyes at last. They were wet. I looked at my wife; she was crying, too.

"'My dear,' said she, 'I didn't know you could play like that.'

"I didn't know it either. I can't play the piano. But I can play the Virtuolo by Instinct. I can play the songs of my childhood,—not as other people play them, but as *I feel* them. I can *go home again*." * * *

What is this magic witchery, that steals you from the present and brings you close to the things of long ago? It is Music, the subtlest, the most powerful joy of life; *Music*, which lives in us all—though it sometimes *sleeps*.

Have you wakened it in yourself? Do you know *how* to waken it? "The Inner Beauty" book will tell you—free—if you're active enough to send us the attached coupon. It will also tell you about the

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VIRTUOLO
THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

and how it isn't necessary to *understand* music in order to *express your own feeling* in music—to play *instinctively*.

It will point out the difference between playing which is merely accurate musical sound, and the Virtuolo's Instinctive Playing, which allows you to translate your emotions into exquisite chords of cadenced sound.

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Send me full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Plan, including Prices, Plates of Different Styles, and "The Inner Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

The Dictator at His Desk

(*Concluded from page 21*)

SECRETARY—A lolapaloozer, boss!

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—If it seems to scare him much, I'm going to follow it up with another: "I'm from Montezuma and you'll have to 'see' me." . . . Call that office boy again! I want to send a telegram. [*Dictates again.*]

COLONEL OF RURALES,
MONTEREY. RUSH!!!

Doubt has been expressed about whether that Madero boy in your district has been killed or only winged in flight. Please remember this—whatever else you do, don't be cruel! If this Administration hopes to become popular abroad, it must prove itself humane. If Emilio is only maimed and is suffering, kindly see to it that he is put out of misery.

[*Picks up a newspaper and spends a few moments glancing over the front page, while the* SECRETARY *and the* OFFICE BOY *send off the dispatch.*]

SECRETARY—That's done, boss.

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—Thanks. Now I guess we'd better write that fellow O.

SECRETARY—I didn't hear, boss.

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—O—Señor de la O.

SECRETARY. [*Giggling.*]—Oh! O?

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—I don't know his address, but maybe this will find him:

SENOR GENOVEVO DE LA O,
AT LARGE, MEXICO.

GENIAL O:

I see by the papers that you have been a bit backward about declaring your allegiance to the new management. I don't care to argue with a blame bandit, but humbly beg leave to advise that at the first indication of disloyalty from you we will hit you and yours such a terrific swat that it will obliterate even the rim from your surname. I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely, ——

[*Takes up a letter and dictates.*]

SENOR CHECHE CAMPOS,
CHIHUAHUA.

DEAR CHECHE:

Abe Gonzales, up your way, seems to have more sentiment than sense and has made it necessary for us to remove him from the governor's chair. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that there is danger that the blame fool may get shot trying to escape our guards, opens a good job for you. If you don't care to take it, I should be glad to offer you a choice between a hanging or being stood up against a 'dobe wall and shot. What we are looking for in Chihuahua is an energetic young man who has had experience in an abattoir. Hoping you will see what is good for your health and will oblige by answering this promptly, I subscribe myself,

Yours fraternally, ——

[*Looks at his watch, and becomes more animated.*]

Take two little memos, Señorita, and we'll knock off for the day. The first, to the Chief of the Street Department:

Young man handy with the machine gun wanted, to sweep the streets of Aguas Calientes.

The second, a bulletin to the papers. Mark it "Exclusive" to any of the correspondents that ask for a statement, and run off a hundred copies on the mimeograph:

TO THE NEW YORK ——

I hope the methods of conciliation which this Government is adopting will suffice for the end which we propose. We are enjoying an era of unparalleled peace and prosperity, and I send to the great American people through the New York —— my sincere sympathies and respects.

SECRETARY—Is that all?

PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT—That's all. Good afternoon, Juanita.

SECRETARY—Good afternoon, boss.

(CURTAIN)

The Business of Arson

(*Continued from page 9*)

household goods owned by any of its twenty-two families could in no case, at the most, have been sold for $50. The smallest policy carried—and the smallest I have ever seen on a New York three- or four-room flat—was for $300; thirteen were for $400 and eight were for $500. The deputy fire marshal who assisted in the investigation himself commented on the smallness of the policies.

The other fire—in which two old people were burned to death—was in a better house and in a better neighborhood, East 112th Street. I would in *its* case put the average value of the contents per flat at $150. Some of the flats were vacant. One tenant had no insurance. That carried by the others ran: $1,000, $500, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000, $1,000. In this 112th Street house there were also four boarders, carrying $200 apiece. In general, such boarders share a bed in the hall room or sleep on the floor. Often they own nothing but the clothes on their backs. They are given policies, "on household furniture and wearing apparel," of from $200 to $500.

If these two fires offer fair averages—they are really *below* the average—and the insurance issued be the measure of value, the household furniture and wearing apparel contained in the *whole* tenement block first in question was worth about $435,000! In the second it was worth some $710,000!

The first proof that the "tenement company" knows how grossly it is overinsuring lies in the evidence of everyday common knowledge and the use of reason.

"ALL MORAL HAZARD"

WHEN a tenement quarter "gets bad" there can be no possible doubt as to the nature of its fires. All old fire chiefs estimate that *at least* 75 per cent of these fires are set; many put their estimate at 85 and 90. Prosecutor Wright of New Jersey, who has the Passaic district, puts it at 90 per cent. The same estimate is made for one of Boston's tenement districts. As one New York insurance man expresses it: "It's *all* moral hazard."

I recently took that section of East 100th Street, New York City, between Second Avenue and East River, a little more than four tenement block fronts in all, and only the fires in the houses *facing* on 100th Street were counted. For the first six months of 1906 they gave 11 fires. The first six months of 1907 gave 26—of 1908, 30. By 1909 the figure was 42; by 1910 it was 60. But by then the insurance began to be withdrawn, and by 1912 it was back to 19. The houses were unchanged, the population had steadily increased. The sole difference was in the number of insurance policies that were active. And these figures are taken from records compiled for our insurance companies themselves.

But, you ask, if these figures are correct, and the losses are paid, how can any company afford to write such insurance? No such district is written continuously. It is written for three, five, or seven years. Then, for as long, it is allowed to lie fallow. Then it is written again. But, not to speak in riddles, let us get to the story at once. It may be called the story of a tenement arson cycle.

A TENEMENT ARSON CYCLE—FIRST YEAR

IN a district like the above, in which a group of companies has just been making "a big drive," you will find practically every tenant insured—that is, overinsured. In a house containing twenty, twenty-four, or thirty-six families, all will have their arson food. Behind every door there is motive. For the first year at least there is also and everywhere the motive of abject poverty. Many of these people go to the pawnshop on Wednesday and Thursday so that they can live till pay night.

But that is not enough. Almost all come from countries—Poland and Russia proper, Austria and Italy—where a fire, even the most innocent, means arrest and damages to be paid for all loss suffered by landlord or neighbors. Many may wish to have fires in America, but really to have them they must be encouraged and reassured. And here the professional fire bug, almost always one of the own people, enters in.

The insurance broker himself may make the first suggestion, or a gentleman who

50 women were asked

In Chicago 50 women were asked which department store they preferred to patronize.

47 of them said

one or other of four establishments on State Street, because the *deliveries were prompt.*

27 of them said

they had *stopped* patronizing certain stores because of relatively poor delivery service.

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Business of Arson

(Continued from page 22)

shall meet later who calls himself a public adjuster. *He* plays his rôle in collecting the loss claim; the only essential thing is to find the family whose need is sorest. Sickness means fires, and childbirth; in one New York case, now pending, the old mother-in-law arranged for the fire while the daughter was still in the maternity hospital. **And death itself means fires; sometimes the undertaker will insist on having the policy as *his* security!** It is not hard to find a family where a fire is needed!

But in a house filled with one's own "landsmen" or *compatrioti*, and with only four—often three—little rooms to have it in, how can one have a fire with safety? The "brenner," the expert "mechanic," will see to that. And we get the professional closet or clothing fire.

If the man who is to profit by the fire is timid, he need never see the "brenner." If he only says that he and his family will be out so many mornings or afternoons during the coming week, and furnishes the "brenner" with a duplicate key, he need not even know what day the fire is to come off. He merely thrusts all the old clothes of his household into the big, ever-present tenement wardrobe, goes away, and comes back to find smoke and water, and some one from the fire department in possession.

And the fire has been "safe" enough. The professional fire is practically always made in daylight. When the "brenner" has drenched the wardrobe closet with gasoline or "clean alcohol," lit his match, and got away, ten minutes will be sufficient. And by then the fire will have been discovered. The closet is burned out, and perhaps the room containing it. Not once in fifty times does the fire get any further. For some of his fires Izzy Steinkreutzer, a professional "brenner" recently convicted in New York, turned in the alarm himself. The fire for which he was sentenced was set in the rooms of Samuel Gold, 63 East 118th Street. Gold was insured for $750 by the North British and Mercantile of London; the actual value was estimated at $150.

The loss is paid, in general, within five days. On an average $150 is collected. The broker and public adjuster, who make the collection, keep about half. And, hardly able to believe in it himself, for old rags and "furniture" which he could not have sold for $10, nor pawned at all, the assured gets on an average $75!

A TENEMENT ARSON CYCLE—SECOND YEAR

BY the second year all his kinsmen in the district know of his "fire money." Many people in the house know of it. It is meant that they should. If in the first year every tenement block thus coming into crop has had at least one such fire, by the end of the second year most of them have had three or four.

Why do the companies pay? Because the crooked adjuster, who is almost always involved in this kind of fire, holds over them the threat of lawsuits; and it costs far less to settle such a claim than to take it into court. That the fires will come is a part of the company's calculations. Almost never is a case taken into court. Even were such publicity desired, the first step toward legal action would cost at least $250. A "compromise" can almost always be made for $100 less than that. Though the closet be drenched with gasoline and the "loss claim" reek with fraud, it is safe to say that not once in five hundred times is a tenement fire claim not settled.

The second proof that the company knows how grossly it is overinsuring lies in this: it issues insurance on the calculation—practically—that it will never have to pay a claim in full. If, as an average, it pays $150 on $750 or $1,000, that is high.

A TENEMENT ARSON CYCLE—THIRD YEAR

DURING the third year there will always be some tenants who will want to manage their fires themselves. If $150—enough to pay ten months' rent, or buy two loaves of bread and a quart of milk a day for the next three years—can be had for the mere striking of a match, why give half that $150 to anybody?

Recently I chose a tenement quarter in New York where, it is estimated, from 80 to 90 per cent of the fires are "touch offs," and made it my business to get to know at least some of the people in it. In the case of one little family of Russians, who had their $700 of insurance on a value of $150 at the most, while the wife was one

Franklin



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Light weight means greater ability and easier driving as well as low cost of operation.

Franklin six "30". A five-passenger car with all the advantages of six-cylinder construction without the usual bulk and weight; nearly 1000 pounds lighter than some four-cylinder cars of equivalent size. Six-cylinder smoothness and flexibility are very marked in a small engine.

Franklin six "38". A full size five-passenger car with new body of the latest Franklin design. A light-weight car does not require enormous horse-power. The tires on this car are as large as used on well-known cars weighing one-third more.

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The Entz Electric starter on Franklin cars gives a control similar to an electric. The starting switch is left "on" while driving so that the engine, like an electric motor, is always under perfect control. The engine cannot stall.

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The Business of Arson

(*Continued from page 23*)

night putting the children to bed, she and her husband—like the children they were themselves—expounded the whole philosophy of fires.

Did they have fires in Minsk?

"No, no! Nobody—no *little* peoples haf *insurance* in Minsk."

They had come to America by way of London, where the husband had worked at tailoring in Spitalfields.

Did people like them have fires in London?

"No, no fires in London! You haf fires only if you haf insurance!"

Why?

"*Why!* It iss the *money!* You haf fires if you got to haf the *money!*"

The man was paying $15 a month in rent and making less than $13 a week. Anyone could see that they would not have a fire so long as they could do without one. It is to their everlasting credit that hardly one tenement family in twenty has a fire to the very end! But it was no less plain that if the need became hard enough they would not hesitate a moment. These are our strangers within our gates. What is it that we are making of them?

If one family has had a "successful" fire, such singed and otherwise useless clothing as remains may be sent to kinsmen at the other end of the district for use in theirs. Singed clothing can also be rented. In a case now pending in New York—call it the 105th Street case—members of the fire department were able to watch the man bring in the singed clothing, curtains, and the like on a push-cart. On the four rooms in question the Granite State Insurance Company of New Hampshire had placed $1,200.

In general, however, without professional assistance, with no broker or public adjuster to help him in collecting the loss, the amateur loses more than he saves by acting alone. Accordingly, the professional himself is growing steadily busier. Some fires will be arranged for a month ahead. By the end of the third year they may be coming eight or ten to the block. And, in general, the little one-room, closet, or clothing fire still remains the stand-by.

A third proof that our tenement-insuring companies are in no doubt as to the nature of their business may be found in the above. For our tenement-insuring companies have proposed amendments to the Standard Policy, which shall say that not more than 10 per cent of the face value of such household insurance shall be paid on *clothing* or on the contents of any single room. Why pay $150 when, by legal enactment, fires could be made to cost only $75?

A TENEMENT ARSON CYCLE—FOURTH YEAR

BY the fourth year the amateur has often become the professional. The best methods of making big collections have been learned, and enough insurance law to make it plain how powerless even the fire marshal is—if you give him no legal evidence. The best alibis are known—christenings and visits to the dispensary, for example, for these always give you a host of witnesses to prove that you were not at home when the fire took place.

The man—or as often the woman—who has had a "good" fire will make one for the newcomer. Or the children, who were first used to help in what is known as "the-closet-and-candle game" (the child is supposed to be looking for something in the closet and sets it on fire by accident), are now "brenners." Few "brenners," indeed, are anything but boys.

A dozen different fire games have been learned. There is, for example, "the painter game." A friendly painter comes in to paint your apartment at half price, and his paint is gasoline—"lightning paint," as the firemen call it. The "fake fire" is another game. You do not really have a fire at all; you merely "candle" the bottom of the shelf in the closet, singe your clothing, tear it from the hooks, and, having "put it out" with plenteous pails of water, give the alarm. Or you have "unreported fires"; having "put out" the singed clothing and the charred curtains and rugs, rented for the purpose, you do not give any alarm whatever. Why call in the fire department when all you need is the insurance adjuster? One family named Schleifermann had at least fourteen fires in this way within two years.

When in the same tenement house there have been several fires—with injury to no one and losses always paid—it is not merely kinsmen who help each other. After the alarm has been given for a "daytime fire," the firemen—as they will tell you with oaths—may be left to find it for themselves. Even the tenants of the rooms next door will be dumb. Another five minutes will give their neighbor $50 more—and it may not be long till they will appreciate such help themselves.

What is more, even should the fire spread a little, who can lose when everybody is insured? After a Paterson tenement fire, Chief Stagg went back to the house and found that everyone had at least a $500 policy except one woman. She had $250. "Why didn't you have $500?" he asked her. "Why," she answered, "I didn't know there was to be a fire!"

By the end of the fourth year—though all these year divisions are the roughest approximations, for in some cases a district will work itself out in two years, and in others not for eight or ten—the fires may be coming from the worst blocks at the rate of fifteen or twenty a year.

If they are, then you believe the company must now have crossed the loss line. Let us work it out in simple arithmetic.

The average tenement insurance rate in such a district is $1 a year per $100. There are people in the frame-row tenements of our great manufacturing cities and mill towns who pay $2 and $3. There are Italians in East Tenth Street, New York—almost next door to a fire station—who pay $5.45.[1] The rates, too, can be raised almost every year. In one of New York's worst districts the increase has now reached about 500 per cent. But let the average rate stand at $1. In addition, every block has its 50 or 100 little stores—also grossly overinsured—they pay their $2 and $3 per $100. And there are also the premiums from the insurance of the house itself. But for the present leave that out.

Above I have described a tenement block wherein, to estimate from one typical house, insurance—or overinsurance—was issued on the hypothesis that it contained household goods and wearing apparel worth $710,000. At an average rate of $1 per $100, given that everyone was insured, from such imaginary value in household goods and wearing apparel, the companies, agents, and brokers would take $7,100 per annum. To the companies would go at least 60 per cent of this. That is, even after paying for twenty fires at $150 apiece, they would still have a profit. Only this gross overinsurance, too, has made this profit possible. And, as always, it is not the companies who have paid for the fires; the honest people have simply paid for the dishonest.

Enough that merely from the tenants in the average tenement block, during the *first* two or three years at least, the companies draw gross receipts and profits which could hardly be given them by the occupants of any Hotel Astor, Waldorf, or St. Regis. Of course, from time to time, a fire goes wrong—it doesn't stop at a $150 loss. Or some one makes his fire at night. Every little tenement store—in the basement down below—which wants a "good" fire must make *its* fire at night. You get a "big roast." And you never can tell how much damage may be done in a fire like that. But so long as fire losses can be held down to $150, every block can average its twenty a year, and the companies will still be making money.

The fourth proof that the companies know precisely what they are doing when they overinsure the tenement lies in the rates which they charge. They are such as can be produced by "moral hazard" alone. In other words, you, the insurance company, wager your money that the insurers will not burn each other to death; and at the same time you provide the motive and the wherewithal.

A TENEMENT ARSON CYCLE—FIFTH YEAR

BUT the limit has to be reached at last. In forty-three months a single New York tenement block has had 122 fires, not counting those "unreported." In smaller cities the fire horses will, at any alarm, head for the local "arson district" of themselves. In Paterson a year ago a green engine driver, not heeding the warning that at a certain corner his team would try to make the turn for River and Water Streets, could not bring them around in time, and had a smash. This

[1] This is about thirty times what the average American pays on the contents of his frame house, two miles away from a fire station in the suburbs.

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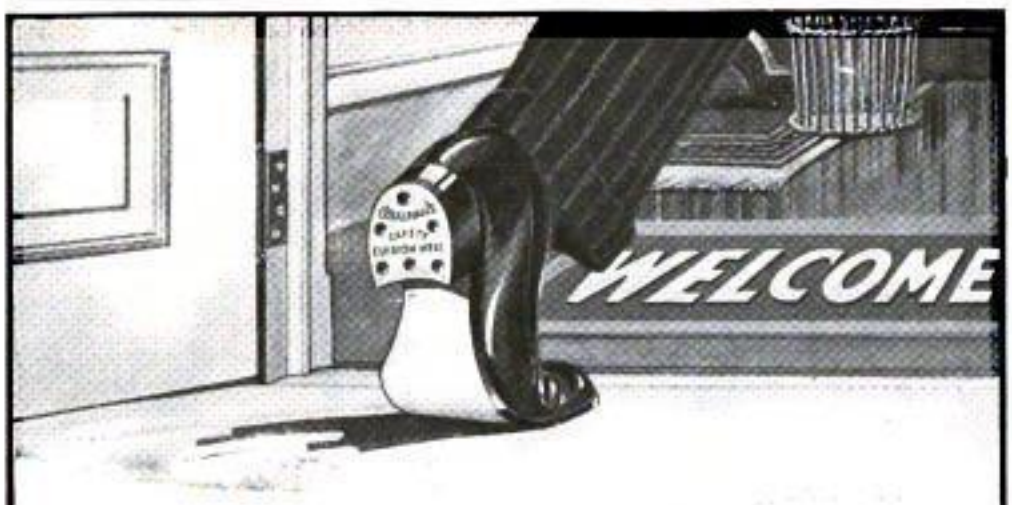
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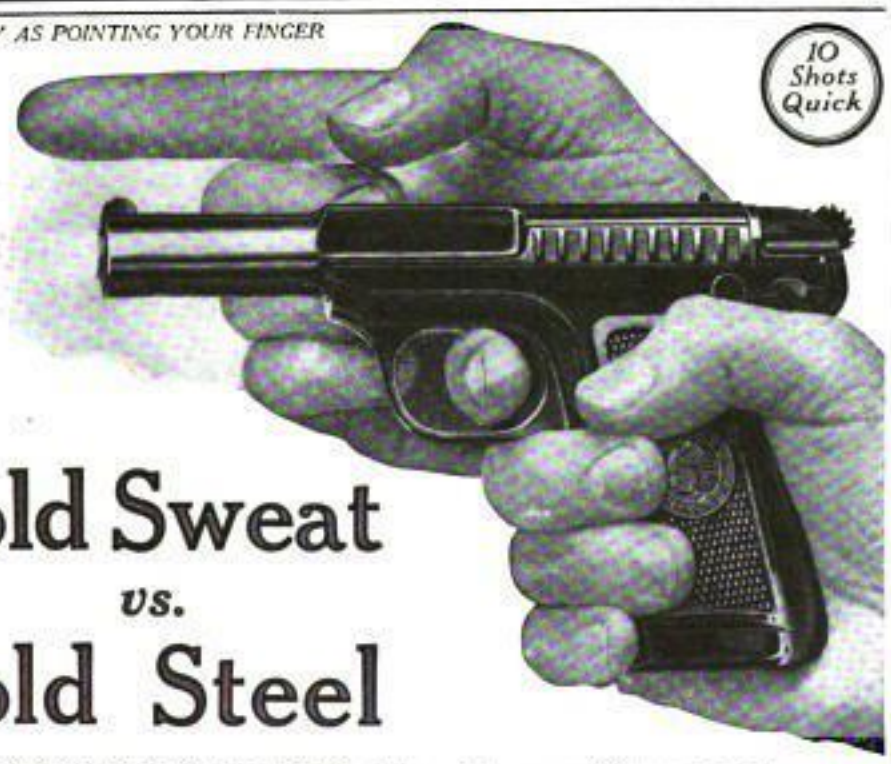
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O'Sullivan's
Heels of New Live Rubber

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



Cold Sweat
vs.
Cold Steel

SOME night, in the middle of the night, you will know to a certainty that a burglar is around. You will hear him moving. You will be wide awake chill in your scalp—cold trickling sweat.

In a flash you will know that if the burglar finds no loot he will find *you*. He means business.

You have to think quickly and *act*.

The man or woman whose fingers close upon a Savage Automatic knows he can rely on instinct to shoot straight in the dark. As surely as he can point his index finger, just so surely he knows he can put ten paralyzing bullets where he wants them.

Even the timid woman who fears firearms, forgets to fear the Savage, for she knows every chance is in her favor. Faith in cold steel and Savage quickness, makes the "pointer" of a Savage master of the situation.

If she has to face a burglar tonight give her the gun that makes an untrained novice shoot like an expert, the Savage Automatic that shoots 10 shots, one to a trigger pull, as fast or as slowly as you please—the gun that shoots straight in the dark.

Send us 6 cents in stamps for the advice of famous detectives and police authorities on how to handle the burglar in your home with the Savage Automatic.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 823 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

Makers of the "Imp," *The Most Talked of Gun in America*

The remarkable 22 Savage high power rifle that shoots cartridges of high concentration with Savage efficiency. Write us to-day for information about the "Imp." Post yourself.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Business of Arson

(*Continued from page 24*)

small district, during the last few months before it was "canceled" in the early summer of 1912, had on an average a fire every second day. In the three months following, it had only one.

When a district is nearing the end of its cycle, comparatively few small brokers can still obtain policies. Note, for example, the frequent recurrence of certain brokers' names in the table below. The fires were fires which occurred in New York's "East 100th Street" district during two weeks of February, 1912, and came under the notice of the New York fire marshal. Needless to say, no reflection is intended upon either brokers or companies, since, so far as the writer knows, in every case the claim was paid:

Feb. 2, 1912—No. — East 103d Street, $500, Globe and Rutgers; Waldman.
Feb. 2, 1912—No. — East 102d Street, $800, L. L. G.[2]; Grütz.[3]
Feb. 8, 1912—No. — East 102d Street, $500, Home; Dobrick.
Feb. 8, 1912—No. — East 100th Street, $500, L. L. G.; Waldman.
Feb. 10, 1912—No. — Third Avenue, $800, New Brunswick.
Feb. 13, 1912—No. — East 102d Street, $500, L. L. G.; Grütz.
Feb. 13, 1912—No. — Third Avenue, $800, L. L. G.; Grütz.
Feb. 14, 1912—No. — East 100th Street, $600, L. L. G.; Waldman.
Feb. 15, 1912—No. — East 98th Street, $500, Ohio Farmers'.
Feb. 16, 1912—No. — East 109th Street, $800, L. L. G.; Epstein.
Feb. 17, 1912—No. — East 100th Street, $500, L. L. G.; Waldman.

[2] The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company.
[3] This broker, George A. Grütz, was in February, 1913, sentenced to twelve years for arson.

Toward the end of *its* cycle this tenement district was giving its five and six fires *a day*. One Chicago tenement house has had four closet fires in the same night. And when a district has reached this point there is very little more profit to be had in it. In general, the big, long-experienced companies have already begun quietly to cancel. They have reaped the crop and gone on. The old field may now lie fallow.

Then for a time the district will be good once more. By the law of emigration, the old inhabitants will move on to better residence districts or to the interior. The fire crook, of course, abandons at once a region where there is no insurance. New immigrants arrive to take their places. By five years or six or seven the population has changed. The district is capable of paying premium profits all over again. The field will be ripe for another harvest.

But what of those who have learned the business of arson in the meantime—the children, for example, who have been fairly apprenticed to it, and the hundreds of their elders who now regard a fire when needed, as simply a matter of course?

HOW THE FIREBRANDS ARE SCATTERED

IF you wish to find *them* at the end of the second five years, you must look in a hundred little shops and manufacturing establishments. For these people are all hard workers and they all "get along." The sweated Pole of the four rooms—and clothes closet—is in New York now sweating others on Greene Street or Wooster or Broome. Soon he will be in the new "Loft Zone" in "the Twenties," or "Thirties." The Russian and Austrian Jew has likewise "got along." Instead of a New York pushcart, he has a clothing store in some little town five hundred miles away. Or he is "in furs" in the Middle West or in wholesale clothing in other of the large Eastern cities. The Italian, too, has "got along." He has his fruit or produce store; or he has a store and boarding house for a labor gang of his own people a thousand miles away on the "new railroad." The Syrian is a manufacturer in Baltimore or in New Orleans. The Bohemian is making cigars in Omaha or San Francisco. The Greek has a big candy or flower store in Dallas or St. Louis or Winnipeg. They are well and duly scattered. The whole continent can have them now. And their fires are no longer fires which burn up



Beans That One Never Forgets

After you buy one can of Van Camp's we have nothing more to say.

Then you'll know, as millions know, what a dish we bake.

And you never will forget.

Our whole object is to induce you to try them. To compare them with other baked beans.

We have spent 51 years bringing this dish to perfection.

We've employed famous chefs—devised steam-heated ovens.

Money, time and skill have been lavished on this dish.

Now we ask you, for your own sake, to note the result.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

To get the right beans—ripe, plump, even-sized—we pay three times what some grades cost.

To get the right sauce—with a sparkling zest—we spend five times what common sauce sells for.

To bake without crisping, without bursting the beans, we bake in steam ovens.

To make the beans mealy we bake in small lots—at 245 degrees.

We bake the tomato sauce with the beans, to get the flavor through them.

Then we sterilize each can after the sealing. Thus the beans come to you with the fresh oven flavor.

There are no other beans like Van Camp's.

See if this trouble pays. Try a few cans and note the distinction.

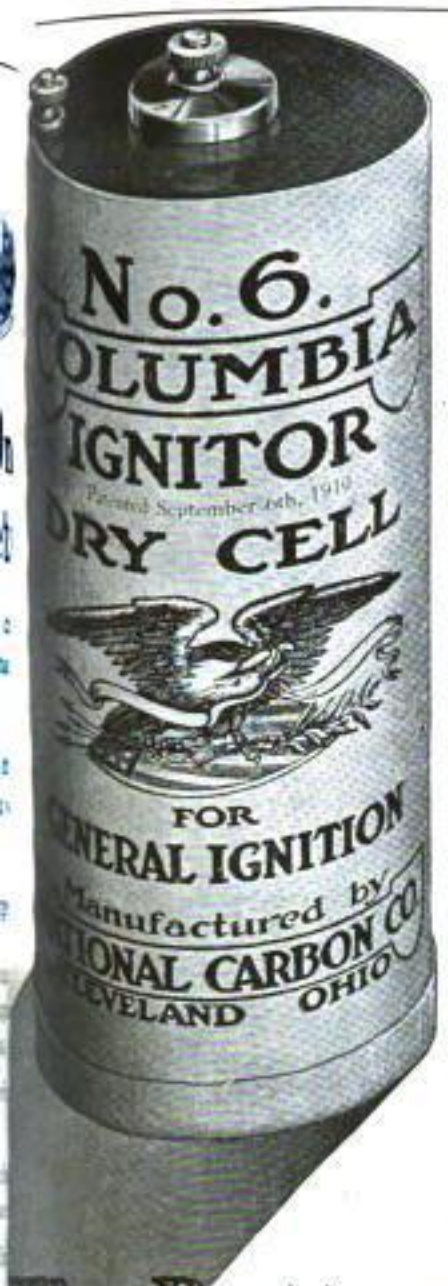
Let the folks at your table say what they like best—Van Camp's or common beans.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co
(Established 1861)
Indianapolis, Indiana

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The Better the Battery the Better for You

THE longer life and more uniform service of Columbia Batteries need no better argument than the fact that they are known everywhere.

You can get them in Japan or China, in London or Cape Town. Why?

Because they *are* better for any dry-battery service—running stationary engines, starting automobiles, ringing door-bells, running self-winding clocks—anywhere a dry battery can be used.

You can win any dealer's attention by saying "Columbia."

It costs no more and lasts longer

COLUMBIA
The National Battery

Buy Columbia spring-clip connections without extra charge.

Business of Arson

(*Concluded from page 26*)

old clothes and third-hand furniture. They burn great mercantile buildings, whole business blocks, sometimes whole towns. Every year a new wave of them is started inland. Every year the wave is larger. And this has been going on for more than thirty years.

If you have from seven hundred to a thousand families in the same block, all overinsured—everyone with a motive for a fire, and the fires coming twenty a year—you cannot expect them all to be alike. You must accept some variations of time and chance. And this means that for every fifty or one hundred or two hundred fires which do very little harm, you will get a night fire which will produce a "big roast."

WHO ARE THE BURNERS OF BABIES?

YEARS ago, in a "big roast" on Orchard Street, New York, three children had been burned to death, and an old man, and an old woman named Berg. Two attempts had been made to set the fire within the previous week. Some of the tenants had taken turns watching through the night. The old woman had herself been watching the night of the fire. But she had grown heavy with sleep, and had only been awakened by the fire itself.

About the same time a Seventh Avenue fire, known to be incendiary, produced a death list of ten. Two of the children burned in *it*, seeing that they could not get out, had rushed back to their mother and had died hiding their faces in her lap. A few months before, another "big roast," for which one man was arrested, but discharged for lack of evidence, burned its fourteen Italians to death on upper Second Avenue. One whole family died clustering together around a little girl who held a crucifix.

What starts these fires? You will not find one in fifty, but has to be set down to "some cause unknown." But once in a great while we learn. We know, for example, that it was a certain Adolph Hirshkopf, who set the fire in Suffolk Street, in which little Lizzie Jäger was burned to death. His wife had thought it was to be a "daytime fire"—and she ran at him crying "God will curse you because you have burned babies—because you have sinned against children!" Who are our real burners of babies, our true sinners against children?

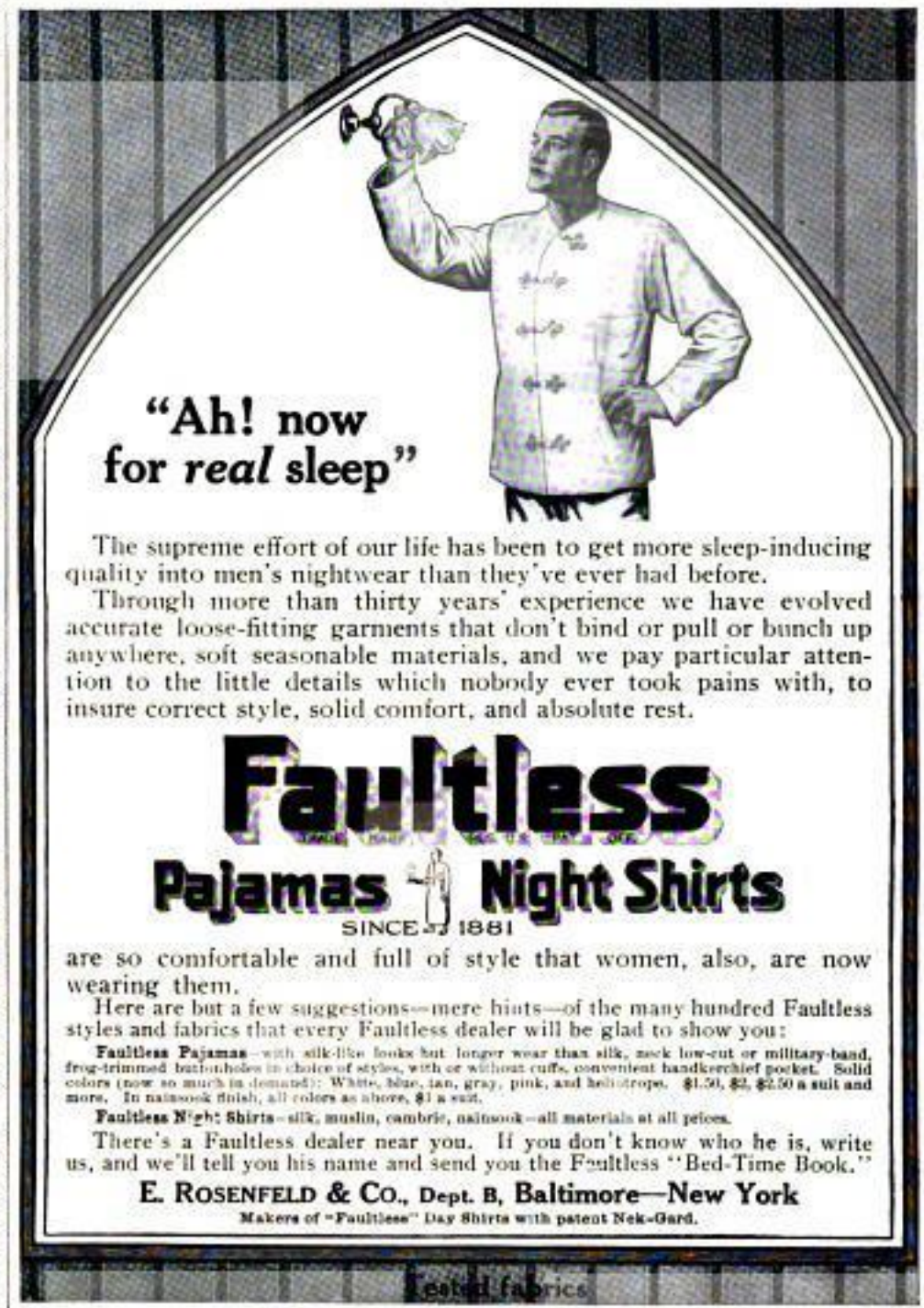
I have said that, in the country at large, the agent's added fee for the first over-insurance fire averages in general about $2.42. No one who will make a study of tenement insurance will ever doubt that some of the most ghastly, the most utterly terrible of New York's "big roasts" have taken place because some "piker" broker wanted a fifty-cent commission instead of a twenty-five. And why not? Isn't that good business? As the American head of one great English company expressed it not long ago on the witness stand—for the sake of his gray hairs I will suppress his name: "Fifty cents is not too much. He won't do it for any less. And those people would never insure at all if it were not for the solicitation of those brokers who make a specialty of doing that business."

IN WHOSE EARS?

IN one New York tenement fire on Allen Street, twenty people were roasted to death; in another, a year before, on Chrystie Street, the death list was twenty-three. "Both of these fires," said a newspaper account at the time, "are thought to be of incendiary origin." "He chose his night all right!" was the comment of Battalion Chief Walsh, as he arrived at one of them. And after every such "big roast" what of those insurance companies who for the time—until another cycle has come round—check off the overinsurance they had placed on that particular house? When ten years ago a big twenty-family house was burned in Eleventh Avenue, and twenty-five people died in it, their cries could be heard blocks away. "I've lived seventy years," says the old watchman, who then kept the railway crossing at Thirty-fourth Street, "and I've never heard anything like it. I'll go down to my grave with it ringin' in my ears!" In whose ears should such cries really ring?

The subject of the sixth article will be:

"The Professional at Work"



The supreme effort of our life has been to get more sleep-inducing quality into men's nightwear than they've ever had before.

Through more than thirty years' experience we have evolved accurate loose-fitting garments that don't bind or pull or bunch up anywhere, soft seasonable materials, and we pay particular attention to the little details which nobody ever took pains with, to insure correct style, solid comfort, and absolute rest.

Faultless
Pajamas Night Shirts
SINCE 1881

are so comfortable and full of style that women, also, are now wearing them.

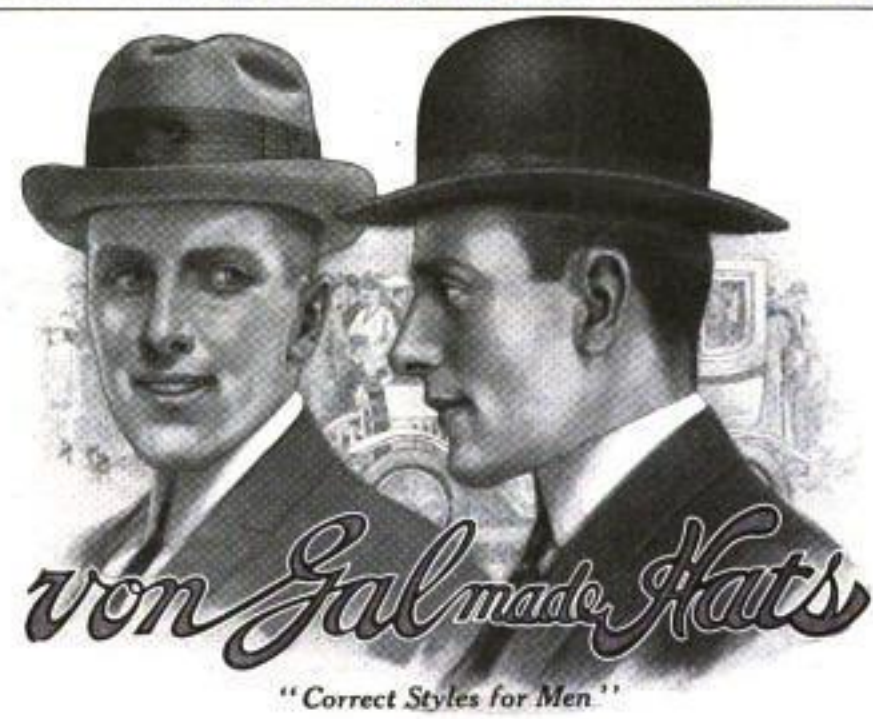
Here are but a few suggestions—mere hints—of the many hundred Faultless styles and fabrics that every Faultless dealer will be glad to show you:

Faultless Pajamas—with silk-like looks but longer wear than silk, neck low-cut or military-band, frog-trimmed buttonholes in choice of styles, with or without cuffs, convenient handkerchief pocket. Solid colors (now so much in demand): White, blue, tan, gray, pink, and heliotrope. $1.50, $2, $2.50 a suit and more. In nainsook finish, all colors as above, $1 a suit.

Faultless Night Shirts—silk, muslin, cambric, nainsook—all materials at all prices.

There's a Faultless dealer near you. If you don't know who he is, write us, and we'll tell you his name and send you the Faultless "Bed-Time Book."

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Dept. B, Baltimore—New York
Makers of "Faultless" Day Shirts with patent Nek-Gard.



"Correct Styles for Men"

Let the finishing touch to your Easter apparel be a **von Gal Hat.** Their trustworthy style, snappy and rich appearance confer upon the wearer that air of distinction so earnestly sought by correctly dressed men. The combining of superior quality workmanship with fashion's latest has made **von Gal Hats** the accepted standard of head-dress for men.

There's a style and shape in a stiff or soft hat made to suit your personality. And offered at a price you'll find is right.

Prices $3, $4 and $5. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book M. Orders filled direct from factory. Give style wanted, your hat size, height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover postage.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

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Read this Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get at least 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

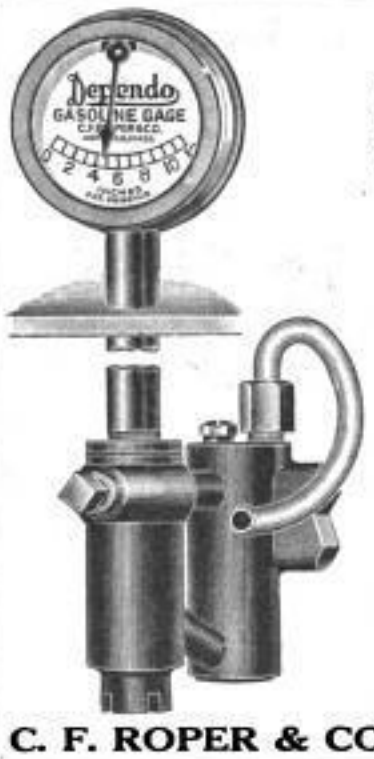
AutoStrop Safety Razor

is the only Safety Razor which enables you to *strop* the blade sharp—*shave*—and then *clean* the razor without removing the blade from the holder.

Unstropped blades cannot be guaranteed We can guarantee our blades because the self-contained automatic-stropping feature is so convenient, quick, and efficient that you will cheerfully strop your blades to keen Head Barber edges.

For sale at all dealers in the U. S. and Canada on 30 days' free trial. Price $5.00. Fancy traveling sets, $6.50 up. Write for catalogue.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Box 17, Station F, New York. Toronto. London



AT LAST!!

A Gasoline Gauge for automobiles that is accurate and dependable—up hill, down hill, on side list, and on the hottest and coldest days. Shows at a glance the amount of gasoline in the tank.

The Dependo Gasoline Gauge (Attaches to the Dash) **$7.50** Brass or Nickel Finish

SOME OF ITS MANY ADVANTAGES

No more Dry Tanks miles from a Garage.
No more pulling up cushions to run measuring stick into tank.
Detects Leaky Tanks immediately.
Shows instantly amount of gasoline that goes into tank and amount being consumed per mile.

As dependable as your watch, and will not get out of order.
Full directions for installing sent with each gauge.
Supplied at present for the 1912 and 1913
Ford, Overland, Buick, E. M. F., and the 1913 Studebaker.
When writing state model.

If for other cars, send us name, model and year, and we will notify you if we can supply you. Not made at present for cars having pressure tanks.
If your dealer cannot supply you we will, direct, on receipt of price. Catalog No. 5 giving full particulars sent free.

C. F. ROPER & CO., Hopedale, Mass

Is your appearance worth a postal?

The advanced spring and summer styles are shown and it contains a useful dress chart



ADLER-ROCHESTER STYLE BOOK
simply send your address to
L. ADLER BROS. & CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S.A.

Pure Food

(Concluded from page 20)

of the department were open to the examination of all, and if a consumer so desired, he could get the exact rating of his market dealer.

The State, represented by its food and drug commissioners, occupied a prominent space, and for the entire duration of the exposition gave the public valuable lessons in the now popular art of label reading. They showed that a large part of the responsibility for food adulteration rests with the public. This board has presented to the General Assembly a new code of food laws, prominent among which is the rather unique method of doing away with the word "Compound." The proposed act is as follows:

Unless a food, drink, condiment, or drug product is wholly what it purports to be, it must be marked imitation. Furthermore, the word "imitation" shall immediately precede the name of the article in question, and be printed in the same size and style of type used for the name and so form a part of it. This ruling shall become effective on and after July 1, 1913.

Whenever such effective cooperation can be secured as exists between the individual, the community, and the State, the Federal food laws will in time be shaped so as to offer more adequate protection to the consumer than obtains at the present time.

The Truth About Foods

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted by Lewis B. Allyn. Address letters care of Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York City

Buckwheat Flour

Is there any home test by which one could detect adulterants in buckwheat flour? Each year I find it increasingly harder to get the pure product.—E. W. H., Duquesne, Pa.

The adulteration of buckwheat flour usually consists in the addition of flour from other cereals, such as wheat, corn, rice, and the like, and is generally sold as a compound.

There is no simple test for proving its purity. It is a matter necessitating the use of the compound microscope, an instrument valuable only in the hands of one trained in long observation. The Westfield Pure Food List mentions a pure buckwheat flour.

Concerning Oleomargarine

I am writing for information and would like to know if oleomargarine is as good as butter in every way. What does it contain?—H. E., Newton, Mass.

Oleomargarine is composed of a mixture of vegetable and animal oils and fats. Prominent among these are cottonseed oil, lard, and various tallow products. Its food value and digestibility are practically the same as butter.

The stigma attached to oleomargarine rises from the fact that it has many times been sold for butter. If properly made there is not the slightest objection to its use.

Concerning Spices

I would like to have some knowledge of the common adulterants used in spices and how to test for the same?—R. E. H., Boise, Idaho.

When one considers the quantity of spices sold, there is relatively little adulteration of this product. What does exist usually takes the form of substituting an inferior for a better quality of the article in question. A test to establish the purity of spice consists in determining the mineral content, percentage of essential oils, various extractive matters, and amount of crude fiber, together with microscopic examination.

As you will note, these tests present difficulties only to be overcome by the analytical chemist. The high-grade manufacturer is your best guarantee.

We Agree with You

I read the food articles in Collier's *magazine and find them interesting and helpful because I believe they are* truthful, *and I am convinced that honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy.*—P. S., Memphis, Tenn.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN
Largest S.S.Co. in the World
OVER 400 SHIPS 1,210,000 TONS

H.A.P.A.G.

SUMMER CRUISES

To the Land of the Midnight Sun, Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Norway, Scotland, Orkney and Faroe Islands
From Hamburg during
June, July and August
by S.S. Victoria Luise, Bismarck, Meteor
13 to 24 Days—$62.50 and up

Around the World

Through the Panama Canal. A Delightful and Comprehensive Cruise by the S. S. Cleveland (17,000 tons), leaving New York January 27, 1914. Duration
125 Days—$900 and up
Including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore, railway, hotel shore excursions, carriages, guides, fees; also railway fares to and from your home.

The Panama Canal and West Indies

See the Canal before its completion!
LAST THREE CRUISES
March 29 by S. S. Moltke,
April 10 and 30 by S.S. Victoria Luise.
Duration of each cruise
16 Days—$145 and up
Also weekly sailings by "Prinz" steamers of our ATLAS SERVICE.
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Fire Proof Garag

Absolute protection against Fire, Weather, T
Pruden System Fireproof P able Buildin
Complete buildings in heavy, self-framing m sections. Strong, handsome, "life-time" buildi Easily erected or taken down. Proved by 4 ye successful use in all climates—in all countri Write for catalog, giving name and model number of c Freight paid east of Rockies. Immediate shipments from stock
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Without an equal for Summer Cottages, Boat Houses, Picture Shows, Warehouses, Stores, Camps, Etc.

It doesn't pack dust down It picks it up.

Go after the dust with science and system. Spare yourself the back-break and head-ache of the old fashioned "carpet sweeper" that only skims over the dust.

Into the stout canvas bag contained within the

Jewel Suction Sweeper

the dust is drawn irresistibly—all the dust all over. When the bag is full, simply detach, empty and replace. No raising "clouds of dust"—no "getting on your knees" to poke into cracks and corners—no "getting on your nerves" either.

The Jewel Suction Sweeper runs as easy as a doll's carriage.

Made with black enameled metal top (body in ebony finish) or wood top (natural oak or mahogany finish throughout). Last a lifetime. Strongly constructed and finely finished. We make them to sell at all prices; six different grades. Free for a postcard—our fascinating booklet "An Enemy To Dust."

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We want selling representatives for restricted territory. Write at once.

Emery Shirts

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Emery is the label to look for when buying shirts.

Emery guarantees fit, color and wear.

Emery means A New Shirt for One That Fails.

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For Style Book, write W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Philadelphia

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Will instantly make a book of any papers with the title on its back

You can instantly remove any paper therefrom or add any paper thereto. It is the simplest, cheapest and handiest filing system ever devised. With it letter files are kept on shelves just the same as books. After the binder clip is applied, the arms may be reversed and snapped against the documents or papers, and then kept out of the way. When one arm is reversed against the papers the other forms a good book or hanger.

Send 50c. for doz. No. 6 (⅝ in. capacity) or $1 for doz. No. 11 (1¼ in. capacity), sent prepaid. At all stationers.

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO.
240 W. 23d Street, Dept. 15, New York City



Build This Motor Boat Yourself—IT'S EASY!

Only $28

Save ½ the regular price. We furnish complete parts which you'll find adjustable to fasten together. Hammer and screw driver only tools needed. Only $28 secures the Knock down Frame of the 25-ft. Motor Boat shown above, including full-sized patterns and illustrated instructions to finish—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour—11 passengers. Free Boat Book. Shows this and other models. Write for it NOW.

Brooks Manufacturing Company
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1, 2, 3 and 4 Cylinder Gasoline or Kerosene

Your boat will provide exhilarating, healthful recreation—equipped with a VIM. It's the old boatman's choice. Read 27 reasons why in "Boating Facts" our new free book.

VIM MOTOR COMPANY
1005 Water Street,
Sandusky, Ohio

At the Inauguration

(*Continued from page 15*)

surround this new personality, said to be so stern and unyielding, with the sunshine and soft airs of spring.

For four and a half hours the President watched that stream of faces flow past. The Vice President stood beside him, and, just behind, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall and the President's daughters. Then there were White House aides; and behind, in the stand, the new Cabinet members, feeling very fine as they called each other "Mr. Secretary"; diplomats in gold lace, and in the front row Mr. Bryan, who seemed to feel finer than anybody there.

MR. BRYAN ENJOYS HIMSELF

TANNED from his recent Southern trip, unctuous, confident, smiling, waylaid by nearly everyone who came his way, he was enjoying himself and "doing business," so to speak, every minute. One moment he would be gripping some grizzled party warrior with one hand while he laid down the law with the other; the next beaming at some ambitious youngster and his wife while he confided to the former that "some day you'll only be known as her husband!" People got tired and went home, but not Mr. Bryan. He glowed like a warm stove, just as much after four hours of it as at the beginning, and his bright, searching eyes lit up as each new person came near and rested on them for a moment, as if he thought he knew them and was willing to at any rate. There was an interesting study in personalities between the Secretary of State and the magnetic aura which surrounded him, and the self-contained, inscrutable figure in the front of the President's box.

It is to be presumed that a President has a good time watching his own inaugural procession, and Mr. Wilson appeared interested and content; but what more various emotions he experienced no one else might know. For the colors he uncovered, and he saluted the Governors as they passed, but scarcely anything else could make him take his hat from his head or change that fixed, slightly amused, slightly acidulous smile. Only the Indian chiefs in their feathers and paint were harder to move than he. As they rode by the stand the Buffalo Bill-like gentleman commanding them took off his sombrero, swung it round his head, and called for a cheer. The only real Americans there looked round at the President as if wondering what curious sort of interloper this might be, achieved—one or two of them—a brief *"Wuf-wuf!"* and rode on more bored, if anything, than before.

THE TAMMANY BRAVES PASS BY

BEHIND them—bands smashing out "Ta-ma-*nee! Ta*-ma-nee!"—came the Tammany braves—and this was something to see. In the center of the street, with wide spaces of asphalt separating him from the band in front and the rank and file behind, stalked Charley Murphy, looking neither to left nor right, his pleasant Irish face cut out of stone, his top hat over his heart. No splendid martinet of story, saluting the man he was about to order shot, could have been more polished or more cold. And behind him, all in frock coats and top hats, and much more soldier-like than most of the militiamen, came as fine a looking body of men as ever played the polished villains of melodrama or scuttled a ship. Something of New York, of its dash and cocksureness, they brought with them, and a certain devil-may-care air there was perhaps, Irish or Tammany's own. As one hand went out of hearing, another swung in, playing the same tune, crashing, smashing it out like a challenge, as the braves tramped by. "You've got to hand it to Charley Murphy," grinned a New York reporter, and just whatever *that* might mean, you certainly did.

Elegant, too, were some of the Governors, and well mounted, but Governor Sulzer of New York, as the Last of the Commoners now that Mr. Bryan was wearing a "tile," bestrode an animal that ought to have been named "Cincinnatus," and wore a slouch hat. With this he not only saluted the President, but everybody along the line, and kept it waving up, down, and across as if he were catching butterflies, while his auburn scalp lock flapped over one eye and his broad mouth curved upward in an enormous smile.

The President will doubtless, as he continues to review parades, acquire more of what the "Evening Post" might call "demagogic bravura," and swing his hat and pick out without the slightest diffi-



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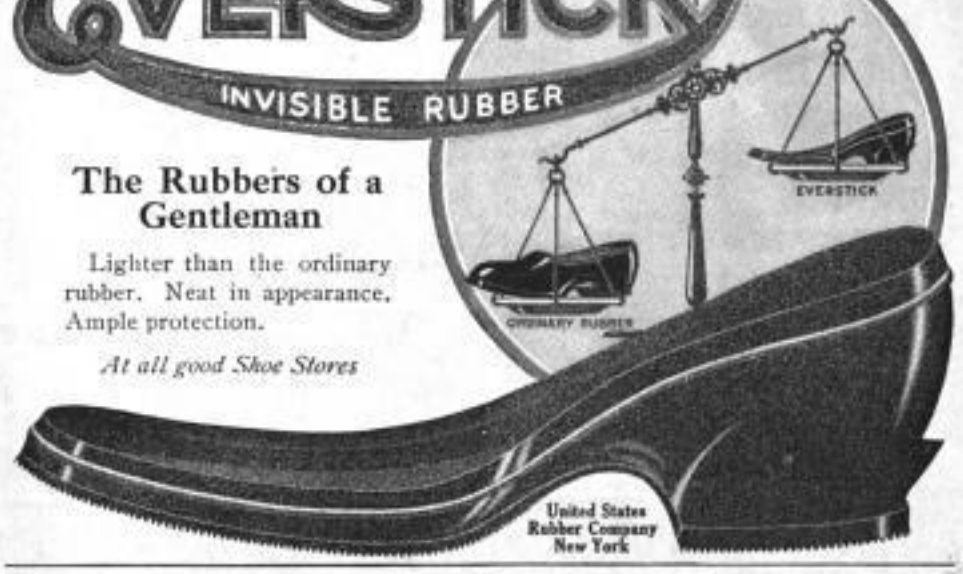
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CHAIN TREADS

At the Inauguration

(*Concluded from page 29*)

culty, half a block away, second cousins of boyhood friends; but there was one moment in that interminable parade when he scarcely needed any acquired technique. It was after dark, and many of the crowd had started to go home when there was a new sort of noise down the street, and the undergraduates swung round the Treasury corner. Princeton men led, with orange bands across their coats and their band booming out in march time "Old Nassau." To this they went swinging by, waving and cheering the man who had left, to become Governor of his State, the quiet college town from which they had just come. And when the middle of the line reached the President, all stopped for an instant, and together, in perfect time, roared out Princeton's "locomotive" cheer with three "Wilsons" on the end. Then the solemn chords of "Auld Lang Syne," quickened to march time, were heard, and the undergraduates from the University of Virginia, where the President was once an undergraduate, went swinging by. The memories and pictures which came crowding back—so different from those evoked by the professional politicians and fighting men who had been streaming by for hours—must have struck the President with something like the same quick pang which was felt in the heart of many a tired spectator. At any rate, his armor yielded more than ever before that afternoon, and that quaint signal of surrender, his top hat, was removed from his head for seconds at a time.

THE END OF THE DAY

THERE were delegations from other colleges and more marching clubs, and at last the welcome clatter of the rear guard. The tired and empty thousands who had watched through the long afternoon surged away to hunt for dinner and get ready for the fireworks in the evening, and the new President and his wife and daughters, with such emotions as a plain American family must be struggling with as they first face the bright light which beats upon kings and presidents, started across the quiet White House lawn toward their new home, blazing there through the trees like some Aladdin's palace.

Five Millions

(*Continued from page 17*)

that in his face to make your heart ache. But now there was something different there. Something grim and awful. You might have called it resignation; or you might have called it fixed purpose. It was as if he'd been through an awful struggle in his mind, and after putting the best of him into it had seen his heart's desire go down and the bigger thing triumph. "All is lost save honor!" That's what that look said, as plain as though he had said it in so many words.

But words were no longer his to utter. Oh, yes. He was quite dead. His messenger had taken some little time to find me; and Andy must have pulled the trigger the minute the man was out of earshot.

THERE were two letters on his table: one for Maggie and one for me. But it's only a bit from mine that I shall tell you about. You see, he had made a discovery, investigating for himself the explosion; and had found out that it wasn't caused by a shell dropped from the aeroplane at all, but by a bomb with a time fuse, placed there evidently by McBride when his ship first signaled, and exploded accurately three seconds after his arrival on the bridge.

"All bluff," Andy wrote. "I question that the airman had any dynamite up there with him. So you see it makes me out just a coward. And there's only one thing for a coward to do."

But he was no coward. I shall never stand for that. The bravest man that ever lived would not have done differently. He couldn't have afforded to take the chance.

I'm not going to tell you all that it meant to Maggie. Man or woman, you can come pretty near to imagining what that poor girl suffered. Inside of a month she changed from a fine, buxom, red-cheeked lass to little more than a wraith. I knew that change of scene helps a lot



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Five Millions

(Continued from page 30)

sometimes in cases like hers, so after my next crossing I brought her down to this quaint, old Devon fishing village, Clovelly, on Bristol Channel, where an aunt of ours keeps a small inn. I changed myself about then too. I took a berth on a P. & O. boat; and was away from England for months at a time. Each return, though, found Maggie more like her old self. She was taking interest in life once more, though I knew she still held poor Andy Store's loved memory warm and deep in her true, faithful heart.

WHEN I contracted a fever out there in the East, and came back invalided, and lay for a while in a London hospital. Maggie came up to see me, and it made me almost well again to see her plump and ruddy and smiling once more. She had a deal to tell me, of course, and especially did she talk of an American gentleman who had been for several weeks a guest at the inn. His name was Longworthy, and he was a sort of semi-invalid. His heart wasn't all it ought to be, she said. He had been very kind to Maggie and seemed to like her; but with the love of him that was gone still so dear to her, it wasn't for her to care much for any other man.

I had several letters from her after she went back, and in every one of them there was some mention of Longworthy. Well, the thing ended by his proposing to Maggie and by her refusing him. "He's handsome, and he's rich," she wrote, "but I just don't care for him. There's that about him, somehow, that puts me all a-shiver. Sure, dear, I'll never marry the best man living; seeing that he who was best of all had to be taken from me."

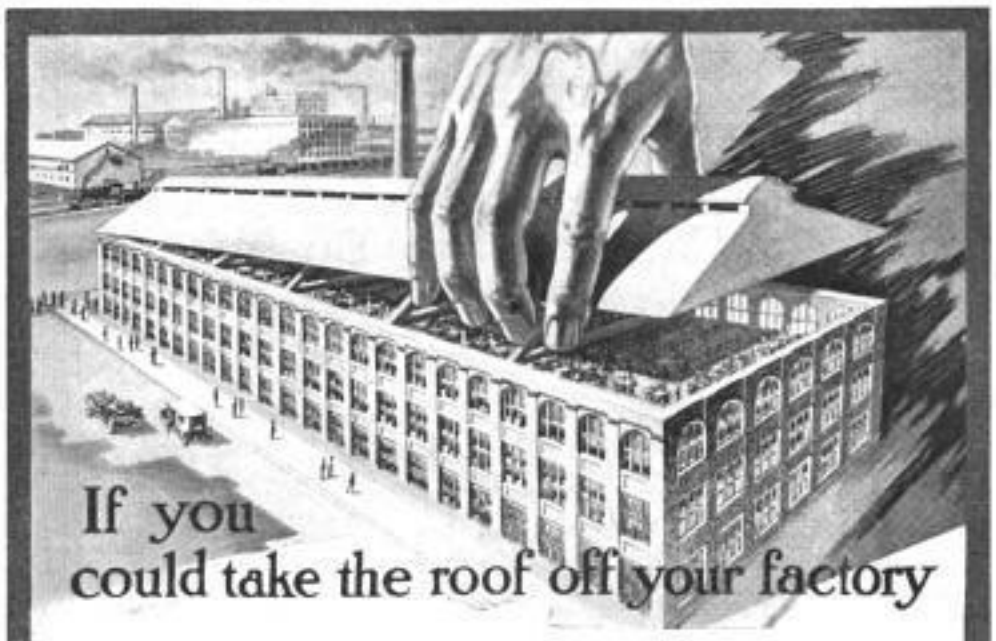
And then, two days ago, as I was leaving the hospital, a well creature once again, came a hurried scrawl from her, asking me to come to Clovelly at once, as Mr. Longworthy wanted to see me. He was owner of an eighteen-hundred-ton yacht, she said, which had been brought around to Bristol. But his sailing master had given notice; and here was a berth waiting for me at big pay. Longworthy, knocked a-heap by her jilting, was all impatience for the swirl of the sea beneath him.

I WENT down to Bristol that afternoon, had a look at the yacht for myself—I never saw a finer—and came on here to Clovelly this morning. It's a gem of a spot, this is, a variegated little jewel in a cleft of the Devon hills, a dazzling pendant on the chain of surf-fringed beach that curves about the fair neck of Barnstaple Bay. And the inn over which our good, old aunt presides is like a picture out of English medieval history. Surely there never was before such a rare, quaint, peaceful, and beautiful setting for stern, sullen tragedy.

Longworthy had a little parlor, with a balcony that hung over the narrow main street, which went pitching down to the sea like a rippling waterfall, with steps for ripples. Red roses in riot clambered up and over the balcony railing and every breath that came through the open casements was sweet with the scent of them, and grateful with the warmth and glow of the noontide sun that was blazing overhead.

I remember Maggie saying my name. But what else she said, or how long she stood there in the doorway after I had passed her, I couldn't tell for the life of me. For you see I knew McBride's face too well ever to be fooled by such trifles as changed hair and skin and fair waxed mustaches. He couldn't cut his ear lobes free from his jaws—anyway, he hadn't—and he couldn't alter the light, cloudy blue of his eyes, that were like twin star sapphires. Can you fancy my coming on him again like this, after two years? Sometimes I think the Almighty likes to show us that He has a sense for drama that is as much superior to the feeble human efforts of such dabblers as Pinero and that Shaw man as nature is to the painted scenery of the theatre.

A QUESTION that McBride knew me in that first moment. I'd lost weight from the fever, I was white as paper, and I had a tangle of sandy beard on the chin that he had seen smooth shaven. And yet, somehow, I feel that he sensed the truth before by any word of mine I made it clear that he was recognized. Maybe a look betrayed me. I don't know. I was weak still from the fever, and I hadn't much control of myself. But I saw a sudden shift in his pale eyes after the



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Prairie State Incubator Co., 431 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

Burpee's Seeds are supplied every year direct to more American planters than are the seeds of any other growers. Do your seeds come direct from Philadelphia? If not, we should like to make your acquaintance. Simply send us your address (a postal card will do) and you will receive **Burpee's Annual for 1913**,—a bright book of 180 pages, which has long been recognized as "The Leading American Seed Catalog." Kindly **write to-day!** Address

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Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Box 120, Fremont, Neb.



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W. A. WEBER, Box 968, Mankato, Minn.

United States Tires are good tires
They cut down tire bills

Five Millions

(*Continued from page 31*)

passing between us of a half dozen sentences, and I noticed for the first time a tinge of blue in his lips, which weren't hidden at all by his twisted and pointed mustaches.

IT wasn't easy to decide there, on the spur of the minute, just what was best to do. As long as he was blind to me I had the upper hand, of course, and I misdoubted whether it would be wise for me to reveal myself. Wouldn't it be best just quietly to make terms with him, sign up as master of his craft, and then inform the authorities? Or would it? Mightn't the shock of it all open up the old wound in poor Maggie that had been two years healing and fling her back, maybe, into a state worse than the first? I owed a duty to the company, I suppose, and to the community; but I owed a duty to my sister, too. And that duty appeared to me to bulk larger. If he'd been a stranger to her, it would have been different. But he'd actually been making love to her, and had asked her to marry him. High Jupiter! There was a situation for you, seeing how, in effect, he had killed the man that was the world and all to her.

I was on the verge of declining his offer, and letting him drop quietly out of our ken again, for Maggie's sake, when I saw that queer shift in his eyes and that sudden bluing of his lips. He had been having a bit of luncheon as we came in on him, and there was a jug of bitter beer on the table.

"Maybe you'll join me in a mug, Mr. Smith," he says to me, suddenlike.

"I don't mind if I do, sir," I answers, thinking as to just what excuse I could give him for not signing.

And with that he gets up and fetches another pewter from the cupboard.

"Have you noticed that picture on the wall there behind you?" is his next question. "It's of the stone quay here, in the days when it was fortified, and was painted two hundred years ago, your sister was telling me. It is most interesting, I think."

I TURNED my head as he meant me to. And it's a world-wonder how I chanced to suspect him. Perhaps it is that I have uncommon sharp ears. There was just the merest tinkle from his side of the table; and it wasn't of stone against pewter, but of glass against it. Back I turned swiftly enough, to see him tippling the jug and pouring out the bitter for me. But I was sure of that glass sound, and there wasn't a bit of glass anywhere in sight.

He passed the mug, and I set it down. And though I had no more reason than I've told you, I was sure there was in it something more harmful than showed in its color.

"Here's to our better acquaintance, Mr. Smith," he says, lifting his own mug.

It's curious how our plans sometimes go all awry in an instant. It's as if another power, bigger and wiser than we are, steps in and takes hold and runs things in its own better way.

"God forbid!" I says. And it was not I that chose the words. They were put into my mouth and I couldn't help speaking them.

He looked at me, curious, pretending not to understand. And I looked back at him, with my jaw clenched, and with my eyes narrowed.

"God forbid I should know you better than I do already, McBride!" I follows up, the words still coming in that mysterious way.

HE was always the cool one. But his very bravado this time was his further undoing. He laughed. And then, though I had had small doubt before, I was sure. It was the same laugh that had echoed out over the North Atlantic that night we stood on the *Sultanic's* bridge together. The laugh I could never forget through time and eternity.

"You think you've met me before?" he says, with a kind of tolerant air.

"I know devilish well I've met you before," I come back at him, jumping to my feet. "I met you with your skin stained mahogany color and your yellow hair dyed black as ink. But I know you in spite of it. You've got a scar under your forelock there a quarter inch wide and an inch long. And you daren't lift the forelock, much as you'd like to prove me a liar."

His lips were purple now, and there



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It is an exceptionally hardy flower requiring no skill or attention to grow—any soil, any climate will do. The plant grows in graceful profusion to a height of from 12 to 15 inches.

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The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes — **The Standard Remedy for the feet** for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE.

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(The Flavor de Luxe)

—it flavors white sugar syrup.

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—it is as simple to use as lemon and vanilla.



Make it right.

Grocers sell Mapleine
35c 2 oz. bottle (in Canada 50c)
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We sell them from the factory direct to you. We eliminate the middleman. This saves you money.

In these days of the "high cost of living" it is better to have the middleman's profit in your pocket than in his, no matter how much you may like him, nor how much you may believe in "home trade." Write us today.

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For Comfort that is the price per cake for Pears' Soap—famous for its purity and quality; its power to give a fresh, healthy skin, with pores kept free; a radiant complexion.

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AGENTS

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Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. SEND FOR CATALOG



Largest Limb Factory in World.

Five Millions

(Concluded from page 32)

were purple half-moons under his eyes; but he didn't lose his poise, not he, for so much as a second.

"It's the fever you've had, man," he says. "Try to pull yourself together."

"Your forehead!" I cries. "Show me your forehead! And if there's no scar there, I'll—"

BUT I never finished. All of a sudden his face contorted horribly, and he clapped his hand to his left breast. Forward he pitched against the table, and out went his other arm, with crazy, clutching fingers, toward my untouched mug of bitter. But I was too quick even for his swift reach. On to the floor I sweeps the mug with one lightning dash, spilling every drop of the poisoned beer.

I thought then he was for killing himself to escape the law; and not until an hour did I learn what he was after. I've heard more than one man cry out in mortal agony in my time. But his cry was different from all the others. It was as if he had held it until he could hold it no longer, and that then it was wrung from him in spite of all the power of a giant will. And he dropped, sprawling, half of him face down on the table, and his stiffened legs stretched stark out, with his boot toes only touching the floor.

Swords! What a weight he was! For I lifted him up, dead as mutton, and put him back on the chair from which he'd sprung. And by some chance that forelock, yellow as spun flax, got brushed aside, and there, bluer than the flax flower, lay bare that identifying scar.

It was the coroner that found the bottle in the dead man's jacket pocket. It had held nitroglycerin tablets, which are used in cases of angina pectoris. And that's what he died of. You see, he'd spilled every last one of them into my mug—enough to have killed me twice over—and hadn't even a scrap left for himself in his extremity.

Maybe they'll recover some of the five million dollars now. That yacht means a tidy bit of itself; and I dare say they'll trace more of his property.

ODD how it came about, you say? Yes, it is. But the oddest thing of all is the way Maggie has taken it. I told her who he was. I thought it best to let her know at once. Better than that it should leak to her through other lips. And yet—It is only now I saw her creep into the room where he lies, with the blinds down to keep out the afternoon sunlight. And spying upon her, I found her there stroking his dead face, and crooning over him, like a mother over her babe.

Can it be that, after all, she had come to care for him? God save us! There's nothing so incomprehensible as a woman.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly
VOLUME FIFTY-ONE.....NUMBER 1
MARCH 22, 1913
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*
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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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Where does the Consumer "Come in"?

"Daniel Kops, the manufacturer of Nemo corsets, paid a tribute to advertising when he appeared before a congressional committee at Washington and told of the changes advertising in that city alone had made in his business. He testified that ten or twelve years ago a single salesman went to Washington several times a year, and if he succeeded in getting an order for $300 or $400 he was doing well. The cost for selling those goods, Mr. Kops said, was approximately fifteen per cent.

"As a result of advertising, this salesman goes to Washington now more frequently than he did ten years ago, has a customer in practically every large store and leaves the city with orders for $4,000 or $5,000 or more, at a cost of three per cent, with an additional cost of four and one-half per cent for advertising. Thus, Mr. Kops pointed out, advertising has cut selling cost just fifty per cent."

Reprinted from "The Fourth Estate," February 1, 1913

No matter how you figure it, the *Consumer* must, inevitably, pay every cost and expense connected with the manufacture and sale of a product. So, when a manufacturer like Daniel Kops explains how *Advertising* has cut his *Selling Cost* just *fifty per cent*, it means a lot to the Consumer.

With the Manufacturer who "wants to be good," a saving in Selling Cost will be reflected in one of two ways—a better product for the same amount of money or the same standard quality *at a lower price.*

Anything that tends to reduce the cost of living very naturally has a gripping interest for the Consumer.

A. G. S. Hammesfahr.

No. 110 *Manager Advertising Department*



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Fireproof, economical construction in thousands of buildings all over the world is afforded by Kahn Building Products. These buildings range from the simplest one-story shed to the city skyscraper and from the backyard garage to the finest monumental structure. Fireproofness, permanence and economy are insured in every case by the use of Kahn Building Products.

We make a specialty of economical industrial buildings. All constructions are included: Reinforced Concrete for every use; Steel Sash for windows; Hy-Rib for roofs and walls; Waterproofings; Technical Paints; and Building Specialties.

Kahn Building Products

Hy-Rib, a steel sheathing with deep stiffening ribs, makes monolithic walls, roofs, partitions, etc., at very low cost. It obviates the use of wooden forms and other expensive equipment, combining within itself reinforcement, centering, studs and lath.

United Sash provide maximum daylight for industrial buildings. Made of solid steel sections unweakened by cutting or punching, but forced by tremendous pressure into perfect units. Large ventilators with double contact joints to shut out draft and storms.

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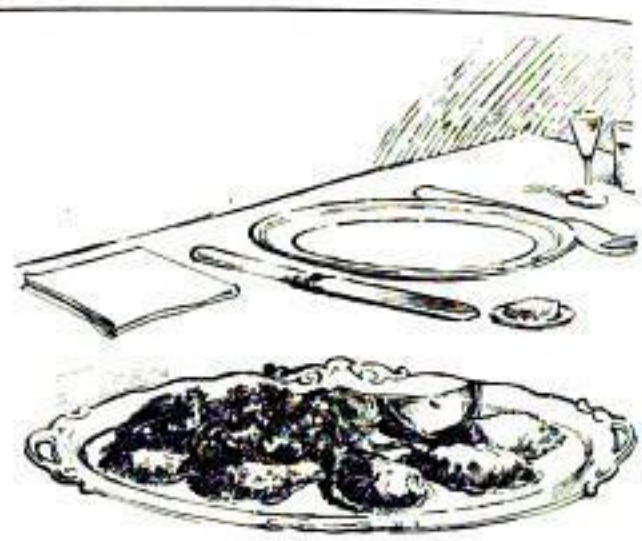
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Sea-food, far inland, delicious and *safe!*



THE various forms of preserved sea-foods offered in inland markets admirably illustrate the tremendous importance of distinguishing between different brands of the same food-product. Ocean fish and shell-fish, properly selected and packed, afford a wholesome and appetizing variation in diet to people thousands of miles from the coast. There are many brands on the market which, in raw material and methods of manufacture, leave absolutely nothing to be desired—which may be eaten anywhere with entire safety, and which make a welcome, delicious and economical change in the household menu.

And, competing with these products, resembling them outwardly so that distinction is difficult, are many of such vicious origin that to eat them is to invite serious illness. Sardines, for instance, are sometimes caught so far from the factory that decomposition is well advanced before they reach it. The good cannery rejects them; the other kind buys them cheap and uses them. In other cases, fish are "washed" prior to canning in harbor-water contaminated by disgusting impurities. And the effects of eating such products are so unpleasant that even buyers notably careless in choosing other foods have learned to be on their guard.

As a result of this situation, some people go without fish altogether; others eat it only rarely, and still others run a frightful risk by indiscriminately accepting any brand offered to them.

There is an exceedingly simple solution for this problem—and for the same problem in all other lines of manufactured foods—a sure, safe, easy way of knowing exactly which brands to buy—

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

enables any buyer to specify brands of known, proven purity and worth, without study or bother. It is simply a classified index of *pure* brands, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., the Pure Food Town. Although it does not and cannot list ALL the pure brands in existence, it lists so many of them, it gives you such a wide range of choice that you can secure at least one of the brands it approves under each important classification, at almost any grocery.

With a copy of the Westfield Book in your kitchen, or carried with you to the grocery, you can tell at a glance exactly what you ought to ask for and can pass instant judgment on any substitute offered to you. It removes all the doubt and danger from the food buying process, and makes any one who will take the trouble to use it thoroughly proof against the cleverest wiles of the people who offer adulterated, debased and drugged goods in the guise of foods.

Send the coupon below, with 10c in silver to cover costs, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., and a copy of the book will be mailed to you. When you get it, *use* it: order by it; show it to your grocer and tell him about it; pursuade your friends to use it too, for their own protection and the good of the community. It makes you *sure* your food is *pure!*

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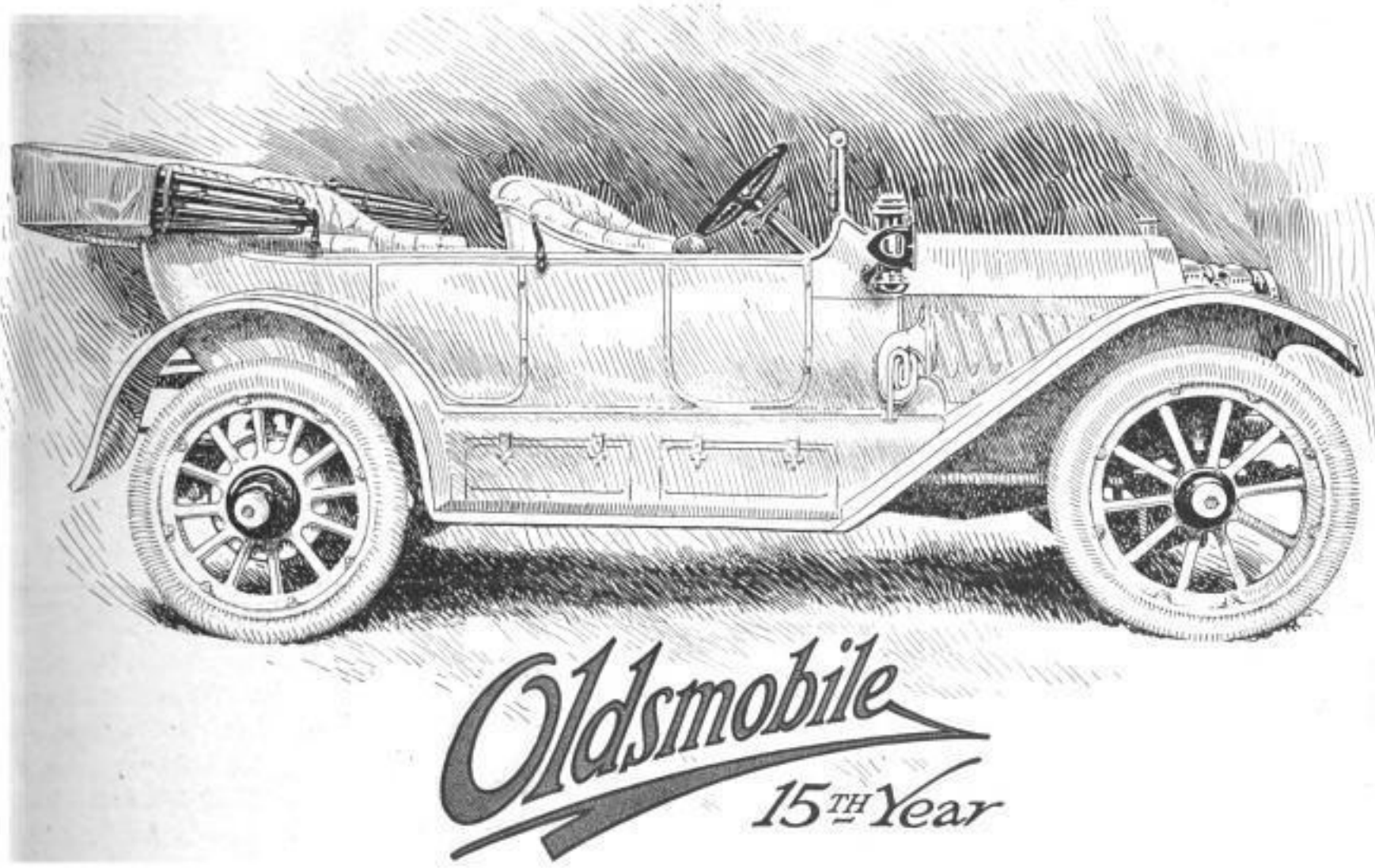
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Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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Like all other Oldsmobiles, the new Four is sturdy and dependable. You experience a satisfaction and pardonable pride in owning a car like this: A pedigree of fifteen years of successful manufacture, (without a parallel in the history of any other make of car selling at the price of the new Four) inspires a confidence which is more firmly established each new day of service.

Features

Four cylinder, 36 horse-power motor. Bore 4 inches, stroke 5-15/16 inches. Transmission—selective sliding gear: four speeds forward, one reverse. Tires 36 x 4, Demountable rims. Springs rear, three quarter elliptic 54½ inches long, 2¼ inches wide. Wheel base 116 inches.

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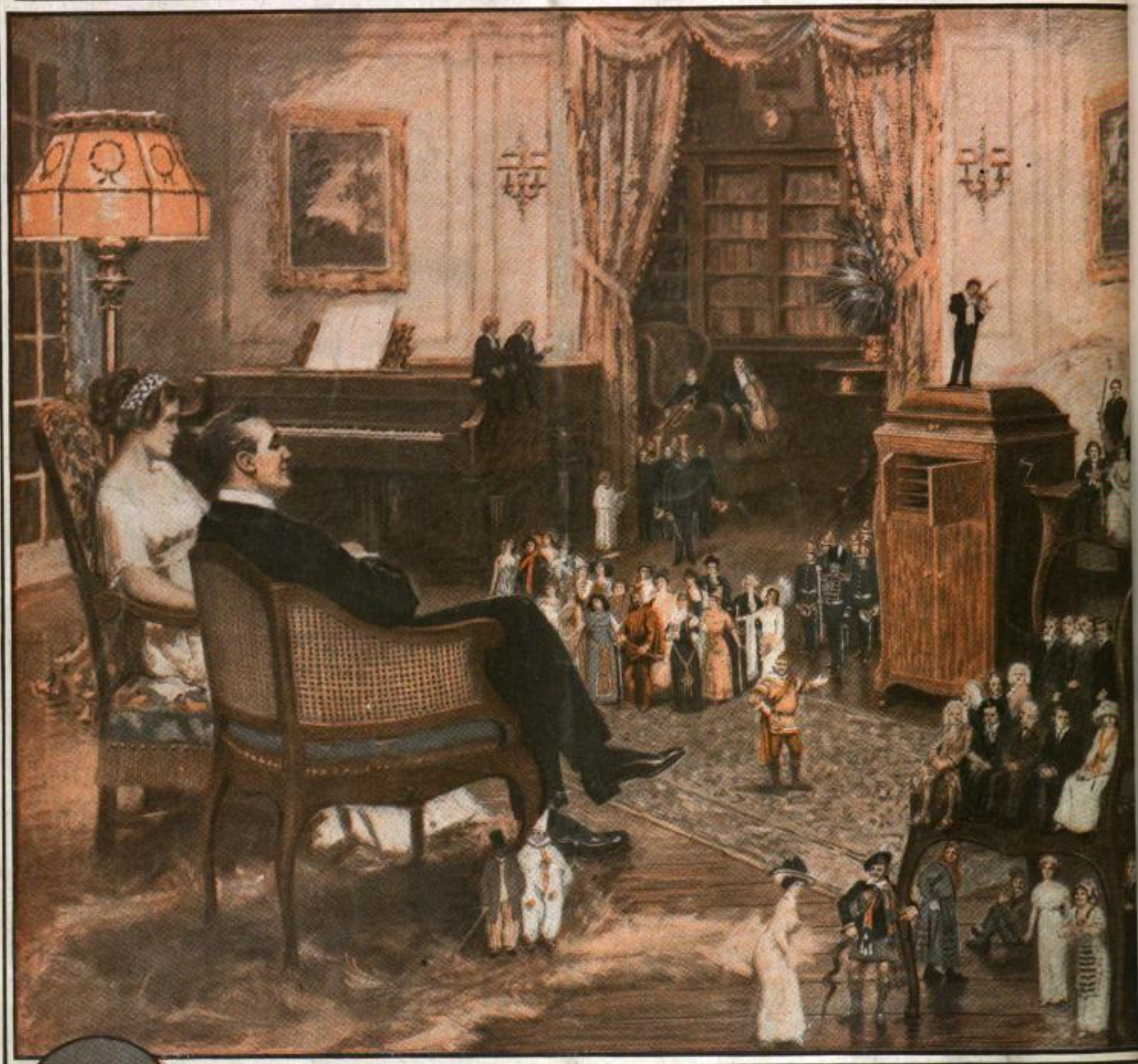
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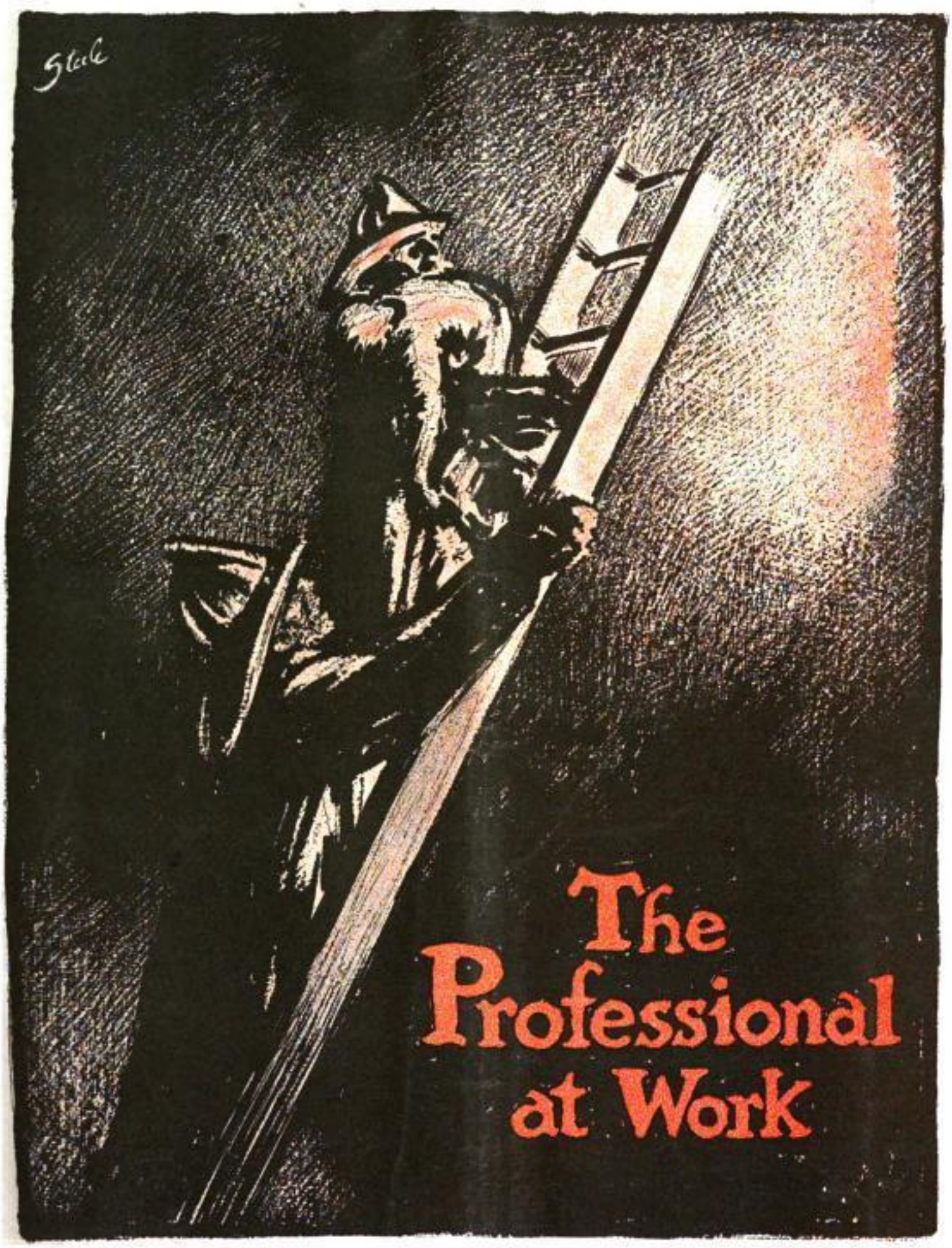
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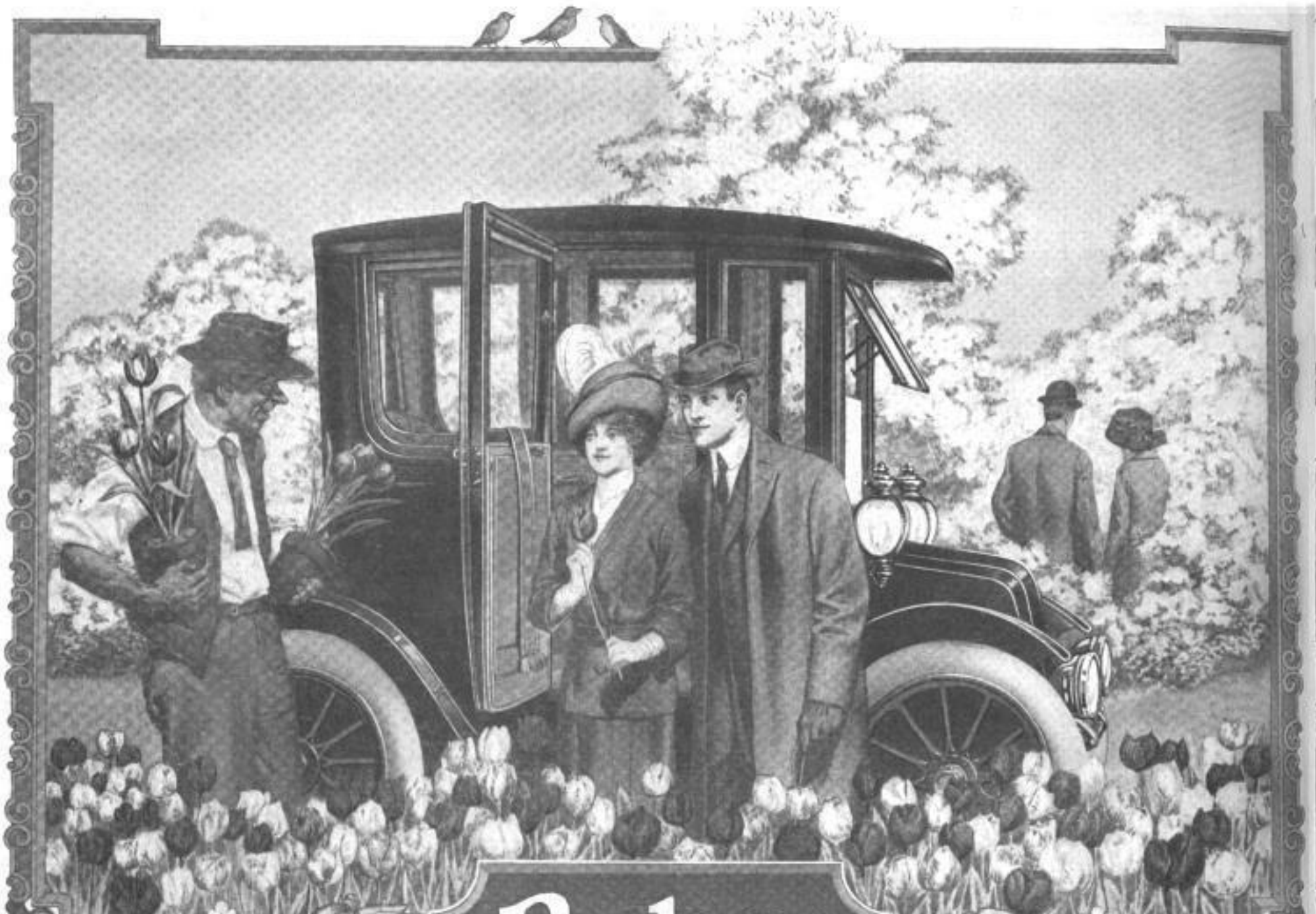
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Article VI of "The Business of Arson"
—and a story of the job hunters, "Spoils and Patriots"

VOL FIFTY-ONE NO 2 MARCH 29 1913

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Baker Electrics

QUALITY SERVICE

The Call of the Great Out-Doors

Answer It in a Luxurious Baker Electric

You want a car that embodies the maximum in luxury, convenience and superior appointment; all these are found at their highest development in the Baker. The Baker Coupe is the only electric selling for less than $3000 that has the revolving front seats. No other coupe has forward drive. It is the only coupe that has the full limousine back, bringing increased roominess—easier seating arrangement—more complete comfort.

You want a car that is easy to operate and safe for your wife and children—one that cannot "go wrong" if improperly handled. Baker simplicity and "fool-proofness" are too well known to need description here. There is nothing to get out of order, no mechanical complexities to fathom, nothing a child cannot understand. No need for a chauffeur; no strength nor skill is needed to run the Baker. It is its own "self-starter."

You want a car that is ready at all times for any kind of service—the sand and hills of the country, or the crowded traffic of the city. Baker construction makes it the most dependable under all conditions—powerful, responsive, never-failing. And it is maintained at a lower cost than any other electric.

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Atlanta, 451 Peachtree Street
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Syracuse, 414 W. Onondaga St
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Springfield, Mo., 219 S. Jefferson St
Grand Rapids, 66 Sheldon Avenue
Zanesville, O., 17 Culbertson Av
Terre Haute, Ind., 121 S. 7th St
Savannah, 5 Perry St., E.
Seattle, Wash., 1718 Broadway
Davenport, Ia., 124 East 4th St
Milwaukee, 189 Summit Av

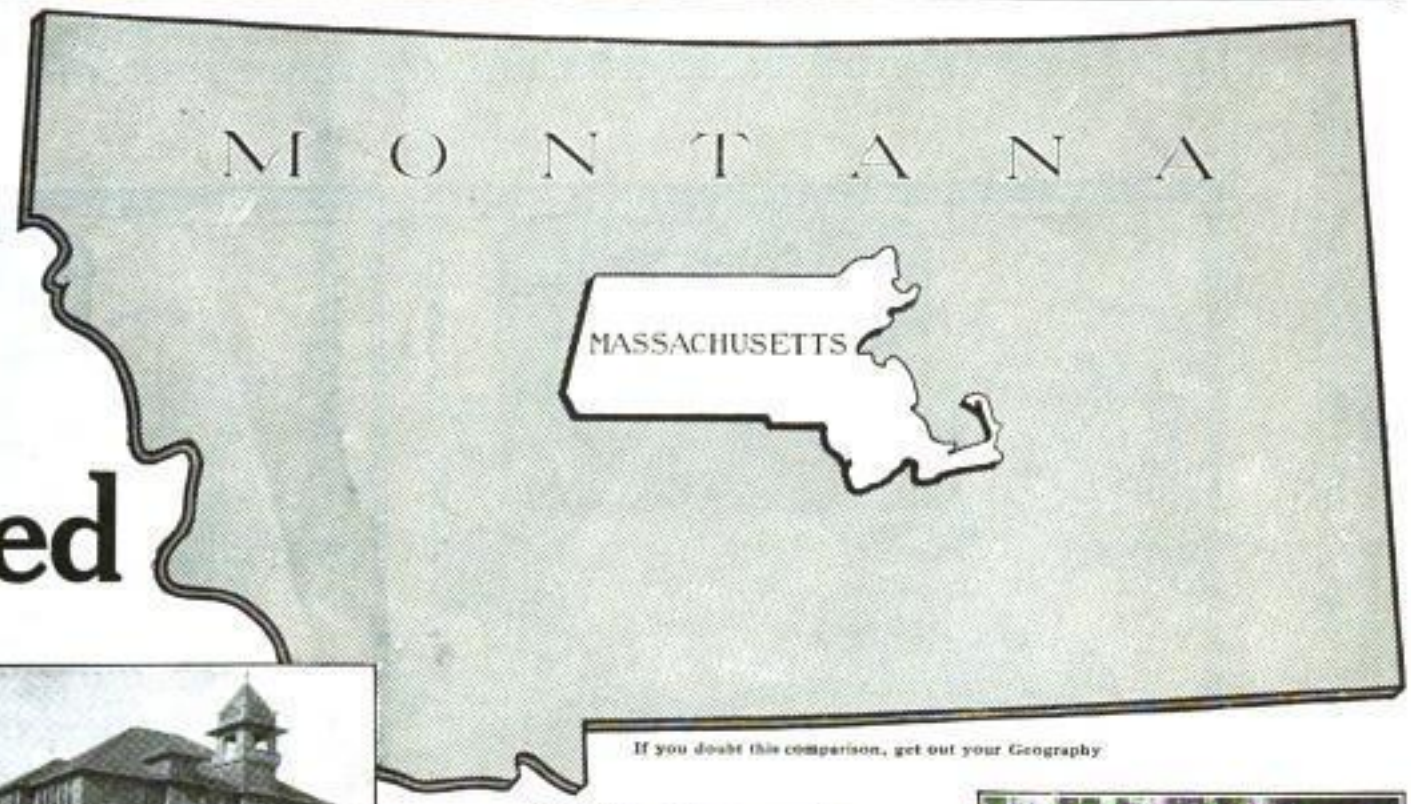
Cincinnati, 1609 Madison Road
Columbus, O., 165 North Fourth St
Springfield, Mass., 84 Dwight St
Decatur, Ill., 210 Citizen's Bldg
Hartford, 118 Church Street
Springfield, Ill., 218 E. Jefferson St
Wilmington, N. C., 129 Market St
Omaha, 40th and Farnam Streets
Asheville, N.C., 42 Patton Av
Jacksonville, Fla., O. A. Pickerell
Richmond, Va., 2035 W. Broad St
Galveston, Tex., 714 Tremont St
Quincy, Ill., 12th & Hampshire Sts
Utica, N. Y., Plant & Hart Sts
Charleston, S.C., 47 Meeting St

Bloomington, Ill., 507 N. East St
Erie, Pa., Lambert Auto Co
Oklahoma City, 1121 N. Robinson
Columbia, S.C., Arcade Bldg
Ottumwa, Ia., 113 E. 2d St
Duluth, 310 W. First St
Toledo, O., 1215 Madison Av
Wilkes-Barre, 42 W. Market St
Mobile, Ala., 31 N. Water St
Indianapolis, 510 N. Delaware St
Charlotte, N. C., 504 W. 5th St
York, Pa., 162 W. Market
Jackson, Mich., 109 W. Pearl
Beaumont, Tex., Wells Bldg
Newport, R. I., 19 E. Bowery St

New Orleans, 704 Baronne St
Saratoga Springs, 115 Circular St
Salt Lake City, 440 Brigham Street
Sioux City, Ia., Interstate Auto Co
Cedar Rapids, Ia., Barton Ford Co
Ann Arbor, Mich., 206 W. Huron
Enid, Okla., 117 N. Grand St
Oshkosh, Wis., 82 State St
Warren, Pa., 150 Penna. Av., W
Fresno, Cal., cor. "L" & Tulare Sts
Aurora, Ill., 66 La Salle St
Rockford, Phillips' Elec. Gar. Co
Saginaw, Mich., Bolton Auto. Co
El Paso, Tex., 311 Texas St
And others

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YOUR Chance Has Arrived



If you doubt this comparison, get out your Geography



Substantial Buildings are Multiplying Vale, Ore.



A $30,000 Schoolhouse where Six Years Ago it was a Wilderness Vale, Ore.

The little pictures on the right are examples of developing wealth that necessitates more and bigger cities in the great Northwest. The pictures on the left are examples of these cities in the bud.



Stone is Replacing the Early Wood Shacks Bend, Ore.

MASSACHUSETTS contains 8266 square miles with a population of 3,336,416. Its estimated property value, according to the latest figures available, was $4,956,578,913 in 1904.

Montana contains 146,080 square miles, with a population of 376,053. Its estimated property value was $746,311,213 in 1904.

These figures have certainly changed since 1904, but the advantage is still with Massachusetts. Why?

Because population makes land values

From 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States increased 21 per cent. The population of the Great Northwest, including North and South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, jumped 71 per cent.—it is the fastest growing section of the entire United States.

Here is an inland empire, rich beyond dreams of avarice in timber, minerals, water power, irrigable lands, stock raising and farming facilities—everything that makes for solid, substantial wealth.

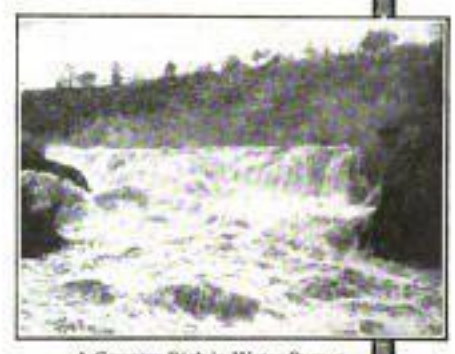
Its isolation has held it back. Today there are three transcontinental railroad systems right through its heart with arteries being extended in every direction. Financiers of the East have spent millions and millions of dollars to develop this wealth. Settlers are flowing in in thousands. Cities are springing up as by magic. With the opening of the Panama Canal, Northwest populations will increase in leaps and bounds. We have seen this time coming for several years. We have selected the most likely and logical of the young cities, taking our choice from the Missouri to the Pacific Coast. We have bought outright the choicest building lots in these cities. We offer them to you now on the safest, sanest real estate investment plan ever devised—investment without speculation.



Millions of Feet of Prime Timber



Putting a Model Sewer System into a Five-year-old Metropolis Lemmon, S. Dakota



A Country Rich in Water Power

Here is the Northwest Townsite proposition to you:

We are offering building lots in five of these cities located in three different states on the safest, sanest, most practical real estate plan ever devised. Maybe all, possibly two or three, at least one, of these five cities is destined to develop into a Denver, a Seattle, a Portland, Ore. These are the five cities in this offer: Bend, Ore.; Roundup, Mont. Redmond, Ore.; Vale, Ore.; Lemmon, on the border line between South and North Dakota.

In each of these five cities we have a limited number of choice building lots. We will sell—first come first served—as long as they last, one lot in each of these five cities in these three states for $500—$500 for the entire five lots, payable $25 down and $10 a month and free from all taxes until paid for.

Should the purchaser die before the whole sum is paid, but after paying $250, we will deliver deeds to all five lots to his or her heirs or assigns free from further payments.



Northwest Folks are Prospering. Nearly everyone owns his own home



The One-horse Plow Civilized the East and the Central States. The Gang Plow is Conquering the Great Northwest

5 lots in 5 cities in 3 states, $500

In considering this opportunity remember the histories of Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Omaha. They grew almost to maturity in the face of conditions that these new cities in this wonderful land will never have to encounter.

We have termed our plan "The Divided Risk Plan." The law of averages and the divided risk has made possible the great success of all life, fire and marine insurance. We are the first to adapt this plan to real estate investment. A lot in any of the above young cities would undoubtedly prove a fortunate investment. One lot in each is as certain to prove profitable as anything that is mortal can be forecasted. Only a limited number can take advantage of this offer—we have advertised it three times before and inquiries are pouring in. Preference is being given in the order in which *orders* are being received. Fill in the coupon below or write us a personal letter for full particulars. This kind of opportunity comes but once in a generation.

WRITE AT ONCE

The Northwest Townsite Co., 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



A Drug Store that Would Be a Credit to New York Roundup, Mont.



Part of a 7000-head Herd in Central Oregon

WE PRINT THIS COUPON FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

Northwest Townsite Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Date_____

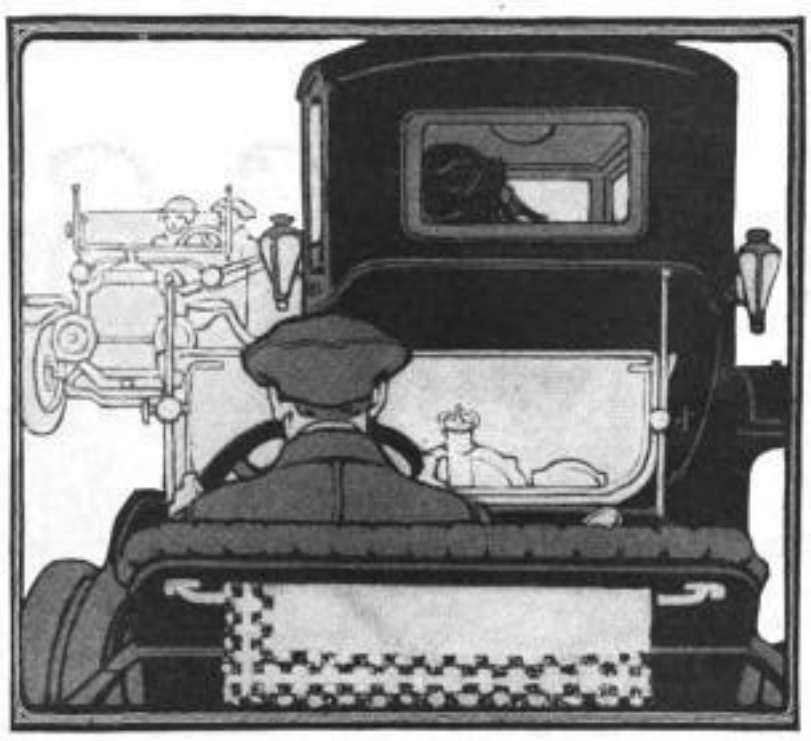
Please register this inquiry and send me at once full particulars about the five towns mentioned in your advertisement in Collier's Weekly, March 29th, and your plan for investment. It is understood that this request involves no obligation of any kind on my part.

Name_____

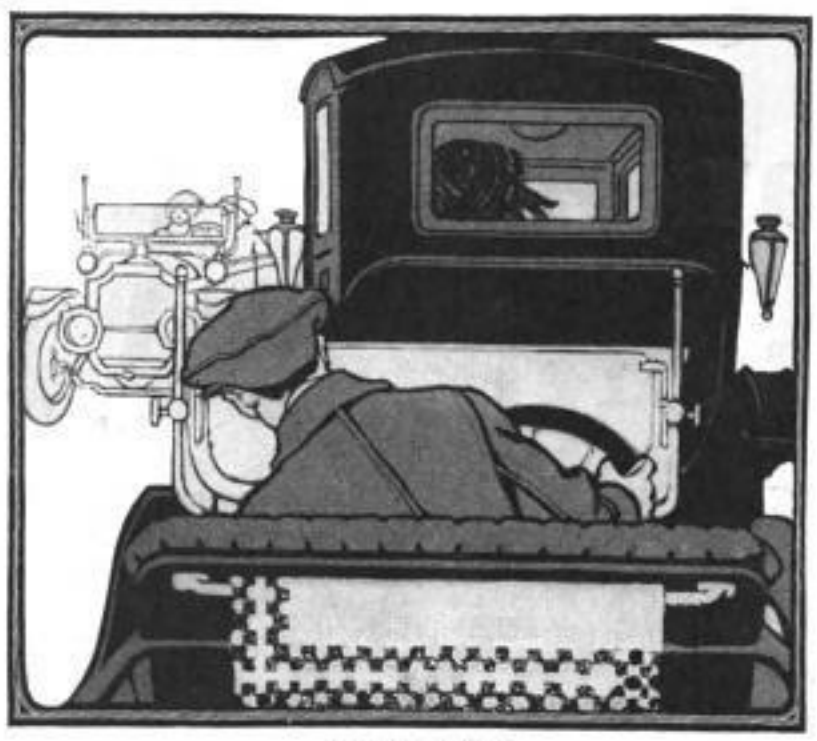
No._____ Street_____

County_____ State_____ P. O._____

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THE PACKARD WAY



THE OLD WAY

Convenience, Security, Maximum Service
Packard Left Drive Motor Carriages

The New "38" *The New "48"*

LEFT DRIVE

Packard left drive, with electric self starter and centralized control, means this to you:

You enter the car directly from the curb.

You avoid muddy pavements and the dangers of passing traffic.

You start the motor by touching a button and pressing a foot pedal.

You control all the lights and the carburetor adjustments from the driving position.

When driving in traffic you have an unobstructed view of the road ahead.

When turning off to the left in traffic, your protection is assured by a position convenient for signalling with the left arm.

When turning off to the right, you are naturally protected by the adjacent curb.

ELECTRIC STARTER

The electric cranking device is an integral part of the motor. Electric starters are admittedly the best and this is proved to be the best of electric starters.

CENTRALIZED CONTROL

Centralized control is a convenience available to Packard owners alone. Starting, lighting, ignition and carburetor controls are on the steering column within easy reach of the driver's hand and are operated without leaning forward or moving in any way from a driving position.

UNEXPECTED emergencies demand the bridge builder's factor of safety. Endurance far exceeding the requirement, is the uncompromising standard to which every Packard is built. The new "38" and the new "48" represent knowledge of emergency requirements, knowledge gained through fourteen years' experience in the factory and on the road.

Ask the man who owns one

COLOR CATALOG ON REQUEST

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
MAR 27 1913
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



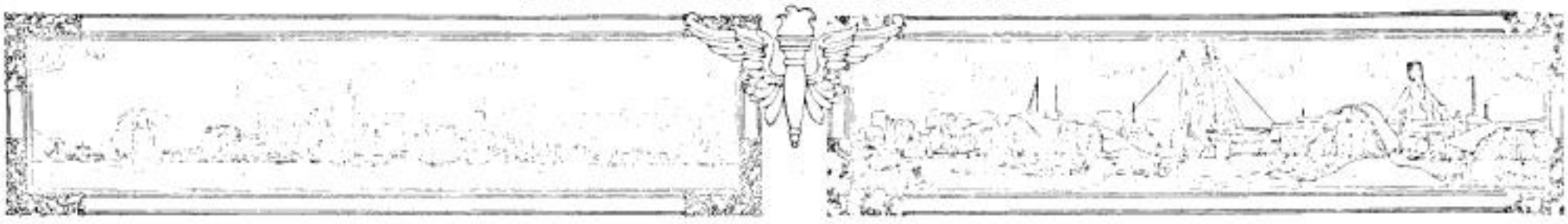
King George I of Greece, Murdered at Salonica

NOT quite fifty years from the time when he changed from the uniform of a British midshipman to the ermine of a king, the ruler of Greece was felled in the streets of Salonica by a bullet fired by one of his own subjects. This is the sixth important political assassination within four months—a list that begins with the killing of Premier Canalejas of Spain and includes the President and the Vice President of Mexico, the Commander in Chief of the Turkish army, and the Premier of Salvador.

King George was the second son of the late King Christian of Denmark and a brother of Queen Alexandra of England. He had become one of the richest men in the world through real-estate investment and lucky speculations, but lived in extreme simplicity. He was walking with only one man near to guard him at the time the assassin approached.

His eldest son, Constantine, recently distinguished himself as a war chief by capturing Janina, and has to his credit many other achievements of military strategy in the Balkan conflict. The wife of the new King is a sister of Kaiser Wilhelm.

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WHAT HAPPENED IN KANSAS CITY

IF THERE WAS EVER A TIME when it behooved judicial conduct to be circumspect, it is now. Yet we find a recent and singular instance of judicial indiscretion. It is the recent case of Colonel W. R. NELSON, editor and proprietor of the Kansas City "Star," who was sentenced to jail by Judge J. A. GUTHRIE of Division No. 1 of the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Mo., at Kansas City. The "Star" of January 26 last published an account of a divorce proceeding before Judge GUTHRIE. In the article was recited the fact that Judge GUTHRIE had ruled that the plaintiff in the divorce proceeding, a woman, could not have the case against her husband dismissed until her attorneys had been paid their fee of $60. The body of the article stated the fact correctly, but a careless headline made it appear that the woman's three lawyers were each to receive $60. This, however, was not the head and front of Colonel NELSON's offending. The reporter, in his article, proceeded to say that "in a similar proceeding recently the judge told the attorney that the man was not able to pay both attorney's fee and alimony to the wife," and had allowed the attorney his fee, on the attorney's suggestion, in preference to the wife's alimony. This last reference was intended by the reporter to refer to a proceeding before another judge of the Circuit Court at Kansas City. Judge GUTHRIE did not give the "Star" a chance to explain in print. He promptly issued a citation for Colonel NELSON, and put him on trial in the dock of his own court. He refused to listen to any testimony. After hearing the arguments of counsel, he promptly read his decision, finding Colonel NELSON guilty. When FRANK P. WALSH, Colonel NELSON's attorney, asked Judge GUTHRIE if it was not a fact that his decision had been prepared in advance, the distinguished jurist unblushingly announced that such was the fact. "The Court knew all the facts in this case," said the Judge. "They were in the breast of the Court, and it was as easy for this Court to prepare its opinion at one time as at another." Perhaps Judge GUTHRIE's opinion was based, not so much on the alleged offense of Colonel NELSON, as on this charge set out in the Judge's opinion, on which no evidence had been heard: "The well-known policy of this defendant's newspaper is to ridicule and criticize the courts and all their officers and machinery." After reading his opinion, Judge GUTHRIE drew from its hiding place another ready document. This was an attachment and order for Colonel NELSON's immediate incarceration. Colonel NELSON's attorney, after much persuasion, finally prevailed upon the Judge to give his client ten minutes in which to make application to another court for a writ of habeas corpus, which is now pending.

TO PROTECT THE PRESS

THE POPULARITY of the courts is not proverbial just now. The proceedings in the Nelson case will not tend to increase the public regard for judges. And yet it is but fair to say that some of the sternest condemnation of Judge GUTHRIE's conduct has come from judges. As a rule, judges of the Guthrie type take themselves too seriously. They are given overmuch to the craving for power. Judicial tyranny is not likely to become popular in this country. The public wants to respect the courts. They do not want to, and will not, fear them. When judges make mistakes, as they will, and as we all do, they should be willing to take the censure. Judge GUTHRIE might learn wisdom from some of the comments on his conduct:

> Just say the word [telegraphed Mars HENRY WATTERSON] and I will come at once to Kansas City to share your cell with you; or, if you prefer that better, I will lead one hundred thousand Kentuckians, fully armed, to release you.

We imagine Mars HENRY could find the men and a hundred times more.

> For the first time in all these years [wired the editor of the Baltimore "Sun" to Colonel NELSON] my love for you is tinged with envy.

In Missouri the lower courts especially are tied to machine politics. Judge GUTHRIE has paid two grudges against the "Star" and its owner: one of the machine politicians, the other of the hide-bound reactionary members of the local bar associations. The "Star's" constant demand for a better legal system, its insistence on the free administration of justice, and its general campaign for better judicial methods explain the latter grudge. The former may be explained by the fact that the "Star" was largely responsible for the defeat of a forty-two-year franchise for the Metropolitan Street Railway of Kansas City. Judge GUTHRIE before his election to the bench was identified with the Metropolitan's political group.

> There is but one way to protect a free press against a crooked judiciary, where such exists, and that is through a trial by jury in the indirect contempt case.

These are the words of State Senator FARLEY of Pennsylvania, who has introduced a bill in the Pennsylvania Legislature looking to this change in contempt procedure. We commend his words to progressive legislators in other States.

"THE BEST PLACE TO BE POOR"

SOME WEEKS AGO we asked under this title if a city-bred man with a capital of $1,000 or less could succeed on a farm. That the question is one of much popular interest is indicated by the number of letters we have received in reply, some of which we have printed. While the replies are interesting, they do not make a sufficiently definite answer to the question. They tell of the cheap lands and the general advantages of many sections of the country, and of the need for more and better agriculture. One writer says that professional men, clerks, and those untrained in farming make the best kind of farmers—*after they get started*. Another writer says that in his section $1,000 "will go a long ways." Is "a long ways" far enough so he can go the rest of the way alone? We think it would be a great service if some one of our readers could describe with careful devotion to details just how it can be done. Remember, the man with the $1,000 is a city-bred man, unacquainted by experience with farm life. Take him from any city you please and locate him on a farm in any section you please with a reasonable assurance of a continuing sound roof over his head, and food and clothes for himself and his family.

A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

THE BEST FARMERS in the United States started with less than $1,000—in most cases with less than $10. They were the Irish and German immigrants who went straight from the ship to work as hired men on farms. Out of the $15 or $20 a month they got in addition to their board they saved enough to buy a few acres of land. Is the city man of the present generation too weak in fiber, too infirm of purpose, too lacking in endurance and initiative for this process?

WHAT A MAN CAN DO

THE MOST HOPELESS MAN in the United States to-morrow can drop off the railroad train at any station in Kansas or Nebraska or Oklahoma without a cent and within an hour get work at $2 a day. Within five years he can own a piece of land, and in twenty have a comfortable home with sons and daughters in the State university. He need only have a reasonably strong body and character. To the hundreds of Socialists who will write in to say that this suggestion doesn't solve all the problems of the universe, we announce in advance that we don't care. We are more interested in telling one man who *wants* to do it how he *can* do it than in speculating on what would happen if all the poor men in all the cities did it. We never thought much of the effectiveness of those old monks who used to spend their time debating how many angels could stand on the northwest side of the point of a pin.

HARD TO MOVE

WE PUBLISH in this issue the sixth article on "The Business of Arson." These articles have been from the beginning an arraignment of the stock fire insurance business as now conducted in America. Charge after charge has been substantiated. Other charges will be made and substantiated in the concluding articles. So far the stock fire insurance business has made no reply officially. Had any other great business interest, occupying a position of public trust, and sensitive, presumably, to its business honor, been so arraigned, it would long ago have demanded a public investigation. The stock fire insurance business has demanded no such investigation, and apparently it will demand none. In many States it is equally unlikely that anything will be done by those State officials with whom investigations might naturally be expected to originate. For these reasons: In a number of States the State fire marshal is maintained solely by a tax levied upon the fire insurance business, and in many cases accordingly he feels himself merely to be its creature. In many States the State Superintendent of Insurance is practically selected by the insurance agents. In one State they are now quarreling as to whether it is the turn of the fire or the life insurance agents to select him. The fire insurance business has always maintained the strongest of State lobbies. And, backed by the vote of its agents and brokers, it has heretofore been able to defeat almost all proposed legislation which has threatened interference with the business. Finally, in our great cities, practically all banking, loan, and mortgage corporations are now licensed fire insurance brokers. On all the huge business they control they enjoy rebates, and they get their insurance at cost. That is to say, directly allied with fire insurance, we have the whole freemasonry of big business! All these things constitute the reason why the fight for clean insurance must be made by the individual decent private citizen.

VERY STRANGE

FROM the New York "Sun" recently:

> Last Sunday ROSIE HERTZ received a letter written in Yiddish from JACK SULLIVAN.

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THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY OUT OF IT

A YOUTH twenty-two years old drank an alcoholic beverage known as "white mule" in Kansas City the other Sunday afternoon. He had been "a good worker and a nice young fellow," a man under whom he had worked said. But with the "white mule" in him he stole a revolver, went out on a business street, and began to shoot. One bullet grazed the head of a man and another injured a fourteen-year-old boy so that he lay near death for a week. The Kansas City "Star," which, though it has long been closed to liquor advertisements, hitherto has not strongly opposed liquor, was moved to print an editorial, headed "Drunk, of Course!" The editorial concluded, in italics:

If people weren't accustomed to it, do you suppose they would stand for a minute the sale of a drug about town which every day or two turns some "nice young fellow" into a homicidal maniac?

This casual expression of a newspaper reflects a change in the popular attitude toward liquor selling such as will, in the course of a few years, undoubtedly recognize alcohol as a poisonous drug and make appropriate changes in the present system of dealing with it. The change would come very soon if every newspaper looked into the relation between alcohol and crime with as much intelligence as the Kansas City "Star."

WHAT BRAND?

FROM an El Paso (Tex.) dispatch to the New York "Sun":

Private CARL CAMPBELL, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., shot Captain HAMILTON BOWIE, his troop commander, and Private JOHN BARBEE, a comrade, and then ended his own life. CAMPBELL and some comrades *had been drinking* at one of the village saloons.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

"I FEAR THE FLY BEARING POISON." So might have sung some poet of past days. But apparently he did not, and even regarded the fly with some affection. We find the following lines:

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me and drink as I;
Freely, welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

They are attributed to WILLIAM OLDYS, antiquary, bibliographer, and librarian, who was born in 1696 and died in 1761. So, despite his gentle offer to share his cup of ale with a fly, he lived to the good age of sixty-five. With this heroic example before our eyes, we might suggest the folly of wisdom. But no—the case against the fly is too strong. We can't take a chance.

GUAYAQUIL

FROM PANAMA TO VALPARAISO, in a sweep of coast line of three thousand miles, there is one great harbor. That is Guayaquil, the port of Ecuador. It is almost due southward from New York. All South America lies to the east of it. The headwaters of the Amazon are scarce two hundred miles away. Some day it will be one of the great ports of the world. For years it has been known as "the pest hole of the Pacific." It lies just under the equator; its population is not troubled with modern ideas of hygiene. Bubonic plague, yellow fever, smallpox, have flourished there until the inhabitants are half immune. For just this reason it has been a menace to the whole coast. With the opening of the canal it becomes that for all North America, whose people are not immune. Miracle of miracles, Guayaquil is waking up. It has sent for GORGAS. And on its own initiative! The man who made the building of the canal possible is already on the job. The American army surgeon who eliminated these diseases from Panama will have here, no doubt, the same brilliant success. The natives will be taught what four-fifths of the population of the United States have not yet learned—to dread and to fight to the death the mosquito, the bedbug, and the flea. Then Guayaquil will be safer to live in than New York or Washington. Singularly, it is often the herculean tasks that are done first.

AN ANTIDOTE TO REVOLUTION

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA was a natural center of revolution before the Americans started to build the canal, but the Panama Railroad remained a peaceful strip, no matter what happened in the neighborhood. Marines once or twice had to be landed to preserve order, but generally the mere understanding that the United States had the right to keep the way clear was sufficient. Suppose, now, that a railroad controlled by an international commission were built from the United States border clear through to the isthmus. The Mexican section of such a railway is, of course, already built, and there are uncompleted sections in the Central American republics. Suppose that, by international agreement, this railroad were to be made practically a neutral strip, with an international police force charged with the duty of keeping its right of way undisturbed. How potent a force for peace might not this rigid backbone become! That there would be business for such a railroad is suggested by the fact that British and German capital is already trying to get concessions for the uncompleted parts of it. The project involves financial, engineering, and political problems too complicated to be gone into here, but it is presented to us seriously by an engineer who has lived many years in Central America, and we offer his suggestion for what it is worth.

A BIT OF CONEY ISLAND

IT WAS OUTSIDE A SHOW in Dreamland that you met that unusual barker. He was barking for the last show on the western tier—the one next to the artificially continued infants. His show dealt with desperadoes. It revealed a gang of train robbers, dressed in striped suits, and doing an intricate lock step while they sang Sing Sing chanteys, such as convicts use at tea. Melodiously their voices rang out over the thunders of the scenic railway and the noise of many waters from the ever-bubbling chutes. There were six of these wild fellows who marked time and paced and halted in front of the ten-cent entrance to their own show. Then, with a final roar of the chorus, they would foot it inside. Calm over the tumult, like NEPTUNE exalted over stormy seas, stood the barker chanting his invitation to the ring of pleasure seekers. He said:

This show is worth your attention. After a generous half hour with these jolly convicts, if you will come to me and state that the show has failed to please you, that it lacked ginger and uplift, I will place one dime, ten cents, in the palm of your hand.

The show itself will exemplify to you how always the life of crime leads downward, how the wages of sin is death. It is moral. At the same time, it crackles with life and action. First, you will see these wicked men hold up a Southern Pacific express. Then comes retribution. They are captured and clapped into prison. The next scene is the interior of the jail, where you will hear them singing their inimitable songs. Hence comes their name of Jail Birds. Now if you will pass inside—the performance will begin in just thirty seconds.

His voice was rich and far-reaching. But the keen ear would glean that it was dead at the center. It sang out like a spent arrow—the calm level flight of ennui. But never did his auditors diminish. Group after group heard him through his languid invitation. They listened almost rapturously, and lingered after his lazily ringing tones had died out on the raucous air. Unwillingly they passed on to the impersonal Babies at the right or the Rocky Road to Cork on the left when the compelling barker turned his back on them all and followed the stock farmer and the rural lady inside. But it wasn't the voice of the man, or the words of the man, which threw a strange spell over each successive group. It was his imperturbable eye. It had the farseeing quality which comes from practice on long remote horizons—such far-flung sight as is the portion of sailors and plainsmen. It had the fearless scorn of one who could look into the barrel of a gun without wincing. He seemed to have found profound peace after a troubled journey. Surely here was a man who had killed his enemies in a fair fight without winking, whose speech was ironical. You wondered from what origins had come a person so much at home in life. Through what furnace of experience had he passed that the outer world seemed to him so cheap a byplay?

TO OUR READERS

PERSONS FAMILIAR with the world of writers and their work will share our satisfaction in the recent association of Miss VIOLA ROSEBORO' with this paper. Miss ROSEBORO' is already familiar to many as a writer of stories; as an editor of fiction, her contribution to American letters, though not so well known, is most significant. Her insight into human nature as it expresses itself both in the writers and the readers of magazine literature is almost unequaled. The number to congratulate us would be larger if there were space here to tell the part Miss ROSEBORO' had in discovering and encouraging the early efforts of such short-story writers as JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM, MYRA KELLY, ARTHUR TRAIN, STEWART EDWARD WHITE, MARY STEWART CUTTING, REX BEACH, and O. HENRY. She corresponded with O. HENRY and encouraged him for two years before his first story was accepted, certainly his first that could be said to have been published. A few of these writers may have appeared in print before Miss ROSEBORO' discovered them among the ruck of the unknown, but she it was who brought them to light. The first story of GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN'S classical series about "Emmy Lou" had been refused by nearly every organ of standing in the country before the battered copy came into Miss ROSEBORO'S delighted hands. The name of minor writers who owe their success to her sympathetic editing and encouragement is legion. The unique gift that Miss ROSEBORO' has is the ability to find in the bags of fiction manuscripts that come each morning to the office of every periodical the one story that gives promise of a real addition to the impressive list of American short-story writers.

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The Business of Arson

VI—The Professional at Work

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

¶ ***In the first two articles of this series I showed that at least half our fires of any account are criminal. In the third and fourth articles I showed that our great insurance companies gain by criminal fires and by our present huge increase in criminal fires. In the fifth I showed that the present method of carrying on the stock fire insurance business in America is, through overinsurance, doing more than any other force to create insurance fire crooks. In the present article I shall show that it is the present method of carrying on the stock fire insurance business which creates the*** **professional** ***fire crook, and which, when he has been created, gives him every opportunity to do his work***

BY A PROFESSIONAL fire crook I do not here mean the hired expert, or "mechanic," who merely spreads the gasoline. This article will confine itself to the kind of professional, supposedly in some legitimate business, who uses that legitimate business as a mask for a living made almost wholly from fires.

For the existence of such professionals American fire insurance is almost entirely responsible. And I can best begin the proof of this by showing a would-be professional in the making.

In August, 1911, one Antonio Bertolino of New York opened a tiny Italian grocery and produce store in a hole in the wall under a big building at 507 Broome Street; and three months later he made a fire.

No. 507 Broome Street is almost exactly in the center of New York's "conflagration district." For years professional arson in New York has, notoriously, had a chosen field in the little Italian grocery and produce store. In 1910 one band bought the fuses and chemicals and arranged for six such fires in Manhattan alone.

Antonio Bertolino himself was a man with a bad record. He had never had a fire. As a fellow Italian phrased it: "He hadn't learned about insurance"; yet he had "learned about" a number of other things. And his own bankers would not lend him $50. But a wholesale firm, Duche & Co., had let him have certain goods, worth some $500, on credit. To protect themselves they wanted Bertolino insured. They went to their own insurance brokerage, one of the largest, best known, and most reputable in New York, that of Weed & Kennedy. And Weed & Kennedy arranged for the insurance of Antonio Bertolino at once.

OVERINSURING BERTOLINO

THE first part of Bertolino's story, that of his overinsurance, gross and shameless, must seem like a repetition from article five. But it is essential. When, in a few days, one of Weed & Kennedy's soliciting brokers, James H. Hendrickson, called upon Bertolino—it was not with insurance for $500, but for $4,000!

At the time, Bertolino does not seem to have had money enough to pay the *premium*, $130, on $4,000! It is a matter of court record that he "ordered Hendrickson to take back $2,000 of it." But even the most incompetent of Italian grocers may recognize opportunity. And he told Hendrickson that *perhaps he might be needing some more later on.*

Hendrickson took Bertolino at his word. In about two weeks, and without waiting to be asked, he returned with the $2,000 which had been refused originally. Bertolino took it. And a week later Hendrickson came back with $1,450 more, which also was taken. The Liverpool and London and Globe, and the Home, which do respectively the first and second largest businesses in New York, each provided $2,000. The Commonwealth provided $1,450. None of these companies probably wanted to insure Bertolino. They did it because the great brokerage of Weed & Kennedy asked. And when great brokerages ask, to Bertolinos insurance is given, be they merely "rotten risks" or professional fire crooks ten times over.

In all, Bertolino had been given insurance amounting to $5,450. At no time was his whole stock in trade worth $1,000, and yet he was insured for $5,450. Duche & Co. could not trust him for $500, and yet he was insured for $5,450. His bank would not trust him for $50, and yet he was insured for exactly 109 times that amount. And, finally, you must not think he was thus grossly and absurdly overinsured because Messrs. Weed & Kennedy had deliberately planned to get the largest possible commission out of him. To the brokerage and to the companies Bertolino was the smallest of small potatoes. He was given his overinsurance—the thing which creates all our fire bugs—because overinsurance has become a matter of course and a settled insurance custom in America.

ARSON'S OPEN ROAD

I COME now to the real business of the present article, that second rottenness in American insurance which gives the potential fire crook, once well tempted, every chance to complete his crime; and which, when he has become a finished professional, permits him to go on and make fire after fire indefinitely:

It is the fact that fire insurance in America is habitually issued without inspection, inquiry, or appraisal.

Viewing the Bertolino case in this aspect, let us see what the companies and the brokers did—or, rather, failed to do:

First—Before giving Bertolino his insurance, neither Weed & Kennedy nor any of the three great companies made the first attempt to learn anything about Bertolino. To have asked him to show "commercial passports" would have been enough. A five-cent telephone talk with his bankers might have told them something. His previous landlord had also information to give. And further information might have been obtained from the law. But none was asked for.

Second—When Bertolino was sent insurance, neither Weed & Kennedy nor any of the three great companies made any attempt, by appraisal estimate, or even by *looking* at Bertolino's goods, to learn what they were worth.

Third—After Bertolino had received his insurance, neither Weed & Kennedy nor any of the three great companies ever sent to see if Bertolino continued to keep any Italian groceries and produce worth $5,450—or $545—or $5.45 upon his premises!

Had Bertolino gone down to Wall Street with five perfectly good thousand-dollar gold bonds, and sought to deposit them in the First National or the Bank of Commerce, he would promptly have been asked some searching questions. If unable to give satisfactory answers, probably he would have been arrested. From the head offices of three great insurance companies within two blocks of Wall Street he had been sent fire policies for $5,450, without any preliminary questions, inspections, or appraisals whatever. As a matter of fact, it was only to make sure of getting Bertolino's business that Hendrickson had even visited his premises.

BERTOLINO COULD HAVE HAD $100,000

WHEN Judge Swann of General Sessions, before whom Bertolino was tried for arson, had heard the beginnings of Hendrickson's testimony, he stopped the trial, as many judges have done before him in similar trials, to make certain that he heard aright. I change the order of the evidence somewhat.

"Suppose, for instance," asked the judge, "I should say I would like you to write me a policy for $8,000 on my furniture uptown . . . would you place it right off?"

"Without a doubt," replied the businesslike Hendrickson, "if the neighborhood was good. And without an inspection."

"Though I may not have $50 worth of furniture?"

"That is true. But if you have a loss you must prove it. The idea of insurance," explained Hendrickson, "is that you must prove your loss. **Bertolino could just as well order $50,000 as $2,000.**"

"Or $100,000?" asked the judge.

"Yes. But he must prove it."

Judge Swann's next question was the one that any reasoning man would ask. "But supposing that there was nothing but cinders left, how are you going to prove or disprove my affidavit?"

And the Bertolinos, big and little, *do* prove their losses. They may not collect the full amount of their policies; they can make quite enough without. Enough for the present that their "proofs" are the first thing they arrange for.

THE FIRE STOCK ALREADY IN PLACE

IN THE case of Bertolino, it is almost certain that a half-minute inspection would have prevented the fire. For, when Bertolino had learned that he could have $4,000 of insurance for the asking, the professional had developed in *him* at once. He had learned within a week where people could be taught to make fires and profit by them. He had sought assistance where it might be found, obtained it, and by the time Hendrickson came the second time Bertolino had been equipped with a "fire stock." In his case the fire stock consisted of a cartload of barrels and boxes, some empty, some filled with rancid olives, pignolia, macaroni sweepings, and rusted, labelless tinned goods, all alike valueless save for the purpose of a "professional" fire. He had also rented a room next door in which to have his fire. And he had begun to provide himself with the customary crooked bills and invoices, wherewith the exceedingly high value of fire stocks may be established in the "proofs of loss." When Hendrickson came back with the second $2,000, Bertolino's "fire stock" was on his shelves. For insuring Bertolino, Weed & Kennedy had received $17.60. One would think that it was enough to pay them for looking into Bertolino's affairs a little. And Hendrickson need only have looked into one of those boxes to discover evidence of a criminal fire in the making.

"Did you inspect his goods," asked the judge of Hendrickson, "at the time you wrote the first policy?"

"The idea of insurance," repeated Hendrickson, "is that you must prove your loss."

"Did you notice"—coming to the time when Bertolino had taken the room next door and been given his entire $5,450—"did you notice any stock in 509?"

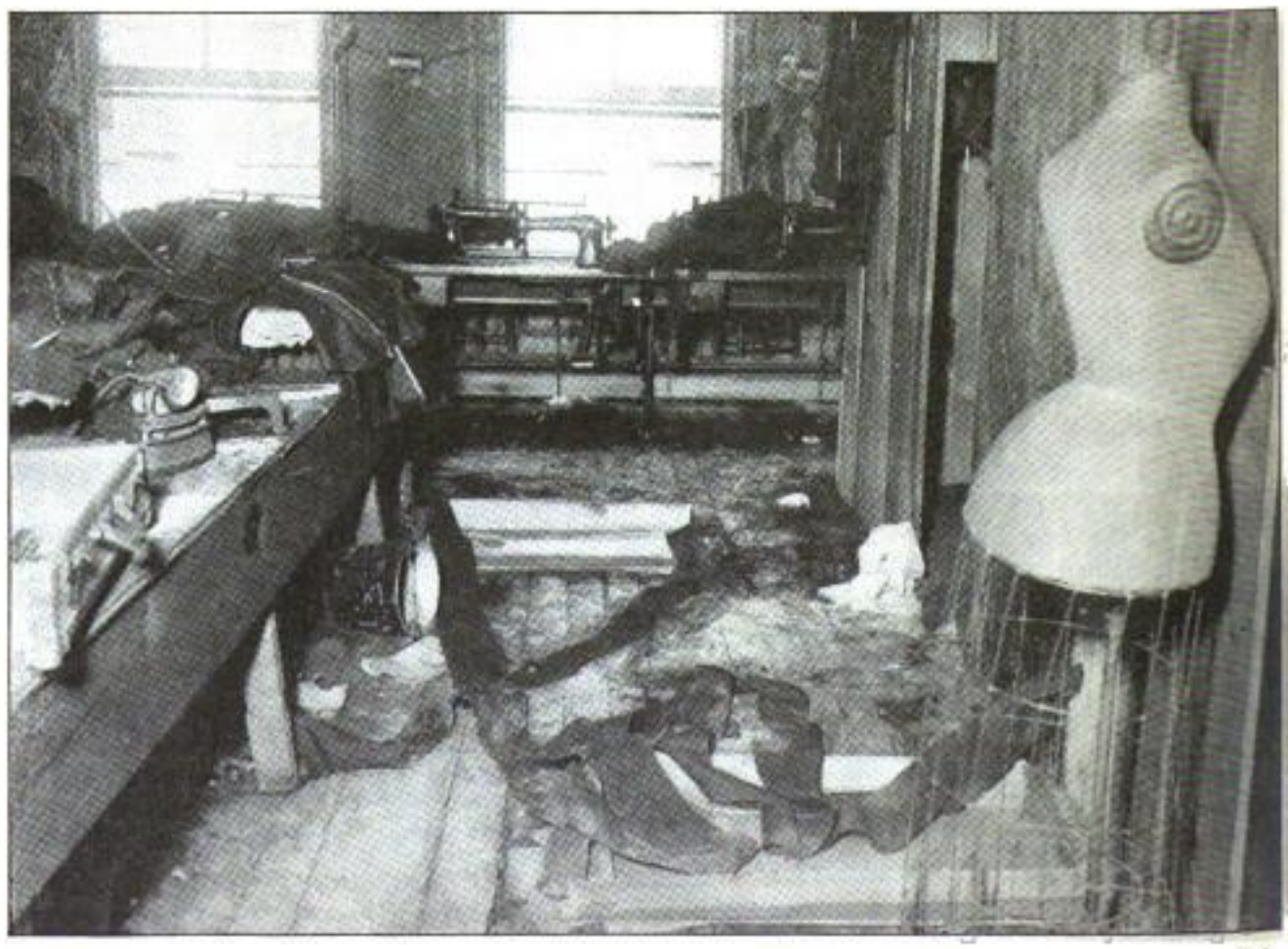
"I took a look through the door, that was all."

"Did you go into 509?"

"No."

$158.70 NOT ENOUGH TO PAY FOR OPENING A BOX

BUT Bertolino's store was within ten minutes' ride of the main offices of all three *companies*. They had received $158.70 from him in premiums, which might seem enough to pay for a company inspection. Did any company inspect?



When Bertolino had only his first small room, the Liverpool and London and Globe, believing it had been "good" for $4,000, sent a surveyor to look at the building. And against the $4,000 in his surveyor's report he wrote "Too high." But in doing so, as Hendrickson himself explained, he went out of his proper province. "They (surveyors) do not even go into values."

"Do you know," asked the judge, "if any of the companies did anything to inform themselves of the value of the stock they were insuring?"

"No. The Home did not go near it, and the Commonwealth did not go near it."[1]

As for Bertolino's fire, that part of the story is hardly worth telling. In fact, it was a fire which never really came off. He had been provided with the proper inflammables, and he did his semiprofessional best. In the center of his "fire stock" he placed a "battery" of five great bladders, three filled with benzine and two filled with ether.[2] The said bladders were heaped about with excelsior and empty boxes, and the whole surrounded by six open barrels of cottonseed oil.

"Would have blown the building to pieces!" said Fire Lieutenant Coughlin later on. But Bertolino had laid one of his fuses where its first flicker was seen from the street. Within half a minute the firemen were breaking in. There was no fire at all. And Bertolino—the one man successfully prosecuted for insurance arson in New York in 1911—is now in Sing Sing.

So here we have Bertolino in jail—the finished fire crook. He had completed the cycle. Within a few weeks he had been changed from a man who, apparently, knew nothing about the business of arson to a professional, loading up with fraudulent stock, and planting the "blow-out." He had "learned about insurance." Who was responsible?

"WE DON'T KNOW," SAYS THE INSURANCE PRESIDENT

AND all that has here been written might have been written no less truly of the methods and attitude of the stock fire insurance business in any city in America. I am describing conditions that are now all but universal.

The big company will answer that it employs men for this very work of inspection. Its surveyors, or "inspection bureau men," do in fact make sure from time to time that the *building* is substantially as described in the Sanborn insurance map. In short, they look out for physical risk. They do not look into the stock at all—and the stock, with its moral risk, causes most of the fires.

The big company's 200 or 250 "special agents" on salary are supposed to look out for moral hazard and agitate for overinsurance. However, they are kept busy enough looking after the company's $25,000 or $30,000 yearly fire losses. A big company will write its 500,000 risks a year. To look after the moral hazard in every risk would require a force of several thousand men. And that force is at hand, were it rightly used. For such a company has its 10,000 or more local agents, who place its insurance in the beginning. Every frank insurance man will admit that only the agent—or, in the city, the broker—can make inspections of any value. "We don't know," says the president of the Continental, which writes its $2,000,000,000 a year; "the agent sends us a plan of a risk, and it may be on fire or next to it. And it looks just as good on the plan as though it was a fine risk!" And that local agent or broker is, ninety-nine times in the hundred, paid on the "flat commission" plan—a system which makes it against his interest to inspect or appraise any risk at all!

Appraisals have been abandoned altogether. As for inspections, the Insurance Department of Wisconsin, a representative State, investigated that matter in 1911. Of the 1,885 agents who answered its inquiries, only 54 per cent even professed to make an inspection upon first writing the risk; and only 27 per cent to do it on those much more frequent occasions, the renewals of their policies. And even these professions aroused the hilarious incredulity of insurance organs. "Such virtue," says the "Insurance Bulletin," "was not suspected!"

In 1912 Fire Commissioner Johnson had firemen in plain clothes take out policies—most of them for $1,000—on property worth less than $4! They succeeded in insuring with the 135 chief companies doing business in New York. Only two of the companies made any inspection; and in one of these cases, though there was only a gas stove and a cuspidor on the premises, the agent let the policy stand.

Long ago, indeed, such absurdities had been reached as ought to laugh American insurance out of the court of business. For example, the insurance of property that has never existed and the payment of losses on it is now commonplace.

As if to give the opportunities of the situation a thorough trying out, as long ago as 1898 a young Brooklyn ex-insurance man, named Daly, collected insurance twelve times between April 14 and October 6 on the same collection of evening clothes, rugs, and curtains. The first fire may have been genuine. The others were fakes. He "put them out" himself. After he had been paid for his loss, the singed remains were left with him. And, as no agent or broker ever came to see Mr. Daly's possessions, they were of much more use in his private fire business than new goods. After his twelfth fire and loss collection, the insurable value of Mr. Daly's property may be said to have been nonexistent to the eleventh degree.

These articles were, in fact, begun at the trial of two professional tenement fire makers, Sam Brant and Benjamin Braunstein, who had plainly been profiting from the lack of all inspection in tenement insurance, by insuring and collecting losses on the nonexistent for months—probably for years.

Brant and Braunstein were working what is known as "the boarder game."

THE BOARDER GAME

TO WORK "the boarder game" you find some wretched tenement family to whom a fire would be a blessing. Since they are all alike overinsured, you have no lack of choice. You supply the gasoline. And all that you require of them is a key and the promise that after the fire they will say that you have been boarding with them. Then you, the boarder, take out insurance for your personal clothing and household furniture at the given address. For his last fire Brant took out boarder policies for $500 in all. If you are so new at the business as to doubt the fullness of its opportunities you may bring in some old rags and third-hand furniture to give substance to your claim. Brant went to no such trouble and expense. **"I am a specialist at this," he told his last half-persuaded accomplice. "If you will get wider blinds and let me arrange the furniture different, I will guarantee to have the fire through the roof in fifteen minutes. When we take out our policies the insurance people will never come to see. *After* the fire who will know then what we had?"**

Who, indeed? Having apparently (by the evidence of their bank books) had a successful fire almost every week for months, some of them in tenements containing thirty families, Brant and his fellows were in a position to know. In general, they had taken out their policies from agents or brokers living just around the corner. But not one of these insurance people had "ever come to see." Nor after those fires had any of "the insurance people" who had issued the policies ever permitted themselves to harbor any unworthy suspicion. Save for the splendid work of Fire Marshal Brophy of Brooklyn, the most capable city fire marshal in America, Brant and Braunstein would probably be insuring the nonexistent in crowded tenement houses, and collecting such loss claims still.



For this clothing factory fire twelve suit-boxes, like the one in the center of the illustration, were filled with gasoline, and connected by oil-soaked "trailers." The firemen had started to enter when they saw the "plant" in time

SOME INSURANCE PSYCHOLOGY

THE agent or broker selling fire insurance on commission does not ask questions or inspect or appraise, for two reasons:

First, to examine the thing insured and try to get at its value means a certain amount of work. The average "little" seller of insurance earns less than $300 a year from it; the great majority must have some other occupation to live at all. Almost invariably the "little fellow" feels he is not getting enough from his companies to pay him even for what he does. The "big fellows" write the business as they like.

If, when the applicant for the insurance comes to you, you ask leading questions—if you "go fishing," and thereby learn unpleasant facts about the gentleman who wants the policy—you may, it is true, prevent fires, but you will also have to deny yourself a $5 or a $10 or a $20 commission.

The "big" fellow, who has the power and sets the example, does not, as a rule, elect to deny himself commissions. Accordingly, the awkward question has come to be unasked, and the visit of inspection omitted. And it is upon their knowledge of this that all professional fire crooks now base half their planning.

THE "MORTGAGE FIRE"

THERE is, for instance, the type of crook who arranges the "mortgage fire." The "stall"—the professional's tool in the case—buys the building to be burned, and perhaps for a time acts as its tenant. If it is a restaurant or hotel, some second-hand fittings may be installed. Even mills and factories are sometimes "run for a fire." The "stall's" next movement is to "sell" out to the principal. The principal buys "on mortgage," at a price twice what the property is worth. To "protect himself," the mortgagee takes out insurance for the same amount.

In due course the fire comes off. It must be a fire that will do its work thoroughly, for the professional wants no half-burned building left, at cost price, on his hands. The second sale price is made the basis of the insurance claim.

When, in 1897, Isaac Zuker was convicted in New York, it was estimated that he had made nearly $150,000 by mortgaging and burning New York stores and tenements.

One Theodore Stanisics, who in 1911 committed suicide after his conviction for a "mortgage fire" in Lincoln, Neb., had been the financier and beneficiary of mortgage fires for as far back as it was possible to trace him. When he died he had $125,000 in a single bank in New York alone. In one fire, which he had almost certainly arranged, the whole business center of the town was burned.

In October, 1911, Charles and August Deichman were convicted in Hackensack, N. J. They had mortgaged a two-family house in Cliffside and obtained insurance for $17,000 on an actual value of $8,000. William N. Clemens, the arson expert, connected them with seventeen previous fires within five years. Within two years they had destroyed property worth more than $75,000.

If the local insurance agent or broker merely went so far toward an appraisal as to limit the insurance issued to the *assessed value* of the building to be insured, one species of fire-bug professional would go out of business in a week.

In the professional fire business as worked in the small town, it is almost always the stranger who must be feared. If he is not a "mortgagee," he may be the "retailer" in a "wholesaler and retailer combination."

(*Continued on page 23*)

[1] But, while Bertolino was awaiting trial in the Tombs, this is what Hendrickson did himself. He went to see Bertolino, and promised him—as has been done a thousand times—that if he would surrender his policies, he would do all in his power to have the prosecution stopped!

[2] The ether is used because it is equally deadly, afire or not. If it burns, it is almost impossible to put it out. If it doesn't burn, its fumes will overcome the firemen.



The piece of cloth passing through the wall is a continuation of the oil-soaked "trailer" seen on the floor in the illustration above. By piercing the walls many rooms can be so connected for a single fire

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The Heart of the Question

By MARK SULLIVAN

LITTLE FALLS is a town of twelve thousand in the middle of New York State, at a lovely spot on the Mohawk River. Last summer there was a strike there. (Because wages in the mills had been reduced from $6 a week to $5.40, and from $7.50 to $6.75.) When the stories of rioting, violence, and slums came out of the little city, an editorial in a New York paper, evidently written by one who had known the town in his youth, remarked in mild surprise:

> Disheartening in the extreme is the description given of Little Falls as a community. **Middle-aged New Yorkers remember it as the most beautiful of all the Mohawk Valley villages.** Now we read of slums more foul than any in New York City or Philadelphia; of houses built over a brook that has become an open sewer; of filth, poverty, and overcrowding.

Now what was the cause? And just what had happened? Another newspaper, the New York "Evening Post," describing the strike and the town as it is to-day, told, without meaning to particularly, exactly what had happened:

> The city is a mill and manufacturing town. The owners are men who saw these mills and factories grow up. Titus Sheard came to town barefooted and built up a big business. . . . Robert MacKinnon started in a little shed, and after a time had more than two thousand employees. . . .

There, in epitome, is what the high protective tariff has done for America. (The *best*, only, of what it has done—there is more to follow.) Two men, perhaps five, or a hundred, depending on the size of the town, have been made rich; two thousand others, or ten or a hundred thousand, have become laborers and gone steadily downward in the social scale. The picture of a factory village is everywhere the same—one big mansion on top of the hill, a thousand mean little cottages in the valley. *High protection has tended to divide all America into a small caste of baronial factory owners at the top, and a large mass of feudal laborers at the bottom.* But let us keep to the specific case of Little Falls:

> About five years ago there was a strike in the MacKinnon mill. Till that time practically all the local employees were Americans or like Americans—Irish, English, German . . . The strike was broken by the importation of several hundred "foreigners." . . . It is some of these foreigners who are striking now. The foreigners changed the character of the city in many respects. They doubled the police court business. . . . The foreigners took possession, and the odor of garlic succeeded that of flowers and the milder vegetables—where there had been cleanliness and pride in neatness, there came the slovenly filth of overcrowding and poverty economizing. The newcomers, "the foreigners" of to-day, crowded everyone else out. . . .

There again is the typical evolution of the American town; first, soon after high protection was adopted, the factory owners searched the farms for native American girls and young men; then came a period—every middle-aged American can remember it—when the factories were filled with German and Irish girls and youths, the first American-born generation of those races. To-day walk through a typical factory and you will scarcely see an Irish or German face; the factory owners are now using up the children of the more recent immigrants—Italian, Polish, Slavic, Greek. (And if the process were to go on, if the Republican party, dominated by the factory-owning element, had kept its grip on the country, twenty years from now you would see the factory owners filling their mills with Hindus, Japs, and other Asiatics.)



In Chorus—"You should cut it off about there"
—Bowers in the Newark "News"

Now ask yourself what became of that generation of American-born factory workers, and of the Irish and Germans who followed them. Think through to the answer of that question and you will realize the devastating tragedy that the high protective tariff has brought upon America. They were a wholesome class, the American girls who worked in the factories in the fifties. Charles Dickens, on his American trip, found little to praise, but he rose to real enthusiasm over the mill girls of Lowell. He found

> not one young girl whom . . . I would have removed from those works if I had the power.

He spoke of "their cleanliness and comfort," their "joint-stock pianos" in the boarding houses, the circulating libraries that they organized and managed. "Finally," he said in a climax of enthusiasm for these American mill girls of the fifties, "they have got up among themselves a periodical," which developed at least one poetess of some distinction.

What became of these native Americans, and the Irish and Germans who followed them? It is common to say that they went up in the social scale when the newer immigrants came in. Only to a negligible degree is this true. For the most part, they did nothing of the sort. *They disappeared from the face of the earth.* How could it be otherwise? The young women were kept working in the mills during all the years when they might have been bearing and raising children; when they could work no longer they were thrown on the scrap heap, and that was the end of them and their kind. Moreover, the native American had a higher standard of living, which the first generation of immigrant born acquired in their turn. Then the factory owners brought in another kind of immigrant, with a lower standard of living, against which the others could not compete. *Right in this situation is the cause of one of the most deplorable economic phenomena in American life. The statesman who works out the relation between high protection and race suicide will have gone far toward getting his bearings right.*

The harm lay not in the fact that protection stimulated immigration; we needed the immigrants, and need them yet—more of them than we shall ever get. But there was harm in our letting the factory owner use the immigrant to lower the wages and standard of living of those already here; there was harm in letting the factory owner use up and throw on the scrap heap the native Americans and the first American generation of Irish, Scotch, English, and German born. Moreover, there has been untold harm in the way we have used our immigrants, dumping them into factory slums instead of taking them on the land, using them up as if they were the soulless raw material of manufacture, and throwing them in turn on the scrap heap.

How to Do It

IF AN intelligent and efficient general manager were put in charge of the United States, with the purpose of reducing the high cost of living and mending our other economic ills, his first act would be to take a large number of persons now in the cities making furbelows and put them on the land raising potatoes. The most effective way for government to achieve the same result would be to take away the premium put on factory work by the protective tariff. This may seem rough surgery, but no one would be more benefited than the ones who are returned to the land.

The Moral Aspect

LET *us be intellectually honest about the tariff. It is not necessary to advocate the immediate wiping out of all protection. If war had not intervened, to inflame passion, the abolition of slavery would have been done gradually, with care to alleviate the economic readjustments of its passing. But there never was any doubt about the moral aspect of slavery.*

Collier's maintains an office at Washington to answer questions and supply information about the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Congressional Record
Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

A Court for Girls with a Woman Judge

NEWS of the deliberations of women jurors in the courts of Kansas and of the Pacific Coast will not seem so novel, perhaps, after a new judicial institution that is being tried in Chicago becomes better advertised. Judge Pinckney of the Chicago Juvenile Court has organized a court that will not admit men to its sessions even as spectators. The judge, the bailiff, the probation officers, and the clerk of the court are women. The prisoners are wayward girls or girls who, as the Judge, Miss Mary M. Bartelme, says, "have never had a chance."

The sound idea that led to the formation of this feminine tribunal is that an erring girl ought to find it less difficult to tell a true, frank story to a woman than to a man. The court has been in session since the first week in March. It tried fifteen cases on the first day; and apparently has proved itself a success since the beginning.

Our photograph shows Judge Bartelme at her desk in the court room questioning a girl who has just been brought before her by a woman probation officer. The clerk of the court sits at the Judge's left.





Upper picture: Raising the wreck of Perry's flagship from Lake Erie



A gun port was the first part of the wreck of Commodore Perry's flagship to appear

Two Memorials to Commodore Perry

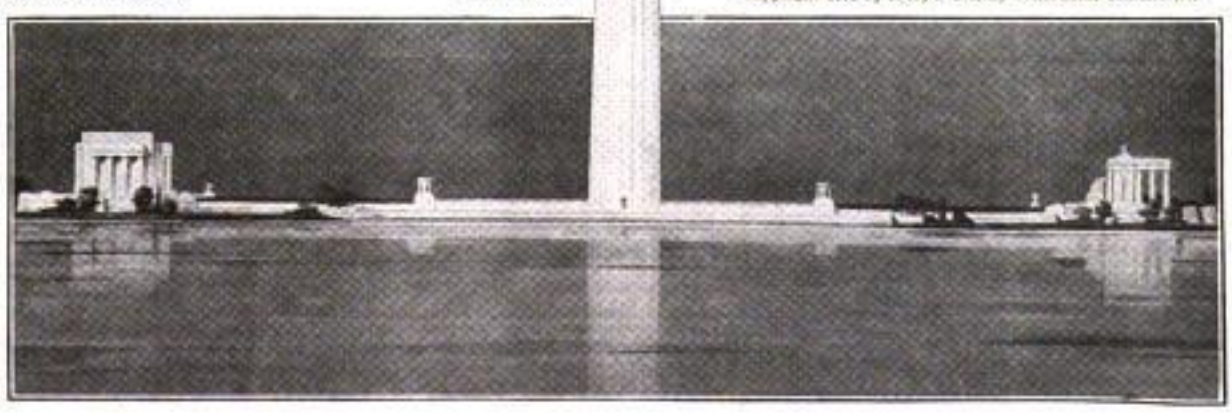
INCH by inch a boat whose rotting timbers are more than a hundred years old is being raised from the bottom of Lake Erie, near Erie, Pa. It is the wreck of Commodore Perry's flagship, the *Niagara*. The first piece of the gallant old warship to appear above water was a gun port.

Meanwhile, a different sort of memorial is building in Put-in-Bay, Ohio, overlooking the spot from where the Commodore sent his famous message to General William Henry Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The island memorial will cover nearly the whole of a reservation of fourteen acres and will cost a million dollars. A plaza, rising gradually from the water's edge to a height of 12 feet, will be 758 feet long and 461 in width. From the center of this will rise a Doric column 300 feet high, topped with a brass tripod, 35 feet high, and a beacon. No column but the Washington Monument will be higher.

The building at the left in the accompanying picture is to be a museum; the other, a memorial to commemorate the centennial of the signing of the peace Treaty of Ghent.

Copyright 1913 by Perry's Victory Centennial Commission

No shaft but the Washington Monument will be higher than this memorial



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The Chief Executive's "Personal Manager"

THOSE who qualify as experts on Washington affairs are watching the work of Joseph Patrick Tumulty, the President's private secretary, with almost as keen an interest as they watch Secretary Bryan. They declare that the qualities of the private secretary may influence the public's opinions of a President to fully as great an extent as those of a Cabinet officer. Politicians and journalists can reach the President only through Tumulty, who has to mix consummate tact and warm humanity with cold business sense and think faster than a boxer.

The private secretary must take so many Presidential duties upon his own shoulders that he may best be described as the President's "Personal Manager." He is at once an adviser and a field marshal. Besides managing the White House, with almost as many employees under him as a Cabinet officer, he is responsible for the President's safety. Tum-ul-ty—"accent on the first syllable, and the syllable rimes with drum"—gave up a sinecure as clerk of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, at $6,000 a year, to take one of the hardest of twelve-hours-a-day posts at only $1,500 more. There was another compensation, however. The grouping in this photograph is symbolic—he becomes the President's right-hand man.

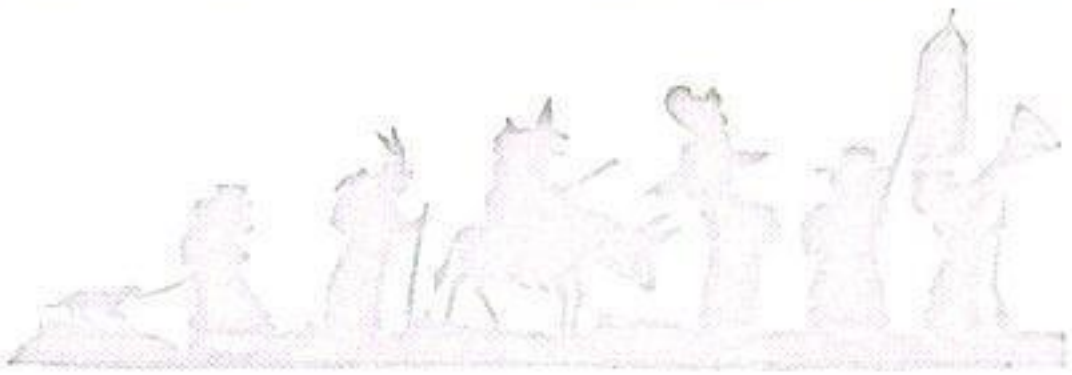
Washington correspondents say that much of ex-President Taft's unpopularity could be blamed upon private secretaries who lacked political imagination and common sense, and that Lamont, Cortelyou, and Loeb, who were efficient managers, contributed heavily to the success of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cleveland.

Tumulty was Mr. Wilson's secretary in New Jersey; and that he would become secretary to the President was officially announced a month before the inauguration. Apparently, there were many possibilities for Cabinet offices, but only one for the job of right-hand man.

For Eastern Readers Only

WITH a plea for indulgence from the Pacific Coast States if the photograph at the right seems commonplace, we print for the edification of the East a picture of a Portland (Ore.) family registering at the courthouse for the ensuing city elections. It is the family of Senator Harry Lane, taken just before departure for Washington. Mrs. Lane is registering; Dr. Lane and his daughter, Miss Harriet, are ready to step up next. Miss Marjorie, at the left, is not enfranchised, but is being given every opportunity to learn how to become a good citizen in the future.





An Indian Artist's Scissored Cartoon of Suffrage

OF THE thousands of cartoons upon suffrage perhaps the queerest is this by Jesus Castro, a Mexican Indian living near El Paso. It was cut with tiny scissors from gray paper. The original is only a little larger than our reproduction. Below is the artist's latest portrait.



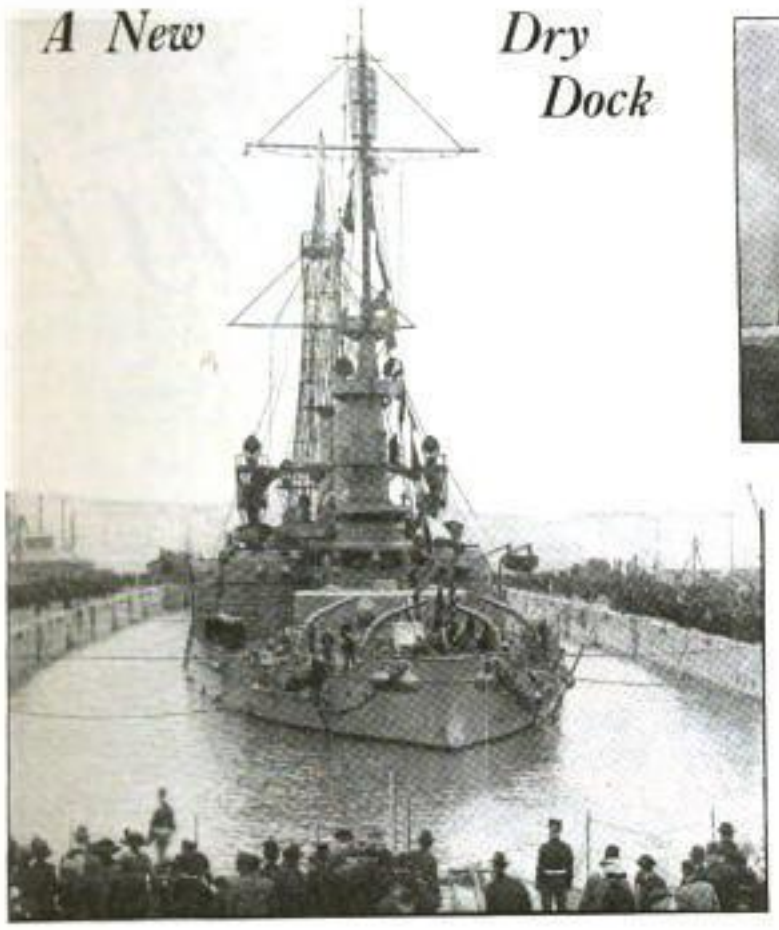
Circulating a San Francisco Recall Petition

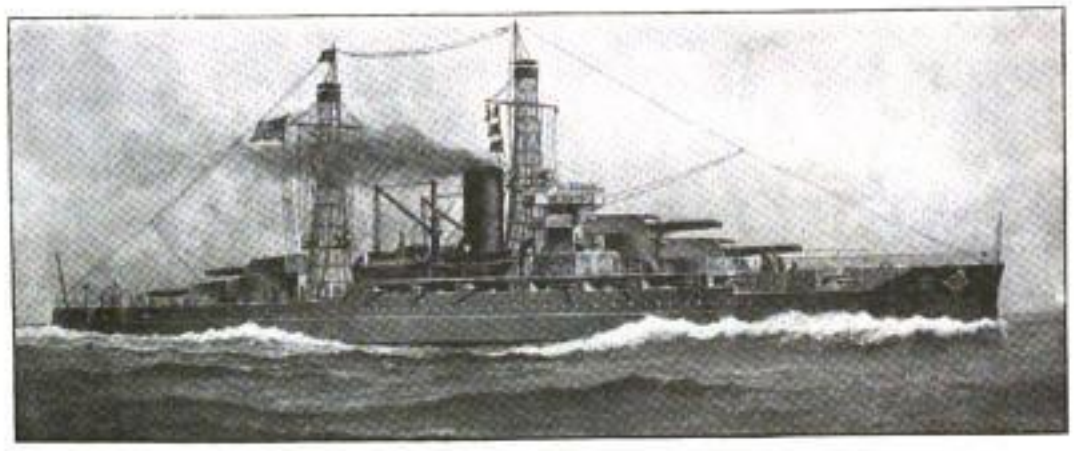
THE energetic canvassing of the Women's Recall League of San Francisco in circulating a petition to vote next month upon the recall of Charles Weller, a police judge, has secured signatures enough to demand a special election. The women charge Judge Weller with fixing absurdly low bail in cases of crimes against women. The election will cost the city $30,000 to $40,000.



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A New Dry Dock





—and a New Dreadnought

TWENTY years of evolution in the construction of battleships are responsible for the contrasts evident in these two pictures. At the left is a photograph of the *Oregon* as she appeared the other day when a new $2,000,000 Puget Sound dry dock was dedicated. At the right is a reproduction of the first available drawing of the dreadnought *Pennsylvania*, soon to be under construction at Newport News. She is described as "the most powerful dreadnought built, building, or authorized by any nation," and her main battery is twelve 14-inch guns, "the largest firing pieces ever built."

Conspicuous features of contrast between the new ship and the old are the change from solid masts to cage masts, the diminishing number of funnels, and the great difference in batteries. The *Oregon* carries four 13-inch guns and eight 8-inch; the *Pennsylvania*, a dozen 14-inch monsters and twenty 5-inch pieces for torpedo defense. The newer model is supposedly "unsinkable." A double bottom extends up the sides as far as the armored belt, which is eighteen feet deep and fourteen inches thick.

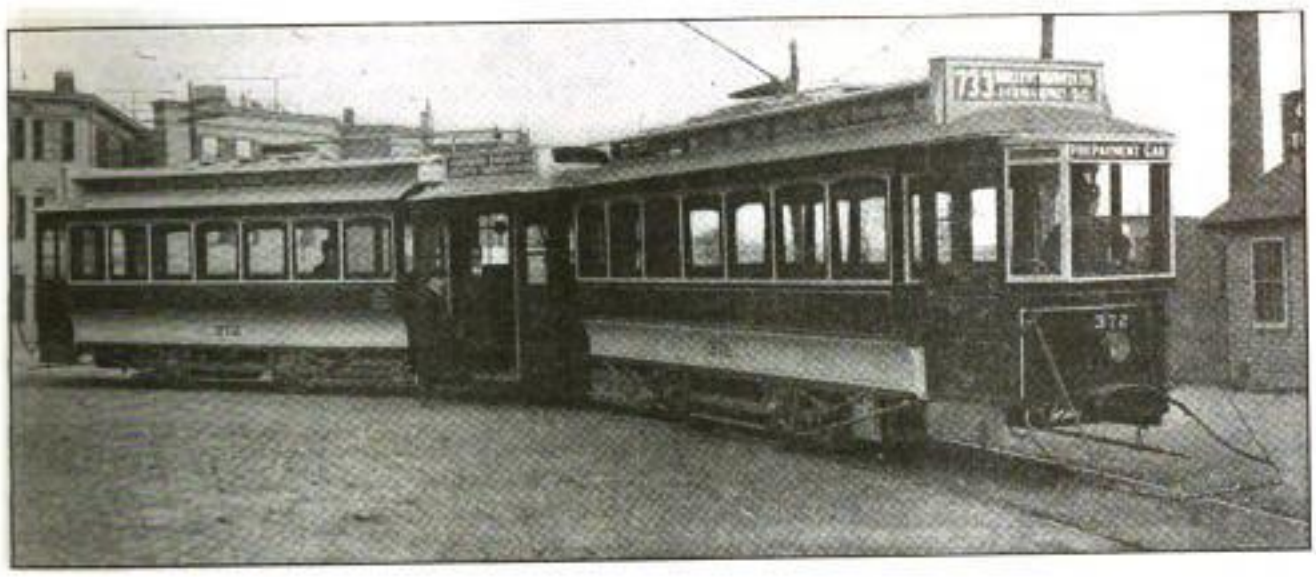
Appended is a table to show other contrasts of new and old:

OREGON	*PENNSYLVANIA*
Cost, $6,575,032	*More than $11,000,000*
Displacement, 10,288 tons	*32,500 tons*
Speed, 17 knots	*21 knots*
Length, 348 feet	*615 feet*
Beam, 69 feet	*97 feet*
Draft, 24 1-2 feet	*30 feet*

The building of the *Pennsylvania* probably will require three years. The guns will cost nearly $1,000,000; the armor fully three times that amount.

A $2,000,000 Dry Dock

The dry dock at the Bremerton, Wash., navy yard, in Puget Sound, cost $2,000,000. It is large enough to dock any ship ever constructed. It is 145 feet wide, with a depth of 35 feet.



A Snake Car for Crooked Streets

THE sharp curves of some of Boston's narrow and winding streets have made it necessary in the past for traction lines to use rather short cars. Out of this situation an inventor has evolved a car with a joint in the middle. It is a combination of two bobtailed cars connected by a flexible covered platform; and, over all, has a length of about fifty feet. The conductor's stand is at a center door.

It is locally known as a "prepayment car"—which is Bostonese for "pay-as-you-enter." It is also familiarly referred to as an "articulated car."

An Automobile Church for Western Texas

THE war-scared (if not war-scarred) territory along the north bank of the Rio Grande in Texas is soon to see a novel messenger of peace, when a motor-car chapel, a Western woman's gift to the Catholic Church Extension Society, starts westward from Brownsville to ranches and settlements far from the railroads. Though the chapel was built on the chassis of a two-ton commercial truck, the eight cathedral windows and the somber gray finish of the body of the car give it ecclesiastic dignity and distinction.

Remarkable ingenuity is apparent in its arrangement. A folding platform affords double floor space, as is shown in the accompanying photograph; and there is a folding confessional and a folding organ. A rack fitted with large tubular bells serves as a church belfry. Small chimes are carried for use at the altar.

The lower photograph shows a corner of the chapel arranged for living quarters—music room, kitchen, bedroom, and office combined, all as compact as a "kitchenette apartment." Attached to the floor of the car are two thirty-gallon tanks, for auxiliary supplies of gasoline and water. A gable roof khaki tent, 20x50 feet, is to be carried on the roof to shelter the whole car from rain or hot sun, so that services may be held in any sort of weather.

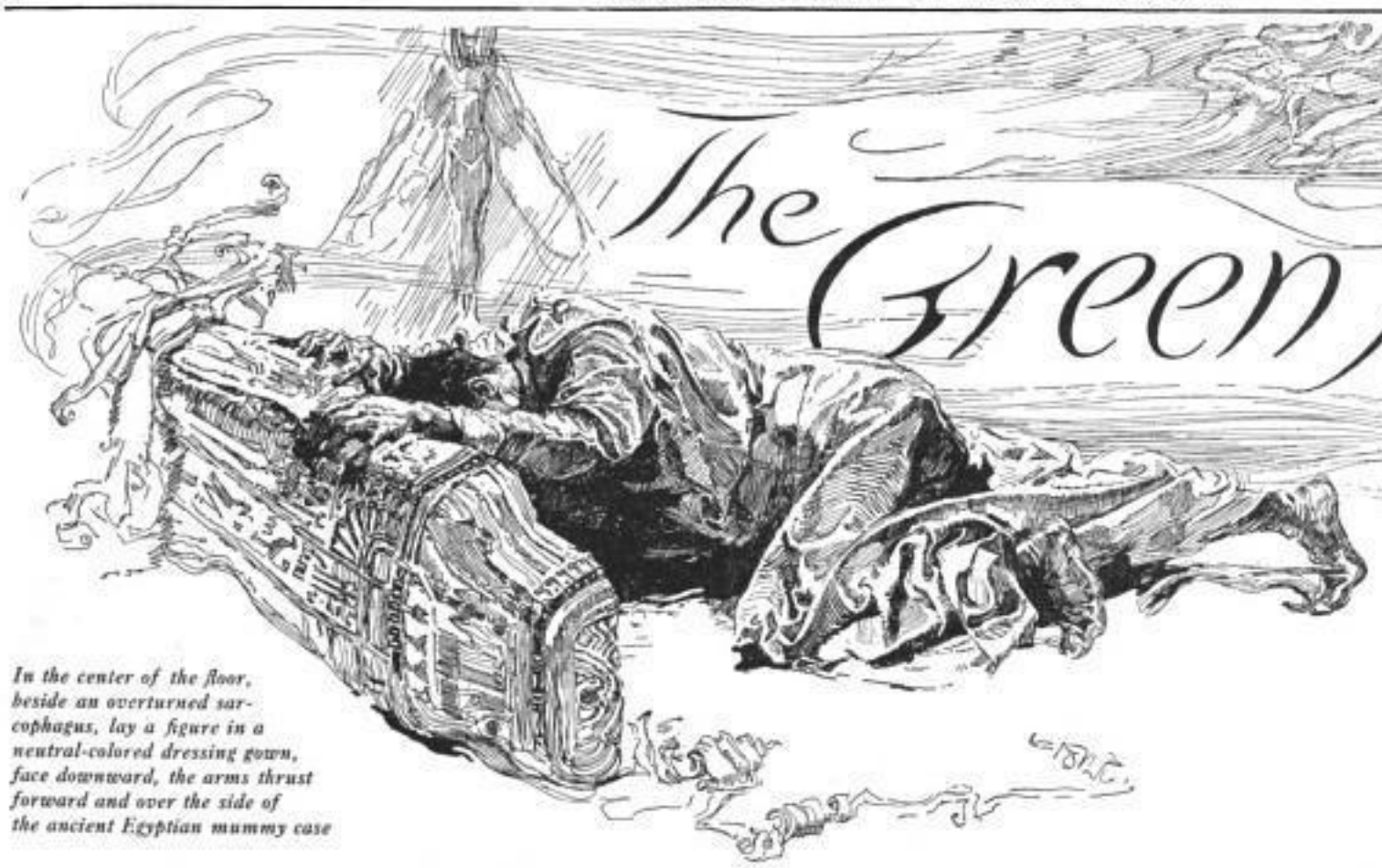
Two priests are to travel in the car, and at each stopping place will remain two weeks. One feature of their work is to be stereopticon lectures on church doctrine.

An electric lighting system with which the car is provided will furnish light for the lantern. The services to dedicate the motor chapel probably will be held in Chicago. It is to be known as the Chapel St. Peter.



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The Green Mist



In the center of the floor, beside an overturned sarcophagus, lay a figure in a neutral-colored dressing gown, face downward, the arms thrust forward and over the side of the ancient Egyptian mummy case

The Fourth

Fu-Manchu Story

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll

NAYLAND SMITH came in and threw himself into an armchair, facing me across the table.

"I have seen Sir Lionel Barton," he said, "and, to put the whole thing in a nutshell, he has laughed at me. During the months that I have been wondering where he had gone to, he has been somewhere in Egypt. He certainly bears a charmed life, for on the evidence of his letter to the "Times" he has seen things in Tibet which Fu-Manchu would have the West blind to; in fact, I think he has found a new keyhole to the gate of the Indian Empire!"

Smith's darkly tanned face had grown leaner than ever, since he had begun his fight with the most uncanny opponent, I suppose, against whom a man ever had pitted himself—Dr. Fu-Manchu. He stood up and began restlessly to pace the room, furiously stuffing tobacco into his briar.

Long ago we had placed the name of Sir Lionel Barton upon the list of those whose lives stood between Fu-Manchu and the attainment of his end. Orientalist and explorer; the fearless traveler who first had penetrated to Lassa, who thrice, as a pilgrim, had entered forbidden Mecca; he now had turned his attention again to Tibet, thereby signing his own death warrant.

"That he has reached England alive is a hopeful sign?" I suggested.

SMITH shook his head and lighted the blackened briar.

"England at present is the web," he replied. "The spider will be waiting! Petrie, I sometimes despair. Sir Lionel is an impossible man to shepherd. You ought to see his house at Finchley! A low, squat place completely hemmed in by trees. Damp as a swamp, smells like a jungle. Everything topsy-turvy. He only arrived to-day, and he is working and eating (and sleeping I expect) in a study that looks like an earthquake at Sotheby's auction rooms. The rest of the house is half a menagerie and half a circus! He has a Bedouin groom, a Chinese body servant, and Heaven only knows what other strange people!"

"Chinese!"

"Yes—I saw him, a squinting Cantonese he calls Kwee. I don't like him. Also, there is a secretary known as Strozza, who has an unpleasant face. He is a fine linguist, I understand, and is engaged upon the Spanish notes for Barton's forthcoming book on the Mayapan temples. By the way, all Sir Lionel's baggage disappeared from the landing stage, including his Tibetan notes!"

"Significant!"

"Of course! But he argues that he has crossed Tibet from the Kuenlun to the Himalayas without being assassinated and therefore that it is unlikely he will meet with that fate in London. I left him dictating the book from memory, at the rate of about two hundred words a minute!"

"He is wasting no time!"

"Wasting time! In addition to the Yucatan book and the work on Tibet, he has to read a paper at the Institute next week about some tomb he has unearthed in Egypt. As I came away, a van drove up from the docks and a couple of fellows delivered a sarcophagus as big as a boat. It is unique, according to Sir Lionel, and will go to the British Museum after he has examined it. The man crams six months' work into six weeks, then he is off again."

"What do you propose to do?"

"What *can* I do? I know that Fu-Manchu will make an attempt upon him. I cannot doubt it. Ugh! that house gave me the shudders! No sunlight, I'll swear, Petrie, can ever penetrate to the rooms, and when I arrived this afternoon, clouds of gnats floated like motes wherever a stray beam filtered through the trees of the avenue. There's a steamy smell about the place that is almost malarious, and the whole of the west front is covered with a sort of monkey creeper, which he has imported at some time or other. It has a close, exotic perfume that is quite in the picture. I tell you the place was made for murder!"

"Have you taken any precautions?"

"I called in at Scotland Yard and sent a man down to watch the house, but—"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders helplessly.

"What is Sir Lionel like?"

"A madman, Petrie! A tall, massive man, wearing a dirty dressing gown of neutral color; a man with untidy gray hair and a bristling mustache, keen blue eyes and a brown skin, who wears a short beard, or rarely shaves—I don't know which! I left him striding about among the thousand and one curiosities of that incredible room, picking his way through antique furniture, works of reference, manuscripts, mummies, spears, pottery, and what not—sometimes kicking a book from his course or stumbling over a stuffed crocodile or a Mexican mask—alternately dictating and conversing! Phew!"

For some time we were silent.

"Smith," I said, "we are making no headway in this business. With all the forces arrayed against him, Fu-Manchu still eludes us, still pursues his devilish, inscrutable way!"

Nayland Smith nodded.

"And we don't know all," he said. "We mark such and such a man as one alive to the yellow peril, and we warn him—if we have time. Perhaps he escapes, perhaps he does not. But what do we know, Petrie, of those others who may die every week by his murderous agency? We cannot know *everyone* who has read the riddle of China. I never see a report of some one found drowned, of an apparent suicide, of a sudden though seemingly natural death, without wondering! I tell you, Fu-Manchu is omnipresent; his tentacles embrace everything! I said that Sir Lionel must bear a charmed life. The fact that *we* are alive is a miracle!"

He glanced at his watch.

"Nearly eleven," he said. "But sleep seems a waste of time—apart from its dangers."

We heard a bell ringing. A few moments later followed a knock at the room door.

"Come in!" I cried.

A girl entered with a telegram, addressed to Smith. His jaw looked very square in the lamplight, and his eyes shone like steel as he took it from her and opened the envelope. He glanced at the form, stood up, and passed it to me, reaching for his hat, which lay upon my writing table.

"God help us, Petrie!" he said.

This was the message:

Sir Lionel Barton murdered. Meet me at his house at once. WEYMOUTH, *Inspector.*

ALTHOUGH we avoided all unnecessary delay, it was close upon midnight when our cab swung round into a darkly shadowed avenue at the farther end of which, as seen through a tunnel, the moonlight glittered upon the windows of Rowan House, Sir Lionel Barton's home.

Stepping out before the porch of the long, squat building, I saw that it was banked in, as Smith had said, by trees and shrubs. The façade showed mantled in the strange exotic creeper which he had mentioned, and the air was pungent with an odor of decaying vegetation with which mingled the heavy perfume of the little nocturnal red flower that bloomed luxuriantly upon the creeper.

The place looked a veritable wilderness, and when we were admitted to the hall, by Inspector Weymouth, I saw that the interior was in keeping with the exterior; for the hall was constructed from the model of some apartment in an Assyrian temple, and the squat columns, the low seats, the hangings, all were eloquent of neglect, being thickly dust coated. The musty smell, too, was almost as pronounced here as outside beneath the trees.



To a library whose contents over-



A great wave of exotic perfume swept from the open window toward the curtained doorway, where my friend, grim-faced, stood over the dead Chinaman

Digitized by

flared in many literary torrents upon the floor, the detective conducted us.

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "what's that!"

Something leaped from the top of a bookcase, ambled silently across the littered carpet, and passed from the library like a golden streak. I stood looking after it with startled eyes. Inspector Weymouth laughed dryly.

"It's a young puma, or a civet cat, or something, doctor!" he said. "This house is full of surprises—and mysteries."

His voice was not quite steady, I thought, and he carefully closed the door ere proceeding further.

"Where is he?" asked Nayland Smith harshly. "How was it done?"

WEYMOUTH sat down and lighted a cigar which I offered him.

"I thought you might like to hear what led up to it—so far as we know—before—seeing him?"

Smith nodded.

"Well," continued the inspector, "the man you arranged to send down from the Yard got here all right and took up a post in the road outside, where he could command a good view of the gates. He saw and heard nothing, until going on for half-past ten, when a young lady turned up and went in."

"A young lady?"

"Miss Edmonds, Sir Lionel's shorthand typist. She had found, after getting home, that her bag with her purse in was missing, and she came back to see if she had left it here. She gave the alarm. My man heard the row from the road and came in. Then he ran out and rang us up. I immediately wired for you."

"He heard the row, you say. What row?"

"Miss Edmonds went into violent hysterics!"

Smith was pacing the room now in tense excitement.

"Describe what he saw when he came in."

"He saw a negro footman—there isn't an Englishman in the house—trying to pacify the girl out in the hall yonder, and a Malay and another colored man beating their foreheads and howling! There was no sense to be got out of any of them, so he started to investigate for himself. He had taken the bearings of the place earlier in the evening, and from the light in a window on the ground floor had located the study, so he started to look for the door. When he found it, it was locked from the inside."

"Well?"

"He went out and round to the window. There's no blind, and from the shrubbery you can see into the former room known as the study. He looked in—as apparently Miss Edmonds had done before him. What he saw accounted for her hysterics!"

Both Smith and I were hanging upon his words.

"All among the rubbish on the floor, a big Egyptian mummy case was lying on its side, and face downward, with his arms thrown across it, lay Sir Lionel Barton!"

"My God! Yes, go on."

"There was only a shaded reading lamp alight, and it stood on a chair shining right down on him; it made a patch of light on the floor, you understand." The inspector indicated its extent with his hands. "Well, as the man smashed the glass and got the window open, and was just climbing in—he saw something else . . . so he says!"

He paused.

"What did he see?" demanded Smith shortly.

"A sort of *green mist*, sir! He says it seemed to be alive! It moved over the floor, about a foot from the ground—going away from him and toward a curtain at the other end of the study."

NAYLAND SMITH fixed his eyes upon the speaker.

"Where did he first see this green mist?"

"He says, Mr. Smith, that he thinks it came from the mummy case!"

"Yes, go on."

"It's to his credit that he climbed into the room after seeing a thing like that. He did. He turned the body over, and Sir Lionel looked horrible. He was quite dead. Then Croxted—that's the man's name—went over to this curtain. There was a glass door. He opened it, and it gave on a conservatory—a place stacked from the tiled floor to the glass roof with more rubbish. It was dark inside, but enough light came from the study (it's really a drawing room, by the way), as he'd turned all the lamps on, to give him another glimpse of this green crawling mist. There are three steps to go down. On the steps lay a dead Chinaman!"

"A dead Chinaman?"

"A dead Chinaman!"

"Doctor seen them?" rapped Smith.

"Yes, a local man. He was out of his depth, I could see; contradicted himself three times. But there's no need for another opinion—until we get the coroner's!"

"And Croxted?"

"Croxted was taken ill, Mr. Smith, and had to be sent home in a cab."

"What ails him?"

Detective Inspector Weymouth raised his eyebrows, and carefully knocked the ash from his cigar.

"He held out until I came, gave me the story, and then fainted right away. He said that something in the conservatory place seemed to get him by the throat!"

"Did he mean that literally?"

"I couldn't say. We had to send the girl home, too, of course."

Nayland Smith was pulling thoughtfully at the lobe of his left ear.

"Got any theory?" he jerked.

Weymouth shrugged his shoulders.

"Not one that includes the green mist!" he said. "Shall we go in now?"

We crossed the Assyrian hall, where the members of that strange household were gathered in a panic-stricken group. They numbered four. Two of them were negroes, and two Easterners of some kind. I missed the Chinaman Kwee, of whom Smith had spoken, and the Italian secretary; and from the way in which my friend peered about



Out over the table billowed a sort of yellowish green cloud, an oily vapor. "Run, Smith!" I screamed, "the door, for your life!"

into the shadows of the hall I divined that he, too, wondered at their absence. We entered Sir Lionel's study—an apartment which I despair of describing.

Nayland Smith's words, "an earthquake at Sotheby's auction rooms," leaped to my mind at once, for the place was simply stacked with curious litter, loot of Africa, Mexico, and Persia. In a clearing by the hearth a gas stove stood upon a packing case, and about it lay a number of utensils for camp cookery. The odor of rotting vegetation, mingled with the insistent perfume of the strange night-blooming flowers, was borne in through the open window.

In the center of the floor, beside an overturned sarcophagus, lay a figure in a neutral-colored dressing gown, face downward, the arms thrust forward and over the side of the ancient Egyptian mummy case.

My friend advanced and knelt beside the dead man.

"Good God!"

SMITH sprang upright and turned with an extraordinary expression to Inspector Weymouth.

"You do not know Sir Lionel Barton by sight?" he rapped.

"No," began Weymouth, "but—"

"This is not Sir Lionel! This is Strozza the secretary!"

"What!" shouted Weymouth.

"Where is the other—the Chinaman—quick!" cried Smith.

"I have had him left where he was found, on the conservatory steps," said the inspector.

Smith ran across the room to where, beyond the open door, a glimpse might be obtained of stacked-up curiosities. Holding back the curtain to allow more light to penetrate, he bent forward over a crumpled up figure which lay upon the steps below.

"It is!" he cried loudly. "It is Sir Lionel's servant—*Kwee!*"

Weymouth and I looked at one another across the body of the Italian, then our eyes turned together to where my friend, grim faced, stood over the dead Chinaman. A breeze whispered through the leaves, a great wave of exotic perfume swept from the open window toward the curtained doorway.

It was a breath of the East—the inscrutable East which had stretched out a yellow hand to the West. It was symbolic of the subtle, intangible power manifested in Dr. Fu-Manchu as Nayland Smith—lean, agile, bronzed with the suns of Burma—was symbolic of the clean British efficiency which sought to combat the insidious enemy.

"ONE thing is evident," said Smith, "No one in the house, Strozza excepted, knew that Sir Lionel was absent."

"How do you arrive at that?" asked Weymouth.

"The servants in the hall are bewailing him as dead. If they had seen him go out they would know that it must be some one else who lies here."

"What about the Chinaman?"

"Since there is no other means of entrance to the conservatory save through the study, Kwee must have hidden himself there at some time when his master was absent from this room."

"Croxted found the communicating door closed. What killed the Chinaman?"

"Both Miss Edmonds and Croxted found the study door locked from the inside. What killed Strozza?" retorted Smith.

"You will have noted," continued the inspector, "that the secretary is wearing Sir Lionel's dressing gown. It was seeing him in that as she looked in at the window which led Miss Edmonds to mistake him for her employer—and consequently to put us on the wrong scent."

"He wore it in order that anybody looking in at the window would be sure to make that mistake!" rapped Smith.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he came here for a felonious purpose. See?" Smith stooped and took up several tools from the litter on the floor. "There lies the lid. He came to open the sarcophagus. It contained the mummy of some notable person who flourished under Meneptah II; and Sir Lionel told me that a number of valuable ornaments and jewels probably were secreted among the wrappings. He proposed to open the thing and to submit the entire contents to examination to-night. He evidently changed his mind—fortunately for himself."

I RAN my fingers through my hair in perplexity.

"Then what has become of the mummy?"

Nayland Smith laughed dryly.

"It has vanished in the form of a green vapor apparently," he said. "Look at Strozza's face!"

He turned the body over, and used as I was to such spectacles, the contorted features of the Italian filled me with horror, so suggestive were they of a death more than ordinarily violent. I pulled aside the dressing gown and searched the body for marks, but failed to find any. Nayland Smith crossed the room, and, assisted by the detective, carried Kwee, the Chinaman, into the study and laid him fully in the light. His puckered yellow face presented a sight even more awful than the other, and his blue lips were drawn back, exposing both upper and lower teeth. There were no marks of violence, but his limbs, like Strozza's, had been tortured during his mortal struggles into unnatural postures.



The breeze was growing higher, and pungent odor waves from the damp shrubbery, bearing, too, the oppressive sweetness of the creeping plant, swept constantly through the open window. Inspector Weymouth carefully relighted his cigar.

"I'm with you thus far, Mr. Smith," he said. "Strozza, knowing Sir Lionel to be absent, locked himself in here to rifle the mummy case, for Croxted, entering by way of the window, found the key on the inside. Strozza didn't know that the Chinaman was hidden in the conservatory—"

"And Kwee did not dare to show himself, because he too was there for some mysterious reason of his own," interrupted Smith.

"Having got the lid off—something—somebody—"

"Suppose we say the mummy!"

Inspector Weymouth laughed uneasily.

"Well, sir, something that vanished from a locked

(Continued on page 27)

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Spoils *and* Patriots

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, half a century ago, turned a rime in one of his most splendid satirical humors. Where, in his day, fifty thousand *patriots* waited with bent and expectant heads to be "'ninted," there are a hundred and fifty thousand, in this year of grace and our twenty-eighth President, holding their breaths for the "ile" to drop; and the mind of every one of them is set on "Jaalam P'int"; albeit "the lighthouse" may mean anything from a Cabinet portfolio or ambassadorship down to a job of inspecting furniture.

From that night in November last, when the United States learned that it had elected Woodrow Wilson President, the *patriots* began making themselves known to the National Democratic Committee. The committee as an organization and the individual members thereof up to inauguration day had received from spoils seekers not less than 150,000 letters of application.

Here, for the comfort or discomfiture of the *patriots*, the fact might as well be mentioned that the President has in his power the filling of only, and exactly, 10,064 offices—1,058 in Washington, the remainder throughout the country and beyond the seas. The 262,608 other Federal positions fall within the barriers of civil-service law. There are not a few statesmen who are firmly convinced that "the faithful" have gone mad.

HEARKEN to this excerpt from a modest *patriot's* application, and mark the date:

"San Francisco, Nov. 9, 1912.

"Gentlemen—I hereby make application for the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James or St. Petersburg. I am a Democrat who has fought and bled for the party, and I and my friends feel that I am entitled to a reward commensurate with the services I have performed in its behalf. . . . But if the posts which I have mentioned have been promised to others. . . . [Seven typewritten pages then reveal by slow degrees that he could be persuaded to take a district attorneyship.] In conclusion, permit me to add in the words of the immortal bard:

"'*I shall be well content with any choice*
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.'

"Respectfully, ——— ———."

It seems incredible in "this piping time of peace" that the author of such an epistle could be at large, but he is very largely at large in his native city of San Francisco. I have suppressed only his name and three thousand words of his political war record. But did you not note the presence of redoubtable "fought and bled" and the robustious form of "a reward commensurate"?

NOW writes a denizen of altitudinous Denver, who took five days from the date of election to decide how best to commit himself to the devilish little god in the inkwell:

"Denver, Colo., Nov. 13, 1912.

". . . We have here in Colorado some very peculiar Democrats; they are Democrats when everything comes their way, and when things don't come their way, they bolt; and then we have other Democrats that are Democrats for the money they can make out of it. I am not one of these who cares to make money out of politics, but for the sake of pride. . . ."

That Denverite would be pleased to add to the income of his real-estate business "not less than $4,000 a year" from his Uncle Samuel's strong box.

"I want such a job," he puts it, "as wouldn't interfere with my private affairs or take me away from Denver much."



By
WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

If you git me inside the White House,
Your head with ile I'll kinder 'nint,
By gittin' you inside the lighthouse
Down to the end of Jaalam P'int.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

This is the meat of seven pages of a most seriously intended application for a "postermastership":

"Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 9, 1912.

". . . I have done as much for the cause as any man in the State—paid my dollar, voted *one* vote for Wilson, and yelled like hell when he was elected. . . ."

This Coraopolitan "worker's" pen, or foot, slipped, and in the final line he undoubtedly and unconsciously tells the truth:

"Coraopolis, Pa., Nov. 25, 1912.

". . . Please enform me at once who will be entrusted With the Endorsements for Apointments under the New Administration in Pennsylvania. I expect to be a Aplicant for Post Master of Coraopolis. I have been a *DEMOCRAT* all My Life, allways took an active Part and Worked the Party at all Times. . . ."



When the mail brought this pure gem of subtle thought to the national headquarters only the telegraph was considered competent and worthy to carry an answer:

"Idaho Falls, Idaho,
"Nov. 15, 1912.

". . . I told you by Leter We was going to win. You cant beat us *Democrats* when we get Started. We can run like scairt wolves. Ever see a scairt wolf run. You Bet they can run some. Well, I didnt took my pen in hand to rite about wolves. I got only one eye, but I'm a good Democrat of the tribe what comes frum Vermont and I'm out for to get the Falls Post Office. But I only got one eye and I got to get another. I can see outen thet one eye like a lynx can see outen two good ones and lynxes can see some, but maybe the president mought think a Post Master ought to hev two eyes which is a way a lot of folks thinks, but they aint right. So ther aint no slip up on this I'm going to get thet other eye. The druggist down to the Main street has got a lot of new glass eyes and he is asking ten dollars for a big blue one and that is the one I want. I got five dollars but I want you to send me the other five quick. He is going to save thet eye for me and when I get it I can put up as good a show as any dam republican in the whole of Bingham county. You bet your pile I can run thet Post Office and I'll fire out every dam republican and mormon out of it. . . ."

FIVE dollars was telegraphed to that *patriot* forthwith. Accompanying the remittance were full and complete instructions not to buy the blue glass eye, but to invest the whole amount in "redeye," or whatever else snake poison is called in Idaho, and drink to the honor and power of Vermont and the party.

The National Committee's correspondents have not been confined to men. There are female *patriots*, too, as witness:

"Robbinsdale, Ill., Nov. 23, 1912.

". . . My husband has died and left me a widow, but I have an idea and a little printing plant which my deceased husband also left me. The idea is like this and it is my idea, and I have just come from the railroad station where I have examined every barel of that cemment over there and that cemment has been standing out in the rain for nigh six months and is all wet on the outside and the railroad will let it go cheap. The inside is all right and I guess there is seventy or 75 barels of good cemment on the inside that aint wet and if you will send me seventy-five dollars right away I can get that cemment. I will build a nice little cemment building with it that fire wont burn and then you can have me apointed post master and I will keep the post office in the cemment building and wont charge the government one cent for rent. It will be a safe cemment building rent free. I can put my printing plant in the rear and live with it in the rear of the building. My deceased husband was a republican but I am going to vote a democrat ticket when I get round to it for I'm going to have a vote and dont you forget it and we need a change in Robbinsdale and dont forget that. Now if you mean what you say about running things right and on the square and with economy you will send that money to me and let me build the post office. . . ."

ANOTHER woman paused long enough in New York en route to Germany to write a ten-page "note," of which the following is an excerpt:

"New York, Nov. 15, 1912.

". . . I feel so sure of being remembered that I am going to visit my relatives in Germany, because I can't go for four years when I get working in the new administration; and I am unemployed for the winter any way. It is my intention to be back by March 1 or within a few days after. . . ."

So many—the majority of the *patriots*, in fact—are seeking post-office appointments. Thus their applications weirdly run:

"Norman, Okla., Nov. 7, 1912.

"Gentelmen—As the Battle is over and we have won by such an over whelm majority, i, can not express how thankful i am And i hope that we as Democrats show the Peo, of this great Land There is Others who if they have a chance can Run the United States as well as the republicans. And i am confident that Woodrow Willson & Marshall Will prove to be as good as Taft or Teddy Roosenvelt Now as ther will be a change in the Post Offices i am going to ask you a favor to tell me when theas changes will be made and who would be the proper person to make aplication for the office as i want the Post Office Here at Norman. . . . Hopping to hear as Convient

"Verry Respectfully,
"———— ————."

"P. S. N. B. And dont want to make Anna unfit Petition."

"Owens, Wis., Dec. 19.

". . . I am a original Willson Democrat. I am a strong admirrer and suporter. I want the post office here. A damned black republican has it now. In Vestigate my Abillity and Merrits. . . ."



"Pine Bush, N. Y.,
"Nov. 6, 1912.

". . . I wish to say that I have worked hard for Willsons election in our district of the town of Crawford, but I am a Democrat and I am proud of polotics and I am proud of the party. . . . Now there will no doubt be many changes under the administration, of Mr. Willson, and one of the principle ones will no doubt be the removal, of the Republican Post Masters, and I think this change is for or will, be for the best. I want the appointment for our village. I may be quite a ways a head, but might better be a head than to late, as there are several going to try for it right away. If you can do nothing for me turn this letter over to some one who will. . . ."

"Mt. Clemens, Mich., Jan. 13, 1913.

". . . I am a candidate for the position of Postmaster in our City. . . . I am enclosing herewith a copy of some of the letters of endorsements that I have received. I did not solicit them personally. I dropped them a letter, and asked them to reply if they felt like it. . . ."

The moment has arrived to "reJoise" with a *patriot* of Salt— No; Lost Creek:

(Continued on page 40)

Memories of the Players

By WILLIAM WINTER



Grandma Gilbert

II
Mrs. Gilbert *and* James Lewis

Their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live

THERE are in each of the vocations of art exceptional persons who diffuse happiness and win affection. Mrs. Gilbert, as an actress, was one of them. Wherever she became known she was not only admired but loved. Her acting delighted every-body who saw it—equally the many who do not *examine* acting but merely perceive it, and the few who analyze it. Character, humor, piquancy of spirit, and flexibility and finish of execution were among the salient components of her art, but deeply interfused with all the attributes of that art there was a charm of personality, deeply felt but not easy to define. She was strongly individual and delightfully genuine. Her auditors became her friends. Those persons to whom she was intimately known discerned the reason for this in her pleasing eccentricity, sturdy independence, inveterate resolution, and dauntless courage, combined with integrity, a sensitive, sympathetic temperament, a kind heart, and gentle, winning manners. She was not only one of the most accomplished of dramatic performers, she was one of the noblest and sweetest of women.

ON THE STAGE IN WILLIAM IV'S REIGN

MRS. GILBERT'S maiden name was Hartley. Her mother's maiden name was Colbourne. Her father, Samuel Hartley, was a printer. She was born in Rochdale, Lancashire, England, on October 21, 1822. In childhood she was taken by her parents to London, and there she was trained as a dancer, in which capacity, when about twelve years old, she began her stage career at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket—the house which was renamed Her Majesty's in 1837 after Victoria became Queen. Seventy years on the stage! Many thousand theatregoers of the present treasure performances of Mrs. Gilbert as things almost of yesterday; few, I fancy, realize that she was dancing for a living before young Victoria ascended the throne of England. In 1847 she became the wife of George H. Gilbert, with whom, after two years of dancing in the English Provincial theatres, she emigrated to America, landing in New York, October 21, 1849, and going at once into what was then the Far West—the State of Wisconsin. Her early experience of the American theatre was gained chiefly in Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Louisville. In 1864 she came to New York; in 1869 she joined Augustin Daly's company, with which she remained associated till its dissolution, on the death of that manager in 1899, and the remainder of her professional career, ending only with her life, was passed under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. She died, suddenly, in the old Sherman House, Chicago, on December 2, 1904.

In the days when I began playgoing in New York, fifty-four years ago (continuing a custom begun when, in boyhood, I used to scare up a quarter, by any labor I could do, and repair to the gallery of the old Museum in Boston), the days when the first Broadway Theatre was in Broadway near Anthony, now Worth, Street, and Wallack's Theatre was near Broome Street, the reigning "old woman" of the stage was Mrs. Vernon; and a charming lady she was, and a delightful actress. I had not seen any player who was her equal in such parts as Temperance in "The Country Squire," and Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and if any person then had told me that she would be surpassed, or even equaled, in her line, I should have deemed the statement ridiculous. I lived to see her best performances excelled by those of Mrs. Gilbert. Indeed, the period which saw not only Mrs. Vernon but Mrs. Germon, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. Hind, Mrs. Mestayer, Mrs. Vincent, Mary Carr, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Billington, and Mme. Ponisi, saw no superior to Mrs. Gilbert in her peculiar realm of art.

A BRILLIANT ACTRESS; A GREAT-HEARTED WOMAN

I SAW Mrs. Gilbert for the first time on September 19, 1864, at the Olympic Theatre, New York, when, making her first appearance in the capital, she acted a minor part, Baroness Freitenbosen, in a farcical comedy by the Countess of Gifford (Mrs. Dufferin, the poet who wrote "I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary"), called "Finesse." The Olympic (the second theatre of that name in New York, the first having been Mitchell's Olympic) had been Laura Keene's Theatre, but in 1863 it was leased by John Duff for Mrs. John Wood—that most joyous and dazzling of female comedians, that incarnation of frolic!—who figured as manager of it, and it was under Mrs. Wood's management that Mrs. Gilbert was introduced to New York. Her advent did not attract special notice. Later I saw her as Mrs. Gamp, as Betsy Trotwood, and as Mrs. Wilfer—all characters from Dickens. In all of them she was true to the originals. As Betsy Trotwood she was perfection.

One of the most brilliant successes of her earlier professional life was gained by her perfect impersonation of the aristocratic, formidable Marquise de St. Maur, given at George Wood's Broadway Theatre, August 5, 1867, when Robertson's comedy of "Caste" was first introduced to the American stage by the comedian Florence. An extraordinary achievement of her later career was the wonderful impersonation of Hester Dethridge—in a play based on the great novel of "Man and Wife," by Wilkie Collins—a furtive, stealthy, gliding type of secretive insanity, which she suffused with a fearfully sinister spirit, evincing rare power of imagination. Her range of parts was exceptionally wide, for she acted with equal felicity the Widow Warren in "The Love Chase," Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," and Lady Macbeth. The sagacious, peremptory, satirical matron—a combination of domestic martinet and moral regulator, wide-awake to the foibles of truant husbands and the pranks of mischievous young persons—was consummately personated by Mrs. Gilbert, who therein assumed a character absolutely antagonistic to her own.

In one important expedient of acting she was preeminently expert—the use of time. It was a technical education to watch and study her employment in speech, movement, and gesture, of pause, rapidity, or deliberation. She never obtruded herself. Each of her performances possessed the invaluable attribute of seeming inevitability. What she did she made to seem exactly right to be done.

Mrs. Gilbert had known hardship and had not forgotten it. She was ever practically charitable. Her sympathy with others, particularly with the young, was deep and quick; she was always ready and glad to speak the word of genial encouragement to inexperience, and to reenforce it by shrewd and wise advice. Her views of life and its duties were eagerly optimistic. Her intelligence was alert, her perception keen, and she kept pace with every movement of thought and enterprise that was proceeding around her. She was not free from trouble, but she was reticent; she kept her sadness to herself and looked on the world with a smile. Her gayety was spontaneous, and it was exhilarating. To be in company with her was always to be cheered.

IDLENESS SHE FOUND IRKSOME

ONE of the merriest times that I recall was a week passed in the hospitable old city of Dublin in 1888, when every day I had the pleasure of an excursion with Mrs. Gilbert and Ada Rehan, to visit places of interest in the storied Irish capital. Together we saw the birthplace of the poet Moore; the birthplace of Wellington; the time-worn pulpit in which Dean Swift preached, in St. Patrick's Cathedral (it had been laid on its side, as an old piece of lumber); the inscriptions marking the tombs of the gloomy Dean and his "Stella"; the antiquities of Trinity College; the scene—Thomas Street—of the betrayal and capture of that romantic patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and many other notable scenes and relics. Great was Mrs. Gilbert's delight when, in Glasnevin—whither we had gone to see the monuments commemorative of Curran, Grattan, and O'Connell—I was blandly swindled by the genial Hibernian guide to whom I had given a liberal tip, unguardedly asking him to direct us to the tomb of Sir Richard Steele. "Up that way," he said, pointing north, "and a grand one it is." I had forgotten that Glasnevin is a modern necropolis, and that gay Sir Richard died in Wales and was entombed there, early in the eighteenth century. We explored Glasnevin in vain, in quest of that "grand" sepulcher of the merry, gentle humorist, and I can still hear Mrs. Gilbert's laughter when suddenly I remembered the fact of his burial elsewhere, and realized the guide's ready duplicity.

It was characteristic of Mrs. Gilbert that she desired to be always at work, and she was uneasy when absent from the theatre. When Daly revived "London Assurance," in 1896-97, she was much dissatisfied at being out of the bill, and she appeared at rehearsal to complain because she had not been cast. "But," expostulated Daly, "there's nothing in it for you." "Well," she answered, "you've got a dance in it; let *me* dance. I'll come in as an old maid of the neighborhood; and, let me tell you, I can dance as well as anybody *you* ever saw!" And, though then seventy-five years old, she had her way. Daly closed the third act of "London Assurance"—a play which he had rearranged in four acts—with the old dance of Sir Roger de Coverley, and Mrs. Gilbert—a perfect picture of the times, in wide-flounced, dark-green crinoline, her dear old face framed in quaint, bobbing, corkscrew curls—participated in it, to the surprise and unbounded delight of the audiences, dancing with all the vigor, dexterity, and grace of youth.

AGE COULD NOT WITHER HER

IT WAS one of Daly's customs to assemble friends around him, toward twelve o'clock on the last night of the year, at a supper in what he called the "Woffington Room" in his theatre, and it was often my privilege to be one of his guests. Mrs. Gilbert was always one of the most distinguished of the company, impressing by the gentleness, grace, and native dignity of her demeanor, charming by her sweetness of feeling and her blithe conversation, and delighting by her exquisite, old-fashioned, high-bred courtesy. Once Joseph Jefferson came, and Mrs. Gilbert was seated beside him at the table—a combination and a contrast delightful to see. Both their faces were bright with keen intelligence and sweetly smiling humor, and when Jefferson playfully spoke of the pleasure it would be to act with her, it was amusing to observe how instantaneously each of them assumed a different facial expression and a quaint, homely manner—the brilliant comedian turning toward the brilliant actress and exclaiming in the comic voice of the half-frozen, self-important Grumio: "A fire, good Curtis—prithee, cast on no water!" and the "old woman" promptly replying, in the brusque tones of Curtis: "There's fire ready! How near is our master?"

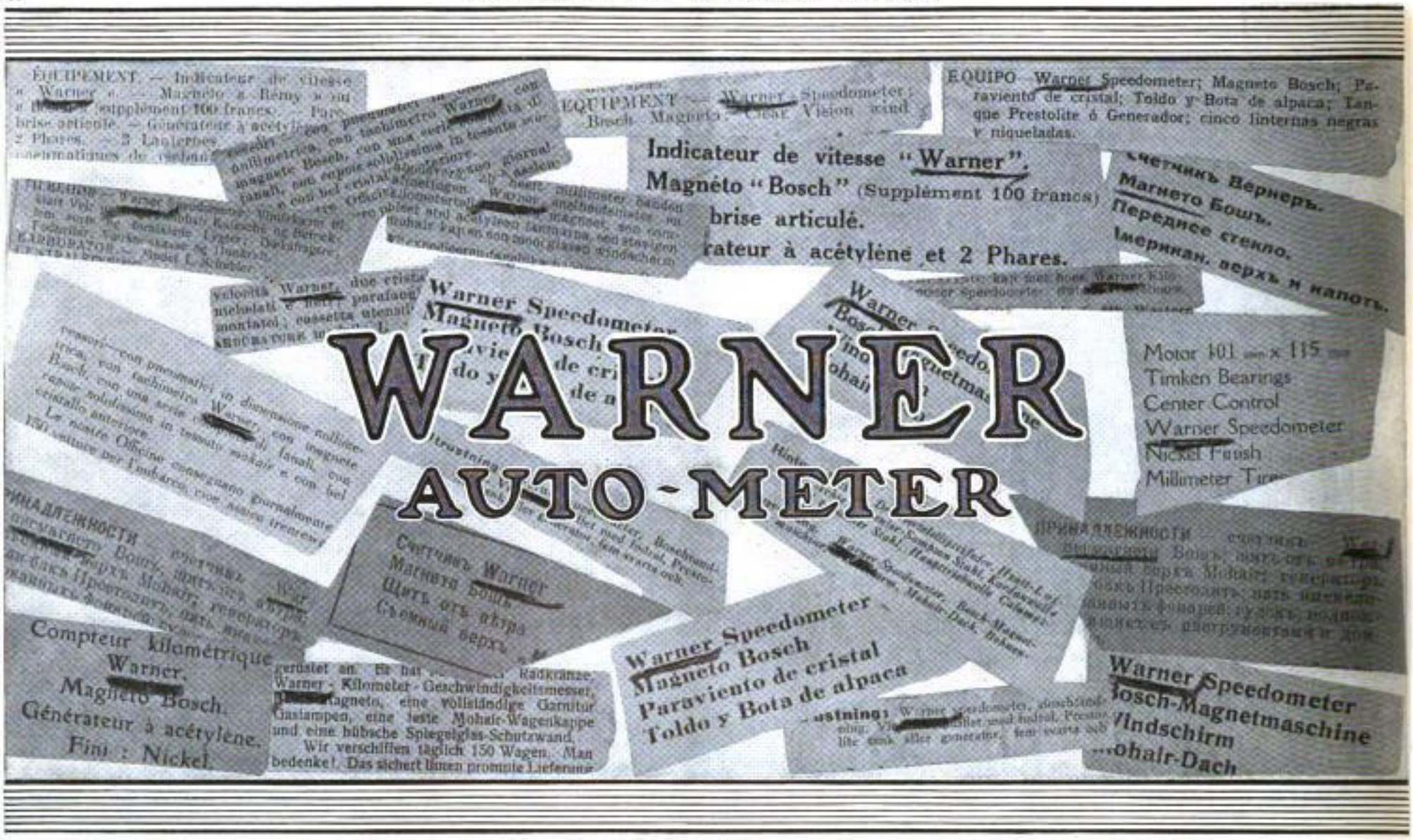
Mrs. Gilbert was remarkable, even to the last day of her life, for mental vigor and a youthful, blithe spirit. "Time spares the pyramids and Dejazet." She never grew old; she would not surrender to age. She was amusing and sometimes, unconsciously, a little pathetic, in her politely blunt resentment of any intimation that



James Lewis as Gunnion in "The Squire"

"Lord bless my eyesight, there's Parson Dormer a-drinkin' a mug o' milk as nat'ral as may be"

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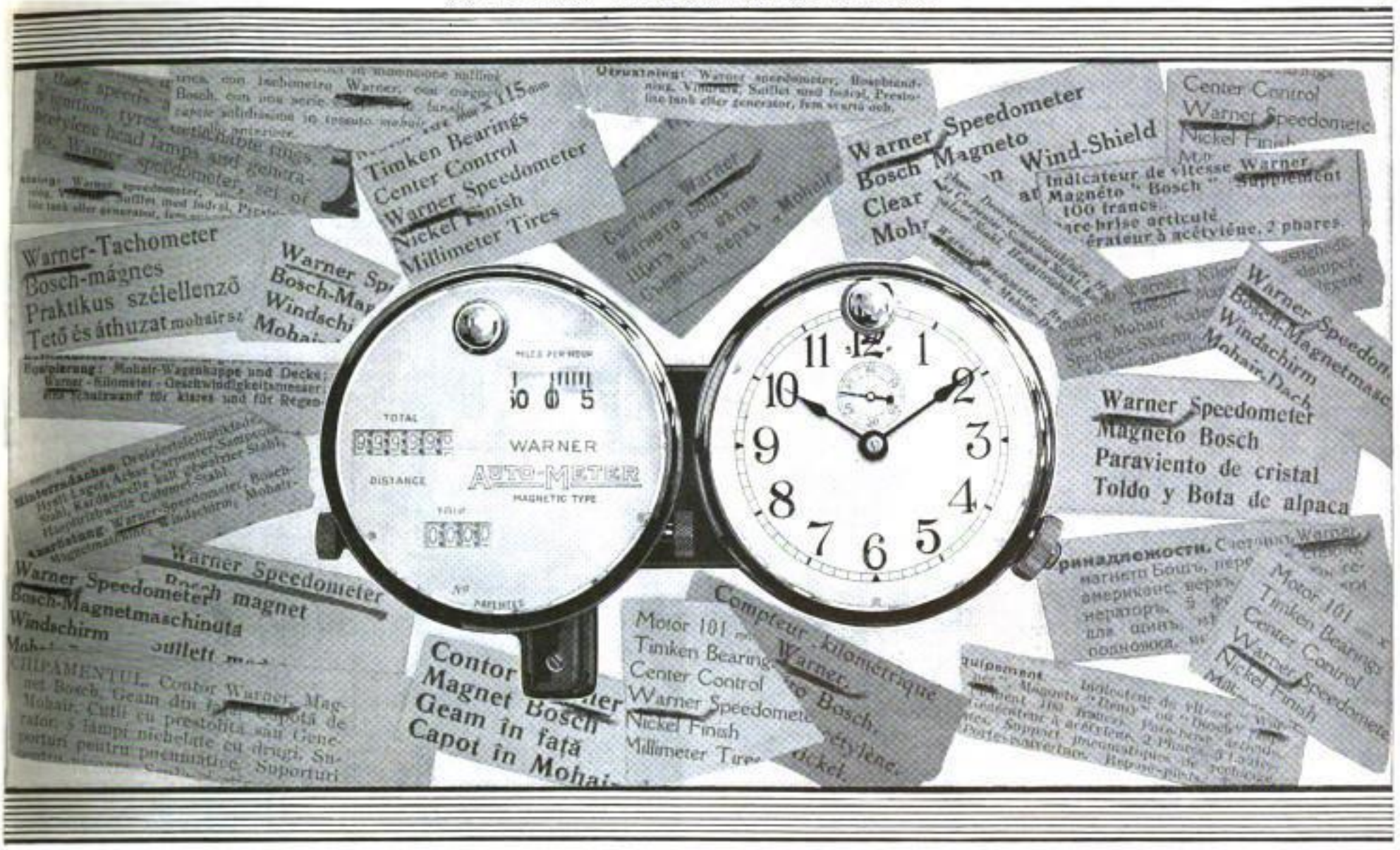
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Primarily the success of the Warner Auto-Meter is the result of being built on the scientifically correct principle—the magnetic principle. Over 85% of all the speedometers that are to be made this year, will be built on this principle.

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208 out of 214 automobile manufacturers have selected the magnetic speedometer for their 1913 equipment.

Literature on request.

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International Service

Service stations in all the principal cities all over the world

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perhaps she might require attention or assistance. I remember the look of surprise that she turned upon me when I offered to assist her to enter a New York street car. She keenly appreciated every mark of respect and kindness, but she sturdily insisted on being as brisk as the youngest and able to care for herself on all occasions. I heard her one evening at a railway station in Edinburgh scolding a young actor of the company with which she was traveling for having secured a cab for her use. "How dare you, sir!" she was saying; "how *dare* you! Do you suppose I'm an *old* woman and need anybody to take care of *me?* How do you know I wanted a cab at all? There—you are a dear, good, *bad* boy. Thank you, my dear. Don't you ever do it again!" And away she drove.

The designation "Grandma" was first given to Mrs. Gilbert by Daly, who also sometimes called her "Nan." The play of "Granny" was written for her use by the late Clyde Fitch. (The plan that she should make a farewell starring tour, in a play called "Grandma," was first suggested to her by my son, Mr. Jefferson Winter, more than two years earlier.) The part that she acted in it, Mrs. Emerson, was the last in which she ever appeared. Her last performance of it was given December 1, 1904, at Powers's Theatre, Chicago. She died the next day. "Granny" is a thin play, but the indomitable actress, skilled in the art to create and sustain illusion, made much out of little, while her deep knowledge of human nature and her acute sympathy with the joys and sorrows of human life enabled her to emphasize trite incidents and to invest commonplace situations with the light of humor and the strength of feeling.

INTRODUCING JAMES LEWIS

ON THE night of her first appearance as Granny at the New Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 24, 1904, Mrs. Gilbert gave an extraordinary exhibition of self-control. She was then in her eighty-third year: she had learned a new part and devised a new performance; she had been welcomed by an eager audience with an exuberance of sympathy naturally disconcerting to a nervous performer; she was deeply agitated, and in the middle of a long speech the words left her and she "stuck." For a moment she trembled violently, and it seemed as though she could not go on. Then, slowly, she straightened her frail old body, and by obviously an immense effort of the will *compelled* herself to recall the fugitive speech, took up the broken sentence, and with perfect self-possession, smoothly and exactly, acted out the scene.

No friendship has been more prized by me than that of Mrs. Gilbert, and I gladly and gratefully remember that by her I was not forgotten. One month before she died she sent me the following note—the last message which, directly, I ever received from her:

Nov. 2, 1904. 133 W. 61st St., N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. WINTER—*Grandma wishes to thank you for your kind words and to tell you how much she appreciates and cherishes every word you have said* of *her and* to *her. Dear Mr. Winter, believe me very sincerely yours,* GRANDMA GILBERT.

On an anniversary of Mrs. Gilbert's birthday I sent to her a copy of a book that I had written about our friend, the incomparable Ada Rehan, on the flyleaf of which, in memory of the many years of our continuous and unclouded friendship, I wrote these lines, which, as I know she prized them much, may fitly be placed here, in this reminiscence of a great actress, a noble woman, and a dear friend:

The sunset beams that backward flow
Illumine with their golden glow
Life's glim'ring plain,
And we, as side by side we wend,
Look to the Past, where darkly blend
Shadows of hopes and dreams, dear friend,
Pleasure and pain.

But there's no darkness on the track
Where we have journeyed! Looking back
O'er many a year,
By loving fancy led, I deem
I still can see the roses gleam,
And, sweet by many a murm'ring stream,
The violets peer.

So be it till the light shall fail,
And as we wander down the vale
Our fate be blest,
By fond affection holding fast,
Only to think of pleasures past
With grateful hearts, and so, at last,
Find peace and rest.

The professional career of Mrs. Gilbert is inseparably associated with that of James Lewis, and to think of the one is, inevitably, to think of the other. Lewis was a native of Troy, N. Y.—born about 1838: he was comically secretive about his age and would never tell me the date. "It was long after *you* were born," he said, but I believe 1838 was the year—or close to it. He chose theatrical employment and went on the stage in boyhood, making his way as best he could in theatres in the western part of the State of New York. I first saw him at the Olympic Theatre in 1865, when he made his first appearance in the metropolis, September 18, acting in "Your Life's in Danger." At that time and later he was recognized as remarkably clever in burlesque. From the Olympic he went to a theatre known, for a short time, as Lina Edwin's, in the building which had been Dr. Osgood's church, and while acting there he particularly attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, and he was among the first of the actors engaged by Daly when beginning theatrical management, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, in the autumn of 1869. After that, as long as Daly maintained a company (a period of thirty years, except for one brief interval) Lewis was a member of it, and he and Mrs. Gilbert gradually became associated in contrasted characters of regular or eccentric comedy. They first acted together under Mrs. Wood's management at the Olympic in—"by the near guess of my memory"—a fairy piece called "The Sleeping Beauty."



Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert in "Big Bonanza"

As an example of artistic cooperation, nothing finer can be recalled than their ability and willingness to "play together" for the right effect of every scene

CAN AMERICA PRODUCE SUCH ANOTHER COMEDIAN?

THE qualities in Lewis which impressed me most were simplicity, sincerity, quizzical dry humor, and kindness. Many actors are addle-headed by egotism and insufferable because of affectation. Lewis was delightfully genuine. He knew that he was a fine actor and he respected and esteemed his talents, but he was free from conceit. "All the world's a stage," no doubt—but the stage is not all the world, and it would be a more agreeable world for persons who must know them and think about them if actors would recognize that truth and behold themselves in rational proportion with the rest of mankind. In social intercourse I found Lewis amiable, interesting, occasionally serious, but more often inclined to mirth. As a rule the comedian, in private life, is grave, pensive, even melancholy. John Raymond, exuberantly comic when acting, and seemingly cheerful in company with other persons, was gloomy when he thought himself unobserved. George Fox, the merriest and funniest of clowns, was somber and silent when off the stage. It is an old story, but a true and good one, that when the sportive Grimaldi applied for medical advice to a physician who did not know him and who perceived him to be suffering from melancholia, he was told to go to the theatre and "see Grimaldi." It is not invariably so, and doubtless the reaction from strenuous simulation of mirth partially explains such instances of gravity or gloom. I believe, however, that Lewis was a graver man than his admirers in general supposed him to be.

I remember an evening when he and I, among others, chanced to be guests of Augustin Daly at the great manager's residence in New York, and happened to be alone together in the library, and when, after a few minutes' silence, Lewis looked at me very earnestly, extended his hand and with much feeling said: "You and I, Willy, have been friends for many years, but I never yet told you how much I prize your friendship." There were tears in his eyes as he spoke.

I have gradually learned, from the tone of numerous contemporary publications, especially about the theatre (publications which, it would seem, are directed by persons firmly convinced that nothing of substantial importance was ever accomplished in the world anterior to the happy hour when they arrived to take charge of it), that swift condemnation awaits the impious wretch who utters anything but worship of the beatific Present Day. Nevertheless, being inured to condemnation, I will venture to state that, within about the last twenty years, success on the American stage has, more frequently than ever before, been obtained by means widely distinct from artistic achievement; by advertising expedients, such as are employed to promote the sale of chewing gum or pickles, rather than by intrinsic merit. No actor comparable with James Lewis, in his peculiar line, has appeared in our theatre since his death, with the single exception of that superb comedian John Hare, and no actor could be found to-day competent to fill his place. Indeed, a more conscientious, thorough, scrupulously fastidious artist has not been known in our time.

SOME GOSSIP FROM DALY'S GREENROOM

SOME of the characters in which Lewis appeared were alien, in the extreme, to his temperament and inharmonious with his physical peculiarities, yet he embodied them with a fidelity that made them always credible and often delightful. For every part which he played he provided a distinct identity and an appropriate, characteristic "make-up," and each part that he thus presented was a coherent, consistent, authentic type of human nature—the pervasive quality of all being genial, comic eccentricity. His effects in acting were caused not by grimace, posturing, and other extravagance, but by assuming a definite personality and permitting his droll humor to permeate it, and to show itself through amusing peculiarities of demeanor and felicities of comic expression, visual and vocal. Not concealing his individuality (which no artist ever did, or ever can do, and the trick of doing which is that of a detective police officer, not of an actor), he aimed to merge himself in the character represented, and to that aim he inflexibly adhered. His death was precipitated by the feverish anxiety and incessant nervous strain which attended his preparation for the arduous part of Falstaff, in a revival of "King Henry IV" that Daly had arranged to effect at his theatre in the season of 1896-97.

As an example of artistic cooperation—the ability and willingness to "play together" for the right effect of every scene—I recall nothing finer, in more than sixty years of theatregoing, than Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence as Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals," and Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in the Daly comedies. That professional cooperation was essentially artistic, for Mrs. Gilbert and Lewis, though they viewed one another with admiration and respect, were not close friends, and in their attitude toward each other, as Age "clawed them in his clutch," they were comic. "Poor old lady," Lewis would say, as Mrs. Gilbert passed the greenroom on the way to the stage; "I'm afraid she's beginning to break up." "Poor old James," Mrs. Gilbert would remark (blandly oblivious of her sixteen years' seniority), "he's getting on—getting on."

Lewis's personal peculiarities were many and marked. He was extremely neat and particular in his habits in the theatre, and almost as regular in them as a cat. His preferred seat in Daly's greenroom—a seat for which generally he would ask, if he happened to find it already occupied—was just at the right of one of the large mirrors in that room, where he could not see his reflection in the glass, and frequently he would sit, almost squatting, with his feet drawn up beside him on the narrow plush bench. Indeed, that position he generally occupied when weary. I have often seen him so seated in a moving railway train (for it happened to me to make many a short journey in his company)—as a rule riding backward—and I noticed that when the train passed a line of freight cars his lips would move very rapidly, as though he were gabbling to himself in a whisper. Once I inquired: "What is it you do, James, when we rush by other cars—pray for a safe deliverance, or curse the noise?" "I *add*," he replied. "Add?" I asked: "add what?" "Why, the numbers on the freight cars," he an-

(*Concluded on page 27*)

Leak? No. "Sweat"? No. Write? *Yes!*



WHY doesn't the Parker Fountain Pen leak or "sweat"? Because it has a curved feed-tube—the famous Parker Lucky Curve.

And why does this Lucky Curve keep the Parker from leaking? Because it keeps the feed-tube free of ink when the pen is turned point up after writing.

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The new Parker Disappearing Clip grips your pocket like a bulldog, but disappears when you write. 25c extra on any standard Parker.

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X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

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Aesop Modernized



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"Wha's matter, you pesky fool dog?"



"Do yer done gone mad?"



"Huh! dat dog ain't mad"

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the Surpassing Beauty and Economy of Hy-tex must be Considered.



There has long been a popular fallacy that brick is beyond the reach of persons who must build economically.

Yet it is a fact—which you can prove to your own satisfaction by a little investigation—that the more one is forced to economize in building, the less can one afford not to build of brick.

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is the one building-material which can give you the utmost of beauty, comfort and permanence—and give it to you at the greatest saving in the long run.

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We also make Hy-namel Brick—the one satisfactory enameled brick

Spoils and Patriots

(Concluded from page 16)

"LOST CREEK, PA., NOV. 11, 1912.

". . . I agree with you now that we all have cause to reJoise together. Now that the Victory is Won you Know there will be some *nice* Appointments to be made in Phila City. I ask a favor off yourself to Interest yourself in my behalf. you know its the deserving People should get those position and by you Interesting yourself in my behalf I know you can land me. . . ."

If the Lost Creek "reJoiser" would be contented with any kind of a plum, no matter how small or sour, not so with this "original" Missourian:

"FARMINGTON, MO., DEC. 24, 1912.

". . . As a stranger, but original Woodrow Wilson Democrat at this late date, after the flood of letters has been pouring into you, has become less, I write to very earnestly congratulate, and commend you for the successful Democratic party's interest, during the memorable campaign which closed last month. . . . How am I to present my application in a manner that he (the President) may be able to judge my merits and qualifications in every way, as I desire to become an applicant for the First or Second Assistantship in *either* one of the Cabinet Departments, the Attorney General's excepted. . . ."

Another frank person:

"HOT SPRINGS, ARK., JAN. 7, 1913.

". . . I am a candidate for the apointment of Postmaster here. I know you vill have thousands of like requests, and know that you can favor not all; but you can me. . . . I hope you will give this your favorolle consideration. . . . I give you as Reference Mr. —— —— of Little Rock Ark who perhaps you know of or know at least. As he was one of the first men in the state to boost the candidacy for Mr. Woodroe Wilson. . . ."

And one more:

"VILLE PLATTE, LA., NOV. 11, 1912.

". . . I speak for self and freinds in congratulating yourselves upon the splendid victory you have just won. By your telegram I inferred that You said you could work the town for me meaning granting me the patronage from the adminsitration. If such is the meaning of your message I would like for you to recommend the appointment of my freinds. . . ."

Visualize this West Virginian who was snatched away from the public crib sixteen years ago:

"CLARKSBURG, W. VA., NOV. 26, 1912.

". . . I am a applicant for the position of inspector of furniture in the department of the U. S. treasury. Having held a position in the cabinet shops during President Cleveland's administration, I can say that I am familiar with the duties of the office for which I have applied. . . ."

Can't you see him chortling in secret on the morning of November 9 when it was a certainty that "the party"—his party—had been restored to power? At last a realization of his heart's abiding desire—to be an inspector of furniture—is at hand. Can't you see him coming along the years—dreaming of the time when he might slip back again into another little place under the Government? He has never forgotten the crumple of the fresh, new currency which he used to get every month's end. There never was money like that. The tang of that time is in his blood, working like some subtle poison. It is the virus of office holding. The psychology of it has never been accurately explained, but therein is the source of political bosses' greatest power over their followings.

Inspector of furniture! What comedy the title suggests! One's cynicism might play upon it without end. There are a good many under the Government holding higher titles, but performing no more onerous duty than "inspecting furniture." If there be comedy in the contemplation, there is a shade of tragedy, too. It comes with the thought of the man in Clarksburg waiting—standing still for sixteen years, untouched of ambition.

IT may not be generally known that in one section of this country a "piece of pie" means a United States District Attorneyship. Illumination:

"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., DEC. 21, 1912.

". . . At the proper time I shall be an applicant for the position of U. S. District Attorney for the Eastern District of Tenn. The present encumbent—Mr. Cox—will hold over quite a while so you need not have any worry for some time over this especial piece of pie. . . ."

An Arkansas *patriot*, who would like to be superintendent of a forest reserve in his section, perpetrated this:

"AMITY, ARK., NOV. 15, 1912.

". . . Am at present working and while I have a very fair position owing to the fact that I am handicapped in part of the heavy work I have to do, on account of an accident that cost me the use of my left leg and right arm, the work is most too heavy for me in a physical way although I in Every way fully competent to hold position referred to above, and can show a Far better recrud than present encumbent who is of course a republican and was raised in this section. . . ."

Shades of proud Randolph, of Roanoke, and Jefferson attend! Here is the last word in self-abasement and party adulation, and a Virginian wrote it:

"FRANKLIN, VA., NOV. 21, 1912.

". . . I am happy in the opportunity to congratulate the great democratic party upon the splendid victory which has been achieved for the American people. I labored for the cause without a hope or thought of reward. At no time in my life have I sought patronage of office, but my friends have recently insisted that there is a reward for me by the party and upon their behest I am writing to ask that the committee will endorse me for the humble position of doorkeeper to the president. To be a doorkeeper to a democratic president is more honorable than serving as embassador to the court of St. James as a republican. . . ."

ONE is justified in these times in expecting at least a quality of high-mindedness and an ordinary sense of proportion to emanate from our universities and colleges, but here is a sample of nearly a hundred disappointing communications from students of various degrees:

"UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO,
"Moscow, Jan. 2, 1913.

"GENTLEMEN—It is my purpose, after I graduate next year, to spend some time studying our Government at its seat in Washington. I voted for Woodrow Wilson because I felt sure that he would be elected. Now it is a pretty good rule in life to help those who help us. I want you to assist me in getting some kind of a place in Washington—a position that will not take too much of my time and that will pay not less than $1,500 a year. One must live, you know. . . . I have talked over this matter with several friends, and they have all discouraged me, saying that the positions in Washington are protected by civil service regulations. I feel that I am not so green as to believe that. I know that things of this kind can be "fixed." I am not afraid to take an examination, but I want your assurance that after I take it I will get a place. . . ."

It remained for an instructor in Columbia University to write this:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1913.

"DEAR SIR—I am anxious to serve my country. As Euripides says: 'No subtle arts for me, but what the State requires.' That is the dream of my life. I have no one to plead my cause, and I am no politician, but I understand that unless one asks he is not very apt to receive.

"I have written an *original* poem on our President-elect, and I wish to pave the way to an opportunity to read it to him personally. Then he could see me and judge of me as I am.

"The position I wish to obtain is in the Department of Agriculture.

"Please be so good as to grant me the privilege of a personal interview.

"Respectfully,
"——— ———."

By no means is it certain that many of these *patriots* will not win to the places they covet. So the common garden variety of citizen would better preserve his sense of humor and seek comfort, with Aristotle, in the reflection that "The bad and good alike in honor share."

Digitized by

The Business of Arson

(Continued from page 9)

And the basis of "wholesaler and retailer" operations is most often a "fire stock."

The wholesaler is generally a crooked jobber, or he works through crooked jobbers, in a large city. Directly, or through them, he provides the "fire stock."

A "fire stock" is made up of the all but worthless cullings from some former fire or failure. Supplies for general stores—raincoats and cheap clothing, fancy goods, groceries, cigars and tobacco—all are good. Even barber-shop equipments and cheap jewelry stocks are used.

The "retailer" alone appears upon the scene. He rents the store, receives the "fire stock," and covers it up with a "shelf dressing" of salable goods. Then he gives a great evidence of hustle and prosperity, takes out his insurance, and has his fire.

Sometimes the wholesaler will have only one retailer. But, in general, he will have several. Whatever is left over from one fire will be brought in, freighted away, insured, and burned anew in the next. To avoid undue notice, stores will generally be located in different States. Thus the gentleman, found to be the "wholesaler" in the case of the fire which burned out the Beacham store in April, 1911, in Chanute, Kas.—insurance $9,000—was also found to have been the "wholesaler" who supplied the "fire stock" for "The Fair," burned in 1909—insurance $16,000—in Brigham City, Utah. Further investigation showed that, assisted by various "retailers," he had also had fires in Farmington, Mo.; in Alliance, Neb.; and in Lebanon, Greensburg, and Pendleton, Ind.

From time to time a "wholesaler" may work out a business plan distinctively his own. **For example, there is one section of the Middle West where, when a fire starts under certain circumstances—in general, before the store is opened for trade, so that no books need be shown—the arson experts say at once: "That'll be another Hendricks fire."** I have changed the name somewhat, because none of his fires—and he has supplied the stock for at least nine—have so far been brought home to him. His card, however, is interesting. It reads:

Trader and Dealer in Everything.
List With Me and Get Results.

Every big State in the Union now has its Schoffners and its Hendrickses. Like the "stalls" in the mortgage game, their retailers' fires must all be thoroughgoing fires: all evidence must be destroyed. Therefore the fire starts at midnight in a March gale, or in January at a time when even the wells are frozen solid, or on that particular day in July when the local volunteer fire department is fifty miles away at the Firemen's Tournament. The town can take care of itself as best it may.

Just as in the case of Bertolino's, one five-minute inspection and—unless the local agent himself be a second criminal—none of these small-town "fire stocks" could keep their insurance for a moment.

THE REMOVAL GAME

MUCH akin to the "retailer" and the "wholesaler" is the species of professional who works the removal game. He, too, is a "town stranger." He makes his plant in some retail store. But instead of using a fire stock, he puts in an ordinary stock. And when he has obtained his insurance—that is, his over-insurance—he begins to move his stock out again. When almost everything is gone, he has his fire.

There is one band of professionals in the "removal game" who can be followed, in their fires, from Chicago to California. Three of their most trusted retail operators, Messrs. Nagel, Liefrand, and Schoenfeld, came to grief in January, 1911, through an "explosion fire" that went wrong and provided legal evidence in Oakland. **It was said that the Oakland firemen had so accurately gauged the character of the three worthies that a telegraph pole, lying near by on the roadside, had been left where it lay, so that when the fire came it could be used at once to ram open the door. But they had succeeded in obtaining $13,000 in insurance policies.**

When these articles were begun the insurance companies were fighting a claim—policies for $15,500 on an estimated value of $4,000—in the case of a "retailer" plant in a small town in Kentucky. If dependence can be placed upon the confession of its particular dummy operator, previous to the fire much of its stock had been shipped on to Grand Haven and Three Rivers, Mich., to Omaha, South Omaha, and Lincoln, Neb. And the principals in this particular "removal game" were also believed to be interested in stores in Sioux City and Sioux Falls.

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING UNCANNY

A "REMOVAL" fire must be even more thoroughgoing than a "mortgage" or a "fire stock" burn out. For here no one must afterward be able to say whether the store contained full cases or empty. And, therefore, one such fire in every so many will almost certainly mean a small-town burning.

For example, take the Kentucky case above. In March, 1910, the same "combination" had planted a fire in another Kentucky town. Their "mechanic" had touched off the store in a high wind. And more than half the town had burned.

You rarely find the "retailer" or "mortgagee" going anywhere near the town banker. *He* would ask questions: Just exactly who *is* this engaging stranger? Where are his business references? Why all this glittering window display for a town which has not added ten to its population in a year? Or why has the "mortgagee" paid two prices for a restaurant or a hotel or a mill or a factory which has barely been able to pay its taxes for years?

That town stranger could not get a loan of $10 from the local banker. But he goes to the local insurance agent and gets promises to pay for $10,000—and then he does the rest.

"If the lad is fixing for a fire," an insurance broker told me once, "there is always *something* uncanny." But if the broker or agent never goes within a mile of his risk, the "uncanniness" will be less apparent.

The local agent ought, properly, to be the ideal fire inspector. Many local agents have themselves pointed out how vast the difference would be if they were under any system of payment which would make it to their interest to *prevent* fires, not allow them to occur.

"On a contingent (profit sharing) commission," wrote Local Agent Harrington of Troy years ago, "the agent would be such a good detective that 80 per cent would be eliminated from the moral hazard alone." The agent does not want to burn his town. Yet as it is, the thing he does—or leaves undone—simply turns over that town bound and trussed for the sacrifice.

THE PROFESSIONAL HORSE BURNER

I COME now to a chapter which I would leave unwritten if I could. But if these articles are to do their work, it must be written and the facts must be faced.

We have now in America, developed solely by the conditions now obtaining in American fire insurance, a kind of professional who makes his living from the burning of horses.

To-day practically all horse insurance, like every other kind of mercantile insurance in America, is written "without inspection or appraisal." The agent or broker does not go to look at the horses either when he insures them or afterward. He does not know anything about them. And, for the purposes of the horse burner, that is all that is needed.

Sometimes only two or three horses are insured and put into some great boarding stable containing fifty or a hundred others. None of *their* owners guess what is coming. And all are burned to realize on the two or three. The horse burner knows that "the insurance people will never come to see." In no case that I shall cite did they "come to see." He buys the diseased or worked-out "killers" from the stables of some big contractor. He finds stall room for them somewhere. He obtains insurance and arranges for his fire.

The agent or broker who gave him the insurance will almost always stand by him. For, once more, when through your own greed and laxity you have made a crime possible, the only thing to do afterward is to assert that no crime has been committed. In one of New York's most shameless recent cases—the police had long had the stable in question listed as a fence for stolen horses—the big broker simply gave notice to the five companies

Franklin



The thing that counts is the weight of the car

Motorists are learning to their cost that much of the weight put into automobiles is superfluous and worse; that it is not necessary for strength; that it handicaps ability; cuts down speed; and makes outrageous expense for tires, fuel and repairs.

The lightest weight consistent with strength is the all-important consideration in motoring comfort and economy. Franklin cars carry this point to its logical conclusion.

Light weight makes the power count, gives greater ability—more speed, hill-climbing. Saves tire cost; saves gasoline.

Weight is the big factor in wearing out tires. An increase of 5% in weight causes an increase in wear-and-tear on tires of 15%. A car weighing one-third more than the Franklin wears out tires twice as fast.

We go farther than light weight and equip with large tires. Tire trouble is so rare on Franklins that 98% of Franklin owners do not carry extra tires.

Franklin light weight begins with direct air-cooling. By one stroke all the weight of the water and the water circulating system is done away with. Radiator, pipes, water-jackets, pump and fan not only weigh a great deal, but require extra weight throughout to carry them.

Freezing and overheating troubles are avoided. Oil consumption is small: 400 miles to the gallon and no smoke.

Franklin shock-absorbing frame (wood) and full-elliptic springs neutralize road shocks, preserve power and give remarkable riding comfort and roadability.

Ralph Hamlin, of Los Angeles, driving a Franklin six "38" against a field of high-powered cars, won the Los Angeles-Phœnix Desert race. This is the hardest and the longest road race ever run; the hardest possible test for direct air-cooling.

The Entz Electric starter on the Franklin gives a control similar to an electric. The starting switch is left "on" while driving so that the engine, like an electric motor, is always under perfect control. The engine cannot stall.

Franklin construction goes to the heart of motoring requirements. Tire economy, fuel economy, comfort, all are founded in the design and built into the very structure of the car.

In no other car can you buy so many miles-per-day and so much comfort.

Little Six "30" - -	$2900	Four "25" - - - -	$2000
Six "38" - - - -	3600	"18" runabout - -	1650

Write for our new catalogue; also "Winning the Desert Race", by Ralph Hamlin.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
21 Franklin Square Syracuse N Y

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"MAJESTIC"—$1975
Four cylinders, 45 horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, 4½ x 5¼ inches; 124-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4-inch tires. Electric starter and lights. Complete equipment. Black and nickel trimmings.

"OLYMPIC"—$1500
Four cylinders, 35 horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, 4½ x 4¾ inches; 115-inch wheelbase; 34 x 4-inch tires. Complete equipment, including Disco starter. Black and nickel trimmings.

"SULTANIC"—$2650
Seven-passenger. Six cylinders, 55 horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, 4½ x 4¾ inches; 138-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4½ inch tires; demountable wheels and spare wheel. Electric starter and lights. Complete equipment. Black and nickel trimmings. Five-passenger, $2500.

Now, as always the comfort leader

Jackson supremacy among comfortable cars has not been of one or two years' making.

Back in the days when most manufacturers were fully occupied with other things, we were quietly testing and incorporating the comfort features that are now permanent in every Jackson model.

Then, also our engineers were learning how to handle and harmonize such elements as power and weight and wheelbase to produce balance and the greatest riding ease in the finished car.

In other words, we developed comfort along with the mechanical side of the car—the two advanced together in the Jackson plant.

This unique method and its results soon began to be talked about; and now you unconsciously think of comfort every time you hear or see the name Jackson.

As carriage makers we knew the value of full elliptic springs and deep-cushioned seats; so every Jackson carries four full elliptic springs, 10-inch upholstery, with seats that tilt toward the rear and seat backs shoulder high.

To add still more to the riding ease, we provide long wheelbases, with wheel sizes rightly proportioned and weight correctly distributed and balanced.

But our engineers go farther than that.

They determine the power by the work the car will be called upon to do—its weight, passenger capacity, etc.—and provide a reserve for unforeseen conditions.

This information is going to be valuable to you when you select your car this spring.

You will hear a great deal of talk about comfort; but we ask you to remember that Jackson comfort is comfort-in-fact, the result of years of experience and careful engineering and experimental work.

When you have your demonstration in a Jackson, you cannot fail to be impressed by the remarkable ease with which it rides and the smooth silent operation of its mechanics.

Test as many cars as you like; and if real comfort is one of your requirements, you inevitably will come back to the Jackson.

A written request will bring you the catalog and name of the local Jackson dealer.

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
1110 E. Main Street, JACKSON, MICH.

The Business of Arson

(Concluded from page 23)

involved that they could choose between paying up and losing his business. And they paid up, every one of them.

But the horse burner must do his part in making the collection easy. He must prevent identification. He must leave the loss adjuster from the company small chance of proving that the horses burned were merely worthless "killers." How does he do it?

In general, the hay and straw, which often are drenched with gasoline, will be enough. **When, in February, 1912, Solomon Goldberg put five horses into a rear stable in Newark, placed policies for $200 apiece upon them, and lit a separate fire in each of their mangers, he did not wait to see the fire itself. He went out and telephoned to a friend that "everything had gone all right already."**

"OILING DOWN"

BUT where the professional cannot feel that the hay and straw will be enough, the horse is "oiled down"—in other words, it is itself drenched with coal oil or benzine or gasoline.

The last Brooklyn case is one where names and details can be given, for these burners were tried and convicted. I quote from the New York Fire Department "Report on Incendiarism," page 72:

"The owner of the horses, one Louis Evans, or Evansky . . . had been attending auction sales in East New York and elsewhere, buying up numbers of useless and decrepit horses, some of which were lame and absolutely unfitted for work, to be substituted for the good horses in his stable.

"The horses were installed by Evans at 363 Johnson Avenue—a deserted section of the Borough of Brooklyn. . . . The agent who obtained the policies for Evans, Jacob Zamzok of 69 Woodbine Street, Brooklyn, stated under oath that he had not inspected the horses at all before applying for the insurance."

The actual "burners" were Morris Greenberg, known as "The Torch," and his son David. And on the night of August 14, 1912, Fire Marshal Brophy of Brooklyn was able to catch them at their work. **When Brophy and his men broke in, two of the horses, one blind, one lame, had been tied together and oiled down. "Their coats were saturated with kerosene and gasoline."**

There were seven horses in all; six of them were sold later by Evans's wife for $25; that is, at $4.16 apiece. So much for their value. But because in America horses are insured "without inspections or appraisals," the insurance company had placed $1,400 upon them!

I have found this thing in every city into which I have carried this investigation. If those who are supposed to have an interest in preventing fires are allowed to sell insurance in every possible way which can invite fires and make them easy, you may start merely with such absurdities as the insuring of the nonexistent, but you are going to end with horrors.

The company which placed the $1,400 on the seven horses which Louis Evans purchased for burning in Brooklyn was the Northern Assurance Company of London. The American manager of the Northern Assurance Company is George W. Babb, the president of our National Board of Fire Underwriters. He is the highest insurance official in America. In 1910 a State Insurance Commission was sitting in New York. It had been told nothing about tenement burning or town burning or horse burning. It had merely been told that practically all the fire insurance is now written in America without appraisal. And it was to George W. Babb that it went in its astonishment for confirmation.

"There is never any appraisal until a loss is claimed?" he was asked; "until there is a claim of loss?"

I give the answer, or its beginning, verbatim:

"Only—well—the New York Board—if you will let me explain, I will cover your idea. The only time that any of our organizations in the city of New York—the only time when any of our organizations in New York—"

It was not possible for the president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters to tell that insurance commission that, for good reasons, the agent or broker does not care to inspect and appraise, and that—for good reasons—the company does not find it to its financial interest to try to make him. After further gagging and stammering the spokesman of a business interest which ranks with transportation and banking was able to evolve this explanation:

For the seller of insurance to *look* at the thing insured "would make the insurance tax upon the public intolerable!"

National Praise for the Arson Series

Acclaim from New York's Fire Commissioner

NEW YORK, March 12, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the remarkable series of articles appearing in COLLIER'S WEEKLY under the title "The Business of Arson," by Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY renders important public service by this publication. Arson for insurance is the meanest crime that menaces this country to-day. It is responsible for a large portion of what has been called our "National Ash Heap"—the annual fire waste in this country amounting to about $250,000,000. . . .

A remarkable feature demonstrated by the COLLIER'S WEEKLY articles is that your investigation confirms conclusions arrived at by the Fire Department, though wholly different lines of research were followed in both cases. It is more than a coincidence that two wholly independent studies of the same subject should thus substantiate each other.

As you know, the Fire Department obtained without inspection or even inquiry on the part of the fire insurance companies, fire insurance policies to the number of 135, amounting to $127,500, on household effects worth only $3,06, thus proving the laxity of fire insurance methods. Mr. McFarlane in his investigation has obtained from the managers of the companies themselves astounding admissions proving our charges.

While the Fire Department brought home the carelessness of the companies by what might be called "direct action" in obtaining the policies, your numerous quotations from fire insurance company managers and other insurance authorities prove the case up to the hilt, and leave no room for the plea on the part of the companies that they knew not what they did. . . .

Not only have fires fallen off in the household furniture line, but there has been a marked reduction of fires which might have been anticipated in certain business enterprises. Very few of the "trade fires" which we had reason to expect occurred, and I attribute this very largely to the arson crusade inaugurated by the Fire Department and *so ably championed by* COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

This is a practical demonstration of the contention maintained by both the Fire Department and by COLLIER'S WEEKLY: that "The Business of Arson" exists in this country, and, up to now, has been in a very flourishing state. . . .

Furthermore, the scope of the articles in COLLIER'S WEEKLY has shown the matter *to be one of national import.* While this was outlined in the Fire Department Report on Incendiarism, it was not so fully exploited as has been done in the COLLIER'S WEEKLY series.

Judging from a perusal of these articles, I should say that the groundwork has been laid for a national investigation. This should be followed by legislation in each State, putting a stop to "The Business of Arson" in this country.

Communications received from various State fire marshals throughout the country confirm the Fire Department and the COLLIER'S WEEKLY investigation into this serious crime and demonstrate that other States are struggling with the same problem which we are facing here. . . .

Efforts should be made to stimulate public interest to such an extent that no one should be able to obtain a fire insurance policy unless he is able to supply some guarantee of responsibility. Fur-

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Built in No Way Like the Old-Time Tires

We don't build tires as we used to build them, nor as others build them now.

Goodyear success has come through ceaseless advancement. And we still spend fortunes, every year, to add to Goodyear mileage.

No-Rim-Cut tires—oversize tires—all the features you see are but part of the story.

There are formulas and fabrics, methods and materials, all being studied all the time to work out something better.

That is how Goodyears have far outsold every other tire in existence.

Not by following others, not by standing still. Not by thinking old ways good enough.

Goodyear tires are unique, made in our own ways—ways we invented, ways we control.

Every year we have made them better.

And yet, after fourteen years of betterment, scores of our experts are still solely employed in research and experiment.

Men Know Tires Nowadays

Time was when tires weren't measured by the lowest cost per mile. Men were guided mainly by the maker's name and fame.

But these are days of odometers. Men know mileage now. And any tire must yield its place when another tire outwears it.

So we have costly departments constantly employed to see that none outwears the Goodyear.

How They Work

These men wear out hundreds of tires on a metered machine in our factory.

They test fabrics and formulas, methods and processes—comparing by road test one idea with another.

Any old method is forever discarded the moment they find one better.

Thus we spend close to $100,000 per year, just to watch tires and to better them.

And we spend on each tire every cent that we can spend to lessen the cost per mile.

Their New Ideas

There were 40 tread formulas tried and discarded in perfecting our present tread.

There were 200 fabrics tested out in perfecting the Goodyear fabric.

Hand-wrapped tires were discarded. A machine was invented to give every inch of every layer exactly equal tension.

Rim-cutting was ended by the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires. And this tire of ours—controlled by us—has never been approached.

This invention stopped a fearful waste, for 23 per cent of all old-type tires suffered rim-cut ruin.

Then 10 per cent oversize, by a single stroke, added 25 per cent to the average tire mileage.

There are countless betterments too technical to treat. But those are the chief things done.

Then Meters Told

Then the meters on legions of cars began to tell that Goodyear tires were best.

Thousands of expense records revealed to users lower cost of upkeep.

One told another, and the facts spread. The demand for Goodyears then came like an avalanche.

This demand grew and grew, until Goodyear tires came to outsell all others. And it continued to grow, until last year's sales exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

All Because Tire Bills Came Down

Of course men like our methods. They know the Goodyear code insures the squarest sort of deal.

But this demand for No-Rim-Cut tires is due to proved economy. It is cost per mile that counts.

Goodyears jumped to leading place when they proved the lowest tire bills. And they will drop to second place when someone else can show them.

But the verdict today is that No-Rim-Cut tires show the lowest cost per mile. Hundreds of thousands have proved it. And the best experts we know are working day after day to see that they always show it.

Please test them for your own sake. Make your own comparisons. Two million of these tires have now gone into use, so men can't be mistaken.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

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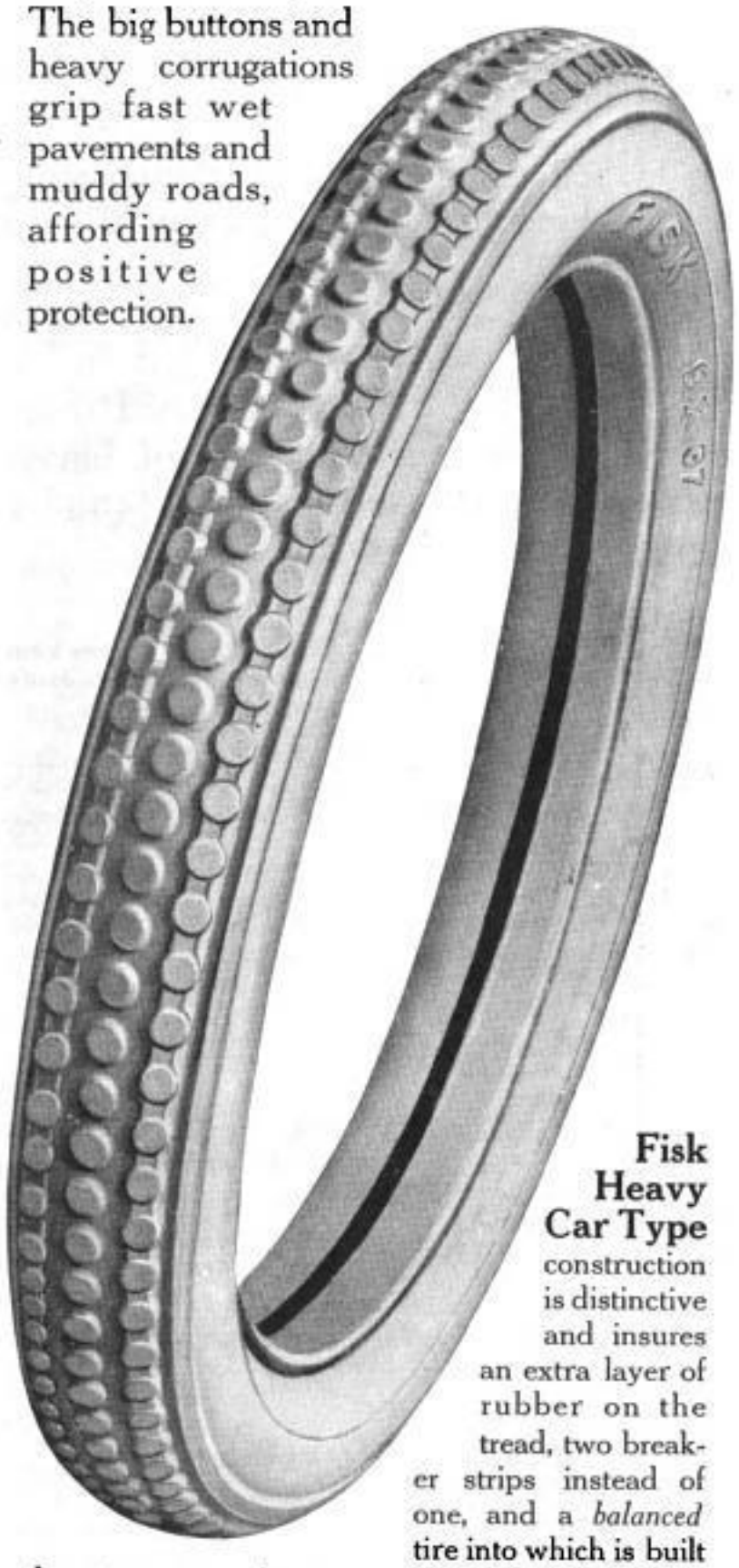
HEAVY CAR TYPE

FISK

Town Car Tread Tires

Have All the Safety, All the Strength And All the Service That Can Be Built Into Any Tire. ***They Do Not Skid.***

The big buttons and heavy corrugations grip fast wet pavements and muddy roads, affording positive protection.



Fisk Heavy Car Type construction is distinctive and insures an extra layer of rubber on the tread, two breaker strips instead of one, and a *balanced* tire into which is built the strongest resistance to road wear.

Look for "FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE" on every tire you buy. It stands for all that is best in tire construction—Strength, Quality, Mileage.

Write Dept. P for Latest Fisk Booklet

The Fisk Rubber Company

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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Branches in 41 Cities

FISK PNEUMATIC TIRES ARE GUARANTEED WHEN FILLED WITH AIR AT THE RECOMMENDED PRESSURE AND ATTACHED TO A FISK STANDARD RUBBER (ONE OF BOTH OF THE ACCOMPANYING INFLECTION STAMPS). WHEN FILLED WITH ANY SUBSTITUTE FOR AIR OR ATTACHED TO ANY OTHER RIM THAN THOSE SPECIFIED, OUR GUARANTEE IS WITHDRAWN

National Praise

(Concluded from page 24)

thermore, companies should be held responsible for policies issued to parties who prove themselves unworthy of possessing them.

I am pleased to be able to state that certain important and powerful fire insurance representatives are thoroughly in accord with the Fire Department in our fight against arson. It is satisfactory to find that we have friends among our enemies. As a matter of fact, however, no enmity should exist between any properly conducted fire insurance company and the Fire Department. These companies should commend COLLIER'S WEEKLY for the splendid stand it has made to stamp out incendiarism by going to the root of the evil—improperly conducted fire insurance business.

I hope these articles in COLLIER'S WEEKLY will have the widespread publicity and attentive perusal which their great importance undoubtedly deserves.

JOS. JOHNSON, Fire Commissioner.

The People Pay the Freight

DETROIT, MICH., Feb. 24, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

MR. MCFARLANE shows an acquaintance with the kernel of the business that I did not think was possessed by any layman, and certainly no layman has ever before been able to put it into the shape he has. When the people of this country can be made to realize that they "pay the freight" they will take the proper steps to exert the supervision that they have a right to exert over the fire insurance business. While it would be an extremely difficult thing to say or even surmise just what percentage of loss is due to arson, there is no doubt about it but that the indiscriminate appointment of agents, many of whom are irresponsible, with authority to issue and sign policies of the company indiscriminately, gives rise to a very large amount of loss, which could be avoided if the proper safeguards were thrown around it and if it was as hard to obtain insurance protection as other credit.

PAUL TURNER,
Vice President, Detroit National Fire Insurance Company.

Conclusions Are Justified

CHICAGO, ILL., March 5, 1913.

I HAVE been reading with great interest your several articles in COLLIER'S as they have appeared from week to week. I beg to express my appreciation and approval of the work which you have done, and of the thoroughness with which you have pursued the subject. It seems to me that you have presented the matter in a very forceful way and a very convincing way, and from our years of experience with the subject, I am able to say that your conclusions are entirely justified by the facts.

GEO. H. HOLT,
Manager Policy Holders' Union.

Experience of the Mutuals

COLUMBUS, KAS., Feb. 15, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THE experience of the Mutuals of Massachusetts shows you the best proof in the United States that the big losses are inexcusable.

GEORGE W. SNYDER,
Secretary Farmers' Mutual Insurance Association.

For Texas Legislators

AUSTIN, TEX., Feb. 26, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

AS a member of the Committee on Insurance of the House of Representatives of the Texas Legislature, I request that you send me copies of COLLIER'S containing the articles on fire insurance. We are engaged in contest with old-line stock companies in this State and will appreciate your help.

CHAS. H. MILLS.

From Montreal's Fire Chief

MONTREAL, Feb. 25, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

PERMIT me to offer my congratulations to COLLIER'S for the effective articles you are publishing and hope that the efficiency of same will soon be recognized and that the American people will benefit thereof. Each of us chiefs should endeavor to do our utmost to help you in furnishing all the necessary information in this national enterprise.

J. TREMBLAY, Chief, Fire Department.

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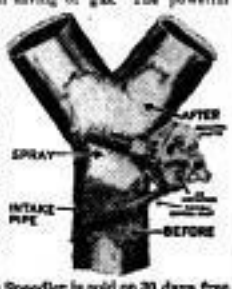


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Marvelous gas-saving speed spray. Lydon Speedler fits every automobile. For economy. For speed. For cooling. As an air-brake. Attach in a few minutes without touching your carburetor. Increases power greatly. Removes carbon. Keeps engine cooler. Positively guaranteed on 30 days free trial. Your money back if it does not pay for itself the first month.

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Free Trial The Lydon Speedler is sold on 30 days free trial. Try it for 30 days and get your money back if not entirely satisfied. Dealers everywhere are authorized to give 30 days free trial. If your dealer is not supplied, write to us for full description and all particulars. Use it 30 days free and get your money back if not delighted with it.

Write today for full description of this marvelous, money-saving, power-making speed device, postpaid free.

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Smoke Five With Me



Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for 40 years.

The tobacco grows in a mountainous district of Cuba. A resident expert—a rare connoisseur—picks it out for me. I have it made up for my private use as a Panatela, the size of this picture. It bears my own monogram band.

The aroma is rare, mild, sweet and exquisite. I have never found anything like it in a ready-made cigar.

I have long supplied these cigars to my friends, and the circle of users has grown into thousands. Now it occurs to me that many others would be glad to share this discovery. So I have decided to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men who love good Havanas, and who want something exceptional, at close to my cost. I send them by Parcel Post.

If you crave big, heavy, strong cigars, these of mine won't please you. But men who enjoy something mild and exquisite can find nothing like these, I think.

Five Cigars Free

I will mail you as samples five cigars free. Just send me 10 cents to partly cover expenses and I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people.

If you are delighted, then order as wanted. The price is $5 per hundred—$2.60 for 50—all charges paid. If you wish, I will open a charge account. **Write now for the five cigars.** (21)

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Nature has given us water—her one great solvent—and she has given us FLAKE GRAPHITE—her one great aid to better lubrication. The tiny, oily FLAKES cling tightly to the bearings, making a veneer-like coating of marvelous smoothness and endurance.

DIXON'S Graphite Greases

have received most remarkable endorsements from the "Speed Kings of Motordom."

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Send name and model of car for free booklet, "Lubricating the Motor," No. 248.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Established in 1827
Jersey City, New Jersey



Economize with

United States Tires

They cut down tire bills

Memories

(*Concluded from page* 20)

swered; "1873 equals twenty-eight, but you've got to be quick to catch 'em all when you're moving and there is a long string. It's a great mental exercise." He cherished many of the superstitions peculiar to actors. The utterance of a quotation from "Macbeth" would cause him to leave silently any room in the theatre; he would not speak the "tag" to any play; and I believe that if a visitor had ventured to whistle in his dressing room, amiable though the comedian was, he would have assaulted that sinful person. A certain way to excite him to satirical ire was to refer in his hearing to a theatrical company as a "troupe."

In appearance, while not grotesque, Lewis was peculiar. His figure was below the middle height and slender, but straight and wiry; his facial aspect was sedate, genial, and pleasant; his eyes, which slightly protruded, were blue, and were bright and "snappy" in expression; his nose was long and thin; his mouth large, with thin lips; his voice was high and incisive, and his utterance was clear, sharp, and effective; his hair was of a sandy color and thin; his hands were slender and delicate; his feet were extremely small and well shaped, and he was proud of them, and there was no more certain way to exasperate him than to touch them; he moved lightly, quickly, and with grace, and he possessed the quality which the old actors called "gig"—the faculty to suffuse his personations with exhilarating animation. His dress was notable for scrupulous neatness. He was not an exquisite in costume, but every article of clothing that he wore was tasteful and becoming. Though serious in temperament he was playful in conversation, perceiving quickly the comic side of things and making apt, quizzical comment on them. He was a bright and gentle spirit; he gave innocent happiness to thousands, and of him it might well have been written, as it was of the imagined Sir Peter:

He kept at true good-humor's mark
The social flow of Pleasure's tide:
He never made a brow look dark
Or caused a tear, but when he died.

The Green Mist

(*Continued from page* 15)

room without opening the door or the window—killed Strozza—"

"And something which, having killed Strozza, next killed the Chinaman, apparently without troubling to open the door behind which he lay concealed!" Smith continued. "For once in a way, inspector, Dr. Fu-Manchu has employed an ally which even his giant will was unable entirely to subjugate. What blind force—what terrific agent of death—had he confined in that sarcophagus!"

"You think this is the work of Fu-Manchu?" I said. "If you are correct, his power indeed is more than human!"

SOMETHING in my voice, I suppose, brought Smith right about. He surveyed me curiously.

"Can you doubt it? The presence of a concealed Chinaman surely is sufficient. Kwee, I feel assured, was one of the murder group, though probably he had only recently entered that mysterious service. He is unarmed, or I should feel disposed to think that his part was to assassinate Sir Lionel while, unsuspecting the presence of a hidden enemy, he was at work here. Strozza's opening the sarcophagus clearly spoiled the scheme."

"And led to the death—"

"Of a servant of Fu-Manchu? Yes. I am at a loss to account for that."

"Do you think that the sarcophagus entered into the scheme, Smith?"

My friend looked at me in evident perplexity.

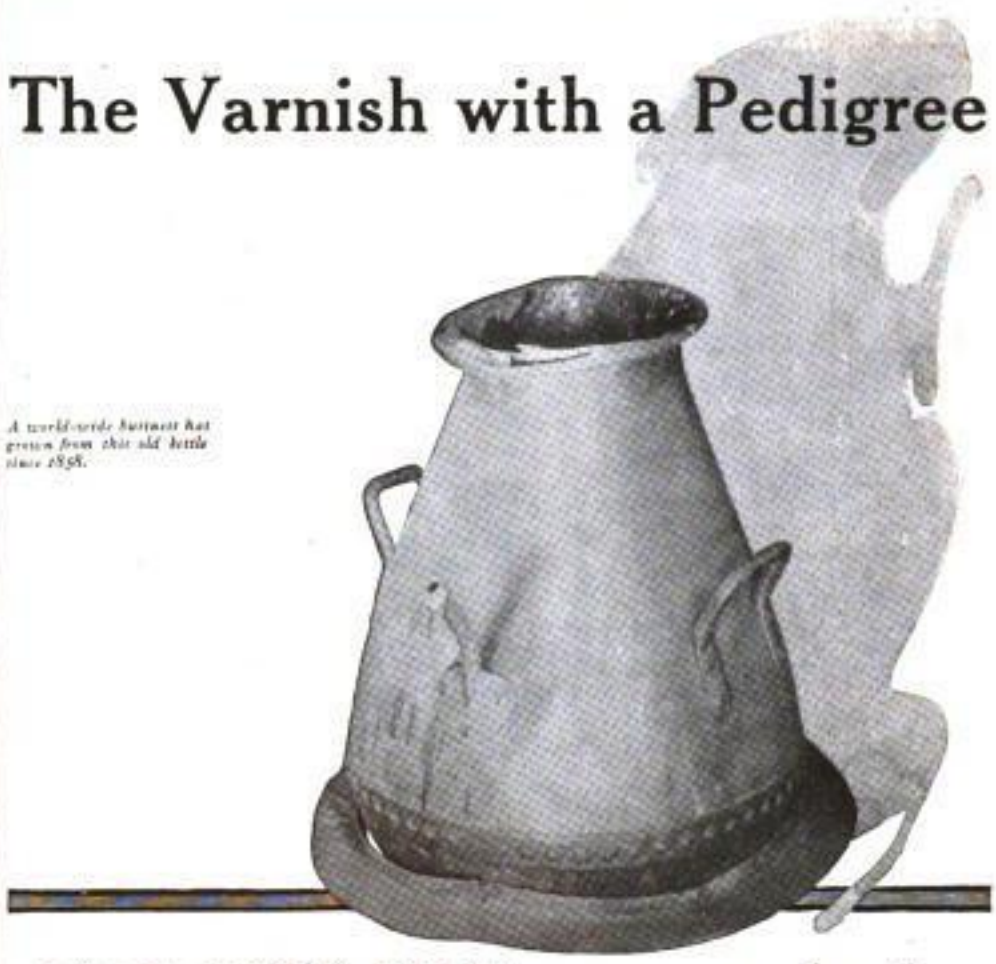
"You mean that its arrival at the time when a creature of the doctor's—Kwee—was concealed here may have been a coincidence?"

I nodded, and Smith bent over the sarcophagus, curiously examining the garish paintings with which it was decorated inside and out. It lay sideways upon the floor, and seizing it by its edge, he turned it over.

"Heavy," he muttered, "but Strozza must have capsized it as he fell. He would not have laid it on its side to remove the lid. Hullo!"

He bent further forward, catching at

The Varnish with a Pedigree



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FIFTY-FIVE years ago, in the kettle shown above and holding but a few gallons, Berry Brothers made their first run of varnish.

Today, our storage tanks—kept constantly full—have a capacity of *1,080,000 gallons.*

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And these ideals bore fruit—as such ideals always will. Men recognized the quality of their product—demanded it in ever increasing quantities. And so grew a business vast in volume, world-wide in scope, founded on merit alone.

For half a century we have maintained the same standard of manufacture. More! We have maintained expensive laboratories, ceaselessly experimenting to discover new and better methods. Today there is a Berry Brothers' product for every varnish need, each as perfect as human skill can make it.

What This Means To You

You—home-owner, manufacturer, builder, contractor, architect, dealer—should take a personal interest in the selection of varnish. One room in a home—or a sky-scraping office building—the finish will make or mar the entire appearance of the job.

If you insist upon Berry Brothers' goods and look for the Berry Brothers' label, you can be assured of a finish at once durable, permanent and beautiful—the best that can be made for your particular purpose.

We have a variety of interesting booklets on varnish problems, designed for every class of user. Write and tell us your varnish needs and we shall gladly send the proper booklet free. Berry Brothers' Varnishes are for sale by reliable dealers everywhere.

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The Green Mist

(*Continued from page* 27)

a piece of twine, and out of the mummy case pulled a rubber stopper or "cork."

"This was stuck in a hole down near the corner," he said. "Ugh! it has a disgusting smell!"

I took it from his hands and was about to examine it, when a loud voice sounded outside in the hall. The door was thrown open, and a big man, who, despite the warmth of the weather, wore a fur-lined overcoat, rushed impetuously into the room.

"Sir Lionel!" cried Smith eagerly, "I warned you! And see—you have had a very narrow escape!"

Sir Lionel Barton glanced at what lay upon the floor, then from Smith to myself, and from me to Inspector Weymouth. He dropped into one of the few chairs unstacked with books.

"Mr. Smith," he said with emotion, "what does this mean? Tell me—quickly."

IN brief terms Smith detailed the happenings of the night—or so much as he knew of them. Sir Lionel Barton listened, sitting quite still the while—an unusual repose in a man of such evidently tremendous nervous activity.

"He came for the jewels," he said slowly, when Smith was finished, and his eyes turned to the body of the dead Italian. "I was wrong to submit him to the temptation. God knows what Kwee was doing in hiding. Perhaps he had come to murder me, as you surmise, Mr. Smith, though I find it hard to believe. But I don't think this is the handiwork of your Chinese doctor!" He fixed his gaze upon the sarcophagus.

Smith stared at him in surprise. "What do you mean, Sir Lionel?"

The famous traveler continued to look toward the sarcophagus with something in his blue eyes that might have been dread.

"I received a wire from Professor Rembold to-night," he continued. "You were correct in supposing that no one but Strozza knew of my absence. I dressed hurriedly and met the professor at the Traveler's. He knew that I was to read a paper next week upon"—again he looked toward the mummy case—"the tomb of Mekara, and he knew that the sarcophagus had been brought untouched to England. He begged of me not to open it."

Nayland Smith was studying the speaker's face.

"What reason did he give for so extraordinary a request?" he asked.

Sir Lionel Barton hesitated.

"One," he replied at last, "which amused me—at the time. I must inform you that Mekara—whose tomb my agent had discovered during my absence in Tibet, and to enter which I broke my return journey at Alexandria—was a high priest and first prophet of Amen—under the Pharaoh of the Exodus; in short, one of the magicians who contested in magic arts with Moses! I thought the discovery unique—until Professor Rembold furnished me with some curious particulars respecting the death of M. Page le Roi, the French Egyptologist—particulars new to me."

We listened in growing surprise, scarcely knowing to what this tended.

"M. le Roi," continued Barton, "discovered, but kept secret, the tomb of Amenti—another of this particular brotherhood. It appears that he opened the mummy case on the spot—these priests were of royal line and are buried in the valley of Bibán-el-Molúk. His fellah and Arab servants deserted him for some reason—on seeing the mummy case—and he was found dead, apparently strangled beside it. The matter was hushed up by the Egyptian Government; Rembold could not explain why. But he begged of me not to open the sarcophagus of Mekara."

A silence fell.

THE true facts regarding the sudden death of Page le Roi, which I now heard for the first time, had impressed me unpleasantly, coming from a man of Sir Lionel Barton's experience and reputation.

"How long had it lain at the docks?" jerked Smith.

"For two days I believe. I am not a superstitious man, Mr. Smith, but neither is Professor Rembold, and now that I know the facts respecting Page le Roi, I can find it in my heart to thank God that I did not see—whatever came out of that sarcophagus!"

Nayland Smith stared him hard in the face.

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It's the extra air-room that does the work. The more air-room in your tires means more resiliency, and a greater ability of the tire to absorb the shock of the road, insuring more comfort for you and your passengers—*more comfort for your tires.*

This more air-room tire does the work easily and will not strain under road usage. The extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls.

You can now get Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber, with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—at any of the

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The Green Mist

(*Continued from page* 28)

"I am glad you did not, Sir Lionel," he said, "for whatever the Priest Mekara has to do with the matter, by means of his sarcophagus, Dr. Fu-Manchu has made his first attempt upon your life! He has failed, but I hope you will accompany me from here to a hotel. He will not fail twice!"

IT WAS the night following that of the double tragedy at Rowan House. Nayland Smith, with Inspector Weymouth, was engaged in some mysterious inquiry at the docks, and I had remained at home to bring up to date that strange chronicle, which I hoped to live to publish, of our dealings with the satanic genius, Dr. Fu-Manchu. And—why should I not confess it?—my memories had frightened me.

I was arranging my notes respecting the case of Sir Lionel Barton. They were hopelessly incomplete. For instance, I had jotted down the following queries: (1) Did any true parallel exist between the death of M. Page le Roi and the death of Kwee the Chinaman, and of Strozza? (2) What had become of the mummy of Mekara? (3) How had the murderer escaped from a locked room? (4) What was the purpose of the rubber stopper? (5) Why was Kwee hiding in the conservatory? (6) Was the green mist a mere subjective hallucination—a figment of Croxted's imagination—or had he actually seen it?

Until these questions were satisfactorily answered further progress was impossible. Nayland Smith frankly admitted that he was out of his depth. "It looks on the face of it more like a case for the Psychical Research people than for a plain Civil Servant, lately of Mandalay," he had said only that morning.

"Sir Lionel Barton really believes that supernatural agencies were brought into operation by the opening of the high priest's coffin! For my part, even if I believed the same, I should still maintain that Dr. Fu-Manchu controlled those agencies. But reason it out for yourself and see if we arrive at any common center. Don't work so much upon the datum of the green mist, but keep to the facts which are established."

I commenced to knock out my pipe in the ash tray; then paused, pipe in hand. The house was quite still, for my landlady and all the small household were out.

Above the noise of a passing tramcar I had thought I heard that hall door open. In the ensuing silence I sat and listened.

Not a sound! Stay; I slipped my hand into the table drawer, took out my revolver, and stood up.

There *was* a sound. Someone or something was creeping upstairs in the dark!

FAMILIAR with the ghastly media employed by the Chinaman, I was seized by an impulse to leap to the door, shut and lock it. But the rustling sound proceeded now from immediately outside my partially opened door. I had not the time to close it; knowing somewhat of the horrors at the command of Fu-Manchu, I had not the courage to open it. My heart leaping wildly, and my eyes upon that bar of darkness with its gruesome potentialities, I waited—waited for whatever was to come. Perhaps twelve seconds passed in silence.

"Who's there?" I cried. "Answer, or I fire!"

"Ah! no!" came a soft voice, thrillingly musical. "Put it down—that pistol! Quick! I must speak to you!"

The door was pushed open and there entered a slim figure wrapped in a hooded cloak. My hand fell, and I stood, stricken to silence, looking into the beautiful dark eyes of Dr. Fu-Manchu's messenger, if her own statement could be credited, slave. On two occasions this girl, whose association with the doctor was one of the most profound mysteries of the case, had risked—I cannot say what; unnamable punishments perhaps—to save me from death, in both cases from a terrible death.

Her lips slightly parted, she stood holding her cloak about her and watching me with great passionate eyes.

"How—" I began.

But she shook her head impatiently.

"*He* has a duplicate key of the house door!" was her amazing statement. "I have never betrayed a secret of my master's before, but you must arrange to replace the lock."

She came forward and rested her slim hands confidingly upon my shoulders. "I



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The Green Mist

(Continued from page 29)

have come again to ask you to take me away from him!" she said simply.

And she lifted her face to me.

Her words struck a chord in my heart which sang with strange music, with music so barbaric that, frankly, I blushed to find it harmony. Have I said that she was beautiful? It can convey no faint conception of her. With her pure, fair skin, eyes like the velvet darkness of the East, and red lips so tremulously near to mine, she was the most seductively lovely creature I ever had looked upon. In that electric moment my heart went out in sympathy to every man who had bartered honor, country, all for a woman's kiss.

"I will see that you are placed under proper protection," I said firmly, but my voice was not quite my own. "It is absurd to talk of slavery here in England. You are a free agent, or you could not be here now. Dr. Fu-Manchu cannot control your actions—"

"Ah!" she cried, casting back her head scornfully, and releasing a cloud of hair through whose softness gleamed a jeweled headdress—"no? He cannot? Do you know what it means to have been a slave? Here, in your free England, do you know what it means: the *razzia*, the desert journey, the whips of the drivers, the house of the dealer, the shame—bah!"

HOW beautiful she was in her indignation!

"Slavery is put down, you imagine, perhaps? You do not believe that to-day—*to-day*—twenty-five English sovereigns will buy a Calla girl, who is brown, and—whisper, two hundred and fifty—a Circassian, who is white! No! there is no slavery! So! Then what am I?"

She threw open her cloak, and it is a literal fact that I rubbed my eyes, half believing that I dreamed. For beneath, she was arrayed in gossamer silk which more than indicated the perfect lines of her slim shape, wore a jeweled girdle and barbaric ornaments; was a figure fit for the walled gardens of Stamboul—a figure amazing, incomprehensible, in the prosaic setting of my rooms!

"To-night I had no time to make myself an English miss!" she said, wrapping her cloak quickly about her. "You see me as I am!"

Her garments exhaled a faint perfume, and it reminded me of another meeting I had had with her. I looked into the challenging eyes.

"Your request is but a pretense," I said. "Why do you keep the secrets of that man when they mean death to so many?"

"Death! I have seen my own sister die of fever in the desert—seen her thrown like carrion into a hole in the sand! I have seen men flogged until they prayed for death as a boon! I have known the lash myself! Death! What does it matter?"

She shocked me inexpressibly. Enveloped in her cloak again, and with only her slight accent to betray her, it was dreadful to hear such words from a girl who, save for her singular type of beauty, might have been a cultured European.

"Prove, then, that you really wish to leave this man's service. Tell me what killed Strozza and the Chinaman!" I said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not know that. But if you will carry me off"—she clutched me nervously—"so that I am helpless, lock me up so that I cannot escape, beat me if you like, I will tell you all I do know! While he is my master I will never betray him. Tear me from him, by force—do you understand, *by force!*—and my lips will be sealed no longer! Ah! but you do not understand, with your 'proper authorities'—your police! Police! Ah! I have said enough!"

SHE shivered as if with cold, stepping back and drawing the cloak tightly about her. For my part, I felt hopelessly unable to cope with ideas of so extraordinary a character. I stood silent, amazed. What should I do? Reason with her? Detain her?

A clock across the Common began to strike. The girl started, and laid her hands upon my shoulders again. There were tears glittering among the curved black lashes.

"You do not understand!" she whispered. "Oh! will you never understand—and release me from him! I must go. Already I have remained too long. Lis-



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The Green Mist

(Continued from page 30)

ten! Go out—without delay! Remain out—at a hotel, where you will, but do not stay here!"

"And Nayland Smith?"

"What is he to me—this Nayland Smith! Ah! why will you not unseal my lips! You are in danger—you hear me!—in danger! Go away from here tonight."

She dropped her hands and ran from the room. In the open doorway she turned, stamping her foot passionately.

"You have hands and arms!" she cried. "And yet you let me go! Be warned, then; fly from here—" She broke off with something that sounded like a sob.

I MADE no move to stay her—this beautiful accomplice of the archmurderer, Fu-Manchu. I heard her light footsteps pattering down the stairs; I heard her open and close the door—the door of which Dr. Fu-Manchu held the key. Still I stood where she had parted from me, and was so standing when a key grated in the lock, and Nayland Smith came running up.

"Did you see her?" I began.

But his face showed that he had not done so, and rapidly I told him of my strange visitor, of her words, of her warning.

"How can she have passed through London in that costume?" I cried in bewilderment. "Where can she have come from?"

Smith shrugged his shoulders and began to stuff broad-cut mixture into the cracked briar.

"She might have traveled in a car or in a cab," he said, "and undoubtedly she came direct from the house of Dr. Fu-Manchu. You should have detained her, Petrie. It is the third time we have had that woman in our power, the third time we have let her go free."

"Smith," I replied, "I couldn't! She came of her own free will, to give me warning. She disarms me!"

"Because you can see she is in love with you?" he suggested, and burst into one of his rare laughs when the angry flush rose to my cheek. "She is, Petrie—why pretend to be blind to it? You don't know the Oriental mind as I do; but I quite understand the girl's position. She fears the English authorities, but would submit to capture by you! If you would only seize her by the hair, drag her to some cellar, hurl her down and stand over her with a whip, she would tell you everything she knows, and salve her strange Eastern conscience with the reflection that speech was forced from her! I am not joking; it is so, I assure you. And she would adore you for your savagery, deeming you forceful and strong!"

"Smith," I said, "be serious. You know what her warning meant before?"

"I can guess what it means now!" he rapped. "Hullo!"

Some one was furiously ringing the bell.

"No one at home?" said my friend. "I will go. I think I know what it is."

A FEW minutes later he returned, carrying a large square package.

"From Weymouth," he explained, "by district messenger," and began to untie the wrappings. "I left him behind at the docks, and he arranged to forward any evidence which subsequently he found. This will be fragments of the missing mummy!"

"What! you think the mummy was abstracted?"

"Yes, at the docks, I am sure of it—and somebody else was in the sarcophagus when it reached Rowan House! A sarcophagus, I find, is practically airtight, so that the use of the rubber stopper becomes evident—ventilation! How this person killed Strozza I have yet to learn—"

"Also, how he escaped from a locked room! And what about the green mist?"

Nayland Smith spread his hands in a characteristic gesture.

"The green mist, Petrie, can be explained in several ways. Remember we have only one man's word that it existed. It is at best a confusing datum to which we must not attach a fictitious importance."

He threw the wrappings on the floor, and tugged at a twine loop in the lid of the square box, which now stood upon the table. Suddenly the lid came away, bringing with it a lead lining such as is usual in tea chests. This lining was partially attached to one side of the box, so

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"Thoroughly equipped Residence School"

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J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Rockford, Ill.

The Green Mist

(*Concluded from page 31*)

that the action of removing the lid at once raised and tilted it.

Then happened a singular thing.

Out over the table billowed a sort of yellowish green cloud—an oily vapor—and an inspiration, it was nothing less, born of a memory and of some words of my beautiful visitor, came to me. And I thank Heaven for it.

"*Run, Smith!*" I screamed—"the door! the door, for your life! Fu-Manchu sent that box!"

I threw my arms around him. As he bent forward, the moving vapor rose almost to his nostrils. I dragged him back and all but pitched him out onto the landing. We entered my bedroom, and there, as I turned on the light, I saw that Smith's tanned face was unusually drawn and touched with pallor.

"It's *chlorine gas!*" I said hoarsely. "Inhalation is deadly. It is the fumes of chlorine that kill the men in the bleaching-powder works! We have been blind!—I, particularly! Don't you see? There was no one in the sarcophagus, Smith, but there was enough of that fearful stuff to have suffocated a regiment!"

Smith clenched his fists convulsively.

"My God!" he said, "how can I hope to deal with the author of such a scheme! I see the whole plan. He did not reckon on the mummy case being overturned, and Kwee's part was to remove the plug with the aid of the string—after Sir Lionel had been suffocated! The gas, I take it, is heavier than air—"

"A specific gravity of 2.470," I said, "two and a half times heavier than air. You can pour it from jar to jar like a liquid—if you are wearing a chemist's mask. The sarcophagus would have emptied through the vent, the gas would have dispersed, and no clue remained—except the smell."

"I did smell it, Petrie, on the stopper, but of course was unfamiliar with it. You may remember that you were prevented from doing so by the arrival of Sir Lionel? The scent of those infernal flowers must partially have drowned it, too. Poor, misguided Strozza inhaled the stuff, capsized the case in his fall, and all the gas—"

"Went pouring under the conservatory door, and down the steps, where Kwee was crouching! Croxted's breaking the window created sufficient draft to disperse what little remained. It will have settled on the floor, now. I will go and open both windows."

Nayland Smith raised his haggard face.

"He evidently made more than was necessary to dispatch Sir Lionel Barton," he said, "and contemptuously—you note the attitude, Petrie?—contemptuously devoted the surplus to me. His contempt is justified. I am a child striving to cope with a mental giant. It is by no wit of mine that Dr. Fu-Manchu scores a double failure."

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE NUMBER 2
MARCH 29, 1913

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*
Robert J. Collier, *President*
E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*
J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*
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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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Advertising Standardizes Goods and Prices For You and Me

No. 111

ADVERTISING AN ECONOMY

By JOHN N. WILLYS,
President the Willys-Overland Co.,
Toledo, Ohio

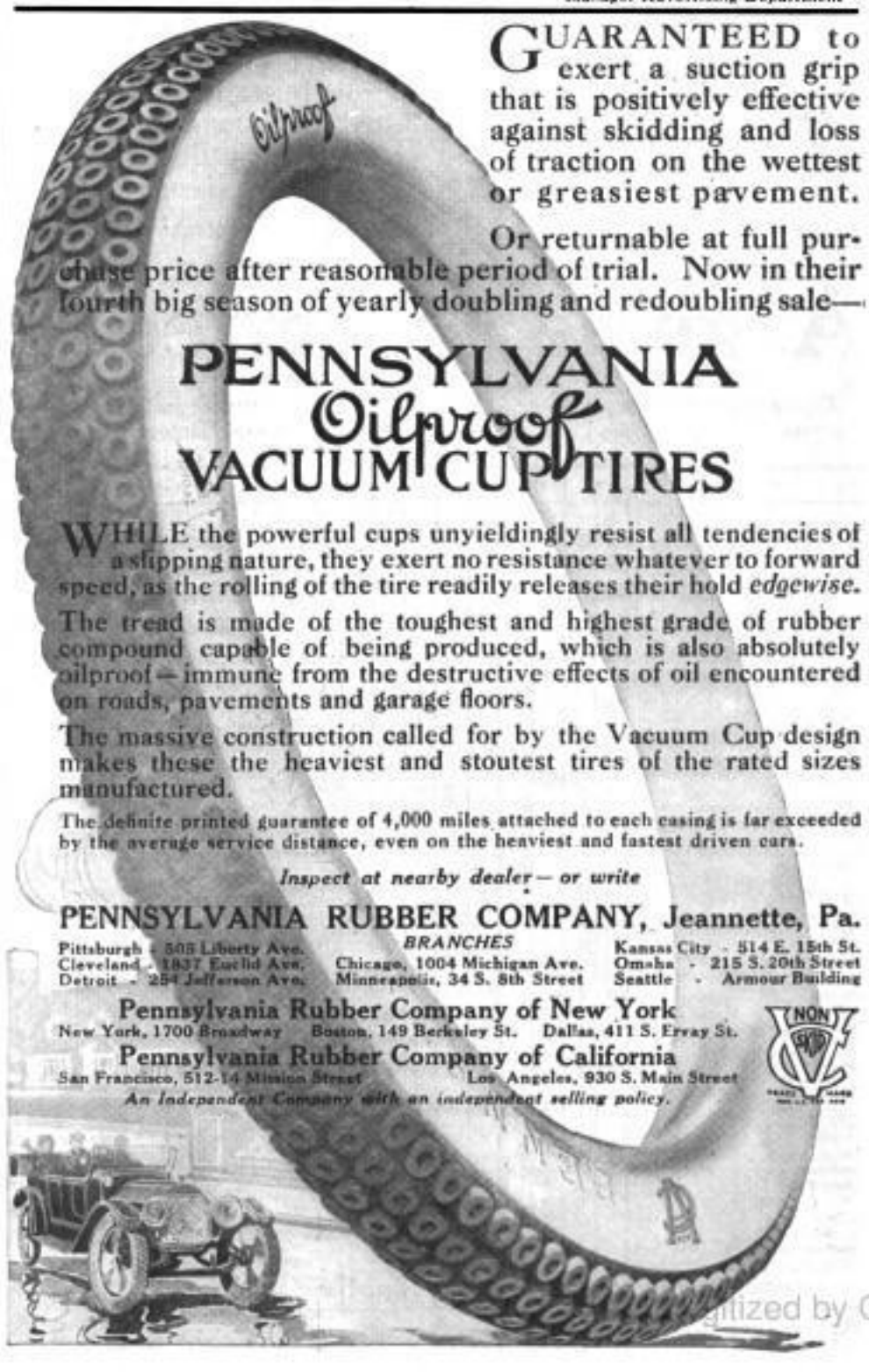
The man who says, "I wouldn't buy that car because its advertising increases the cost unnecessarily," is making the mistake of his life. He is overlooking an economic principle, tried and proved, that has more than any other one agency to do with bringing within his reach a really high-class product at a reasonable price. He is as much mistaken as the farmer who would prefer hand harvesting to the purchase of an automatic binder.

Money spent in extensive and judicious advertising is the best investment in the world today for everyone concerned; for the manufacturer, the dealer and the purchaser of a motor car. The product that is not advertised will not sell readily, no matter how attractive are quality and price. The grocer or other dealer who has on his shelves goods that are not advertised, will bear witness to the truth of his statement. Wholesalers and manufacturers who do not use printers' ink will attest to its truthfulness by the cost system, figures for their sales department. Any salesman in the world will tell you that advertised goods can be, and are, sold at much less cost than these unknown except to a comparatively small coterie of users.

Successful advertising is a sure indication of quality, for without value of the product, no advertising could succeed. The manufacturer and everyone connected with the distribution would lose reputation and money, for the public will not long continue to be gulled. Advertising is no more an extravagance than is the use of good seed or good machinery by the farmer. Extensive advertising is just as economical as quantity production in the motor car industry, for it brings larger and quicker return of the investment, allowing for reinvestment in materials and consequent large production. It is an essential economic factor of the "eternal cycle" which has placed American-made automobiles first in every market of the world.

—from Chicago Daily Journal, Saturday, February 8, 1913

W. C. F. Hamilton
Manager Advertising Department



GUARANTEED to exert a suction grip that is positively effective against skidding and loss of traction on the wettest or greasiest pavement.

Or returnable at full purchase price after reasonable period of trial. Now in their fourth big season of yearly doubling and redoubling sale—

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

WHILE the powerful cups unyieldingly resist all tendencies of a slipping nature, they exert no resistance whatever to forward speed, as the rolling of the tire readily releases their hold *edgewise.*

The tread is made of the toughest and highest grade of rubber compound capable of being produced, which is also absolutely oilproof—immune from the destructive effects of oil encountered on roads, pavements and garage floors.

The massive construction called for by the Vacuum Cup design makes these the heaviest and stoutest tires of the rated sizes manufactured.

The definite printed guarantee of 4,000 miles attached to each casing is far exceeded by the average service distance, even on the heaviest and fastest driven cars.

Inspect at nearby dealer—or write

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

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Pittsburgh - 505 Liberty Ave. Chicago, 1004 Michigan Ave. Kansas City - 514 E. 15th St.
Cleveland - 1837 Euclid Ave. Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th Street Omaha - 215 S. 20th Street
Detroit - 254 Jefferson Ave. Seattle - Armour Building

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New York, 1700 Broadway Boston, 149 Berkeley St. Dallas, 411 S. Ervay St.

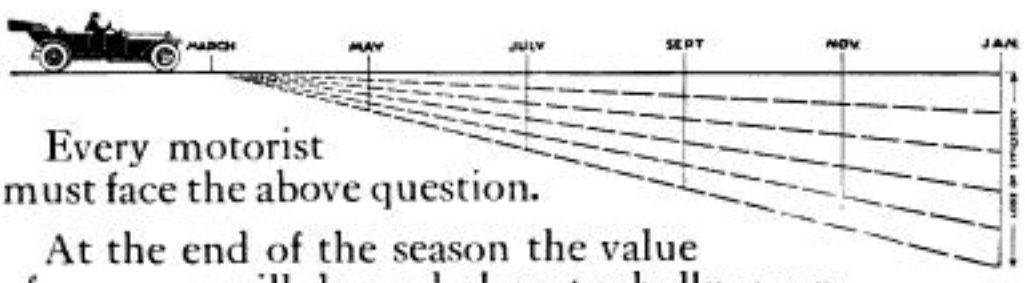
Pennsylvania Rubber Company of California
San Francisco, 512-14 Mission Street Los Angeles, 930 S. Main Street

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy.

NON SKID

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What will the year 1913 do to your car?



Every motorist must face the above question.

At the end of the season the value of your car will depend almost wholly upon the condition of your motor.

That will depend mainly on the lubricating oil you have used.

Motor-wear is not accidental. It results from friction.

Excessive friction is bound to follow the use of an oil whose "body" is unsuited to your feed system, or whose lubricating qualities cannot properly withstand the demands of service.

Common results are:

(1) Undue loss of power.

(2) Unnecessary repair troubles.

(3) An excess consumption of fuel.

(4) An excess consumption of lubricating oil.

To avoid these losses, your motor must be supplied with:

(1) An oil that will retain efficient lubricating qualities *under the heat of service.*

(2) An oil that will *wear well* in use.

(3) Oil of a "body" that *will properly feed to the various friction points.*

Motors differ.

No short-cut method can determine the oil that best meets your feed requirements.

The construction of your motor *must* be analyzed and carefully considered.

The piston clearance must be known; the fit of the piston-rings into their recesses; the length of the crank shaft and connecting-rod bearings; the feed system; the length of the vacuum period while intake and exhaust valves are both closed.

We have undertaken this serious problem with the thoroughness that has established our standing in the general lubricating field.

To arrive at correct automobile lubrication we have done what *must* be done. Every year we carefully analyze the motor of each make of automobile.

Based on this motor-analysis, and on practical experience, we specify in a lubricating chart (printed in part on this page) the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil best suited to your motor.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests. In sheer lubricating quality, we can safely say that they stand alone.

So far as correct lubrication can assure it, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car assures:

(1) The greatest horsepower efficiency.

(2) The smoothest operation.

(3) The fewest repair troubles.

(4) The lowest operating cost per mile.

(5) The longest life to your motor.

(6) The greatest second-hand value.

Throughout the world you will find that the authoritative leadership of the Vacuum Oil Company in matters of lubrication is unquestioned.

The lubricating chart on this page represents our professional advice.

If you use an oil of less-correct "body" or of lower lubricating efficiency than that specified, your motor faces unnecessary friction and ultimate serious damage.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel, or a sealed five-gallon or one-gallon can.

See that the proper name and the red Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture, appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, refined and filtered to remove free carbon are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from all reliable garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO.
Rochester, U. S. A.

BRANCHES:

NEW YORK, 29 Broadway — DETROIT, Ford Bldg. — BOSTON, 49 Federal St.
CHICAGO, Fisher Bldg. — PHILADELPHIA, 4th & Chestnut Sts. — INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana Pythian Bldg.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Aleo	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Avery	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	B	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carterear	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders	...	...	E	E	B	E	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grabam	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Kelly Springfield	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Loeier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Mercer	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige Detroit	...	...	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Rayfield	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studland-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	...	...
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

Wanted—10,000 Friends

By R. E. Olds, Designer

On Reo the Fifth I seek each year 10,000 new friends like the ones I have.

Not buyers merely, but satisfied owners who for years to come will be glad that I built their cars.

It is to win that kind of satisfaction that I build a car like this.

26 Years Form a Long, Long Road

I have spent 26 years building automobiles, and it is fair to assume men have found me out.

After 25 years, the demand last year was twice our factory output. At times we had five orders for every car we built.

And this year's output was contracted by dealers before the first model was finished.

That situation, I believe, justifies my radical ideas.

My Ideas Are These

I consider it wrong to take chances. Or to ask a man to take some risks I would not take myself.

So I have all steel made to formula. And I make two analyses—before and after treating—before the steel is used.

I test my gears in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. I test my springs for 100,000 vibrations.

I put my engines to three 10-hour tests which are rarely used. I test them 48 hours all together.

On driving parts I always insist on enormous margin of safety. So I make them to meet all the requirements of a 45 h. p. engine.

And, to guard against error, the various parts of each car are required to pass a thousand inspections.

Costly Extremes

I know, as you know, that oversize tires mean immense economy. So I use on this car tires 34 x 4.

I know that endurance calls for roller bearings. So I use 11 Timken bearings and 4 of the Hyatt High Duty. They cost five times as much as common ball bearings.

I know that steel castings too often have flaws. So I use in their place 190 drop forgings, costing twice as much.

I use a $75 magneto.

I doubly heat my carburetor.

For safety's sake, I use big brakes and 2-inch, 7-leaf springs.

For Appearance

To make this car look as good as it is, every detail gets the final touch.

Each body gets 17 coats. The deep upholstering is of genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

The electric dash lights are set in. And the car is completely nickel trimmed, even below the hood.

Cost $200 Per Car

These extremes, I figure, add about $200 to the necessary cost of each car.

I could save, on this basis, two million dollars a year by being less conscientious.

I save it instead through factory efficiency. By building all our own parts. And by confining our output to this single model, which saves about 20 per cent.

As a result, this car built as I build it can be sold for $1,095.

When I buy a car I want it built like this. I want low cost of upkeep, no repairs, no troubles. I want to be sure of no hidden flaws. I want a car safe and enduring.

So I build for you exactly the same as I build cars for myself. My envied position, after 26 years, is due to this policy only.

This spring I am seeking ten thousand others who feel as I do about cars.

No Control Like This

No other car has a center control like the one in Reo the Fifth.

Here is a rod, set out of the way, with which the right hand does all of the gear shifting. It is done by moving the rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

No levers, side or center—nothing in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

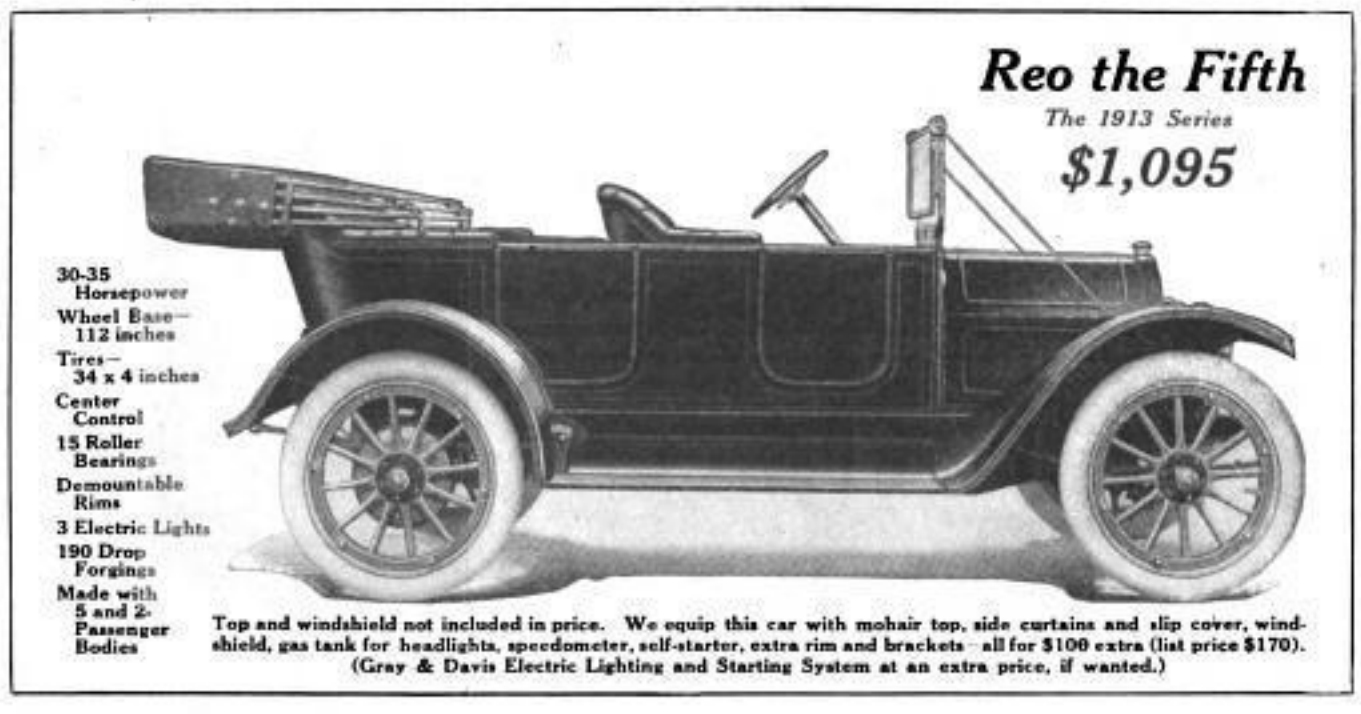
And the car, of course, has left side drive, like the best of latest cars.

Most men, I believe, would pay $100 for this center control alone. In Reo the Fifth it costs you nothing extra.

Please study this car. When you come to know it half as well as I do, no lesser car will be considered by you.

It means dependability. It means comfort, safety, lack of trouble. And it means an upkeep cost as low as any man can make it.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car



R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(153)

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The girl away at school will appreciate being remembered with a case of Welch's. It will add to the jollity and cheer of the impromptu and formal feasts of herself and her chums. Besides, Welch's is as healthful as it is tempting. The girl who is studying hard not only finds Welch's a pleasant feature of her hours of relaxation, but with a supply of it for her personal use, she refreshes herself when lesson-weary without endangering her digestion.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Welch's is a *Nature* drink—just the pure, unfermented juice of the finest Concord grapes grown. We pay a bonus for our kind of grapes—the best of the perfect clusters. This, with the care and cleanliness of the Welch process, secures the high quality and splendid flavor.

Welch's is always ready for you when you entertain. Served plain, it is delicious, and it may be quickly made into many different drinks and desserts.

Welch Punch

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one pint of Welch's Grape Juice, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. This punch has become a standard of excellence.

Welch Sherbet

Welch's Grape Juice, one and one-half pints; water, two pints; sugar, one and one-half pounds; juice of three lemons. Freeze medium stiff. Take the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat thoroughly, then stir the froth into sherbet. Freeze as hard as possible; remove the dasher and stand aside for an hour or so. Be careful to pack well.

Welch Float

Make a plain lemonade, rather sweet, see that it is cold and when ready to serve pour into the glasses. Then carefully float on the top a sufficient quantity of Welch's Grape Juice to fill the glasses; or add one-fourth grape juice when making the lemonade.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—Say "Welch's"—and GET IT

Stewards of fraternity houses and sorority clubs should write us for our free booklet of recipes.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - - - - - - - - - - Westfield, N. Y.



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APR 4 1913

Collier's

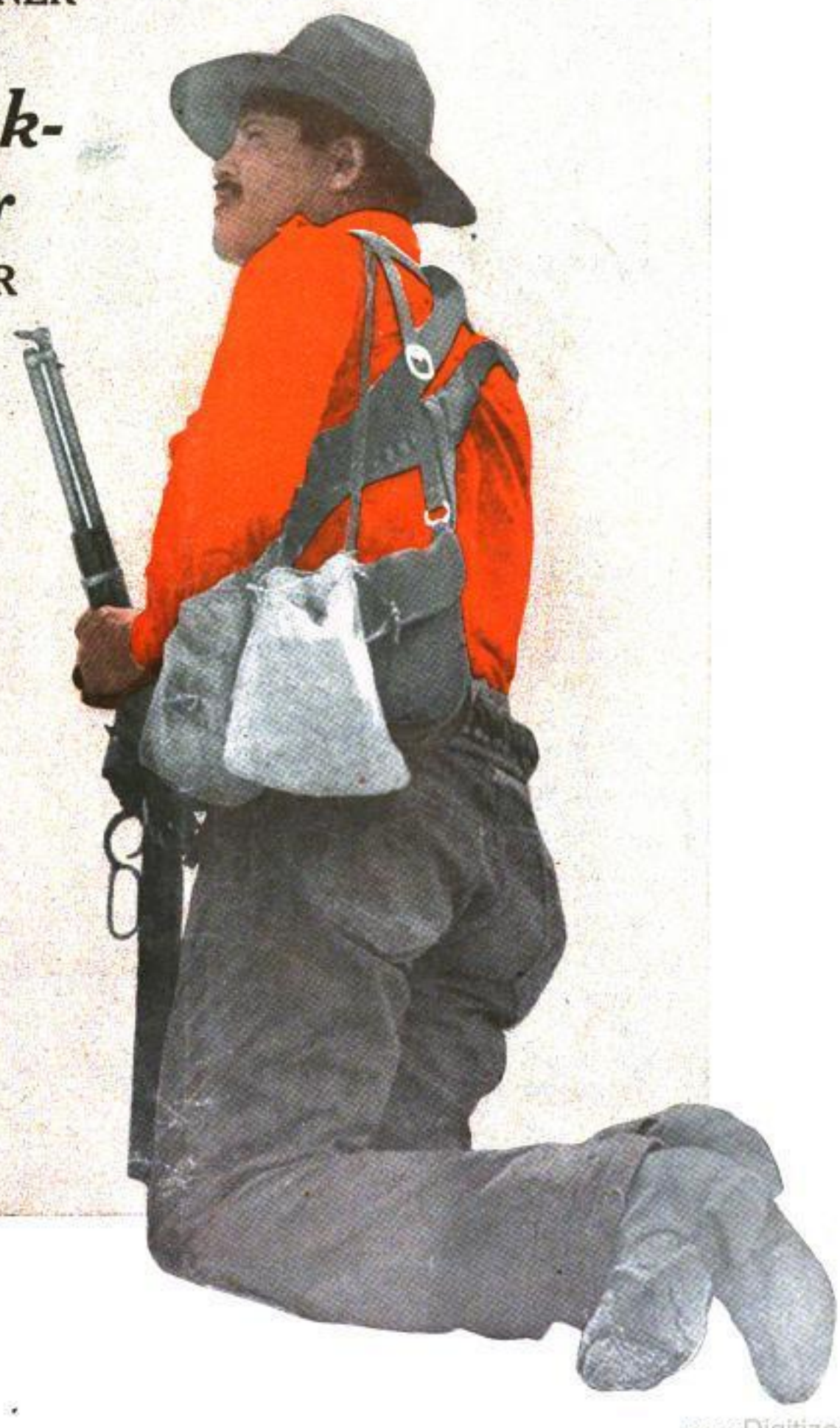
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Mexico's "Bandit" Armies
By JOHN K. TURNER

The Shrinking Dollar
By CARL SNYDER

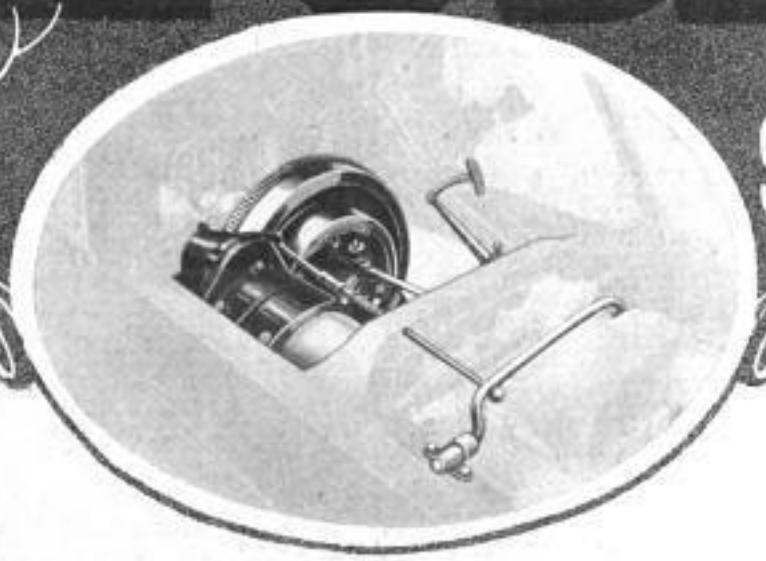
The "Devil" of Adrianople
By GEORGE MARVIN

The Country Up-in-Back
By C. T. JACKSON



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WHAT CAR MANUFACTURERS SAY ABOUT THE GRAY & DAVIS ELECTRIC STARTER



"Absolutely the best that can be had—a starter that has proven itself 100% efficient in thousands of tests."

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

"Admitted by authoritative engineers to be without a superior."

Lozier Motor Company

Read the Opinions of Automobile Experts

Automobile builders and their engineers are experts. They naturally know *more* about automobiles than anyone else and make an exhaustive study of equipment—especially starting devices. It is to your interest to investigate which starter has passed the gruelling tests of the automobile engineers. The statements printed on this page answer the question; they offer the highest possible testimony regarding the efficiency of the Gray & Davis Starter.

Over 40 manufacturers have adopted Gray & Davis products for 1913—concrete evidence of Gray & Davis *quality*. Five great factories are engaged in producing Gray & Davis Electric Starters, Dynamos and Lamps. 17 years of experience and a corps of electrical experts insure the QUALITY and SERVICE of every accessory bearing the name "Gray & Davis."

"The National's policy to use nothing but the BEST, resulted in the adoption of Gray & Davis electric starter and lighting systems."

National Motor Vehicle Co.

"The most powerful Starter ever used."

Peerless Motor Car Co.

"The most noticeable advancement for 1913 season is the adoption of the Gray & Davis Electric Starter."

Velie Motor Vehicle Company

"The Stearns equipment is absolutely complete. It includes Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting system."

The F. B. Stearns Company

"We have installed your electric starter on our Maritime 'Six' with extremely satisfactory results, and are satisfied that we made the wisest choice possible."

The Maritime Motor Car Company, Ltd.

"It appeals to the man who is car wise because it is easily operated and does not complicate ignition."

The Motor Car Mfg. Co.

The 6-Volt Battery

Some starters require an 18-volt battery. Others are extremely complicated. The GRAY & DAVIS 6-volt Electric Starter is simpler than a magneto, has no complicated controls and requires but a 6-volt battery. That's the one big thing to remember—only a 6-volt battery. Consequently, you get utmost economy in operation, and real electrical simplicity.

"The Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Electric Lighting Dynamo are the best to be had regardless of price."

Pope-Hartford Co.

What The Gray & Davis Starter Does

Starts any engine thousands of times in succession. Overcomes "back firing" and poor ignition. Turns the engine fast enough to start instantly on magneto. Will run a car on second speed up a 7% grade. Turns the heaviest type of engine quietly and with ease. Absolutely positive in operation—even in zero weather.

"More reliable and efficient than any other Starter."

Pilot Car Sales Company

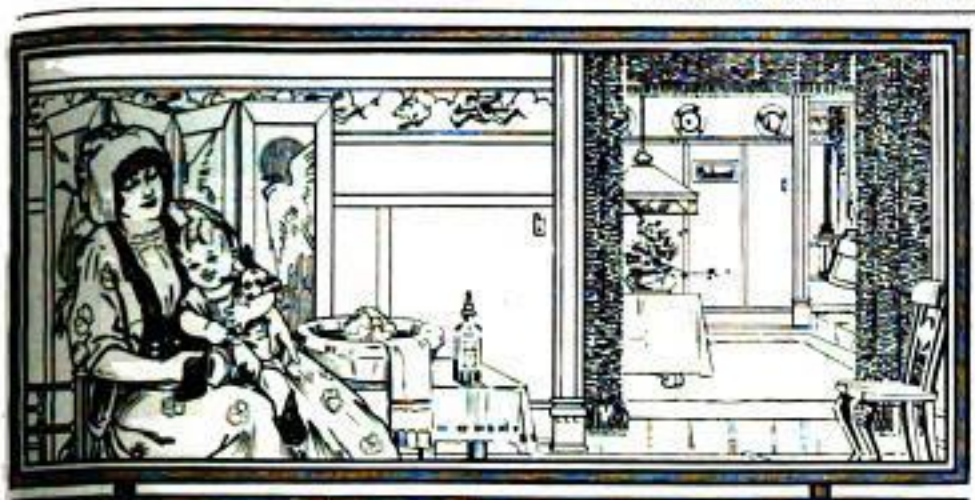
This Starter is not an experiment. It has been tried, proven, tested by actual touring service, by every road, laboratory and fatigue test known to the automobile engineer. It is positive, sure, certain. It does *all* that a good Starter should do. Insist—yes, *demand*, the GRAY & DAVIS Starter on the car you buy and remember that the Starter is the keystone upon which rests convenience, pleasure, safety and efficiency.

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO FORWARD CATALOG AND FURTHER INFORMATION

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos, Electric Starters

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The modern interior wall covering is wall board

As the mud chinked cracks, with white wash coat, of the interior of the pioneer's log cabin gave way to lath and plaster, so do lath and plaster now step aside for the beauty and convenience of—

UTILITY WALL BOARD

Put up by either expert or novice, it furnishes an all enduring wall and ceiling, finish impervious to heat and cold.

Once up you are done forever with the cracking and falling of plaster; the ruin of wall paper, rugs and furniture.

It may be set either plain or panelled; papered or stenciled and its cost is *lower* than lath and plaster.

It will not warp, crack or shrink; is fire resisting and is house insulation against heat and cold and will last as long as the building.

Send at once for sample and our book which gives many plans for pleasing interiors. For home, office or store building.

The Heppes Company, 4509 Fillmore St., Chicago, Ill.

Vitalized Rubber in Diamond [No-Clinch] Tires calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

All types of Diamond Tires are made of Vitalized Rubber—a new process discovered by our chemists which toughens pure rubber so that it will give you the greatest mileage—stand the friction of the road and the pull of the engine—adapt itself from one end of the thermometer to the other—from high speed to low—and under all these conditions you, at the wheel, are riding with mind-comfort, free from possible tire worries.



Additional Diamond advantages—Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection—and, if you wish, the now famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

April 5

Hupmobile



Simplicity and sturdiness meet in this car

The Hupmobile is as much at home in the lumber camps as on the boulevards. As one enthusiast puts it, "It will run anywhere that a dog can go."

Quality in looks and construction without high cost is the problem our engineers have conquered.

Look at the clean body lines, free from outside trappings, which not only make for beauty, but for easier care of the car.

The chassis, too, as you see, is stripped of every intricacy; every working part is enclosed; dust proof and oil tight.

There are but four rods from front to rear; and a rear axle so sturdy that truss rods are not needed.

From time to time we have told you of the Hupmobile's structural and operative details.

Here they are assembled—the sound basis of our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

You should have our new catalog, which details many of the worth-while advantages of Hupmobile practice. Write for it.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY
1230 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car (illustrated), fully equipped, $1000

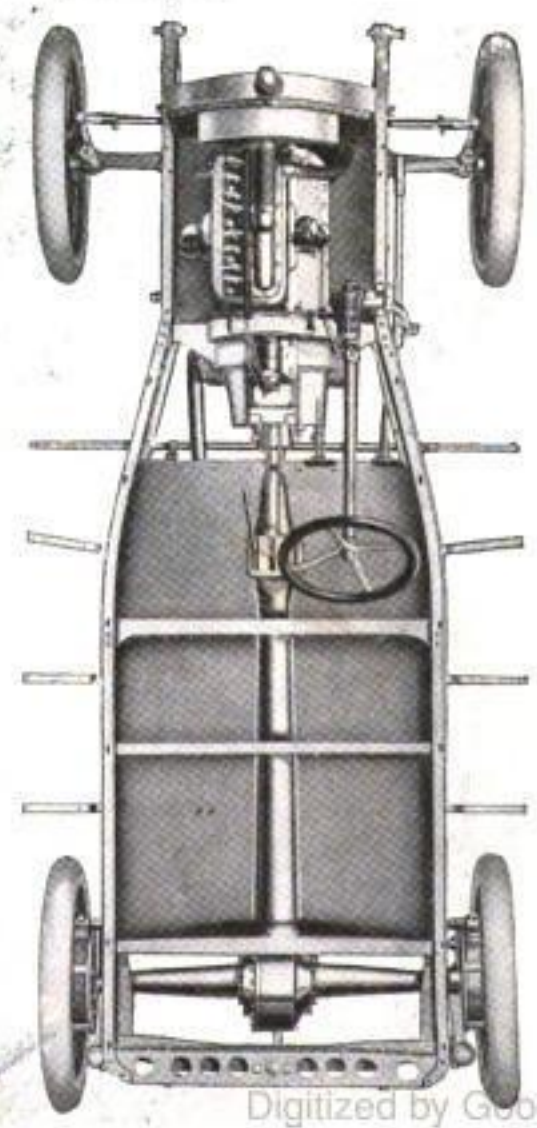
F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; wheelbase, 106 inches; 32x3½-inch tires. Standard color black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Six-passenger Touring Car, fully equipped, $1200 f.o.b. Detroit

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, $1000 f.o.b. Detroit

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $1100 f.o.b. Detroit

"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, $750 f.o.b. Detroit



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Kuppenheimer Clothes



Copyright, 1911, B. Kuppenheimer & Company

IT'S the amount of thought and care we put into the making of Kuppenheimer Clothes that relieves *you* of thought and care about their style, fit and wear.

It's worth a lot to the particular man to be a leader in the new ideas. You'd better send for our book, "Styles for Men."

You'll find our garments available for instant wear,
in the stores of high-class clothiers everywhere.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



A Token of the Tornado's Sudden Fury

WINTER came to an end with three furious windstorms which cost sixteen States of the South, the Middle West, and the Great Lakes more than five hundred lives. The number of the injured is counted in thousands, and estimates of the damage to buildings and crops average in excess of ten million dollars. The third storm of a series that was a progression in deadliness and destructiveness spent its greatest violence upon Omaha and near-by Nebraska towns, where, late in the afternoon of Easter Sunday, it killed not less than two hundred and injured twice that number. A conception of how sudden and ferocious was the wind's attack in Omaha is conveyed by this photograph of a battered street car in which, bombarded with flying bricks and splintered wood, sixteen persons perished. They had been granted no time to seek refuge. The car was not overturned, despite the terrific blow that twisted the pole on the roof and shattered the windows as if with cannon fire.

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THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY IN CONGRESS

THAT THE MEMBERS of the Progressive party should organize and present a candidate for Speaker is wholesome and useful. But there is nothing in contemporary politics more certain than this: if the Democrats undertake an honest and thorough reduction of the tariff, the Progressives must help, not embarrass, them. No one expects that President WILSON will do otherwise than lead the Democrats in a real revision. In that case there can be no issue between the Progressives and the party in power except possibly in slight details. The Democrats will probably have an omnibus tariff bill, after the manner of the Republicans; in that case the Progressives can well go on record in favor of the better method of schedule by schedule. But for the Progressives to do otherwise than help the Democrats in a real revision would seriously impair the confidence of those intelligent independent voters who form their main strength. The Progressives will find plenty of issues coming to them later on; they need not try to make an issue by force now merely in order to emphasize their own solidarity.

"DAMAGED GOODS"

A MAN WHO WINS another's confidence and then cheats or robs him is not long left in doubt of public opinion. It is shouted from the housetops. But a man may win the confidence of a woman, then blight her life and that of her children with disease contracted through his more or less promiscuous relations with other women, and not a whisper is heard. Nor does the father, who inquires into his prospective son-in-law's financial condition, generally investigate this aspect of his health. These things are not talked of. It was to break this conspiracy of silence that EUGENE BRIEUX's play, "Damaged Goods" (Les Avaries), was written and that it has been produced, under the auspices of the "Medical Review of Reviews," at several semipublic performances in New York. The "damaged goods" in this case is a young man who marries the girl to whom he is engaged in spite of his physician's orders, and the play presents the tragic results. It is not a play in the ordinary understanding of the word; it is not even "just talk," in the sense in which that phrase is sometimes used toward the quieter style of realistic drama. It is an exposition, as earnest and almost as frank as a physician's talk with his patient, of the horrors of syphilis. The usual theatrical devices for interesting and surprising the spectator are ignored; there is but one "dramatic" moment—that in which the young wife, learning at last what is the matter with her baby, shrieks as her husband starts toward her: "Don't touch me!" as the curtain falls. But of the profound impression made on the audience as these exhibits pass before them—the young man and his innocent victims; quotations from court cases and medical statistics (that there are, for instance, one hundred thousand men walking the streets of Paris to-day, and similar numbers in other cities, showing no outward signs of their disease); the physician's other patients—of the sobering effect of this there is no doubt. Those who wish a novel or play to take them to the islands of the blest will object to "Damaged Goods," and there are grounds for theirs and other objections. The significant thing is that the taboo is lifted and a danger, similar in extent to that of alcoholism or tuberculosis, frankly discussed in that most backward and timorous of forums, the English-speaking theatre.

OPINIONS ON MEXICO

WE DOUBT IF MANY READERS have felt particularly keen regrets because we have not seen fit to write at length upon the situation in Mexico. Somehow, it doesn't seem to be a fearfully complex situation; and we feel rather reluctant on these languorous spring days to invite a torrent of correspondence by saying something that might stir up half the letter writers in Mexico. What we think about the troubles of our neighbors to the south was tersely and beautifully expressed a long time ago.

> The good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Having summoned WORDSWORTH to express what we think, it is only fair to give at least equal space to those who differ with us. The following is the milder portion of a long letter addressed to us by a Mexican as a rebuke to views concerning the death of MADERO expressed in this paper:

> MADERO was not a "mild-mannered scholar" who "hated bloodshed." He was a full-sized idiot elected by the rabble when intoxicated with fighting excitement after thirty-five years of peace, and who claimed he was inspired by spirits. His bravery was the result of an irresponsible mind. He did not overthrow the Grand Old Man, and if you wish to know who did you can be informed in Wall Street in your own city. The citizens were not puzzled at all—that is, the sensible class of citizens. They disregarded danger owing to their enthusiasm over the prospect of MADERO's overthrow. Mexicans, not Indians, but the kind, it seems, unknown to you, are not afraid of dying, although they hope they will not be given a chance to prove it. . . . It is very unfortunate that we are continually striving to win the respect and estimation of our northern neighbors, and they do not miss an opportunity to make us appear as worse than savages. . . . Probably nine-tenths of us have shuddered when hearing of the killing of MADERO and PINO SUAREZ, but that, repugnant as it was, is likely to prove a necessary evil, and, to say the least, it is bound to show that we are to do as we please in solving our own affairs.

We have given our Mexican friend a little more space than Mr. WORDSWORTH. Whether or not he is as convincing depends upon a good many things in the reader's point of view.

A STANDPATTER'S IDEA OF WOMAN'S PLACE

RAMESES III of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, who reigned some twelve hundred years B. C., caused this inscription to be engraven on his monuments:

> *To unprotected women there is freedom to wander through the whole country wheresoever she list without apprehending danger.*

On Monday, March 3, 1913, A. D., in the House of Representatives of the United States, this dialogue occurred:

> Mr. HOBSON—Mr. Speaker, I take this time in order to enter a protest against the treatment accorded the suffragist parade this afternoon by the police authorities of the city of Washington. . . . I have been called over the telephone . . . and told by a lady that her young daughter was on one of the floats, and a ruffian climbed on the float and insulted her daughter.
>
> Mr. MANN (Republican floor leader)—*Her daughter ought to have been at home.*

Working this thing out chronologically, the present Republican leader of Congress, JAMES R. MANN of Illinois, belongs somewhere back in the Stone Age.

THE COST OF LIVING

THERE IS A VERY IMPORTANT ARTICLE in this issue of COLLIER'S. It is on a subject admittedly difficult to understand, and, therefore, very hard to write about. In this case, a very intelligent man has taken infinite pains to make this subject clear, and artists and typesetters have exhausted ingenuity in devices to help him out. It is a vital matter to every person who works for money and spends it—much more important than baseball, politics, murder, and many other subjects which are easy to understand and read about. During the next year or two this subject is going to have even more influence than usual on the life of every human being in the United States. For their individual good and the nation's, we hope the largest possible number of persons will equip themselves with the best possible understanding of it.

WHY SHOULD BANKS FAIL?

OF COURSE banks must fail at times like any other human device. But it ought not to be such a hardship upon a community as it sometimes is. The bank is literally the heart of business life, and when it stops there is widespread suffering, without any reason. There is a perfectly simple way to avoid this. That is, by the guarantee fund. From this fund, when a bank closed, the depositors would be immediately paid in full, and the affairs of the bank then settled up in the usual way. The tax required to create this fund would be astonishingly small—perhaps one-twentieth of 1 per cent on deposits for a few years. The mortality of our national banks has been remarkably slight. Of over ten thousand banks chartered since 1863, only a little over five hundred have actually failed. This is a total of 5 per cent in nearly forty years. In this failing 5 per cent, depositors were paid 82 cents on the dollar. This meant an average loss of less than one twenty-fifth of 1 per cent of all deposits per year. There is only one objection, or objector, to this guarantee fund. That is the big banker. Such a fund would greatly strengthen the small banks. And there is need that the small banks should be made stronger. Since 1900 a very large number of small national banks have been formed. These have never undergone a business depression except in 1907, which was too brief a test. The guarantee fund would not encourage wildcat banking. If, as many believe, a period of depression is likely to follow the present world-wide extravagance, there is a special reason why this fund ought to be created now.

THINK VERY HARD ABOUT THIS

NEW YORK CITY has just begun to build a subway for which it will pay out more than $50,000,000 of the people's money. In the course of the work some abutting property, owned by individuals, will be damaged. *In these cases the city must compensate the owners.* Some other abutting property will be enormously increased in value. In those cases will the individual owners recompense the city? No. The added value to individual property along the route, if the city could get it, would pay the entire cost of the subway.

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THE MAN WHO MAKES MONEY OUT OF IT

SALEM, ILL., on March 15, the most horrible crime known to humanity was committed by an eighteen-year-old boy, SCILENS, upon the little fourteen-year-old daughter of a well-known judge. When SCILENS was asked: "Where did you go after you left the girl?" he testified:

> I went over to the coal mine. I wanted to get sobered up. *I had drank about pint of whisky and eight bottles of beer the night before. I got the liquor at* [illegible]. I was in a car when the deputy sheriff found me.

He was saved from lynching only by the appeal of a minister who diverted the attention of the crowd to the blind tigers and bootleggers which flourish in the town.

W. A. THRASHER, superintendent of schools, joined the ministers and other citizens in the protests against what they described as the real cause of the crime. "The fellow [illegible] *was in school five years ago and was as fine a boy as there was in town*," said Mr. THRASHER. "*Booze is responsible for his present state.*"

Who are the brewers and whisky makers who stimulated this crime and made money out of it by supplying liquor to a dealer in a prohibition town? They are probably highly respectable citizens of Peoria where no social odium attends the making of money by the stimulation of vice. If the Chicago "Tribune" can identify these men and print their photographs, it will add one more to the many public services which have distinguished that paper.

THE ENGLISH MILITANTS

THE DIFFERENCE between fanaticism and heroism is largely a matter of success. If the leader of a rebellion against tradition or government succeeds in establishing the principle for which he commits outrages against the public calm, he is acclaimed by posterity as a hero and a martyr. If he fails, he is remembered, when at all, as a slightly deranged person who ought to have been put in a sanatorium and treated for neurasthenia. The present methods of Mrs. PANKHURST and her followers will be judged in the future by their results. The question is not one of ethics, but of efficiency. In America, where coeducation, democracy, and the good-fellowship of the West have developed a sympathetic comradeship between the sexes which is equaled nowhere else in the world save possibly in Australia and New Zealand, it is difficult to understand the form of protest in which these women are indulging. It seems to us that such methods only make more difficult the attainment of the suffrage, or any other end. But the English gentleman, who is the law giver, is not so open to conviction on questions which seriously affect his ideas of the fitness of things. He stands by his prejudices as he does by his guns or his principles, and it may be that Mrs. PANKHURST is right in her declaration that militant methods are the only ones sufficiently violent to get under the hide of the Englishman and make him realize that these people are not to be satisfied with bows and smiles and platitudes, but are human beings demanding what they consider their rights, and ready to make any sacrifice to get them. Suffrage will come eventually, and whether it is because of, or in spite of, militancy, the militants will claim the victory. Posterity will have to do some nice judging.

WHAT NOT TO DO

WHETHER OR NOT the English suffragists are right about militancy, there is just one way to insure their continuing in their present attitude. That is to persecute them. Every cause, right or wrong, since the world began has had for its best friends those foolish persons who believe that violent physical suppression can kill an idea. Treat malcontents with justice, with mercy when possible, with gentleness always, and the fanatics on a given subject will be reduced to inconsiderable numbers. There are no suffrage outrages in this country. Why? Because when something happens like the disgraceful treatment of the Washington parade, an immediate investigation is started, apologies pour in from all sides, and every paper in the country expresses indignation. The surest way for the English Government and the police to keep anger alive and outrages constantly on the increase is to abrogate their policy of tolerance and make martyrs of the suffragists.

SEX ANTAGONISM

THERE IS NO SUCH THING as the sex antagonism about which the French talk so much. Among sane and healthy people the sexes do not repel; they attract. What antagonism does exist is class resentment, class hatred. Under a social system where one sex is the ruling class and the other the loved but distinctly subordinate one, there inevitably arises an attitude of distrust, of mutual self-defense, entirely unjustified by nature. The woman resents the unfairnesses, the dominations, the ruthless suppressions of a man-made world, colored and given personality by masculine self-assurance. The man resents the pettinesses, the meannesses, the duplicity, that are the weapons of helplessness and impotent anger. Everything has been done in the name of differentiation of charm and division of labor to make the gulf between the sexes as wide as possible. In France, where this aspect of civilization has been carried furthest, there has now developed this strange, unnatural sentiment. There is just one remedy, an exactly equitable division of power and privilege between the sexes and the understanding that comes of mutual work and similar ideals. When the war of the sexes ceases to be the rebellion of an oppressed class against which all the odds are placed, and becomes an equal fight on equal terms with all the artificial handicaps removed, it will simply cease to be. When men and women look straight into each other's eyes as equals, so-called sex antagonism will vanish from the earth.

EQUINOCTIAL SHOPPING

IN THE SPRING the young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes. When the sun swings into the vernal equinox, one of the first things that amiable goal does is to press the button labeled "Shopping" in the feminine brain.

> One continuous round of shopping—
> Shopping alone, and shopping together,
> At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
> For all manner of things that a woman can put
> On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
> Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
> Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
> Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
> In front or behind, above or below;
> For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
> Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls;
> Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in;
> Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in;
> Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
> Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall—
> All of them different in color and shape,
> Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
> Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
> Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
> In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
> Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of.

The success of several important industries lies in the ability of the retail store to stimulate to the utmost this feminine tendency toward indiscriminate buying.

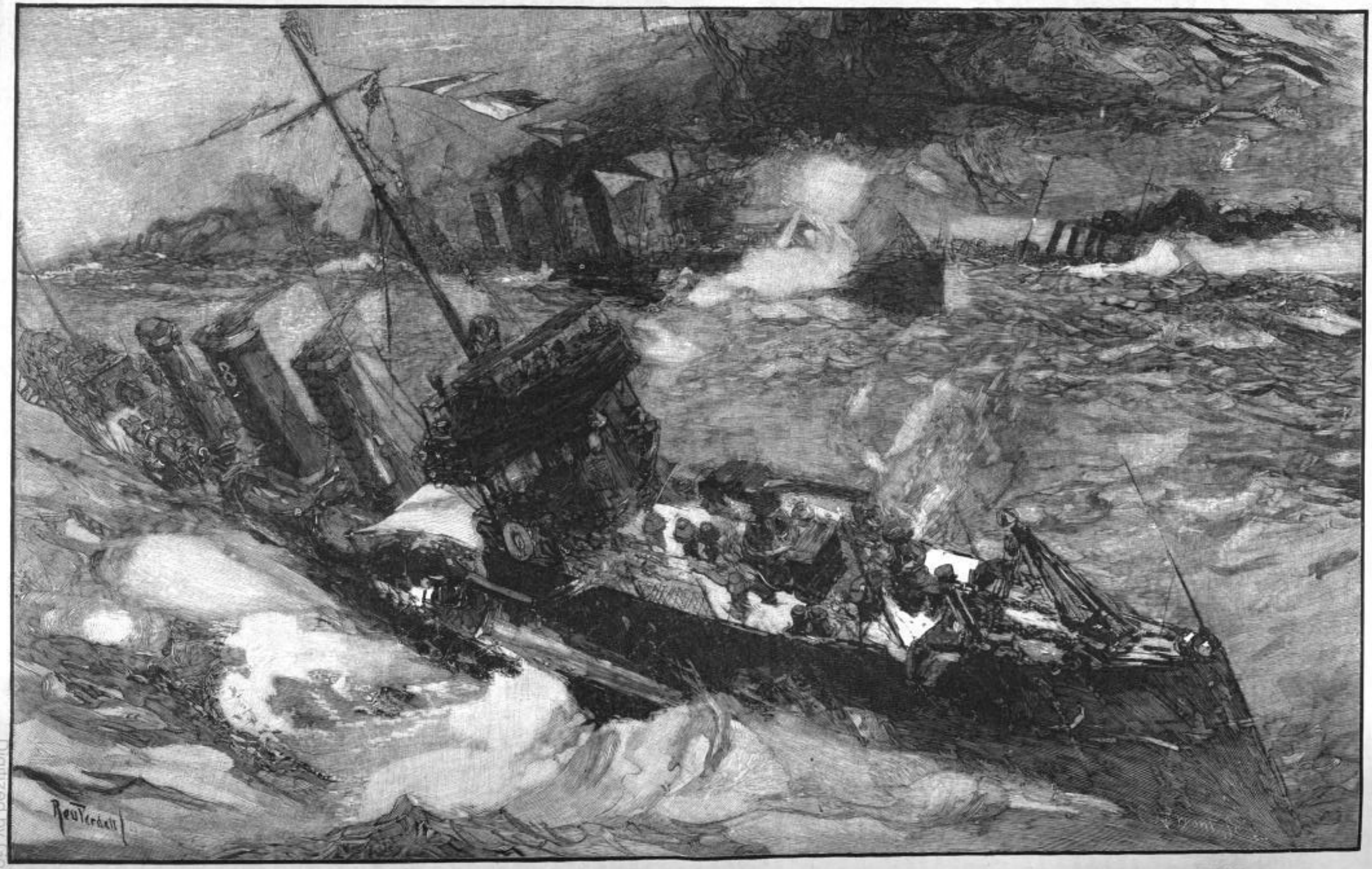
THE MINIMUM WAGE

THERE IS NO GAIN, there is loss, in trying to simplify what is not simple. And the line of investigation assumed by the Illinois Vice Commission, if correctly reported in the newspapers, is an oversimplification of a troubled matter. There is no sharp dramatic wage line below which girls tend to become prostitutes and above which their temptations vanish. In certain cities four out of five of the girls live at home. When they violate social standards there are many elements responsible. One is the weakening of parental control. And that weakening is due to the partial economic independence of the daughter, who can withhold her wages from the family or can leave home if a large measure of freedom is denied her. It is not the fact that her wages are low that leads to that weakening of parental control. It is the fact that she earns wages. Because of that she asserts the right to some of the same social freedom which has always been preempted by man. Also, women in industry do not tend to become prostitutes to any degree that permits generalizations. Their intelligence keeps them clear of a way of life which is diseased, unsuccessful, and full of suffering. The ranks of prostitution are recruited more generally from the mentally defective, the untrained, and the ignorant. But it is an unfair burden on the home to take the daughter away from it and wear out her young strength in a department store and pay her less than a living wage. Justice demands that somewhere, either in the home or out of it, the girl be permitted to earn a living wage, to pay in full by useful work for her expense to the family of which she is a member. It is unfair that the department store should make the home support the girl. If the minimum wage for women is right, it is right not because the lack of it drives women to prostitution, but because the lack of it weakens the home.

THE COMING OF LOVE

LOVE COMES TO MANY among men when life has taken away much, has dimmed the early gladness and princely hopes. He is late in coming. Where once the game looked inviting, the company gracious, there is now weariness from endeavor and solitude. The brightness of that lost morning is not to be regained. But if he is late in coming he brings so much the richer gift. Ever and again to one another the chosen two turn out of the "cosmic chill" and that strange solitude, the world. And together they kindle a fire against the waste and desolation.

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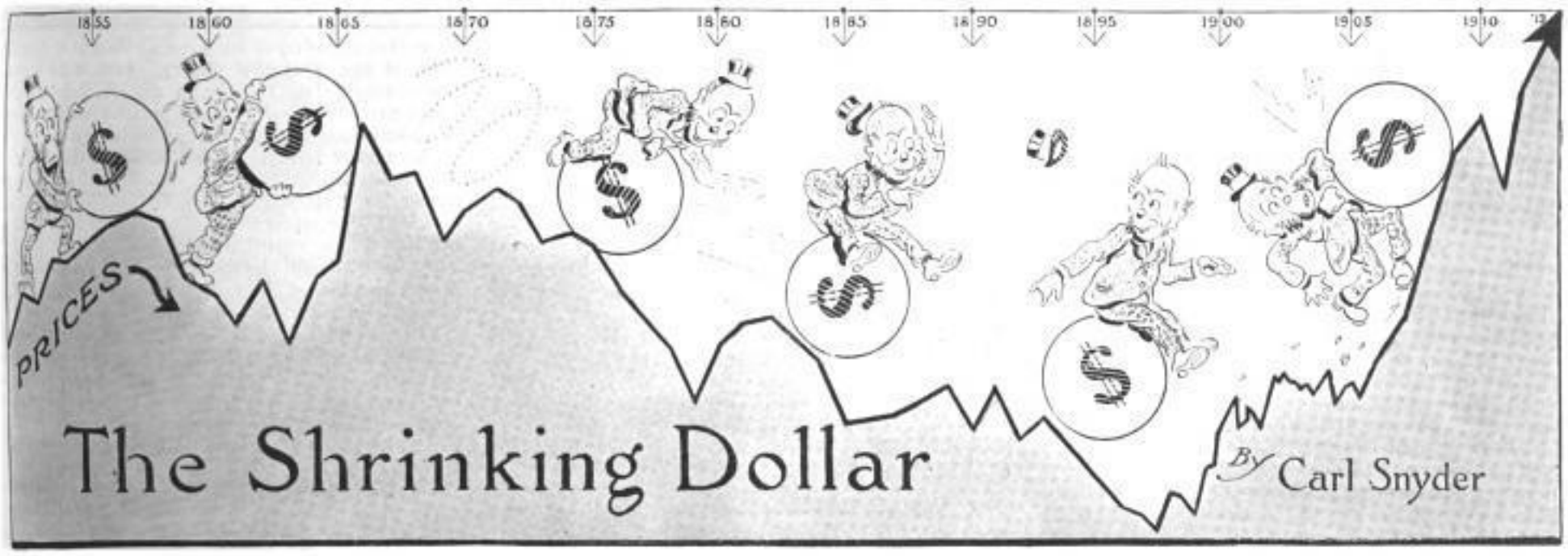


Destroyers in a Seaway

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

The destroyer is to attack the enemy, but also to protect our own fleet. The big dreadnought is during bad or foggy nights helpless against torpedo attack. Then searchlights are useless. The destroyers act as guards to the fleet and four are needed to properly "screen" each battleship. The American navy has about fifty of these vessels, while Germany floats more than a hundred and forty

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—and the Swelling Cost of Living

SUPPOSE to-morrow morning you picked up your paper and such announcement as this greeted your eye:

MILK	**BEEFSTEAK**
40 cents per quart!	**$1.10 per pound!**
BREAD	**CHICKENS**
20 cents a loaf!	**$4 each!**
BACON	**GAS**
$1.40 per pound!	**$4 per M feet!**
THEATRE TICKETS	**SHOES**
$8 each!	**$16 per pair!**
CANDY	**BEER**
$2.50 per pound!	**40 cents a bottle!**

And suppose that as you went to work your nickel car fare had become, say, **20 cents.** And your penny paper a nickel.

Suppose that the bootblack charged you a QUARTER for a shine, and that your lunch, instead of a quarter or half dollar, cost you a DOLLAR or TWO DOLLARS.

Suppose that the gasoline for your automobile, if you have one, was FIFTY CENTS or SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a gallon.

Suppose that you are a business man or a traveling man, and the fare to Philadelphia from New York you discover was raised to **$10,** and the fare from New York to Chicago to, say, **$75.**

Suppose the suit of clothes for which you pay ordinarily $20 or $25 was **$80** or **$100.**

Suppose your wife's $5 bonnet had become **$20.**

Suppose that the rent of your house or your "flat" had risen from, say, $25 a month to $100.

Wouldn't you then take an interest in the RISING COST OF LIVING?

Wouldn't you want TO KNOW WHY?

Of course things do not happen quite in this dramatic way. But it cost you and your neighbors, on the average, JUST THREE-QUARTERS MORE TO LIVE LAST YEAR THAN IT DID SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

This is supposing you were living just the same way now as then.

In all probability IT WILL COST YOU STILL MORE THIS YEAR. It is a practical certainty that IT WILL COST YOU A GREAT DEAL MORE FOUR OR FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

And if prices go on rising as they have in the last sixteen years, BY ABOUT 1950 YOU WILL BE PAYING FOUR TIMES FOR EVERYTHING THAT YOU PAY NOW.

This is not a jest or a mere guess. IT IS MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION. And also a fair probability.

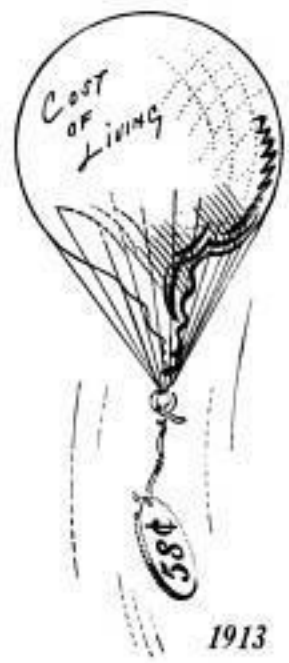
There are a great many people who think all this is MERELY A BUGABOO. Some of these people are college professors, who are paid a salary to teach young women and young men a little about POLITICAL ECONOMY. Among them is to be included several quite distinguished "ECONOMISTS" who hold positions in our large universities.

Some others are MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, Senators and Representatives, and CABINET OFFICERS. These persons are paid salaries to legislate about THE CURRENCY. They make long speeches about the MONEY QUESTION, of which they have as clear an understanding as the average day laborer.

Some others are EDITORS AND WRITERS, who are usually so busy writing that they have very little time to read anything or learn anything new.

All of these people think they understand WHY THE COST OF LIVING IS HIGH. Here is a very brief list, compiled from a Government report, of the various reasons that have been assigned by distinguished men as to WHY PRICES ARE GOING UP:

High Tariff; Trusts; High Living; Trade Unions; Radical Legislation; The Rush to the Cities; Our Currency System; Land Monopoly; Banking Monopoly; Militarism; Immigration; Exhaustion of the Land; Vast Governmental Expenditure; Cold Storage.



1913

Now it is easy enough to see that some of these "causes" have about as much to do with rising prices as the Man In The Moon. For this reason:

We have had High Tariff, and Trusts, and High Living, and Private Ownership in Land, which always means land monopoly, and we have had a bungling currency system, and various other things, for a great many years.

There was a louder outcry against MONOPOLY thirty years ago, in the hard times of '73-'78 than there has ever been since.

There were COXEY ARMIES, HOMESTEAD RIOTS, and bloody warfare between factory owners and employees, many, many years ago. AND FROM THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR TO 1896, THE YEAR OF BRYAN AND "FREE SILVER," THERE WAS AN ALMOST CONTINUOUS FALL IN PRICES.

If you take an average of the prices of a large number of articles, the chart of these averages for the last forty years will look as it appears at the top of the page.

Lots of people still living can remember what WAR PRICES meant. And hundreds of thousands of farmers and cattlemen and cotton growers can remember the run of PRICES IN THE BRYAN YEAR.

Here are a few contrasts:

After the war and down to 1868, the year Grant was chosen President, WHEAT sold in Chicago for months at a time for more than **$2** a bushel. In the Bryan year it sold at **53 cents,** and the year before at **48 cents.**

After the war COTTON sold in New York for over **$1** a pound—at times as high as **$1.90** Eight years after the war had closed it was still selling above **25 cents.** In '97-'98 it was as low as **5½ cents.** And the field price, of course, was still lower.

The cotton planters were nearly ruined.

After the war FINE FLEECE WOOL was still selling at **70 cents** and **75 cents** a pound, as an average price for the year. In the Bryan year this same wool was selling for **17 cents.**

For ten years after the war the average price of corn on the farms was about **47 cents** per bushel. In the Bryan year it was **21 cents.** In the Mississippi Valley, in rich States like Iowa, that winter THEY BURNED THEIR CORN FOR FUEL.

Corn was cheaper TO BURN than coal. And hundreds of thousands of people in this country had hardly enough to eat.

Do you think that all this was true merely of the United States? It was not!

FROM ABOUT THE CLOSE OF OUR AMERICAN CIVIL WAR THERE WAS A GENERAL FALL IN PRICES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

In a general way this fall was almost uninterrupted for a period of just about thirty years.

Most people in the United States thought the high prices were due to our war. In point of fact, THE WORLD-WIDE RISE IN PRICES began just after 1850. Please note this fact.

Our Civil War had no more to do with this world-wide rise than our tariff or our currency system or our monopolies had anything to do with the prolonged FALL IN PRICES which followed.

Our "War Prices" were higher than anywhere else in the world, naturally, but chiefly for a few things like cotton, of which we raised practically the whole of the world's production. But it was only a difference of degree.

Now look at some further facts:

In 1860 we had a fair tariff. The protective party kept boosting the duties until they culminated in the perfectly scandalous "McKinley Act" of 1890.

All this time PRICES WERE FALLING.

In 1860 there was little monopoly of any kind in the United States, except the huge Slave Trust, which was exploiting the labor of a million or more slaves in the Southern States. The "trust" came later. There has never been such a period of consolidation and trust formation in this country as from **1880** to **1892.**

All this time PRICES WERE FALLING.

In 1860 we had nearly free banking. There was no "Money Power." There was no banking monopoly. The rise of the so-called "banking monopoly," and of the Money Power was from 1868 to 1890. The new National Bank Act of 1900 again permitted nearly free banking.

All this time PRICES WERE FALLING.

They were falling in the United States. They were falling in the same way ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Now here is the amazing thing: In 1896, the Bryan year, all over the world PRICES STOPPED FALLING.

Ever since then, for sixteen years, ALL OVER THE WORLD PRICES HAVE BEEN RISING.

No man who gets these facts clearly into his head can be crazy enough after this to believe that this world-wide rise in prices had anything to do with our high Tariff or our Banking Monopoly or our Currency System or any of the other one hundred and one or one thousand and one foolish, footling, futile "causes" which have been advanced to explain the present High Cost of Living.

Our tariff had nothing to do with the Chinese Revolution. That was due to the enormous RISE IN THE PRICE OF RICE.

Our currency had nothing to do with the "bread riots" in France and in Germany. Germany, for example, has a high tariff on food products, so that the price of food there is most largely affected by local conditions.

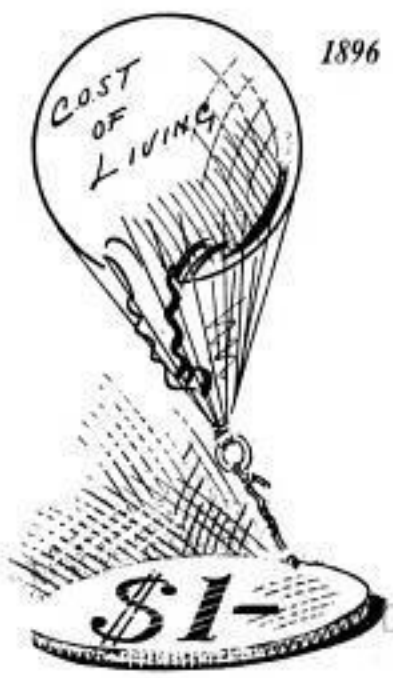
WHAT IS HAPPENING ALL OVER THE WORLD MUST HAVE A WORLD-WIDE CAUSE.

And it is a fair gamble that whatever cause or causes produced the RISE in prices all over the world after 1850, and whatever cause or causes operated to produce the prolonged and world-wide FALL in prices, from about 1866 to about 1896, had a great deal to do, if not everything to do, with the world-wide RISE in prices in the last sixteen years.

And this takes us back again to the "Bryan Year," and the Bryan campaign, the free silver fight and that tremendous struggle for Sound Money. And here is a curious question!

WAS BRYAN RIGHT IN '96?

If Mr. Bryan was wrong, how far was he wrong?



1896

Has the gold standard proven to be "Sound" Money? Has the standard gold dollar been a stable dollar?

You remember—almost everyone remembers—how Mr. Bryan went through the country like a flaming sword, declaiming against the CROSS OF GOLD. He wanted to reopen the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

Mr. Bryan believed, and his followers with him, that the reason for the thirty-year-long

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fall of prices was a SCARCITY OF MONEY. They held that there was not enough gold money with which to transact the world's exchanges. They quoted Bismarck, who had said:

"All the nations are trying to get under the same gold blanket, and each nation is trying to pull the blanket over itself and off from other nations."

Mr. Bryan and his followers believed in the QUANTITY THEORY OF MONEY. And they quoted a long line of political economists, from JOHN STUART MILL forward and back, to prove their case.

They believed that there was one way only to get enough metal money into circulation, and that was to reestablish the free coinage of silver at the same ratio which had obtained before 1873, when one nation after another, and finally the United States, had closed their mints against such coinage.

Now with **50-cent WHEAT, 20-cent CORN, 5-cent COTTON, 17-cent WOOL,** and **4½-cent BEEF,** and with the greatest economic authorities on their side, is there any wonder that **6,502,000** voters in the United States believed that Mr. Bryan was right, and should try to make him President?

But notice the irony of the result:

There were in '96 a large number of very able and very honest men who believed that even the restricted coinage of silver, under the Bland-Allison Act, had a great deal to do with precipitating the country into THE CRISIS OF '93. They honestly believed that the free coinage of silver by the United States would mean complete financial ruin. They did not realize that this crisis was a part of a kind of Cycle of Trade which repeats itself with a good deal of the precision of clockwork.

Bryan Failed as a Price Prophet

THEY pointed to a well-known Economic Law, called Gresham's Law, but which was not invented by Sir Thomas Gresham, an English banker of the sixteenth century, but was at least as old as Copernicus—the same Copernicus who "invented" the Copernican System, or Theory, of the Planets.

That law is that if there are two kinds of money in circulation in a country, the "baser" money, that of the lesser value of the two, will drive the other out of circulation. Undoubtedly free silver would have driven gold out of circulation in the United States.

But fine points in Economic Theory do not make a very strong argument with the average Man who Votes. And so to beat free silver by hook or crook the friends of "Sound Money" were led to deny the Quantity Theory of money *in toto*.

And this was the sequel: The sixteen years which have elapsed have failed to realize a single one of Mr. Bryan's dire prophecies.

Prices have not gone on falling.

No nation in the world has been more prosperous than the United States within this period.

From the day Mr. Bryan closed his campaign, almost, prices have been steadily rising. The greatest gainer has been the farmer. The greatest rise has been in farm products. The farmer, the cotton planter, and the raiser of live stock have been on Easy Street as never before perhaps in a century or more.

As a Prophet Mr. Bryan proved a complete and unequivocal failure.

But this is his compensation!

Practically everything that Mr. Bryan said as to the *theory* of money has been proven up to the hilt.

The sixteen years which have elapsed have left very little doubt in the minds of the vast majority of thinking men that the Quantity Theory in a broad way is true.

And practically everything that the Sound Money Man believed and prophesied for the Gold Standard has equally been disproven! It has not been a stable standard. It has not meant "sound" money, in the remotest sense of the word.

There has never been a time since an accurate record of Price Movements has been kept when prices have changed more violently or rapidly than in the last sixteen years.

From the low point of 1896 to the high point of 1912, last June, the average of twenty-five food articles tabulated by the "Annalist" of New York shows a rise of **75 per cent.** This means that in money it cost just 75 cents more to buy a "dollar's worth" of food than in 1896.

In other words, the "value" of the gold dollar had depreciated **42 per cent.**

A GOLD DOLLAR OF 1896 HAD IN 1912 THE PURCHASING POWER OF ONLY 58 CENTS.

A dollar that could lose NEARLY HALF of its "value"—that is, nearly half of its purchasing power—in sixteen years is as wobbly a standard of value as anything that anybody ever dreamed might result from free silver in 1896.

And Now for a Curious Question

HOW could it happen that so many serious and otherwise clear-headed men, Mr. Bryan and his opponents as well, could be in so many ways so *absolutely wrong?*

What happened, what was happening, even as the great battle raged, without either Mr. Bryan or his adversaries having the least inkling of it, was a sudden and amazing increase in GOLD PRODUCTION.

After the discovery of the great gold fields in California and in Australia in '49 and in the early '50's, there was a very large increase in the output of the world's gold mines which reached its climax about 1853. Thereafter the annual production considerably declined to a level that did not greatly vary through the next thirty years.

Then about 1890 came new processes and inventions which simply revolutionized gold mining. These were:

1st—The steam or power drill, which enabled one man to do the work of twenty or twenty-five men working by hand.

2d—Cheap dynamite and other explosives.

3d—The introduction of the "cyanide" and "chlorination" process for leaching gold out of the ore, after the rock has been stamped into a powder.

These new processes permitted the working, on a large scale with large profits, of the newly discovered Rand mines in the Transvaal, and of other great properties of Australia and elsewhere; with this result:

Whereas for a long time before 1890 the gold production had been a little over **$100,000,000** annually, by 1895 it had reached **$200,000,000.**

Before 1900 it had reached **$300,000,000.**

By 1906 it had reached **$400,000,000.**

Last year it was in the neighborhood of **$500,000,000.**

The Rand mines alone last year produced more gold than the whole world had ever produced prior to Mr. Bryan's defeat, and more than twice as much as the whole world in the year of that defeat.

In consequence of this enormous production, the world's stock of gold coin and bullion has reached a fabulous figure. The various estimates are unsatisfactory, but it is now at least seven billions of dollars, and probably much more. It has certainly doubled in the sixteen years.

In other words we have now a larger stock of GOLD than probably the wildest antagonist of free silver ever dreamed we might have of SILVER, if Mr. Bryan had carried the day.

NOR IS THERE THE SLIGHTEST PROSPECT NOW THAT THIS HUGE OUTPUT OF GOLD WILL BE LESSENED WITHIN ANY NEAR PERIOD. On the contrary there seems every prospect that it may continue to increase, and in the minds of some, still more rapidly than within the past twenty years.

Professor Charles R. Keyes, one of the ablest and most thoroughly informed and widely traveled of mining engineers, believes that the greatest source of the world's gold has as yet scarcely been touched. This is the DESERTS!

Moreover, a very large part of the world's gold is contained in the so-called "refractory ores" from which extraction is so difficult that at present it is not profitable.

A SINGLE INVENTION MIGHT DOUBLE THE WORLD'S GOLD SUPPLY WITHIN FIVE YEARS. That would be a Magnetic Separator, or some similar device which would sort the gold powder from that containing the "refractory" metal, and so permit of the profitable workings of these ores.

Here Then Are Two Possibilities:

FIRST—Of the discovery of vast bodies of new gold.

2d—Of a new process which would permit the working of immense quantities of ore known to exist but now lying untouched.

Professor Keyes and many other eminent geologists believe that gold may become one of the cheapest of metals, as cheap, say, as copper or nickel is now. In the last sixteen years we have had what may be termed a "flood of gold." There is at least in the minds of some very able men a fair prospect that this will become a *deluge*.

But if Mr. Bryan in '96 was mainly right, and if the increase in gold production has been the cause of rapid rise in the cost of living since that time, how does it come that his adversaries were so blind as to deny the truth of the "Quantity Theory," even in the heat of controversy? Did Mr. Bryan see all of the truth, or only a part? And why can we pretend to any more certain knowledge now than they had in 1896?

The answer is that in '96 Mr. Bryan did not see all the truth, and that it is since 1896 that the seemingly interminable "MONEY QUESTION" HAS BEEN SOLVED, i. e., reduced to a scientific and mathematical basis.

By the "Money Question" I mean the Relation of Money and Prices, for that is about four-fifths of what is usually meant by the money "Question."

After the thousands and even the tens of thousands of volumes, pamphlets, and articles that have been written on the Money Problem, not only by cranks and fools, but by very able and clear-headed men, does it not seem grotesque that it should turn out to be as simple as A, B, C? And that it should be left to a PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY to work it out?

Yet this is what happens in the solution of practically every great scientific problem—replacing mystery and complexity with simplicity and perfect clearness. A very good example is the discovery, or rather the theory, of Copernicus about the solar system (for Copernicus discovered nothing new). As compared with any other theory, it was simplicity itself. But because it made of this huge earth a little grain of shot traveling about a vast and distant ball, the sun, men could not believe it. Copernicus published his book in 1600. His ideas were established, never again to be seriously questioned, by the discoveries of Galileo with the telescope in 1609.

Credit to Simon Newcomb

THE theory of Money and Prices was worked out by SIMON NEWCOMB, a mathematician and astronomer, and one of the two or three greatest minds that the new world has yet produced. He published his book, the "PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY," in 1885.

Because he was not a professional teacher upon this subject in Croesus University or some other seat of vast Mislearning his book was completely ignored for a full generation. That, by the way, is exactly what happened to Newton and his Law of Gravitation two centuries ago. The scholastic or collegiate Mind has not sensibly changed.

Professor Newcomb's theory was taken up about a quarter of a century later, and placed upon a mathematical or statistical basis by Professor E. W. Kemmerer now of Princeton University, and by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale. Professor Kemmerer's admirable little volume was entitled "Money and Credit Instruments in Their Relation to General Prices," and published in 1906.

Professor Fisher's larger work, a monument of industry and clear thinking, was entitled "The Purchasing Power of Money," and appeared in 1911.

In these volumes the Inquiring Reader may learn as much of the new ideas as he likes. I am not going to tell any more of them here than to offer an illustration, which seems to me to give in a very vivid way the essence of the theory.

Here on a railroad track is a freight train STANDING STILL. It is loaded with goods and products. But so long as it stands still it is doing no WORK. To perform its appointed function, that is to transport goods, the freight train must *move*. And the amount of work it can do is measured by the capacity of the cars and their average RATE OF MOVEMENT per day. If the cars on the average move only TEN MILES per day, it is evident that they will do in a year only half as much work as if they moved TWENTY MILES per day. In other words, if the cars could move twice as fast, it

(Continued on page 31)



The Fat Dollar of 1896



The Lean Dollar of 1913



Emiliano Zapata, leader of one of the most formidable of many "bandit" armies

Mexico's "Bandit" Armies

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

THE small photograph on this page of John Kenneth Turner was taken in Mexico City February 15, the day before he was arrested by the soldiers of Felix Diaz and jailed in the Arsenal. The charge first placed against him was that he was a "spy." Later this was rejected in favor of an accusation that he was plotting to "assassinate" Diaz. His release, after four days' imprisonment, came through the mistake of a captain of cadets. Mr. Turner has not been in high favor with "Federalist" officials since the publication of his "Barbarous Mexico." Two days after he was set free an order was issued to expel him from the country.

THE so-called bandits of Mexico are not bandits, but patriots. I mean Zapata, Salazar, Campos, Genevevo de la O, Orozco, Campa, Almazan, and their followers.

In making this assertion I am aware that nineteen out of every twenty Americans who know the name of, say, Emiliano Zapata, are convinced that he is a bandit of the worst character. I am aware that I would be extremely rash to call Zapata a patriot unless I felt sure of my ground.

The impression that Zapata and his friends are bandits is due to the constant coupling of their names with the epithet in the newspapers. My feeling that they are patriots is due to an acquaintance with the men and with the conditions. I have known the so-called bandits in the making and in the breaking. I have known them before they took the first gun in their hands. I have known them as bandits. I have seen them at the end, hanging by the neck from telegraph poles.

Let us see if these men are bandits.

WHAT A CENSUS WOULD SHOW

BANDITS fight either for the prizes of the chase or for the love of fighting. I believe that it can be proved that, at least in the mass, they fight neither for money nor for fun, nor from various other motives that have been attributed to them—from military madness, from personal ambition, from a lack of capacity for self-government, because of some lawless strain peculiar to the Latin-American character, or for nothing at all.

Take the matter of loot first. During the régime of Madero the number of the "bandits" varied from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand. It is easily appreciated how large bands of outlaws, careering through any section of the United States, if that were possible, might fill a thousand mountain caves with treasure and live like sultans while resting from their rides.

But Mexico is not the United States. The loot isn't there. Federal cannon always hold the cities. The greater part of the territory over which the bandits roam was long since picked clean.

LIVING OFF THE COUNTRY

CAYUSES, range beef, corn, and beans—seldom do they find more than this, and more often they are half starved. Now and then they get their fingers upon some real coin, but that always has to go for cartridges. Has anyone ever heard of one of these Mexican bandits retiring to Paris to live on his income?

If cold cash were all they are after, the leaders, at least, would all have retired long ago to a life of ease, for it was the policy of the Madero Government to offer them more to quit being bandits than they could possibly gather together as bandits. Not one among the more prominent leaders has so far yielded to the temptation.

True, Mexico's "bandits" live off the country. But they would do that, also, if they were revolutionists. Revolutionists do not have a public treasury to support them. Seldom do they have independent incomes. At the same time they have stomachs, like other people. Until a time comes when no revolution in any country is justifiable, to live upon the country will remain one of the prerogatives of revolutionists.

So much for loot. How about the fun of being a Mexican bandit? Well, the Mexicans don't exactly enjoy themselves the way the James boys did. In the first place, there is nothing in the business. In the second, it is too much work—running. Banditing in Mexico has to be classed with the extrahazardous trades. In some sections bandits hanging to trees or telegraph poles of late have been almost as common as made-up scarecrows in the cornfields. More of these bandits have been killed since the resignation of Porfirio Diaz than the number of soldiers killed on both sides during the revolution that drove him into exile. I have an estimate from as reliable a source as exists that places the number killed in five States during one year at thirty thousand.

And yet the number of these bandits has never decreased!

It may be suggested that the kidnaping of girls is a form of enjoyment not denied to these bandits. But if, from an examination of hundreds of instances, we are forced to the conclusion that the Government deliberately and consistently manufactured its reports of battles with the bandits, is it reasonable to accept without question its tales of kidnaping and cruelty?

NO FUN IN THE CALLING

THE truth is that the peaceful inhabitants of the bandit districts are overwhelmingly sympathetic with the bandits. The bandits can get all the women they want without kidnaping them.

Another thing that cannot be pleasant, even for a bandit, is that their relatives, even the women and children, are always persecuted, often imprisoned, and sometimes killed. No, there is no fun being a Mexican bandit.

But if it can be shown that the Mexicans, as a people, are affected with a violent form of military insanity, everything will be explained. The evidence is all to the contrary. If Mexicans loved war for war's sake, would they not enlist in the army of their Government?

Under Diaz the common soldier was paid forty-five Mexican cents a day. Ninety-seven per cent in the regular ranks were forced to serve against their will. To induce voluntary enlistments Madero raised the stipend to a dollar for the infantry and one-fifty for the cavalry. Not much money, but high workingman's pay in Mexico—more, probably, than is paid in any other country in comparison with the rate of wages. It had no visible effect.

ENLISTING MEXICAN CONVICTS

MADERO tried to secure a compulsory military service law, but the idea met with such a storm of protest that he had to abandon it. In the end, in order to prevent the army from dwindling to nothing, he had to resort to the methods of Diaz. The jails and penitentiaries became distributing depots for recruits. Belem, the Federal district prison, sent two thousand men to the army. In two months five thousand involuntary "volunteers" were collected in the capital—pounced upon in the streets, dragged to the downtown cuartels, enlisted whether or no. Some outlying villages were almost depopulated of men. This was not enough. Rebel prisoners, the so-called bandits themselves, were consigned to the Federal ranks and compelled to shoot at their brothers.

More nearly than a madness for war the Mexican people are affected with a madness for peace.



John Kenneth Turner, who writes that the "bandits" really are patriots

Near Cuernavaca, overlooking a country overrun by Zapatistas

But it might, by some logical gymnastics, be urged that the passion of Mexico is rather for revolution than for war, that Mexicans love a mess, but only so long as it is directed against constituted authority; in other words, that they are a nation of anarchists.

The notable failure of various would-be leaders who had plenty of revolution to offer, but very little else, disposes of this. The name of Bernardo Reyes was supposed to be a dazzling one. Reyes's dismal effort to rally a host of rebels on his personality will not soon be forgotten. "I called upon the people and the army," he complained, after his surrender; "not a man responded!"

For eighteen months Emilio Vasquez Gomez, once a Cabinet Minister, has

(Concluded on page 21)



COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE new Congress will consist of 435 men. Of these, 291 are Democrats and 144 non-Democrats. The non-Democrats range in character from the thoroughgoing standpat Republican, like Sereno E. Payne, author of the Payne-Aldrich Bill, at one end of the line, to the avowed leader of the Progressive party in Congress, Victor Murdock, at the other end. A few men at each end of the line, like the two named, have taken a definite stand either with the Progressive party or with the Republican party, and will stand or fall by their choice. The bulk of the non-Democrats, however, are very much troubled. They are gravely concerned about their personal political fortunes. They look forward to the time when they must go before their constituents for renomination and reelection, barely a year from now. Most of them know that they cannot be reelected as avowed Republicans with members of the Progressive party running against them in their several districts. And so they attempt to straddle by calling themselves many hyphenated variations of Progressive-Republican. They spend a good many anxious hours trying to guess just how soon the Republican party is going to complete its death struggles, for upon the correctness of the guess depends their own futures. A few of them hope that by careful straddling they can get in their respective districts next year both the Progressive and the Republican nominations. But the determined aggressiveness of the Progressive party is bound to make this timid hope impossible. The Progressives in the Lower House have formally organized themselves and will present the name of Victor Murdock as their candidate for Speaker. The Republicans, of course, will present the name of their present leader, James R. Mann of Chicago. Between these two every non-Democrat must make his choice and go on record with his vote. Once having cast this die, no amount of adroit straddling is likely to be of much use, for it is hardly conceivable that the Progressive party next year, when it will have a nominee in every Congressional district, will give that nomination to a man who has voted against Victor Murdock for Speaker.

Successor to Insurgency

THAT Victor Murdock should be the leader of the Progressive party in Congress, and their candidate for Speaker, is obvious and logical. He was the first and strongest of the Insurgents, the pioneer of that revolt against Cannon and the standpat Republican régime four years ago which, after a stormy evolution, resulted in the formation of the Progressive party.

The Standpat Comedy

IN THE Senate the one factor which confuses the situation somewhat is the position of La Follette. Because he blames Roosevelt for the disastrous fizzling out of his own effort to get the Republican nomination last year, La Follette has refused to join the Progressive party and continues nominally a Republican. Seeing



Congressman Victor Murdock of Wichita, Kansas

Under the leadership of Mr. Murdock, those members of Congress who belong to the Progressive party will come together as a separate party organization

in this situation the one chance to prolong their own political lives, the standpat Republicans have accorded to La Follette a kind of leadership. They have put him on the Steering Committee, and they voted unanimously for his pet measure, the physical valuation of railroads. There have been few things in recent politics more amusing than the sight of La Follette and Penrose working in intimate fellowship to bring confusion upon Roosevelt and the Progressive party. Three years ago there occurred between these two Senators an exchange of personal innuendo more bitter than any other thing in the recent history of the Senate.

La Follette's Converts

THIS odd and desperate situation of the standpat Republicans is productive of some of those lighter episodes which occasionally make politics joyous. Consider, for example, the Portland "Oregonian." It is and has been for years probably the most extreme standpat Republican paper in the country. From first to last it has fought bitterly against the direct primary, the initiative and referendum, and all those measures of popular government which have come out of Oregon. And yet to-day we find the "Oregonian" gravely assuring the country that

> Senator La Follette, pioneer of the progressive Republicans, leader of the Insurgents, is now a regular. He has been elected a member of the Steering Committee of the Senate, which once relegated him to an obscure committee room in the basement of the Capitol and let him talk to empty benches.
>
> The Senator has not abandoned his progressive principles, but the Republican party in the Senate has adopted them. He has not stepped back, but the formerly controlling element has moved forward in line with him.

That is to say, Senators Root, Penrose of Pennsylvania (he of the Standard Oil letters), Smoot and Sutherland of Utah, Murray Crane of Massachusetts, and Warren of Wyoming are now "in line with" La Follette. They have "adopted Progressive principles." These Senators are now for conservation and against the trusts. They are in favor of the initiative and referendum; they hope ardently for the direct election of Senators (Utah papers please copy). The "Oregonian" gravely continues:

> The Republican party is now the Progressive party, with the real father of the progressive movement among its leaders. The Insurgents have become the regulars, for they have won their fight and the former regulars have surrendered to them. There is no excuse for the Progressive party, so-called, to exist.

There in the last line you have the point. The wish is father to the thought. The standpat Republicans hope by this temporary alliance with La Follette, by shrewdly taking advantage of his disagreement with some of the individual leaders of the Progressive party, to postpone their own political obsequies and prolong for a while the existence of the Republican party. No particular harm can come of it all, for La Follette is not likely to abandon any of his principles; and so long as the standpat Senators continue to vote with him, it is all the better for the country.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington for the sole purpose of answering questions about Congress and the Government. This service is entirely without charge. As showing the variety of inquiries received and answered by letter, the following recent examples are printed here:

WHISTLER, ALA.

PLEASE advise where I can procure a copy of ex-Senator Joseph W. Bailey's farewell address to the United States Senate. Is your company going to publish it in pamphlet form?

Senator Bailey's farewell address in the United States Senate was printed in the appendix to the Congressional Record for January 11, 1913, which you can get for eleven cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. This office does not publish the speeches of Representatives or Senators in pamphlet form. The Congressmen do this themselves in many instances and are generally glad to send copies of these speeches on request.

Opportunities in South America

CASCADE, MONT.

I wish to obtain accurate information concerning Bolivia and Peru, and especially concerning the cattle business in those countries; the price of grazing land, the location, whether Bolivia grants land concessions, etc.

At our request the Pan-American Union has promised to send you a number of pamphlets on the subject of the cattle business and grazing in Bolivia and Peru. This institution, with headquarters in this city (Washington), was organized for the purpose of promoting commercial intercourse between the twenty-one American republics. In addition, we suggest you write to the American consuls or representatives in these countries. Mr. Horace G. Knowles, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Bolivia, is stationed at La Paz. . . . (Continued on page 33)

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In the vicinity of this street-car junction in a thickly populated neighborhood the storm killed nearly forty. Fifteen died in the ruins of the building in the foreground

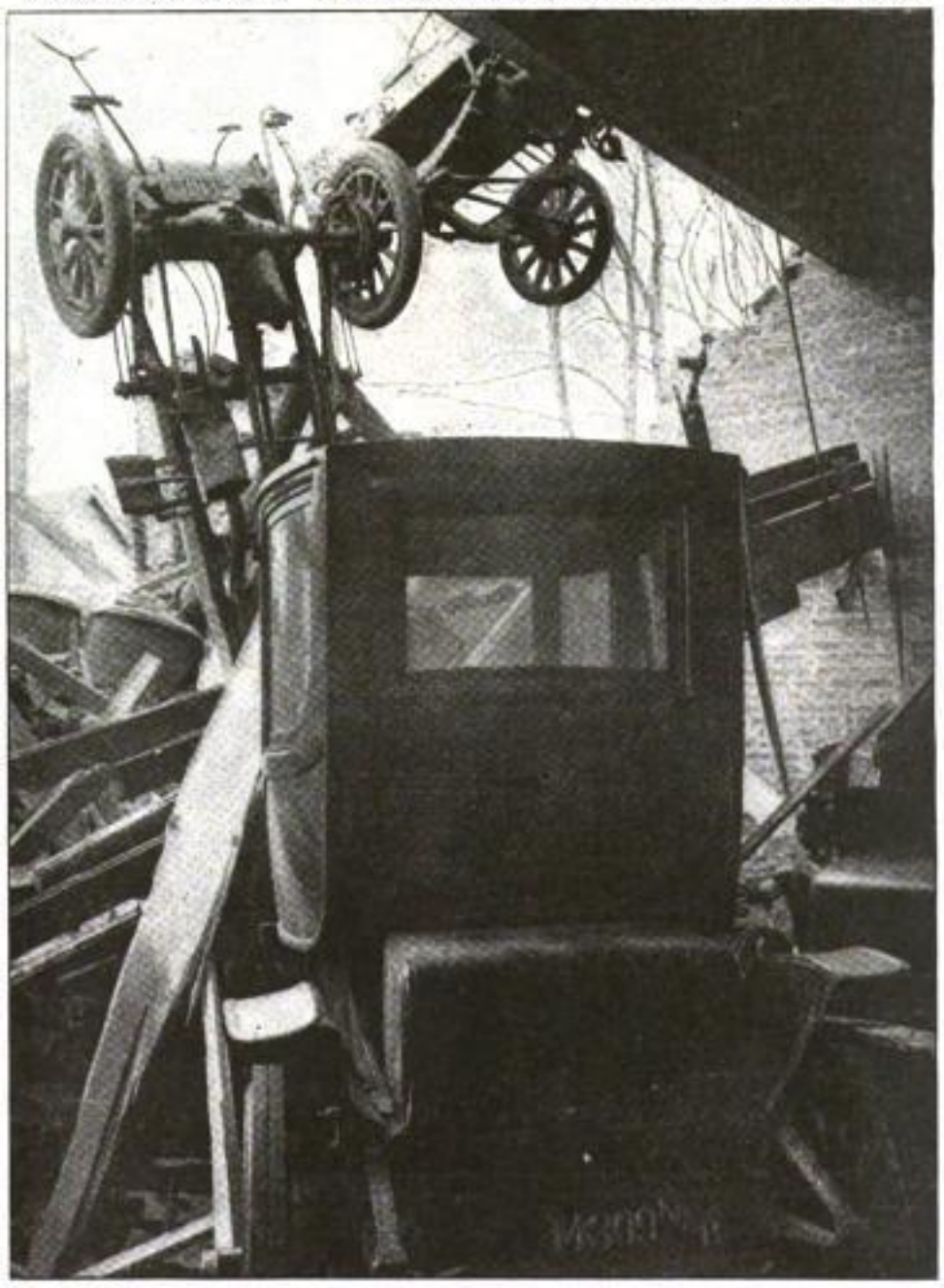
In the Track of the Tornado in Omaha

IN THE mountains in the southwest corner of Utah, early in the morning of March 22, a windstorm, spreading out and gathering momentum as it traveled, started toward the northeast. Thirty-six hours later, after it had swept across Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, it mowed its way through the city of Omaha. Skies that had been overcast earlier in the day had cleared, so the storm descended almost without a warning. Even those who saw, far in the southwest, a small black cloud approaching, and saw it swirl and twist, had little chance to escape. With a roar came blackness, then flames from the path of wreckage. The storm sped on over the high bluffs of the Missouri River, leveling a round house and a trestle. Its greatest fury was spent, but Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan had yet to contribute to the death roll.

A bulletin from the Commercial Club, Omaha, reports that 642 homes were totally wrecked, 1,663 were damaged, and that 3,179 persons were made homeless.



The heavy walls of the Sacred Heart Convent withstood the blow of the storm no better than some of the cottages in the less fashionable districts



A score of costly automobiles were piled up like old junk when the tornado ruined a costly garage in the business district. The cars were valued at $100,000



Grover Cleveland's Birthplace Dedicated as a Memorial

THE little frame parsonage in Caldwell, N. J., in which President Grover Cleveland was born has passed out of the hands of the Presbyterian congregation that has had possession of it for 130 years. It is now a Cleveland memorial. On what would have been the late President's seventy-sixth birthday, the old manse was brightened with flags and bunting, and the pastor of the church turned over to Dr. John H. Finley, president of City College, New York, the key to the house and the deed.

The key was given to Richard Cleveland to open the manse as a house dedicated by the people to the memory of his father. To Esther Cleveland, Dr. Finley then presented a big bouquet of roses.

"And we wish you to enter first, Miss Esther Cleveland, the White House child," he said, "to carry to the room in which your father was born the flowers which are to give token of our affection for him and of our devotion to his memory."

In the accompanying group, taken at the dedication, the order from left to right is: Miss Esther Cleveland, Richard Cleveland, his mother (now Mrs. Thomas J. Preston), and Professor Preston.

President Wilson, in a letter of regret that he could not be present, wrote:

"I think it must be evident to everyone who has given attention to the matter that the feeling of the country, the feeling alike of admiration and affection, toward Mr. Cleveland grows warmer and warmer as the years pass by. As we see him in just perspective, he looms up as one of the most notable figures in our long line of Presidents."



A Japanese Reception with Incongruities

THE odd mixture of Orient and Occident apparent in the tableau beneath this paragraph is as symbolic as curious. It is significant of the same conflict that photographs of recent "Socialist" riots in Japan or of picturesque elections in China might represent—the unending struggle of New-World ideas to succeed among Old-World nations. The correspondent who forwards this picture labels it "Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the great Chinese reformer, now visiting in Japan, being entertained in a true Japanese fashion by the Oriental Association in Tokio." Doubtless the grouping is Oriental. But note the gas mantels and what to all appearances is an extra large schooner of lager beer!

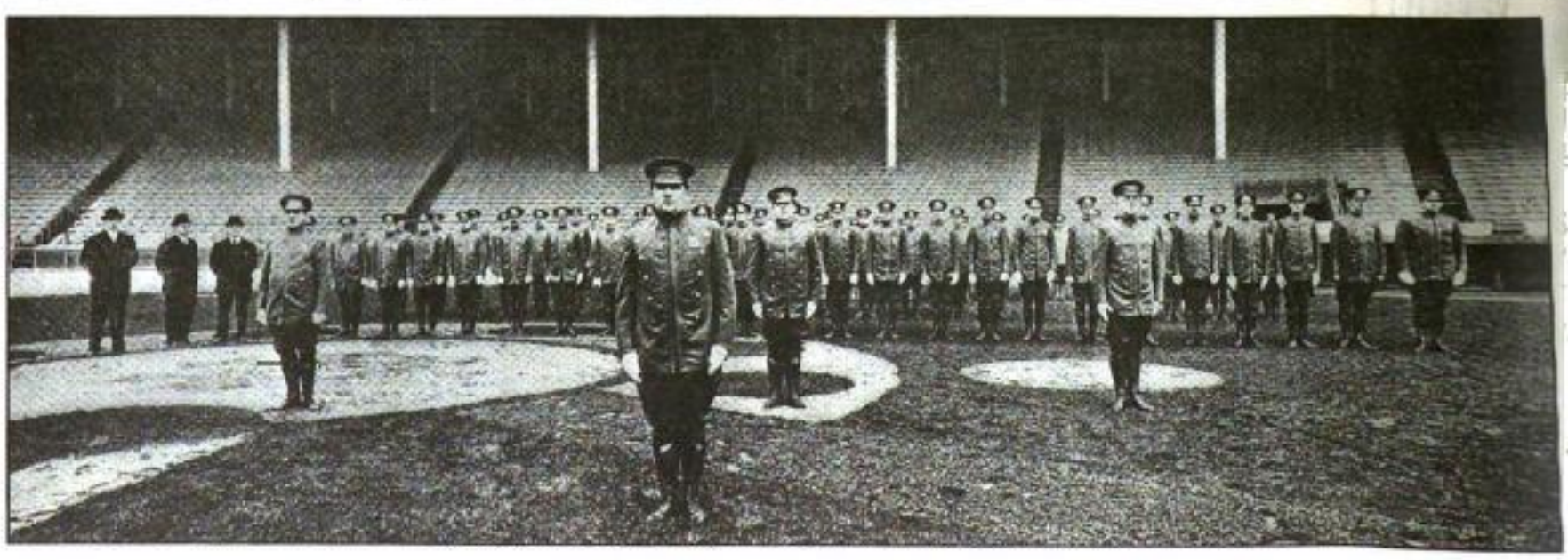
Brighter Days Ahead for the Umpire

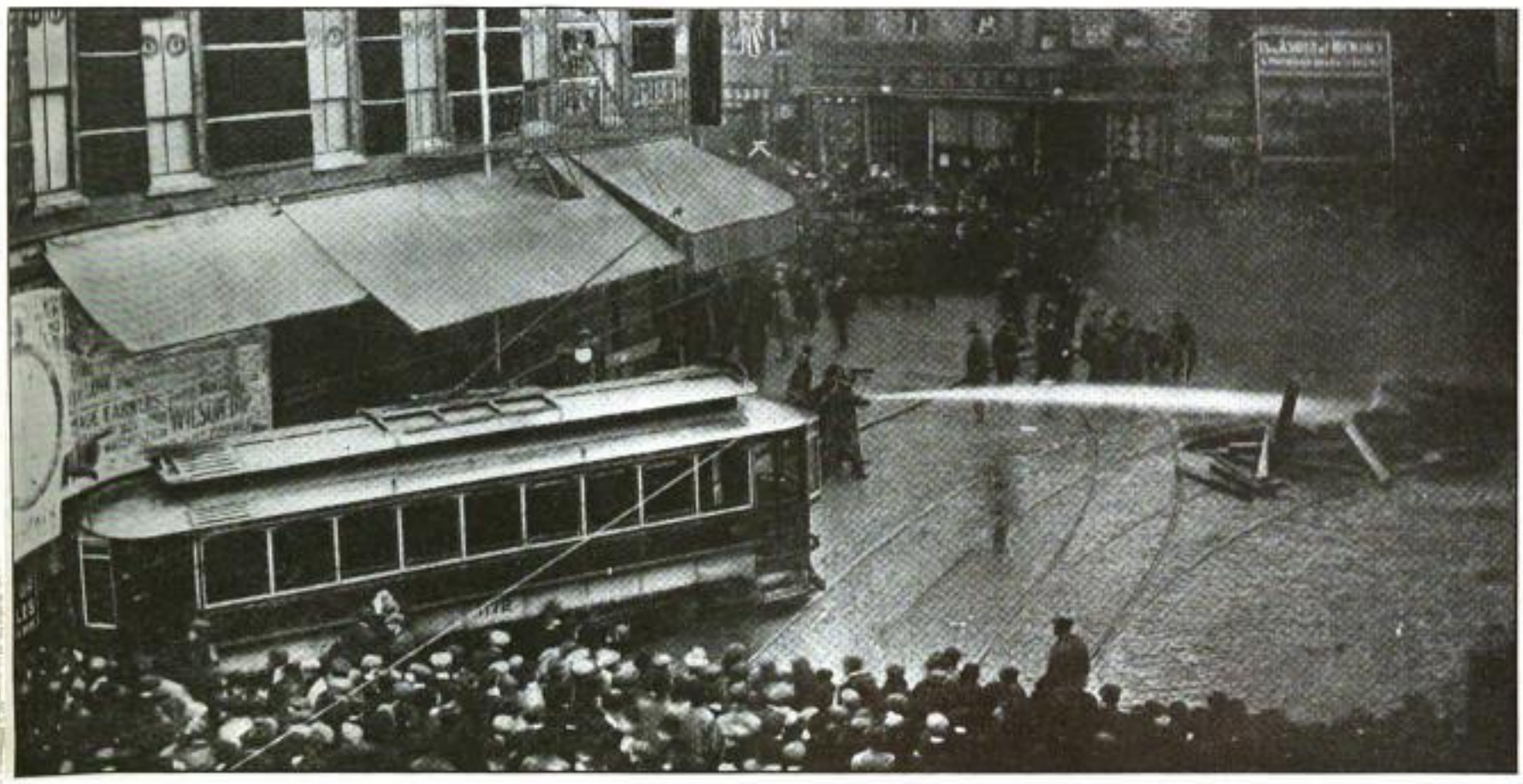
EVEN progressive Tacoma, which sets aside a day every year on which to treat the umpire with courtesy and respect, ought to be willing to congratulate New York City upon a newly organized baseball field special police force. Hereafter in New York every day shall be an umpire's day.

The "Doughertys," who promise this blissful millennium (100 uniformed men, every one more than six feet tall and every one formerly in military service), are to police the Polo Grounds and the new Ebbets Park field in Brooklyn. Their instructions are to suppress "disorder," though they are specifically instructed against trying to throw wet blankets upon fandom's lawful enthusiasm. Witness this paragraph of Commander Dougherty's general orders:

"The National Exhibition Company charges the public admission to its grounds and the public pays such admission for entertainment and amusement. Patrons do not enter the grounds to be annoyed or insulted by the company's employees."







A Boston Square Shaken by a Subway Earthquake

AN EXPLOSION of gas in a new subway tunnel under Scollay Square, Boston, recently gave that neighborhood an imitation of earthquake and eruption. With a loud roar the roof of the subway upheaved, showering planks and then bursting into flame. A passing street car was hurled from its tracks by the jar and went plunging across the square, over curb and sidewalk, into a shop window, demolishing an arc light on the way. By remarkable good fortune only three persons among the Saturday afternoon crowds in the neighborhood were injured. The fire department quickly extinguished the blaze of planks from the subway roof. The audiences of two motion-picture houses in the neighborhood had the good sense to keep from rushing out in panic. The gas was ignited, it is supposed, by a short circuit of electric wires.

Detroit Becomes Proprietor of an Omnibus Line

DETROIT is doing some pioneering in the transportation business. Dissatisfied with the service furnished the public by the concern which owns and operates the trolley lines, the municipal government on March 5 installed motor-bus lines, on which three-cent fares are charged. The city began with five cars, which could not accommodate half the people who wanted to ride. The lines were in operation only ten hours the first day, and the cars traveled 270 miles, carrying 2,045 passengers and maintaining a twelve-minute schedule. The receipts were $61.35 and the expenses approximately $54, $10 of which was paid for removing snow from the routes. The cost of gasoline was figured at $12. The busses now are operated sixteen hours a day, from 5 a. m. to 8 p. m.

The service as a public-ownership venture is as yet an experiment, but its apparent good start has caused the enemies of the street railway company, most of whom are advocating the taking over of all the trolley lines by the city government, to insist upon a general extension of the motor-bus service. On the other hand, the opponents of municipal ownership are belittling the city's undertaking and predicting its utter failure.

Motor-bus service in other cities has been successful in private hands, but Detroit seems to be the first large city in this country to use gasoline-propelled cars to compete with its privately owned electric lines. New York, Chicago, Washington, New Haven, and Indianapolis have had busses long enough to regard them as necessities. A type used on two routes in Indianapolis is one of the newest and most interesting. The entrance is at the side near the driver's seat, and he both collects fares and acts as chauffeur. A rear door furnishes another easy exit for passengers.

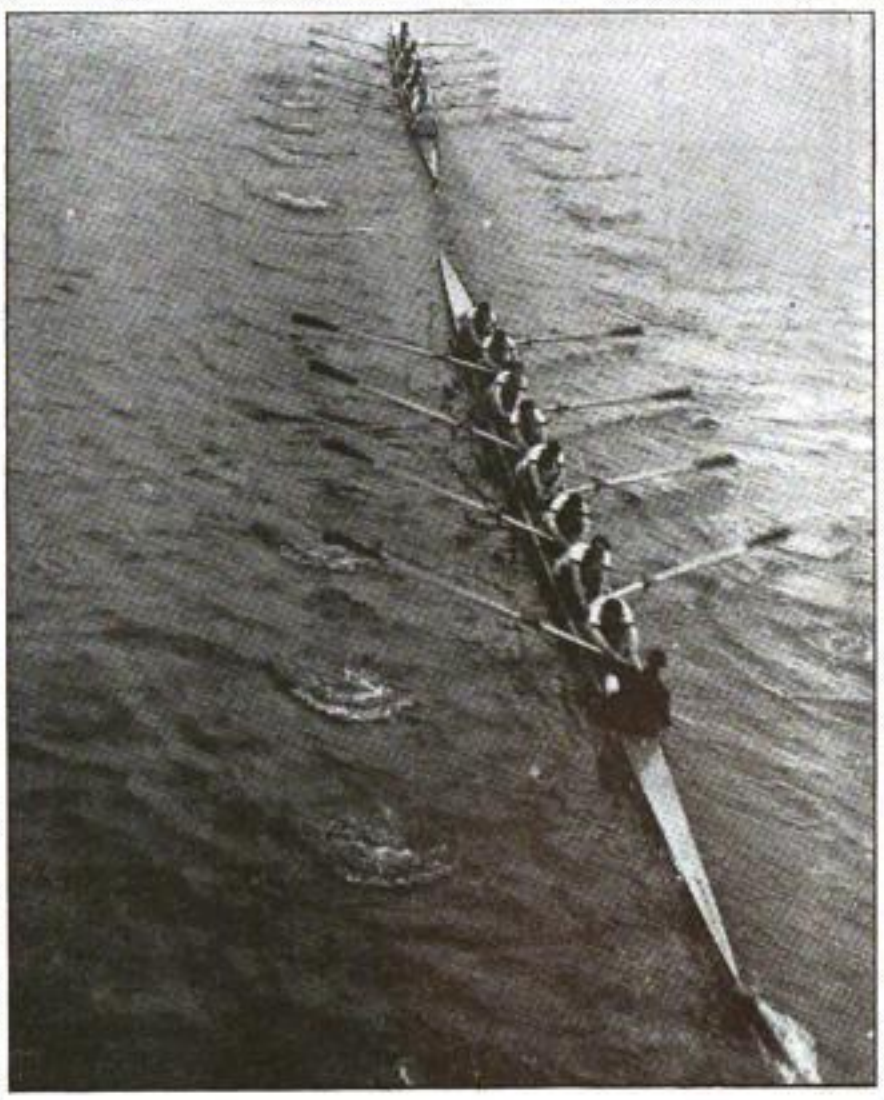


A Memorial to the First Man Bird

UPON the "exact spot where man first proved his supremacy over the air" when Wilbur Wright circled in an aeroplane from the field near Dayton, Ohio, now known as "Wilbur Memorial Park," this statue of a man bird is to stand. Its base is to be a natural rough bowlder of American granite.

The figure later is to be given winged heels, like Mercury, and a suit of plumage. It is to be unveiled, September 20, with ceremonies to be attended by men distinguished in a variety of callings. Gutzon Borglum is the sculptor. The photograph was taken in his studio in Stamford, Conn.





Oxford Wins by a Desperate Spurt

THIS glimpse of the 1913 Oxford-Cambridge boat race is a snapshot from Barnes Bridge, only half a mile from the finish post, just as the Oxford crew began the desperate spurt that at last reversed the positions of the two shells and won for Oxford by a quarter of a length of open water. The course rowed is 4¼ miles.



Walking Advertisements for Los Angeles

FEMININITY on the "hike" has proved brilliantly successful for advertising purposes in the East, and now is being turned to equally good account in California. Where there is no need to make use of the idea in the interests of woman suffrage, it is being cleverly adapted to advertise the beauty and healthful climate of a city.

On St. Patrick's Day Miss Grace L. Brown and Miss Marguerite Scarborough started from the City Hall, Los Angeles, on a 500-mile "hike" to San Francisco, commissioned by the Los Angeles Ad Club to serve as "walking ads."

They carry to San Francisco letters from the Mayor of Los Angeles to the Mayor of San Francisco and from the president of the Los Angeles Ad Club to the president of the San Francisco Ad Club. Our photograph shows the start of the walk, when the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, acting in behalf of the Mayor, gave the advertisements their credentials.

We quote just enough of the Los Angeles ad man's message to suggest its flavor:

"This letter will go to you carried by messengers, not walking over snow and ice and through slush, but along the shores of the balmy Pacific, through mountains covered with flowers and trees, through valleys streaming with sunshine and bearing fruits of the earth."

Practicing the Art of "Hook Sliding"

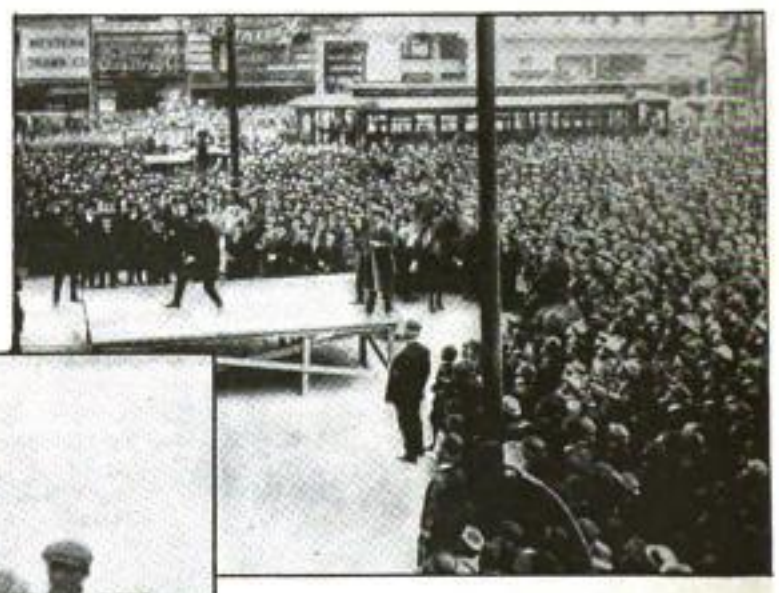
HE WHO was advertised in vaudeville's bright electric lights last year as "The Napoleon of Baseball" is here portrayed drilling one of his recruits in the tactics of battle.

What appears to be the smoke and fragments of bursting shells is really only sawdust from a specially prepared pit which the baseball Napoleon uses in teaching his men the famous "hook slide." The photograph was taken at Marlin Springs, Tex., the New York "Giants'" winter training quarters. Manager John J. McGraw is stationed on the base. The recruit is Heine Groh, ambitious to become the Napoleon's shortstop.

The camera clicked just as the slider's toe made connection with the sack.

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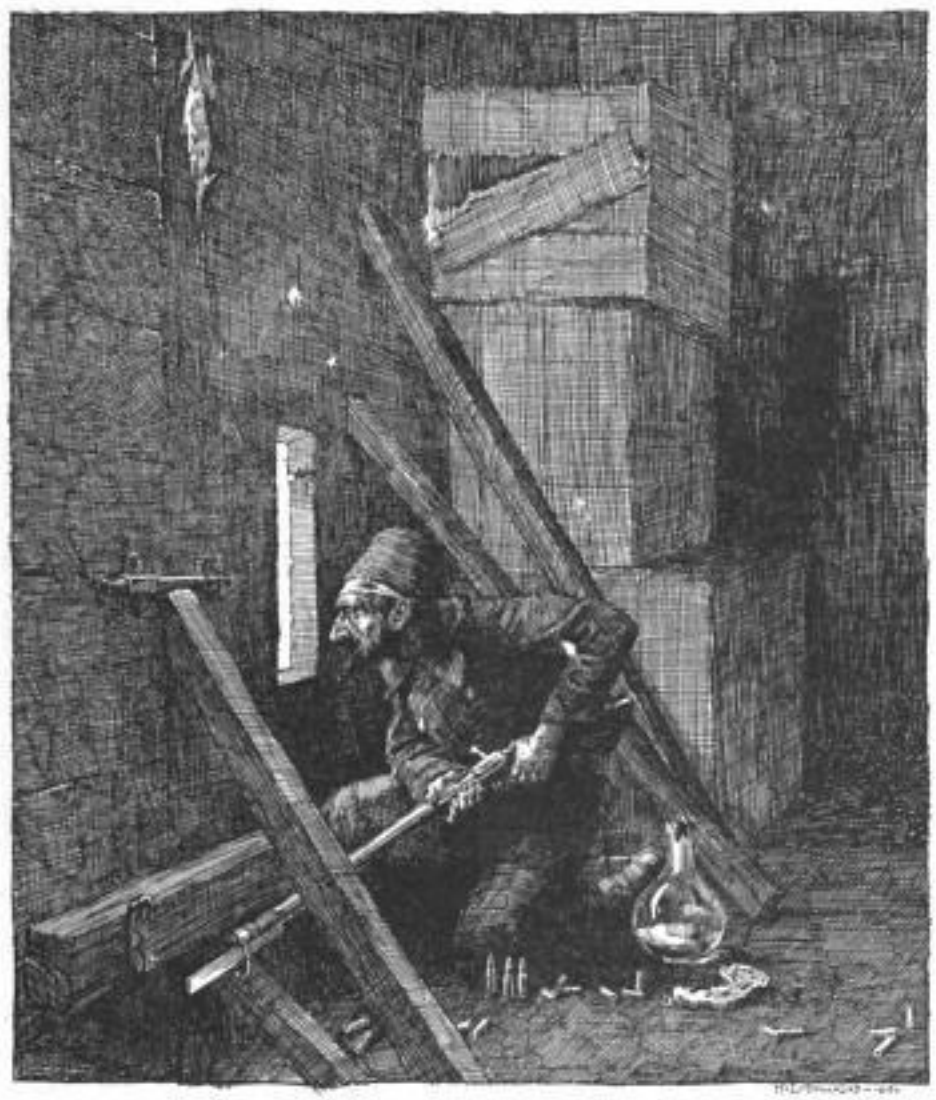




Catching a Baseball Tossed from a Skyscraper

A CROWD estimated at nearly 10,000 watched "Rube" Marquard in San Francisco the other day catch a baseball thrown to him from the top of the Spreckels Building. Among a number of reasons why we should not go to the trouble and expense of extensively chronicling this event, the first is that Mr. Marquard, like Mr. McGraw, finds recreation in vaudeville; and the second is that more remarkable feats in baseball catching already have been recorded. Two men have succeeded in catching baseballs thrown from the Washington Monument. In these instances the ball traveled 542 feet and attained a velocity of 161 feet a second. Mr. Marquard's record falls short of these marks—but has a certain timely interest.

The "Devil" *of* Adrianople



By GEORGE MARVIN

Collier's Special Correspondent, writing from Constantinople shortly before Adrianople fell

AGAIN it is reported that Adrianople, the hope of Turkey's existence in Europe, must fall within a week—perhaps even within a few hours. Again the Turkish capital is excited with undenied rumors that Adrianople's idolized commander, Ghazi Shukri Pasha, admiringly called "The Devil" has sent word by wireless that the city and the garrison are at the end of their supplies of food and ammunition, and that disease and bullets have so weakened the heroic defenders that they no longer can resist the combined attacks of Bulgarians and Servians.

"PERISH AS HEROES"

PERHAPS the report is true this time, but Turks will require overwhelming evidence to be convinced. Their faith in Shukri Pasha as an Ottoman Kitchener will die hard. For five months he has so stubbornly and skillfully resisted siege that he will be remembered with the defenders of Lucknow and Ladysmith, and be honored above Stoessel, the hero of Port Arthur. Throughout the swift changes of the Balkan War, Adrianople has been the pivotal point in the Turkish defense. Battles have been won and lost; hostilities have been halted and renewed; the Government to which Shukri Pasha was responsible has been overthrown, but throughout all the rugged soldier has given no sign of surrender. At the very time when Kiamil's ministry had determined to hand over to the Bulgars the city that Shukri Pasha was desperately defending, he is said to have flashed to the Grand Vizier and the Ottoman people this message:

In the whole course of Ottoman history there never has been an example of a cowardly commandant surrendering to a bloody enemy a city like Adrianople. I shall not be the first to commit that crime.

After having killed with my own hand my last soldier, I shall save the last shot for myself.

If I see that the means of defense are spent, I shall set apart the women and children, commit them to the protection of the consuls, and make them all go out from the city. If the Bulgars will, let them murder those innocents in the sight of the consuls, as they have done before.

After that I shall turn my guns on our memorial buildings, so beautiful and so renowned, and on the Bulgar [inhabitants].

I shall drown the city in a deluge of fire, and make of it a smoking ruin. Then, surrounded by fire inside the walls and death outside, my soldiers will roll back the lines of the Bulgars, were they a million strong, or perish as heroes.

A THREAT THAT IS ALSO A PLEDGE

READ at a distance, there is something melodramatic in the challenge of the old war dog. But those who know him say that he would carry out his threat to the letter.

The way in which he has continued his defense through the long months of repeated attack by the united Bulgarian and Servian armies, harassed by semi-starvation and the pressure of the powers, has shown of what stuff he is made.

Ever since Christmas the report has regularly been current that Adrianople could not possibly hold out more than a week or two longer. But the same qualities that the besieged have shown against the Montenegrins at Scutari and against the Greeks at Janina, the Ottoman garrison have evinced against a far more effective investment at Adrianople.

On the defense there is no more stubbornly enduring and resourceful fighter than the Turk. In the last ditch he is indeed "terrible." But, in addition to the quality of a Turkish garrison and the strength of German defense, the Allies have encountered at Adrianople a real commander, a general of the old Ottoman type whose energy and genius double the resisting power of a fortress whose fall would in all probability end a great war.

LINKED WITH THE SABERING PAST

GHAZI SHUKRI PASHA is a rare exception in the Turkish army to-day when politics and military affairs are entangled. He is a soldier only; he knows little and cares less about politics. His reputation is that of a vieux *sabreur turc*, with the spirit of one of those ancient captains of Janizaries who were always first into the desperate breech of falling city walls. And he looks the part, they say, though his picture does not.

The shops and the newspaper stalls are full of photographs of the chiefs of the new Unionist régime and the abdicated celebrities of Kiamil's administration who are now sojourning in Egypt or along the Riviera. You can buy facsimiles of them all at five piasters a pasha or a bey—Mahmoud Shevket, Izzet, poor Nazim, Enver—most of them in uniform, the Young Turks with their mustaches aggressively turned up, German fashion, and the Old Turks with theirs drooping down, pucka Ottoman style. But in these days, when all Turkey is singing his praises and the Bulgarian generals admit he is the best of the lot, you will look high and low without finding a photograph of Shukri.

He has been too busy for photographs. The single one available, taken in Salonica some time ago, shows him to be a man of calm bearing, a strong head, with a big hooked nose and quiet gray eyes presiding over a thick, bushy, gray beard which nearly covers his face.

Although at heart and in appearance the defender of Adrianople may be linked with the great sabering past, he is considered in training and equipment one of the most modern of all Ottoman generals. He was born in 1854 of Albanian parents. Both his father and his uncle were officers in the Ottoman army and distinguished in Caucasian campaigns. As a mere boy this son of a soldier began his military education at the service schools and colleges of Constantinople, where he eventually so distinguished himself that in 1885, after acquiring his brevet as lieutenant of artillery, he was sent by the Government to complete his training in Germany.

GERMANY HELPED TEACH HIM

SO FAR as technique goes, he is essentially a product of the German military school, and one of which the Germans are themselves proud. While still serving as captain in a German artillery regiment he attracted the attention of the Emperor, William I, who wrote to Sultan Abdul Hamid, apropos of Shukri and other Turkish students: "It is an honor for my regiment to have such officers among them."

After his return to Constantinople he was appointed, at the instance of all his brother officers, military aid-de-camp to the Sultan, by whom he was soon advanced to the command of an artillery regiment. On the occasion of Kaiser William II's visit to Constantinople, Colonel Shukri with this regiment made such a dashing showing at the grand review that he received a special decoration from the German Emperor.

Under the tyrannical régime of Abdul Hamid, however, few officials found constant favor, and Shukri suffered by the dismissal of his father-in-law, Nouri Pasha, the Sultan's master of horse. But his exile from court took the responsible form of being sent as brigadier general in command of the artillery division of Adrianople.

It was during this period that he made the reputation for thoroughness in drill which now, upon the same ground, he has backed up by an even greater efficiency under the most trying war conditions.

In that first tour of duty at Adrianople he found himself under the command of the marshal, Mahmoud Pasha, a Hungarian veteran who had served many years in the Turkish army, and who gave his division chief full authority without the jealous supervision which defeats many a younger officer's ambition. In two years Shukri made his section of the garrison a crack artillery division.

"I am first in my division," he said, "and, in consequence of my position, it devolves upon me to find out more than the rest about ordnance, sword play, and equitation."

And he did.

TAUGHT HIS SOLDIERS TO READ

MORE than that, he turned the post into an artillery school and personally taught his men. He fenced with his officers and instructed them in his strenuous German school of horsemanship and gunnery. He gave lectures in military science, which were attended by many officers outside his own division; and while he made sure that his subordinates were fit to command, he took in hand the rank and file, and made them intelligently obedient. The officials at the War Office say that seventy per cent of his artillery recruits, in addition to their regular duties, learned to read and write during their service at Adrianople. He seems to have been as uncompromising and severe then as his conduct in the defense of Adrianople reveals him as a man who would tolerate no opposition and always carried into execution what he had once decided to do.

In recognition of his services at Adrianople, Shukri Bey, as he was then called, received his rank of pasha and was appointed a full general and inspector of the army. In 1903, when the Macedonian revolt broke out, he defeated a band of six thousand Bulgarians and Serbs near Tirnovo, taking them by surprise after a dash of twelve hours over territory considered a two days' march.

After the revolution of 1908 the Committee of Union and Progress proposed to make him Governor of Tripoli. His reply was in this characteristic vein:

"Why, I never have been even a bailiff," he said. "What do I know about the duties of a civil governor? You don't want me to be dependent on an accountant and a secretary, do you?"

FIVE DAYS TO PREPARE FOR SIEGE

SO THEY nominated him commander of the Ninth Army Corps in his home vilayet of Erzeroum. But before he could reach his post he was made commandant and inspector general of Redif at Constantinople, which post he occupied when the present war clouds darkened in October.

Those in charge of the mobilization plans at once decided to place him in his appropriate position. He was made commandant of Adrianople, and arrived in that city on the 12th of October, just five days before the war began. He had exactly five days to prepare for a long resistance.

It is true that the city has been resisting actual bombardment and assault for only a little more than half of the time during those five months of the siege. But the endurance and discipline of the garrison were little relaxed during the two long months of armistice.

The siege continued effective in every way except in terms of gunpowder and bayonets.

While provisions and supplies were denied the defenders of Adrianople, they were obliged, by the terms of the armistice, to allow a provision train to pass daily through the outskirts of the city on the west bank of the Maritza en route to the investing Bulgarian lines at Chatalja.

Solely on account of Adrianople, the conference at London disbanded and hostilities were renewed. The whole war has from the start swung round this citadel; its stubborn defense still prevents peace.

AN EMPIRE'S FATE IN THE BALANCE

IF SHUKRI can continue to hold at bay the one hundred and eighty thousand Bulgars and Serbs who now creep toward his redoubts in an ever-narrowing circle, he may break the spirit of the Allies, exhaust the patience of the powers, and so gain for Turkey the terms the Porte already concedes. If he surrenders or falls with the city that he has sworn never to surrender, the Ottoman Empire comes to an end in Europe, and, in the isolated capital which remains, no one knows what revolutions and reprisals may mark the loss of "Edirneh."

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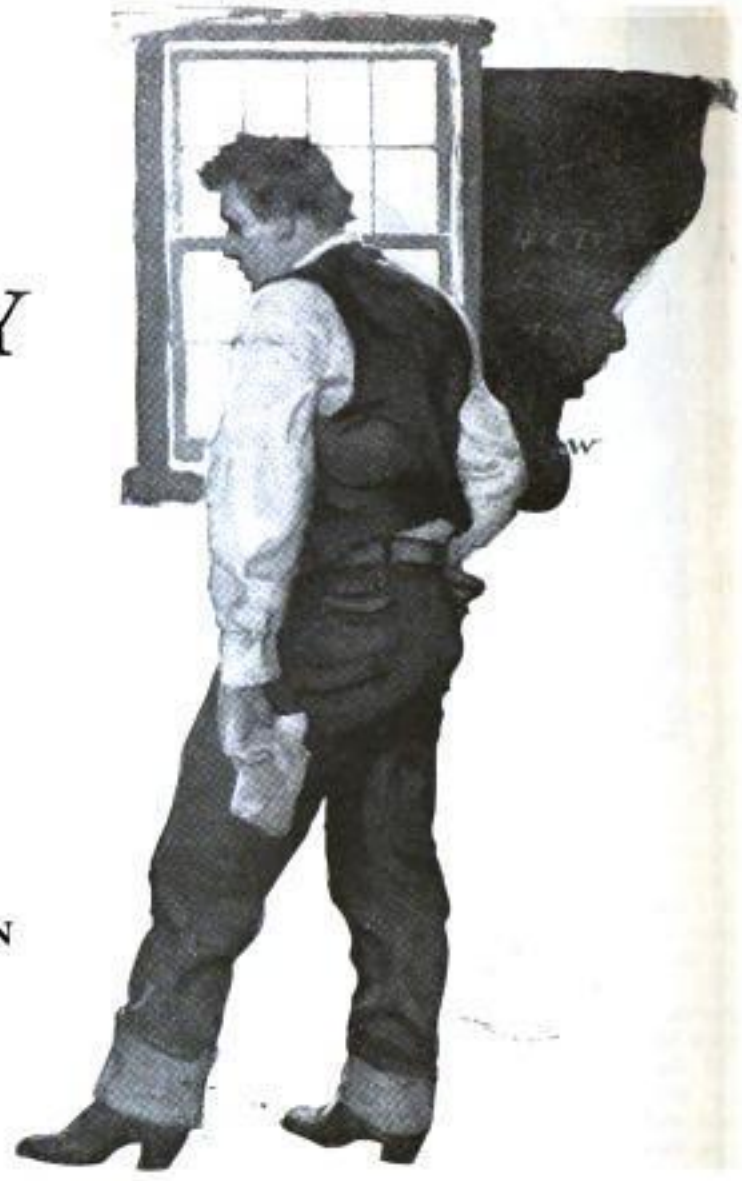


The COUNTRY UP-IN -BACK

By

CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth



"ALL the same," concluded Mr. Sourds, "Gravelly's goin' to run her school, scholars or no scholars. I can remember, ma'am, before this camp busted, when Gravelly had some of the plumb finest scholars you ever see. Right in this gulch, ma'am—right yere in this little old sore-back school which you're kickin' so much about."

"I'm not *kicking*," retorted Miss Millie, vigorously, "but I can't run a school without pupils, and you know it."

"Ain't you got the widda woman's?"

"One isn't enough. Besides, Pete is too little."

"If I was Pete—and goin' to school to you, ma'am," Ike Sourds ambled on, flicking the dust from his mule's ears with lazy circles of his rawhide—"and any other kid come round tryin' to break in that school, I'd beat him stiff. I would—I'm a son of a—I mean, ma'am, I wouldn't stand for no competition."

Gravelly's schoolma'am listened without change of face. She looked from Mr. Sourds's buckboard as it wound down the Sierra foothill road through the red dust and past the spurs of manzanita that hid the opposite sun-smitten slope of the cañon. Mr. Sourds wondered whether or not he had done well and gracefully. He tried again.

"What I mean, ma'am, is that you're a whole school in yourself. What I was goin' for to say is that Gravelly don't give a—this camp don't care if that district over the ridge did slope with all our scholars. What Gravelly banks on—seein' now that you got here—is that we got the—well, you might say, the best-lookin' teacher that ever came up this mountain."

STILL Gravelly's teacher looked stonily down the mountain. The school director followed that gaze. "What's the use of scholars as long as we're happy? You see that tree, ma'am—that madrona skinned off the side some? That's where we hanged the greaser last winter."

"Mr. Sourds, will you let me off at the store? I can walk to my boarding place."

"No, you cain't, ma'am. I'd skin this mule forty ways for Sunday afore you walk when I'm drivin' this way."

"I think I shall close the school to-morrow."

"You cain't," murmured Mr. Sourds; "playin' low-down tricks ain't in you."

"I shall resign to-morrow—if you don't have any more children than just the widow's Pete!"

Gravelly's teacher spoke with indignant eyes and hot cheeks. Gravelly's school chairman answered with grave eyes and lugubrious speech. The buckboard mule ambled on past the first roofless, windowless shanty of Gravelly's lost camp. Another, choked, weed-grown, untenanted since '50—and back of them the riddled bowlder bank where the last hydraulic ram had mashed the mountain and fed it as thin gruel to singing Tuolumne down the cañon. Mr. Sourds's melancholy eye went down the prospect; he saw tied to the store front another lead-colored jackass in another dusty buckboard.

"Bein' a widda woman," Mr. Sourds resumed, "I reckon she's doin' the best she can. If I knew where any more kids was, I'd go rustle 'em myself. You see, Gravelly's been natchelly peterin' since I was bo'n. Not that I was responsible, but when they changed the stage over to the Sonora road they squeezed us. But we got along all right with the school until these irrigation folks built the dam. You see, all the kids come over the ridge across the river and nobody ever thought of what openin' that ditch would do to us. Filled the upper cañon for six miles behind the dam and not a kid could get to our school. So they all go down the other side the ridge to District Four. And where was we at? Fitchered, 'y Swanny!"

"Well, I can't possibly go on teaching with one pupil. It's absurd. You never told me this when you engaged me. You told me about the—climate and the scenery! Just because I had happened to confide in Mrs. Dinwiddie in my first letter that I wanted to get into the mountains for my health a bit."

"Health? We're just pizened with it yere. And climate and scenery—well, look at 'em, ma'am. Gravelly's rotten with 'em. Far as our school's concerned, I told the boys they was wrong to hang the greaser. His family got sore and moved over to Jimtown—and they was nine kids of 'em, ma'am, and they filled in for school purposes."

The teacher bit her lips: "Mr. Sourds, you have my resignation."

"Oh, come, now."

"If the district can't find more than one child—"

Mr. Sourds raised a hand solemnly and stopped his mule at the same time. "What," he inquired, "is the limit?"

"I refuse to teach one. I distinctly refuse—it isn't honest to accept the salary."

"All right, then. One you go—two you stay. I'm goin' to wiggle round and get another. Slope up the ridge to-morry and make the boys perduce. You cain't play us low-down like that, Miss Millie. I'm goin' up and get Smiley Jim."

"Who?"

"Old Smiley's boy. Used to pan the middle creek—old Smiley did. Used to take some color out, too, when I was a little shaver."

"Well—" Miss Millie looked away distantly. The buckboard was before the long, sun-warped porch of the hotel where Tu, the cook, had just come out, dusting the row of huge rocking-chairs leisurely—those gray, whittled rockers in melancholy order in which the new, lone boarder at Dinwiddie's had never sat and never would, when she knew that the two men in the blacksmith shop across the road stopped their work every time she appeared, and only resumed it when she had gone up the oak-embowered street to the schoolhouse on the ridge.

"There's a lot you could teach this yere Smiley Jim," went on Mr. Sourds diplomatically. "He comes from the country up-in-back. It's a right lonesome road up-in-back. He's growin' up in a state o' sin and ignorance. He can't spell C-A-T. Honest, ma'am, it 'ud touch yore heart to see this yere Smiley Jim."

"Well—" repeated Miss Millie, and paused. The Tuolumne was singing down the cañon, and over the chaparral-crowned ridge lay the bluest, fairest sky of all California—with a peep of snow like the edge of a baby's coverlet on the tip of the high Sierra. After Chicago! After the frost of February in the East; and the loneliness of February in her heart! They had told her in the dank little Larrabee Street settlement school that she must give up the fight. Miss Millie had come to California—but she still must work. And somehow, when she left the bay cities and first felt the spring sunshine of the foothills of the San Joaquin, and was driven up from the railroad to the first ridge stretching like a bronze-green shield from her feet to infinity, Miss Millie felt her soul stir dumbly like a thing that had, after all her years, found space to breathe. Even the untenanted forlornness of Gravelly, its bare hydraulicked gulch, moldering cabins of the Forty-niners, and the great pits in its street where the roofs of ancient diggings had at last collapsed, and were now tree-grown pitfalls, could not depress her.

NOR Dinwiddie's Hotel, with the square and white-washed rooms staring and vacant; nor the "store," with its ever-curious idlers under the chinaberry tree. But she thought of the squat little schoolhouse up the gulch in the red dust and sunshine, where, for the first week, she had daily gone to meet nobody but the "widda woman's Pete," the top of whose towhead peeped at her over his geography alone in the sepulchral silence of the room. It was distressing; but Gravelly's population seemed to take the decay as a philosophic jest. The schoolma'am had acquired a morbid resentment that they did not take her seriously.

She turned on Ike Sourds with decisive finality.

"Well. I'll stay through the spring term if you really will find a way to get this Smiley child."

Mr. Sourds seemed to snigger an instant and then smother it behind his whiskers. "I'll get him all right. This yere Smiley child is goin' to school if I have to rope, tie, and gag him myself. He's goin' to like you, ma'am, or take an awful beatin'. You been here a week, Miss Millie, and you already don't look so peaked as you did. All the boys remark about that, Miss Millie, how Gravelly certainly did you good. Old man Jasper son an' Doc Fortune was sent down last night to see Mrs. Dinwiddie and ask if you was eatin' better'n when you first come—"

"*What!*"

"They was app'inted, ma'am—regular by the board—"

"Well, of all the things!" Then the little teacher broke to laughter, and more color than Gravelly had yet seen danced to her cheeks. "Appointed regular—to see how I was *eating!*"

"Gravelly don't want you to get off your feed. Mr. Doc brought up this matter o' kids, too, since we found none of 'em across the creek can get to you. We sat all round camp last night tryin' to see who'd go. I said he'd start, but he shore was ashamed to have you find out how miserable he was with figgers; and Jim Crump said he'd go, but he didn't know just how you cotton to a married man—"

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"But they're *both* on the school board—"

"Don't let that worry you none. Gravelly just natchelly promised you a school. It's goin' to git you a school if it has to go out and steal one. Any time this camp cain't have a school it's goin' to be the last kick an' flicker o' civilization, an' Gravelly ain't clean gone yit. The boys set round the store last night waitin' for the committee to come back from interviewin' Dinwiddie's Chinaman, and when I got up and ast Doc how you was eatin', we all knowed a shore crisis had come for this side the mountain. I said: 'Doc, how she seem to be stackin' up?'

"Doc says: 'High, wide, an' handsome!' Ma'am, you could heard 'em yell clear to the big riffle. Two eggs an' a piece o' ham, kind o' middlin', the Chinaman said—and a couple o' biscuit and tea and jam—the boys heartened up right there."

"Mr. Sourds—*Mr. Sourds*—"

MR. SOURDS was touching up his mule with the skinner. He looked back, as the buckboard moved off from the hotel walk, at the little teacher gazing at him wide-eyed over the gate.

"Now, ma'am, I'm goin' to slope right up the mountain to-night, and to-morry you can start in on the Smiley child."

Miss Millie went in and bathed her face in cold water in the big tin pan and changed her gown and did up her hair before she came down to supper. Tu, the Chinaman, scurried back to the kitchen as she came along the creaking hall; she discovered Mrs. Dinwiddie crossing the huge and solitary room to place the one kerosene lamp upon teacher's table. Somehow, before teacher, about teacher, behind teacher, ever enveloping teacher was an atmosphere of strained solicitude, furtive care, a vagrant and haunting affection. It seemed part of the flicker of the sunshine across the mossy roofs and on the red dust as she walked the lone street; the singing of the river as she sat in her window of nights among the whispering oaks. Gravelly's grandeur had fallen forty years ago; the last of her pay dirt had been panned, the last game played across her bar; another half decade and she would join the lost camps of the old and golden days; the singing river and the whispering leaves under the stars would be her requiem. Gravelly had fought the last battle for her school; the new district and the new dam put all the children "over the ridge" into another jurisdiction, but the few lingering men of the camp had defied authority and hired a teacher as of old. Then the dismal truth was laid bare—there was none to go to it, none save the widow's Pete.

Teacher went along the river trail the next morning in this blessed air of oak and pine and sun. Far ahead, in the path, she caught a glimpse of the widow's Pete, his dinner pail glinting, his brown heels scuffing in the red dust. Gravelly's scholar turned in at the schoolhouse crossing and disappeared. Gravelly's teacher did not reach the yard until ten minutes later. She mounted the worn step, went through the dingy vestibule and to her desk before she turned to smile her accustomed greeting at the widow's Pete. She laid her bunch of sun-warm poppies down and looked up. Pete's red ears stuck up above his geography, conspicuously shy. But across from him, in the otherwise empty room, was another pupil. The Smiley child had come.

GRAVELLY'S teacher stifled a cry. The Smiley child was smiling with a not at all infantile gravity. He drew up some six feet of lank, sinewy youth, smoothed down his hair, rubbed his chin, and gazed respectfully at her. Miss Millie saw wonderingly the burned, lean skin below eyes as blue and steady as the skies of high Tuolumne.

"Well," gasped teacher, "are you the infant?"

"I reckon. Are you the teacher?"

"I am Miss Stimson."

The Smiley child looked teacher over with satisfaction. She returned the scrutiny in a struggle made up of mingled indignation and frantic amusement. Then she spoke with dignity:

"Your name is James Smiley? And how old are you?"

"I'm Smiley Jim. And I'm fourteen—almost."

SHE regarded him severely. "You are telling a falsehood, James Smiley. You—you—you're already—*shaving!*"

"You bet I do, teacher. And you can call me a liar, teacher, but there isn't any mule whacker up this creek that can."

"Take your seat. Have you any books?"

Smiley Jim obeyed. It was with some difficulty he got his long legs doubled under the desk, three to the right of the widow's Pete. The clock ticked on. Teacher sat silent behind her bowl of poppies. Then she struck the desk sharply with a ruler. The widow's Pete elevated his ears above the geography and sniggered, then dropped painfully out of sight. The new scholar had absently begun to roll a bit of brown paper. Then he suddenly slipped it down his boot top with a murmured apology. When teacher went to throw open a window, the new scholar followed her with an approving eye. She was good to look at: Ike Sourds hadn't stretched it a bit. The Smiley child continued to look thoughtfully; and teacher turned another irritated eye on him, again with that faint color to her cheeks. Ten minutes of this while the widow's Pete gurgled throatily to himself over the capitals of the South Atlantic States, and then teacher came down and sat directly in front of the new scholar and looked at him with icy deliberation.

"How far have you got in your studies?"

"Me?"

"Yes. What reader have you got into before this year?" Somehow, teacher was losing that precision and elegance of speech which a teacher ought to have. "I—I—really don't know what to do with you!"

"Oh, that's all right. Just turn me loose with a bunch of knowledge, teacher, and what I don't soak up, you can feed to Pete. I got a regular horse hunger for culture—I sure have. Curious how it hit me when I first saw you!"

"Can you read or write?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you. What this here infant needs is a chance. He wants to grow up to be a credit to his teacher."

"You need not talk so much—please," his teacher retorted. "I shall start you in the first grade. And we can loan you the books. There are enough old ones here. I found—and Peter is through with them."

She laid them sweetly before him. The Smiley child cast a doubtful eye on the dog-eared reader. "You mean I got to trail along behind this little red-headed son of a—the widda woman's kid?"

"I don't believe—" teacher answered, still more sweetly, and went back to her desk—"you are advanced enough to keep up with Peter."

There was a sudden volcanic disturbance in the South Atlantic States. The new scholar looked quietly over at the widow's Pete. What was in his eye boded no good. Then he buried himself in: "Is that a cat?" And to himself he murmured: "Help!"

But the second Monday of the spring term went off with exact and impeccable composure. The widow's Pete recited illuminatingly of the South Atlantic capitals.

The Smiley child unaffectedly could spell "c-a-t." The teacher listened impersonally. At recess, glancing out hurriedly, she saw the Smiley child seated on the fence rolling a cigarette.

"The idea!" she quivered, and at four o'clock, when she dismissed the school, she calmly, and without malice, announced that there was to be no smoking on the grounds.

"Blazes!" mused the Smiley child, "what am I getting into?"

THE teacher walked home alone, busied with many thoughts, the most disconcerting of which was that she knew that in the oak scrub up the trail from the schoolhouse a lithe young ranger had slipped into his "shaps" and was turned in the saddle, looking back at her with equal thoughtfulness. Then she saw a cloud of red dust above the chaparral up-in-back. The group on the porch of Gravelly's store regarded her when she passed with absorbed silence. Gravelly's teacher lay awake that night for long, watching the stars above the Sierra as she restlessly tossed by her window. At times she quivered; at times she smothered a laugh. "But he shan't make me ridiculous!" she whispered—and fell asleep to dream that the A class of her old Chicago school had suddenly drawn six-shooters and blown all the × signs out of the multiplication table.

The next morning he was there. Tall, silent, melancholy behind a geography which he had taken from the widow's Pete. He gave her a cheerful good morning. She gave him a school-teacherish smile. The widow's Pete sniggered, then studied. Teacher had given him a formidable look.

The day went pleasantly in the peace of the sunny glade. Teacher went down the path to her boarding place conscious that the Smiley child was watching her from the scrub back of the schoolhouse where his cayuse nibbled the dry tufts. The Smiley child nibbled a sandwich and drew on his cigarette. Teacher had an' idea that he would be lonesome the hour of noon. "But I shan't talk to him, of course," she reflected. "He's just waiting for me to be familiar. But his studying that First Reader—it's ridiculous! He—he's twenty-five—and good-looking—Oh, it's abominable!"

NEITHER down in camp would teacher let on to the least surprise at the new pupil Gravelly had produced. She met Ike Sourds, the district chairman, toiling up the road one day to his shack—toiling, indeed, for upgrade locomotion with Mr. Sourds consisted of everlasting mauling of his mule. Mr. Sourds gaped behind his whiskers.

"How's school, Miss Millie?"

"Fine."

"Gittin' more contented, hey?"

"Oh, yes. And feeling better. And school *is* progressing?" Miss Millie would have given a month's pay to ask that question of the Smiley child, who came from up-in-back each morning on the buckskin bronc', read his primer, recited "three-times-six-is-eighteen," ate his lunch dutifully alone back of the schoolhouse, and then "lit out" for the

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She clung to his neck, looking up at the hot sky, then closed her eyes, for it seemed that the yelling devils of the flood were on them

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PURE FOOD



Pure, Impure, or Neither

A Department Conducted by

LEWIS B. ALLYN

"NO ONE likes a middling good egg," says Bob Burdette. Such an egg, or even a worse one, will work up into a cake which will pass inspection, provided heat and spice have been judiciously used. So it is with the food situation. A standard that falls a little short of complete purity is as dangerous and a thousandfold more deceptive than openly declared adulteration. A standard bolstered by sophistry, ignorance, unfairness, or greed may sometimes masquerade like a cake made from rots and spots. Its true character is not superficially evident.

The "pure"-food exposition recently held in Portland, Me., emphasizes the fallacy of trying to be good in spots, though we have some authority for saying: "There is none righteous, no, not one."

The public had a right to expect from advertisements appearing in newspapers on the street cars, and in other places that by visiting the auditorium of the City Hall it could acquire by positive example all sorts of helpful hints on pure foods. Here, if we were to believe the advertisements, was a harbor in which one could find temporary refuge from the stormy seas of legalized impurity, and come forth refitted and outfitted to continue the voyage.

Several intelligent visitors were questioned as to what they expected to find in this "pure-food exposition." All, with one exception (and she had been "tipped off" concerning the true state of affairs), replied to the effect that they thought they were to see food products which were really pure—just the kind one should purchase for the family. They supposed that the exhibits of impure products were to be confined to the display loaned by the food authorities of the State of Maine. Now what were the facts concerning this "middling good" food show?

A Violation of Public Trust

ONE enters the beautiful auditorium; the brilliant lights, sweet music, spicy odors, attractive booths impress one pleasantly. One begins to feel secure here. This must be the Utopia of foods! But not so fast. Here is a dessert powder publicly displayed and freely sold labeled "Color and Flavor Artificial"; here another dessert preparation colored with coal-tar dye and flavored with synthetic ether. What are they doing in a pure-food show? But that is not all—here we find a prominent booth displaying "Vin Fiz," "Contains 1-10 of 1 per cent Benzoate of Soda"; Nut Sundae, "Contains 1-10 of 1 per cent Benzoate of Soda"; various crushed fruits—pineapple, strawberry, raspberry—all preserved with the sodium salt of benzoic acid; cherries, "Top Notch Brand, Imitation Flavor and Artificial Color"; all of these, too, in the face of a contract, a clause of which reads: "The exhibitor hereby agrees not to exhibit any impure foods, foods containing any preservative; the penalty being the immediate forfeiting of space, booth, and all money paid on account of same."

It is not to the point for COLLIER'S to try to fix the blame for this violation of public trust and confidence, but it is very much to the point to cry out against practices which, however well intended or however innocently permitted, result in discrediting in the eyes of many the value of a pure-food exposition.

"Had I my way," said a food official of the State of Maine who was present, "I would clean up this show and make it what it is advertised to be—a *pure*-food exposition."

Morals stick out over a show of this nature like pins on a cushion; one has only to make his selection. There are one or two facts, however, which should be emphasized for the benefit of those communities which desire to further municipal campaigns by making public exhibitions of foods.

If an exposition is partly good and partly bad in the sense of displaying both pure and impure articles and calling such a display a pure-food exposition, a suspicion of doubt is immediately felt. It may appear that such a procedure is born partly from carelessness, from lack of information, from bad advice, from ignorance, from questionable advertising motives, or from several other causes. At any rate, it is a most unfortunate occurrence.

In the first place, it yokes high standard producers with unbelievers.

In the case of the Portland show, one found a strange mixture of good and bad advertised as good.

Exhibitors of Pure Food Compromised

SUPPOSE Mrs. Consumer buys a dozen eggs and finds a bad one among the first she uses. She is usually suspicious of the whole lot and usually puts the remaining ones to the test before cooking them. So with the exposition in question, several firms who believe in and put in practice the highest ideals were compromised because of the company they were in. Of course, the better way for a visitor to treat the exposition would be to regard it as one would a box of oranges containing here and there a decayed fruit: remove the latter and enjoy the rest. This would represent the highest type of food education.

In the second place, the Portland show throws discredit upon the term "pure" as applied to food products. In one of our Eastern cities the leading department store had been accustomed to have an annual "pure-food fair" just before the annual spring clean-up. The attention of the proprietor was called to the fact that in his display were twoscore or more adulterated or misbranded products concerning which extravagant statements were made.

Being in real sympathy with the pure-food movement, he immediately changed his advertising and also called upon his representatives in charge of the exhibit to avoid abuse of the word "purity" and not to exploit food products concerning which there was serious doubt. One sympathizes with such a man almost to the same extent as though he had said: "We will exhibit nothing but pure goods." Perhaps he will come to this point next year.

The Civic Club of Portland, under whose auspices the recent exposition was given, is perhaps more to be pitied than blamed for attempting to hold and advertise a food fair for which it had made no adequate preparation.

Not far from the benzoate booth, the ether booth, and the coal-tar dye booth in the Portland fair was located the display of the Kern Packing Company of that city. This company made this inspiring declaration:

GUARANTEE

We hereby guarantee—that we use only the finest quality, freshest, and purest material, unadulterated by any preservative or coloring matter—that utmost care is used through the entire process of manufacture to maintain a high standard—that our plant is kept scrupulously clean under perfect sanitary conditions.

Subsequent investigation shows that this company is living up to its creed.

The Force of Objective Teaching

EXCEPT the press, no agency can disseminate so much knowledge concerning our food supply as a properly conducted pure-food exposition. The force of objective teaching has since the time of Pythagoras been recognized as a potent factor in education. We are, all of us, more or less like children and learn more readily from things that we can feel, taste, and see than from those with which we become acquainted entirely through the sense of hearing. In the display of products belonging to the State of Maine there were several types of adulteration which are comparatively new to many except the closest students of the food situation. Here one saw a package of tapioca faced with blue dye, to conceal the slight yellow tinge which detracts from the anemic appearance so much desired by the perverted taste of the average housewife. This is a procedure frequently practiced in the laundry, but has not been commonly exploited with farinaceous products. Food authorities are more than ever impressing upon the consumer the necessity or advisability of easing up on the demand for foods which have been coated, colored, polished, powdered, or made to appear of greater value than they are.

Another exhibit, in a certain type of bakers' goods which shocked the confidence of some of the visitors, was a raspberry pie containing a few raspberries, but much glucose, sugar, apple stock, and a quantity of phosphoric acid, sodium benzoate, and coal-tar dye. By and by the baker as well as the grocer will be obliged to label his adulterated products in such a way that the consumer shall have a correct idea of the nature of the product she is purchasing. One will not be greatly surprised in the immediate future to see all juggled food products, whether sold by a baker or by a grocer, bearing labels which shall indicate their real character.

Commenting editorially on the pure-food show, the Portland "Evening Express and Advertiser" says:

"It is very clear that the agitation from one end of the United States to the other can result in two ways: the honest manufacturer—the man with a conscience—will do everything possible to turn out goods that will bear inspection, and that are exactly what he represents them to be. We shall find him out, and his goods are the goods we will buy. The unscrupulous manufacturer—the man without a conscience—we shall shun him as we would a leper, and he must eventually be driven from business. The pure-food educational wave is the finest thing that has happened to this country in recent years. We must learn what is good and what is bad. The pure-food shows have undertaken the dissemination of this knowledge so necessary to the physical welfare of the country"; and, it might be added, to the moral welfare of the consumer, for this pure-food question is one that relates to morals as well as to health.

The food shows are attempting to show the economic side of the question, and in them we are beginning to hear more and more of the science of nutrition, not only from lecturers, but from demonstrators, who found out that the nutritive value of a product is an important factor. Says Dr. Graham Lusk:

"The waste of money for drink suggests also the enormous waste in payment for prepared foods. It is valuable not only for the housekeeper to know that the food to be purchased is pure and free from chemical preservative, but also to read on each can, bottle, and package of prepared food: 'This contains X times 1,000 calories, of which Y calories are in protein.' Then, and only then, would nutrition be placed on a basis comprehensible from an economic standpoint; otherwise only a more or less haphazard purchase of fascinating labels with a lottery behind results."

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Artificial Sausage Skins

Will you kindly tell the writer whether there are such things as artificial sausage skins? Are they injurious? How are they prepared?—E. S. B., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

An artificial sausage casing is sometimes found on such types of sausage as liverwurst, but we have never known of its being employed on small sausage in which the casing is frequently eaten. Some of these casings consist of vegetable parchment. The following is a quotation from "Chemical Abstracts" by the American Chemical Society:

"An artificial sausage skin comprises a stress-resisting fabric embodied in an impermeable substance of suitable protein material preserved and rendered insoluble by suitable treatment. The fabric, preferably hemp thread netting, is prepared in plain or tubular form, and is immersed in a solution of casein, albumen, dextrine, vegetable or artificial gum, cellulose, etc. The fabric may be stretched over a mold previous to immersion, and then turned inside out and again placed over the mold and immersed."

Cane Sugar *vs.* Beet Sugar

What is the difference in food value between cane sugar and beet sugar, and which is the sweeter of the two?—L. C. H., St. Marys, Ohio.

Both of these substances are carbohydrates, belonging to the polysaccharides or complex sugars. They contain 12 parts of carbon, 22 of hydrogen, and 11 of oxygen. When refined to the same degree there is no difference in composition or food value, nor can the chemist distinguish one from the other.

Which Is Preferable, Glass or Tin?

I have been offered several brands of goods put up in both glass and tin. Which would you prefer—those in the tin or in the glass containers?—W. S., Albion, N. Y.

Assuming the quality of the original samples, we would prefer those products sold in the glass containers, for the reason that in these latter there can be no opportunity for an accidental contamination from salts of tin or lead. It is not, however, such a vital matter as formerly, since many of the more progressive packers are using enamel-lined tins to do away with the possibility of metallic contamination.

Better Have a Pure-Food Campaign

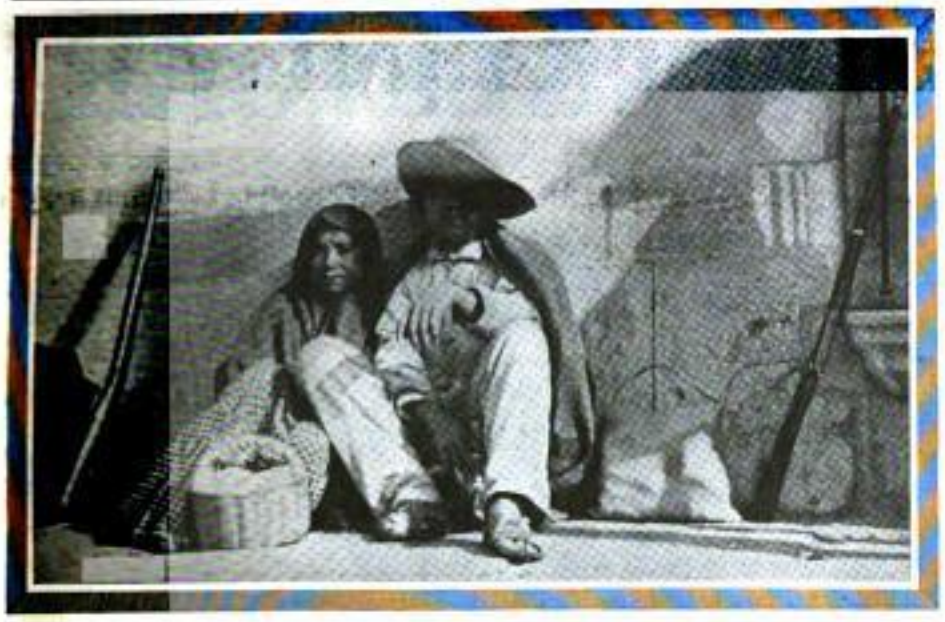
Nearly everyone here lives from paper sacks or tin cans or both, and every kind of junk is exposed for sale—a great country for doctors; six of them—very nearly one for each grocery. Large cemetery.—J. A. H., Ark.

Concerning Water

I wish to inquire if water from wells is always hard, and if spring water is always soft. Is there any simple way to test the purity of either?—T. H. M., Allandale, N. J.

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Mexico's "Bandit" Armies

(Concluded from page 11)

been trying to secure a sufficient following to get himself proclaimed provisional President. He is still a joke.

When Felix Diaz raised his standard of revolt in Vera Cruz the apathy of the bandits, as well as of the people, was remarked. On February 9, when Diaz broke out of prison, Genevevo de la O was at the head of several thousand men on the outskirts of the capital. If De la O had been looking for loot, he would have sacked the suburbs of Mexico and perhaps the city itself. If he had wanted personal advancement, he would have placed himself under the orders of Diaz. During those stirring ten days which ended with the treason of Huerta and the fall of Madero, De la O was reported as occupying one suburb and then another, and finally as being in the streets of the city itself. But he never came. The truth is that neither De la O nor Orozco nor any of the bandit enemies of Madero would lift a finger to assist the personal revolutionist, Diaz, to overthrow him. It can hardly be said that they are hunting with Huerta now.

The truth is that the bandits of Mexico care very little for personalities, and their leaders care very little for office: an astonishing thing, which decidedly renders them worthy of further consideration.

If the bandits were fighting for personalties, would not they have one supreme leader clothed with supreme authority? If the leaders were personally ambitious, would there not be jealousy and friction? Would not each leader be proclaiming himself provisional President?

But none of these men has as yet proclaimed himself provisional President. Most of them, on the occasions when they treated with Madero, expressed a willingness that he remain in office, provided he would come to their terms. Some of them are now treating with Huerta, and these have expressed a willingness to recognize the pretensions of Huerta if he will come to their terms. Huerta may promise. Diaz may promise, but neither will come to the terms of the bandits and the fight will go on.

Then what are the terms of these bandits? If they are not fighting for loot or for fun or for ambition, what are they fighting for? If they are not bandits, what are they?

The bandits of Mexico are fighting for liberty—not for some chimerical or ideal liberty that is of the mind and far away, nor even for a liberty so immaterial, though so universally demanded, as political liberty, but for a concrete, tangible thing that means to them not only the broader liberties of the mind but the more pressing needs of the body. *The bandits of Mexico are fighting for land to stand upon.*

Mark you, those who suspect still that the trouble is racial, the bandits of Mexico are *all* from the rural districts. The centers of the bandit revolt are *all* found where a few men have all the land and the many have none, where production from the land is the only means of livelihood, where those who have not land must work for those who have, and under conditions to which no man with a spark of manhood in him would willingly submit.

These rural bandits, an overwhelming majority of them, once belonged to one or both of two classes—illegally dispossessed small farmers and liberated slaves. When I say slaves I mean slaves. Lincoln never freed any slaves whose lot approached in misery the lot of these Mexicans who were liberated by the revolution of 1910 and who are retaining their liberty only by retaining possession of their guns.

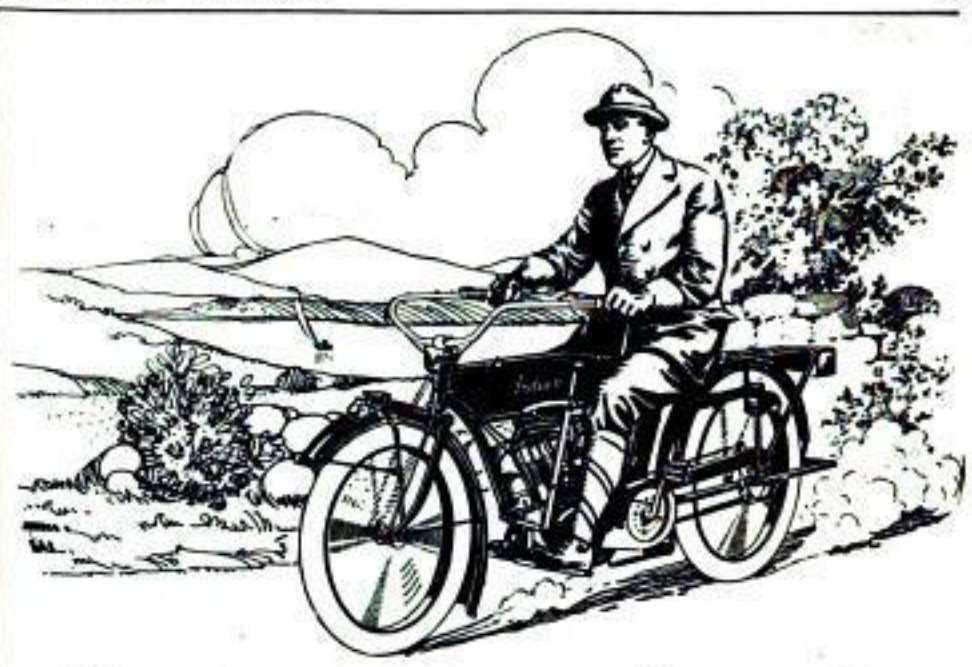
Their leaders are not carpetbaggers. The Zapata family was among the victims of a wholesale dispossession of Morelos lands by a rich friend of Porfirio Diaz. Salazar and Orozco are from the ranges of the north—big, rough men of the people. Almazan, a youth of fire, went from the revolution of 1910 to an American university, but when the promises of that revolution were repudiated he returned and has since been a leader of "bandits" in the State of Guerrero. Cheche Campos was an idealist. He had valuable lands of his own in Durango. He gave up all to become a bandit.

I am not willing to stand guarantor for the eternal impeccability of any of these men. Individuals are uncertain. But I am sure as to the mass. The mass is fighting for liberty. To each of these rural Mexicans liberty, before everything else, means a small piece of land upon which he may deposit himself, his family, and his household effects, a bit of soil which he may scratch to produce some corn and beans, a piece of land *from which he cannot be dragged* by force to serve another man; in thousands of cases a *certain piece of land*, a certain piece of land once owned and recently taken away by force or fraud to be incorporated with one of those gigantic haciendas that are typical of agricultural Mexico.

The Mexican people are fighting their way through seas of blood back to the land. Feudalism is the issue. Feudalism has lived a century overtime in Mexico. It is dying hard, but it must die. The fight is a necessary one. Success is inevitable. Whoever raises a hand against it but causes a greater waste of human blood. The so-called bandits of Mexico are not bandits, but patriots. The real bandits of Mexico are the ones whom our Ambassador has recommended shall be recognized as the legal rulers of the country.

Rurales, the traditional enemies of Mexico's "bandits"





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The 1913 models of the Indian Motocycle are as complete and satisfying as the most exacting rider could demand. The prime essentials of Power, Speed, Flexibility, Comfort, Reliability and Ease of Control are positively superb in each instance. No less than eleven improvements this year. Twenty-nine minor "refinements" in addition.

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Any speed from 4 to 50 miles an hour. Free Engine Clutch gives the Indian a thousand speeds. Motor has reserve power that takes you up any hill. Wonderfully economical motorcycle to maintain. No "extras" on the 1913 models. No increase in prices.

First get a free demonstration from the nearest of our 2000 dealers throughout the country. No matter where you live, there's an Indian dealer handy. Ask us for his name and address.

Prices: 4 H.P. Single Cylinder, $200 / 7 H.P. Twin Cylinder, $250 *F. O. B. Factory*

Write us for free 1913 catalog describing all models and improvements

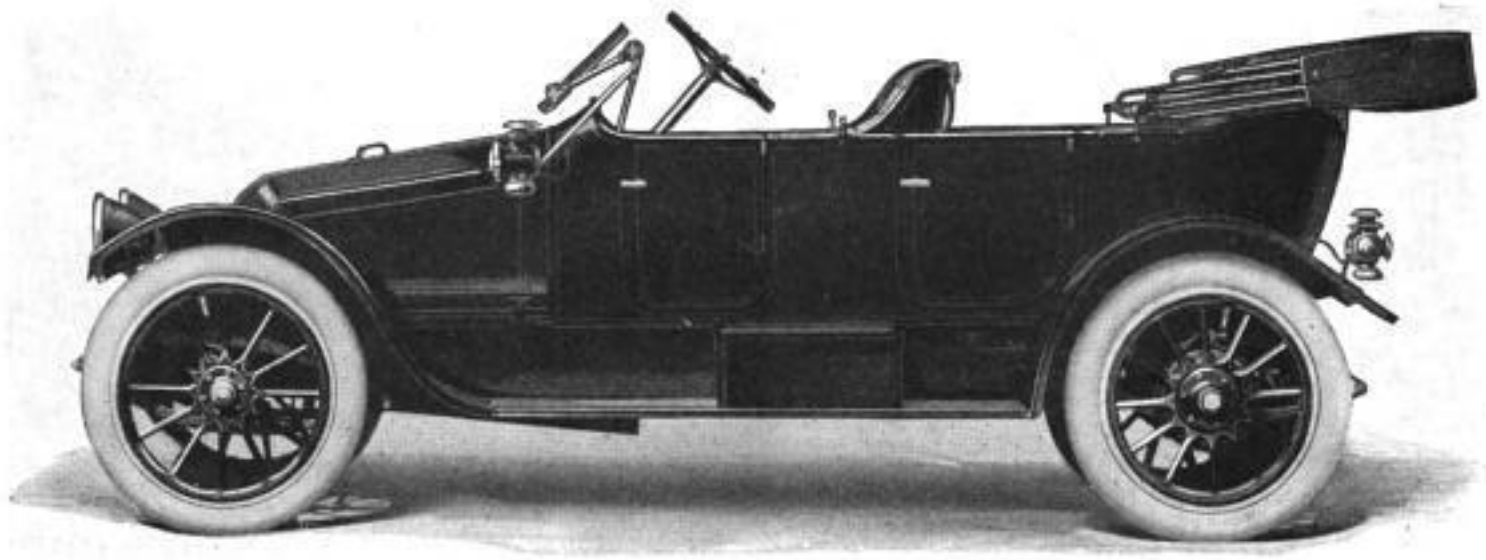
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The Fact-Backed FRANKLIN CAR—



Franklin Little Six "30," a light, medium size 5-passenger car **$2900**

BALANCED CONSTRUCTION is the big fact back of Franklin superiority. In most automobile factories a motor is made or bought and this in turn is rigged to a frame that has been made or bought, and then a body is fitted to the completed chassis. Then wheels and tires are added and you have an automobile.

Even under this form of manufacture, America has been producing a lot of high-grade cars, from which, however, there have been inseparable the following disadvantages:—

Excessive tire consumption
Excessive gasoline consumption
Excessive up-keep bills
Excessive strain in driving and riding

By the Franklin system of *balanced construction*, we have produced a car from 1000 to 1200 pounds under weight as compared with other cars of same speed, power and carrying capacity, and this results in this demonstrable, provable fact—

The Franklin car will give you 50% to 100% more mileage to a set of tires than any other car in its class.

Because the engine is lighter and the car is lighter—because a mechanical principle of strength wedded to lightness is kept constantly in mind—because of this *balanced construction*—here is another logical, provable fact—

The Franklin car will average 50% to 100% more miles per gallon of gasoline than any other car in its class.

We first make a body—sightly, graceful and artistic—then make the frame and machinery to fit it. This is *balanced construction.*

Most automobile manufacturers make their frames of steel—ours is of laminated wood, and in eleven years of manufacturing we have never known but one Franklin frame to go wrong under any conditions—a record that would be hard to equal. This wooden frame takes up the shocks and avoids up-keep expense. Consider the ordinary sledge-hammer. Did you ever see one with an iron handle? Such an arrangement would wreck a blacksmith's muscular system in twenty-four hours, and so he wisely has a wooden handle to take up the shocks and vibration. We have a wooden frame for the same reason.

We hear a lot about Automobile Service nowadays, but the best service consists in supplying a car that needs little attention.

The up-keep records of Franklins in use afford strongest evidence that Franklin service is in the car itself. This is as it should be, and it is to be directly credited to *balanced construction.*

Franklin *balanced construction* brings about simplicity, strength and flexibility, and leads to another important, provable fact—viz.:

The Franklin car costs less for up-keep under same conditions than any other car in its class.

Few people who have not driven or ridden in a Franklin automobile, know anything about real driving or riding comfort. Ease of operation is not easily explained—but it is easily proven. You can drive a Franklin 300 miles and be less tired than in a 100-mile drive in an ordinary car.

The Franklin has four full elliptical springs which insures greatest degree of riding comfort; it is one of the points in *balanced construction* whereby bumps and jolts are arrested before they get to the passengers.

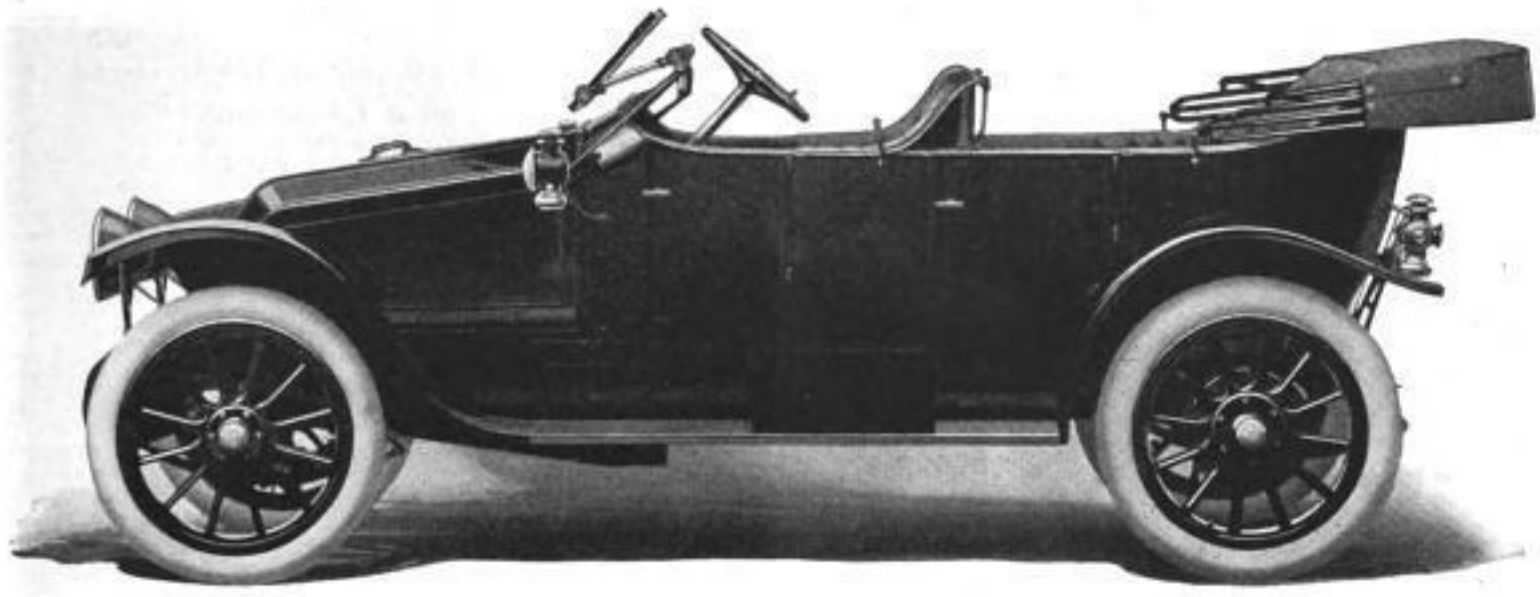
This is important if true, and its truth can be quickly and easily demonstrated. And so there comes about this actual, provable fact—

The Franklin car is easier to drive and more comfortable to ride in than any other car in its class.

1000 to 1200 POUNDS Less Weight

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A Story of *Balanced Construction*



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car **$3600**

A MOTOR gets hot and must be cooled. Most manufacturers cool their engines by circulating water through a jacket around the cylinders, but the water gets hot and it in turn is cooled by passing through a radiator which is cooled by air from without and an air fan from within.

In our search for simplicity we have eliminated the water and with it the bothersome radiator which is apt to freeze in winter and leaks without respect to weather conditions. We have also done away with the belted fan.

The fly wheel of our engine is a big sirocco fan (like you see in halls and factories, for taking out the foul and bringing in the fresh air). Our cylinders have flanged jackets through which the air passes, so we have obtained perfect motor cooling by cooling the motor direct with air—another distinctive feature of *balanced construction.*

A Franklin Motor cannot "stall" on a car track or anywhere else.

All our six-cylinder cars have the Entz Electric Self-starter. It not only starts the engine under any and all conditions, but keeps it going under any and all conditions.

Take your seat in the car—throw a switch and your starter is at work. Give it gas and the motor goes to work. If you should by accident cut off your gas, the starter is running all the time and a little movement of the gas throttle is all that is necessary. The spark adjustment is automatic and we have no spark lever.

If you would have more facts, ask for our catalogue.

The Fact-Backed Franklin is made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	$3600
Franklin Little Six "30"	$2900
Franklin Four "25"	$2000
Franklin "18" Runabout	$1650

Equipment All Franklin Sixes are equipped with Warner speedometer, top, trunk rack, wind shield, bulb horn, 5 lamps, electric lighting throughout, Entz self-starter.

All these concerns sell the Fact-Backed Franklin. Any of them will be glad to give a demonstration. If your town isn't mentioned, write to us direct.

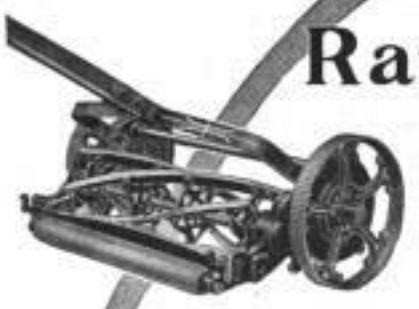
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Albany, N. Y., Franklin Motor Car Co.
Allentown, Pa., Luckenbach Bros.
Amboy, Ill., Andrew Aschenbrenner
Auburn, N. Y., George H. Leonard
Baltimore, Md., Franklin Motor Car Co., 1919 N. Charles St.
Bamberg, S. C., Decamia Dowling
Battle Creek, Mich., American Motor Co.
Binghamton, N. Y., S. H. Lewis
Bloomfield, Ia., Herbert King
Bloomsburg, Pa., Boyd F. Cadman
Boston, Mass., Franklin Motor Car Co., 733 Boylston St.
Bridgeport, Conn., Arthur L. Clark
Buffalo, N. Y., George Ostendorf, 683 Main St.
Butte, Mont., Montana Auto and Garage Co.
Calgary, Alta., Austin-Dick Motor Co.
Carbondale, Pa., S. F. Carpenter
Carthage, N. Y., C. W. Shaffer
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Charlotte, N. C., Woodside Motor Co.
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Cherokee, Iowa, W. R. Johnson
Cincinnati, O., Franklin Auto Co. (Branch) 1114-16 Race St.
Cleveland, O., Echenroth Sales Co., 621 Frankfort Ave., W.
Colorado Springs, Colo., G. W. Blake Auto Co.
Columbia, S. C., Brown & Ingman Co.
Columbus, O., Barr Motorcycle Co.
Concord, N. H., New Hampshire Auto Co.
Cumberland, Md., Glisan's Garage
Dallas, Texas, Franklin Motor Car Co.
Danville, Ill., Robt. Holmes & Bros.
Dayton, O., Franklin Motor Car Co., 617 Salem Ave.
Decatur, Ill., Dawson Auto Co.
Easton, Md., Shannahan & Wrightson Hardware Co.
Easton, Pa., Easton Automobile Co.
Eau Claire, Wis., Tanberg Auto Co.
Elizabeth, N. J., Elizabeth Automobile Co.
Elmira, N. Y., Southern Tier Motor Co.
Evanston, Ill., R. L. Leffingwell
Fall River, Mass., Eckberg & Place Garage Co.
Fort Plain, N. Y., Alphonso Walrath Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Ohnhaus Automobile Co.
Fort Worth, Tex., Hugh H. Lewis, Jr.
Galesburg, Ill., E. T. Byram
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Grant Park, Ill., Kahney & Rayhorn
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Greensburg, Pa., Standard Automobile Co.
Greenville, S. C., R. N. Tannahill Co.
Hagerstown, Md., Antietam Garage Co.
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Minneapolis, Minn., H. J. Mich & Co.
Montgomery, Ala., Chalmers Auto Agency
Montreal, P. Q., Motor Import Co., Ltd.
Morristown, N. J., A. M. Guerin
Mt. Vernon, Ill., H. A. Sanders
Mystic, Conn., Mystic Auto Station
Newark, N. J., E. D. Carlough, 45 William St.
Newburgh, N. Y., George Mason
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New London, Conn., Lathrop & Smith
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New York City, Franklin Motor Car Co., Broadway, Amsterdam Ave. and 73rd St.
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South Manchester, Conn., O. J. Atwood
Spokane, Wash., Spokane Auto Truck Co.
Springfield, Mass., Springfield Auto Co.
Staunton, Va., H. B. Sproul & Co.
Sterling, Colo., Ideal Auto & Machine Co.
Twin Falls, Idaho, Swim & Aldrich
Uniontown, Pa., Standard Auto Garage
Utica, N. Y., Franklin Motor Car Co., 767 Genesee St.
Vancouver, B. C., Franklin Motor Co.
Vassar, Mich., Miller Auto Company
Victoria, B. C., G. Harold Grant
Waco, Texas, M. T. Bell
Walla Walla, Wash., Franklin Motor Car Co.
Walton, N. Y., J. R. Bryce
Washington, D. C., David S. Hendrick Co., Inc.
Washington, Ia., Sidney S. Smith & Co.
Waterloo, Ia., Cramer & Bennett
Wheeling, W. Va., Joseph J. O'Keefe, P. O. Box 778
Wibaux, Mont., Wibaux Auto Co.
Williamsport, Pa., Keeler Motor Car Co.
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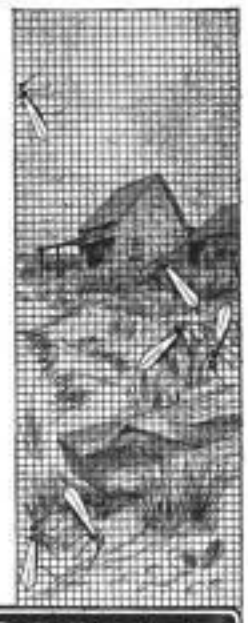
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Compulsory Insurance in Germany

It Is Now Applicable to Higher-Grade Employees on a Cooperative Basis

By GEORGE P. FORRESTER

THE new German law on the insurance of higher-grade employees took effect on January 1, 1913, and from that date every individual earning a salary not exceeding $1,250 a year and whose work is not of a purely manual or mechanical nature will have to be insured.

For many years general clerks' organizations in Germany have endeavored to induce the Government to pass this law so as to extend the scope of compulsory insurance.

All former measures of this kind in Europe have been passed solely for the benefit of the large masses of manual workers whose income does not exceed a low amount, viz., $500 in Germany and $800 in Great Britain.

But despite their better financial position, the class of employees for whom this last measure has been passed are really worse off than the workman, for they are confronted by the bitter struggle to "keep up appearances."

The new law demands that the employer be compelled to make a return of all his employees answering to this description, whereupon each will receive an insurance card, which he must fill up with particulars regarding his age, occupation, place of birth, the names and ages of his wife and children, and his salary. This card contains the spaces for affixing the stamps representing the monthly contributions for a period of five years. No other remarks may be written upon this card, the employer being particularly forbidden to add anything respecting the conduct or capabilities of the employee to whom it belongs.

It may be mentioned that, according to this law, not only clerks in shops and all the various employees engaged in commercial or industrial enterprises are included, but also teachers, actors and actresses, musicians, officers of the mercantile marine, etc.—in fact, every employee within the income limit, with the exception of state or municipal officials for whom other provision has been legally made.

It is the employer's duty to see that the monthly contributions are duly paid, and of the total contribution one-half has to be paid out of his own pocket, while he is entitled to deduct the other half from the employee's salary. The total monthly contribution varies according to the salary earned, and for the present the following sliding scale has been established:

Annual salary under		*Total monthly contribution*
$137.50		$0.40
137.50 to	$212.50	0.80
212.50 to	287.50	1.20
287.50 to	375.00	1.70
375.00 to	500.00	2.40
500.00 to	625.00	3.30
625.00 to	750.00	4.15
750.00 to	1,000.00	5.00
1,000.00 to	1,250.00	6.65

In return for the payments levied on employers and employees, the latter will be entitled to claim the following benefits: a pension on reaching the age of sixty-five, an annual allowance in the case of invalidity, an allowance during convalescence if the insured has been ill for a period of twenty-six weeks, and in cases where a special course of treatment is required to restore the employee's full working capacity, the cost of this treatment will be defrayed by the insurance fund. In addition to these personal benefits, the widow and children of a deceased employee will receive a fixed allowance.

During the first ten years that an employee is insured he has no right to claim any benefits; an exception has been made in favor of females, who are entitled to claim their benefits after five years. The pension paid on reaching the age of sixty-five, or earlier in the event of incapacity for work overtaking the employee before reaching that age, is based upon the total contributions paid in by and on behalf of the insured. Thus at the end of ten years the annual pension would amount to one-quarter of the total sum paid in during that period; it therefore depends materially upon the salary received during that time, and the longer he has earned a high salary the higher will be his pension. The annual pension increases by one-eighth of the total contributions paid in during the time following the first ten years. A practical example will illustrate the mode of calculation. Assuming that an employee has earned during ten years annually the sum of $1,250, the total amount of the contributions paid in by himself and by his employer during that time would amount to $798 (monthly contribution $6.65, of which one-half has to be paid by each party). One-quarter of this sum, or $199.50, would represent the amount of the annual pension he would now be entitled to claim. For every year that he continued to work under the same conditions his pension would increase by $9.97—i. e., one-eighth of the total annual contribution of $79.80—so that at the end of twenty-five years he could retire on a pension of $349.12, and after fifty years of $598.50.

ALLOWANCES FOR WIFE AND CHILDREN

THE widow, or widower if the wife by her earnings defrayed the entire household expenses, is entitled to receive as her allowance a sum equal to two-fifths of the pension received by her deceased husband, or to which he would have been entitled at the time of his death. This pension ceases on her remarriage, but in commutation of her claims she is to receive a final payment amounting to three years' pension—not a bad dowry to bring in to her second venture. Each child will receive until the age of eighteen an allowance corresponding to one-fifth of the widow's pension. Here it is interesting to note that the law provides that this allowance shall also be paid in the case of the illegitimate children of a deceased insured female employee.

The amounts paid out are certainly not excessive, but they are designed to free the employee from any anxiety regarding his future or that of his family in the event of illness or death. As already mentioned, every effort is to be made to restore an insured person's health, and instead of pensioning the employee who has become incapacitated for work, he will be afforded the special treatment indicated in his case, if in the opinion of the doctors treating him such a course is likely to restore him his full working and earning powers. During the time that an insured person undergoes special treatment, his dependents will be entitled to receive a daily allowance amounting to three-twentieths of the last paid monthly contribution.

Although this is a compulsory measure to which both parties must submit, it is interesting to note that the German Government has entrusted practically the whole administration of the scheme to the employers and employees it most directly concerns. Only the director and the office officials attached to the headquarters in Berlin will be appointed by the Emperor, and the director will be responsible to the Imperial Chancellor. With the director, as the central authority, will be associated two elected representatives of

The following table shows the pensions and allowances payable in the case of the three highest salary classes:

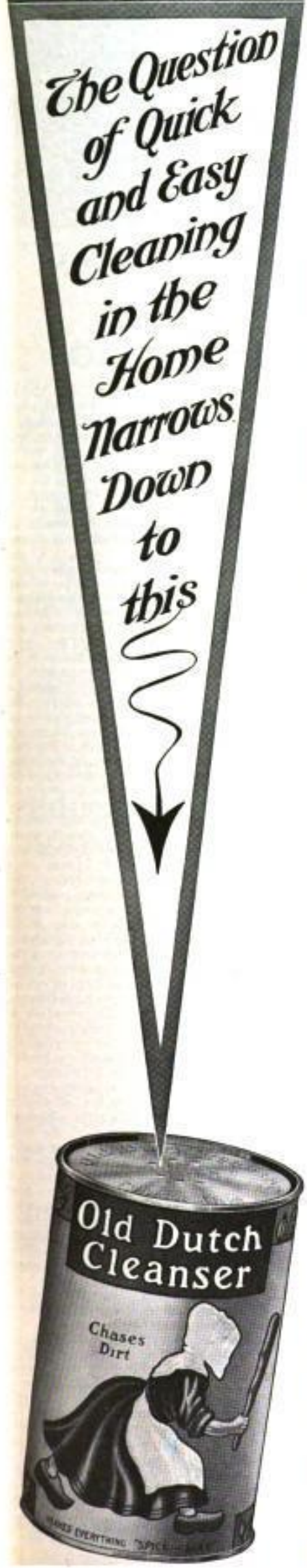
Annual Salary		*Pension after 10 years*	*Pension after 25 years*	*Pension after 50 years*	*Annual increase for every year after the first 10 years*
$625.00 to	$750.00	$124.50	$217.87	$373.50	$6.22
750.00 to	1,000.00	150.00	262.50	450.00	7.50
1,000.00 to	1,250.00	199.50	394.12	598.50	9.97

Annual Salary		*Pension after 10 years*		*Pension after 25 years*		*Pension after 50 years*	
		Widow	*Child*	*Widow*	*Child*	*Widow*	*Child*
$625.00 to	$750.00	$49.80	$9.96	$87.15	$17.43	$149.40	$29.88
750.00 to	1,000.00	60.00	12.00	105.00	21.00	180.00	36.00
1,000.00 to	1,250.00	79.80	15.96	139.65	27.93	239.40	47.88

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The Question of Quick and Easy Cleaning in the Home Narrows Down to this



Insurance

(Concluded from page 24)

the employers and an equal number of representatives of the insured employees, in addition to a managing board, consisting of twelve elected representatives of both parties, whose mandates will last for six years. In addition, there will be local boards, consisting of an equal number of elected representatives of both parties. Arbitration boards are also provided for, and attached to the headquarters in Berlin will be the supreme board of arbitration, the last instance in all questions affecting this branch of insurance.

It is officially estimated that the total number of employees to be insured under this new measure will exceed two million, of which about one-sixth will be females, and the total annual cost will aggregate $37,500,000, to be borne in equal shares by employers and employees. It must be remembered that there are no exceptions, not even in favor of foreigners, to this new law, and every employee earning less than $1,250 must submit to having one-half of the monthly contribution applicable in his case deducted from his salary, while his employer is compelled to contribute the other half. One slight concession has been made—those employees who have insured their lives in a recognized life assurance company before December 5, 1911, are not compelled to pay their half of the contribution otherwise to be deducted, provided that the premium they have to pay amounts to at least the same sum as their half of the contribution. But in such cases the employer has, under all circumstances, to pay his half of the contribution on behalf of these exempted employees, who in turn will be entitled to claim one-half of the usual benefits. If an employee fails to pay his premiums, the assurance company has to inform the insurance board, which then compels the employee to join the ordinary insurance arrangement.

$215,000,000 ANNUALLY EXPENDED

IN German manufacturing and commercial circles some fears have been expressed regarding the ultimate effect of this new charge to the cost of production. Representations were made to the Government that this extra expenditure employers were compelled to meet must adversely affect German exports in the competition for foreign markets, especially in view of the fact that the manufacturers of other countries (United States and Great Britain) were free from a similar burden. These fears gain additional significance owing to the fact that the cost of production has risen in consequence of the higher wages which must be paid following the steady increase in the cost of foodstuffs, while the recently introduced extension in the scope of workmen's insurance also means a further charge amounting to several millions of dollars annually, which must be defrayed by the employers. The Government's reply to these representations was to the effect that this beneficial measure would not affect Germany's trade in any way, the country had been able to stand without loss the burdens imposed by social legislation, and had indeed strengthened her position. On the other hand, this measure was bound to prove of benefit to every undertaking by enabling the owner to rejuvenate his staff of employees without hardship to his old and trusted workers, who would be provided for, and thus his business would become more productive and consequently more remunerative. Also, they should not overlook the high economic and political importance of this new law.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that at the present moment German employers of labor disburse annually toward the cost of insurance against sickness, invalidity, accidents, and old age on behalf of their workmen the sum of $86,031,995, to which will have to be added their half of the new employees' insurance—viz., $18,750,000. The total contributions paid by the workers at present aggregate $78,213,781: from this year this sum will be augmented by the $18,750,000 to be contributed by the higher-grade employees, so that the nation's total expenditure on this branch of social reform amounts to no less than $215,000,000 per annum, including the sum of $12,566,407, which represents the contribution by the Imperial Exchequer to the cost of old age and invalidity pensions for workmen. The German employer may surely be forgiven if he regards this growing expenditure with some apprehension, especially as the struggle for foreign markets becomes increasingly severe.



PALMOLIVE

For two thousand years Palm and Olive Oils have been carried over land and sea, by ship and caravan, to all parts of the world—for the toilets of little children and beautiful women.

For two thousand years it has been known that Palm and Olive Oils soothe, cleanse, soften and make the skin firm, white and youthful.

Palmolive Soap is the modern scientific way of blending Palm and Olive Oils.

These two wonderful oils of the Orient never have been equaled by any toilet requisites of any age.

Palmolive Shampoo contains the two wonderful Palm and Olive Oils. It makes the hair soft, fluffy and tractable. Preserves its color and lustrance, and imparts the dainty, misty gleam that healthy, clean hair has by nature. Price, **50c** a bottle.

Palmolive Cream is an unusually delightful and beneficial emollient. It completes the three necessities for a careful and dainty toilet. Price, **50c** a jar.

Palmolive Soap is perfectly pure. Contains no free alkali. No artificial color is used. The two blended oils give Palmolive its delicate green color.

Palmolive is faintly, yet delightfully fragrant—a sweet, wholesome breath from the Orient.

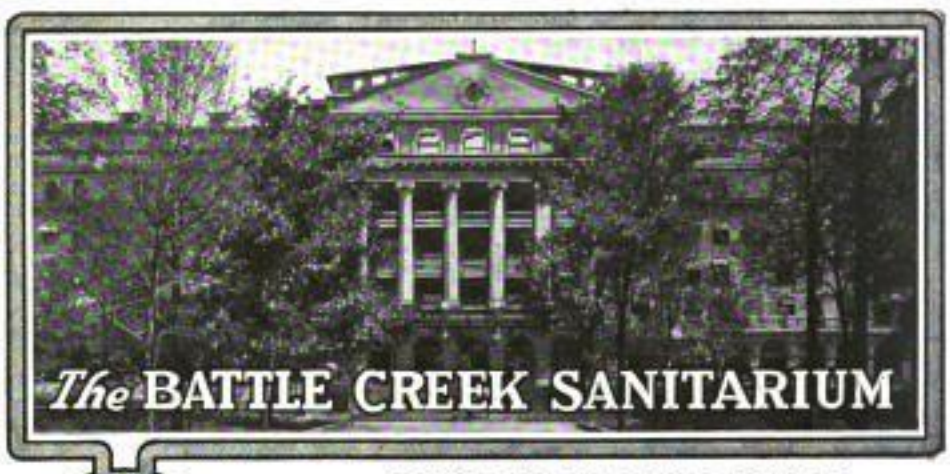
It lathers freely in soft or hard water, thoroughly cleansing and invigorating the skin.

It is advised by famous physicians as best for the baths of new-born children, as well as for daily use by women and men.

More Palmolive is used than any other high-grade toilet soap.

Palmolive is found at all good dealers'—Price, 15c a cake

Made by
B. J. Johnson Soap Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



COME TO BATTLE CREEK

ONE week of enjoyable health-building at the Battle-Creek Sanitarium is worth many weeks of formal amusement at the seashore or fashionable resort. To the jaded business man, to the woman grown weary of social demands, to all who seek refreshing rest and diversion, the Sanitarium affords an ideal resting spot.

Here everything is scientifically planned for rest, recreation and health improvement—you eat, sleep and live daily for health in a wholesome, health-winning environment. Beautiful expanses of shaded lawn, picturesque lake views and the delightful climate for which Michigan is noted—all combine to make Battle Creek the favorite spring and summer resort.

The outdoor life, swimming, golf, tennis, volley ball, riding, driving, motoring, sailing, tramping—these and many other pleasant outdoor recreations are encouraged by the most abundant facilities and favorable conditions.

In addition to these many unique advantages, guests have always at hand the special medical advice and service for which this institution is famous throughout the world. There is nowhere to be found a more complete and extensive equipment of means for diagnosis and treatment. All the most recent scientific forms of hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy, diathermy, radium, medical gymnastics, electrical exercises, the antitoxic dietary and all other effective curative measures are applied by over three hundred specially trained physicians and nurses.

If you are planning a sojourn or vacation, get the facts about a real "rest" vacation at Battle Creek. Get back to nature for a while.

Send For These Free Booklets

A copy of the Sanitarium Illustrated Prospectus, **Summer Vacation Booklet** and copies of Battle Creek Sanitarium Menus will be mailed on receipt of coupon. Tear off and mail it today.

Box 140C, The Sanitarium Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me the Sanitarium Illustrated Prospectus, the **Summer Vacation Booklet** and copies of Menus FREE.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

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FOR years tobacco manufacturers have tried to get that FRAGRANCE in a smoking tobacco.

The other day we GOT IT. It is WONDERFUL.

It's fragrant in the tin. It's MORE fragrant when lighted in the pipe.

In The 5¢ TIN

Once you smell it, you CAN'T smoke any other tobacco.

And it TASTES better than it smells.

REMEMBER—

Stag comes ONLY in the 5 Cent tin—just enough to keep fresh and moist till it's ALL smoked up.

Then you buy another FRESH 5 Cent tin.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

STAG

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

Pedro de Cordoba and Alma Belwin as the young lovers in "The Five Frankforters"



"The Five Frankforters"

A Comedy about the Rothschilds—And an Experiment in One-Act Plays

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE "five Frankforters" in Karl Rossler's comedy, which, after a wide success in Europe and presentation in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, is now seen in an English form, were members of the House of Rothschild when that famous family of Jewish bankers was laying the foundations of its power.

There were Anselm—named after Mayer Anselm, the founder of the house—Nathan, Solomon, Karl, and their nephew Jacob, and they had all been called back to Frankfort by the eldest brother, Solomon, as was the family custom when anything important had happened or was about to happen.

The important thing which calls these unofficial envoys back from Rome, Paris, London, and Vienna—the year is 1822—is that a patent of nobility has been granted to them so that the rank of baron is theirs henceforth. Moreover, the masterful Solomon, who got the title from the Austrian court, has a scheme for still further strengthening the family's power.

Gustavus, the reigning Duke of Taunus, is bankrupt and Solomon proposes to give him the twelve million florins he needs, provided he will consent to marry Solomon's daughter Charlotte, with whom, meanwhile, the moment he set eyes on her, Cousin Jacob has fallen desperately in love. This scheme and the failure of it, thanks to the stout opposition of the grandmother, constitutes the main action of the play. It is not an original plot, but the general effect of the piece is nevertheless decidedly fresh and attractive because of the intimate retrospective glimpse we get of the simple domestic beginnings of a family whose name is now a symbol of international power, and the sympathetic picture of Jewish character—the stern virtues; the habit of thrift and of standing by one another; of honoring parents in the good old patriarchal way. And there is a fine and stirring moment toward the end when the ambitious Solomon, determined to force the marriage, bullies his daughter with "Jewish children obey their parents," and the gentle grandmother, rising suddenly to her full dignity, commands: "Then *you* obey *me!*"

The burden of the play is carried, indeed, by this strong, kindly, unspoiled old lady, who sticks to the old house in Jew Lane, in Frankfort, in spite of the family riches; treats her grown-up sons when they return as the boys they used to be; and has, as the Duke Gustavus finally tells her, a title of nobility older than any the royal house of Austria could confer. The part is acted just about as well as it possibly could be by Miss Mathilde Cottrelly. The rest of the company is thoroughly capable, but to her falls the more important task, and she carries it off delightfully. Those familiar with the original say that the piece has lost, as foreign plays generally do, in translation, and that a good deal of the author's point has been dulled. This may very well be—it sounds plausible—but enough, at any rate, of the domestic comedy of the original remains to provide an unusually entertaining evening.

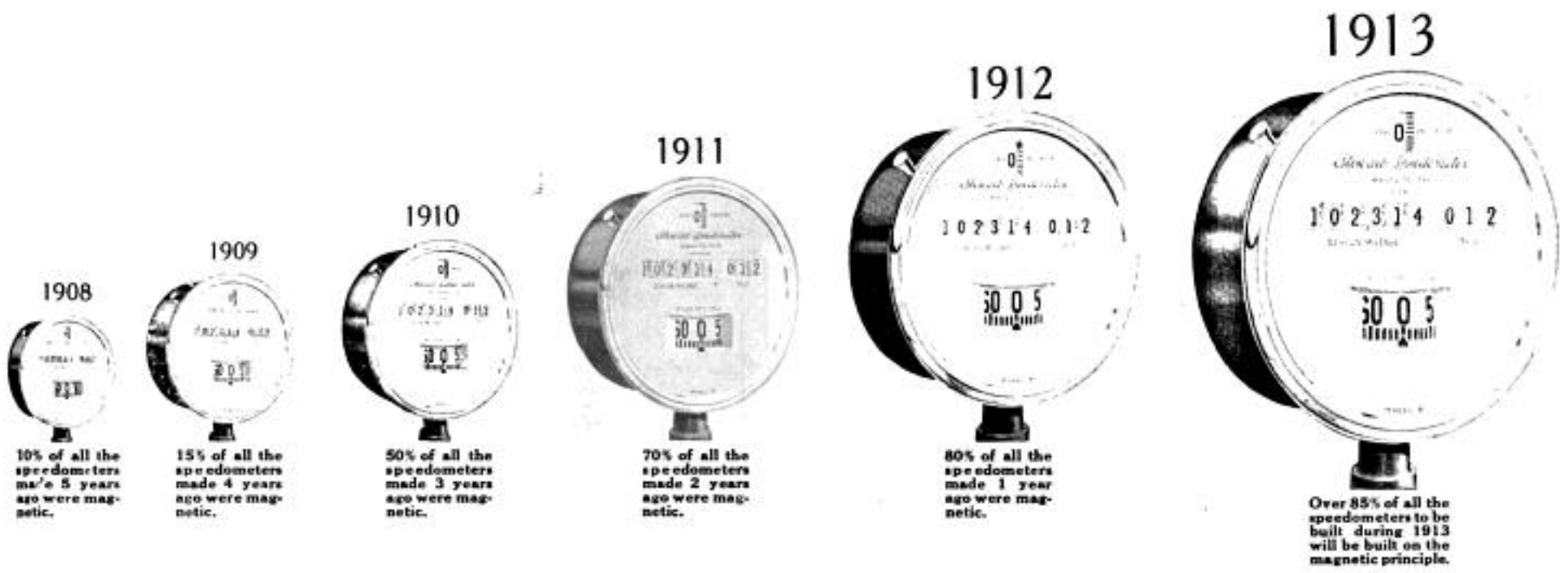
Among the explanations for the "shocking" quality of French books and plays is that they are written for a mature audience instead of being written, as ours are, for the whole family. A young French girl is supposed to read what her parents prescribe, and this does not include generally even the equivalent of our magazines; whereas our young people can go into any book shop or branch library and choose pretty much for themselves.

People of vigorous intelligence often object to the namby-pamby quality of our novels and plays—which is no doubt partially due to this custom—and wish that there might be a place in America for greater artistic frankness.

Something of this sort appears to be in the minds of those who have started to give, at the new little Princess Theatre, a bill consisting of several short plays. The program announces, or at least did so on the first night, that many good one-act plays have hitherto not found a hearing, and that it was the intention of the management to appeal to those of mature experience and intelligence—and please to leave the young folks at home.

There were four pieces in the opening bill. The first was a trivial sketch, showing a telephone girl at her switchboard, under a droplight, and in front of a black curtain, from behind which came the voices of the persons supposed to be using the wires. The second, entitled "Fear," played for nearly a year in the original French at the Théâtre Guignol in Paris. The scene is a remote construction camp in India threatened with cholera, and the principal character a British official, who, driven half mad by heat, loneliness, and fever, finally shoots the comrade he fears has become infected and presently is shot himself by a sanitary officer while wrestling with a fever-stricken native. The thing is designed to shock the physical nerves, and does so. The third is an amusing bit of fooling by the author of "Hindle Wakes," something after the manner of the witty and frankly artificial Restoration comedies whose disappearance the gentle Elia lamented. Two husbands have run off with each other's wife and the four meet at the same hotel. Some topsy-turvy wit, and very amusing acting by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, the mainstay of the company, follow, and then the four decide that they don't want to change their original alignment after all. The last, "Any Night," the most significant of the four, is a photographic picture of a Raines Law hotel. A consumptive street walker tows to this wretched place, the like of which may be found on dozens of street corners in New York, a tipsy man of middle age. Here, too, come a youth and a hitherto innocent girl. A fire breaks out in the night, and in the midst of it the four come together in the same room. The older man, sobered now, and the young girl are father and daughter. The young man and the street walker are dragged through the window by the firemen. The father and daughter stay behind to die together.

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The Victorious Record
of Speedometers Built on the Magnetic Principle

THE above scale illustrates the rapid rise of speedometers made on the magnetic principle. This plainly shows clear victory for magnetic instruments. The magnetic speedometer came on the market five years ago and in five short years it has gained in preference and performance over other types. Judging from the above tabulated yearly increases it must be granted that the magnetic principle is the most practical principle.

According to all indications over eighty-five per cent of all speedometers to be made for 1913 will be built on the magnetic principle which furnishes additional evidence that the magnetic principle must be scientifically correct.

Stewart Speedometer
MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

Now analyze this overwhelming victory a little further.

This means that in our judgment over 400,000 of the 1913 American automobiles will be equipped with magnetic speedometers (and there will not be over 450,000 cars built this year).

This means that approximately 90% of all 1913 cars carrying standard equipment will be sold with magnetic speedometers.

This means that 213 out of 220 automobile manufacturers have selected the magnetic speedometer.

This means that practically every big individual automobile manufacturer insists on the magnetic speedometer.

See that you get a Stewart (Magnetic) speedometer on your car. Insist on it. Be guided by the above figures and don't forget that with a Stewart you can enjoy, in addition to accurate speed and mileage indication, our international service. We are the only Speedometer manufacturers in the business that have permanent service stations in practically every important city in the world.

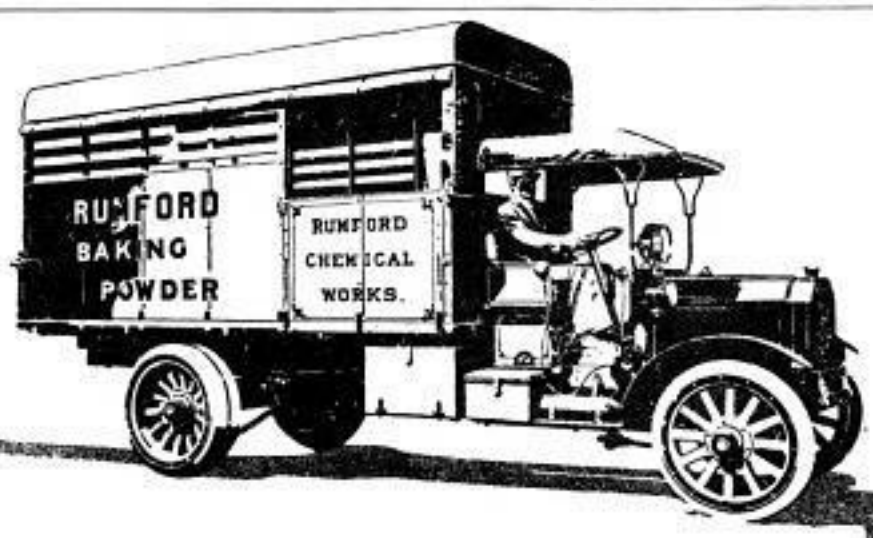
We are the sole makers of Speedometers built on the magnetic principle.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory, 1868 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U. S. A.

International Service

Service Stations in every important city in the world.

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MONEY-SAVING PEERLESS TRUCKS

Peerless

THIS Peerless is profitable on short hauls—an uncommon assertion for a heavy duty truck. On trips of less than three quarters of a mile each it travels only about twenty-five miles a day, but its large carrying capacity and ease and certainty of operation compensate in convenience for its comparatively low mileage.

It replaced four two-horse teams and shows a large economy in real money compared with horse delivery under the same conditions.

Scientific Heat Treatment

Back of the accurate machine work on the steel parts of a Peerless Truck is something just as vital—Scientific Heat Treatment. Accurate machining is lost if the steel fails. It is heat treatment that makes the teeth of a Peerless gear glass-hard on the surface while the core remains tough; it is heat treatment that makes a Peerless sprocket almost wear-proof without being fragile. It is heat treatment that puts into every Peerless Truck an internal merit that no eye can see—the ability to meet sustained hard service for the maximum period of time.

Peerless Service Stations in all prominent cities insure uninterrupted operation.

Send for a copy of "Steel, Science, and Service."

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland

Makers also of Peerless Passenger Cars

Barratt Limelight O'Hara



THE office of Lieutenant Governor is a great deal like that of Vice President, only a great deal more so. The name of the Governor's understudy is mentioned in the heat of the campaign; his election is recorded somewhere halfway down a column devoted to the names of the really important State officials; and then he is straightway consigned to oblivion. Save on some fine spring day, when the Governor goes on a fishing trip and the State-house correspondents blithely telegraph that for the space of two hours the assistant executive filled the chair of his superior.

DESTINY SPELLED IN FIVE LETTERS

ILLINOIS, however, has a lively exception to this rule. It possesses in Barratt O'Hara a young Irishman with such an indomitable genius for publicity that the name of the State's Lieutenant Governor is becoming known throughout the nation. As chairman of the Illinois legislative committee investigating the relation between low wages and commercialized vice, his name has been printed in every paper in the country; and destiny, which favored him with a name of only five letters, has blazoned him in most of the headlines. True, chance brought about the investigation which has produced this wide advertising—and our own addition to the total now printed. But O'Hara's middle name, many suspect, is "Limelight," and if this opportunity had not presented itself he could easily enough have turned up others.

And observe: Not content with the results of the investigation in Chicago, O'Hara has announced that he will lead the entire committee on a tour that will embrace all the principal cities of the East in order that the problem may be sifted to the very bottom. That valuable supplementary facts will be procured is not unlikely. But that the Lieutenant Governor of Illinois will be given still more publicity is, incidentally, worth noting.

AN AFFINITY FOR HEADLINES

TO be conducting an investigation that has attracted such wide attention is a considerable achievement for a young man just past thirty-one. Supreme confidence in his own ability did the most to elect him to his first public office. The knack of getting his name into newspaper headlines did, and is doing, the rest.

O'Hara began his campaign for publicity when he was thirteen years old. His father had held a consular position in Nicaragua under Cleveland's Administration, and Barratt, with an eye for advertising, made the return trip to his home in Benton Harbor, Mich., by bicycle from New Orleans. The first thing he did on his arrival was to ride, sunburned and dusty, straight to the office of the Benton Harbor (Mich.) "Palladium," where he consented to be interviewed on the situation in Nicaragua, the Monroe Doctrine, the pleasures of bicycling, and the commercial value of the Spanish language.

When this publicity stopped, Barratt thought over the situation and decided that the best thing to do would be to start a magazine. His name would appear regularly in print—on a front page and cover—even though his audience, for the time being, would be limited. A boy

Health and Deep Breathing

By D. O. HARRELL, M.D.

Did you ever stop to think that the one most important thing in the world to you, and to every other human being—is air? You could live without food or water or clothing for some time; you could not exist five minutes without air.

Although everyone knows that one must have air to live, few people understand the vital connection between their general health and the quantity and quality of the air they breathe. Physicians find that not one person in twenty (possibly not one in a hundred) habitually breathes deeply. We are able to trace directly to that fact a large proportion of the cases of anæmia, nervous breakdown and general ill health which come to us for treatment.

A little knowledge of the functions of the lungs and the part they play in maintaining health and vigor in the human body will show the great advantages gained by using one's breathing power to its fullest capacity. Every time your heart beats, a current of bright, red, *purified* blood is sent coursing through your arteries to every part of your body, renewing the wornout tissues with life-giving oxygen and gathering up the waste in the system. Then back through the veins to the heart again where it is pumped into the lungs, which rid it of its poisonous matter and give it a fresh supply of oxygen. In the course of forty or fifty heart beats, every drop of blood in your body passes in this way through your heart and lungs.

If your supply of air is shut off, the heart goes on pumping just the same, and the blood, laden with impurities, is forced through the arteries and veins again and again, becoming fouler with every circuit. In two or three minutes the brain is clogged—you become unconscious—in a few minutes more the heart itself is unable to go on, and death results. That is what happens when the supply of air is entirely cut off, as in the case of strangling or drowning. *The same thing, to a lesser degree, happens when one habitually breathes in a shallow manner, using only a small portion of the available lung surface.*

In order to secure and maintain vigorous health of mind and body, the first thing necessary is to make sure that the lungs have an abundant supply of oxygen to thoroughly perform their function of eliminating the poisonous matter which is constantly being deposited in the system through the waste of muscular and nervous tissue. The only sure way to do this is to train oneself to breathe deeply.

Many men and women, who have never known from childhood what it is to feel fresh and vigorous as they start for their day's work, who are tired out at noon and completely "done up" before they get home at night, would feel themselves different persons after a few weeks of systematic deep breathing.

There are a number of publications on this subject which give valuable information to anyone wishing to learn how to breathe deeply. One of the best I have seen is a neat little booklet, published by Paul von Boeckmann, B.S., of 1370 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Avenue, New York City, which may be obtained of the author for ten cents in coin or stamps. It is illustrated with diagrams and written in a pleasing, non-technical style, easily understood by one not a member of the medical profession. Dr. von Boeckmann explains in it several simple breathing exercises worth many dollars to anyone suffering from the ills caused by insufficient, shallow breathing.—*Advertisement.*

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Guaranteed heating!



Even after you're sure "Winter's backbone is broken," there's the long period which comes between the last snow and the first green that is *most trying*—with raw, searching winds, chill rains, and penetrating fogs and dampness. Then's the time of extremes—under- and over-heating—fuel wastes—that's when old-fashioned heating methods are drains on patience and purse. To protect in any weather, day and night, by *balanced heating*, absolute control in even comfort—is the mission and guarantee of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

An IDEAL Boiler will burn least fuel because it is unnecessary to force the fire to send heat to windward rooms—the more heat needed the faster will be the flow of warmth to the AMERICAN Radiators to offset the cold.

All IDEAL Boilers are or may be fitted with an IDEAL Sylphon Regulator, which gives perfect automatic control over the draft and check dampers, insuring great fuel economy and uniform heating. Saves running up and down the cellar stairs during quick-changing weather. It is the greatest improvement made in a century for exact control of the volume of heat.

The practical values and every-day economies, conveniences and cleanliness of these heating outfits have been demonstrated in thousands and thousands of notable buildings, homes, stores, schools, churches, hospitals, theaters, etc., in nearly every civilized country, and endorsed by leading health officials, engineers and architects. That is why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are so *fully guaranteed*. Yet they cost no more than ordinary types made without scientific tests of construction and capacity. Accept no substitute. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do not corrode, warp or rust out by action of fire, gases or water—will last scores of years! Their purchase price is a far-sighted investment adding 10% to 15% to rentals, and you get "full money back" if building is sold.



A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner $125, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This does not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

If Spring winds are now showing how comfortless and costly your present system is, write us *today* for (free) book: "Ideal Heating"—which shows how to put "an armor of balanced heating comfort" around your building and save fuel money.

Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms in all large cities

Write Department 31 CHICAGO

Limelight O'Hara

[Continued from page 28.

who owned a small printing press was taken on as partner, his name to appear in smaller type than Barratt's, as assistant editor. The local press hailed Barratt as the youngest editor in the United States.

A casual view of the situation disclosed other means of obtaining public recognition. A mock parliament was held at the Y. M. C. A. Barratt threw himself into the campaign and came out as Speaker of the House. The "Palladium" sent his photograph to a Grand Rapids engraving house and ordered a half-tone cut.

Then for a time publicity seemed to fall off. High-school debates furnished some small notice, but these were too commonplace. At that critical moment the Spanish-American War was declared. Barratt was just old enough to go—when he obtained the consent of his parents. He went, as the youngest member of Company I, Thirty-third Michigan Regiment of Volunteers, with his name painted in white letters six inches high all the way across the bulging grip that contained his equipment. It was laid conspicuously, for all the town to see, on top of the great bundle of luggage that jolted down Main Street to the old West Michigan Depot on Henry Wimms's dray. And with the whole town surrounding the station, where the train was backed up to take the boys to Cuba, Barratt climbed to the top of the dray and made a speech.

PUBLICITY WORTH THE BRUISES

IN Cuba, Barratt's smattering of Spanish became of service, and the "Palladium" devoted a front-page story to an account of his assistance as interpreter in the transfer of a band of prisoners.

He came back from the war more browned than ever, and took up high-school work again. Once more reviewing the situation, it occurred to him that a job on the local paper would offer a fruitful field. He was taken on as a reporter, working after school and on Saturdays. Opportunities for slipping his name into his copy came as he had expected. Barratt made the most of them. High school offered another opening. A football team was formed. Some way Barratt found time to try out for practice, and was put in the line. Benton Harbor was backing its team splendidly in those days. The paper devoted columns to it. The resulting publicity was worth all the bruises it cost. The business men gave a banquet to the team and to the Football Sisters, and Barratt was made toastmaster. In the same autumn came McKinley's second campaign, and when Barratt's fellow veteran, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, stopped at Benton Harbor to make a speech, Barratt, though a steadfast Democrat, was found to be the most available man to introduce him. Publicity was breaking in fine shape.

After his graduation things began to slacken. Barratt was now city editor of the "Palladium," which had been consolidated with the "Evening News." As a side issue he decided to try his hand at organization. He gathered twelve of the heaviest football veterans in the county and proposed to form a football team that would "clean up the State," playing under the colors of the local college. The school was to be the gainer by the advertising the team would receive, while Barratt was to share the honors by becoming known as its captain and manager.

ROMANCE FOR THE PAPERS

THE following fall Barratt left for the University of Missouri. Within a few months, however, he was working as a reporter in St. Louis. College publicity apparently seemed too limited, even though he had a chance to "make" the football team. In St. Louis he was known as one of the most dogged and persistent reporters that ever took an assignment. The story is still told there of how one night, having used up every stock resource in an effort to obtain from her indignant husband the photograph of a youthful heroine of an elopement, O'Hara finally burst into a wrathful torrent of words, and cried: "Why, man, if you love this girl, as you ought to, and think as much of her as you say you do, you ought to be *proud* to have her picture printed in our paper!" And the story goes that the astonished couple gave him the photograph.

Wilson Bro's

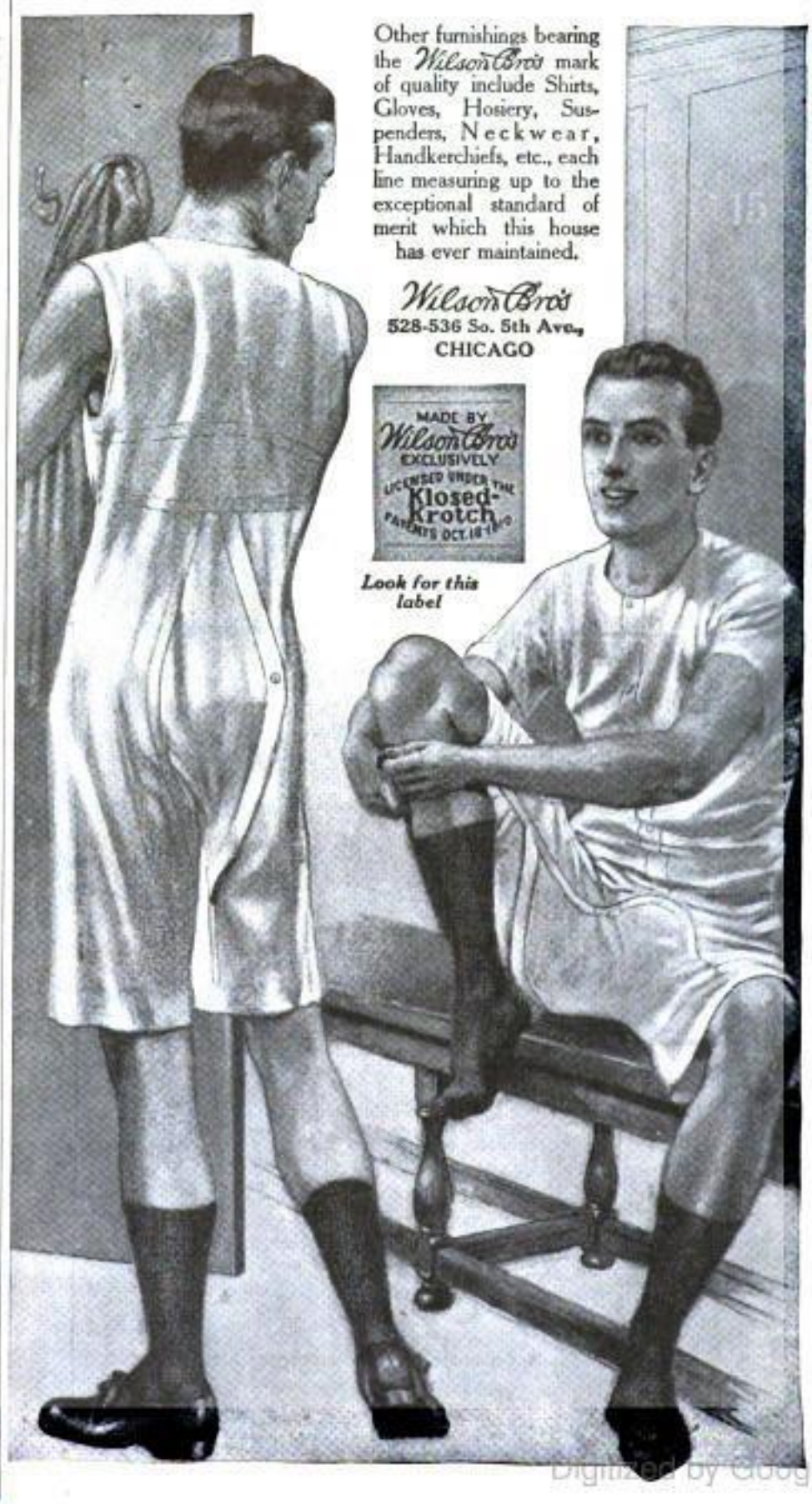
Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under Klosed-Krotch Patents

Here is the summer undergarment of absolute comfort. Light, cool, easy-fitting and possessing an exclusive advantage over all underwear of this style—the most important improvement since the introduction of athletic underwear.

The crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. Front and rear openings are separate. No edges or buttons between the legs to bind or cut. Seat flap is buttoned so it can't gap or roll up in folds.

This is the only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Identify it by the label. At your dealer's, or he can secure from us. $1 and up.

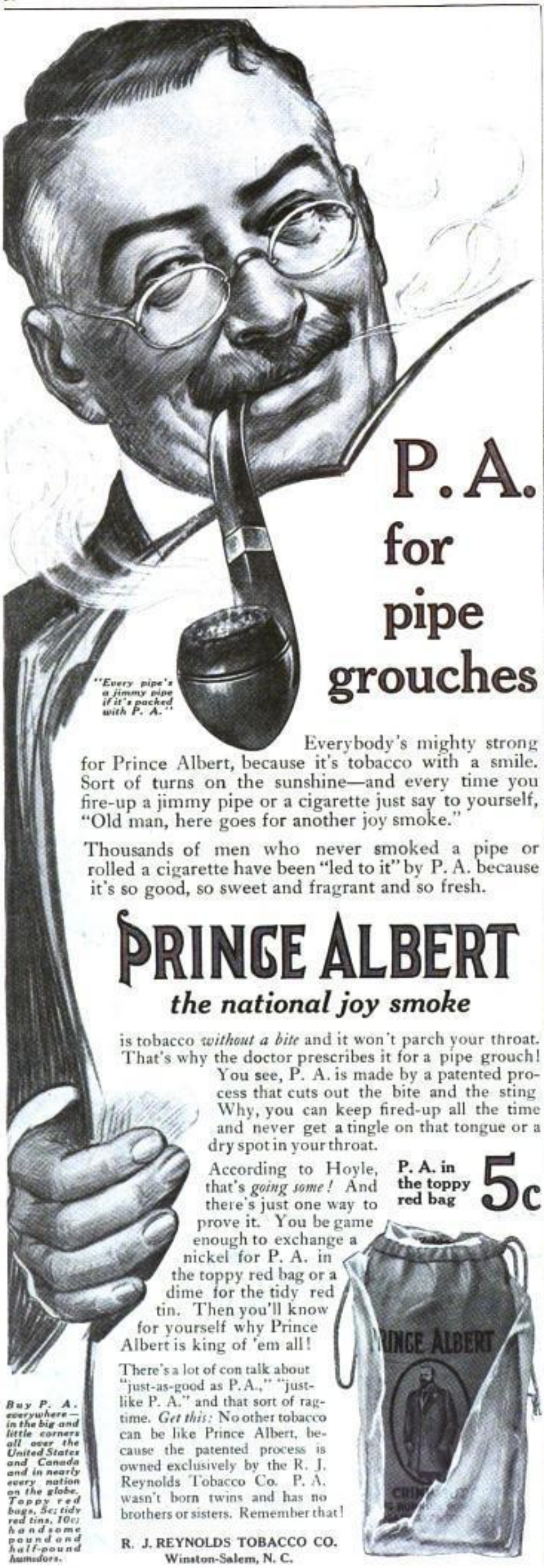


Look for this label

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bro's* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard of merit which this house has ever maintained.

Wilson Bro's
528-536 So. 5th Ave.,
CHICAGO

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P. A. for pipe grouches

Everybody's mighty strong for Prince Albert, because it's tobacco with a smile. Sort of turns on the sunshine—and every time you fire-up a jimmy pipe or a cigarette just say to yourself, "Old man, here goes for another joy smoke."

Thousands of men who never smoked a pipe or rolled a cigarette have been "led to it" by P. A. because it's so good, so sweet and fragrant and so fresh.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is tobacco *without a bite* and it won't parch your throat. That's why the doctor prescribes it for a pipe grouch! You see, P. A. is made by a patented process that cuts out the bite and the sting. Why, you can keep fired-up all the time and never get a tingle on that tongue or a dry spot in your throat.

According to Hoyle, that's *going some!* And there's just one way to prove it. You be game enough to exchange a nickel for P. A. in the toppy red bag or a dime for the tidy red tin. Then you'll know for yourself why Prince Albert is king of 'em all!

P. A. in the toppy red bag 5c

There's a lot of con talk about "just-as-good as P.A.," "just-like P. A." and that sort of ragtime. *Get this:* No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. wasn't born twins and has no brothers or sisters. Remember that!

Buy P. A. everywhere—in the big and little corners all over the United States and Canada and in nearly every nation on the globe. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Limelight O'Hara

(*Concluded from page 29*)

But St. Louis did not hold O'Hara long. He went to Chicago and got a job as sporting writer on Mr. Hearst's "American." And soon he was one of the sporting editors—with his name at the head of his column.

Every week end and vacation took him across the lake to Benton Harbor. There was a girl there, Florence Hoffman, a former schoolmate, daughter of the Presbyterian minister. One summer day she went with O'Hara to Berrien Springs, the old county seat, where O'Hara was to make a speech at the Young People's Picnic. A party of the young people had planned to float back home down the St. Joe River. An accident overturned the boat which O'Hara was rowing, and it was at the risk of his own life that he saved the life of his companion. Before they reached home they were engaged.

The "News-Palladium" printed a romantic account of the rescue, and ordered new cuts of O'Hara and his fiancée.

But O'Hara was dissatisfied at having his name appearing in only one or two papers. He wanted a larger audience. He had worked out the idea of becoming a syndicate. To accomplish that he joined the staff of the old "Chronicle" (now no longer in existence) and became head of the copy desk. He worked on the paper at night, and in the afternoon got out a daily column of sporting comment which he sold to papers throughout the Middle West. He also married the girl he had rescued from drowning, and the "News-Palladium" again told the story of their romance and printed their pictures.

THE LIGHT PLAYS BRIGHTER STILL

READING "copy" and writing headlines, however, began to grow tiresome, when what he wanted was to see his own name at the top of the news columns. And he complained that an electric fan, playing on his neck, gave him the asthma. Even being a syndicate had its limitations. All this time O'Hara had been planning wider fields. One day prominence was to be accomplished by leaving the newspaper field and jumping into politics. The next day his plan was to become a Washington correspondent, then a foreign correspondent, and finally to attain fame as a special political writer. He ended by merging his plans.

He left the "Chronicle" to become Sunday editor of the "Examiner." He got into politics, ran for the Legislature and was defeated. Then came a new idea—to start a Chicago magazine. To prepare for that O'Hara dropped editorial work and learned the ropes of the circulation and advertising departments.

The magazine was started. It was called "The Chicago Magazine." O'Hara was editor, circulation manager, and advertising solicitor, all combined. He wrote the editorials, the leading articles, and read the copy. At night and at other spare time he studied law. Less than two years ago he was admitted to the bar.

For a long time he had determined to become Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. He had been laying his plans and gaining political influence. He went into the fight last year, won the nomination, and by the tide of the Democratic year was swept into office.

CH. GATCHELL.

Power of Press, Church, and Home

From the Author of "In His Steps"

TOPEKA, KAS.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IT WAS because the press joined the church and home in Kansas that we have after thirty-two years practically rubbed the saloon and brewery off the map of our State. There would not be a saloon left in the whole United States if the great papers of this country would do what they ought to do and help the church and the home to take this tremendous wrong out of our Republic. I think Kansas has demonstrated without argument to the entire world that liquor is not necessary to civilization. We ought to be able to demonstrate also the fact that neither is vice necessary; but we need all the great forces of civilization to help in such a tremendous battle against such centuries-old wrong. I want to express my thankfulness that your paper, which is so influential and so widely read, has come out into the open and is really helping civilization.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.



Styleplus Clothes $17

"Thrift is the ability to make every dollar deliver a full dollar's worth of value."

Thrifty men select Styleplus Clothes $17 because they present values in fabric, fit, style, and workmanship that cannot be duplicated for less than $20 or $25. *Genuine* materials and *faithful* construction make Styleplus Clothes $17 splendidly serviceable as well as stylish.

Isn't it worth your while to know that you can save $3 to $8 by buying Styleplus Clothes $17?

Our plant for the scientific manufacture of medium-priced clothes is the largest in the world. Superior manufacturing and buying facilities enable us to sell for $17 suits which are all-wool of exclusive patterns; with coats hand-tailored; exclusive models; canvas and tape water-shrunk; hand-worked button-holes; and all the latest fashions in fabrics and designs. **Try one on today!**

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES are sold by one leading clothier in each town and city. If there is a Styleplus dealer in your town, he will likely be listed in your local telephone book under "Styleplus Clothes". If there is no dealer in your town, write us for the name of the nearest dealer.

Look for this label in the coat

Styleplus Clothes

Buy United States Tires

They cut down tire bills



Faultless
Pajamas and Night Shirts
SINCE 1881

To us has been given the skill to lift the ordinary night robe out of its "uncultivated" state into a garment of style, comfort and luxury.

This unusual skill has come as a reward for our more than 30 years' endeavor to make sleeping more comfortable and more pleasurable.

The actual goods from our hundreds of styles and fabrics will verify this statement.

Faultless Pajamas give you the widest possible range for selection. Perhaps this is one reason women are also wearing Faultless Pajamas. As a mere suggestion—Silk-like pongee, cut military or low neck, with or without cuffs, handkerchief pocket. Solid colors: White, blue, tan, gray, pink, and heliotrope. $1.50, $2, $2.50 a suit.

Other fabrics and patterns $1.50 and up.

Faultless Night Shirts in muslin, cambric, nainsook, and silk. $1 a garment and up.

There's a "Faultless" dealer near you. If you don't know who he is, write us, and we'll tell you his name and send you the Faultless "Bed-time Book".

E Rosenfeld & Co
Dept B, Baltimore New York

Makers of "Faultless" Day Shirts with patent Nek-Gard—a front button pocket.

Tested fabrics

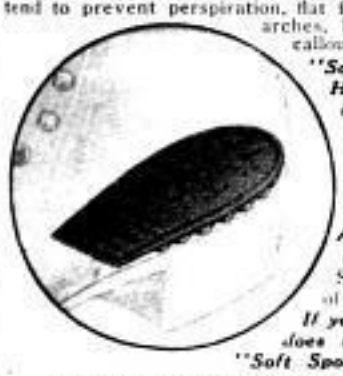
Comfort in Walking

"Soft Spots"
Pneumatic
Heel Cushions



THEIR unique construction affords greater comfort and resiliency than any outside rubber heel. The hermetically sealed air chambers of light, new rubber, backed with soft, pliable leather, make walking easier, more springy and far less tiresome.

"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions relieve the jar, take up the body's weight, tend to prevent perspiration, flat feet, fallen arches, bunions, callouses, etc.



"Soft Spots" Heel Cushions 25c. a pair—
"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions $1.00.
State size of shoe.
If your dealer does not carry "Soft Spots" write

Essex Rubber Company
New York Office. 258 Broadway, N. Y. City

SEND FOR MOTOR CYCLE CATALOGUE

3 GREAT FEATURES

Overhead-valve Motor—more power and speed. Rear Spring Suspension, helical expansion type, insures comfort. Spring Fork absorbs vibration.

Model H	"Lightweight"	$165
Model X	"The Big 4"	$200
Model M	"4 h. p."	$215
Model L	"Twin"	$200

Get the details. Write today.

The Pope Mfg. Co. 521 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Also makers of Pope-Hartford Automobiles, Olympia and Pope Bicycles. Catalogs Free

Pope quality has never been questioned



POPE MOTOR CYCLES

"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN"

and other Unitarian Literature will be SENT FREE on application to ASSOCIATE DEPT., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Dollar

(*Continued from page 10*)

would take only half as many cars to do the same amount of Work.

If you think about it a moment you will see that the main business of a railroad is as a MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE. That is also the function of MONEY. It is simply a means of barter and trade. It has no value in itself.

THE BUSINESS OF A RAILROAD AND THE FUNCTIONS OF MONEY ARE PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL.

Mr. Bryan and most everyone before him thought of Money as A RAILROAD TRAIN STANDING STILL. He had what might be called a Static theory as opposed to the Kinetic theory.

But Money doing Work is MONEY IN MOTION. It must pass from hand to hand, from bank to bank. The faster it goes the more work it does.

If you can make it go twice as fast—change hands twice as many times in a year—then you only need HALF AS MUCH MONEY to transact the business of a country.

Now when business is brisk money goes faster from hand to hand; and if there is plenty of money in circulation people will buy more, and the result is that prices will rise.

TWO FACTORS: QUANTITY AND MOVEMENT

YOU get the same effect if you increase either the speed or the quantity.

Mr. Bryan, and his antagonists alike, saw only the one factor. And because there have been times when, through the development of banking, prices have gone up even though the quantity of money did not increase "Sound Money" folk were led to deny the Quantity Theory. And in a narrow way they were right.

The main channel by which the work that money can do can be increased is in the development of banking. In point of fact more than 90 per cent of the actual exchanges of business are now done with CHECKS, and not with real money at all.

A bank account subject to check is to all intents exactly the same as an equivalent amount of money. And if through the increased use of checks you double the number of times that the average account is checked out in a year, you double the amount of work which this kind of Money, CREDIT MONEY, can do.

It is just the same with your railroad train. The more cars it takes and the faster those cars have got to move in order to DO A GIVEN AMOUNT OF WORK, the higher will be the cost, and hence the average freight rate.

The more money, including bank accounts, required to do business, and the faster this money, real money or bank checks, goes from hand to hand, THE HIGHER WILL BE THE PRICE, every time. If for any reason business slows down, and times get "hard," then the money movement becomes sluggish, and prices fall.

And that is all there is to the money question, and the entire reason for the increased Cost of Living.

At the present time money is moving very fast, especially the banking or check money. It is moving about half again as fast, for example, as in 1896. And the quantity has enormously increased.

The Quantity and Speed have increased more rapidly than the amount of business to be done. THE RESULT IS THAT PRICES ARE HIGHER. That is all there is to it.

I know it will be horribly disappointing to a great many good people to find or to think that the Money Trust, and the High Tariff, and Land Monopoly, and all the rest have little or nothing to do with the case. A great many will refuse to believe it; and by and by they will die and give place to clearer and less prejudiced minds.

The rest is this: If the Money Question and the rising Cost of Living is as simple as all this, it ought to be possible to deal with it in a very simple way. It is. The way has been worked out by Professor Irving Fisher, and his project constitutes, I believe, the most original contribution to the subject that has been made in this generation. It is simply this:

THE AVERAGE LEVEL OF PRICES is a simple relation between the amount or quantity of things to be exchanged, and the AMOUNT of money, and the SPEED with which that money moves. Now you cannot control the AMOUNT OF GOODS to be exchanged, nor can you control the RATE at which money will move. But you can very simply and easily control the AMOUNT OF MONEY.

At the present time we open our mints to the free coinage of gold. For as long

SAFETY

THE IMPORTANT PART OF AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL



Suppose you place a pistol in **your pocket, grip,** under your **pillow, or leave** it in a dresser **drawer, *at full cock,*** without the **common type of** "safety" thrown **on, or forget to** unlock it in a sudden **emergency?**

Right here is where a COLT gives **you the advantage** over all other **automatic pistols**—

IT'S AUTOMATICALLY SAFE!

You Can't Forget to Make a COLT SAFE!

A COLT is automatically locked when cocked (ready for instant use **and positively safe against accidental discharge).**

A COLT is automatically unlocked when you wish to shoot because the **Grip Safety** (see arrow) is automatically **pressed in** (without thought) **when the trigger is purposely pulled. It can be fired only by the hand that holds it!**

No matter how many shots a pistol may contain, nor how rapidly they may be fired, there are two points more important—

The **quickness** with which the first shot may be fired, and

The **safety** with which the pistol may be kept ready for that first, **quick shot.**

A COLT is QUICKEST and SAFEST.

Ask your dealer to explain these COLT AUTOMATIC features.

If he can not, write to us. Catalog No. 14 mailed free

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO
Hartford, Conn.

Barrett Specification Roofs

A First-Class Roof on a First-Class Building

Every building of the first class, every manufacturing plant, every railroad roundhouse and depot, every flat-roofed building, from a residence to a skyscraper, ought to carry a Barrett Specification Roof.

These roofs have won their standing on the basis of past performances.

Their first cost is below that of any other permanent roofing; their maintenance cost is nothing; their unit cost is about ¼c. per foot per year of service.

They last twenty, sometimes thirty years, without repairs or care.

They do not need painting, as metal and ready roofings do.

They take the lowest rate of insurance.

For these reasons they are more popular than any other kind.

Copy of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired however, the following is suggested.

ROOFING.—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N.S.

TRADE B MARK



Clifford Shedell Co.
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H. Fendrich
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Evansville, Ind.

A Great Little Cleaner

Here's the youngest member of the celebrated Western-Electric-Sturtevant family of vacuum cleaners. It weighs only 13 pounds, and for the small home or bungalow or apartment it is the machine to buy. It costs only $47.50.



Western-Electric

Sturtevant

Vacuum Cleaner

Such a combination of low cost and high quality makes easy the problem of selecting your cleaner. It is now no longer a luxury, but a household necessity as essential to cleanliness and health in the home as is sanitary plumbing.

A complete line of cleaners, in both portable and stationary types, ranging from $47.50 to $400. If your dealer cannot show them, write to us for booklet No. 6-C, and let us arrange for a demonstration.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,000,000, "Bell" Telephones:

New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Richmond, Savannah, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Houston, Denver, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle, Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Join the Fight for Clean Towels—and *Safety*

EVERYONE is awakening to the fact that the Public Roller Towel, even more so than the Public Drinking Cup, is a disease-spreading menace—

The Public Drinking Cup has been banished, for it was recognized as a source of infection. And the Public Roller Towel must go—it *is going!*

Chicago, Denver, Cleveland, St. Paul, Detroit and other progressive cities have banished the Roller Towel. Make *your* town the *next.*

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a blotter"

Look for Watermark

are individual towels that, like individual drinking cups, protect against infection.

Here is a chance to use your influence in a fight for public safety—for your own protection, and for the health and safety of those near and dear to you. Write to the Board of Health and the newspapers—Talk with your political acquaintances. *Start something!*

Provide Towel Insurance for yourself and family. Carry a few Scot-Tissue Towels in your grip. Have the little ones take them along to school. Get a roll today—for insurance against the 'morrow.

At all progressive dealers

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c

(W. of Mississippi, and in Canada, 50c)

Fixtures 25c to $1.00

Write for booklet, "Paper in the Home"

Scott Paper Company, 601 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Sanitary Paper Products

The Dollar

(*Concluded from page 31*)

as man can remember it has been possible to take twenty-three and a fraction grains of fine gold to the mints and have that stamped as a legal "Dollar." The amount of money we have then depends simply upon THE AMOUNT OF GOLD THAT IS PRODUCED and brought to the mint. This gold, converted into money and deposited in the banks, becomes bank deposits and the basis of business credits.

ISN'T THIS A FOOLISH WAY TO REGULATE THE QUANTITY OF MONEY, AND HENCE THE GENERAL LEVEL OF PRICES?

Any schoolboy can see that violent fluctuations in general prices are demoralizing to business and to everything. A steady FALL in Prices robs the debtor, discourages the enterprising merchant or manufacturer who would borrow money for new enterprises, and is especially hard upon those who produce things from the soil, because wages and manufactured products do not generally fall as rapidly as farm products.

A steady RISE in prices robs the lender, stimulates speculation, yields enormous profits to the holders of LAND, and is especially hard upon wage earners and people on salaries and what are called "fixed" incomes. It DISCOURAGES THRIFT, leads to such extravagance of living as now obtains in the United States and Europe, turns sane and honest folks into speculators and gamblers, and has a very serious effect upon their morals.

WANTED: A "STABLE" DOLLAR

WHAT is wanted is STABILITY OF PRICES, with only such changes in individual prices as may be produced by new inventions, and the changed conditions of supply and demand. BUT THIS IS WHAT THE UNRESTRICTED COINAGE OF ANY METAL, GOLD OR SILVER, OR ANYTHING ELSE, CAN NEVER PRODUCE.

Instead of leaving the Quantity of Money to HAZARD and CHANCE, Professor Fisher proposes to let THE GENERAL LEVEL OF PRICES AUTOMATICALLY CONTROL THE MONEY SUPPLY. In this way:

If the average price of one hundred, or two hundred articles of commerce rises 5 per cent, Professor Fisher would have the mints of the world demand 5 per cent more of gold of the miners before they received a certificate for a "dollar," or a sovereign, or a franc, or mark.

THERE WOULD BE NO CHANGE WHATEVER IN THE EXISTING SYSTEM OF COINAGE. The dollar and the sovereign would have just as much gold in them then as now. Simply the governments would impose a tax or "seigniorage," which would be determined by the rise in the general level of price from a basis to be agreed upon.

This plan of Professor Fisher's is now receiving a great deal of attention from economists and students of finance all over the world. Thus far there has been found no serious objection to it, and it seems to many thoughtful men a practicable way out of a very serious situation.

In effect IT IS SIMPLY A METHOD WHEREBY THE DEMANDS OF TRADE MAY AUTOMATICALLY CONTROL THE MONEY SUPPLY.

It is not proposed that the United States should attempt this project alone. But if any three nations like, say, the United States and Germany, France, or England, would agree to it, that would force all the nations of the world to do the same thing.

There is now before Congress a bill for an INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION ON THE COST OF LIVING. This bill was the result of a special message sent to Congress by President Taft. Its aim is really to gather a body of experts from Europe and America to discuss Professor Fisher's proposal, and the method of putting it into practice.

It is a very important matter—of vital interest to all wage earners and men on a salary. It is of profound importance to a still larger question:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS MORE OF RISING PRICES, AS IN THE LAST FIFTEEN, WILL MEAN IN THE UNITED STATES A LANDED ARISTOCRACY.

Do you want that?

If you do not, when you have read this article, send it to your Senator and Congressman and ask him to read it. If he cannot understand it, or is too old, or too prejudiced to believe it, see to it next time that some one else is put in his stead who can!



MEN WHO WEAR NO GARTERS

Will wear them with the greatest satisfaction as soon as they try

Boston Garter

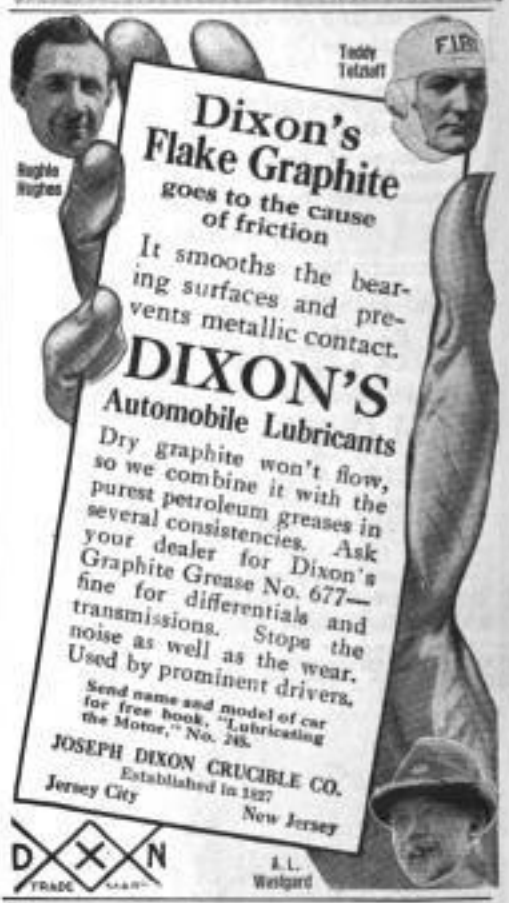
and so realize their gratifying neatness and absolute comfort

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

So light, easy and comfortable that you forget you have them on.

Lisle 25c. **SOLD EVERYWHERE** Silk 50c.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON





You Can Build This Handsome Power Boat

ONLY $28 for knockdown frames, patterns and instructions for this 23 footer—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Everything made simple. Easy to build if you can handle hammer, saw and screw driver. We also furnish complete knock-down boat. Or patterns alone at from $2 to $12 according to design. Thousands of Brooks boats in use and building now. It's fun—and profit—and real pleasure to build a boat. **Write for Brooks Boat Book today**—just a postal. Mailed free. Scores of models and sizes of all kinds illustrated. Save two-thirds the boat builder's price. Get our offer.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 5604 Sidney St., Saginaw, Mich.

SELL SHIRTS Made To Measure 3 For $5.00 And Up

We have hundreds of successful local representatives. Most of them also sell our high grade guaranteed neckwear, underwear and hosiery. Spring is the big selling season for shirts.

STEADFAST MILLS
Dept. 31 COHOES, N. Y.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

How a Texas judge bred 8 to 164 in one year. How a Vermonter bred 25 pairs of my squab pigeons to 800 pairs in two years. You can do the same. More money-making experiences. Write today for this big free book.

RICE, 325 Howard Street, Melrose, Massachusetts

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For the Evening Call



There is no surer way to please her than by taking along a box of the sweets all women love—

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

The high quality and assured freshness of all Huyler's candy make it the perfect gift to one you admire. If she hasn't tried Huyler's Beverly Chocolates, take her those next time—they're unusual and delightful.

Sales Agents Everywhere

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

Specify

United States Tires

They cut down tire bills



Washburne's Patent "O.K." Paper Fasteners. Brass and nickel-plated Steel, 3 sizes; in Bright Metal boxes of 50 and 100 each. All Stationers, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box 50 assorted. Booklet free.

YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION

THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Questions—Answers

(Continued from page 12)

Homesteads and Irrigation Projects

FRENCH LICK, IND.

Will you kindly tell me how to find out about Government land and homestead laws?

For information about homesteads and homestead laws, write to the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. For information about buying irrigated lands from the Government, write to the Reclamation Service, this city (Washington).

How to Get the Congressional Record

DENVER, COLO.

Please inform me as to the price of the Congressional Record.

Every Senator is allowed eighty-eight copies of the daily Congressional Record, and every Representative sixty copies for free distribution to such persons as he may select. This allowance is generally exhausted by each Congressman in supplying the public libraries and newspapers of his district. The only other way to get the Record is to subscribe for it at fixed rates: $1.50 per month, $4 for a short session, and $8 for a long session. Payment must be made in advance to the Public Printer, Samuel B. Donnelly, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Single copies of the Congressional Record, twenty-four pages or less, can be bought for three cents; each additional eight pages, one cent extra.

Copies of the Underwood Bills

NEW YORK CITY.

I am very anxious to secure copy of the Underwood bills that were passed last year and vetoed by President Taft. I understand they can be obtained in Washington, and if you can obtain a copy of these, especially on the cotton and linen schedules, I would greatly appreciate it. I am an importer of this class of goods, and if I can secure a copy of the above, it will be of great assistance.

Copies of H. R. 22195 (the woolen schedule), H. R. 25034 (the cotton schedule), and H. R. 18632 (the metal schedule) are inclosed. The cotton schedule, however, was not vetoed by the President; the House failed to agree to the Senate amendments, and referred the bill back to the Ways and Means Committee. The other two bills were vetoed.

Free Literature Issued by the Government

HANCOCK, MICH.

I would like to know where to write to so that I would be able to get some of the available free literature issued by our Government.

As to where you should write for free literature issued by the Government, that depends on what subjects interest you. Almost every branch of the Government issues bulletins in line with its work, and distributes them free upon request. Write to the Department of Agriculture for information on orcharding, cattle raising, forestry, publications on food and drugs, chicken raising, and for information on crops of various kinds; to the Bureau of the Census for information on the growth of population, industries, etc.; to the Bureau of Labor for information along the lines implied by the name; this also applies to the Bureau of Education. You can get from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for sixty cents, a copy of the Congressional Directory, which will give you an idea as to the work of the various departments and bureaus.

Single Term for President

NEW YORK CITY.

In view of the annual debate between the teams of the "Poly. Prep." School and of Erasmus Hall High School on the single six-year Presidential term, we would be grateful for your opinion and advice of public men, preferably, in favor of it.

You can obtain from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for approximately twenty-five cents, a copy of the Congressional Record for August 21, 1912, which contains a debate in the Senate on the resolution calling for a single term of six years for the President of the United



Bohn Syphon Refrigerators

by an outside icing feature supply all the conveniences and none of the defects of a built in refrigerator. We can equip any stock size with Extra End or Rear Ice door for outside icing.

They insure the vigorous circulation of constantly purified air between the ice and provision chambers and maintain a temperature 10° lower than by any other method.

The fact that the Pullman Co. and all American Railroads equip their dining cars with the BOHN SYPHON SYSTEM, is evidence of the economy and efficiency of the method.

Send for "Cold Storage in the Home" free. Shows how milk can be kept with onions without contamination.

White Enamel Refrigerator Co.

59 West 42nd Street, New York 30 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago
803 South Hill Street, Los Angeles
Main Office and Works, St. Paul, Minn.

Coldwell



Coldwell Demountable Cutters

A Brand New Feature in Horse and Putting Green Mowers

Coldwell Demountable Cutters (patented) are independent of the main frame of the machine and removable at will.

Two or more cutters go with each machine. You can change them in a minute like the blades of a safety razor. Think how handy whenever blades need sharpening or other repairs.

Always use the BEST. The BEST is the Cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY

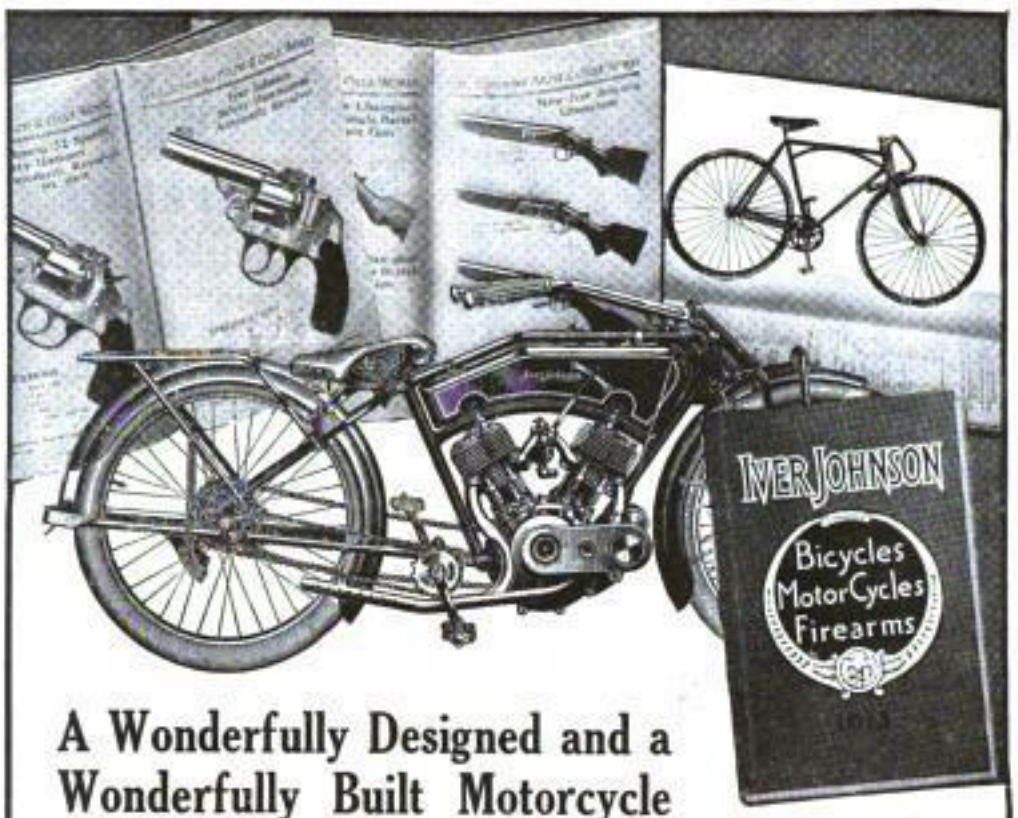
Philadelphia NEWBURGH, NEW YORK Chicago

Write at once for full description and prices, together with interesting booklet on The Practical Care of Lawns.



Lawn Mowers

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A Wonderfully Designed and a Wonderfully Built Motorcycle

Moderation is out of the question in describing this superb mechanism. In the motor alone there are over thirty exclusive details of design—many of them basic in importance—which were developed by our own engineers and which are not found in other motorcycles. For instance, we employ two crank pins in the twin cylinder, which means, simply, that the Iver Johnson has the only motor with an even stroke. Our valve action and magneto drive are the simplest and most positive ever designed. Valve stems are protected. Crank construction is of automobile strength. Bearings are very large. Shafts have glass hard sleeves shrunk on. Our book tells all about these and many more advanced ideas.

IVER JOHNSON

And now about construction. This motorcycle is built in a factory equipped to make high-grade revolvers, shotguns and bicycles. Probably only an engineer realizes what that means. Suffice that our automatic machinery is so delicately accurate that a variation of one one-thousandth of an inch in a thousand parts is practically impossible. The Iver Johnson motorcycle compares to a mechanical instrument in accuracy and finish. We make twin and single cylinder models.

You need our 72-page book. It tells, in a narrative way, all about Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolvers, Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles; shows how they are made and why they are better. The book is bound in board covers, library style. We want every man who is interested to have a copy. It is free.

One word about Iver Johnson Shotguns. We make the finest single barrel gun in the world. The barrel and lug are forged from one piece of steel, resulting in great strength at the breech. The stock is walnut, hand polished. It is a two-piece gun, the pin holding fore-end being solid in frame. Coil springs are used throughout. Described in our book.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

New York: 99 Chambers St.
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

146 RIVER STREET
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Questions—Answers

(Concluded from page 33)

States, and, in the appendix, a speech by Senator Cummins in favor of the passage of the resolution and a speech by Senator Borah against its passage. If you have access to the bound volumes of the Congressional Record in some public library, you will find debates on the single term in the proceedings of the Senate for March 11, 1912 (Senator Works), for August 19 (Senator Cummins), for August 20 (Senator Borah), and for August 21 (Senator Crawford). You will note from the enclosed that the national Democratic platform for 1912 contains a plank favoring the single term.

Progressive Legislation

SITKA, ALASKA.

I enclose a copy of the platform upon which I have been elected to the first Alaska Legislature, and if you can send me any literature that would help in framing legislation to meet the promises of this platform, I would very much appreciate it.

We are enclosing a copy of Senate Document, No. 603, Sixty-first Congress, second session, "The Code of the People's Rule," containing a compilation of various statutes relating to the people's rule system of government and for terminating the abuses of political machines, viz.: An Adequate Registration System; Secret Ballot; Direct Primaries; Publicity of Campaign Contributions; Corrupt Practices Act; Publicity Pamphlets; Initiative, Referendum, and Recall; Des Moines Plan of City Government; Short Ballot, etc.

We are also enclosing a copy of the Pure Food Law and amendments thereto, and we have requested various State officials and officers of organizations to send you any and all literature which may be helpful in drafting legislation in line with the platform upon which you were elected.

Pages to Congress

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Will you kindly inform me as to when the pages of the House and Senate will be appointed, and also how many will be appointed? I would also like to know the salary they receive and the usual age of a page.

The pages in the Senate are appointed by the sergeant at arms. They are appointed at the age of twelve and serve for four years—until they reach sixteen. There are sixteen pages in the Senate. About eight will be appointed when Congress convenes in the fall. The pages in the House of Representatives are appointed by the doorkeeper. There is no definite age limit, but they are all boys in the early teens. There are forty-six pages in the House, all of whom are appointed with the beginning of a session of Congress; of course many of these are reappointments. The pages in both House and Senate are paid $2.50 a day while Congress is in session.

The Jewelers and the Tariff

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

MAY we suggest to you a series of articles touching upon the effect of the proposed revision of tariff on different businesses, written in your usual independent manner, without regard to toes you stepped on, politically? For instance, in the jewelry business a disinterested investigator would find that no monopoly exists anywhere, and that it is possible to begin business without interference and maintain same, whether large or small. He would find the effect of a reduction of duty on jewelry on department stores, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, etc., in their relations with hundreds of small manufacturers. He would find that the fierce competition among themselves gave people their money's worth in this line. It would be found that the foreign element in the trade were only prohibited from importing all their stuff by a hair-line percentage. An article on each of several already suffering lines, backed by the prestige of COLLIER'S, will, without doubt, give the people at large an education, and you will be gratefully thanked and perhaps cordially hated by those concerned.

EUGENE C. HEALY.



One of These Awaits You—FREE

A Sunshine "Revelation Box" containing 14 kinds of tempting biscuits known as

Sunshine Specialties

each distinctive in flavor and entirely different from any other biscuit baked in this country.

To Get Your Sunshine "Revelation Box"

send us your name and address and the name of your grocer with 10c (stamps or coin) to pay the cost of postage and packing only, and we will send this Sunshine "Revelation Box" of biscuit goodies, FREE. Or, send your own and your grocer's name for our Sunshine "Taste Box," containing 5 kinds, postpaid.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
538 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.

Buy Them This Spring

United States Tires

They cut down tire bills

Make Big Money



with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 500 an hour. No dark room. Experience unnecessary. Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You can make money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book. Testimonials, etc.
AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.
2714 Ogden Ave., Dept. K223, Chicago, Ill.

The "BEST" LIGHT



Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog.
Agents Wanted
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.
300 CANDLE POWER

Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND



50c. *Improves the Complexion* 25c.



A toilet cream that is particularly agreeable and refreshing; that keeps the skin so pure and so clean that it never looks unwholesome, but always fair, fresh and attractive. It is not greasy and cannot grow hair.

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM—Sold by all dealers, Hinds Cream in bottles 50c, and Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c.

Write for Free Samples A. S. HINDS, 12 West St., Portland, Maine



Do You Polish Your AUTOMOBILE BODY with EMERY CLOTH?



You do what produces same results, if you use oily polishes which are largely composed of mineral oils. The sulphur and mineral salts in such polishes are ruinous to the gums in the varnish, causing it to check and look dull in short time. Our marvelous vegetable **Orient High Gloss Polish** "Concentrate" **guaranteed** to be one of the **most wonderful varnish renewers and preservers, producing a brilliant, permanent finish.** Strongest possible endorsement from Auto manufacturers, dealers and owners. 3 pints oily kind polishes cost you $1.80 to $2.25. To introduce we will send prepaid concentrates for 3 pints our polish for $1. Must satisfy you or money back.

Orient Chemical Co., 645 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.
WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana



WURLITZER
SUPPLIES THE U.S. GOVT.
FREE CATALOG
BAND INSTRUMENTS

282 Pages. 700 Illustrations. 47 Color Plates. 2500 Articles described. Every Musical Instrument. Free Trial. Superb Quality. Lowest Prices. Easy Payments. Mention instrument you are interested in.
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
124 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 332 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

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TRADE MARK
VULCAN-SET
IN RUBBER



Made in many styles. Never shed hairs. Outwear all others. Always lather a face as it should be and help to make a shave a pleasure. Method by which manufactured corrects all defects and creates lowest selling prices ever offered.

Every seller of Whiting-Adams brushes has them or will quickly get them if required.

INVINCIBLE
TRADE MARK
HAIR BRUSHES



Because of the splendid method of construction used and unfailing excellence of material, recognizedeverywhere as the best.

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
Makers of all kinds of brushes for all purposes.
Brush manufacturers for over 100 years and the largest in the world.

Like a clean china dish



Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless dish-like lining, the genuine

Leonard Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint or enamel. I will mail you—free—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. You can't scratch it even with a knife. It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else.

50 Styles—$18 up—Freight Paid

to Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of porcelain and I'll mail my booklet, "Care of Refrigerators." Every woman should have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. LEONARD, President
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
132 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)

The Best in the World all authorities agree—all users know. You will know it is the cheapest and the best soap as soon as you see the results on your skin and complexion from the use of

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Pure Food

(Concluded from page 20)

In answer to the first question: No. It is not always so. The "hardness" of water depends upon the amount of mineral water dissolved therein. This usually takes the form of lime, which renders it difficult to make a suds, forming an insoluble lime soap. There may readily be soft well water and hard spring water, depending entirely on what the water has had the opportunity to dissolve.

In answer to the second question, there is no simple test to pass with certainty upon the purity of any given sample of water. If one has some slight knowledge of chemistry and a simple chemical apparatus available, COLLIER'S will gladly submit a list of books giving directions for tests upon water.

A Move in the Right Direction

I have been greatly interested in the article which appeared in COLLIER'S *of the 22d (February) in the Pure Food Department, under the title of "Municipal Campaigns." The reference to coal-tar (aniline) colors is to my mind a step in the right direction, for I believe that such colors should be eliminated from food products.*

It is my belief that this city, Sacramento, was the first to recognize the fact that these dyes should not be used, for we succeeded in having an ordinance prohibiting their use passed some time ago. The practice has not entirely been wiped out, for it is hard to enforce such a law in the face of Government permission. But we are endeavoring to educate the public through our various civic bodies, such as the Chamber of Commerce, women's clubs, and the like, and the assistance thus gotten has been a great help to this department.—G. H. P. LICHTHARDT, Chemist for Board of Health, Sacramento, Cal.

This Is a Brickbat

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

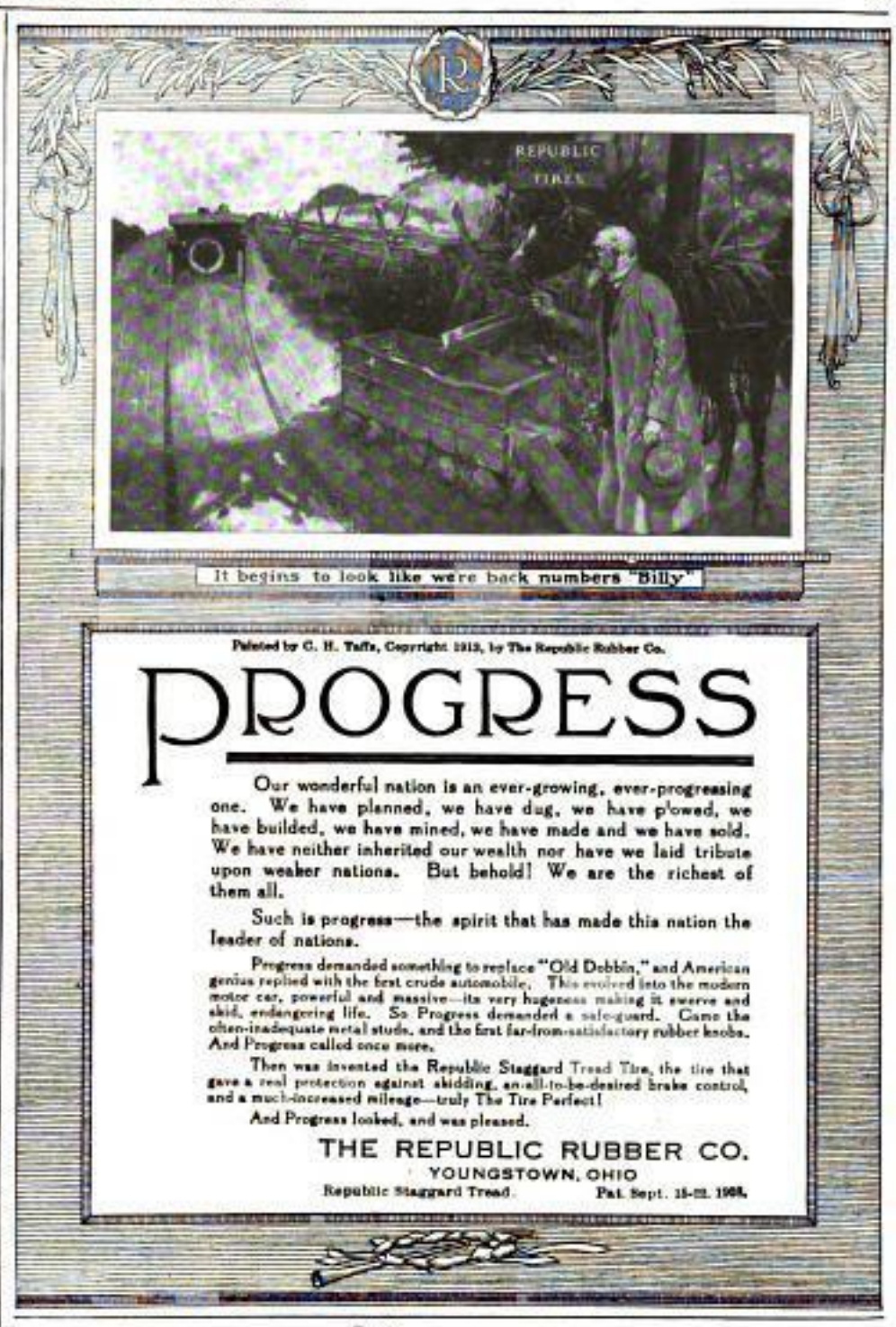
IT isn't often that I have complaints to make, but I have one to voice at this time that has been brewing for quite a long time. This applies to COLLIER'S in particular and newspapers and periodicals similarly bound in general. It seems to me to be a sound complaint, and a very justifiable query. I would like to ask why in Sam Hill don't you print *all* of an article on the same page, or if too long for one page, why is it not continued on the *next* page following, and consecutive pages until completed?

I don't recall ever seeing in print a complaint of this kind, but I have talked to many in regard to it, and have yet to speak to man or woman, who reads a newspaper or periodical bound in the form of COLLIER'S and others, who wasn't on the verge of the most virulent profanity at the mere mention of the subject, owing to the custom of most publishers printing the heading of an article on one page, a few paragraphs on the next, and probably a half column on the next page or two following, and, if you are very fortunate, you may find on the inside of the last cover the balance of the article begun in the first of the paper (that is, if it isn't decided to continue it in the next issue). Mixed in between these is a conglomeration of other subjects, from the newest and best brand of dill pickles to "Comments on Congress," the most recent graft expose (if it is at all possible for COLLIER'S or any other publication to be issued often enough to keep up with the "latest" in the graft market), or some article on social and economic questions.

To my mind, it is a very cheap, claptrap method all publishers follow in attempting to create the impression that the paper has more in it than it really contains, by presenting a new subject to the wondering gaze at the turn of every page; and probably a little better than that if the articles can possibly be further hashed.

Advertisements are all right, and I enjoy reading them. I would not want to read a paper without ads in it. It would not be nearly so interesting to me as one that contains plenty of wholesome ads, such as appear in COLLIER'S, but I do contend that you cannot *make* people read ads, whether they are mixed with other reading matter or not. Rather, it will disgust most readers so that they will not read the paper at all. If they *want* to read ads they will *hunt* for them.

HOWARD H. THOMPSON.



It begins to look like we're back numbers "Billy"

Painted by G. H. Taffs, Copyright 1913, by The Republic Rubber Co.

PROGRESS

Our wonderful nation is an ever-growing, ever-progressing one. We have planned, we have dug, we have plowed, we have builded, we have mined, we have made and we have sold. We have neither inherited our wealth nor have we laid tribute upon weaker nations. But behold! We are the richest of them all.

Such is progress—the spirit that has made this nation the leader of nations.

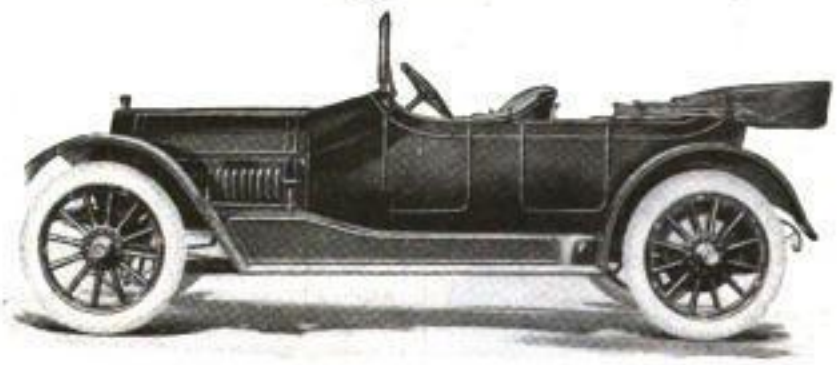
Progress demanded something to replace "Old Dobbin," and American genius replied with the first crude automobile. This evolved into the modern motor car, powerful and massive—its very hugeness making it swerve and skid, endangering life. So Progress demanded a safe-guard. Came the often-inadequate metal studs, and the first far-from-satisfactory rubber knobs. And Progress called once more.

Then was invented the Republic Staggard Tread Tire, the tire that gave a real protection against skidding, an all-to-be-desired brake control, and a much-increased mileage—truly The Tire Perfect!

And Progress looked, and was pleased.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Republic Staggard Tread. Pat. Sept. 15-12, 1908.

Mitchell



YOUR reasons for buying a 1913 Mitchell can be concentrated in one sentence: it proves itself the most reliable, powerful, complete and beautiful car in the moderate price class.

All Mitchell 1913 cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

	MOTOR	Wheel Base	Prices F.O.B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4¼x7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4¼x7 in.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

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Good Teethkeeping

is Invariably Reflected in

Good teeth
Good health
Good spirits
Good complexion
Sunny smiles

MAKE it your rule to visit your dentist twice a year. Make it your unfailing habit each night and morning to use

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a doctor of dental surgery.



SAFETY and EFFICIENCY are the cardinal virtues of Dr. Lyon's.

Safety—freedom from grit and harmful action; a property best attested by four generations of growing popularity.

Efficiency—its power to thoroughly cleanse and polish the teeth, preventing the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay—to keep the gums hard and healthy—to impart a lasting, natural fragrance to the breath.

Dental authorities have pronounced Dr. Lyon's to contain every ingredient necessary to good teethkeeping—in the purest form, correctly compounded.

To teach your children the habitual use of Dr. Lyon's is to assure them a lifetime of perfect teeth.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere

Something Especially Good

Has been produced in

MAPLEINE

The Flavor de Luxe

It is a pure, vegetable product that makes a perfect table syrup by adding it to white sugar dissolved in water.

It combines readily with the most delicate ingredients and gives a dainty, delicious flavor for cakes, pastries, candies and desserts.



Grocers sell it.
2 oz. bottle 35c (in Canada 50c)
If not, write

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Dept. E9, Seattle, Wash.

2c in stamps will bring our Booklet, "Mapleine Dainties."

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

NATURE SPEAKS

as Spring advances and brings promise of new life and recreation. LABLACHE tells women everywhere how to keep that fair complexion and the velvety smoothness of youth.

It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded.

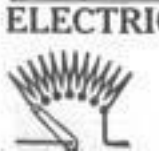


Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 24
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

ELECTRICITY in One Year



A thorough, scientific course. Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation and testing. 20 years' reputation. Write for illustrated catalog. *Opens Sept. 25th.*

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days!

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof GARAGE
Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves time, work, worry and trouble. Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of portable fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book by return mail. (186)

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
633-683 Eggleston Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio



Sauer's FLAVORING EXTRACTS



ARE USED BY MORE HOUSEKEEPERS

Than Any Other Extracts

in the United States for flavoring purposes. Pure extract of fresh ripe fruits and berries. 14 highest American and European awards. Endorsed by The Westfield Book of Pure Food. **Vanilla, Lemon,** etc.—10c and 25c—At grocers. Write now for booklet of our choice cooking recipes, **free.**

C. F. SAUER CO., Mfgrs., Richmond, Va.

LANGUAGES

THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPHIC METHOD

German—French—English
Italian—Spanish



BLISS LANGUAGE RECORD

Cortina Academy of Languages, 976 Nevins Building, 1600 B'way, cor. 48th St., N. Y.

Editor Bryan and the Patent-Medicine Ad

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE been glad to see you forcibly calling the attention of Mr. Capper and others to the inconsistency of high personal ideals and low business ideals in the matter of objectionable advertising they help foist on the public.

They may set up the usual subterfuges, including the one that "our relations with our readers are impersonal; they read the advertising just as they would a circular sent them."

But Mr. William J. Bryan, editor and publisher of "The Commoner," cannot. Mr. Bryan's relations with his readers are absolutely personal. Thousands on thousands of people—the same people who rose in their might and made the public-opinion-back-home that won Mr. Bryan's fight at Baltimore—subscribe to "The Commoner" because they respect, admire—even adore and love—Mr. Bryan. In thousands of communities they read "The Commoner" for the personal truth of this man Bryan, their idol.

And what does Mr. Bryan do?

He advises them in glaring display to buy Bodi-Tone to cure their "rheumatism, stomach trouble, kidney, liver, and bladder ailments, uric acid diseases, female troubles, bowel, blood and skin affections, dropsy, piles, catarrh, anemia, sleeplessness, la grippe, pains, general weakness, and nervous breakdown," "no matter what your ailment may be," "no matter how old you are, no matter how long you have been sick, no matter what you have used without success," "we don't care what doctors have told you," etc.

He urges them to write Dr. Frank T. Lynott of Chicago, whose patent-medicine cures "kidney trouble, bladder trouble, and rheumatism," etc.; and to Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, who will cure you of rheumatism for a dollar.

Or to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons for cure of dropsy, to Dr. Cannady for eczema, Dr. Blosser for catarrh, or to Dr. Whetzel for asthma.

Or they have Mr. Bryan's recommendation to invest your money with H. L. Barber of Chicago, who has reams of oil-well stocks to sell.

It is a light issue of "The Commoner" I am sending you containing this stuff. Take a dozen issues and you will have a pretty good catalogue of the disreputable advertising of the country.

"For a handful of silver—"

Yours truly,

Country Up-in-Back

(*Continued from page 19*)

high ridge. But she felt that all Gravelly was expecting her to ask, was waiting for her protests, indignation, demand for an explanation, and so never a word would she say. At times she caught the Smiley child also looking over his book with a bewildered hopelessness. Several times, before or after school, the infant tried to interest Miss Millie—once in his pony, and once in his lunch, and once in a June bug that they happened to see simultaneously crawling over the path, but Miss Millie was serenely unmoved.

Then down the trail Miss Millie found herself murmuring: "It is a shame! If—if only I had met him in some other *not* ridiculous manner." And again at supper she found herself listening off in the warm, soft-scented dark, for the patter of a pony's feet came above the singing river and she heard a friendly hail from the store to some familiar voice that came back equally joyous.

"Hello, Smiley Jim!"

"Hello, Old Top!"

That was all except the odor of tobacco on the night air.

BUT in a fortnight Miss Millie found herself fighting a great curiosity. To his studies the Smiley child seemed mysteriously indifferent. He did amazingly well—that was a fact. As he assured her: 'That little old book don't stump me none." He had gone far beyond "c-a-t" and "r-a-t" and "b-a-t." He had spelled "nephew" and "poison" and rattled off readings with deliberate but nonchalant ease.

"The idea!" sputtered teacher to herself. "He knows every word of it! Some day I'll trap him, too!"

HAMBURG-AMERICAN

Largest SS. Co. in the World
OVER 400 SHIPS 1,210,000 TONS

The Panama Canal and West Indies

See the Canal before its completion!

LAST TWO CRUISES
April 10 and 30 by S.S. Victoria Luise.
Duration of cruise
16 Days—$145 and up
Also weekly sailings by "Prinz" steamers of our ATLAS SERVICE.

IMPERATOR
Newest and largest steamship afloat.
50,000 Tons, 919 ft. long
OF THE
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
Sailing from Hamburg on her maiden trip May 24th, due in New York May 31.

In addition to the well-known features of modern ocean steamers there will be a great Ritz Carlton a la carte Restaurant and Winter Garden, similar in arrangement and size to these features in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, a Grill Room, Private Dining Rooms, Pompeian Bath and Swimming Pool, and a Gymnasium.

Book now—for return trip leaving June 7th.

SUMMER CRUISES
To the Land of the Midnight Sun, Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Norway, Scotland, Orkney and Faroe Islands
From Hamburg during
June, July and August
by S.S. Victoria Luise, Bismarck, Meteor
13 to 24 Days—$62.50 and up
Write for beautifully illustrated books, stating cruise

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 Broadway, New York
Boston Philadelphia
Pittsburgh Chicago
San Francisco
St. Louis

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How To Make Good Pictures

One hundred and sixty pages of concise photographic information for the amateur, written in simple terms that he can understand. Full treatment of such subjects as lenses, the choice of a camera, outdoor and indoor photography, home portraiture, flashlight work, developing (both the tank and dark room methods), printing with gas light, printing-out and platinum papers, enlarging and lantern slide making. Seventy-four half tone illustrations, thirty lucid diagrams.

Price with card board cover, 25 cents, at your dealers or by mail postpaid. Library edition, cloth cover, with four genuine photographic illustrations bound in, $1.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Detachable" Hose Reel

Can be easily changed from one faucet to another. Put a faucet on front and rear of house, in garage, etc. Quickly slipped on and off the faucet. Hose securely attached to reel. Easily carried about. You can unreel the hose as needed with the water turned on. Reel revolves on the faucet.

Prevents kinks and twists in the hose—makes it last longer.

Fire Protection—ready for instant use by having a special faucet in kitchen or laundry. Small expense.



Specialty Mfg. Co.



These Cheques are accepted for travel bills all over the world

You can pay your hotel bills with them; buy railway and steamship fares. You can make purchases with them in the principal shops. And you can cash them without charge in any one of 50,000 banks.

"A. B. A." Cheques

can be used like the currency of the country you are traveling in, and are *safe to carry.* Without your signature they are useless to a thief. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

"A.B.A." Cheques are particularly suitable for American travelers. They are issued by thousands of American banks. They are the only travelers' cheques accepted, under the law, in payment of United States Customs duties.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City



Insist on United States Tires

They cut down tire bills

BE A LAWYER

A Bachelor of Laws—An LL.B.

ONLY LAW SCHOOL OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 class-room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-Year, University law course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers, 6 of whom are Asst. United States' Attorneys in active practice. ONLY law school in existence giving complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

Direct From Lecture Room to Student

is the way we teach law. Only school in existence employing this method. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. Highly endorsed and recommended by our Officials, Business Men, Score Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 951 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Country Up-in-Back

(*Continued from page 36*)

But to ensnare and expose the Smiley child meant to let herself down from the lofty pedestal up to which she now felt he gazed with admiring if quizzical awe. Once she waylaid the widow's Pete and tried to learn of his fellow pupil. But the widow's Pete simply grinned up at his teacher.

"C'n he read and write? I dunno. He come from up-in-back, and they's a mighty hard lot up in that brush country. He don't talk to me much—only 'cep'n he asts about you."

"*Me?*" What does he say, Pete?"

"Aw, he don't say much. Only he offered me four bits once to find out if you ever got any letters from fellers."

"*Pete!*"

"He ast me what you did Sundays. He ast me what you did nights. He ast me to ast the Chinaman what winder was yours down at the hotel, teacher."

Teacher parted from Pete at the widow woman's gate. She went on pale and with flashing eye. That evening she did not sit in the big window over Dinwiddie's porch listening to the Tuolumne and watching the starlight on the water. She put out her light and sat back. And about nine o'clock, somewhere off in the leafy darkness, she heard a—a—cuss word.

The next morning she stared down from her desk straight and hard into the new pupil's eye. The Smiley child did not flinch. He muttered once into his geography, and later, while teacher was listening to the widow's Pete, he raised his hand solemnly.

"Teacher?"

"Yes—James?"

"Is Rhode Island the island, or is it just the name of the town on the island?"

"Rhode Island is a State, James."

"He—I—I reckoned it was some place in Connecticut!"

"Didn't you start to swear, James?"

"No. Not much. Not enough to flutter."

"Resume your lesson, James."

Smiley Jim glowered on into his geography. He cast an evil eye on the widow's Pete, who hung ingratiatingly almost over teacher's knee and struggled with the Third Reader. And the next day the widow's Pete disappeared.

TEACHER and the Smiley child faced each other solemnly across the empty schoolroom. The silence was terrific. When the Smiley child moved a boot it was like the reverberation of artillery. She made him recite where he sat, instead of coming forward to the long bench, and Smiley Jim related, with all the joyous abandon of a man about to be hanged, that seven and four made eleven and that Cincinnati was in Ohio.

When he had gone out to his broncho, teacher gave a long sigh and fled down the trail. She ate her lunch palpitantly and then went around by the widow woman's. Pete was under the pepper tree. He greeted his teacher with far-off reserve. The widow woman was washing down at the main ditch cookhouse as usual.

"Peter," said the teacher, "why didn't you come to school this morning?"

"Oh—I?" grinned Pete—"I was kinda sick this mornin'."

"No, you weren't! What was it?"

"Oh—I—got a job workin'!"

"*No*, you haven't!"

"Honest, teacher!"

TEACHER took the widow's Pete by the ear. "Now, tell me. Did *he* have anything to do with it?"

"Naw, I guess not. I was sick, or somethin'."

"He *told* you to be!" with more vigor on the ear.

"Ouch!"

"He did, didn't he?"

"Ouch—wow! He—just said— Ouch! Nothin' much. Wo—wow—teacher!"

"What was it?"

"Aw, he just said he'd give me four bits a day to play hookey all term, and—and—Ouch! And if I—didn't, he'd beat the stuffin' out of me!"

"Peter, is that true?"

"Yes—but don't you say nothin'. He'll throw me in the crick if I holler—he said so. An' you went and pinched my ear!"

Teacher had gone out and up the cañon path. She went with a determined back-in-Illinois, schoolma'amish sort of way. "I'll resign to-morrow—I will. But first I'll settle with that—that Smiley—child!"

Somehow the Smiley child looked lonesome, waiting on the schoolhouse step for teacher. Five weeks of it now, and though



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Country Up-in-Back

(*Continued from page 37*)

he could spell C-A-T, he seemed forlorn. Miss Millie tried not to be troubled by this as she went severely past him into the school and to her desk, where she rang the bell.

The scholar of Gravelly Gulch came in and seated himself. He looked expectantly and patiently at teacher. Teacher formed her lips for a tempestuous and annihilating exposure of Smiley Jim; then her lips moved and she was saying:

"You can take from page forty-eight to fifty-four for reading this afternoon."

"Yes'm, teacher."

Teacher covered her hands and smothered an "O—oh!" Then she looked between her fingers. The Smiley child was industriously hunting for page forty-eight. "I'll go wild this afternoon," raged teacher—"but it'll be the last! The hateful, horrid lot of people—what did I ever come here for? But I did need the money—and I do need the next two months'!"

She went home swiftly at four, leaving the Smiley child doing sums on the blackboard, where she had banished him maliciously. Gravelly's schoolhouse was never locked, so this was easy. As she went out the door she had an impression that the lone scholar was casting a sidelong glance at her, but he dutifully copied his arithmetic. "He can stay there all night!" whispered teacher—"and anyhow, I'll resign to-morrow! He—he—looked as if I was pleased to be alone with him—he—*grinned* that way!"

SHE talked with no one that night. Mrs. Dinwiddie and the postmaster on the porch gossiped about the opening of the big new ditch. For four days the water, led from the upper river, had been pouring into the reservoir above in the hills. The new dam in the gulch already held back ninety feet of it, and May rains of the high Sierra all week had rolled a mighty flood into the Tuolumne, of which the new ditch got its share. The completion of the irrigation works had been the only topic of late in Gravelly's forgotten camp. But Miss Stimson excused herself early and went to her room. And she closed the blinds with a stony stare out in the dark, if perchance anyone lingered in the yard. She was going to resign the next day; and with a sigh, in the silence of her chamber, counted up the cost of going back to San Francisco.

"And I oughtn't to leave the high hills," she murmured; "the doctors said a year—one whole year—would make me sound." And then she cried into her pillow with some mystery of wrath, shame, and longing, wondering if a sense of humor wouldn't have helped her through it all.

And when she awoke the sun—her sun, life-giving and radiant—lay on her hair; and all the morning magic of the mountains lay before her window. On the last high ridge, bathing the glint of the peaks, a gray robe of cloud yet lingered. Miss Millie could not find the chairman when she sought him at the store. He was somewhere up-in-back at the new main ditch. So, somberly and with tragic determination, teacher went on up the gulch to the little gray school.

She was hardly surprised to see the door open. Of course, *he* wouldn't close it when he got tired last night and went away. But she stepped in the anteroom to find her face suddenly growing colorless.

There, at the blackboard, stood Gravelly's lone scholar.

Miss Millie contemplated him with sudden horror. Then she hardened, and came on. The Smiley child looked gravely wan of cheek and weary-limbed.

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed teacher, "that you stayed here all night?"

"You told me to stand up and work examples until—until—"

SHE gasped: "You didn't *stand there all night*—"

"Not quite. Slept a little. Right there on the floor. Somehow couldn't sleep much. It was a grand night for figures, teacher. Used up a box of chalk, though—but look at 'em—ain't they some arithmetic, all right?"

Teacher glanced around apathetically, so she assured herself. It had been a grand night for figures. They covered every square inch of the sorry old blackboard—figures and legends. The widow's Pete's speller lay on the floor. The Smiley child waved a hand apologetically gentle to it.

"I reckon I did some lessons, too. Between sleeps. But I didn't want to sleep



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Country Up-in-Back

(Continued from page 38)

—teacher. The moonlight came in here too mighty fine. And, besides, you said not to leave until you told me to. Sorteh boy-stood-on-the-burnin' deck—only it got allfired chilly toward mornin'. What do you think of those lessons?"

Teacher looked steadily at him. "You didn't have any supper or breakfast, of course?"

"Don't need any. What I'm after is the higher life."

Teacher walked to her desk. "School is dismissed," she said. "James, you may go home to breakfast. And—" she added, and refused to look nearer Smiley Jim than the top of the ridge out the window—"you needn't come back. I shall close the term to-morrow."

Gravelly's lone pupil started. "Now, hold on!"

"You may go home."

"I don't want to go home."

"I forbid you to stay."

The Smiley child muttered: "They'll fire you if you don't teach me, teacher." Now he was the suppliant, for teacher's blue eyes had a glint he had not seen before. "What's the matter, anyhow?"

And as Smiley Jim stared at her she turned her back—to face the blackboard. And there, also staring at her, directly behind her desk, was the fruit of the lone scholar's midnight oil—or, perhaps, moonlight:

"I lOve TeAchER. i LovE tEAchEr. I loVE TeAchER."

And on and on in mystic and sprawling frescoes, up and down and twisting around rat holes and rough places in the crumbling old board. Sums there were, too; four times four, and nine times eight, and a great deal more of erudition, but mostly in the chalky smear:

"i lOvE tEACher."

Teacher looked at them silently. Then ahead, far above Smiley Jim, now in his seat, out through the door at the sun-kissed slope of the Sierra.

"School is dismissed," she said quietly, and fell at once to an absorbed study of the "Manual of Pedagogy" on her desk.

"Well, I'm son'v-gun," murmured Gravelly's last scholar to himself. "I shore am!"

FIVE minutes of silence while Smiley Jim stared at the shine of teacher's hair as her white hand pressed it. Then slowly he got to his feet. "I reckon you mean that? God—that's it? I guess I come it pretty raw, didn't I? If you say so, I go. Only—do you know—we all thought you ought to stay longer in the hills. And I thought—just me—that some day I'd like you to see the country up-in-back. It's a right lonesome road, but pretty all the way. If you could see the flowers and the sunshine in the country up-in-back!"

She did not answer him. She heard his step, then the jingle of his spur on the doorstep. She knew he was looking at her, framed there in the sunlight, tall, grave, with his whimsical playing—through the corner of an eye she saw the light on his lean, burned face.

"And you'll go back to Chicago," he went on—"you little thing—you oughtn't to be trailin' around anywhere except out where it's big and free and peaceful!" Then he came in swiftly, the light of a great strength on his face, and held his hands to her. "You know that? Why, I want you—always and forever!"

SHE turned a face to him from which all color had fled save faint spots on her cheeks. Then pointed her finger slowly to the door.

"School is dismissed."

And then, just as she was resuming her "Manual of Pedagogy," she saw a curious blankness come over the rising, dogged passion of his face. Something she could not interpret, something that was not fear, and yet a stealthy undershoot of horror was in it. Smiley Jim's head dropped forward, his hand uprose for silence; and now slowly the girl heard.

Afar off, hardly a sound above the rustle of the oak leaves, the rasp of the insects in the dry sunshine, and the distant music of the river, came something like the tearing of a cloth that might have hung from horizon to horizon. Then booming to a faint roar, like a train that had passed a trestle, then on in that mysterious splitting.

Miss Millie noted now that Smiley Jim had stolen to the door. He was looking off up Gravelly's gulch. Then he disappeared. She saw him next in the road,

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Country Up-in-Back

(Concluded from page 39)

staring, listening; then saw him vanish like an Indian behind the building.

And on now, breaking suddenly to a howl that was echoing in all the gorges, the noise swept down the mountain. The girl was running to the door, impelled by panic she could not quell. When she reached the dead grass it seemed as if earth and sky were thundering to grapple one another, as if the dry oak leaves were thrilling with some intolerable tension. She found herself staring at the sunlit hills on either side, at the glint of the river; and now she was stunned by the tumult.

Then she caught a glimpse of something moving through the flicker of the trees. Upstream, above the bowlders, a gray, troubled mass shot here and there with tall firs and pines tumbling headlong before it, filling all the narrow cañon of the Tuolumne. A smother of dust, a flash of white, wild water was before it; and the sound was as if the hills had fallen.

The lunge of a pony's hot shoulder struck her, she was whirled up, and the next leap of the horse threw her in the arms of Smiley Jim. He turned his head, so close that her breath was on his cheek, looking back sharply, and he was muttering:

"The main ditch dam went out—cloudburst took it sure. Now, you hold to me—hold—for A'mighty hold! If it hits us and the cayuse falls, hold—hold—"

SHE clung to his neck, looking up at the hot sky, feeling the plunges of the horse in the brush, the rise and fall of Jim's riata, the dust stinging down on her—then closed her eyes, for it seemed that the yelling devils of the flood were on them. The pony stumbled, fell. She knew as they went down that Smiley Jim's arm was protecting her, that now he was carrying her; and then, to their waists, the dirty, yellow water raced. But they were out of it as Jim fought on. She found herself against the shelter of a bowlder, holding to his hand, and they both stared down to where a sea of yellow foam, plunging logs, and drift had wiped Gravelly's last school from the earth. Teacher sat down and closed her eyes to shut out the giddy whirl filling the cañon.

When she opened them, Smiley Jim, at her feet, was tracing in the red dust with his riata butt. Then he reached slowly across her knees to take her hands, and closed his own gently over them. "Look," murmured the Smiley child—"I want you to say if this is my last lesson?"

Teacher leaned to read what he had written—and smiled, and nodded, with tear-filled eyes turned to the sky above the country up-in-back.

I LOVE TEACHER Jim had spelled in the dust. And with her finger Miss Millie spelled below it her answer.

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By GEORGE FITCH

"A Swift Sketch of the Machine's Development in Speed, Expense, and Deadliness, from its Milk-Teeth Days to 100 Miles an Hour and $1,000 a Minute—Pedestrians a Growing Nuisance."

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
416 W. 13th Street, New York

Who Will Keep Us?

NASHVILLE, IND.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I WANT to thank you for an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of COLLIER'S, "The Necessary Rigors." I think we are all tired of helpful hints of a flavor: "How a Family of Three Can Live Comfortably on Four Thousand Dollars a Year." We all know better. I know that a family of three can live in the country on four or five hundred dollars a year, and be healthy and happy.

Many of our mothers and grandmothers, when they were children, played with little bits of broken glass and china, which, under the glory of their imagination, shone as the finest crystal, and what looked to the uninitiated like a bean pod on a chip was really a roasted turkey on a golden trencher. The children of to-day are "from Missouri"—they want the "goods." There is no room for imagination. We have thousands and thousands of expensive and perfectlike toys with no detail left out. The child wants to "make believe," but everything is done for it. It's the same with the toys of the grown-ups. We don't exert our ingenuity! Our pleasures are made for us, and we buy them with money. Might not our national craving to "amount to something" be at fault? What are we going to do when we all "amount to something"? We can't fool each other. The artist can't trade pictures to the poet for poetry and live.

Who is going to keep us and do the real sturdy work of the world?

The ban which is put upon the domestic work of women is utterly false and wrong. It is not the work at all. It is the mental attitude toward the work which degrades. I know good, beautiful, intelligent women with whom it is a pleasure and profit to talk at any time, who do all the work of their homes. Work, and hard work if necessary, hasn't a thing to do with beauty, culture, refinement, intelligence, or any of the desirable graces. I blame the women largely for this phase of the social error.

In all our rural communities there are numbers of beautiful, bright women, all on about the same social level. If one woman, for any cause, has more work than she can do, she hires the daughter of a neighbor, a bright, pretty girl who has gone through high school and who knows how to cook everything, as does the woman who hires her. They laugh and talk about their work, and the girl never dreams that there is anything wrong with her job; neither do the boys and girls in the village. The woman's husband makes a hit with some substitute for lard (this is a country of opportunities, even our oldest families are newly rich), and moves to the city, where he makes a fortune. The girl goes along, but she has no company. If she is noticed at all in the neighborhood, she is spoken of as Smith's hired girl. The Smiths are good enough people in a way, but if they have a daughter they make a bid for society. Mrs. Smith has her company, the girl no longer takes her meals with the family and doesn't come into the house when there is company. Mrs. Smith is in no way different from the old Mrs. Smith, yet she feels that she must be. Without knowing it perhaps, she makes the girl understand that by doing her good service in the kitchen she is occupying a very inferior position.

THE girl is spirited, and she leaves and learns to be a stenographer or clerk, and her place is filled by a girl of much lower type. She, in her turn, is succeeded by a girl who is not fit to associate with a family, and finally the long line of white and colored human derelicts that drift about a city come and go, and Mrs. Smith spends her evenings with her friends discussing with refined horror the servant question.

I don't want to mention myself, except to show that this living question isn't a mere theory. We have several acres of very cheap land, with a comfortable and sunny bungalow. We have a cow, some sheep and chickens, and do our own work. I couldn't put our grocery bill into decimals which a New Yorker would understand, but our expenses are very small, except for a trip once in a while. I don't suppose if you saw us in town with our "other clothes" on you could tell us from real folks. Our only worry is that our land might advance in value and make us so rich that it wouldn't be any fun to do things.

J. W. VANTER.

The Price of Civilization.

IF YOU AND I lived in the Jungles of Brazil:

We should have no house rent to pay—
Telephone service would cost us nothing—
There would be no street car fares to charge up to "petty cash"—
Theatres and motion picture houses would be no drain on our purses—
Never would the butcher, the grocer, or the ice-man send us his bill—
Automobiles and the good times that go with them would burn up none of our money—
And we should never be sued for libel.

These are things that go only with life in Civilized communities. They are "the Price of Civilization" that you and I must pay.

Civilization constantly increases our requirements; and yesterday's luxuries become today's necessities.

The "high cost of living" would never keep us awake o' nights—if we lived in the Jungles of Brazil; but—

If we were lucky enough to find a 15-cent package of breakfast food, a 10-cent can of baked beans, a 5-cent box of crackers, or a plug of tobacco at the solitary store of some distant river-port—many, many miles from our jungle hut—the price we would have to pay would be fabulous!

Supply inevitably follows Demand; and it is such factors as supply, demand, cost of production, and cost of distribution that inevitably determine the Price of any Commodity.

Living in the cities and towns, we *have* many things, we see many things, we *want* many things, we *buy* many things—sometimes more than we *need*. And all these things cost money.

Civilization increases our requirements and our wants; but it increases our *comforts*, too.

Civilization and *Honest Advertising* go hand-in-hand. They are "part and parcel" of each other, for Honest Advertising is one of the most potent influences in the progress of humanity.

Honest Advertising increases distribution and increases consumption; but it standardizes and guarantees the advertised commodity. This is a fact that is being demonstrated constantly; and, each day, Consumers are appreciating it with a clearer understanding.

So, we see there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference, between the all-inclusive "Cost-of-Living" and the *Specific Price* of a *single* commodity that *contributes* to this cost of living.

The "Cost of Living" is very low in the Jungles of Brazil; but you and I prefer to pay "the Price of Civilization."

A. G. S. Hammesfahr.

No. 112 *Manager Advertising Department*

LEE TIRES ARE EVERYWHERE

The greatest advance of all in solving your tire problem—

LEE Puncture-Proof *PNEUMATIC* TIRES

Pneumatic for comfort, *puncture-proof* for uninterrupted service. Write for our

Money-back Guarantee

and Booklet D, which explains unique construction that assures greater mileage as well as freedom from punctures. One user reports an *average mileage of 6026 per tire on 140 tires*, without a single puncture or inner-tube replacement.

Distributors: 835 Seventh Ave., New York City; 334 North Broad St., Philadelphia; 1233 Michigan Ave., Chicago; Grand and Lindell Boulevards, St. Louis; 622 Third Ave., South, Minneapolis; 605 E St., N.W., Washington, D.C.; 1922 E. 18th St., Cleveland; Gay and Fourth Sts., Columbus, Ohio. *Pacific Coast:* Chanslor & Lyon Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Fresno, Spokane, Seattle and Portland, Ore.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.





Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

Which Kind of Labor Makes *Your* Foods?

LITTLE, tired children *can't* possibly pack clean, decent, wholesome foods. They can and do put up the other sort. Manufacturers who debase and drug your food for petty profits want the cheapest kind of labor. They hire miserable little boys and girls, underfed, overworked women, ignorant, unwashed men, because this type of labor is good enough for the embalmed, adulterated products with which they hope to cheat the careless buyer.

Every time you carelessly accept one of their products, *you* are helping these manufacturers to make their miserable trade pay well, *you* are helping to swell the profits of factories which your laws are vainly trying to close. And, besides, you are running the risk of giving your family a dirty, drugged, adulterated food.

When you insist on getting foods that are clean and wholesome and pure, you not only protect yourself and your family, but you avoid contributing to the profits of child-exploitation. When you buy decent foods, you deal with people who simply have to employ clean, skilful, well-paid men and women, and who'd do it, even if they didn't have to.

And there is nothing easier, nowadays, than to draw the line, sharp and clear, between the one kind of food and the other. All you need is

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This is simply a compact, handy index of *pure*, clean, wholesome brands of food products, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., the pure food town. The Book does not and cannot list all the pure brands in existence, but it does list so many of them, it gives you such a wide range of choice, that you can buy at least one of the brands it approves under each important classification at almost any grocery store.

The Westfield Book simply takes the doubt out of the food question. All that you need to do is to insist upon getting one of the many brands it mentions—and almost any grocer can supply you with one or more of them—and you are absolutely *sure* that what you buy is what you ought to have—that it is a pure, clean, honest food, honestly made, by decent, clean adult labor, in the right sort of a factory—that it is honestly marked and measured.

The Westfield Book was originally published for the use of the Westfield citizens, but the Board of Health has republished it for general circulation and will mail a copy anywhere upon receipt of 10c in silver to cover the cost.

Here is absolute protection for you against the food faker and the food fraud; here is a simple, easy, sure way of being certain that what you buy and eat is fit for you and your family and worth what you pay for it; here is the key to the whole complex question of distinguishing between good foods and bad. All you need to do is to use it. Will you? Fill out the coupon and send it today to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. The Westfield Book makes you *sure* your food is *pure*.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, 4-6-11
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

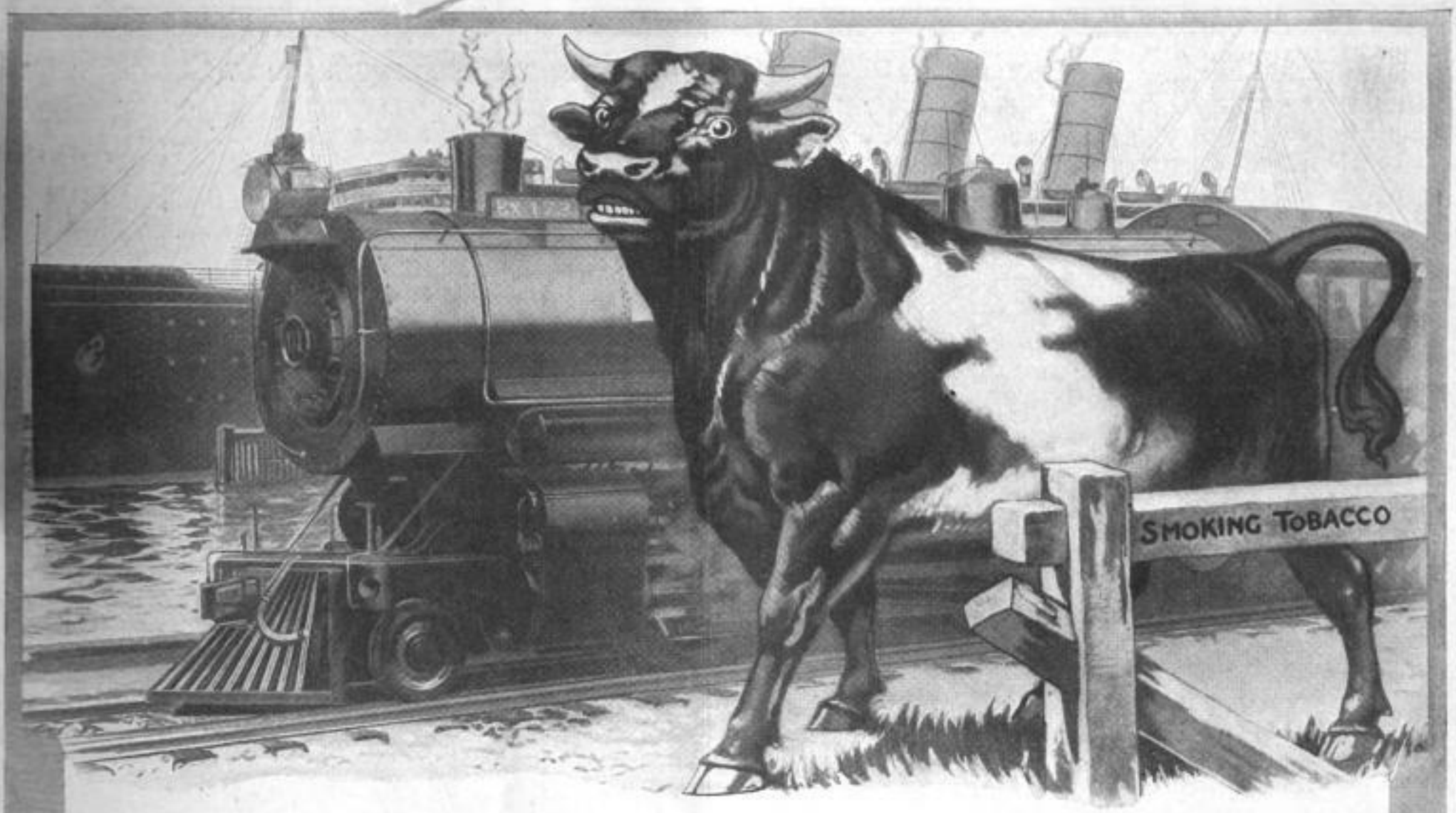
Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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World Powers

"BULL" DURHAM is the greatest thing of its kind in the World! It has a greater distribution than any other commodity on earth! Last year alone, over *352,000,000* 5-cent muslin sacks of this grand old tobacco were sold! It is smoked by *more millions of men* than all other high-grade tobaccos *combined*, because it affords a degree of enjoyment and satisfaction that no other tobacco *can* give.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

(Forty "rollings" in each 5-cent muslin sack)

A book of "papers" FREE with each 5-cent muslin sack.



has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for *three generations*, and will be the standard for generations to come! "Bull" Durham is the same today as it was 53 years ago—just *pure*, good, honest tobacco, with the *natural* rich tobacco fragrance. It comes to you in the same plain, substantial muslin sack, because the quality is *all in the tobacco*—where it belongs!

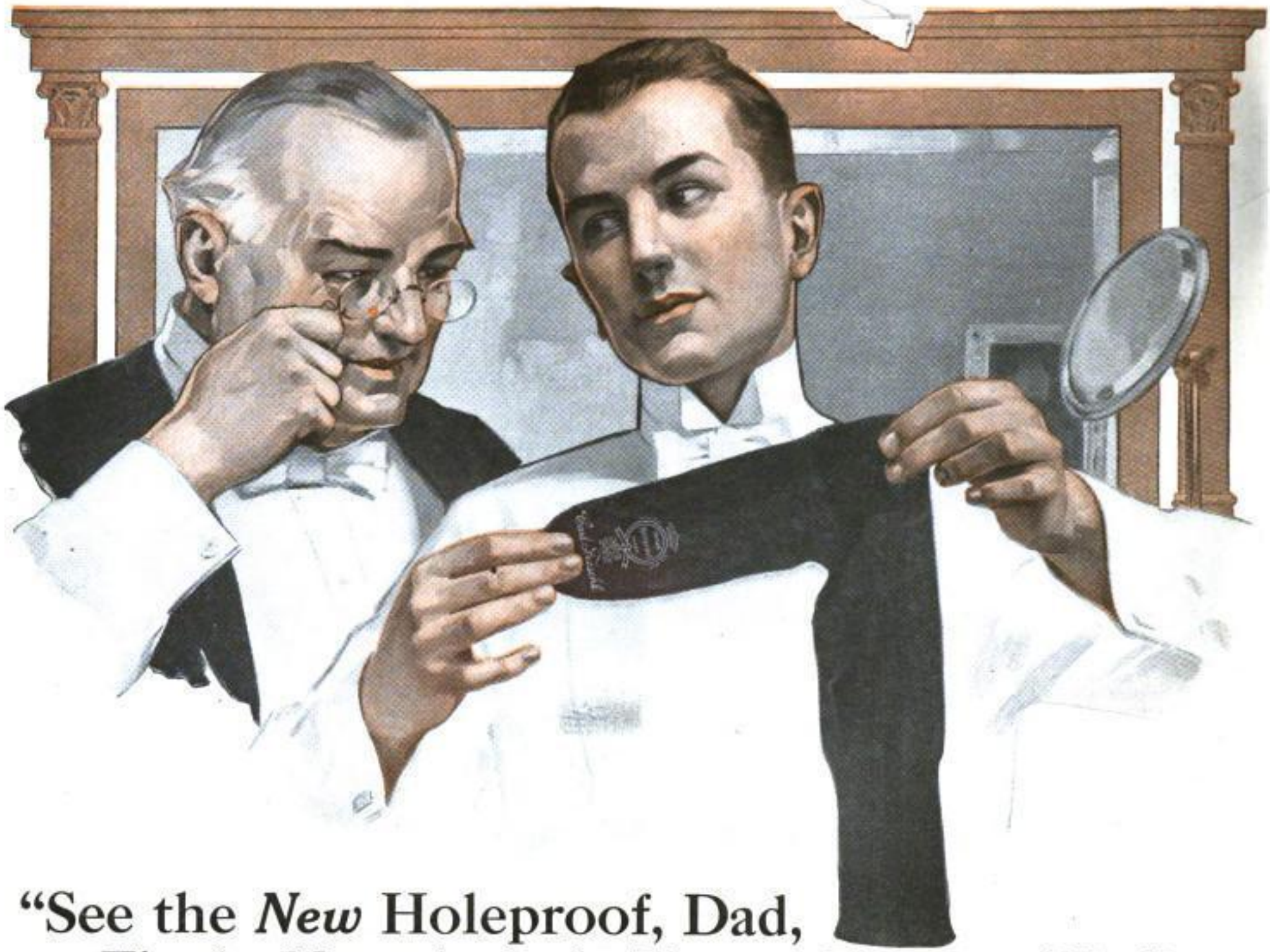
The cost of painted tins and "premiums" comes out of the *smoker's* pocket—yet he cannot *smoke* tins or premiums! "Bull" Durham smokers know this—and they know that "Bull" Durham Tobacco is *a premium in itself!*

Get a 5-cent muslin sack at the nearest dealer's today, and you'll understand why "Bull" Durham is the favorite luxury of men of *all* nations and *all* classes. Sold wherever good tobacco is sold —and you always get it *fresh.*

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

This 5-cent muslin sack of "Bull" Durham Tobacco has brought more pleasure to more millions of men than any other thing ever produced for man's enjoyment!

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"See the *New* Holeproof, Dad, They're Mercerized—the Twenty-Five-Cent Kind"

"DO you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* a fine looking, light-weight sock *like that* to wear six months without holes?"

That, Mr. Business Man, is exactly what we are doing. And this mercerizing makes us *better* able than before to guarantee six pairs for six months. We do the mercerizing ourselves. Our process, the latest, *adds 22 per cent to the strength* as well as gives to the hose a beautiful silky lustre.

$5,000 Machine From Switzerland

We sent to Switzerland for the special mercerizing machine at a cost of more than $5,000, and installed much other machinery that cost many thousands more. Yet we're selling these hose at the same price as formerly—$1.50 for the six pairs. These new hose are soft, pliable, stylish and sheer. And hose of this quality, at this price, never were guaranteed before. "Holeproof" of this grade now gives the appearance and feeling of some costly imported brands, but provides in addition the wonderful "Holeproof" wear.

The Economy of 1,000,000 Wearers

The foundation of the wear in these hose is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton yarn obtainable. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last. A million men, women and children, we figure, are wearing Holeproof Hose today, and only for the reason of this tremendous output, can we afford to maintain such quality.

Our guarantee covers every stitch, not just the heels and toes. Our inspection department, where each pair is examined, costs $60,000 a year. But we cannot afford to replace many pairs so we see that each is right. In the past 13 years 95 per cent of our output has outlasted the guarantee. Our new mercerized hose with their added strength will even better this record.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Mercerized "Holeproof," six pairs, guaranteed six months. Write for free book, "Holeproof."

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Look for the Trademark and Signature, Carl Freschl, Stamped on Every Pair. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box; for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights; all sizes and colors.

Three pairs of silk "Holeproof," guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost $2 a box for men, and $3 a box for women. All colors.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
LONDON, CANADA

(423)

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Holeproof Silk Gloves
FOR WOMEN

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

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APR 17 19
CAMBRIDGE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Call of Siva

—Fifth of the Fu-Manchu Stories

The Run of the Game

By
GRANTLAND RICE

The Fire Repeaters

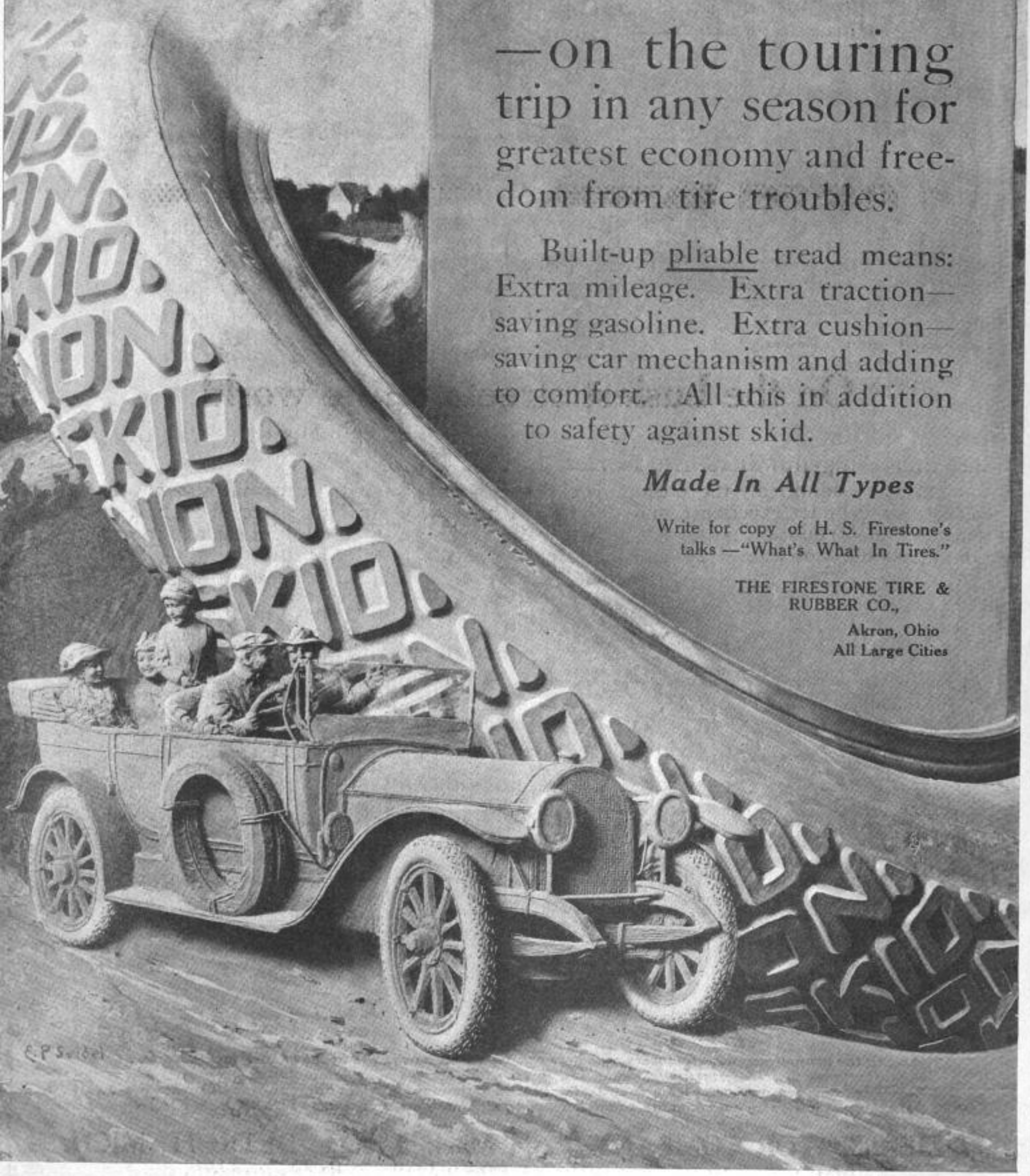
—and the

Flood story, By Peter C. Macfarlane

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 4 NEWS-STAND EDITION APRIL 12 1913

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"Firestone"
NON-SKID TIRES



—on the touring trip in any season for greatest economy and freedom from tire troubles.

Built-up pliable tread means: Extra mileage. Extra traction—saving gasoline. Extra cushion—saving car mechanism and adding to comfort. All this in addition to safety against skid.

Made In All Types

Write for copy of H. S. Firestone's talks —"What's What In Tires."

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
Akron, Ohio
All Large Cities

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Five passenger Model Montclair,
A high powered "Light Six" Lozier—$3250.

On the busiest streets in the world

just as on the great touring highways—at home and abroad—you find, in fast increasing numbers, the Lozier.

Lozier—admittedly the predominant Six—is now in its sixth successful season. These years of six-cylinder experience, and six-cylinder *supremacy*, are a guarantee of highest grade construction. You can find Lozier quality in all its phases only in a Lozier car, and most men who know automobiles *best* are not *satisfied* with *less*.

With two great models—the famous Big Six and the new Light Six, "a self-seller"—Lozier achieves sensational success this year. Our ambition is to be able to build *enough* Loziers to meet the Lozier demand.

"LIGHT SIX" $3250

AUTOMOBILE authorities, writers in technical journals, owners of high-grade cars, and the trade, all declare the *one* surprise and feature of the year has been the production of a Lozier—and a *true* Lozier—at a medium price.

When we announced this lighter model of the only American-built car which for eight years has commanded and still commands a price of $5,000 that announcement instantly became the talk of the industry.

But it remained for *the car itself* to create the real wonderment. Here, truly, was a *Lozier* for only $3250. A Lozier in every line and every part—not quite so large as that marvelous *big* Lozier which for years had commanded the respect of the public and the industry alike, but high powered—and a Lozier through and through, a Lozier in its strength and safety and comfort and finesse of workmanship and distinctive beauty.

Our dealers, themselves, named the LIGHT SIX "a self-seller." And the three months past have proved that it *is*. The demand for this Lozier at *less than $5000* is a *factory capacity demand*.

You will marvel at the *completeness* of this car. A more perfectly equipped car has never been produced. Everything you could *ask* for is on the car. Electric self-starter—electric lighting—Warner speedometer—windshield *built into body*, adjustable for ventilation and rain vision—silk mohair top, top cover, curtains quickly adjustable from seat—instantaneous locking tire carrier—clock—electric horn—trunk rack—everything that makes a car really *complete*. And remember, the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" has left side drive, center control, a "stream line" body and many other advanced features, without which no high grade car should deserve your serious consideration.

Lozier "Light Six" Touring Model and Roadster $3250
Coupe $3850; Limousine $4450

"BIG SIX" $5000

ALL PRESENT indications point to a record sale of Lozier Big Sixes this season. Never before have the wealthy and discriminating motor car purchasers expressed their convictions so clearly in favor of the Lozier. Their attitude is well founded.

The Lozier has *proved* itself the superior Six. Years of service in owners' hands and years of gruelling tests on every principal American speed-way have left no room for doubt of Lozier efficiency.

And, added to the proof of Lozier six-cylinder supremacy, new advanced features of construction make the big Lozier stand out in the foreground of all high-grade cars.

The new automatic-level oiling system gives high oil level at high speeds, low level at low speeds, a smokeless exhaust at all speeds, an efficiency beyond all previous achievement.

The motor is the most powerful ever built into a Lozier car, but vibrationless and silent with the widest known range of speed.

Triple ignition provides a medium for securing *tremendously* increased power *when you want it*.

Left-side drive and convenient center control, as featured in the Lozier, are rapidly becoming standard construction on all automobiles.

Fifty-eight sets of ball-bearings—more than used in any other car in the world—explains, in part, the unequalled Lozier power, mastery of the longest and steepest hills, Lozier motor flexibility and Lozier long-life.

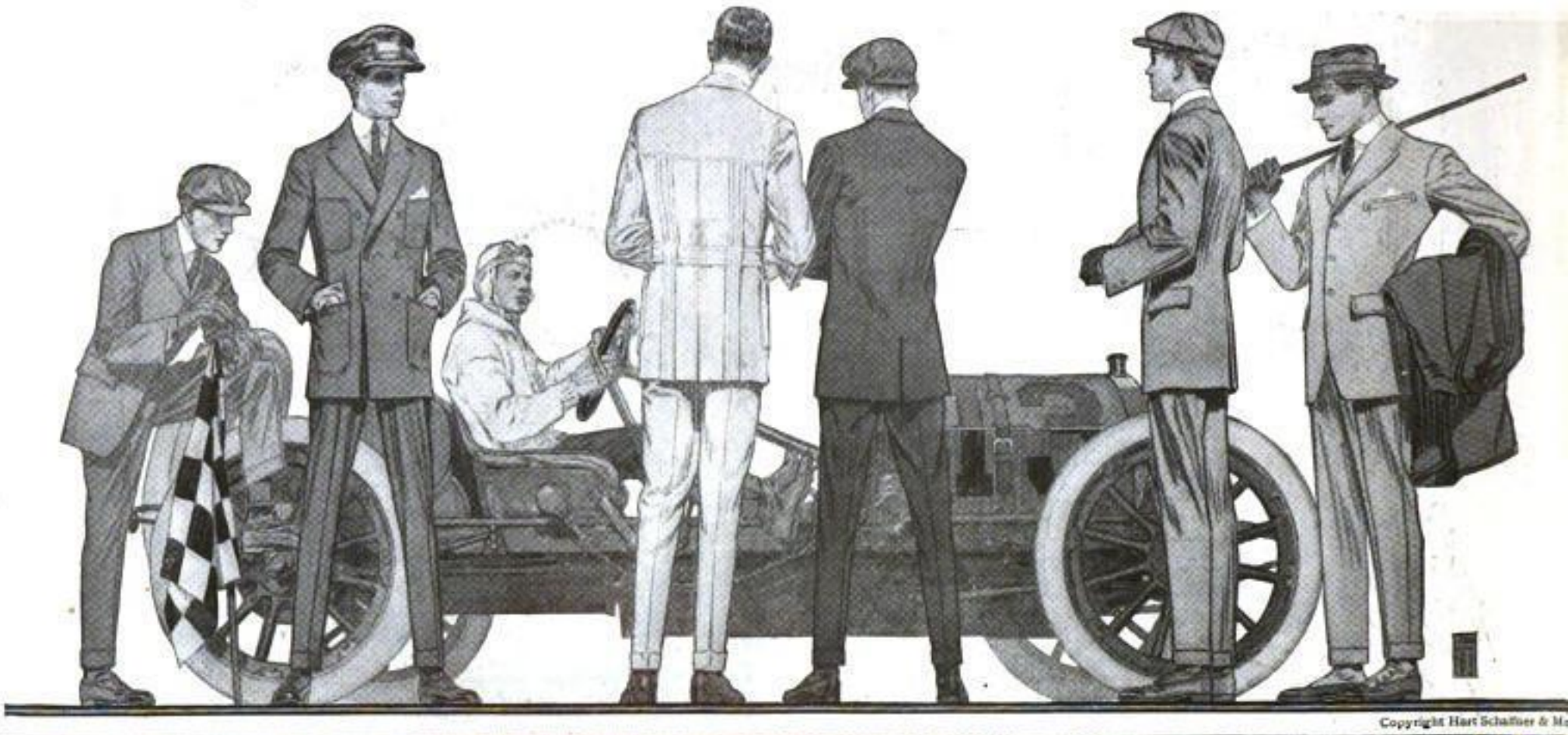
Touring Models and Roadster $5000
Limousines and Landaulets $6500

Among the prosperous manufacturers of low-priced cars and among the heads of the great accessory manufacturing concerns—men who really are in position to judge automobile values accurately and men who, for their own uses, want to drive the best—Lozier is the distinct favorite. Eight executive heads of one low-price car company, alone, have purchased and drive Loziers. THESE MEN KNOW.

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 2204 Mack Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Factory Branches in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco. Dealers in all principal cities.

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Copyright Hart Schaffner & Ma

Young men's clothes with the right air of distinction

YOU get, from our illustration, some idea of the smart new models which young men will find this Spring, ready, at any good clothier's who has our goods.

Most young men of the present day realize the importance of being well dressed; and they've learned that for $25 they can buy, ready, as good clothes as father wears, who is old-fashioned enough to pay his tailor $50 or $60—or more. We make them as low as $18.

The fact is, you're all coming to this ready-clothes idea sooner or later; it's just as natural a development as buying ready shoes or hats; more so—clothes are more important.

You'll get the best style, the best quality of materials, the best tailoring, and a good fit, in our ready clothes. Ask to see our mark in them—small thing to look for, big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

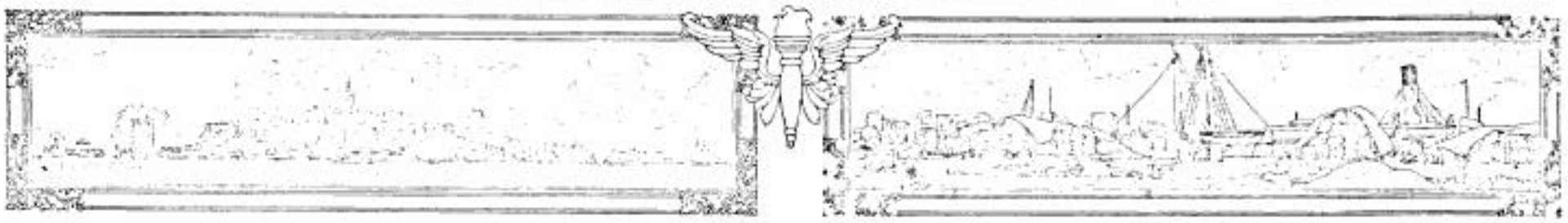
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Rescued

THE tirelessness, courage, and efficiency of the men who labored to save lives and property in the flood in Ohio and Indiana made the disaster that President Wilson described as "a national calamity" appear as historic for its heroisms as for its totals of death and destruction. It would be as hard to count the rescues as the exact number of the dead; and only the rashest of calculators would attempt to guess at present how many millions of dollars of damage the waters caused. An article by Peter Clark Macfarlane in this issue describes the nature of the havoc and some of the heroisms of the disaster in detail. This photograph of rescuers at work was taken in Dayton.

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THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT

THE PEOPLE of the United States have now saved up well over a hundred billions, as measured by current money standards. The aggregate is amazing, and, while the amount per capita is not large, nothing like it was ever known before in any country. This saving takes on many forms—the largest, of course, being in the rearing of children—*which shows itself in the steady increase in the value of land*. The next is ownership of enormous amounts of securities, of railway and industrial companies, and the like. Then probably comes life insurance. The savings in banks are relatively small. The increment in land values goes to much less than one-half of the population, even in theory, and a comparatively small number of people get the benefit which is made up of the efforts of all. The larger amount of the securities outstanding represents a more or less fixed value. The eighteen billions of insurance in force is of absolutely fixed value. While these securities and insurance obligations were being created, *the relative worth of the dollar has been rapidly declining*. The forehanded folk who saved and loaned this money get for it an average return of less than 5 per cent, and if they received back the principal now it would buy, of land or food, one-third less than twelve or fifteen years ago. This is a savage penalizing of thrift. We believe that events will soon focus public attention upon this serious problem. The procedure of the insurance companies, which in part is enforced by law, is of special interest. The companies collect above $600,000,000 annually from policy holders, and from this loan largely on long-time notes. They act simply as money brokers; but with this effect, that with the rapid depreciation of the currency in the last fifteen years, they are now returning to their policy holders, on death claims or matured policies, relatively far less than the average amount of money which the policy holders have paid in. Roughly speaking, the policy holder has been paying in one-dollar bills; he will get back sixty-six-cent pieces. Theoretically, the compounding of the interest on premiums ought to pay the companies' expenses and yield the policy holders a profit on the average payment. In point of fact, with the extravagance of the companies and the decline in the purchasing power of the dollar, there is a serious loss. This is not as it should be. A remedy might lie in a radical change in investment. A larger part of the insurance money is loaned directly or indirectly on land. *Actual ownership of the land* ought to be as safe as loans, and, if gold inflation is to continue, more profitable. It is something to think about.

COLORADO, TAKE NOTICE!

THE STATE OF OHIO was once covered by forests. Then there were no devastating floods. The forests were cut away, cut indiscriminately, ruthlessly, ignorantly. Now we have the tragedy at Dayton and other lesser ones every year. If a few square miles of carefully tended forests had been left at strategic points around the headwaters of the various rivers and streams of Ohio, we should not be mourning these hundreds of dead or regretting the millions of money. This is part of what is meant by conservation.

"THE WETTEST STATE"

IN A RECENT ISSUE we published portions of a letter written by the Montana Protective Association (of the liquor interests) to a Detroit firm which manufactures steam fixtures sometimes used in barrooms. The letter was a request for funds to wage the campaign against woman suffrage. The funds not being forthcoming, a further, more frantic, appeal has been received from the liquor interests. It reads:

> Our State Legislature has just closed its session, and *our association has been very successful in defeating many measures which would have harassed the trade in Montana. It has been a difficult task, for Montana, like all other States, is feeling the effect of the great reform wave which is sweeping the country.* The battle we have been fighting during the last sixty days has depleted our treasury, and we are not through yet. Besides this, the great question of woman suffrage will be submitted to the electors at an early date. *We are now preparing a State-wide campaign against woman suffrage* in this State because the leaders have avowed that one of the principal reasons why they desire women to vote is that it will afford them the best means of sweeping the saloon business out of Montana. *Our local retailers are doing all they can*, but the burden is too heavy for them to carry it alone, and it is only right that those who are enjoying and making a profit from the sale of their goods should help us in conserving for them their accounts and business.

Woman suffrage and reform, reform and woman suffrage, the agents of evil find it very hard to distinguish between the two. They are firmly and unshakenly convinced that when women have the ballot the success of the liquor interests in "defeating measures which harass the trade in Montana" will be brought to an end. What the decent independent voter of Montana has apparently failed to do, the women will. All women are not paragons of virtue and wisdom; far from it; "the Lord made them to match the men," but there are certain ancient evils, chief among which is drunkenness, against which women have fought and worked and prayed since time began. Suffrage is a weapon, and the first thing that women will do with it will be to turn it against this world-old enemy of the home.

THE SOUL OF BUSINESS

MR. MORGAN was an extremely reticent man; few persons of his eminence within recent generations have left so small a quantity of recorded words by which to judge their minds and characters. Probably more than he had said publicly elsewhere during the last half of his lifetime came out during his recent examination by the Pujo Committee at Washington; and the qualities it expressed gave an impression such as any man might be happy to leave with his contemporaries. Mr. MORGAN's words in answer to the examiner's questions are in italics:

I know lots of men, business men, too, who can borrow any amount, whose credit is unquestioned.

Is that not because it is believed that they have the money back of them?

No, sir; it is because people believe in the man.

And it is regardless of whether he has any financial backing at all, is it?

It is very often.

And he might not be worth anything?

He might not have anything. I have known a man to come into my office and I have given him a check for a million dollars when I knew he had not a cent in the world.

There are not many of them?

Yes, a good many.

Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?

Money or property or character.

Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?

No, sir; the first thing is character.

Before money or property?

Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it.

So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and a man with the property cannot get it?

That is very often the case.

But is that the rule of business?

That is the rule of business, sir.

If that is the rule of business, Mr. MORGAN, why do the banks demand—the first thing they ask—a statement of what the man has before they extend him credit?

That is a question which—that is what they go into; but the first thing they say is, I want to see your record.

Yes; and if his record is a blank the next thing is how much he has got?

People do not care then.

For instance, if he has got government bonds, or railroad bonds, and goes in to get credit, he gets it, and on the security of those bonds, does he not?

Yes.

He does not get it on his face or his character, does he?

Yes, he gets it on his character.

I see; then he might as well take the bonds home, had he not?

A man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom.

That is the rule all over the world?

I think that is the fundamental basis of business.

These are wholesome words, expressed with the directness of a strong and simple soul. They express the idea of business that was held by the man who in his time bestrode the world as the very apotheosis of business.

THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY OUT OF IT

WHEN THE TESTIMONY was being taken to determine the responsibility for the dynamite explosion in Baltimore that killed and injured scores of men, and damaged many thousand dollars' worth of property, the following information was given by a workman:

Q. You say you heard an explosion when BOMHARDT stuck the hook in the box?

A. Yes.

Q. What made BOMHARDT do that?

A. Well, I don't know, *but I think the liquor was the cause. He had been drinking heavily and seemed to be angry.* He said when he took the hook from KOWLOSKI: "D—— you, I'll show you how to load this stuff."

All the witnesses agreed that the above incident caused the explosion. Only one mentioned that BOMHARDT had been drinking. He was asked:

Q. Had BOMHARDT quarreled with anyone aboard ship that day?

A. No; only with himself.

Q. Have you any feeling against him?

A. No. He is a lodge brother of mine. He and I are personal friends. I would rather help than hurt him.

The man had been asked to testify against a friend whom he respected, and he laid the blame for this great disaster, not on the man himself, but on the drug that had weakened his judgment, shattered his self-control, and caused him to do a thing which his friend knew he would not have done when sober. The above quotations are from the Baltimore "American." If that paper would find out which one of the prominent, respected citizens of Baltimore made the whisky that BOMHARDT drank, it could publish his name with the rest of those responsible for the catastrophe, and render a public service far more important than the punishment of the foreman whose bad habits have been stimulated since boyhood by the trade from which this pillar of society derives his income and through it his position of power.

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THE BOSTON NEWSIES

FROM A LONG-AGO TIME the boys of Boston have worked out a clever hereditary system of paper selling. Several different sorts of boys sell papers. There is, for one, the little newsie. He is the ten-year-old whom the sentimental photographers have made famous. He is tiny and wistful, and you hope some larger boy is looking out for him. All these children who are under fourteen years of age sell after school hours and wear a brass tag on their right arm at the triceps, like a mourning badge. This is the license of the School Committee. In business Boston there are three thousand of these little fellows. They make ten to fifteen cents a night, and this helps along the family, who are finding it a struggle to keep them in school. About three hundred of them help some older boy sell, acting as his regular staff. He gives them protection, and teaches them the faces and preferences of his customers. These newsies who are thus "attached" to a chief make from a quarter to a half dollar an evening. The newsies, many of them, are fatherless. Another of these youthful sellers is the typical Boston newsboy. He is keen and alert, has the business eye, attends high school, and has ambitions for his future. His age varies from sixteen to nineteen years, and he is licensed by the City Council. There are five hundred of him in the city. Each of these boys has his definite locality or corner where he has built up his clientele. The place is his by immemorial custom and moral right. He has a couple of newsies under him, obedient and joyful in service because he increases their trade, and some day they will inherit it. He makes from $8 to $15 a week. His earnings are essential to the home, where perhaps one parent—a mother—is alive, and it is by his earnings that he is able to continue his education at high school, night school, trade school, settlement, or law office. There are a couple of hundred "morning newsies" up at 4 a. m. the year round. These are all for business, steady and regular. As for the "grown-up street boy," if he is over twenty-one the city does not require any license of him. He makes from $7 to $18 a week, and he spends it before it reaches his pocket. He is what is known as "rough and ready." The cleverest of this class—seventy-five of them—become "Canada points" for the newspapers. A "Canada point" is a youth retained exclusively by a particular newspaper as a wholesale seller. He takes great bundles of papers to the rush centers of trade, and superintends their distribution to all three classes of newsboys. These newsboys of Boston have a "Protective Union," which has thrived for twelve years, and molded the life and ambitions of its members. It has survived two grueling struggles—one with Mr. HEARST through a period of twenty-two weeks and one with the "Herald." Its moving spirit has been a gifted Hebrew ex-newsboy, NATHAN S. SOBERSON. Some day the merchants of Boston will open their eyes and realize that these alert, disciplined, successful boys have the natural makings of the best salesmen in the community.

OF THE MAKING OF QUACKS

CHIROPRACTIC SPONDYLOTHERAPY! This classic mouthful of syllables appears at the top of a card issued by a Detroit "doctor." It scans like poetry. It has a rise and fall of sound at once brisk and noble. It could be set to ragtime and sung trippingly. But its meaning is scarcely up to its meter, since it is the ingeniously invented name of the newest form of medical malpractice. "A Drugless Science which removes the cause of disease," its exploiters call it, and on this basis they conduct two fake colleges in Michigan. Manipulation of the spine is its alpha and omega. All human ills, according to its creed, arise from a distorted spinal column. The wart on your nose and the corn on your toe are alike referable to an erring backbone. The Chiropractor juggles your joints, and thereby cures you of the following troubles:

> Paralysis, Deafness, Loss of Voice, Lumbago, Catarrh, Gallstones, Overweight, Rheumatism, Appendicitis, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, Eye, Ear, Throat, Lung, Stomach, Liver, Heart Disorders, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Asthma, La Grippe, Dropsy, Eczema, Goiter, Fevers, Epilepsy, Insanity, St. Vitus's Dance, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, etc., all Cancers, Tumors, etc.

That, considering the all-embracing "etc.," is a fairly comprehensive claim. One might well suppose that our old friend, Liquozone, had sprung into activity and print again. In the pamphlet issued by this cult, the term "Chiropractic" is duly explained as a "combination of two Greek words, meaning to do by hand." Spondylotherapy is not explicated in the text; but, summoning up all our classic lore, we hazard a guess that it derives from the Greek root which has given us that expressive, if inelegant, term, "spondulics," the love of which is said to be the root of all evil, and from "therapy" the science of healing or relief. Hence it would appear, etymologically, that a Spondylotherapic Chiropractor is a gentleman who, with expert hand, relieves you of your surplus cash painlessly while you wait. Meantime the colleges flourish and turn out their regular crop of quacks under the easy laws of Michigan.

AN EASTERNER RUNS AMUCK

IT WOULD SEEM that California had suffered enough last winter from that frost which cut into her orange crop. In March the Westborough (Mass.) "Chronotype" printed a letter from a former resident who had gone to live in California. This was the way he began:

> EDITOR OF THE "CHRONOTYPE":
>
> The glory of southern California is in the dust. Gentle Therme left us for a night and cruel Jack Frost stole in and thrust his icy darts through every golden globe in which the chemistry of nature was brewing spicy nectre [sic] and delicious flavors to delight the palate of a nation.
>
> Our fruit, so strong of stem, which often for a year would hold its place and store up sweetness day by day, is palsied by the wound and loosed its hold, and now lies hopeless on the ground.

California has outlived its past of storm and stress, but when an Easterner comes in and tears off this sort of stuff the State would seem almost justified in reviving the old Vigilance Committee.

A TARIFF ON TALK

THE EXTRA SESSION is just beginning, and everyone is hoping for adequate tariff reduction. Little is heard in regard to new taxes. We make so bold as to point to the suggestion put forth by a character in KINGSLEY who wished "the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being to put a tax on long words":

> A light tax on words over three syllables, which are necessary evils, like rats; but, like them, must be kept down judiciously.
>
> A heavy tax on words over four syllables, as *heterodoxy, spontaneity, spiritualism, spuriosity*, etc.
>
> And on words over five syllables (of which I hope no one will wish to see any examples), a totally prohibitory tax.

How the taxes would begin to pour in! What a scramble there would be for clear and concise English! How top-heavy writing would be trained into shape, how "silver-queen-of-night" oratory would begin to dwindle! If the tax proved practical, there might be many ramifications. (Zip! There goes a nickel!)

AN ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL

THAT IT IS ENGLAND'S imperative duty to build the channel tunnel is the contention that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE makes in a recent article in the "Fortnightly Review." In answer to FREDERICH VON BERNHARDI, whose book, entitled "Germany and Her Next War," was published last autumn, the distinguished author of "The White Company" declares that only by this submarine passage to the Continent can England properly wage a vigorous and effective offensive campaign in case necessity demands her giving aid to her ally, France. But a tunnel has two ends, and the sentiment of centuries is against destroying England's splendid isolation, on which she has thrived so mightily.

> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege.

It is true that when these lines were written England was fighting for her very existence, surrounded and threatened by a mighty Spanish Empire, a hostile France. But from behind these clouds the sun of England's prosperity swept out. The long gray channel rollers have been and are England's best aid and ally.

PASSOVER

IF, MAN-IN-THE-MOON-LIKE, you could glance into the windows of these humble Ghetto homes, when the eve of the fourteenth day of Nisan has arrived, your heart would rejoice with the heart of the Chosen People. The Seder dishes have been put away; the cups and saucers from the shelves gaze down upon you with a sanctified expression. The copper matzoh set, the ancestral samovar, and the two-handled cup for the hand washing glow from energetic burnishing. The house is spotless. The crumb of leaven left by the good housewife to test the sharpness of her husband's eyes has been discovered in the search by candlelight, and has been pronounced "void and as dust." And now the father in his snow-white kittel, not sitting but "reclining like a king," presides over the Feast of the Passover. The horseradish and bitter herbs, in commemoration of the days of bondage in Egypt; the shank bone of the Paschal lamb, and the matzoh cake, symbolic of the flight from Egypt, are partaken of, and little "Katzen," bright-eyed, has found the hidden matzoh flake and clamors eagerly for a gift. A curious, Old-World picture this, but an encouraging one. For the future of the Jew in America is bound up with the traditions of the past.

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In Stricken Dayton

A Star Reporter's Vivid Story of the Misery and Heroism in a City Distressed by Fire and Flood

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

I REACHED Dayton from New York by way of Cincinnati on Friday afternoon, March 28, less than sixty hours from the time when the flood began stubbornly to recede and hour by hour to give up its grisly secrets. The sun was shining, the air was crisp and clear, and the lawns, the streets, and the residences in the southern part of the city were as clean as if garnished for a carnival of spring.

Thirty-three minutes later I stood at the water's edge near the heart of the city, where two streets formed a sharp angle. These streets were like canals, and the canals were clogged with the wrecks of houses apparently carried in from some other district. They leaned about upon each other, and upon the houses that obviously belonged there, at all sorts of tipsy angles. One of these vagabond houses had begun to crumble, its walls pulling apart and showing the fractured joints like grinning rows of teeth, through which appeared an indescribable chaos of water-soaked household equipment. Out of this ruin four men were walking, carrying between them a bier, the usual wicker-sided affair, upon which lay the body of a woman. The sun was still shining warm and clear, but the air seemed suddenly cold and the sky overcast. This dripping, mud-stained shape was the first chilling sign of that tragedy which lay all about. The body was clad as if its wearer had been going about her kitchen work when the water came. The top button of the waist of blue print was unfastened and the corners of the collar turned in; one sleeve was rolled up; a wisp of hair had escaped from the pins that still held the rest in place and lay like a bit of seaweed across a face which was entirely unmarked and undistorted.

"Mrs. Jackson of Richards Street," said one of the men as the bier was pushed into the morgue wagon which stood backed up to receive it. There was another shelf for another bier in this wagon, and the attendant held the door open expectantly as the men turned back into the ruin of the house and began to look about once more. I turned away from the gruesome scene and began to skirt the edge of the flood, but also expectantly, for from that moment every heap of wreckage, every piled-up mass of sagging walls shrouded for me a horrible possibility.

A DEAD HORSE UPON THE PIANO

A HOUSE with the watermark well above the first floor attracted attention. The front window was open, sash and all being gone, but a mud-steeped lace curtain slatted disconsolately in it. I approached and peered into the darkness. A coating of mud was upon the floor. Various objects were dimly discernible—a rocking-chair, some other chairs, a lounge, a piano, all topsy-turvy, and something strange and incongruous upon the piano. It looked like a bale or a mattress. But no! it was a horse, dead upon the piano, its bared teeth gleaming like the ivory keys of the instrument—another mute evidence of struggle for life in the midst of overwhelming catastrophe!



One of the flatboats hastily built by the Cash Register Company. Many persons were thus rescued

But I must leap ahead in my narrative before the readers have forgotten about Mrs. Jackson of Richards Street—for she was not Mrs. Jackson at all. It was the next morning at the morgue that I saw a gray-headed man going fearsomely from slab to slab, while an attendant lifted the white hoods of shrouds from head after head. Before one the old man stopped with a little gesture of helplessness and swayed dizzily for a moment. He did not need to speak; his eyes told. He had been hoping against hope, but hope lay dead there upon the slab. I recognized the features instantly—it was the woman who had been called the "Mrs. Jackson of Richards Street"; yet the name this poor old man gave was different. And he supplied all the small details of identification, so there could be no doubt. He explained that his house had stood several blocks away and must have been carried by the storm to its present location, hence the mistake.



A seething yellow tide lifted this house from its foundations, bore it away, and left it at a corner upside down

TRAGIC UNCERTAINTIES

BUT where, then, was Mrs. Jackson of Richards Street? She was gone from the ken of her neighbors. This very mistake of theirs in identification was another evidence of that tragedy of doubt and uncertainty which tinges the darkest center of the cloud that hangs over Dayton and other of the flooded cities. The number of bodies recovered seems to the survivors disproportionately small! Indeed, the people who saw the waters in their killing frenzy will never accept these coroners' totals as the accurate toll of the deluge. They believe that the rush of the waters carried away the greater share of the victims into the rivers and from the rivers to the sea, and that the roll of the merely missing will be long and never accurately made up.

After seeing the horse upon the piano, I made my way around the arm of the submerged district to the business center of the city, now dry, and came to the corner of Main and Third Streets, where I tried to understand exactly what had happened on that fateful Tuesday morning. It was something like this: Rain had fallen heavily on Monday. As night drew on it became apparent that the river, which swings through the low-lying city in a huge semicircle, was greatly swollen. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning whistles began to blow and the firemen and policemen went about notifying merchants and manufacturers to look out for goods in basements.

THE TIDE'S SUDDEN RISE

AT FIVE o'clock water appeared on the streets near the rivers. From five-thirty o'clock on, rumors of breaks in the levees began to spread about; by six the sheets of water were slipping down some of the long streets from the north, and men hurrying out to work from their homes on the western edge of this business district turned back to find those same creeping sheets of water stealing in from the west also.

Somewhere about eight-thirty o'clock the river seemed suddenly to swell up and over the levee, at many places pouring down the streets from three sides like small Niagaras.

The first big tide came down Main Street with a crest four feet high, and so fast that men in motor cars could barely dodge around it. These crested streams shot into side streets as they passed, and met other streams coming from the west or southwest. They overtook pedestrians, they overturned street cars, they burst in doors, they smashed through plate-glass windows, they swept stocks of goods from shelves and floors of stores and carried them out into the streets on the return eddy.

One man tells of seeing a flotilla of pianos sailing grandly down the gutter, another of a taxicab driver who stopped to crank up and the yellow water smothered his engine, drove him to his machine, then to the top of it, and in a few minutes compelled him to swim from that vantage ground. Human beings for a few minutes scuttled about like rats and then disappeared, or were seen floundering into trees, up telephone poles, or worked their way into the upper stories of buildings. Hundreds of horses, liberated that they might at least have a chance for life, appeared swimming in the flood, clambering upon doorsteps or splashing wildly through windows.

SWAMPED IN A YELLOW OCEAN

THE harvest of death began almost immediately, and the work of rescue commenced at the same time. Heroes and cowards were proved every minute. Ropes and rafts came into play. Then boats began to appear. After the first incredible rush of the waters, the height steadily rose inch by inch and foot by foot for hours. Men started to carry their effects up from first floor to second, and never got time to finish. Men, women, and children, who had saved themselves once or been saved, were compelled to save themselves again or be lost. The water was in constant motion, sudden surges, treacherous swirls, eddies that snarled and gulped, mill races that tore madly at everything as they passed.

Only the most skillful could handle a boat in such a sea, for the waters were like a seething yellow ocean. The flatboats that began to come with incredible swiftness from the carpenter shops of the National Cash Register Company were unwieldy; many were swamped immediately, and others were drawn into the currents that led to the river where no such craft could live.

Fires sprang up unaccountably. Explosions sounded. As night fell, the air was filled with cries for help coming from all directions. They rose and died and rose again, shrill at first, but growing hoarser till they sounded like the ceaseless barking of dogs in a pound.

"Oh, the yells! the yells! the yells!" said one survivor to me. "I can never forget them!"

Above every sound of the night—the slap and gurgle of the waters, the grind and crash of drifting houses, the roar and crackle of flames—came the dismal wailings of human beings in extremes of mortal fear.

Many of the burning houses were afloat, and as they

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drifted about, now against one structure and now against another, they spread the flames and drove the desperate refugees to leap into the yellow whirlpools.

With the fall of night, rescuers began to make use of the telephone cables which ran along certain of the streets and were but a few feet above the water. Flames lighted the rescuers at their work. And the floating fires, like lurid, drunken torches, staggered about, tossing their rays fitfully from place to place, and revealed startling, phantasmagorical pictures of the struggle going on in the darkness—a man clinging to a plank, a child holding desperately to the branch of a tree, a woman slipping, frozen-handed, from her hold on life. Just a tipsy flash of the light, and then the darkness and the steady growl of the ravening waves!

One great tree with spreading boughs was so thickly hung with women and children in their various colored clothing that, in the light flashing occasionally on the dripping branches and figures, it looked like some Brobdingnagian Christmas tree hung with huge, misshapen dolls.

Across the desk from me, in the little ticket office of the Dayton, Lebanon & Cincinnati Railroad in which I wrote this account, sat a railroad agent who was marooned for seventy-two hours in his office at the Washington Street bridge. He kept a log of the events which transpired around him, noting the time of each incident carefully. This log is my authority for some of the statements herein as to time. He tells of seeing two men, a woman, and a little girl huddling for many hours in a tree, their garments wet and clinging, while cold rain and snow were piercing them to the marrow. A house floated down against their perch, and they climbed upon it. The men were seen to pound a hole in the roof and admit the woman and child to the attic, after which the men stripped off their clothing and passed it down to them. Next day a rescuing party in a boat took off the woman and child alive, but left two stark bodies of men naked and frozen. What greater heroism than this! Many a brave rescuer died in the midst of some supreme act of bravery. The finest featured man in the morgue on Saturday, the 29th of March, was a lawyer of the town who performed feat after feat of adventurous service until at last he paid for his courage and his kindness the last ransom which a brave man has to offer.

The theatre of action was wide. Strangely dissimilar things were happening at the same time. Fear and laughter and pathos waltzed together on the eddies. On Tuesday night seventy-five people, penned in an ice-cream factory, were threatened with death by fires driving down upon them, and made the very sky shiver with shrieks that at times seemed to be chorused and orchestrated. On Wednesday night the colored waiters in the Beckel House held a prayer meeting, while the guests in the Algonquin, a block or so beyond, were trying to close their senses to outside horrors with a cabaret show of their own devising.

On Wednesday afternoon a tow-headed little girl with big, wistful eyes stood all alone staring out into the ochrous waters that rioted about the eaves of the houses. A lithe young athlete, who had saved many lives that day, observed the forlorn little figure, and shot his canoe in close to where her bare toes dug into the clay.

"All saved, little girl?" he asked sympathetically.

"Not all," was the mournful reply, while the blue eyes still searched the yellow eddies. "My bird—" and she swallowed a sob—"my bird was not saved."

The young man forced his humor under hatches, and declared stoutly:

"I'll get your bird, kid. Where was your house?"

SOME OF THE HEROES

SHE indicated the most dangerous location in that part of the flood. Half an hour later, after the hardest struggle of the day, he put into the outstretched arms of the child a cage containing a wet, feathery ball, and then laughed hysterically while she capered away with it. Not on account of the life of a bird, but to spare one bit of mourning to the heart of a child when there was already mourning and to spare, he had done this thing.

The crest of the flood began to recede at three-thirty o'clock Wednesday morning. Wednesday and Thursday great progress was made in rescuing people from precarious and imperiled positions, and in getting milk to babies and small children. Much credit is given the United States Life-Saving Corps from Louisville, Cleveland, and Toledo. These stalwarts worked intelligently and untiringly from the moment they got on the ground. Among the volunteer life-savers I heard of two athletic young men, brothers, in North Dayton who, with their canoes, took over two hundred persons out of danger.

By noon of Friday the work of rescue was practically complete. All persons in peril had been rescued, and all still marooned were relieved with supplies of food.

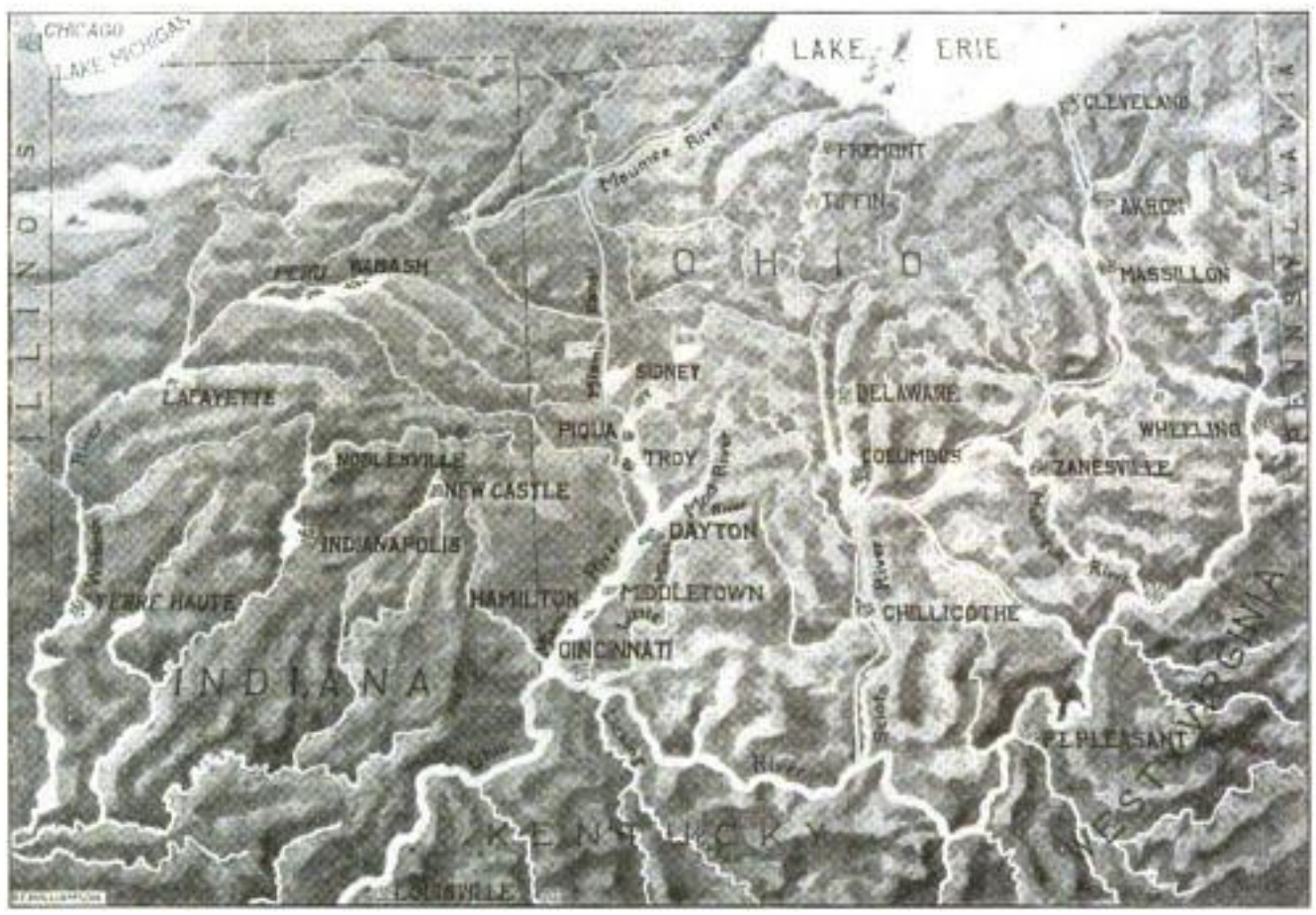
The loss of life will never be known, but the volume of suffering can be imagined. Fifty or sixty thousand people lived for from twenty-four to seventy-two hours in constant danger of death in either of two of its most dreadful forms. They saw others, sometimes their own friends and loved ones, meet these deaths, and while they suffered from anxiety, bereavement, and fear, they endured extremes of hunger, cold, and loss of sleep. Many went out of their heads, both among the marooned and in the relief organization, from sheer loss of sleep alone. Both men and women among the rescue force and the relief workers had to be forced into beds by their friends and superiors when they had slept no more than a few hours in seventy-two or eighty-four.

It is dangerous to attempt generalization. But some things are obvious. The damage to property at Dayton, while great, is of a kind quickly repaired. Wooden houses are soon built again; wall paper, plaster, carpets, and window glass are quickly got on or in; stocks of goods are speedily replenished. The spirit of a new Dayton both is seen and sensed. The problem of sanitation is recognized and grappled with. Fly time is not yet, which minimizes greatly the danger from epidemic. Some men who have been made poor will never be rich again; some family circles that have been broken will never be full again; but the city as a city will quickly recover and hide her scars beneath a better built town.

The watermark upon the houses will disappear, but the watermark upon the people—upon the men and the women and the children who survived the experiences of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the last week in March, 1913—will go to their graves with them, and yet that mark might have been deeper.

But for one man it would have gashed their very souls. Indeed, great as is the calamity which Dayton has suffered, the city has escaped what might have been a greater disaster—that of hopeless, helpless confusion with untold increase of suffering which would seem to have been inevitable when one considers that for seventy-two hours the arms of the not overstrong municipal government were paralyzed, while for the same length of time the city was practically cut off from the outside world.

This escape from a second disaster Dayton owes to John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, who, by a wave of his hand, turned his vast plant and trained business organization into the swiftest and most efficient force of life-savers and ministers to want and suffering that this country has ever seen in action. When the floods came he started his organization at relief work, and himself rushed into the water, standing up to his hips for long intervals of time while he rendered assistance to the imperiled. Once, unwilling to send a boatman into danger, he himself took the canoe and went upon the mission successfully, handling his uncertain craft with such skill that people stopped to wonder where he had learned. He was the real executive personal force during the entire crisis. The Mayor, the Governor, and the Brigadier General in charge of the State militia, as well as the Major General of the army, all were glad to recognize his genius as an organizing and directing force. He seemed to work with a thousand-fingered efficiency that reached everywhere. In the square before the public library a statue of McKinley lifts a benedictive hand. There is room upon the other side for a statue of John H. Patterson, and there will be one unless I misinterpret the spirit of the people of Dayton.

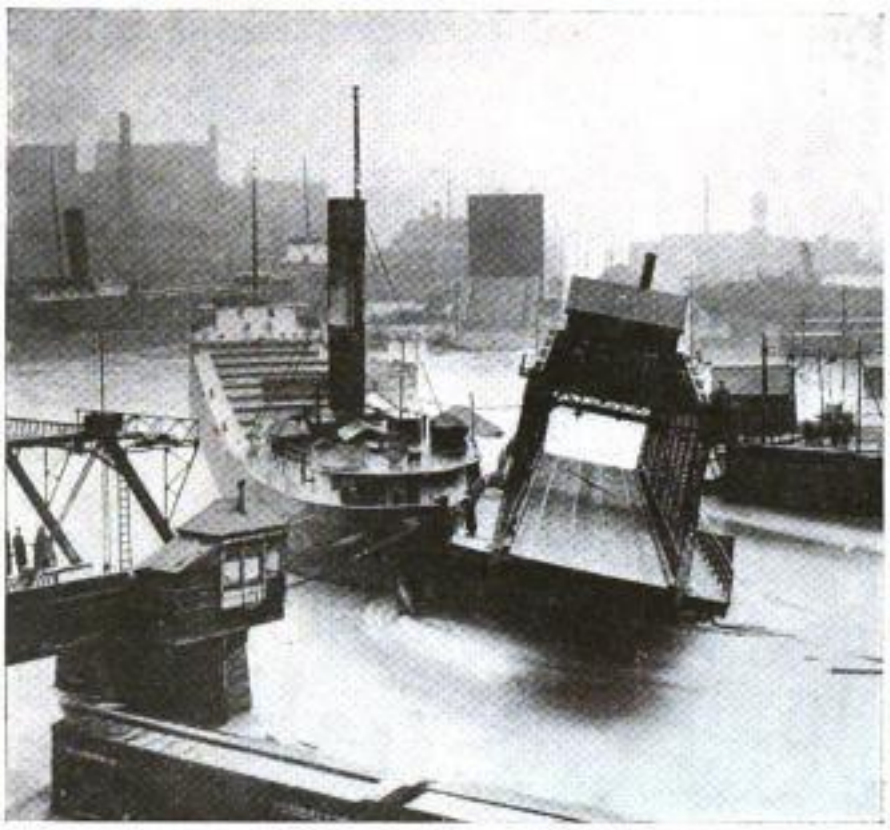


This relief map, prepared from dispatches and Government contour maps, shows the drainage system of Ohio and Indiana, the location of the cities that suffered most in the first week of the flood, and describes by widened outlines of the river courses the actual extent of the submerged area. As the flood waters receded from this watershed, they began to pour over the Ohio's banks and now are menacing the lower Mississippi valley. Dayton has been the chief sufferer. In deaths and property losses Columbus has been next. Hamilton, Piqua, and Troy in Ohio have reported a longer death list than the cities affected in Indiana. More than twenty cities in the two States contributed to a death total that may never be accurately estimated but probably will exceed five hundred

The first big tide came down the streets, with a crest four feet high, and so fast that men in motor cars could barely dodge around it. These crested streams shot into side streets as they passed, and met other streams coming from the west or southwest. . . . After the first incredible rush of the waters, the height steadily rose inch by inch and foot by foot for hours. Men started to carry their effects up from first floor to second, and never got time to finish. Fire followed the flood



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Cleveland: A steamship wrecked a costly bridge



Columbus: Brick houses battered by heavy driftwood

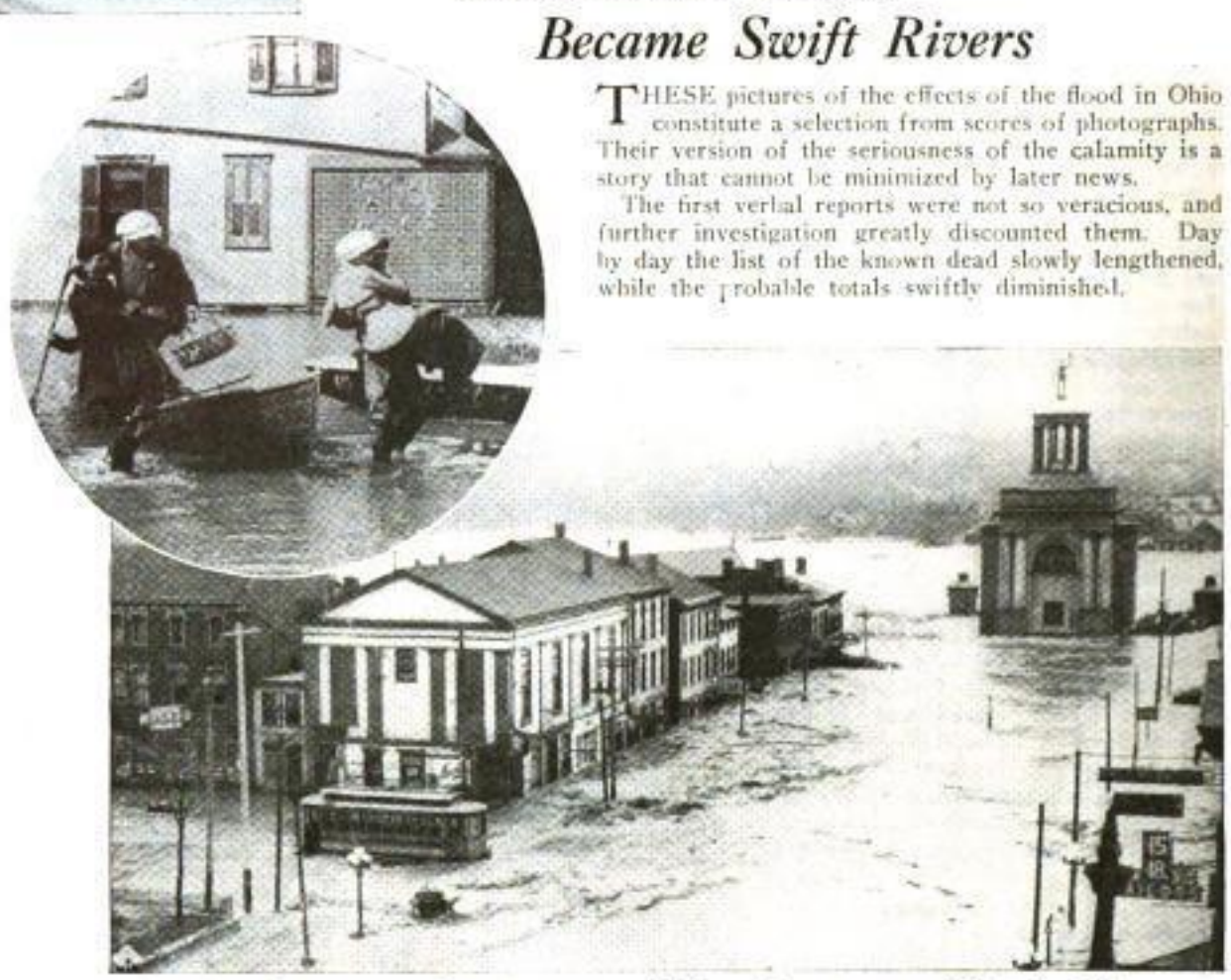
When Ohio Streets Became Swift Rivers

THESE pictures of the effects of the flood in Ohio constitute a selection from scores of photographs. Their version of the seriousness of the calamity is a story that cannot be minimized by later news.

The first verbal reports were not so veracious, and further investigation greatly discounted them. Day by day the list of the known dead slowly lengthened, while the probable totals swiftly diminished.



Dayton: The street's end a waterfall



A swift current, six feet at its crest, rushed down the main street of Hamilton, Ohio



Horses drowned by the flood, left in Dayton streets. After the water receded, questions of public health became as important as the relief of the starving

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Immortality *in the* Films

By M. MICHELSON

A section of "The Prisoner of Zenda" film—James K. Hackett swimming



Below: two film-show portraits of Sarah Bernhardt acting Queen Elizabeth

contracts to act for motion pictures in famous dramas have been signed by a dozen other stars of the "legitimate." James K. Hackett is riding from Strelsau to Zenda on 500 moving-picture screens in as many cities, interpreting again the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda." At the same time, James O'Neil sits in his pleasant home and counts receipts while his animated photographs act the part of "Monte Cristo." And O'Neil's grandchildren may see the actor in his famous part fifty years hence while the film still brings in its revenues to pay the grocer's bills.

The famous Bernhardt reel already has been shown before 20,000,000 persons. Mme. Bernhardt, as Daniel Frohman says, "broke the ice." The argument that prevailed with her at last was that other great actresses, as Ristori and Rachel, could only be remembered in memorials, while she had an opportunity to be visualized to all nations for all time.

"It took Bernhardt three months to make this film," Mr. Frohman relates. "Frequently she had to rest in the middle of the scene and the camera would be stopped. Thus she is seen at a better advantage in the pictures than she has been on the stage in several years."

Among the American and English players who will make their début as "movie" stars under the direction of the film company that is associated with Mr. Frohman are Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the English actor; Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Blanche Bates, William Faversham, and Julie Opp in Shakespearean rôles; E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Langtry, and Mrs. Leslie Carter. After this season, Mr. Frohman will organize his own motion-picture stock company, which he says will be as strong as the one that marked his beginning as a theatrical manager of the legitimate stage.

On the heels of the Frohman announcements comes the news that Klaw & Erlanger, who recently have patched up their war with the Shuberts, will enter the moving-picture field. They advertise that they will build one of the largest studios for motion pictures in America, and that a number of playhouses under their control in various cities, now no longer needed for the production of the legitimate drama, will be turned into moving-picture houses.

The managers express no fear that the appearance of their leading actors in films will injure the attraction of the legitimate. Mr. Frohman puts it:

"The moving picture is contributory and educational and will help the attendance in theatres. That has been proved in the case of Bernhardt. We feel certain that nothing can ever supplant the living actor in the living play. The pictures are never the real thing, no matter how fine they may be. Rather, they make countless auditors for the actor; create an interest in him. People, for instance, who see Hackett for the first time when he appears on the screen will want to see him in life. The shadow on a screen will only stimulate interest."

Sword fight in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with James K. Hackett as the hero



Sixteen pictures that immortalize a handclasp: the film of Bernhardt





A motion-picture pose of James O'Neil in "Monte Cristo"



"The world is mine!" expressed in gesture only. O'Neil playing "Monte Cristo"



IN France the nation's best-known players act before the motion-picture camera. American players are beginning to follow the French example. They are attracted not only by extraordinary financial inducements, but also by the fascination of the idea so dramatically expressed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as the last clicks of a picture machine recorded the end of her performance of "Queen Elizabeth."

"I am immortal!" she exclaimed. "I am a film!"

To-day, less than eight months after the completion of the Bernhardt film, two noted American players have appeared before the film makers in favorite rôles; and



The Fire Repeaters

VII *of "The Business of Arson"*

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

¶ *He has his first fire—a little closet flash—when he has two rooms in a rear tenement. And he'd moved in with a pushcart. But he'd been able to get his little $500 policy just the same! Two years more and he has his second burn-out. By then he's ownin' a sweatshop downstairs: all he needed was some capital! And the sweatshop does a flash at 1 A. M. in December in time for his year-end settlements. In two minutes everybody in the tenement is jumpin' or throwin' their kiddies out. It's a roast for some of them, though. But our friend has got his $5,000 in insurance out of that, too!* More *capital! Another three years and he has a swell explosion fire—eight flights up in a Broadway loft. And he chooses his night, all right—two below, a chokin' January blizzard, and half our apparatus stalled! It looks for a while like the whole town is goin' to go. It loses us two of the best men in the department. And on top of that we find that this time our friend is $30,000 in insurance to the good! How does he get it? Is any insurance company makin' money on him? And don't they know him as well as we do? Don't they know he's trimmin' them? Say, just tell us.* Who is gettin' his?—*A New York Fireman.*

"IN ONE instance twenty-six insurance companies insured and paid losses in as many cities to a fire bug (who was finally convicted by our Boston office) on household furniture which practically never existed, insured it as being in a house which neither it nor the alleged owner was ever in, and finally, after the schemer had had his policy transferred to another place of residence, paid him for damage on goods which had already been burned to order months before his arrival in town." (From an address delivered by our first State fire marshal, Charles W. Whitcomb of Massachusetts.)

"We find fire bugs," says Fire Marshal Doyle of Illinois, "who often have a record in eight or ten cities, with, sometimes, as many as twenty different fires."

In a recent number—February 13, 1913—of "The Western Underwriter" I find two very moderate records. One "Locky Casto," it appears, "who has just been convicted of arson at Charleston, W. Va., has been connected with seven fires in a period of ten years." And, in Missouri, an insurance company "has been able successfully to contest the loss claim of ———, who has had about a dozen fires in his career." Recently Fire Marshal Zuber of Ohio was able to convict one Charles L. Herz, who, it was claimed, had derived insurance profits from at least seventeen fires since 1901.

Now, there are certain businesses where a man might, innocently, have a dozen little fires a year. In the sawdust bins of lumber mills, in the "picker rooms" of cotton mills, in great publishing plants, in the kitchens of big restaurants, and the rendering rooms of our packing houses, or wherever there are high-powered dynamos and fast-running machinery, here fires are inherent. Trifling blazes are constantly breaking out. Their origin is plain. By fire bucket or automatic sprinkler they are very promptly extinguished. The loss is trifling. And if it has been caused by negligence, in the majority of cases no insurance claim will be made.

THE REAL "REPEATER"

THE kind of fires and fire insurance losses with which this article will deal are of a species far different. The fires are, it is true, mostly mercantile. But they break out when no work is being done, and when, presumably, no one is upon the premises. From six to eight in the evening and from one to four in the morning are favorite hours, or any time on Sundays and holidays. These fires are, two-thirds of them, "of unknown origin," and the "origins" given for most of the remainder are not convincing. To the arson expert people who have more than two such fires are known as "repeaters."

The "repeater" is one more product of the present situation in American insurance. We now have him in every community of any size. And what he represents to the community, either big or little, can best be made plain by taking another random insurance item—this time from "Insurance Rough Notes"—and showing, in simple arithmetic, exactly what it means. (I have changed the names and location.)

"The Virginia fire marshal is investigating the fire which destroyed the store of Golwitz & Walinsky at Green Mine, Va., on December 14. This is the seventh fire experienced by this firm, which has generally been well protected with insurance. The insurance on stock recently burned was $24,000."

Now, whether they know it or not, it is the good people of Green Mine, Va., who are paying for Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky's fires. The whole theory of insurance is based on the homely and kindly fact that if your neighbor has suffered misfortune you will wish to help him, even as you trust that he would do the same to you.

Before the time of fire insurance, all the sufferer's fellows in the village community would gather together and help him rebuild, and perhaps take up a collection to make his trouble lighter. The motto of the New York Insurance Department is, in English: "Bear ye one another's burdens." No bald language of economics could express the idea better. And had there been no such thing in Green Mine as fire insurance, it is not too much to say that after Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky's first fire, their fellow townsmen might have got together in big-hearted generosity, asked no questions as to how the fire started, and, every man giving what he could, made the loss good.

HOLDING THE GUN

SAY that they might have done so again, at a sore cost to themselves, after Golwitz & Walinsky's second fire. Such things have been done in American and Canadian towns. But in a little while Golwitz & Walinsky have a third fire, and this time their fellow townsmen do not make it good; they simply can't afford to. And, more than that, they have begun to dislike Golwitz & Walinsky. Whereupon, you are to imagine Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky able to take their stand on the corner of Main Street with guns and *levy* on a defenseless Green Mine until they have the needed $24,000.

They likewise do it again (generally, it is true, in some other town, while some brother firm of "repeaters" take their place in Green Mine) after their fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh fire!

And this is what is taking place every day in every town and city in the United States and Canada. The only difference is this: To get Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky more *insurance*, and therefore the opportunity to have more fires, the local insurance agent or broker holds a gun at the head of the insurance company. And to get the *money* for Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky (and the local agent or broker) the insurance company must hold *its* gun at the head of the public. The collection is made not in a single afternoon, but year by year in insurance premiums. The sum each time collected is not $24,000, but, on an average, $45,000, "to cover expenses of collection." The average American or Canadian town of 3,000 people pays about $10,000 a year for its insurance. Taking Green Mine to be such a town, Messrs. Golwitz & Walinsky, after all their seven fires, having collected an average of $24,000, have now forestalled and absorbed all of Green Mine's insurance contributions for the next thirty-one years!

OUR STANDARD FIRE CROOK

IN GENERAL, of course, two or three Green Mines bear the levy among them. But we have herewith arrived at one more insurance condition which is now practically universal in America.

In the first place, how much does the repeater cost us? State reports are obtainable in the case of 180 of our 300 or more stock fire insurance companies. Such sworn reports show that from January 1, 1907, to December 31, 1911, these 180 companies have taken in $1,324,347,700 in insurance premiums. Of this, $652,218,900 has been kept by the insurance companies, brokers, and agents concerned, and $672,128,800 has been paid out in loss payments. I have said in previous articles that at least one-half such loss payments now go to fire crooks of various sorts. Half the stock fire insurance business in America to-day could indeed accurately be described as the collecting of insurance taxes from honest people and the paying of such moneys (less insurance profits) to criminals. The repeater is now our standard fire crook. He gets by far the largest *single* share of our fire-bug money.

That, however, is only a part of the story. In the present article I shall show:

***First*, that in almost all cases our insurance companies give the repeater his new insurance *knowingly*.**

***Second*, that the reinsurance of the repeater in America is not now a matter of isolated cases, but an established insurance custom.**

***Third*, that about 25 per cent of the amount of all insurance payments — some $33,600,000 a year in the case of the 180 companies alone — now goes to "repeaters."**

***Fourth*, that the insurance of the "repeater," as can be illustrated from the best-known mercantile district in America, has now attained to the proportions of a common scandal.**

***Fifth*, that the insurance of the repeater is notoriously at its worst and most shameless in that big-city "conflagration district" where, according to our insurance authorities themselves, a single fire could, by getting out of control, cause a property loss of more than a billion dollars, destroy thousands of lives, and incidentally make defaulters of almost every insurance company in the country.**

THE INSURANCE COMPANY KNOWS

FIRST.—In almost all cases our insurance companies give the repeater his new insurance *knowingly*.

There are few repeaters of any importance not mercantile risks. When they have a fire the fact is set down in the Dun and Bradstreet reports, and these reports are in every insurance office. The large companies keep classified fire records of their own. And at the service of all companies are the weekly records and yearly volumes published by the Underwriters' Protective Association. If you have had a fire, the facts are entered there. The wandering repeater may, it is true, be insured through lack of knowledge. But if the insurance agent or broker chose to make the common business inquiries, there could very rarely be any lack of knowledge even in cases such as these.

The great majority of repeaters receive new insurance solely because the agent or broker, having the power, insists upon it. I was recently investigating a particularly atrocious fire near Boston. The assured had been given new insurance—and overinsurance—ten days after his second suspicious fire within fifteen months. He had his third fire, and a very notable one, eight months later.

"Hadn't the companies anything to say about it?" I asked the big Boston agent in the case. Nine companies were concerned in it, some of them being among the most important in the country.

"The companies take what I give them," he said. "And they've made a lot of money out of this agency at that!"

There you have it. But nothing can be gained by repeating in this article what has been said in almost every preceding one.

GOING TO THE RIGHT BROKERS

SECOND.—The reinsurance of the repeater is not now a matter of isolated cases, but an established insurance custom.

A statement so general will not, on the surface, seem susceptible of proof. But every active insurance man knows that it is true. When the crook complains that he cannot get new policies, he is told with a laugh that his only trouble is that he hasn't gone to the right brokers.

"If he isn't getting more insurance," a high insurance official answered when I asked about one of New England's best-known repeaters, "he will be the only crook I've ever heard of who isn't!" And the crook in question was obtaining more insurance, and plenty of it.



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In one case the repeater had caused his fellow townsmen such losses and ruin that they were barely kept from lynching him. In fact, the fright they gave him sent him to a sanatorium. Yet, within a month he had obtained new insurance.

I had intended, originally, to prove the thing home by a piled-up accumulation of test cases. Some of them may be given later. I have space here for only one:

The repeater whose fires—all of them suspect—have been responsible for the greatest property loss, about $13,000,000, as yet set down to the account of any repeater in America, is still obtaining insurance. And the same insurance agent is still obtaining it for him.

***Third.*—About 25 per cent of the amount of all insurance payments — some $33,600,000 a year in the case of the 180 companies alone—now goes to "repeaters."**

Here I must begin my proof by reference to a table of fire statistics (printed on page 28). It is manifestly impossible to quote the fire and fire insurance records of every city in the country. Only one city, indeed, can furnish the figures really needed. That city is New York. And though New York is our largest city, the table will show that the number of fires, as also the loss by fire per capita, is, in New York, below the average. In other words, New York, in spite of its size, is a *normal* fire town. And what is found to be true of it may, with reasonable probability, be believed to be true—as it *is* true—in any of our large cities.

NEW YORK'S BIG REPEATERS SINCE 1901

FURTHERMORE, New York furnishes the fairest of tests, because in New York all insurance is written directly under the eyes of the home offices of all our great companies, or their chief branch offices, as likewise it is written under the scrutiny of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, admittedly the most alert insurance organization in the country. These being the governing conditions, I merely quote a paragraph from the report for 1911 of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters' Committee on Losses and Adjustments:

"Where the fires have originated on the premises of the assured" (and of the total, about two-thirds so originated), "we find that 35 per cent in number (of the assured) have had previous fires which we have adjusted."

In New York, only fire losses important enough to involve four or more insurance companies are adjusted by this particular insurance committee. And its records of losses date back only to 1901. Two thousand four hundred such losses were adjusted in 1911. That is, taking only those fires which started on the premises of the assured, we find here alone that out of a population of 5,000,000, 535 people who would be described by insurance detectives as repeaters gave New York nearly one-quarter of its largest fires.

In common fairness, however, and before going further, from this "535" a certain subtraction must be made: A definite proportion were, undoubtedly, the most honest and careful people in the world. Their fires were as explainable as unavoidable. But they are in a bad galley. And, hit or miss, they must for the present remain in it.

To begin with, a certain proportion of the 535—or 36.3 per cent to be exact—received insurance on fires which did not originate on their own premises.

About five such fires in every hundred originated in some other building; and accordingly these may properly be struck off.

In the case of the remaining 34 per cent, the fire started in the big mercantile building of which the assured was one of the two, or ten, or fifty cotenants, but it did not start in his own loft factory or warerooms. It started, in general, on the premises of some other tenant: one repeater may cause a loss to twenty fellow merchants.

But a certain number of fires also start in the cellar, or under the stairs, or in the elevator shaft. At first thought, therefore, the fire sufferers in such cases must also be judged innocent. And probably more than half of them were. Of the rest let it be said bluntly that we have now one sort of mercantile fire bug who, for his own security, will almost never make his fire within his own door.



"WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE IT IN H——'S PLACE DOWNSTAIRS?"

AS FIREMEN say: "If it's up above, he can count on a good water loss. And if it's down below, he can count on the smoke." Or, in the words of one of Izzy Steinkreutzer's professional instructors in up-to-date arson: "You was a fool, already! Why didn't you make it in H——'s place downstairs?" If you add at least one-quarter of such losses to the criminal list, you do what every finished fire bug, with his knowledge of New York fires, would do at once. And there are still other additions to make:

For among the "535" are included none of those who had *smaller* fires during the preceding ten years—fires in which fewer than four companies were involved; one Broadway leather man had within twelve months collected insurance on two fires which involved fewer than four companies, and were therefore not tabulated in the general record. And there is a New York doctor who has collected on a "one-company fire" almost every year since 1900.

In our "535" no special list has been made of those who have had *more* than two New York fires within the ten-year period. Numbers have had four and five fires. Some have had nine and ten. One New York hatter has had his nine fires in five years. Some of them have had their three fires in 1911 alone. A fair average for the "535" would be between three and four fires apiece.

In *number*, the vast majority of New York's repeaters make their profits from the little closet and clothing fires of the tenements. One East Side household was known to have had at least fourteen in two years. No such trifling fires as these, of course, are included here.

No account is taken here of those members of our "535" who had serious fires previous to the ten-year limit, which would add mightily; nor of the considerable number who had fires in other cities or under other firm names. Almost all mercantile "professionals" in the fire business operate in several cities at once, and use a new firm name every time. No account is taken of those "professionals" who, after their first two or three fires in any given city, have "covered" fires; that is, though they are the real beneficiaries, the names of such repeaters appear neither on the insurance policies nor on the papers of partnership. In fact, among our "535," few real "professionals" appear at all. Our list is confined almost wholly to mercantile "casuals"—to those who have fires only when business demands it. And, among these, many of the most notorious are not included, simply because, in *1911*, they had no fires. For example, one great corporation, which in the preceding five years had had eight notable fires and collected more than $1,700,000 in insurance claims, is not included.

Perhaps by now the reader will be prepared to allow the true "repeater percentage" to stand at 35 per cent of the total, with no subtractions of any kind. I have said in a previous article that the number of people at present making America "the land of fires" is almost infinitely small. I offer the above "535" repeaters as partial proof in the case of New York.

A FIRST CHALLENGE TO FIRE INSURANCE

THE high powers at present in control of the stock fire insurance business in America declare that these articles are made up in equal parts of falsehood and exaggeration; that arson is responsible only for the very smallest part of our fire losses; that it is not increasing but decreasing; and that the business of fire insurance is only too willing to make public all records and statistics in which the interests of the public are involved. I can now offer the said high insurance powers the first of three opportunities of putting to a very simple test both the truth or falsehood of these articles, and the sincerity of their own declarations:

The figures quoted above are, I have said, from the New York Committee on Losses and Adjustments Report for 1911. In its report for 1912, though all other parallel statistics were given, the figures for New York's repeater fires were omitted. Anyone who knows the part that mercantile arson played in New York's fires merely in the first three months of 1912 will know that the chairman and the high officials composing the New York Committee on Losses and Adjustments omitted to publish the "repeater" percentage for 1912 for one reason only: *The increase, merely in a single year, was so great that they dared not print the figures. And if this is not so, let them print them now.*

***Fourth*—The insurance of the repeater, as can be illustrated from the best-known mercantile district in America, has now attained to the proportions of a common scandal.**

The best-known mercantile district in America is New York's wholesale and light manufacturing district. It lies, roughly, east and west of Broadway, between Chambers and Fourteenth Streets, with a narrow wedge, known as "the new loft zone," stretching north almost to Thirty-fourth Street. In this small district, occupying about one-fortieth of the total area of New York, more than half of New York's large repeater fires take place. It is here and on Broadway itself that you will find 250 consecutive street numbers which, since 1901, have given their 450 fires alone. There are individual "fireproof" buildings which average a fire, in which generally at least one tenant sustains a "total loss," every eight months. "Do I know No. ——?" answered a New York fireman; "I know it like me tongue knows the inside of me mouth! But I don't know what's the matter with the —— people up on the third floor. They ain't had a 'total loss' in God knows when!"

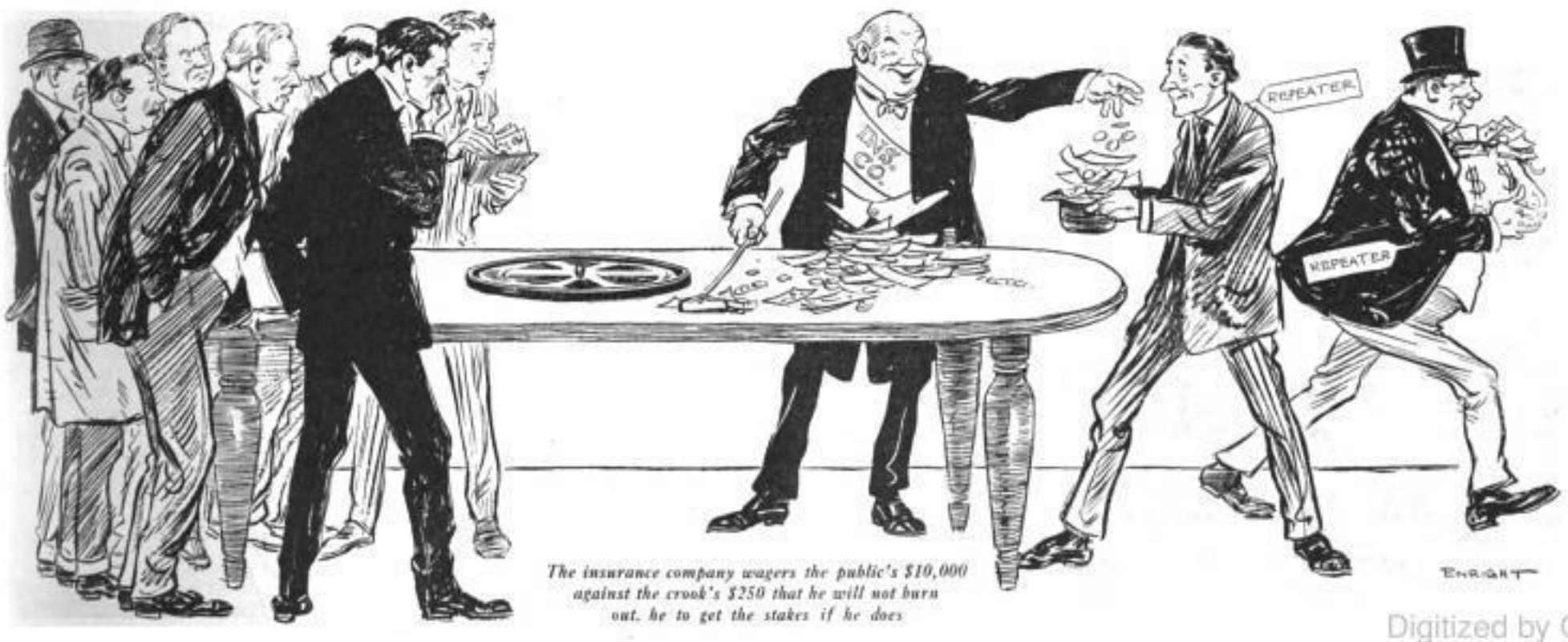
PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE FIRES

WE can, however, get the best measure of what this means by looking first at another New York district of almost the same area—in a prosperous residential quarter. I take a residential quarter because it is an insurance postulate that the last thing the normal man will burn is his own home. And I take a prosperous residential quarter because, in the case of a prosperous householder, there is practically no "moral hazard" whatever. Such a quarter may be found in the New York West Side between 72d Street and 110th. It has its old four- and five-story houses, just as the mercantile district between Chambers and Fourteenth Streets has its old four- and five-story warehouses. Both, too, have their new ten- and twelve-story fireproof buildings. The elevator shafts and stair wells are alike in both. And if the manufacturing processes in some of the mercantile buildings downtown are more likely to start fires than the domestic processes of cooking and lighting and heating in our uptown residences and apartment houses, the difference, if honestly examined, is really very little.

I can find no record of any residence in this district giving a repeater fire.[1] In the last five years there have not been ten fires of any sort worth talking about.

Indeed, you may see this clearly reflected even in the insurance rates which Mr. Stuyvesant Jones, the New Yorker with an income of $10,000 a year, is charged. They indicate that far from (Continued on page 26)

[1] There are a certain number of mercantile risks in the district. Some of these have had repeater fires. One has had three within a year.



The insurance company wagers the public's $10,000 against the crook's $250 that he will not burn out, he to get the stakes if he does

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The Run of the Game



By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by H. L. DRUCKLIEB

The Opening Jubilee

ARISE, O Muse, get in the game—
Arise and kick in with a song;
Slip us the anthem of acclaim
From voices, thirty thousand strong;
Come, help us hit the metric cup,
Responsive to the thrills that wait,
Where old Ed Walsh is warming up
As Cobb advances to the plate.

Arise, O Muse, as Homer did,
For bush-league Troy and Hector's fall;
Come on, tear in and lift the lid
From old Doc Winter's barren pail;
Come, blow us to a virile strain
Of three-base hits and double plays,
Of Johnson's speed and Matty's brain,
And other well-known lesser jays.

Sing us, well, say, a song that rings
Like Baker's double over third;
The roaring note as Evers swings
Through mid-air like a flying bird;
The crashing bat, the thudding mitt,
The boding hush before the din,
And then—the cadence of the hit
As Speaker drives the runner in.

Sing us the frenzy of the shout,
And then—the hush that follows where
The sacks are full and two are out
With Honus Wagner waiting there;
The hush that grips, with hands clenched tight,
White faces set, and heartbeats still—
And then—a gray streak into right
As fielders chase the hurtling pill.

Come on, Old Top, and swat the lyre,
Smash it across the right-field fence,
Where those who hear may never tire
But say, "This stuff is Great—Immense";
And in the swirling hit or miss
Tear off an anthem for a ride
Whose melody is sweet as this—
"WOW"—Slide, you bonehead busher, s-l-i-d-e!"

April—October

"The tumult and the shouting" is on; "the captains and the camps" are back; "Walsh now pitching for the Sox" adorns the ticker as the Raven quoths: "What's the score?"

The trail, which begins in April and ends in October, has been known to have become suddenly warped when it looked to be a straight guess from barrier to wire.

While we claim to have inhaled no gift of prophecy, we feel that those beginning to make their world-series plans now are entitled to some information at least.

We give it freely, though from an unabundant store.

Make your reservations in the National League for New York or Pittsburgh. It's a toss-up—and should be till the last two weeks. For the American League begin writing friends in Boston and Philadelphia, not forgetting to drop a postal card to Washington, D. C.

The Boston Red Sox are a better club than they were the year before. But they have a wonderful club in Philadelphia to beat—keyed up as it is to job ahead. The break of the game will decide the issue, and we are no Cassandra of evil prophecy to say which camp will yield the greatest amount of broken bric-à-brac and disordered systems.

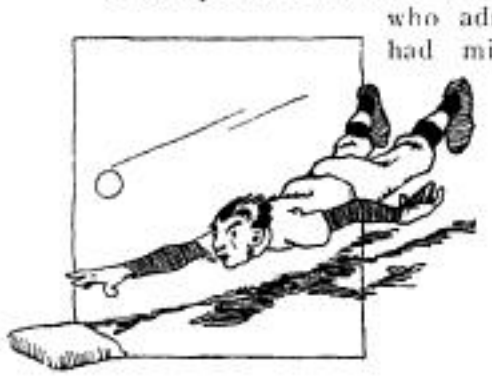
Washington in 1912 performed a miracle in hurdling from seventh place into second. A game, young club, capable of one miracle, may well tear off another.

But in the bright lexicon of the Dope, the word "miracle" is badly blurred, and the Dope, pure and unadulterated, writes:

"New York or Pittsburgh vs. Boston or Philadelphia—take your pick while the picking is fairly young and tender."

Fable

Once upon a time there was a beaten Golfer who admitted that he had missed no short putts—and that his winning rival had "gobbled" no long ones; who confessed that he was on his game and that while beaten by the margin of 3 and 2, without great luck the count would have been 8 and 6.



Moral—They backed him up against a bunker and shot him at sunrise before he became more violent.

But the Wise Bet Knows Better

Many a man has been called a quitter who was merely game enough not to be afraid to back away at the right time.

Short Putts and Texas Leaguers

"It's all in the Game," they say; but most of it was put there when no one was looking.

The Alibi can carry you quite a distance; but it never crosses the Final Score.



The worm, turning when trodden upon, merely wastes that much energy; the correct date for the sprightly wiggle is in advance of the arrival of the Early Bird.

It's well enough to "hit the line hard," but it's better still to take the opening and save the shock of the impact against the day of unbroken opposition.

The Error Column just as often shows where a Player wasn't afraid to take a chance.

A Study in Cognomenics

There are seven Johnsons in the major leagues—and five Brotons on the job; There are several Millers and three Magees—but only one Ty Cobb.



The Reign of the Old Guard

"Young blood," sings Mr. Kingsley, "must have its course, lad—and every dog his day."

Mr. Kingsley trails well in line with the prevalent theory along Fantown on the Pike that youngsters control the pennant destinies of the era. As for the facts involved:

Cleveland, next to Manager Birmingham, is depending upon the fitness of Napoleon Lajoie, who is facing his eighteenth year beneath the Big Tent of the Game.

Who is Pittsburgh's main dependence? The Wagners have it by acclamation, and Honus stands upon the rim of his seventeenth campaign.

New York's most vibrant pennant hope among the players? An athlete facing his thirteenth season, ready once more to lead the pitching phalanx. The name is Mathewson.

For Mack's Athletics to regain the crest, Ed Plank must still stand guard by the guns, and Plank, with Mathewson, is the oldest veteran of the knoll.

The champion Red Sox turn again to Heinie Wagner as their most Essential Cog. And Heinie's début took place just twelve years from date.

The Main Bloke for Cincinnati? Mr. Joseph Burt Tinker, now upon the edge of his twelfth Big League spin.

Evers, the last of the Cub Mohicans and Chicago's most predominant National League hope, goes into battle with ten campaigns behind him.

So, while "young blood" must whirl along its course, the Old Guard isn't through yet with the pennant destinies of at least eight clubs depending upon veterans of from ten to seventeen years of service.

100 Yards in 5 1-5 Seconds

Of all the arts of self-defense which guard against the fall,
The greyhound, in the essence, has the surest one of all.

Beating the Game

Yes, you can slip to the front, old dog,
By cutting the corners here and there;
It's no rough job to obtain the jump
So long as your conscience doesn't care;
So long as you figure anything goes,
To get there first by a winning span,
It's an easy start and a pop-eyed cinch
To set the pace for a better man.

It's an easy start for the first few laps,
But the stretch is no place for a crook
Where the drive is on to the final step
And the soul is spread like an open book.
Where it's clean, raw courage and nothing else
Through the closing whirl of the open beat,
Where form runs clean as the soul is clean
And the heart means more than the legs or feet.

The Game's Greatest

John McGraw and Hughey Jennings were discussing the greatest ball player of the game.

"The answer," said Jennings, "is Ty Cobb."

"Do you mean by greatest player," countered McGraw, "the man of greatest value to his club?"

"Sure," said Jennings, "and that is why I named Cobb."

"Just a minute," came back the New York leader; "who is of greater value, Cobb, an outfielder who handled 340 chances last year, and most of these fly balls, or Wagner, an infielder who handled over 800 chances, who was called upon to block ground balls, handle pop flies, tag runners at second, back up the bases and hold the infield together? Which is the most valuable man to a team, a great outfielder or a great infielder?"

"I accept the amendment," said Jennings after a moment's thought; "Cobb is the greatest outfielder in the game—the greatest base runner and the greatest hitter. I guess that let's him out."

Who won the argument?

A Summons to Paul Revere

Boy—Page Paul Revere; also the minutemen of Concord and Lexington. Stung by the disasters of the London and Stockholm Olympics, J. Bull, on a rampage, is now massing his army along the frontier for a general assault.

His Mr. Bombardier Wells made threatening gestures for the space of four and one-quarter minutes, but was then dispersed with considerable slaughter.

But the blighted Bombardier was only an advance picket. In Polo, Tennis, and Golf, England has gathered the pick of her sportive legions—the finest array she has ever placed afield. The average improvement will be 25 per cent.

America, to win in two of these three fields, has about all the summer ahead she can look after, despite the fact that the days are growing longer. America, in fact, has exactly an even chance—an even chance quite likely to be tilted toward the short end by the warp of overconfidence.



Another Fable

Once upon a time there was a Fan who left the ball park and called out to a friend:

"Greatest game of the year, pal: they beat us, 3 to 2; but if the Ump hadn't slipped us a couple of close ones, the count would have been 3 to 0. They played better ball and won on the level."

Moral—They didn't even wait until sunrise to pot this guy. Another ten minutes and he might have been beyond all human control.

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MEMORIES OF THE PLAYERS



III—Edwin Booth

By WILLIAM WINTER

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors pure and proud,
Our hearts have twined for him!

IN ONE of Edwin Booth's notes to me (he frequently wrote, and I possess several hundred of his letters, all in his peculiar, fine, sometimes almost undecipherable writing) there is an instructive reference to a view of his character, prevalent when he was acting at the Winter Garden and had been bereaved by the death of his first wife, Mary Devlin, whom he idolized. "The labor I underwent at that time," so he wrote, "with domestic affliction weighing heavily upon me, made me very unfit for social enjoyment of any kind, and I was forced to shut myself up a great deal. This, of course, made people think me haughty, self-conceited, and 'Hamlety' all the time; whereas I was very weary and unhappy."

The misapprehension to which he thus alluded was once general, and more or less it followed him through life. He was, constitutionally, pensive and sad. He had inherited a somewhat gloomy temperament, his mind was prone to introspection, and he had been reared in close association with his wayward father and with themes of tragedy. No person who looks on mortal life with searching, comprehensive gaze can wholly withstand the saddening influence of the pathetic spectacle which it presents, notwithstanding all its pageantry. Booth, who saw widely and who deeply felt the significance of what he saw, certainly could not withstand it, and precisely because his nature was thus attuned to melancholy, while his person was one of exquisite symmetry and his method of art, both elocutionary and histrionic, one of surpassing clarity, power, and grace, he became the best Hamlet that ever trod our stage.

But there was another aspect of Booth's complex personality—an aspect not less delightful than surprising: he could be one of the merriest of companions. He never was, in even the least particular, "self-conceited," nor was he "Hamlety" in private life at any time. I have known many players, but I have not known one who possessed a readier faculty and quicker perception of humor, or an ampler capability of its enjoyment, than were evinced by Edwin Booth. This side of the man, however, was revealed only to his intimate friends—and those were few. In private talk with me his merriment was sometimes astonishing; at least, so it seems to me now, when I review the past and remember how bitter were the afflictions which had befallen him. He possessed abundance of anecdote, and when he told a comic story, as he often did, his melodious, finely modulated voice, his dark, brilliant eyes, his expressive countenance, and his naturally dramatic manner gave to every word and point an illuminative meaning and a richly comic effect.

AN ACT OF COOL BRAVERY

THE anecdotes—of which there are many—relative to that grim, arbitrary, splenetic tragedian Macready seemed to afford him special enjoyment. One which he told in a particularly blithe spirit, animating it by involuntary action as he spoke, was related to him by Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree). That famous actress, when a girl, acted with Macready, and there was a moment in one of the performances when he placed his hand, by no means gently, on her juvenile head, rumpling her hair and causing her much annoyance. She complained of this, but her complaint was disregarded, and the eminent actor continued to express the fervor of his emotion by pawing her head with much more than needful energy. "I was mischievous," she said, "and one night I had my hair done up with a number of small pins in it, points upward, and that time when he seized me by the hair he instantly let go, with a horrified gasp and a grunt of rage, and after that he was very careful when he touched my head." Booth's imitation of Macready's mingled solemnity, consternation, and wrath while acting that scene was exceedingly ludicrous.

At times his humor was satirical. When leaving a church in Boston after the funeral of the eminent essayist and critic, Edwin Percy Whipple—obsequies which he had attended in company with Lawrence Barrett, and at that friend's suggestion, and during which he had been annoyed as well as amused by the convulsive facial contortions of the officiating clergyman—he remarked to Barrett: "I knew Mr. Whipple, but I never expected I should be so sorry to attend his funeral." When a stage-struck lunatic named Mark Gray attempted to murder him in Chicago, during a performance of "King Richard II" (April 23, 1879, at McVicker's Theatre), firing at him twice with a pistol from a place in the second balcony, Booth calmly advanced to the front of the stage and, pointing at the madman, directed that he be seized, and then, after a brief absence from the scene, to reassure his wife, composedly finished his performance. Later he caused one of the bullets to be extracted from a piece of scenery where it had lodged, and had it mounted as a charm for his watch chain, inscribed: "*To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray.*" That sinister relic he customarily wore. It is no part of my purpose here to rehearse the minute particulars of Booth's professional career, but as this year brings the twentieth anniversary of his death—and twenty years is a long period of time, in the course of which many things can be forgotten—it will not be superfluous to mention the principal facts of the great actor's story. He was born November 13, 1833, at Bel Air, near Baltimore, and he died June 7, 1893, at the clubhouse of "The Players," New York, and was buried at Mount Auburn, near Boston. He lived nearly sixty years, and during about forty-two of those years he was on the stage. His first professional appearance was made September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum as Tressel in Cibber's version of Shakespeare's "King Richard III." His last appearance was made April 4, 1891, at the old Brooklyn Academy of Music, as Hamlet.

Booth was not, in the scholastic sense of the word, educated. He attended school for a short time in boyhood, and he received some instruction from his father, whose scholarship was considerable. As a youth he participated in amateur theatrical performances, and while traveling with his father, as dresser and helper, he closely observed and involuntarily imbibed the professional methods of that wonderful histrionic genius—methods, however, which at last were merged into a style of his own, which was unique. His first appearance on the New York stage was made September 27, 1850, at the National Theatre, Chatham Square, as Wilford, in Colman's tragedy of "The Iron Chest." In 1852 he went with his father to California, and there he remained till the autumn of 1856 (incidentally, 1854, making a professional visit to Australia and the Samoan and Sandwich Islands), acting whenever and wherever he could, and playing parts of all kinds.

On returning to the East he appeared at Baltimore, made a tour of a few cities, and on April 20, 1857, gained a brilliant success at the Boston Theatre as Sir Giles Overreach, in Massinger's tragical drama of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." That night I saw him for the first time, and saw his audience thrilled by his magnetic acting. From that point his progress was swift to indisputable eminence. He managed the Winter Garden Theatre in New York almost continuously from 1862 to 1867, when it was burned down; he opened Booth's Theatre, New York, February 3, 1869, and managed it till 1873; he acted in England in 1861, 1880, 1881, and 1882; he made a triumphant tour of European continental cities in 1883; he made many tours of the United States; and he founded "The Players" in 1888. He was twice married—in 1860 to Mary Devlin, who died in 1863, and in 1869 to Mary Frances McVicker (real name Runnion), who died in 1881. He earned and lost several fortunes, he left property valued at nearly $700,000, and, which is of more importance to the world, he exerted a tremendous influence for good, and he left an illustrious name.

Edwin Booth was greatly attached to his father, Junius Brutus Booth; loved him in life and sacredly cherished his memory. It is difficult to write of the son without some mention of the father, by whom he was so much influenced, both as man and actor. The elder Booth, whose acting I saw and can never forget, though I was only a youth when I saw it, was one of those erratic beings who perplex observation and sometimes almost persuade belief that genius is madness. Many anecdotes of his amazing behavior, inexplicable except on the ground of insanity, have been told to me in time past by intimate friends of his, such as James Oakes (whom old New Yorkers and Bostonians have not forgotten), Frank S. Chanfrau, and various other players who acted with him. He was cursed with that propensity for intoxicating drink which is apt to beset public performers, when fatigue or dejection or private grief makes them dubious of their power to "rise to the occasion"; but periodic inebriety did not fully explain the wild proceedings of Junius Booth. He was intellectual, spiritual, religious, accomplished, sensitive in temperament, and domestic in taste, yet his conduct at times was delirious or outrageous, or both. The tragedian Forrest, who knew him well, believed him to be mad. Late in the night of April 15, 1865, John McCullough went to Forrest's bedroom in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, and roused that veteran, telling him news had come of the assassination of President Lincoln, and that the murderer was said to be John Wilkes Booth, with whom both were acquainted. "But I don't believe it," McCullough declared. "*I do!*" said Forrest; "it's true. All those —— —— Booths are crazy."

Chanfrau, an actor of fine and varied ability, and one whose faculty of imitation was extraordinary, often told me stories of "old Booth," and adroitly copied his voice and manner. Booth commonly lodged at the City Hotel in New York—long ago demolished—and his customary arena when acting in the capital was the theatre in Chatham Square, of which Chanfrau once happened to be stage manager. Booth had been engaged for a few nights, and Chanfrau had exacted from him a solemn promise that he would abstain from drink as long as his engagement lasted. "One night he went to the stage door," Chanfrau told me, "and spoke to an attendant of his, saying: 'My lad, go over to the hotel and tell the clerk that—' Just then I opened the door outside of which I had been standing, and stood before him, whereupon he suddenly switched the message, which would have been for a bottle of brandy, and concluded, very earnestly, pretending not to notice me: 'Tell him that I want to know if there are *any letters* for me!' My coming saved him, but he was disappointed and much displeased."

THE ELDER BOOTH'S LEGACY OF WOE

THERE are many anecdotes illustrative of the gifted player's infirmity, some of them comic, some of them very sad. He was a glorious actor, but a deplorably unfortunate man, and it cannot be doubted that some of his descendants inherited from him a legacy of woe. The appalling deed committed by his son, John Wilkes, was possible only to a madman, and only a few months ago, his grandson, Junius, committed suicide after killing his wife, for no known reason but that he was despondent and miserable.

In the "Life of Edmund Kean" it is recorded that his attached and faithful servant, Fletcher, who customarily attended that vagrant genius and tried to keep him from tipsy excess, always desisted, in despair, when his master began to talk Latin, exclaiming: "He's going to make a beast of himself now, and nothing can stop him!" Edwin told me that one sign of an approaching paroxysm of his father's deplorable appetite for liquor was his use of a peculiar gesture, sawing the air with his right hand beside his head, and that when, as sometimes happened, he would try to separate him from his boon companions, his father would use that ominous gesture, saying: "Go away, young man, go away! By G——, sir, I'll put you aboard a man-o'-war, sir." "But," he added, "I could do more with him than anybody else at such times." That incident is sufficiently significant of the trying circumstances amid which Edwin Booth's boyhood was passed.



Booth as Iago

"No such acting as his in consummately tragic scenes is ever witnessed in this period"

Edwin talked to me often and freely about his father, telling various anecdotes illustrative of his peculiarities and of the strangeness of his own experiences as the elder actor's companion and guardian. One of them I recall, relative to Junius and his apostle, Thomas R. Gould, well known in his day in Boston as

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a sculptor and also as a writer. Gould admired the elder Booth almost to adoration. The most minute and instructive account that exists of Booth's acting was written by him—a book called "The Tragedian"—and Gould's marble bust of Booth, a noble work of art (made before the comedian Flynn broke his nose with a pewter pot), is the best likeness of that great actor. But Gould's assiduous personal attentions to Booth became wearisome to that eccentric man, and vexed him. Peculiar discretion is sometimes requisite to those who would praise and please eminent persons. Booth, when acting in Boston, customarily lodged at an old hotel called the Albion, situated in Tremont Street, at the northwest corner of Court Street. "One day," said Edwin, "my father dashed into the bedroom where I was sitting and, almost breathless with haste, exclaimed: 'Gould! Coming up! Say I'm out,' and literally dove underneath the bed. I received Mr. Gould, who seemed surprised not to find my father (I think he had seen him rushing upstairs), and he talked with me for several minutes. Then there was a moment of silence, and my father, becoming impatient, thrust his head out from under the bed, inquiring as he did so: 'Is that damned bore gone yet?' Imagine the effect!"

Poor Gould had incurred the penalty of too much zeal. He was a man of uncommon ability in his profession, as many pieces of statuary, made by him, remain to testify. He was born in Boston, 1818, and died in Florence, Italy, 1881.

CALIFORNIA DAYS

EDWIN BOOTH'S early and thorough professional training was obtained on the Pacific Coast, where his California life was one of much vicissitude. At one time—as he told me—he lived in a hut, in the environs of San Francisco, with Dave Anderson (remembered as a good actor of eccentric parts and old men), sharing everything, including housework. "We had a horse and wagon," Edwin said, "and we drove into town to get provisions. Kidneys were cheap, and we bought them whenever we could. Opposite the butcher's shop Dave would rein in and hold up his hand, shouting 'Kid?' and often the butcher would shake his head and reply 'No kid!' and we would drive on—without meat for dinner." But Booth's California life, if rough and hard, was wild and free, and I doubt whether he was ever again as truly happy as he was then. I know that in the later days of his great renown he was often very wretched.

A man more susceptible of suffering I have not known. One day at his summer residence in Newport, Booth told me that he thought he had been cruel, and felt sorry for it. He was much dejected. On inquiry as to the cause of his disquietude I learned from him that the flies had been exceedingly numerous and troublesome, and that he had made use of a liquid poison, recommended by an acquaintance, to destroy them. "I was much amused," he said, "in watching them after they had tasted the stuff, because they would become as though drunk, and wobble about and topple over in a most ludicrous manner. But suddenly I realized that, as death was not instantaneous, they must be *suffering*, and I have been grieved about it ever since." There was no affectation in this. His remorse was genuine, and it was painful to see. The same extreme sensibility characterized his father. Edwin, speaking of him, told me: "He was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew. He would not allow any living thing on the farm [at Bel Air] to be killed. There was a huge and villainous toad whose favorite seat was on a projecting bit of stone in the side of a large well. I detested the thing, but my father would not allow it to be harmed or in any way disturbed or annoyed." A contemporary medical pundit has discovered and proclaimed that such feelings denote effeminate weakness; perhaps they do. For me they revive the moral of Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well":

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

John Wilkes was—so Edwin told me—his father's favorite child, but the father depended more on Edwin than on any other member of the family. As an actor, John, whose acting I saw and carefully observed at Wood's Broadway Theatre, was raw and crude, and much given to boisterous declamation and violent demeanor, but he was talented, and if he had lived longer and studied his art he might have attained to a high position. He was handsome and dashing; he gained some measure of public admiration, and with members of the dramatic profession he was a favorite. The late Mrs. Gilbert, who had acted with him, entertained a high opinion of him, a fact which speaks much for his good qualities. McCullough liked him. So did John S. Clarke. So did the late Edwin Varrey, a fine actor and one of the best of men. His brother Edwin loved him and pitied him, and to the last he kept a framed picture of him in his bedroom. Everybody was horrified by his terrible crime—no person more horrified or afflicted than Edwin, who immediately withdrew from the stage and would never have returned to it if he had not been compelled to do so by the heavy financial responsibilities resting on him at that time as manager of theatres in Philadelphia and New York.

The stage associates of John Wilkes Booth at first utterly disbelieved and scoffed at the statement that he had shot the President, declaring it incredible that such a man could do such a deed. But so it was, and the wretched fugitive outlaw was shot and his body brought to Washington and buried beneath the granite basement floor of the old Capitol Prison; but some years afterward the remains were disinterred and given to Edwin, who conveyed them to Baltimore, for interment near the grave of the elder Booth in Fairmount Cemetery. A ridiculous story went the rounds of the newspaper press not many years ago, to the effect that John Wilkes Booth escaped and went into the Southwest, and was there recognized by several persons who had known him in early life, including the comedian Jefferson.

AN IDLE TALE

ANOTHER idle tale that was circulated told of Edwin's malediction on the memory of his brother—the fact being that he carefully avoided the subject, seldom mentioned John's name, was haunted and unspeakably distressed by remembrance of his monstrous deed and tragic fate, and mourned for him all the days of his life. One strange scene in that afflicting tragedy was the destruction of the stage wardrobe of John Wilkes. This occurred at night in the basement of Booth's Theatre, where, under Edwin's direction, only one other person being present, every garment that had been owned by his brother was cast into a blazing furnace and consumed.

When Edwin reappeared on the stage, about nine months after the murder of Lincoln, a savage attempt was made in the press of New York—not in all the papers, but in one, particularly, of great influence—to incite hostility toward him because of his brother's crime; but that malignancy, unjust and cruel, utterly failed. I rejoice to remember that, as a journalist, speaking through several mediums, I used every means in my power to defend Booth and defeat that dastardly attack on him. His reentrance was made January 3, 1866, at the Winter Garden, as Hamlet, and the welcome extended to him surpassed in its enthusiasm anything of the kind that old playgoers had ever seen, and it left no shadow of doubt that the community had no intention of permitting an innocent man to be ruined for the offense of a crazy relative. The theatre was densely crowded, and as Booth came on the stage the audience rose and cheered him again and again, making every possible demonstration of sympathy and friendship. As I looked around on that tumultuous assemblage I saw not even one person who had remained seated. The excitement was prodigious, and Booth was so much affected that he could hardly control himself sufficiently to begin his performance. He never acted better than he did on that memorable night.



Booth as Richard III—In Shakespearian drama he gained his eminence

Forty-four years have passed since Booth opened his magnificent theatre in New York at the southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue—a site then considered far uptown. In that house sumptuous presentments were made of "Hamlet," "King Richard III," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," etc., and the grandest production ever seen of Bulwer's noble play of "Richelieu" was accomplished. In his management of the theatre Booth was all that is meant by the word gentleman. Dion Boucicault, cynic and scoffer though he was, said: "I have been in every theatre, I think, in Christendom, and Booth's Theatre is the only theatre that I have seen properly managed." Once when a clergyman wrote to Edwin, asking to be admitted at a side door so that he might escape observation, Booth answered: "There is no door in my theatre through which God cannot see."



Booth loved to act Richelieu, and in that part he surpassed all other actors

OTHER FAVORITE RÔLES

IT IS particularly worth while at this time, when dominant theatrical managers, closing their eyes to the obvious truth, still, parrotlike, declare that "Shakespeare Spells Ruin," to remember that Booth gained his eminence and made his fortune entirely with the Standard Drama. His repertory included eleven of Shakespeare's plays. He liked to act comedy, as a relief to his feelings, and he often did so, but by nature he was a tragedian, and it was in tragedy that he excelled. Edmund Kean was supreme in pathos; the elder Booth in terror; Edwin Booth moved with equal felicity in either realm. No such acting as his in such consummate tragic scenes as those of Lear's imprecation on Goneril and Regan, Macbeth's murder of King Duncan, Shylock's torrent of wrath, Bertuccio's frightful agony of supplication, Richelieu's awful ecclesiastical threat, and the anathema of Lucius Brutus on the miscreant Tarquin is ever seen in this period. In all such exacting passages his voice was magnificent, his action illuminative, his elocution faultless, his fiery energy that of the tempest. He was a wonderful actor, and especially he was wonderful in his faculty of artistic control; after he had curbed and subdued the exuberance of youth he never lost perfect command of himself. Once when he had just finished one of the most tremendous outbursts of passion in Othello, and aroused his audience to the highest pitch of excitement, he moved upstage in apparently pitiable anguish, and said in a low tone to his nephew, Wilfred Clarke, standing in the wings: "Will, did you see that big rat run across the stage?"

Edwin loved to act Richelieu, and in that part he surpassed all other actors. He grew weary of acting Hamlet. His wife, Mary McVicker, told me it was her custom to lay out in the morning the dress of the part that he was to act at night, and so to apprise him of the approaching professional duty, and that whenever he saw the dress of Hamlet he would become moody and fretful, but that when he saw the garments of Don Cæsar de Bazan or Petruchio he was pleased. He liked Shylock, for an actor's reason, that it is a splendidly effective part; his fine performance of it was exceedingly popular. He discarded Sir Edward Mortimer—in which, as a young man, he had won great success—and also Sir Giles Overreach and Pescara, because he considered them too dark and repellant, and he told me that he was inclined to discard Bertuccio for the same reason. First and last he acted at least two hundred parts, but his customary repertory included only sixteen.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL"

THE last days of Edwin Booth afforded a signal illustration of Tennyson's expressive line: "The set gray life and apathetic end." His successful establishment of "The Players," upon which his heart had long been set and by which, as he said to me, he confidently hoped to cause the actors to hold their profession in higher esteem, had fulfilled his final ambition, and, though for a while he remained on the stage, he neither attempted nor desired to accomplish anything more. His home was in the clubhouse, where his rooms, reverently kept as they were when he left them forever, remain unoccupied and unused—an impressive and touching memorial. One evening when I was

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The Heart of the Question

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most beautiful railroad station in America is in Washington; even in that city of splendid buildings, its lovely beauty is unique and impressive. Carved in its marble façades are several inscriptions which were written by ex-President Eliot of Harvard, or chosen by him because of their appropriateness to that particular building in that particular city. One of them reads:

> THE FARM
> BEST HOME OF THE FAMILY
> MAIN SOURCE OF NATIONAL WEALTH
> FOUNDATION OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY
> THE NATURAL PROVIDENCE

Every Congressman, every lawmaker, every administrator of laws who comes to Washington must pass beneath the marble arch which bears that inscription. At least once, in the freshness of novelty, he must be impressed by it; thereafter it becomes an old story, and he hurries past, unseeing. (That is one of the perils of Washington; the man who stays there too long runs the risk of absorbing its exotic atmosphere and forgetting the views, desires, and needs of the people he comes from. Thoughtful men know the risk and consciously avoid it: President Wilson said the other day that, since his body for the next four years must be in Washington, it is all the more essential that his mind should get its inspiration from the rest of the country.)

In Dr. Eliot intellectual accuracy is even more marked than dignity of phrase. This inscription expresses a truth that is fundamental in human society. But for more than a generation, with one brief and abortive interruption, the Government at Washington has been in the hands of a party whose philosophy ignores this truth. The protective tariff drains the farm and enriches the town, destroys the home and fills the factory, promotes the concentration of wealth instead of its diffusion. Under the Republican party this process has been pushed to a point that endangers our civilization: the reversal that began at Washington on Monday comes barely in time. Socially, economically, and politically, the country is ripe and overripe for change. At this particular period in this nation's existence, *if any statesman will base his course on the social philosophy contained in Dr. Eliot's words, the very stars in their courses will care for his destiny.*

By Its Fruits

JUST what the protective tariff has produced in America is typified in the city of Lawrence, Mass. At the time of the strike, one of the most thoughtful writers in America visited Lawrence and wrote for one of the magazines a description of the town, parts of which are here reproduced to show *exactly what kind of community the high protective tariff produces*.

> As I went among the tenements of Lawrence I was struck by the extraordinary absence of old men and old women.
>
> The mills want only strength and health—and when they have skimmed the cream of youth from humanity, the remnant goes to the scrap heap with their half-used machinery.

That is exactly what the high protective tariff has been doing for fifty years. First, it used up a generation of native youths; it kept the young women in the mills during the period when they might have borne children and raised them. The natives exhausted, the mills then drew upon the children of the German and Irish immigrants, the first American-born of those races. After the Germans and Irish were gone, the mill owners searched eastern Europe—but here is the description:

> The presence of thirty nationalities struggling for labor in Lawrence has enabled the mill owners . . . to pay the lowest possible wages.

That is the idea; it is easy to get a fresh supply, because the tariff in the past has meant *protection for the product*, but *free trade in* the most important of the raw materials, which is labor—that is to say, *human beings*.

> They are able to play race against race. One of the bosses told me with some pride how he once threatened the Poles who were employed almost exclusively in one of his departments (for men with the same language and the same friends love to work together) with displacement by Italians if they did not do as he ordered.
>
> *American workmen with American standards have disappeared from the textile industry, and even the solid English and Scotch workers are now flying before the immigrants from southern Europe, who can, or will, attempt to exist on lower wages.* There have been numerous feeble fights by working people to stem the tide—there was a strike in 1895 against the "black people" (i. e., the dark people of southern Europe) who were crowding in. But against the mill owners and the great steamship companies which have been eagerly inviting more and more of these people to come, such a feeble effort of the workers proved unavailing.

Now consider Lawrence in its aspect as a living home for human beings:

> For the workmen it meant the lowest possible standards of living. No man can support a family on $300 or $400 a year even though he lives in the meanest way. The result was that the wife also had to go into the mills, followed by one child after another, as fast as they arrived at the legal age. It took the combined earnings of many members of the family to feed and clothe the family. **This meant the break-up of all decent family life and all effort toward real civilized development.** Some of the tenements of Lawrence are the worst I ever saw.
>
> It is an undoubted fact that there is an appalling amount of underfeeding. I asked the ages of many young people I met, and they looked (and they were) stunted, not fully developed. . . .
>
> The result of all this is a high death rate, especially from diseases resulting from exposure and poor sanitary conditions—like pneumonia. Also, the young children die at an appalling rate (160 per 1,000). I thought of the 154 pauper burials in Lawrence in 1910—a higher rate in proportion to the population than that of New York City—and among people where pauper burial is a lasting disgrace to the family.

So much for the people of Lawrence. That is what the high protective tariff has done for them. Turn now to the other extreme, the mill owners. What the protective tariff has done for them is not important, of course. They do not form as much as one-tenth of one per cent of the population. The desirability of any economic policy must be judged, of course, by its effect on the masses of the people. Nevertheless it is interesting to see just what the protective tariff has produced at the top of the feudal order. (Of course the mere fact that *the protective tariff does divide society into widely separated extremes is important*, for that fact in itself makes the perpetuation of a democracy more difficult.)

> Among them [the stockholders] are some of the finest people in New England. Many live in Boston, and are among the most cultured and delightful people in the world. Among them are representatives of some of the strong old families of Massachusetts, such names as Lowell, Lawrence, Lyman, Coolidge, Amory, Ayer. It can almost be said that the aristocracy of Boston is based upon the profits of the textile mills of New England. . . . Many of them are interested in "all good works." I know as a fact that there are no people in the country who have contributed more liberally to the education and uplift of Southern negroes, to missions in Hawaii, and to many other good causes than these men of Boston. But about conditions in the dark alleys of Lawrence, where their own money comes from, apparently they know very little, nor do they want to know. Here, indeed, is an astonishing fact, which I feel like having printed in large letters:
>
> *Not a single large stockholder in the Lawrence mills lives in Lawrence. Not one.*

Does the South Want This?

WHAT IS DESCRIBED *on this page exists for all the world to see. Lawrence is repeated a hundred times in Massachussetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and all those Northern States where the high protective tariff has been in operation. That there should be, in the face of this, in the Southern States, persons who would like a protective tariff extended so as to cover their own communities, is one of the facts of existence not easily believed. Of course the ones who entertain this wish are those who would, under the régime they hope for, belong to the mill-owning, not the mill-working, class. But, even so, such selfishness, such willingness to profit personally at so frightful a cost to the general good, is not easily credible.*

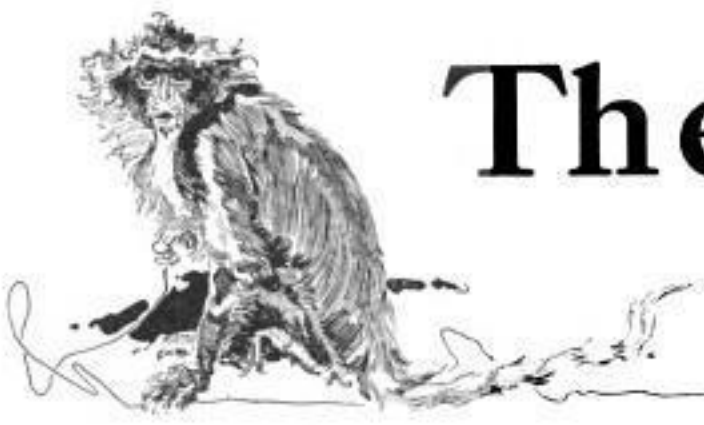
Hon. Henry T. Rainey of Carrollton, Ill., is one of the Democratic leaders of Congress. He is serving his eleventh consecutive year and is a member of the Ways and Means Committee. He writes:

". . . In the absence of some such system as you have invented it is absolutely impossible for any person interested to look up the record of a member of Congress. I would not want to attempt it myself, familiar as I am with the Congressional Record. It would take hours and perhaps days of work to acquire the information about one member which can be acquired in a few minutes by looking over your lists. I am in favor of the widest publicity in matters of this kind, and I know of no better method than the method you have adopted"

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The Call of Siva

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll

The Fifth Adventure of Nayland Smith in Pursuit of

Fu-Manchu

MY HEAD throbbed madly; my brain seemed to be clogged—inert; and though my first, feeble movement was followed by the rattle of a chain, some moments more elapsed ere I realized that the chain was fastened to a steel collar—that the steel collar was clasped about my neck!

I moaned weakly.

"Smith!" I muttered. "Where are you? Smith!"

On to my knees I struggled, and the pain on the top of my skull grew all but unsupportable. It was coming back to me now; how Nayland Smith and I had started for the hotel to warn Graham Guthrie; how, as we passed up the steps from the Embankment and into Essex Street, we saw the big motor standing before the door of one of the offices. I could recall coming up level with the car—a modern limousine; but my mind retained no impression of our having passed it—only a vague memory of a rush of footsteps—a blow—

Groping in the darkness, my hands touched a body that lay close beside me. My fingers sought and found the throat—sought and found the steel collar about it.

"Smith!" I groaned; and I shook the still form. "Smith, old man—speak to me! Smith!"

Could he be dead? Was this the end of his gallant fight with Dr. Fu-Manchu and the murder group? If so, what did the future hold for me—what had I to face?

HE STIRRED beneath my trembling hands.

"Thank God!" I muttered, and I cannot deny that my joy was tainted with selfishness. For, waking in that impenetrable darkness, I had known what fear meant at the realization that alone, chained, I must face the dreadful Chinese doctor.

Smith began incoherent mutterings.

"Sandbagged! Look out, Petrie!—he has us at last! Oh, heavens!" He struggled on to his knees, clutching at my hand.

"All right, old man," I said. "We are both alive! So let's be thankful!"

A moment's silence, a groan, then:

"Petrie—I have dragged you into this. God forgive me—"

"Dry up, Smith," I said shortly. "I'm not a child. There is no question of being dragged into the matter. I'm here; and if I can be of any use, I'm glad that I am here!"

He grasped my hand.

"There were two Chinese, in European clothes—Lord, how my head throbs!—in that office door. They sandbagged us, Petrie—think of it!—in broad daylight, within hail of the Strand! We were rushed into the car—and it was all over before—" His voice grew faint. "Gad! they gave me an awful knock!"

"Why have we been spared, Smith? Do you think he is saving us for—"

"Don't, Petrie! If you had been in China; if you had seen—what I have seen—"

FOOTSTEPS sounded on a flagged passage. A blade of light crept across the floor toward us. My brain was growing clearer. The place had a damp, earthen smell; it was slimy—some noisome cellar. A door was thrown open and a man entered, carrying a lantern. Its light showed my surmise to be accurate—showed the slime-coated walls of a dungeon some fifteen feet square—shone upon the long yellow robe of the man who stood watching us—upon the malignant, intellectual countenance.

It was Dr. Fu-Manchu.

At last they were face to face—the head of the great yellow movement and the man who fought on behalf of the entire white race. How can I paint the individual who now stood before us—perhaps the greatest genius of modern times?

Of him it had been fitly said that he had a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan. Something serpentine, hypnotic, was in his very presence. Smith drew one sharp breath, and was silent. Together, chained to the wall, two medieval captives, living mockeries of our boasted modern security, we crouched before Dr. Fu-Manchu.

He came forward with an indescribable gait, catlike and upward, carrying his high shoulders almost hunched. He placed the lantern in a niche in the wall, never turning away the reptilian gaze of those eyes which must haunt my dreams forever. They were green with an iridescence which hitherto I had only supposed possible in the eye of a cat. A kind of film intermittently clouded their brightness—but I can speak of them no more.

I had never supposed, prior to meeting Dr. Fu-Manchu, that so intense a force of malignancy could radiate—for it seemed to radiate—from any human being. He spoke. His English was perfect, though at times his words were oddly chosen; his delivery alternately was guttural and sibilant.

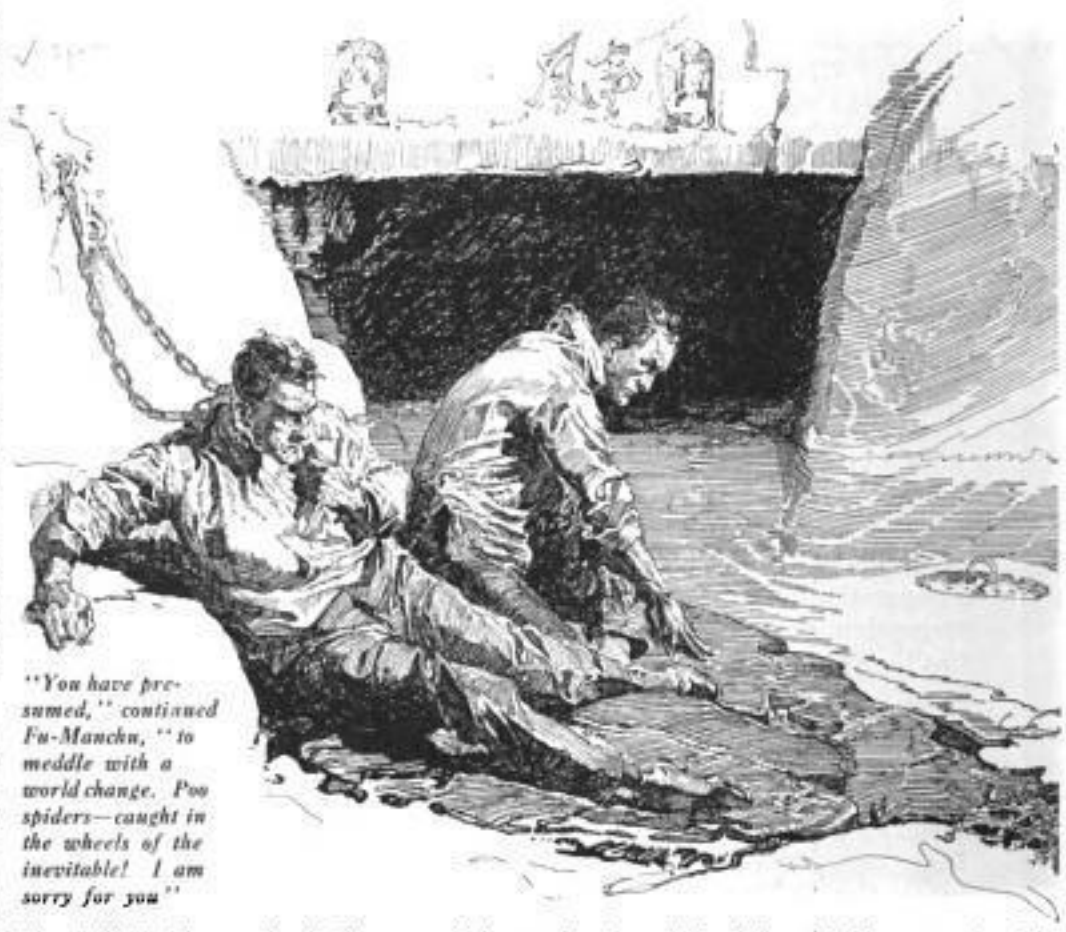
"Mr. Smith and Dr. Petrie, your interference with my plans has gone too far. I have seriously turned my attention to you."

HE DISPLAYED his teeth, small and evenly separated, but discolored in a way that was familiar to me. I studied his eyes with a new, professional interest, which even the extremity of our danger could not wholly banish. Their greenness seemed to be of the iris; the pupil was oddly contracted—a pin point.

Smith leaned back against the wall with assumed indifference.

"You have presumed," continued Fu-Manchu, "to meddle with a world change. Poor spiders—caught in the wheels of the inevitable! You have linked my name with the futility of the Young China movement — the name of Fu-Manchu! Mr. Smith, you are an incompetent meddler—I despise you! Dr. Petrie, you are a fool—I am sorry for you!"

He rested one bony hand on his hip, narrowing the long eyes as he looked down on us. The purposeful cruelty of the man was inherent; it was entirely untheatrical. Still Smith remained silent.



"You have presumed," continued Fu-Manchu, "to meddle with a world change. Poor spiders—caught in the wheels of the inevitable! I am sorry for you"

"So I am determined to remove you from the scene of your blunders!" added Fu-Manchu.

"Opium will very shortly do the same for you!" I rapped at him savagely.

Without emotion he turned the narrowed eyes upon me.

"That is a matter of opinion, doctor," he said. "You may have lacked the opportunities which have been mine for studying that subject—and in any event I shall not be privileged to enjoy your advice in the future!"

"You will not long outlive me!" I replied. "And our deaths will not profit you, incidentally, because—" Smith's foot touched mine.

"Because?" inquired Fu-Manchu softly. "Ah! Mr. Smith is so prudent! He is thinking that I have *files!*" He pronounced the word in a way that made me shudder. "Mr. Smith has seen a *wire jacket!* Have you ever seen a wire jacket, doctor? As a surgeon its functions would interest you!"

I stifled a cry that rose to my lips; for with a shrill whistling sound, a small shape came bounding into the dimly lit vault, then shot upward. A marmoset landed on the shoulder of Dr. Fu-Manchu and peered grotesquely into the dreadful yellow face. The doctor raised his bony hand and fondled the little creature, crooning to it unintelligibly.

"One of my pets, Mr. Smith," he said, suddenly opening his eyes fully so that they blazed like green lamps. "I have others—equally useful! My scorpions—have you met my scorpions? No? My pythons and hamadryads? Then there are my fungi and my tiny allies, the *bacilli*. I have a collection in my laboratory quite unique! Have you ever visited Molokai, the leper island, doctor? No? But Mr. Nayland Smith will be familiar with the asylum at Rangoon! And we must not forget my black spiders, with their diamond eyes—my spiders that sit in the dark and watch—then leap!"

HE RAISED his lean hands, so that the sleeve of the robe fell back to the elbow, and the ape dropped, chattering, to the floor and ran from the cellar.

"O God of Cathay!" he cried, "by what death shall they die—these miserable ones who would bind thine empire, which is boundless!"

Like some priest of Tezcat he stood, his eyes upraised to the roof, his lean body quivering—a sight to shock the most unimpressionable mind.

"He is mad!" I whispered to Smith. "God help us, the man is a dangerous homicidal maniac!"

Nayland Smith's tanned face was very drawn, but he shook his head grimly.

"Dangerous, yes, I agree," he muttered; "his existence is a danger to the entire white race, which now we are powerless to avert!"

Dr. Fu-Manchu recovered himself, took up the lantern, and, turning abruptly, walked to the door, with his awkward yet feline gait. At the threshold he looked back.

"You would have warned Mr. Graham Guthrie?" he said in a soft voice. "To-night, at half-past twelve, Mr. Graham Guthrie dies."

Smith sat silent and motionless, his eyes fixed upon the speaker.

"You were in Rangoon in 1908?" continued Dr. Fu-Manchu. "You remember the Call?"

From somewhere above us—I could not determine the exact direction—came a low, wailing cry, an uncanny thing of falling cadences, which, in that dismal vault, with the sinister, yellow-robed figure at the door, seemed to pour ice into my veins. Its effect upon Smith was truly extraordinary. His face showed grayly in the faint light, and I heard him draw a hissing breath through clenched teeth.

"It calls for *you!*" said Fu-Manchu. "At half-past twelve it calls for Graham Guthrie!"

The door closed and darkness mantled us again.

"Smith!" I said, "what in God's name was that?" The horrors about us, real and imagined, were playing havoc with my nerves.

"It was the Call of Siva!" replied Smith hoarsely.

"What is it? Who uttered it? What does it mean?"

"I don't know what it is, Petrie, nor who utters it. But it means death!"

THERE may be some who could have lain, chained to the wall of that noisome cell, and felt no fear—no dread of what the blackness might hold. I confess that I am not of these. I knew that Nayland Smith and I stood in the path of the most stupendous genius who, in the world's history, had devoted his intellect to crime. I knew that the enormous wealth of the polit-

ical group backing Dr. Fu-Manchu rendered him a menace to Europe and to America greater than that of the plague. He was a scientist trained at a great university—an explorer of nature's secrets who had gone farther into the unknown, I suppose, than any living man. His mission was to remove all obstacles—human obstacles—from the path of that secret movement which was progressing in the Far East. Smith and I were two such obstacles; and of all the horrible devices at his command I wondered, and my tortured brain refused to leave the subject, by which of them we were doomed to be dispatched.

EVEN at that very moment some venomous centipede might be wriggling toward me over the slime of the stones, some poisonous spider be preparing to drop from the roof! Fu-Manchu might have released a serpent in the cellar, or the air be alive with microbes of a loathsome disease!

"Smith!" I said, scarcely recognizing my own voice, "I can't bear this suspense! He intends to kill us, that is certain; but—"

"Don't worry," came the reply, "he intends to learn our plans first."

"You mean—"

"You heard him speak of his files and of his wire jacket!"

"O my God!" I groaned. "Can this be England!"

Smith laughed dryly, and I heard him fumbling with the steel collar about his neck.

"I have one great hope," he said, "since you share my captivity; but we must neglect no minor chance. Try with your pocketknife if you can force the lock. I am trying to break this one."

Truth to tell, the idea had not entered my half-dazed mind, but I immediately acted upon my friend's suggestion, setting to work with the small blade of my knife. I was so engaged, and, having snapped one blade, was about to open another, when a sound arrested me. It came from beneath my feet.



"Smith!" I whispered. "Listen!"

The scraping and clicking which told of Smith's efforts ceased. Motionless we sat in that humid darkness and listened.

Something was moving beneath the stones of the cellar. I held my breath; every nerve in my body was strung up.

A line of light showed a few feet from where we lay. It widened—became an oblong. A trap was lifted, and, within a yard of me, there rose a dimly seen head. Horror I had expected—and death, or worse. Instead, I saw a lovely face crowned with a disordered mass of curling hair; I saw a white arm upholding the stone slab, a shapely arm clasped about the elbow by a broad gold bangle.

THE girl climbed into the cellar and placed a lantern on the stone floor. In the dim light she was unreal—a figure from an opium vision, with her clinging silk draperies and garish jewelry, with her bare feet encased in little red slippers. It was difficult to believe that we were in modern, up-to-date England; easy to dream that we were the captives of a caliph in a dungeon of old Bagdad.

"My prayers are answered," said Smith softly. "She has come—to save *you!*"

"Ssh!" warned the girl, and her wonderful eyes opened widely, fearfully. "A sound and he will kill us all!"

She bent over me; a key jarred in the lock which had broken my penknife—and the collar was off. As I rose to my feet the girl turned and released Smith. She raised the lantern above the trap and signed to us to descend the wooden steps which its light revealed.

"Your knife!" she whispered to me. "Leave it on the floor. He will think you forced the locks. Down! Quickly!"

Nayland Smith disappeared into the darkness. I rapidly followed. Last of all came our mysterious friend, a gold band about one of her ankles gleaming in the rays of the lantern which she carried. We stood in a low arched passage.

"Tie your handkerchiefs over your eyes and do exactly as I tell you!" she ordered.

Neither of us hesitated to obey her. Blindfolded, I allowed her to lead me, and Smith rested his hand upon my shoulder. In that order we proceeded, and came to stone steps, which we ascended.

"Keep to the wall on the left!" came a whisper. "There is danger on the right!"

With my free hand I felt for and found the wall, and we pressed forward. The atmosphere of the place through which we were passing was steamy and loaded with an odor like that of exotic plant life. But a faint animal scent crept to my nostrils too, and there was a subdued stir about me, infinitely suggestive—mysterious.

Now my feet sank in a soft carpet and a curtain brushed my shoulder. A gong sounded. We stopped.

The din of distant drumming came to my ears.

"Where in Heaven's name are we?" hissed Smith in my ear. "That is a tom-tom!"

"Ssh! Ssh!"

THE little hand grasping mine quivered nervously. We were near a door or a window, for a breath of perfume was wafted through the air; and it reminded me of my other meetings with the beautiful woman who was now leading us from the house of Fu-Manchu; who with her own lips had told me that she was his slave. Through the horrible phantasmagoria she flitted—a seductive vision, her piquant loveliness standing out richly in its black setting of murder and devilry. Not once, but a thousand times, I had tried to reason out the nature of the tie which bound her to the sinister doctor.

Silence fell.

"Quick! This way!"

Down a thickly carpeted stair we went. Our guide opened a door and led us along a passage. Another door was opened, and we were in the open air. But the girl never tarried, pulling me along a graveled path, with a fresh breeze blowing in my face, and along until, unmistakably, I stood upon the river bank. Now planking creaked to our tread, and, looking downward beneath the handkerchief, I saw the gleam of water beneath my feet.

"Be careful," I was warned, and found myself stepping into a narrow boat—a punt.

Nayland Smith followed, and the girl pushed the punt off and poled out into the stream.

"Don't speak!" she directed.

My brain was fevered; I scarce knew if I dreamed and was awaking, or if the reality ended with my imprisonment in the clammy cellar and this silent escape, blindfolded, upon the river, with a girl for our guide who might have stepped out of the pages of "The Arabian Nights," were phantasy—the mockery of sleep.

Indeed, I began seriously to doubt if this stream whereon we floated, whose waters plashed and tinkled about us, were the Thames, the Tigris, or the Styx.

The punt touched a bank.

"You will hear a clock strike in a few minutes," said the girl, with her soft, charming accent. "But I rely upon your honor not to remove the handkerchiefs until then. You owe me this."

"We do!" said Smith fervently.

I HEARD him scrambling to the bank, and a moment later a soft hand was placed in mine, and I, too, was guided on to terra firma. Arrived on the bank, I still held the girl's hand, drawing her toward me.

"You must not go back!" I whispered. "We will take care of you. You must not return to—that place!"

"Let me go!" she said. "When, once, I asked you to take me from him, you spoke of police protection—that was your answer. Police protection! You would let them lock me up—imprison me—and make me betray him! For what? For *what?*" She wrenched herself free. "How little you understand me! Never mind. Perhaps one day you will know! Until the clock strikes!"

She was gone. I heard the creak of the punt—the drip of the water from the pole. Fainter it grew—and fainter.

"What is her secret?" muttered Smith beside me. "Why does she cling to that monster?"

The distant sound died away entirely. A clock began to strike; it struck the half hour. In an instant my handkerchief was off, and so was Smith's. We stood upon a towing path. Away to the left the moon shone upon the towers and battlements of an ancient fortress.

It was Windsor Castle!

"Half-past ten," cried Smith. "Two hours to save Graham Guthrie!"

We had exactly fourteen minutes in which to catch the last train to Waterloo; and we caught it. But I sank into a corner of the compartment in a state bordering upon collapse. Neither of us, I think, could have managed another twenty yards. With a lesser stake than a human life at issue, I doubt if we should have attempted that dash to Windsor Station.

"Due at Waterloo at 11.51," panted Smith. "That gives us thirty-nine minutes to get to the other side of the river and reach his hotel."

"Where in Heaven's name is that house situated? Did we come up or down stream?"

"I couldn't determine. But at any rate, it stands close to the riverside. It should be merely a question of time to identify it. I shall set Scotland Yard to work immediately; but I am hoping for nothing. Our escape will warn him."

I said no more for a time, sitting wiping the perspiration from my forehead and watching my friend load his cracked briar with the broad-cut Latakia mixture.

"Smith," I said at last, "what was that horrible wailing we heard—and what did Fu-Manchu mean when he referred to Rangoon? I noticed how it affected you."

My friend nodded and lighted his pipe.

"There was a ghastly business there in 1908, or early in 1909," he replied, "an utterly mysterious epidemic. And this beastly wailing was associated with it."

"In what way?—and what do you mean by an epidemic?"

"It began, I believe, at the Mansions Hotel, in the Cantonments. A young American, whose name I cannot recall, was staying there on business connected with some new iron buildings. One night he went to his room, locked the door, and jumped out of the window into the courtyard. Broke his neck of course."

"Suicide?"

"Apparently. But there were singular features in the case. For instance, his revolver lay beside him, fully loaded!"

"In the courtyard?"

"In the courtyard!"

"Was it murder by any chance?"

SMITH shrugged his shoulders.

"His door was found locked from the inside; had to be broken in."

"But the wailing business?"

"That began later, or was only noticed later. A French doctor, named Lafitte, died in exactly the same way."

"At the same place?"

"At the same hotel, but he occupied a different room. Here is the extraordinary part of the affair: A friend shared the room with him, and actually saw him go!"

"Saw him leap from the window?"

"Yes. The friend—an Englishman—was aroused by the uncanny wailing. I was in Rangoon at the time, so that I know more of the case of Lafitte than of that of the American. I spoke to the man about it personally. He was an electrical engineer, Edward Martin, and he told me that the cry seemed to come from above him."

"It seemed to come from above when we heard it at Fu-Manchu's house."

"Martin sat up in bed; it was a clear moonlight night—the sort of moonlight you get in Burma. Lafitte, for some reason, had just gone to the window. His friend saw him look out. The next moment, with a dreadful scream, he threw himself forward—and crashed down into the courtyard!"

"What then?"

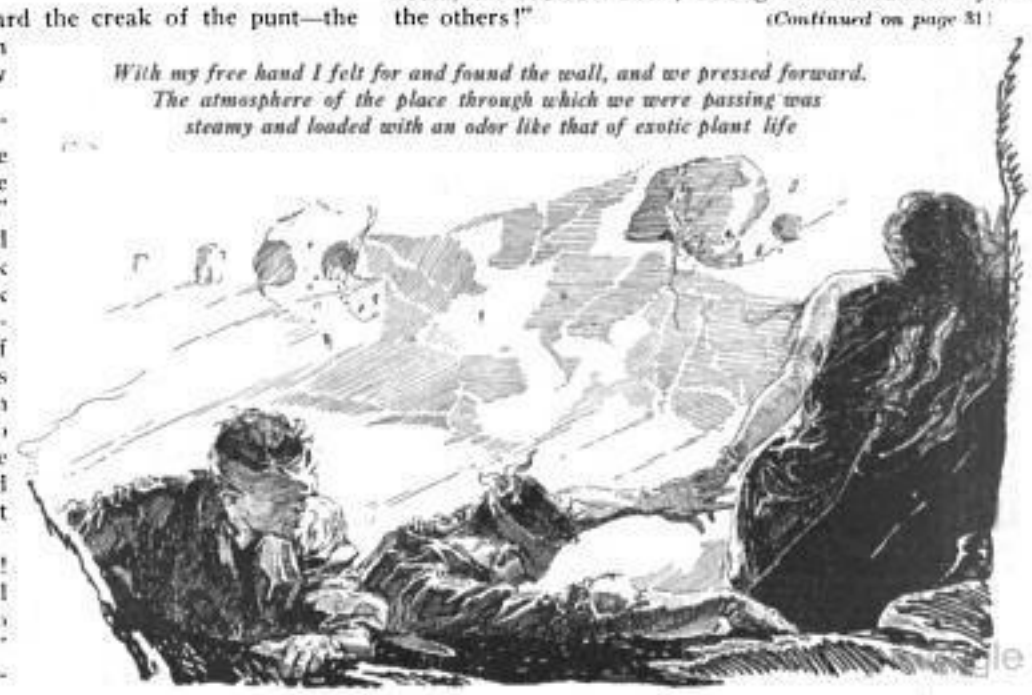
"Martin ran to the window and looked down. Lafitte's scream had aroused the place, of course. But there was absolutely nothing to account for the occurrence. There was no balcony, no ledge, by means of which anyone could reach the window."

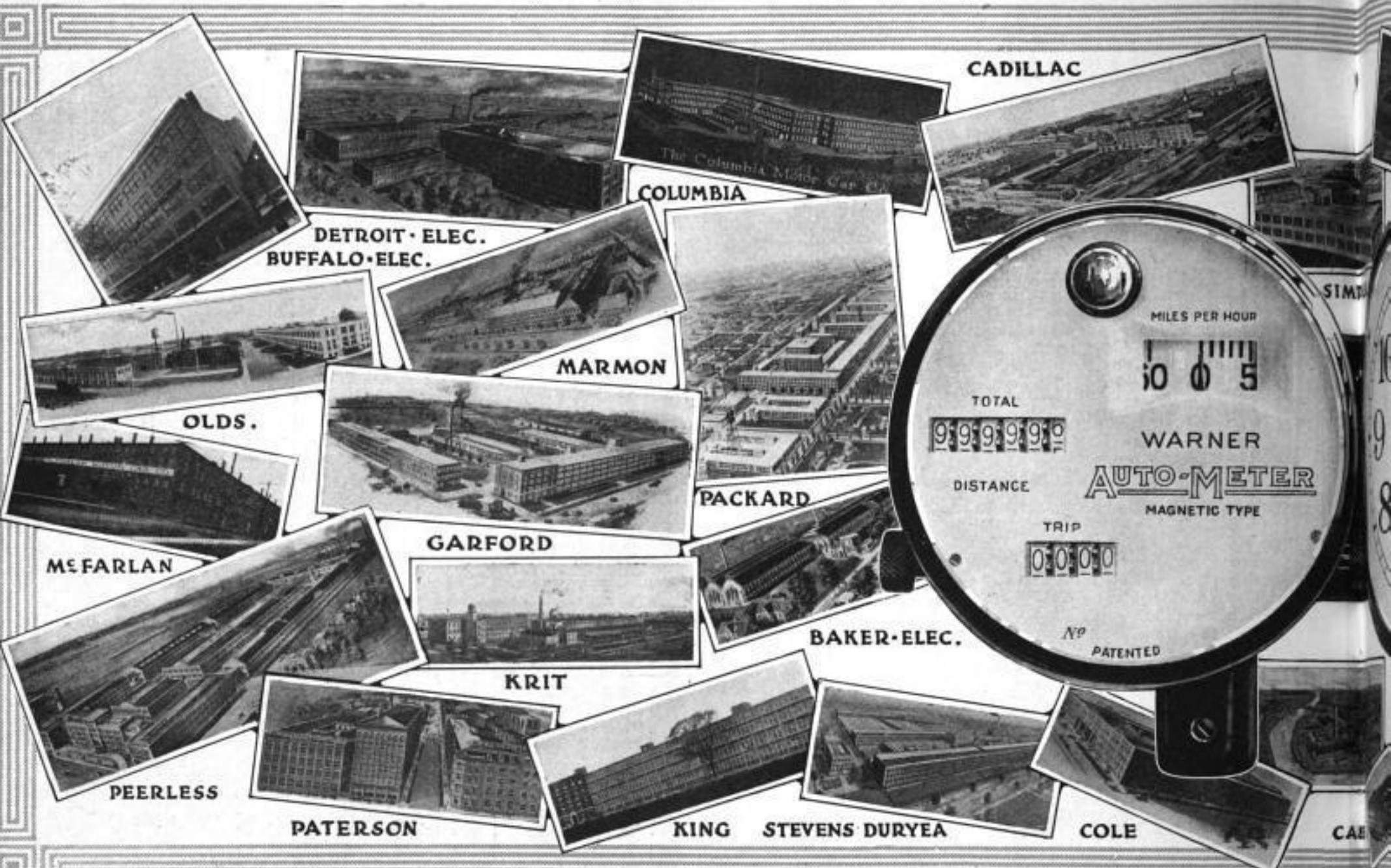
"But how did you come to recognize the cry?"

"I stopped at the Mansions for some time; and one night this uncanny howling aroused me. I heard it quite distinctly, and am never likely to forget it. It was followed by a hoarse yell. The man in the next room, an orchid hunter, had gone the same way as the others!"

(Continued on page 31)

With my free hand I felt for and found the wall, and we pressed forward. The atmosphere of the place through which we were passing was steamy and loaded with an odor like that of exotic plant life





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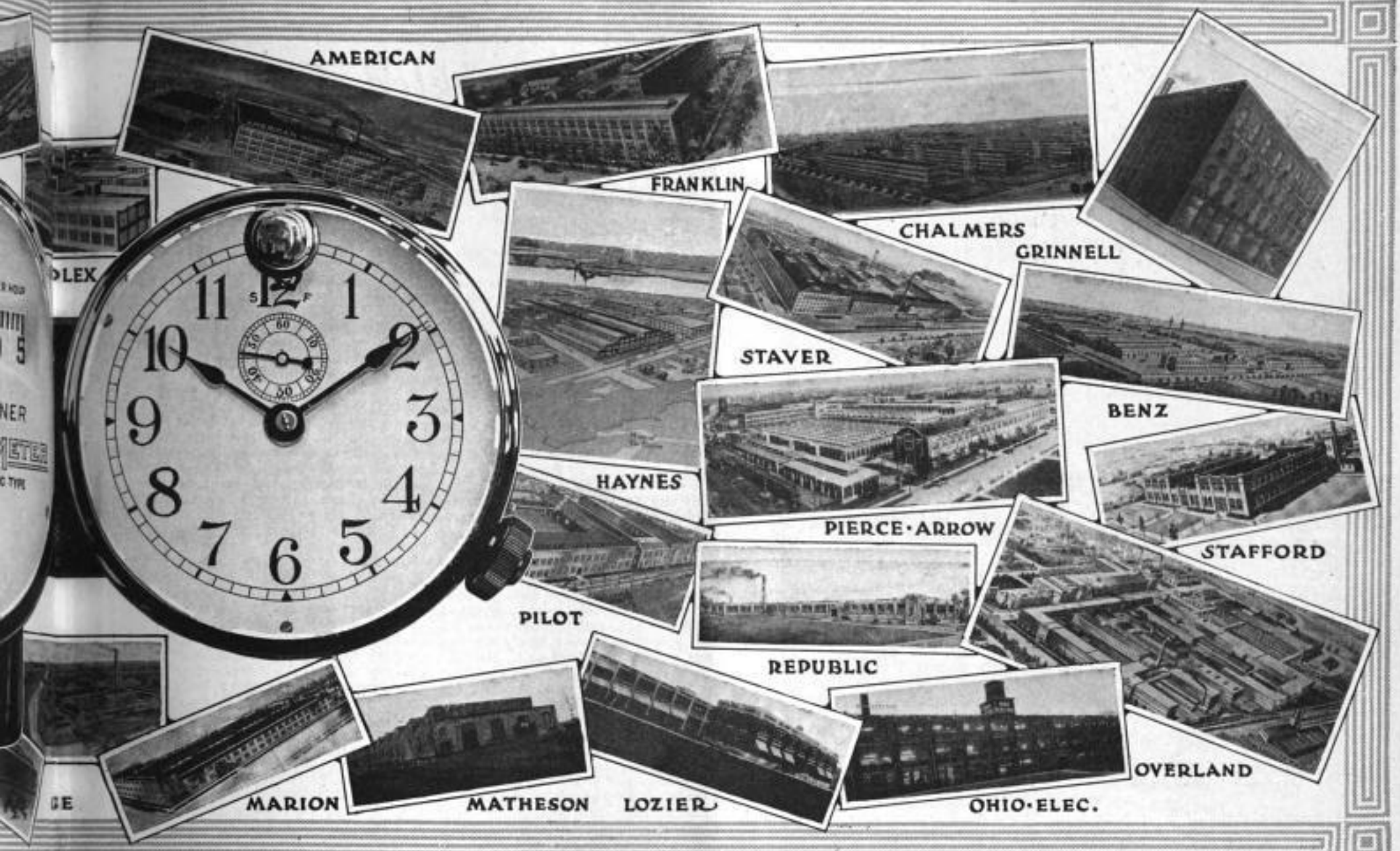
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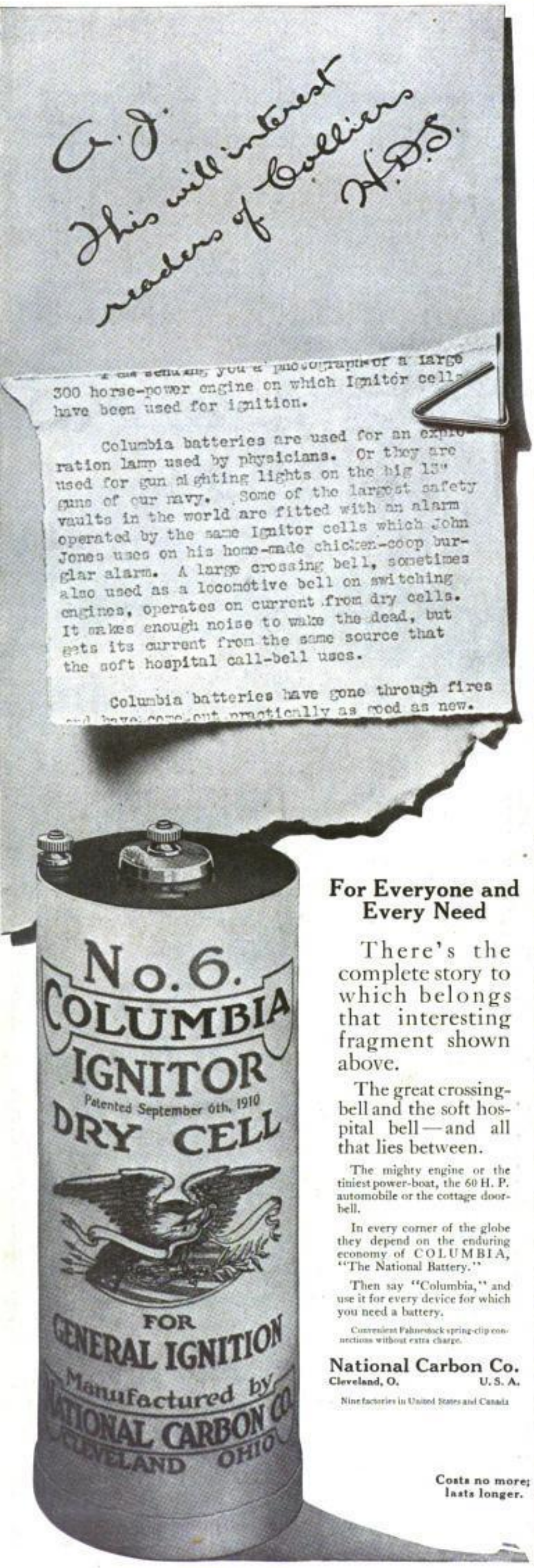
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There's the complete story to which belongs that interesting fragment shown above.

The great crossing-bell and the soft hospital bell—and all that lies between.

The mighty engine or the tiniest power-boat, the 60 H. P. automobile or the cottage door-bell.

In every corner of the globe they depend on the enduring economy of COLUMBIA, "The National Battery."

Then say "Columbia," and use it for every device for which you need a battery.

Convenient Fahnestock spring-clip connections without extra charge.

National Carbon Co.
Cleveland, O. U. S. A.

Nine factories in United States and Canada

Costs no more; lasts longer.

The Shackled Editor

By an EDITORIAL WRITER

MY BUSINESS is that of editorial writing. There is no executive authority vested in the editorial writer who is purely such, but he knows of a certain line of policy to which it is expected of him to conform.

The owner of the paper upon which I am now employed is a rich man, but entertains many notions that cause his financial associates to regard him as a radical, and his tendency to come to the rescue of "the under dog" is well understood.

An unusual freedom of expression is granted me, and in my present department, which is signed, I am permitted to say exactly what I think in almost every case. It never is required of me to say that which I do not believe. But I am forced to be silent concerning subjects that simple justice demands should be treated frankly.

IN this city (a Western city of 200,000 population) a few days ago a department-store girl was arrested for the theft of a shirt waist. The fact transpired that her wages were $6 a week, and constituted her sole support. Out of this she had to pay for a room, and $3 is the least price for a respectable room. She had to pay her board, and the remaining $3, through scrimping, would barely do this. She was expected to dress well. How?

A little inquiry revealed the fact that she was one of many who worked for $6 or less. Some of these lived at home and had no excuse for entering the labor market, there to hang as so many millstones about the necks of those forced by circumstances to provide for themselves. Others had yielded to the temptations made acute by necessity, and dressed rather better than their average customer. This girl was of the unfortunate class, desirous of keeping clean and retaining self-respect. In resorting to theft she considered that she was choosing the lesser evil.

The department stores of this city are large and thriving institutions. The owners have made fortunes. Singularly enough, the proprietors of these stores are such good men that they nearly make a profession of their goodness. They head movements for uplifting anything but the persons who toil for them. They would throw light on the path of the lowly, excepting the lowly they have created, and find profitable to keep at that status.

DIGESTING the matter, I said to my editorial superior that I would like to take a fall out of these $6-a-week purveyors of philanthropy.

"I agree with you fully," he replied, "and so does Mr. —— [owner], but it can't be done. They are too strong for us."

He explained that the paper was in favor of many reforms, and was actively supporting a number, "but," he added, "were we to take up this particular reform, we would be put out of business. I mean this literally. The merchants here are organized. Suppose we were to attack the wage scale, outrageous as it is, every merchant in the organization, and that would be every merchant who advertises, would cut off his patronage from us absolutely. If there were a single offender, or a few offenders, it would be different. Taken together, they are too many for us. We will have to swallow our indignation."

So I attempted to swallow mine, but it doesn't go down. I would like to tell the truth and I can't do it.

In some of the stores here there are girl cashiers who handle daily hundreds or thousands of dollars. Often they are in great haste. Any error is charged against them. Instances have been known where at the end of the day they would be indebted to the firm, but not to their own profit, and this would be exacted. Accurate cashiers at $5 a week!

One cashier resigned from her position, and discovery was made that she had left a shortage of $1.50. A collector was sent with orders to bring back the money. When he found the girl's "home," observed its haggard air of squalor, and heard her tearful—and probably truthful—statement that if there had been an error she did not know it, he went back with the statement that the girl had moved, and that he could not find her. He knew that to lie was wicked, but when he told me of the incident he did not seem to have the lie on his conscience much.

A FEARLESS press is demanded. The daily press is hampered and curbed. Most of the weekly press is in worse condition, being subservient to the very element that in this city and elsewhere expresses its worth by stamping upon the face of the girl worker the marks of starvation, and opening a pit for her feet.

Journalists who are in a position to speak their minds, and who do so, should remember that there are a lot of us who have the ambition but not the opportunity, and who are ready, as chance affords, to hold up the hands of the brave pioneers in the too-little-tracked realm of honesty. Our hearts are all right, but we have no papers of our own, haven't sense enough to get any, and, while we are grinding out commonplaces, are grinding our teeth over emotions that would not seem commonplace at all could they get into print.

It seems to me, in looking over the field, that COLLIER'S is the one fearless publication of dignity. There are some that set forth facts regardless of what personal discomfort may result, but they are of the spitfire brand, and lack weight.

Rural Credits

WEATHERFORD, TEX.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I WISH to say a few words in COLLIER'S on the subject of "Rural Credits." There are many alleged experts who spend much time in computing the amount of interest paid by farmers when they do not even know the interest rate farmers are paying. In the Southwest but little money is loaned to farmers at a rate less than 10 per cent. Long-time vendor's lien notes bear that rate of interest, but the cost of handling is from 2 to 3 per cent. As the Northern or Eastern capitalist receives only 7 per cent, the impression is current there that farm loans are made on a 7 per cent basis.

In Texas and Oklahoma the smaller banks charge from 12 to 24 per cent. Last fall, in one community in Oklahoma, the farmers organized and forced a bank to return the excessive interest. This high rate is obtained by charging 10 per cent on a loan regardless of the time it runs. A loan for $100 is made for six months, and a note is made for $110, bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent after maturity. I have known private money lenders to charge $100 interest on $500 for six months. Figure the interest rate yourself. I'm ashamed to say what it is.

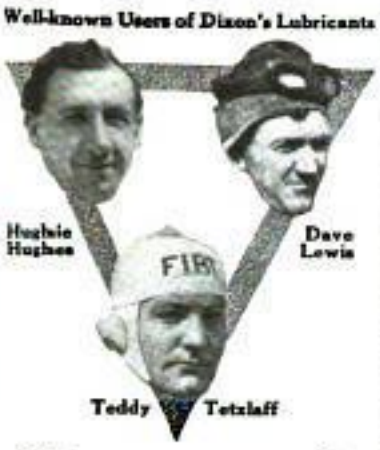
Last year Texas made 5,000,000 bales of cotton, worth $300,000,000. The Texas Welfare Commission estimates that the farmers of the State owned $210,000,000, on which they paid $21,000,000 interest. In fact, the average interest rate is much higher than 10 per cent. Now most of these small loans are made to men who have established a reputation for paying their debts, and, furthermore, the loans are secured by mortgages on crops, live stock, and farm implements. It seems that the people who are producing the basic articles of our national wealth should receive better treatment than this.

Money at 6 or 7 per cent for farm operations would be considered a boon in the South or Southwest, and be productive of good to the entire nation. It is said that European farmers get money at from 3½ to 4½ per cent interest by systems of rural banks, and these are based on cooperation. Our own country might adopt the same system and benefit not only the farmers but every consumer in the land as well.

Naturally there is a close relationship existing between the cost of production and the price at which the product is sold. Every man who takes toll from the farmer's crop adds to the cost whether he be a commission man, railroad agent, banker, or merchant.—R. K. PHILLIPS.

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Well-known Users of Dixon's Lubricants



The cause of friction and the cure

UNDER a microscope the highly polished bearing surfaces of your car show full of depressions and projections. When bearing surfaces meet, these projections interfere and cause friction.

Dixon's Flake Graphite introduced into a bearing by means of a vehicle, such as grease, interposes itself between the surfaces and prevents all metallic contact. *Dixon's Flake Graphite* as contained in

DIXON'S
Graphite Grease No. 677

cures friction troubles

This graphite grease is unexcelled for transmissions and differentials. For sale by all good dealers. Try it.

Dave Lewis, who has used Dixon's Graphite Lubricants for the past three years, says: "I have just taken down my Stutz Car that I drove in all the races of the past season (1912), and I find every ball-race, every bearing, every pinion perfect, and, if anything, in better condition than at the start of the season."

Teddy Tetzlaff says: "Would rather pay $5 per pound for Dixon's Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

Hughie Hughes says: "Dixon's Automobile Lubricants not only reduce friction to a minimum, but their lasting qualities are remarkable."

For your car's sake, get our free book, No. 245, on "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car. Write for copies of very interesting testimonial letters from the "Speed Kings of Motordom."

D X N

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company

Established in 1827

Jersey City **New Jersey**

Brickbats and Bouquets

CATASAUQUA, PA.

I AM writing to thank you for your clarifying short editorials as they strike me. W. M. HAWKINS.

✦

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

COLLIER'S, the watchdog of the people's interests. W. S. RAMER.

✦

LIBERTY, N. Y.

It is not that the writer has only now realized the worth of your editorials; but the one in to-day's issued headed "The Answer" is, in his estimation, a genuine gem. For an unskilled pen it would be difficult to state the relative value of philosophy and poetry in it. Suffice to say that the optimistic yet suffering soul reads this editorial again, and is delighted. P. ROZORSKY.

✦

DIXON, ILL.

I admire COLLIER'S WEEKLY because it does not wait to be forced into the right path by Public Opinion, but it blazes the way that others may follow. W. F. STRONG.

✦

COLLIER'S seems to take a cynical slant at the commercializing of soul saving.
—Omaha (Neb.) *Bee.*

✦

One of the frothy young patriots of COLLIER'S WEEKLY cries aloud in the darkness of our social night.
—Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News.*

✦

In COLLIER'S WEEKLY of February 8, you will find an article entitled "Anything in Petticoats," which every clerk in Youngstown should read. It is highly illuminative of the causes of many failures, and the way leading to successful salesmanship.
Youngstown (Ohio) *Vindicator.*

✦

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Among publications which are helping to pull down hollow humbugs in high places no other has done as much as COLLIER'S and no single man half as much as Roosevelt. S. N. STEWART.

✦

All America agrees that COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been a power for good in this nation. Has the work of that publication been straight from the shoulder, or an apology? Has it yielded to threat, coercion, or cash? Has it slobbered over thieves in public life, or scoundrels in trade? Has it lain down for a libel suit or sought shelter from a storm of what Lorimer and others of equal caliber in crime designated as "righteous indignation"? Not COLLIER'S; they kept right in line of duty in shine and shadow, bowing to no party, overlooking no rascal in high places, or deviating one hair's breadth in the work of a better and cleaner government. The ideal independent, fearless journal.—Durango (Colo.) *Democrat.*

✦

It is very likely the editor of COLLIER'S, if he received an invitation, was too busy trying to poison the minds of the public against some other leading Republicans to attend the dinner given to Uncle Joe Cannon Saturday evening.
—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye.*

✦

BOSTON, MASS.

I wish to express my appreciation of your publication and especially of its editorial pages. I have five growing children and feel that the ideas which you advance are such as I wish my children to be brought up on. It is my custom to have your main editorial paragraphs read to my older children each week. In your issue a few weeks ago under the title "Very Bad" you touched upon a matter which is giving thoughtful parents much concern at the present time.
WILLIAM H. POTTER, D. M. D.

✦

SOMERSET, KY.

Allow me to express my appreciation of your very admirable editorial policy. You seem to get on the right side of every great question that has presented itself in recent years for the American people's solution. HARRY WAIT.



YOUR CAR, Mr. Businessman

Do you realize that 90% of your driving is around town? A large touring car or a limousine is impractical, unwieldy and expensive for the kind of service you require of an automobile.

This electric roadster is always ready and waiting for *you*. You are not compelled to make an appointment with your chauffeur or to even telephone for him. The car is instantly available day or night in front of your office, club or home, irrespective of weather conditions.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
SOCIETY'S TOWN CAR

You can operate this car without experience. No complicated mechanism. Control natural, yet absolute, at any speed. Surely the logical car for driving in congested, traffic-impeded city thoroughfare.

When the day's work is over, seek your recreation by driving this splendid car with your own hands, to the golf links, to the country club or along the sunny roads to your country residence.

It is not essential that you even think about the charging, washing, polishing, garaging and delivery of your Detroit Electric. It will be called for at night and delivered in the morning at any hour arranged—ready for the day's work. The fee for this service is very small, not exceeding $35 or $40 per month, *electric current included*. The electric current would not cost more than from $6 to $10 per month, if charged in your own garage.

Illustrated catalog, showing eight different models, sent upon request.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland — **BRANCHES:— New York: Broadway at 80th Street, Chicago: 2416 Michigan Avenue** — **Evanston, Kansas City, Minneapolis**

Selling representatives in 175 leading cities.

In answer to your demand our engineers have built a "More Mileage" Tire

Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact



Our Engineers have built up and torn down thousands of experimental tires to give you a road-resisting More Mileage Tire—a tire in which each thread of fabric and every ounce of rubber would be combined to give you the greatest strength and resistance—and the result is **Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact.**

Diamond (No Clinch) Tires
made of Vitalized Rubber

Our Chemists discovered how to get a flint-like rubber that retains all the young, lusty vigor of the pure gum, with no loss of elasticity—Vitalized Rubber.

Add to these advantages the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the now famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread, and you have the ideal More Mileage Tire you have demanded.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the



Cross section of Diamond Safety Tread Tire

25,000 Diamond Dealers
always at your Service

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A Declaration of Individuality



Make Your Dress As Distinctive As Your Signature

When you sign your name, you unconsciously write *your individuality* into every pen-stroke, just as John Hancock and his brother patriots did when they signed the Declaration of Independence.

Make your *clothes* define and denote *you*, even more than your *signature*. In these days when "clothing" is "standardized," like nails and pails, *individuality in dress* is all-precious to the man of character.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

are your *Declaration of Individuality*—your declaration of independence of taste and thought—your declaration of character and capacity. These custom-tailored garments *define* and *refine* you above "Brown, Jones and Robinson," because they are taped and tailored for *you alone* the "custom" way from all-wool "custom" fabrics with all the *finesse* of "custom" taste and talent.

Go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Kahn Custom-Tailored Suit—guaranteed as though bond-backed. Look in his window for our seal, reproduced below. Watch your local newspaper for his advertising.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

Progressive merchants should write for our Tailoring Department proposition

The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Fireproof Portable Summer Cottage

We have buildings for garages, boat houses, picture shows, stores, warehouses, etc. WRITE FOR CATALOG, stating what building interested in. Freight paid east of Rockies. Immediate shipments from stock.

No Fire Worries!

Wind and weather tight! Impregnable to thieves and tramps. Never repairs or upkeep expense. Handsome, cool, comfortable, "Lifetime" building, yet easily erected or taken down. Nothing else like

Pruden System
of portable fireproof construction

Complete buildings, in heavy, self-framing metal sections.



METAL SHELTER CO.
5-41 Water Street
St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Metal Shelter Co.
Windsor, Canada

Windowphanie

Gives plain glass windows the rich and attractive appearance of stained glass, costs very little, is easily applied and lasts indefinitely. Lends dignity to the hall door, makes the dining-room windows bright and cheery, eliminates the use of curtains in the den, and gives light but privacy to the bath-room. Wonderful variety of designs for doors, transoms and windows in houses, hotels, churches, etc.s When buying, look for Windowphanie—on each yard of the genuine. *Write today for our free colored catalog and sample.* Dealers wanted.

N. O. MALZ, 19 East 14th St., New York City

FREE SAMPLE SEND TO DAY



A Revolt by the Amateurs



By HUGH S. FULLERTON

"Amateur Rules Don't Make Amateur Athletes; They Make Amateur Liars."—George Huff, Athletic Director, University of Illinois

THERE is about to begin a revolt of the amateur athletes of the United States against the tyranny of the rule makers and against the Amateur Athletic Union leaders in particular. The revolt promises to overthrow most of the existing standards of amateurism and to inaugurate a new era in athletics.

The revolt has been brewing for years, but has taken form only within the last month. It threatens the power of the Amateur Athletic Union, and of the men who have assumed the right to establish and maintain the standards of "professionalism" and "amateurism" for Americans. The assumption of the right to make laws retroactive as well as for the future, and to brand as "professionals" and bar from all contests those who, consciously or unconsciously, infringe upon them, has resulted in revolution.

The fact that the officials who judge "amateurs" themselves have waxed fat on the business, and that they are in some cases in the pay of a sporting-goods combine, that some of their rulings are unjust and some ridiculous as well as selfish, created the condition. The enforcement of rules in some cases, and the failure to enforce in others, added to the rebellion. The present condition, plainly stated, is: Shall we amend the rules and admit the existence of certain conditions or hypocritically pretend they do not exist?

A COLLEGE LEAGUE

ODDLY enough, the professional has come to the aid of the amateur. The result is an outbreak which is certain to create a condition of chaos in amateur athletics which will undoubtedly upset all college sports and perhaps compel the college governing boards to establish entirely new standards. The movement will overturn athletic conditions in America and have immense effect upon international athletics.

As the idea was mine, and as I inaugurated the movement to do away with pretense and hypocrisy and to establish a new order, I have chosen through COLLIER'S to explain the movements and some of its purposes. The remarkable conduct of the Amateur Athletic Union and of Mr. James Sullivan, its head, in presuming to dictate to the West, especially, what laws it shall observe, and the recent case of Jim Thorpe, started me to seeking a remedy. I believe the one found will start the cure and establish a new basis of purer, saner amateurism.

Mr. B. B. Johnson, president of the American League of professional baseball clubs; Mr. George Huff, athletic director of the University of Illinois, who also is "scout" for the Cleveland baseball team and one of the leading free thinkers in college athletics of America, and myself are engaged in perfecting the organization of an intercollegiate baseball league.

This league is to be composed of eight, possibly ten, clubs, composed entirely of undergraduate players from American colleges. The managers of these teams shall be the managers or coaches of college clubs, or graduate coaches who have served in colleges. The president of the league is to be Mr. George Huff, who is to name his own consulting board from the faculties of various schools. The season shall consist of seventy-seven games, to start on or about July 15 each year, and close on or about September 1. *The players shall be paid fair salaries for their work, together with their hotel and traveling expenses.*

CONTRACT AND RULES

THE players shall sign contracts agreeing not to play against professional ball players, or with teams containing such players.

Each club in the league shall be recruited from the universities and colleges nearest the city which the teams represent during the summer season.

All games shall be played upon the parks used by the American League clubs during the absence of those clubs or on such National League parks as may be chosen.

A percentage of the gate receipts shall be set aside in each game, to establish a fund to endow scholarships in universities and colleges.

All contests shall be held under the rules and jurisdiction of the National Baseball Commission, which shall, with President Huff, select the umpires.

There, in a nutshell, is the "revolt."

We simply have determined, in as much as we can, to form a new baseball league composed entirely of college men, to safeguard them as much as possible and permit them to earn money by their prowess in the game to pay their way through college.

THE PRESENT RIDICULOUS SITUATION

FOR nearly twenty-five years I have studied American "amateurism" from a cynical standpoint. While at college I received money for participating in athletic events and, during the summer months, drew pay for playing baseball (when I could get it). On one summer team on which I played were six college men, representing four different schools. At times we even wore our college uniforms. At that time the West was not particular, but the pretense of amateurism was kept up in the East. In two years five of our men were paid to go east to play football and baseball.

As a newspaper man, assigned to sporting events, I soon discovered that among the reporters, as among the athletes, existing "amateur" rules were considered jokes. The student bodies did not regard them seriously, nor did the alumni. While coaches and athletic boards made stern pretense of purity, alumni collected funds and scouted among the high and preparatory schools for promising athletes. Certain jobs were always open at the schools and always awarded to athletic students.

The passage of ridiculous rules, and the effort to enforce them, aroused antagonism and produced a new situation in colleges. The athletes, considering the rules unjust, violated them flagrantly, cautiously covered their tracks, and lied about their acts in order to retain their amateur standing.

There still remain schools, both East and West, from which athletes receive pay, indirectly of course. There are four or five colleges that loom large in the athletic field, the students of which wink at the mention of their standing as amateurs. Some of these are training schools for professional ball clubs.

THE MAKING OF LIARS

SUMMER baseball, however, has been the greatest source of failure to enforce amateur rules upon college players. The players themselves believe honestly they have the right to play baseball during vacation, and to receive pay for it. There are some, of course, who would not touch a penny. Just what percentage of the players do receive money I cannot state. Certainly it is far above fifty per cent of the college players making up the big teams, both East and West. The Green Mountain resort teams are filled with them. The fast prairie teams around Chicago and some of the semi-pro clubs carry them under some name usually not their own. There were half a dozen or more in the Appalachian when Jim Thorpe was caught.

The rules have failed to prevent "amateurs" from using their talents to earn money. They justify the lies they are forced to tell in order to preserve their standing as amateurs. They reason that if they can make $25 a week playing baseball, which they love to do, and $5 a week selling books, it is better to be a professional ball player than an amateur book agent even if they are caught.

There has come in the Western colleges a strong sentiment in favor of permitting college players to earn their expenses by playing ball in summer. Some of the schools recognize the right of the student to earn his way through college by utilizing his athletic prowess.

The Progressives declare the condition exists, and that it is better to recognize it than to penalize honesty and reward liars and hypocrites. The governing body

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In 1918—What?

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Almost any modern car will run well for a summer. But how will it run in five years from now? And what will it cost in the meantime?

That's what I think of in Reo the Fifth.

The Second Year

Perhaps half the experienced motorists know that troubles and repairs begin the second year, usually. From that time on they become acute.

Any car shows up well at the start, else none would ever buy it. But a great many cars are not built to endure.

The owner pays dearly, in the course of time, if he gets a car like that.

For You to Say

If the frills on a car count most with you, they are bound to weigh most with the maker.

But if you know what a well-built car requires, and demand those things makers will be forced to give them.

Let me tell you, after 26 years of car building, what a well-built car does require.

Essentials

Haphazard steel is risky. The car maker should fix his formulas. Then he should analyze the steel twice—before and after treating—to make sure it accords with the formula.

Testing gears with a hammer is no test at all. One should use a crushing machine of enormous capacity, so that every tooth gets the limit test. Thus he will find thousands of gears unfit.

Springs should be made from just the center one-third of the finest steel ingots. The end thirds won't do. Then the springs should be tested for 100,000 vibrations.

Steel castings are cheap, but they often have flaws. Drop forgings are better, but costly. In Reo the Fifth we use 190.

Common ball bearings give worlds of trouble. The best roller bearings cost five times as much, but they pay. In Reo the Fifth we use 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timkens.

Big tires are costly, but small tires, in the long run, cost the user several times as much. That's why Reo the Fifth is an over-tired car.

A centrifugal pump is essential to perfect circulation. A costly magneto is cheapest in the end. The carburetor should be doubly heated.

Overcapacity

American roads, above all, demand large overcapacity. That means a big margin of safety. Every driving part in Reo the Fifth is tested to meet the requirements of a 45-horsepower engine.

It is wrong to take chances. Every part should be tested. No car should ever be hurried.

Each engine should get five radical tests. These require 48 hours in Reo the Fifth. And every engine, after testing, is taken apart and inspected.

These are costly requirements. Some call them extreme. But every dollar spent in these ways saves an average of five dollars in the long run.

Coming Features

Then a car should be up-to-date. Set-in side lights, flush with the dash, are found in all the finest cars. Side lamps won't be tolerated long.

The leading cars now have left side drive. The driver sits close to the cars he passes, as the laws compel abroad. One should require this in a car today.

One should require genuine leather in upholstery—the best curled hair—else a car will soon look shabby. An enduring finish is important for refinishing is costly.

Those are the reasons why I give Reo the Fifth all its hidden value. I am building, as always, a car to endure. In the years to come, the men who buy it will be mighty glad they bought it.

The car isn't costly, for we are efficient. And we save about 20 per cent for you by building a single model.

The Simplest Control

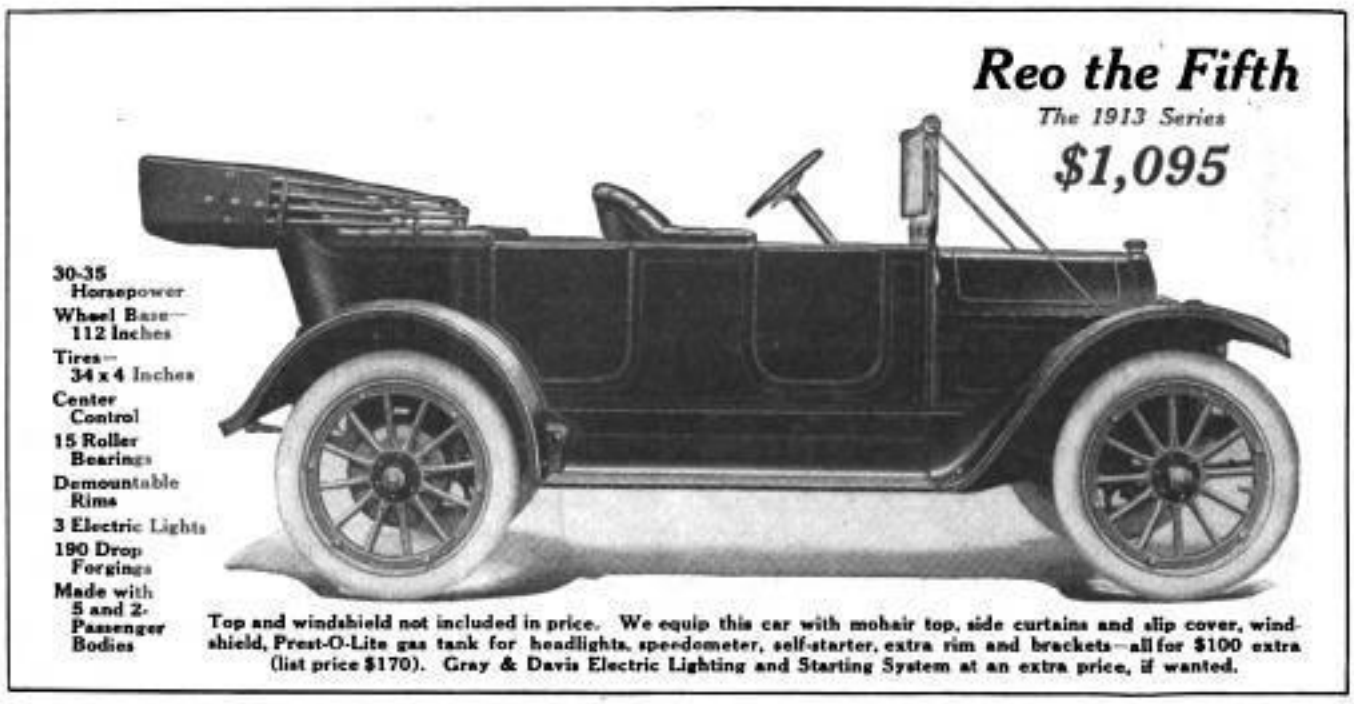
Then you find in this car—and this car alone—the simple center-rod control. All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

This rod is out of the way—between the two front seats. It is at the driver's right hand, as he sits on the left side.

There are no levers, side or center. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. Thus both front doors are clear.

You will believe that all cars must come to this feature when you see what it means to the driver.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car.



Reo the Fifth

The 1913 Series

$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies

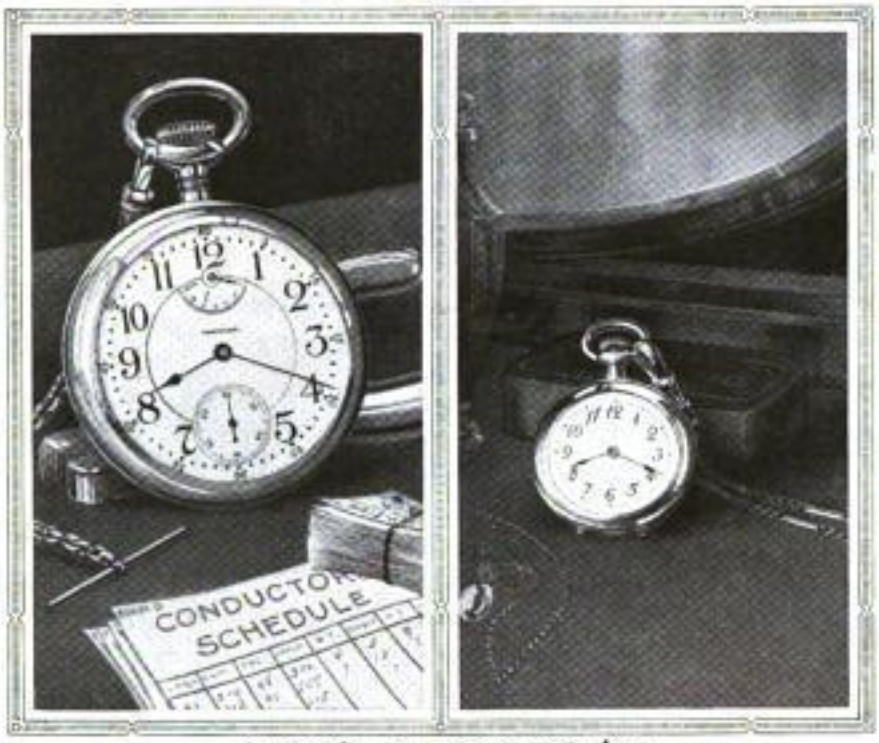
Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(170)

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At both extremes of size
and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches".

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.



The Dining-Car Beverage

Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get *you*.

Wherever you are, in the diner, at the hotel, in your favorite club or cafe, the best away-from-home drink is

Welch's

"The National Drink"

It relieves thirst without creating more. It is a soft drink that has character to it. It is an appetizer and a refreshing, beneficial beverage when you are travel-tired.

It goes "to the spot" whether served plain or as the universally popular Welch Ball, made in a high glass. Fill half with Welch's, add lump of ice and charged water.

Always keep a supply in the house for the folks at home, and start by ordering a case today. Tell your wife to drop us a postal and get our free booklet of recipes.



If you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-ounce bottle, mailed, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

A Revolt by the Amateurs

(*Concluded from page 24*)

of amateurism refuses to admit the existence of the condition at all.

The situation has become serious. The Thorpe case, followed by the A. A. U. ruling, has placed American amateurs in a bad light in other countries. The dictatorial attitude of James Sullivan, the one-man power in athletics, in arbitrarily decreeing the status of amateurs, has done more to create the revolutionary spirit than anything else. The fact that certain leaders of the A. A. U. have prospered through "amateurism," and that some hold jobs with the Spalding-Reach sporting-goods combine, while the athletes themselves must not accept a penny nor play any game or against any team without the consent of Sullivan, all have gone to turn the amateurs toward uprising.

With these conditions in mind, the idea occurred to me: "Why not organize a league, ask the college players to play openly, and place the burden of deciding whether or not they shall be permitted at the same time to play for their schools up to the authorities?"

THE REAL QUESTION

I WENT to Mr. Johnson with the argument that among the college players I had approached practically everyone declared himself ready to sign a contract and to defy the authorities of the A. A. U. and of his own school. I put these questions: "Does the fact that a player receives $10 make him a professional, and would he have remained an amateur if the manager had absconded and failed to pay him? Is he any more of a professional if he plays behind locked gates than if before a crowded stand?"

Has the college boy the right to make $1,000 playing baseball in vacation to pay college expenses?

LOOKING AHEAD

MR. JOHNSON decided that such a league, composed solely of college players, officered either by their coaches or by graduates, would be a big thing for baseball as well as for the students. He summoned Mr. George Huff, athletic director of the University of Illinois, who has made Illinois perennial champion of the Western Conference colleges, and who ever since his own college days has fought against the hypocrisy of amateur rules. Mr. Huff unhestitatingly declared it would attract the best players from colleges.

Mr. Johnson thinks the Intercollegiate League, playing under the eyes of managers of professional clubs, will furnish the major league clubs with the finest possible recruiting field in case the college boys after graduation desire to enter professional baseball.

Mr. Huff believes the new league will open a big field of endeavor for boys desiring to pay their way through college, and will draw to the colleges a class of fine young fellows who otherwise probably would give up all idea of a college career.

I think it will establish a finer sportsmanship, make for honesty and squareness in athletics, and improve baseball in all classes.

The Fire Repeaters

(*Continued from page 15*)

fearing he will ever have a second or a third "total loss," the insurance company is willing to wager that not in 1,600 years will he have his *first!* If you doubt this, you will find it all set down, with examples, on page 1598 of the report of the last New York Insurance Commission. For the matter of that, if you own and live in an ordinary frame house in the suburbs of New York, or of any American or Canadian city, our insurance companies are statistically confident that you will not burn out in 750 years.

We can now come back to our "535," some of whom have had, on an average, two fires a year.

SOME RECORDS FROM THE "535"

IN the first place, I can give the records of only the very smallest proportion of the "535." In few cases am I able to carry such records back further than 1906; or include the insurance collected in 1912. In many cases I can give the repeater's fires only in 1910 and 1911.

But, working with the data available, I begin with what may be called **"the economic law of progressive size in repeater fires."**

If it is carelessness which causes the vast majority of our fires, it will at least be a matter of psychological interest to know that, so long as the fire is always followed by an insurance payment, the assured will practically always become *increasingly* careless—and his fires, accordingly, progressively *larger*. Taking our examples from the "535," we find that in one case the $70 collected on the first loss has by the fourth become $40,000.[2] In another, $800 has—again by the fourth fire—become $64,000. In another, $13,000 has by the seventh fire become about $200,000. Such increases as $55 to $6,200, $250 to $7,200, and $1,500 to $25,000 are common.[3] In one case the progression is $200, $300, $350, $500, $4,500. It took this repeater five fires and six years to get into four figures.

It must not be thought, however, that the progression is always a regular one. There are various reasons why it should not be. As a Manhattan insurance adjuster has put it: "Some years they may have only $1,000 worth of left-over stock to get rid of, and the next year $20,000 worth."

Again, there are repeater records which give an almost level and consistent average from year to year. Thus in one case, to take the four years from 1907 to 1911, the loss collections run: $7,000, $9,600, $700, $7,700. In one series of nine fires, no loss claim, as collected, seems to have amounted to more than $6,000, and none to less than $3,000. In another case where $13,700 was collected from the first two fires in 1910, almost exactly the same amount—roughly, $40,000—was collected by the same firm in 1911. And the collection from its 1912 fire will probably run about the same.

Again, we may find such showings as this: January, 1910, $3,600; June, 1910, $1,600; April, 1911, $4,000. Or, January, 1911, $4,900; June, 1911, $67,000; August, 1911, $6,000. Where, as in the last case, there are two or three fires with irregular loss collections in the same year, it will sometimes mean that the assured is retiring from business.

Many of our "535" are in seasonal trades—their goods must be sold out either once or twice a year, or sold later at a loss. And in *their* records this makes itself felt at once.

Thus a retail hatter has three of his fires in March and May and five in September and October. A firm of shirtwaist makers has five fires in March and April and three in November and December. Another "seasonal" trader suffers only in December and January. Another has three fires in December and one in February. Another has one in February and three in March. Another three in March and two in April.

FARCICAL REALITIES

DURING the last year new insurance has been given to New York repeaters whose very names raise a laugh in every insurance office, to firms whose premises were being watched nightly by the city fire marshals. In one case new insurance was given to a clothing company which had been examined twice in the fire marshal's office within the year. For its third fire it had been able to get $10,000 almost at once. A little later it got another $5,000. And six days after that its third fire took place. Why bother with fire marshals at all?

You think it impossible that a man who has had nine fires in five years—none of them satisfactorily explained—should be able to get more insurance? There are firms in New York's "535" which by now represent loss to the insurance world for 5,000 years to come, and yet they are getting more insurance. Again, too, New York is no more than typical. The thing, indeed, may be stated in this way: In every big town and city in America, among the 200,000 or 500,000 or 1,000,000 people

[2] All figures refer, of course, to the amount of insurance collected. And I give such figures in round numbers to avoid awkward identifications.

[3] It is probable that in not half the cases cited is the fire set down as the first really the first. Half of New York's repeaters, if followed back to their beginnings, would be found to start with tenement closet fires.

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The Fire Repeaters

(Continued from page 26)

who never have had fires and, most probably, never will, there will also be found 135 or 335 or 535 people who have had not merely one fire but two, four, seven! In any given year they may be counted upon to give their city from one-quarter to one-half of its bad fires. At all times they mean a doubled insurance tax to their decent fellow citizens.

THE INSURANCE OF THE CROOK

WHAT all this is, of course, and what we have had for a generation in America, is simply the insurance of the crook. When you insure the crook you may, it is true, believe that you can make money out of him. But this is the sort of game it is:

You, as the insurance company, wager your $10,000—or rather the public's $10,000—against the crook's $250 that he will not burn out, he to get the stakes if he does. The gentleman also has the privilege of manufacturing his own dice, throwing them in the dark, and merely reporting the result to you. To your astonishment, you learn that you have lost. But after raising the rates to a hundred honest people to get the money, you bravely have at him again. Again you lose, and again you feel that you will really have to raise the rates, and again you lose!

It makes no difference whether you play willingly or whether the agent or broker forces you to. And it makes no difference whether your game is continuous with the same gentleman or with his many adoring friends. In fact, you are inevitably going to find yourself playing with his admiring friends, and every year more of them, whether you choose or not. Before you get your 535, you must have your 100 and 200 and 400. With every second or third bet, of course, there is a fire. That is one of the rules of the game. And it is a game that has now been going on in this country for nearly forty years. At no time have fewer than two hundred and fifty fire insurance companies been playing at it. At no time, probably, have there been less than one hundred thousand such bets upon the table. There must often have been a quarter of a million. And the one man who, besides the repeater, is "getting his" is the agent or broker.

EIGHTY PER CENT CROOKED

THREE months ago when Chicago was, for its part, given only the first glimpse of what the business of arson has come to be in our great cities, one of the officials of the State's Attorney's office called twenty or more of Chicago's insurance men in to talk to him. The fire big revelations had already been such that no longer could any flimsy and hypocritical pretense be made that the criminal fire loss was only five per cent, or ten, or fifteen. The hour was one for confession. "Fifty per cent criminal" was the lowest estimate offered then by those insurance men; and some of their estimates were as high as eighty and ninety per cent. "But, my God, gentlemen," said that Chicago State's Attorney, sitting back at last, "how—how have you come to let this city get to such a state?"

There was no answer. In New York the first answer is this: The big broker, of one kind, is making his biggest dividends from these repeater fires. And—because it might hurt business to oppose the broker—the insurance companies are willing that he should.

But there is still more to tell.

We have seen that these great "fireproof" mercantile buildings house their ten, twenty, thirty different tenants. Now, every honest, reputable business man has, daily, his contracts to meet, and his shipments and deliveries to make. If you, as such a business man, were to come down to your warerooms to find, every eight months or a year, that your doors had been smashed in, your show cases broken, and your goods ruined by smoke or water, just how long would you, an honest man, wish to stay in such a building?

The law virtually answers the question by saying that a fire may break a lease. Even as a landlord can get rid of an arsonous tenant, so can a tenant, with little more difficulty (if he wishes), say a speedy good-by to arsonous fellow tenants or an arsonous landlord.

There are buildings in New York where such good-bys remain unsaid. When our tenant has, with due profit, had his own fire, and obtained new overinsurance, he stays on and profits by those of his fellows. To take a very minor case, there is a loft building between Broadway and Washington Square where all the tenants save one have now had fires.

Is any helpful and neighborly advance notice given? No one knows. This alone can be said with certainty: Neither the owners nor the tenants of such buildings lose by fires. Having collected their fifth or sixth fire profit, they continue to live lovingly together until it is the turn of the tenant who is to provide the seventh or eighth. If there is anything in circumstantial evidence, in many cases the tenant rents his loft space solely for the purpose of having his fire or fires.

You will sometimes hear a decent broker or general agent say: "*Oh, no!* We don't write insurance for No. ——!" The agents and brokers who do write insurance for such numbers, together with the tenants and owners for whom they procure the policies, are perfectly well known for what they are. Fire insurance in America has come to this: that on central Broadway there are buildings over the portals of which there should hang a red light, such as may be found elsewhere in New York, and beneath it the inscription:

These Premises to Rent for the Purposes of Arson.

And it is not merely the tenants and owners of such buildings who are living on the avails of it.

A SECOND CHALLENGE TO NEW YORK INSURANCE

I NOW give the stock fire insurance business of New York a second opportunity to make public certain "records and statistics in which the interests of the public are involved." I asked above for the publication of the "repeater *percentage*" for 1912, omitted from the last Losses and Adjustments report. I now ask for the publication of the entire joint and several fire records of New York's "535" for 1911 and 1912, the said records to go back at least ten years. To avoid libel no names need be mentioned. For any intelligent New York business man, the number of fires in every case, the year in which they took place, and the amount of insurance in every case collected, will be enough.

With such records I also ask for the publication of the total amount of insurance which has been paid to the owners and tenants of certain *buildings*, a list of which I shall be glad to furnish.

I further demand that in every case the name of the insurance broker and the name of the "public adjuster"—through whom he derives his fire profits—be given.

And, in case such records and statistics are not furnished voluntarily by the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, I herewith inform the proper authorities, and the Grand Jury, that all such records and statistics may be found in the files of the New York Committee on Losses and Adjustments, whose offices are at 123 William Street, Manhattan.

***Fifth.*—The insurance of the repeater is, notoriously, at its worst and most shameless in that big-city "conflagration district" where, according to our insurance authorities themselves, a single fire could easily, by getting out of control, cause a property loss of more than a billion dollars, destroy thousands of lives, and incidentally make defaulters of almost every insurance company in the country.**

THE MOST DANGEROUS DISTRICT IN THE WORLD

AS every insurance man knows, that district is the one I have been describing above. Here, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters' own reports of warning—the last of which has been issued within three months—are to be found "the most dangerous conditions to be found in any city in the world."

One insurance man after the other stated before the New York Insurance Investigating Committee of 1911 that the whole district could be burned by a single fire, and burned as easily as Baltimore or San Francisco was burned. "From Chambers Street to Fourteenth, and from river to river," testified the manager of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, "there are less than three-quarters of the number of acres that were burned over in the San Francisco conflagration. And if those acres, say 2,100 in number, are burned over, the loss will be between four and a half and five times what it was when San Francisco burned*; and, in-

*The loss in the San Francisco fire is generally estimated to have been about $350,000,000.

For You or For Friction?

Friction steals mileage that belongs to you. In time its constant rub—rub—rub wears out every motor.

The time depends on the lubrication.

Every year hundreds of thousands of automobiles go over the road—lubricated—yes—but lubricated badly. Generally these motorists will say that their cars "seem to be working all right." But unnecessary friction is at work.

Its common results are:

(1) Undue loss of power.
(2) Unnecessary repair troubles.
(3) An excess consumption of fuel.
(4) An excess consumption of lubricating oil.

These losses are traceable to one common cause—careless and improper lubrication.

Any oil will lubricate to an extent. So will lard. But a lubricating oil, to have efficient lubricating qualities, must both wear well in use, and furnish proper protection under the heat of service.

Such oils are rare.

Given an oil with these qualities, (and remember they are rare) you must next make sure that the oil's "body," or thickness, meets the feed requirements of your motor.

Motors and feed systems differ widely. The oil suited to one motor will often be entirely too light or too heavy for another.

The problem presented is both serious and complex.

To establish a sound guide to correct automobile lubrication, we have taken a step of the utmost importance to the motorist.

We have done what *had* to be done. Each year we carefully analyze the motor of each make of automobile.

Based on this motor-analysis and on practical experience, we have specified in a lubricating chart (printed in part on the right) the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of automobile.

The superior efficiency of these oils has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of less-correct "body," or of lower lubricating qualities, than that specified for your car, sooner or later your motor must pay the consequences. Unnecessary friction must result. Ultimate serious damage will follow.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.

—

These are the facts.

Your lubrication will determine the life of your car. It remains for you to decide on your lubricant for the coming season.



Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

Cars	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Apperson	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Autocar (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A
Avery	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cameron	A	A	A	E	A
" Conv.	A	A	A	E	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers	D	D	D	D	D
Chase					Arc
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A
" "Knight"					A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit	A	E	A	E	A
" "Knight"					A
Dorris	A	E	A	E	A
Elcar	D	A	D	D	D
Elmore	D	A	D	D	D
Empire Toledo	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Enger	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
E-M-F	D	A	D	D	D
Fiat					Arc
Franklin	E	E	A	Arc	E
" Conv.	D	A	D	A	A
G. M. C.					Arc
Garford				A	Arc
Great Scott	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Hewitt (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A
Hudson					Arc
Imperial "20"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "40"					A
I. H. C. (air)					A
" (water)					A
Interstate	B	A	D	A	B
Jackson	A	E	A	E	A
Jeffery	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly Springfield			Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	E	A
" Conv.			Arc	Arc	Arc
Knox Kar			Arc	Arc	Arc
Lewis	B	A	D	A	B
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A
Marmon	Arc	Arc	A	E	A
Matheson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
" (6 cyl.)					E
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A
" "Knight"					A
Mercer			A	Arc	A
Michigan			Arc	Arc	Arc
Mitchell "Knight"					A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc	Arc	A
Moon	A	E	A	E	A
National	A	Arc	A	E	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A
Overland	A	E	A	E	A
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige Detroit			E	E	E
Packard	A	E	A	E	A
" "Knight"					A
Pathfinder					A
Pierce	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Conv.					Arc
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc	Arc	A
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Pullman	A	E	A	E	A
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A
Rayfield					A
Reed	A	E	A	E	A
Reliance	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Reo	A	A	A	E	A
S. G. V.					A
Selden	A	E	A	E	A
Service					A
Singer	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "Mead"					A
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc	Arc	A
" "Knight"					A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker Upton	E	E	Arc	A	A
" "Knight"					A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A
Stutz					Arc
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E
Velie	A	E	A	E	Arc
Warren Detroit			Arc	Arc	A
White Steam					Arc
" (Gasoline)	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or sealed five-gallon, or one-gallon can. ***Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.***

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

BRANCHES: DETROIT Free Bldg. BOSTON 49 Federal St. NEW YORK 29 Broadway CHICAGO Fisher Bldg. PHILADELPHIA 4th & Chestnut Sts. INDIANAPOLIS Indianapolis Life Ins. Bldg.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world

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Postal Life N.Y.

Insurance Economy

Non-agency savings Interstate savings
Health-conservation

WHAT was sought for at the time of the Hughes Insurance Investigation in 1905 has come to pass, namely, a *decisive reduction in the cost of life insurance.*

Anyone now desiring sound protection can walk into the office of the Postal Life Insurance Company, or write a letter to it and deal *direct*, thus *becoming his own agent* and saving for himself *the agent's commission* each year.

For more than seven years the doors of the Company have now been open for personal applications, and the Government postal facilities have been employed by the public to *cut out agency expense.*

As a matter of fact, it is this same *agency expense* that has burdened and weakened *more than one company.*

The Postal Life has, indeed, absorbed two such companies and *saved their policyholders from serious loss.*

MORE than 1,600 new applicants were accepted last year for insurance in the Postal—*without agents.*

The *first* year, Postal policyholders receive a *guaranteed* commission-dividend *corresponding to what other companies pay their agents, less the moderate advertising charge.*

In subsequent years policyholders can deduct the entire *agent's renewal commission* of 7½% and an *office-expense saving* of 2%, making up the

Annual Dividend of

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy

And in addition, the Postal pays, every year after the first, *contingent dividends that are earned by the policy.*

THE Company receives applications from citizens of *every State.* It is, in truth, an *interstate institution,* but it is *not* subject to the expensive exactions of the various States.

To these exactions *agency* companies are properly subject because they establish branch-offices throughout the country, thus making themselves liable to taxes, licenses and fees imposed by all the different States.

But any citizen wherever located, who deals with the Postal Life, exempts his premium, from such onerous State requirements.

The Company's Health Bureau also brings about an important insurance economy through the distribution of helpful printed matter on health preservation. Policyholders may also have one free medical examination each year, so as to detect incipient disease in time to check or cure it, thus reducing mortality and increasing the Company's savings.



Postal Life Building

Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save you on any standard form of contract Whole Life, Limited Payment Life or Endowment.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Postal Life dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for **full official information.** Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in COLLIER'S of April 12th

In your letter be sure to give:
1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance* — not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves,* now $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions,* approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street NEW YORK

The Pie
and the
Pirate

By ALBERT LEE

It is a merry tale, cleverly illustrated, and beautifully printed on antique deckle-edge paper. Don't forget to ask for it to-day at the book stores, 50 cents; or mailed direct for 55 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
416 W. 13th St., New York City

Buy

United States Tires

They cut down tire bills

The Fire Repeaters

(*Concluded from page 27*)

cidentally, about four times the assets, the surplus, and the capital of all the companies admitted to do business in New York State."

"There could be a fire in New York that would probably result in not twenty-five cents [on the dollar] being paid," testified Frank Lock, the manager of the Atlas.

"Many companies," testified Henry Evans of the Continental, "would not pay ten cents on the dollar."

The western half of this district is made up of New York's old wholesale quarter where a billion of money value is warehoused, much of it in buildings as ramshackle and as open to a spreading fire as any buildings could be. The eastern half comprises the most densely populated section of New York's East Side. And a rapidly carried fire would cut off almost all escape from it.

NO ESCAPE WOULD BE OPEN

"THE heat and smoke of a sweeping conflagration," says Allan Robinson, the president of the New York Allied Real Estate Interests, "would drive the people from the East Side to the river by tens and probably hundreds of thousands. No escape would be open to them." But, again, leave the matter of loss of life out of it altogether. Put it wholly upon the basis of money and the fitness of those now controlling fire insurance in America to be trusted with a business interest upon which the whole credit of the nation depends. All bankers agree that the losses and failures resulting from such a fire would shake the country in a financial panic, compared with which all previous panics would seem trifling. Indeed, to careful insurance men themselves New York's "conflagration district" has always been a kind of nightmare. I quote only two lines more from a mass of testimony which has been accumulating for years: "God help us if ever a fire gets away," says Harold Herrick, the president of the Niagara; "there would not be an insurance company left in the world." This is exaggeration, but for the present let it stand. Now, for the policy holder, the first principle of safe insurance is this: The company which has insured him must never, in any one single district liable to total loss from any single conflagration, issue policies amounting to a sum greater than the total of its assets. As everyone familiar with American insurance must know, there are companies, both great and small, which do very closely limit the amount of their risks in this New York "conflagration district." And, after the worst of fires, they could pay in full. But in few cases are they the kind of companies with which this article has had to do.

The very companies which are now engaged in providing our "repeaters" with the wherewithal for fires always larger and more dangerous in this, the most hazardous district in the world, are, in most cases, the very companies, both great and small, which, after that general fire which they are doing all in their power to invite, could not pay ten cents on the dollar. And their ability or inability to meet their obligations is a matter of vital interest not merely to New York but to those millions of their policy holders throughout the country who have also paid in advance for the protection and indemnity supposed to be represented by their stamped paper.

A THIRD CHALLENGE TO NEW YORK INSURANCE

UNDER the laws of Illinois, any company can be compelled to show the amount it has at risk in Chicago's congested or conflagration district. During the sittings of the last New York Insurance Commission, an insurance broker of the highest standing, Moses Tannenbaum, made attempt after attempt to show the great need of a similar law in New York. His attempts were defeated. But if our insurance companies are to be allowed to carry on their business as, in this article, I have shown them to be carrying it on, the need and the justice of such a law must be apparent to anyone. And I now therefore make a third demand:

It is not, of course, fitting that any writer or any magazine should demand personally what can only be accomplished or compelled by due process of law. But, in so far as such a demand can be made, I now ask that steps be taken to the end that by legal enactment every stock fire insurance company which, since 1901, can be shown to have given any so-called "repeater" in the New York "conflagration district" new insurance after his second fire—not clearly and satisfactorily explained—shall be duly compelled to list its outstanding liabilities in the said district, and lay beside them for public scrutiny the amount of assets which it holds wherewith to meet the same.

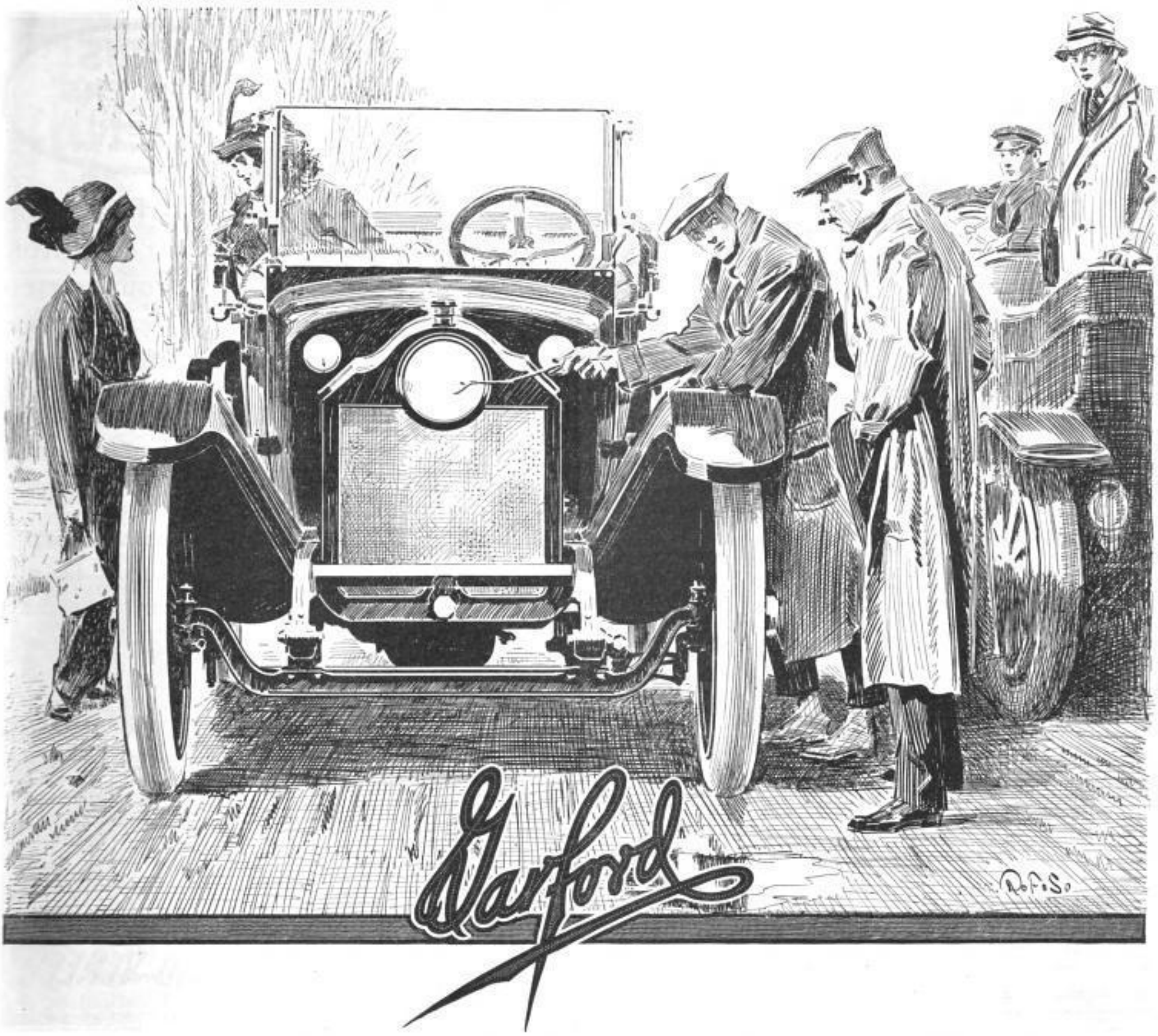
Table showing the number of fires and the losses per 1,000 of population in 30 cities in the years 1910 and 1911

City	Number of Fires per 1,000 of Population		Loss by Fire per 1,000 of Population	
	1910	1911	1910	1911
New York	3.02	4.31	1.78	2.46
Chicago	4.80	3.97	2.76	2.59
Philadelphia	2.40	2.46	1.67	1.37
St. Louis	4.97	5.23	1.68	3.31
Boston	4.43	5.26	5.15	3.26
Cleveland	3.86	3.51	1.19	1.07
Pittsburgh	3.40	3.25	1.83	1.72
Detroit	4.64	4.89	2.18	2.53
San Francisco	3.50	3.96	2.51	1.96
Milwaukee	4.12	4.38	2.40	3.16
Cincinnati	4.66	4.28	5.24	3.67
New Orleans	2.04	1.61	2.33	1.18
Minneapolis	7.95	6.44	6.60	6.74
Chelsea	7.97	7.82	1.67	3.13
Bangor	9.39	7.96	6.21	137.43
Dallas	7.82	5.56	7.39	7.07
Houston	8.52	6.82	2.86	44.50
Superior	7.55	5.86	3.48	6.47
Omaha	7.89	7.84	5.73	3.03
Newton	10.67	12.29	1.06	1.34
Brookline	9.20	10.14	2.07	5.14
Taunton	8.23	10.31	1.18	2.70
Concord	10.42	14.23	3.21	3.18
Meridian	12.28	11.44	5.11	2.56
Vicksburg	1.73	1.09	18.60	3.40
Birmingham	9.78	11.03	3.75	5.24
Montgomery	9.26	10.85	4.27	4.72
Waco	10.03	6.61	5.02	2.48
Kansas City, Kas.	8.27	8.22	8.89	2.33
Leavenworth	8.05	10.85	1.19	8.14

The number of fires per thousand of population is a fairer measure than the money loss per capita. For a single very large fire will often increase the *money*-loss index tremendously; witness Vicksburg, in 1910, with its $18.60 per capita, while it will be seen that in the *number* of its fires per 1,000 of population it had only 1.73; Meridian, Miss., had 12.28. When a city has from 5 to 10 fires for every 1,000 of its people, it need not mean that the character of the "1,000" has changed. It means, in general, that that city's "535" are unusually active.

When this fire index gets above 5, the city is heading for a general conflagration. Chelsea, Bangor, and Houston have already had theirs. Newton, Mass.; Concord, N. H.; Birmingham, Ala., and their fellows will doubtless have their general conflagration in due course.

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The new Garford "Six" was designed contrary to the usual custom. Instead of utilizing, re-designing or substituting any old parts, this car is new in its entire construction.

From the smallest steel bolt to the handsome, graceful and noiseless one-piece-all-steel body, it is a distinct 1913 creation.

In it are embodied more new and practical six-cylinder improvements and conveniences than in any other "Six" built.

As one illustration, your attention is directed to the single, parabolic electric headlight, sunk flush with the radiator. This new method of lighting eliminates the rattling cumbersome and unsightly headlights that were always in the way. It gives the car a much cleaner and much more finished appearance.

And this is but one of the many exclusive Garford features.

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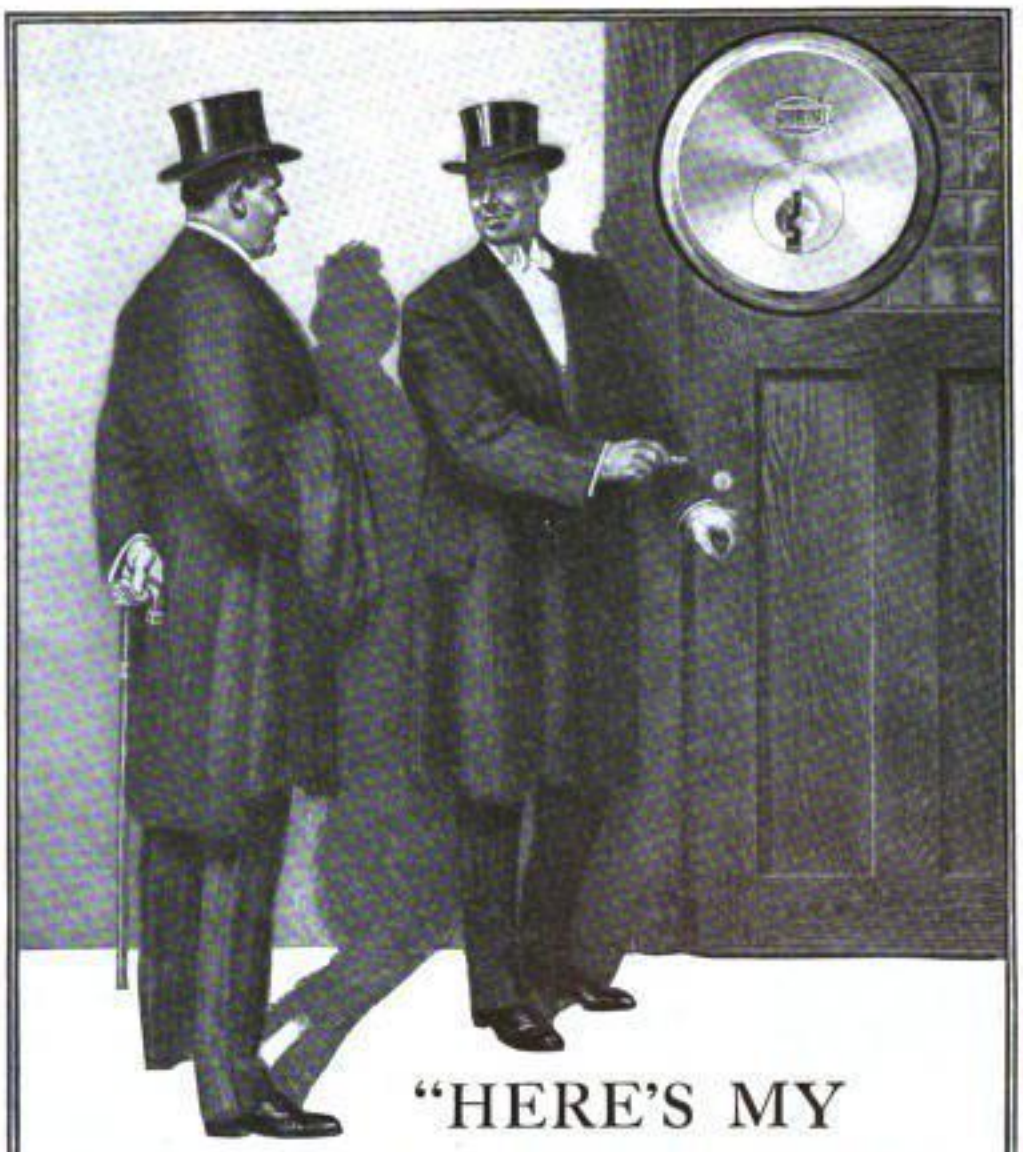
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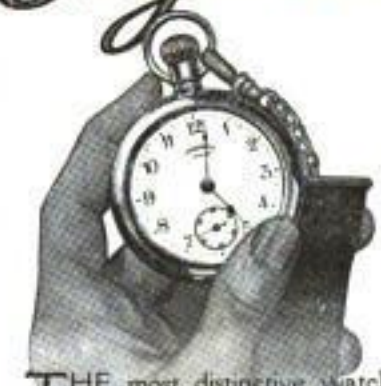


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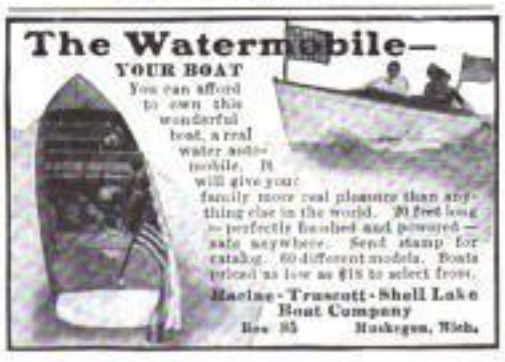
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Memories of Players

(*Concluded from page 16*)

sitting with him by his fireside, and he was smoking his pipe and ruminating. I commended to him the resources of travel to break the monotony of custom. "But I have traveled so much," he said, "and wherever I go people want to entertain me, and I have no peace. Here is my bed, and here is the fire, and here are the books—and here you come to see me."

Then, puffing at his pipe, he added: "I suppose I shall wear out here." So it was to be. Physical pain harassed him; bodily weakness had made him more and more languid; weariness of everything had settled on his mind. The noble patience and the gentleness of his spirit never waned, but his expectation was turned eagerly toward the end. Death, to him, was the crowning mercy and blessing of life—truly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." "I cannot grieve at death," he wrote to me in a time of terrible affliction. "It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. Why do you not look at this miserable little life, with all its ups and downs, as I do? At the very worst 'tis but a scratch, a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death, who gives us a life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians, temporal or spiritual, can give."

THE CURTAIN SINKS

HIS last two years were passed in desultory reading, mostly on religious subjects, and in musing over the past, and so he drifted away. As an actor he was great indeed—even greater, as, in pondering on the subject, I have come to think, than his wonderful father. But to him living was infinitely more important than acting.

His mental attitude toward his acting was not unlike that of Sir Walter toward his writing—tolerance of an incident to his life, not conviction of its supreme importance as an object and an end. The essential elements of his nature were goodness, simplicity, and power. He honored his vocation, and never by word or deed did he countenance misuse of it. But, though he exercised an almost unrivaled sway over both the affections and emotions of his audience, it was seldom, even at the meridian of his career, that his nature was stirred to its profoundest depths and his full powers aroused and exerted. When that occurred his acting was sublime. He did not possess the organ voice or the huge physical frame of Forrest or Salvini, but when fully excited he liberated to the utmost the faculty of pure tragic power, and imparted an electrical force such as I have never known equaled. Among all the players he and Jefferson and Henry Irving were the nearest of my friends. Yet such was Edwin's pitiful suffering toward the last that when—thousands of miles away—I heard of his death I was glad.

BOOTH AND IRVING

BOOTH might have continued to act, as Irving did, up to the end of his days; but while Irving's tremendous power of will made him glorious to the final moment, Booth's dejection of mind and infirmity of body would have caused him to present a spectacle of failing powers; and so when he asked my counsel as to leaving the stage, I advised him to retire. As I recall those two actors, Booth and Irving, whom I knew so long and so well, it seems to me that, while in many ways widely dissimilar, they were closely kindred in genius, domestic experience, brilliant meridian achievement, and a bleak and melancholy loneliness at last. The history of the stage in England and America during the last half of the nineteenth century is intimately entwined with the characters and careers of those remarkable men. The English chieftain possessed far greater executive faculty in the conduct of the practical business of life; the American, in some ways as much a leader, was more a dreamer. Around their names is a halo of romance that will never fade. Edwin's character and conduct of life are summarized in Hamlet's words to Horatio (which he told me he hoped might be his epitaph):

Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

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The Witch's House

By LAURA BENÉT

ITS wicked little windows leer
Beneath a moldy thatch,
And village children come and peer
Before they lift the latch.

A one-eyed crone hops to the door,
Fat spiders crowd the pane.
And dark herbs scattered on the floor
Waft fragrance down the lane.

It sits so low, the little hutch,
So secret, shy, and squat,
As if in its mysterious clutch
It nursed one knew not what.

That beggars passing by the ditch
Are haunted with desire
To force the door, and see the witch
Vanish in flames of fire!

The Call of Siva

(Continued from page 19)

"Did you change your quarters?"

"No. Fortunately for the reputation of the hotel, a first-class establishment, several similar cases occurred elsewhere, both in Rangoon, in Prome, and in Maulmain. A story got about the native quarter, and was fostered by some mad fakir, that the god Siva was reborn and that the cry was his call for victims; a ghastly story which led to an outbreak of dacoity and gave the District Superintendent no end of trouble."

"Was there anything unusual about the bodies?"

"They all developed marks after death, as though they had been strangled! The marks were said all to possess a peculiar form, though it was not appreciable to my eye; and this, again, was declared to be the five heads of Siva."

"Were the deaths confined to Europeans?"

"Oh, no. Several Burmans and others died in the same way. At first there was a theory that the victims had contracted leprosy and committed suicide as a result; but the medical evidence disproved that. The call of Siva became a perfect nightmare throughout Burma."

"Did you ever hear it again, before this evenin'?"

"Yes. I heard it on the Upper Irrawaddy one clear moonlight night, and a Colassie, a deck hand, leaped from the top deck of the steamer aboard which I was traveling! My God! to think that the fiend Fu-Manchu has brought *that* to England!"

"But brought what, Smith?" I cried in perplexity. "What has he brought? An evil spirit? A mental disease? What is it—what *can* it be?"

"A new agent of death, Petrie! Something born in a plague spot of Burma—the home of much that is unclean and much that is inexplicable. Heaven grant that we be in time, and are able, to save Guthrie."

THE train was late, and as our cab turned out of Waterloo Station and began to ascend to the bridge, from a hundred steeples rang out the gongs of midnight, the bell of St. Paul's raised above them all to vie with the deep voice of Big Ben.

I looked out from the cab window across the river to where towering above the Embankment, that place of a thousand tragedies, the lights of some of London's greatest *caravanserais* formed a sort of minor constellation. From the subdued blaze that showed the public supper rooms, I looked up, to the hundreds of starry points marking the private apartments of those giant inns.

I thought how each twinkling window denoted the presence of some bird of passage, some wanderer temporarily abiding in our midst. There, floor piled upon floor above the chattering throngs, were these less gregarious units, each something of a mystery to his fellow guests, each in his separate cell; and each as remote from real human companionship as if that cell were fashioned, not in the bricks of London, but in the rocks of Hindustan!

In one of those rooms Graham Guthrie might at that moment be sleeping, all unaware that he would awake to the Call of Siva to the summons of death. As we neared the Strand, Smith stopped the cab,



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KENYON TAKE DOWN HOUSE

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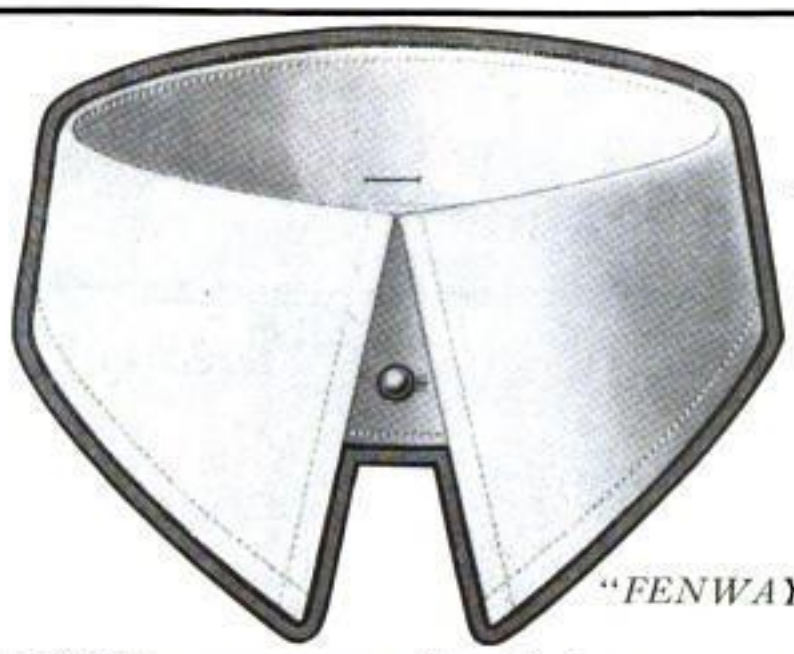
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The Call of Siva

(Continued from page 31)

discharging the man outside Sotheby's auction rooms.

"One of the doctor's watchdogs may be in the foyer," said Smith, thoughtfully; "and it might spoil everything if we were seen to go to Guthrie's room. There must be a back entrance to the kitchens and so on?"

"There is," I replied quickly. "I have seen the vans delivering there. But have we time?"

"Yes, lead on."

We walked up the Strand and hurried westward. Into that narrow court, with its iron posts and descending steps, upon which opens a well-known wine cellar, we turned. Then, going parallel with the Strand, but on the Embankment level, we ran round the back of the great hotel, and came to double doors which were open. An arc lamp illuminated the interior, and a number of men were at work among the casks, crates, and packages stacked about the place. We entered.

"Hullo!" cried a man in a white overall, "where d' you think you're going?"

SMITH grasped him by the arm. "I want to get to the public part of the hotel without being seen from the entrance hall," he said. "Will you please lead the way."

"Here," began the other, staring—

"Don't waste time!" snapped my friend, in that tone of authority which he knew so well how to assume. "It's a matter of life and death. Lead the way, I say!"

"Police, sir?" asked the man civilly.

"Yes," said Smith, "hurry!"

Off went our guide without further demur. Skirting scullieries, kitchens, laundries, and engine rooms, he led us through those mysterious labyrinths which have no existence for the guest above, but which contain the machinery that renders these modern *khans* the Aladdin's palaces they are. On a second floor landing we met a man in a tweed suit to whom our cicerone presented us.

"Glad I met you, sir. Two gentlemen from the police."

The man regarded us with a suspicious smile.

"Who are you?" he asked. "You're not from Scotland Yard at any rate!"

Smith pulled out a card and thrust it into the speaker's hand.

"If you are the hotel detective," he said, "take us without delay to Mr. Graham Guthrie."

A marked change took place in the other's demeanor, on glancing at the card in his hand.

"Excuse me, sir!" he said deferentially, "but of course I didn't know whom I was speaking to. We all have instructions to give you every assistance."

"Is Mr. Guthrie in his room?"

"He's been in his room for some time, sir. You will want to get there without being seen? This way. We can join the lift on the third floor."

Off we went again, with our new guide. In the lift:

"Have you noticed anything suspicious about the place to-night?" asked Smith.

"I have!" was the startling reply. "That accounts for your finding me where you did. My usual post is in the lobby. But about eleven o'clock, when the theatre people began to come in, I had a hazy sort of impression that some one or something slipped past in the crowd—something that had no business in the hotel!"

WE got out of the lift.

"I don't quite follow you," said Smith. "If you thought you saw something entering, you must have formed a more or less definite impression regarding it."

"That's the funny part of the business," answered the man doggedly. "I didn't! But as I stood at the top of the stairs I could have sworn that there was something crawling up behind a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen!"

"A dog, for instance?"

"It didn't strike me as being a dog, sir. Anyway, when the party passed me, there was nothing there. Mind you, whatever it was it hadn't come in by the front. I have made inquiries everywhere, but without result." He stopped abruptly. "Number 189—Mr. Guthrie's door, sir!"

Smith knocked.

"Hullo!" came a muffled voice, "what do you want?"

"Open the door! Don't delay; it is important." (Continued on page 35)



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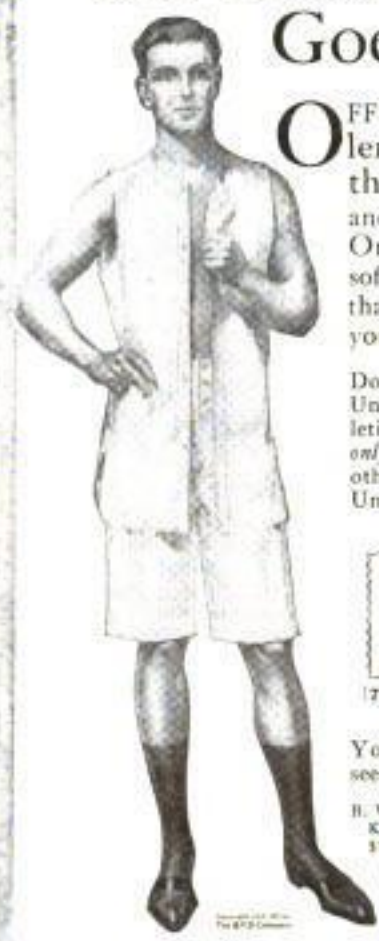
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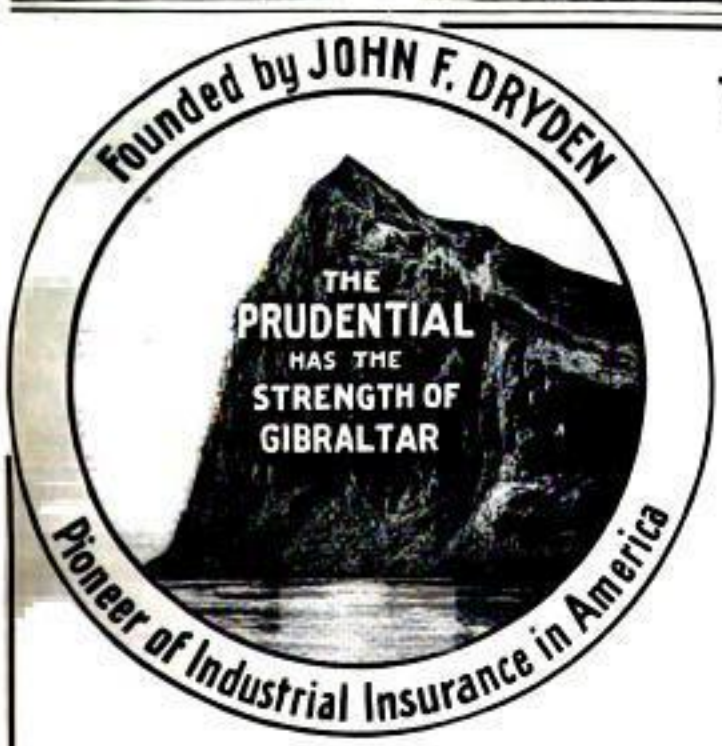
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Then came the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires, which we still control.

That, at one sweep, did away with a trouble which wrecked 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

From that day to this, a No-Rim-Cut tire has never been known to rim-cut.

At the same time came our 10 per cent oversize, which added 25 per cent to the average tire mileage.

These two innovations gave overwhelming advantage to the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

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And now, after two million Goodyears have been sold, these tires command, by long odds, the largest sale in the world.

These Young Men Succeeded Too

Now comes the best part of our story. One of these young men became superintendent. At 36, he is now in charge of 7,000 Goodyear men.

Others came to share in our profits. There are in our factory 46 men who are stockholders in our concern. There are 33 more in our offices, whom we helped acquire their stock. There are 56 in charge of our branches.

And still the improvement goes on. Half a hundred men—mostly technical graduates—still devote their whole time to research and experiment.

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The Call of Siva

(*Continued from page* 32)

He turned to the hotel detective.

"Stay right there where you can watch the stairs and the lift," he instructed, "and note everyone and everything that passes this door— But whatever you see or hear, do nothing without my orders."

The man moved off, and the door was opened. Smith whispered in my ear:

"Some creature of Dr. Fu-Manchu's is in the hotel!"

MR GRAHAM GUTHRIE, British resident in North Bhutan, was a big, thick-set man—gray-haired and florid, with widely opened eyes of the true fighting blue, a bristling mustache, and prominent shaggy brows. Nayland Smith introduced himself tersely, proffering his card and an open letter.

"Those are my credentials, Mr. Guthrie," he said, "so no doubt you will realize that the business which brings me and my friend Dr. Petrie here at such an hour is of the first importance."

He switched off the light.

"There is no time for ceremony!" he explained. "It is now twenty-five past twelve. At half past an attempt will be made upon your life!"

"Mr. Smith," said the other, who, arrayed in his pajamas, was seated on the edge of the bed, "you alarm me very greatly! I may mention that I was advised of your presence in England this morning."

"Do you know anything respecting the person called Fu-Manchu—Dr. Fu-Manchu?"

"Only what I was told to-day—that he is the agent of an advanced political group."

"It is opposed to his interests that you should return to Bhutan. A more gullible agent would be preferable. Therefore, unless you implicitly obey my instructions, you will never leave England!"

GRAHAM Guthrie breathed quickly. I was growing more used to the gloom, and I could dimly discern him, his face turned toward Nayland Smith, while with his hand he clutched the bed rail. Such a visit as ours, I think, must have shaken the nerve of any man.

"But, Mr. Smith," he said, "surely I am safe enough here! The place is full of American visitors at present, and I have had to be content with a room right at the top; so that the only danger I apprehend is that of fire!"

"There is another danger," replied Smith. "The fact that you are at the top of the building enhances that danger. Do you recall anything of the mysterious epidemic which broke out in Rangoon in 1908—the deaths due to the Call of Siva?"

"I read of it in the Indian papers," said Guthrie, uneasily. "Suicides, were they not?"

"No!" snapped Smith. "Murders!"

There was a brief silence.

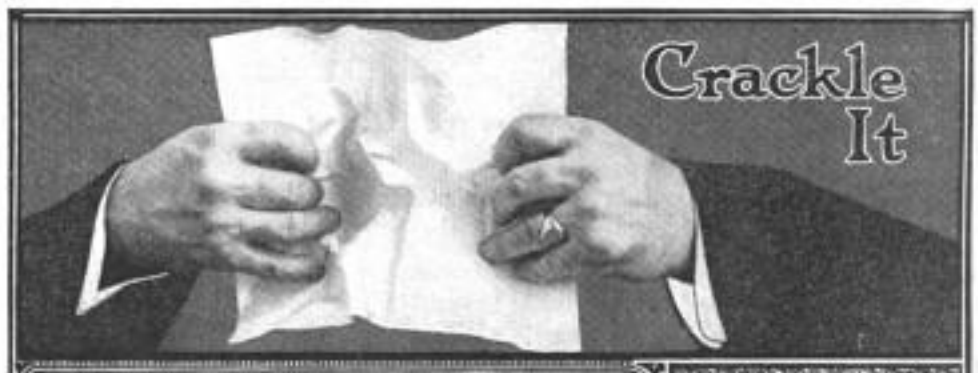
"From what I recall of the cases," said Guthrie, "that seems impossible. In several instances the victims threw themselves from the windows of locked rooms—and the windows were quite inaccessible."

"Exactly," replied Smith, and in the dim light his revolver gleamed dully, as he placed it on the small table beside the bed. "Except that your door is unlocked, the conditions to-night are identical. Silence, please—I hear a clock striking."

IT was Big Ben. It struck the half hour —leaving the stillness complete. In that room high above the activity which yet prevailed below, high above the supping crowds in the hotel, high above the starving crowds on the Embankment, a curious chill of isolation swept about me.

Again I realized how, in the very heart of the great metropolis, a man may be as far from aid as in the heart of a desert. I was glad that I was not alone in that room marked with the death mark of Fu-Manchu; and I am certain that Graham Guthrie welcomed his unexpected company.

I may have mentioned the fact before; but on this occasion it became so peculiarly evident to me that I am constrained to record it here—I refer to the sense of impending danger which invariably preceded a visitor from Fu-Manchu. Even had I not known that an attempt was to be made that night, I



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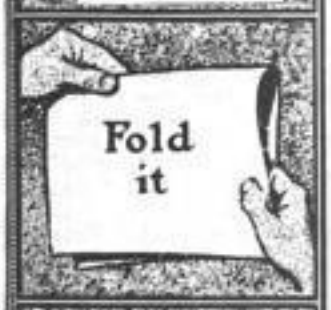
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The Call of Siva

(Continued from page 35)

should have realized it, as, strung to high tension, I waited in the darkness. Some invisible herald went ahead of the dreadful Chinaman, proclaiming his coming to every nerve in one's body. It was like a breath of astral incense, announcing the presence of the priests of death.

A wail, low but singularly penetrating, falling in minor cadences to a new silence, came from somewhere close at hand.

"My God!" hissed Guthrie—"what was that?"

"The Call of Siva," whispered Smith. "Don't stir, for your life!"

GUTHRIE was breathing hard.

I knew that we were three, that the hotel detective was within hail, that there was a telephone in the room, that the traffic of the Embankment moved almost beneath us; but I knew, and am not ashamed to confess, that King Fear had icy fingers about my heart. It was awful, that tense waiting—for—what?

Three taps sounded very distinctly upon the window.

Graham Guthrie started so as to shake the bed. "It's supernatural!" he muttered—all that was Celtic in his blood recoiling from the omen. "Nothing human can reach that window!"

"Sch!"—from Smith. "Don't stir."

The tapping was repeated.

Smith softly crossed the room. My heart was beating painfully. He threw open the window. Further inaction was impossible. I joined him, and we looked out into the empty air.

"Don't come too near, Petrie!" he warned, over his shoulder.

One on either side of the open window, we stood and looked down at the moving Embankment lights, at the glitter of the Thames, at the silhouetted buildings on the farther bank, with the shot tower starting above them all.

Three taps sounded on the panes above us.

In all my dealings with Dr. Fu-Manchu I had had to face nothing so uncanny as this. What Burmese ghoul had he loosed? Was it outside, in the air? Was it actually in the room?

"Don't let me go, Petrie!" whispered Smith suddenly. "Get a tight hold on me!"

That was the last straw, for I thought that some dreadful fascination was impelling my friend to hurl himself out! Wildly I threw my arms about him, and Guthrie leaped forward to help.

Smith leaned from the window and looked up.

One choking cry he gave—smothered, inarticulate—and I found him slipping from my grip—being drawn out of the window—drawn to his death!

"Hold him, Guthrie!" I gasped hoarsely. "My God! he's going! Hold him!"

My friend writhed in our grasp and I saw him stretch his arm upward. The crack of his revolver came, and he collapsed onto the floor, carrying me with him.

But, as I fell, I heard a scream above. Smith's revolver went hurtling through the air, and hard upon it went a black shape—flashing past the open window into the gulf of the night.

"The light! The light!" I cried.

GUTHRIE ran and turned on the light. Nayland Smith, his eyes starting from his head, his face swollen, lay plucking at a silken cord which showed tight about his throat.

"It was a *thing*," screamed Guthrie. "Get the rope off! He's choking!"

My hands atwitch, I seized the strangling cord.

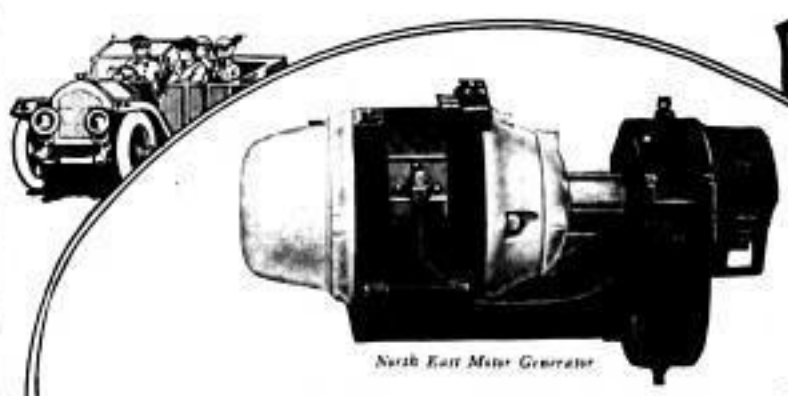
"A knife! Quick!" I cried. "I have lost mine!"

Guthrie ran to the dressing table and passed me an open penknife. I somehow got the blade between the rope and Smith's swollen neck, and severed the deadly silken thing.

Smith made a choking noise, and fell back swooning in my arms.

When, later, we stood looking down upon the mutilated thing which had been brought in from where it lay, Smith showed me a mark on the brow—close beside the wound where his bullet had entered.

"The mark of Kâli," he said. "The man was a *phansigar*—a religious strangler. Since Fu-Manchu has dacoits in his service, I might have expected that he would



THE NOISELESS
North East
ELECTRIC STARTING AND LIGHTING SYSTEM

Combines Simplicity, Efficiency and Economy

Simplicity—because there is nothing complicated to get out of order: merely a single machine—a motor-generator all in one—comprising a simple armature with one winding and one commutator, such as is familiar to every amateur electrician, and an automatic gear device to change from motor to generator with the starting of the engine. Has fewer parts than any other system, is entirely free from contact troubles, and cannot be disarranged from the driver's seat.

Efficiency—because it has more power per unit of weight than any other electric starter, and will turn over the largest engines used in automobiles, starting them under the most adverse climatic conditions, and with the least current consumption from the battery.

Economy—because there is no expense for upkeep or repairs, and because low current consumption means longer life for the battery.

The North East System cannot be installed on cars now in use. You can secure its advantages, however, by specifying

A North East System For Your New Car

THE NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO.
38 Whitney Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Just Think of It!

Only for this Fine Rocker $8.50



Your dealer asks $16. We actually save you $7.50. Handsome Quartered Oak Rocker with Marokene leather cushion. Height 35 in.; width 31 in.; depth 31 in.; shipped in four sections, easily assembled, at this low factory price — guaranteed or money back. Free Book on Brooks MASTER-BUILT Furniture Shows 100 designs of rockers, settees, desks, chairs, couches, etc. Write today sure. Brooks Mfg. Co., 1104 Sidney St. Saginaw, Mich.

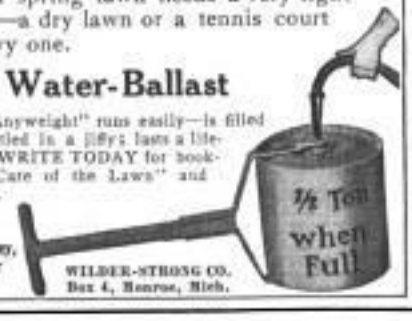
Brooks Rocker No. 10

"Anyweight" Lawn Roller

Don't spoil your lawn with a roller that's always too heavy or too light for the job. A soft spring lawn needs a very light roller—a dry lawn or a tennis court a heavy one.

Water-Ballast

The "Anyweight" runs easily—is filled or emptied in a jiffy; lasts a lifetime. WRITE TODAY for booklet—"Care of the Lawn" and catalog, both free. Save money, save your lawn.



WILDER-STRONG CO. Box 4, Monroe, Mich.

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Special selection Diamond-set Jewelry at a saving of one-third to one-half. LaVallieres, Rings, Ear Screws, Stick Pins and Stud. Mountings are 14k solid gold—except N-51, N-60 and N-61, which are platinum. Fine, brilliant white diamonds, full of fire and radiance.

Your choice of any of these handsome pieces on our usual liberal **CREDIT TERMS:** One-fifth down, balance divided into 8 equal amounts—payable monthly. Order today.



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Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

Send for free Jewelry Catalog, explaining our Easy Credit Plan. Any article sent for your examination, charges prepaid. We want you to see for yourself that you can save money by sending to us when in need of a diamond, watch, artistic jewelry, etc.

IMPORTED VIENNA
MEERSCHAUM PIPES
50c
6 For $2.50

Made from Genuine Meerschaum Shavings, and will color

Sent parcels post prepaid to any address in the U. S. Beautifully made with old gold plated ferrule. Very porous, absorbing all nicotine and giving a clean, cool smoke. AGENTS WANTED.

A. C. DIETSCHE, 81 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.



GREATEST PIPE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

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Are equipped with **puncture-proof** tires, imported **roller chains**, imported English flanged sprockets, English featherweight steel **mud guards**, imported Brampton pedals, motor style saddles, bars and grips, and other distinctive features possessed by no other bicycle. No effort or expense has been spared to make the "**Ranger**" the **World's Best Bicycle.** Improved factory methods and greatly increased output for 1913 enable us to make a marvelous *new price offer.* Something *very special* to the first purchasers of 1913 models in each town. Write us *today.*

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent in advance,* to any person, anywhere in the United States, and *prepay the freight.* We only ask you to examine and try the "**Ranger**" *without a cent expense to yourself* before you think of buying any other bicycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL is allowed on every "**Ranger**" bicycle. *Not a cent out* to you if you do not wish to keep it after riding it for 10 days and putting it to every test. Our "**Ranger**" bicycles are of such high quality, handsome appearance and low price that we are willing to ship to you, *prepaid,* for your examination and trial, and leave it entirely to you whether you wish to keep it or not.

LOW FACTORY PRICES Our **great output,** perfected methods and machinery enable us to offer you direct from the factory the best bicycle ever produced at a price that will be a *revelation* to you. **Do not buy** a Bicycle or a pair of Tires until you receive our large complete catalog and learn our direct **factory price** and remarkable *special offer.*

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list free.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In every town and locality to ride and exhibit a sample 1913 "**Ranger**" bicycle furnished by us. In your spare time you can take many orders for our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write at once** for our large Catalog and a remarkable *special proposition* we will make you on the first 1913 models going to your town.

TIRES, rear wheels with **coaster brake,** inner tubes, **lamps,** cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices. Do not wait**—write today for large catalog containing a great fund of interesting, useful bicycle information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-54, Chicago

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Only Law School of Its Kind in America

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 class-room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-year, University Law Course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers, (3 of whom are Assistant United States' Attorneys) in active practice. ONLY law school in existence giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. School highly endorsed and recommended by **Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students.** Send today for **Large Illustrated Prospectus.** Special courses for Business Men.

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L. & C. Hardtmuth's

"KOH-I-NOOR" PENCILS



Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Do You Like to Draw?
That's all we want to know. We will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful correspondence course, so you can **make money,** send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for **portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate,** and let us explain.



The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
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Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.
Chas. J. Strong, Founder
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Department 103 Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"
"Thoroughly Equipped Residence School"

The Call of Siva

(*Concluded from page 36*)

have thugs. A group of these fiends would seem to have fled into Burma: so that the mysterious epidemic in Rangoon was really an outbreak of thuggee—on slightly improved lines! I had suspected something of the kind, but naturally I had not looked for thugs near Rangoon. My unexpected resistance led the strangler to bungle the rope. You have seen how it was fastened about my throat? That was unscientific. The true method, as practiced by the group operating in Burma, was to throw the line about the victim's neck and jerk him from the window. A man leaning from an open window is very nicely poised. It requires only a slight jerk to pitch him forward. No loop was used, but a running line—which, as the victim fell, remained in the hand of the murderer! No clue! Therefore, we see at once what commended the system to Fu-Manchu!"

Graham Guthrie, very pale, stood looking down at the dead strangler.

"I owe you my life, Mr. Smith," he said. "If you had come five minutes later—"

He grasped Smith's hand.

"You see," Guthrie continued, "no one thought of looking for a thug in Burma. And no one thought of the *roof!* These fellows are as active as monkeys, and where an ordinary man would infallibly break his neck, they are entirely at home. I might have chosen my room specially for the business! I'm quite isolated, and there is a fire ladder to the roof at the end of the corridor!"

"He slipped in late this evening," said Smith. "The hotel detective saw him, but these stranglers are as elusive as shadows, otherwise, despite their having changed the scene of their operations, not one could have survived."

"Didn't you mention a case of this kind on the Irrawaddy?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I know of what you are thinking. The steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla have a corrugated-iron roof over the top deck. The thug must have been lying up there as the Colassie passed on the deck below.

"But the Call, Smith," I continued. "What is the motive of the Call?"

"Partly religious," he explained, "and partly—to wake the victims! You are perhaps going to ask me how Dr. Fu-Manchu has obtained power over such people as *phansigars?* I can only reply that Dr. Fu-Manchu has secret knowledge of which, so far, we know absolutely nothing; but, despite all, at last I begin to score."

"You do, Smith," I agreed, "but your victory took you dangerously near to death."

"I owe my life to you, Petrie," he said, "once, to your strength of arm, and once—to . . ."

"Don't speak of her, Smith!" I interrupted. "Dr. Fu-Manchu may have discovered the part she played! In which event—"

"God help her!"

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME 51, NUMBER 4. APRIL 12, 1913.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President;* E. C. PATTERSON, *Vice President and General Manager;* J. G. JARRETT, *Treasurer;* CHARLES E. MINER, *Secretary.*

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.*

Confidence: the Basis of Modern Business

I KNOW every reader of Collier's is glad to note the increasing number of publishers who are taking the attitude expressed by Advertising Manager Clifford of the Minneapolis *Journal,* in a talk before the Town Crier's Club of St. Paul:

"Modern business is based on confidence and there must be confidence in advertising.

"I am particularly interested in this subject because since the first of the year I have thrown not less than $40,000 worth of business out of my paper in order that none but legitimate advertisers may profit by the confidence of our readers.

"The publisher not only owes a duty to the public, but he has a moral responsibility—with his great power—that he must live up to.

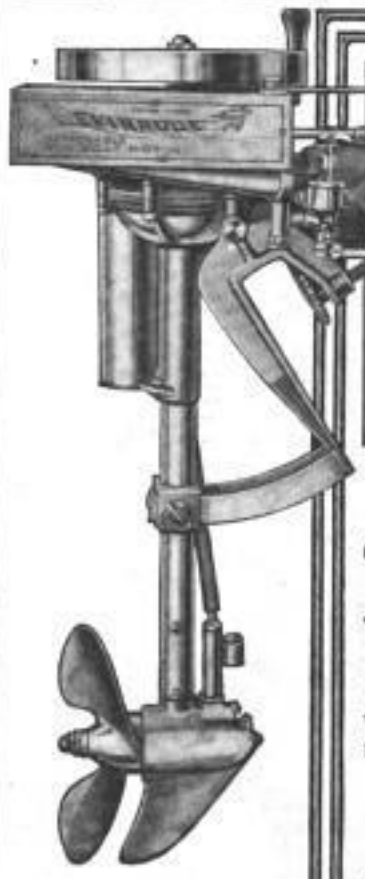
"The advertiser owes a great duty to the public and his message to the people must ring with truth if it is to be heard and heeded day after day."

In the years that Collier's and other publishers have been censoring their advertising with increasing care we have not only been living up to our moral responsibility in seeing that "none but legitimate advertisers profit by the confidence of our readers," but we have seen a host of advertisers whose "messages to the people ring with truth" build great, successful businesses on the solid foundation of public confidence.

The decreasing number of advertisers who try to fool the people are finding their business houses built upon the sands.

H. G. Hamlesfahr.

No. 113 *Manager Advertising Department*





Auto Pleasures Are But Half When You Cannot "Evinrude"

I'M GOING "EVINRUDING"

WHEN dictionaries become more complete, more people will know that "Evinruding" means gliding through the water at an eight mile pace preferably as the major pleasure of an auto trip. The



which carries like a satchel and weighs but fifty pounds, fits into any auto without inconvenience to the passengers. It attaches to any rowboat in less than one minute by means of two large thumb screws and its weedless propeller will drive a rowboat, filled with people, to anywhere you wish to go. It is two full horse power, simple to operate and starts with a swing of the fly wheel. No cranking. It comes, if desired, in a canvas case, so that it may be carried on trains, street cars or other conveyances without trouble. A large illustrated catalog will be sent upon request



EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
152 F Street **MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

New York City Show Rooms
Hudson Terminal Building
30 Church Street, New York City

Seattle Representatives
Woodhouse Gasoline Eng. Co.
62-64 Marion Street

California Show Rooms
403 Market Street, San Francisco

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Send for this book today

It makes you sure your food is pure

You may be buying dirty, drugged, debased food products simply because you can't tell the difference.

If you don't believe this after all you've heard and read in the last few years about food adulteration, ask the Secretary of Agriculture to tell you how many food adulterators have been prosecuted this year. Perhaps this will convince you.

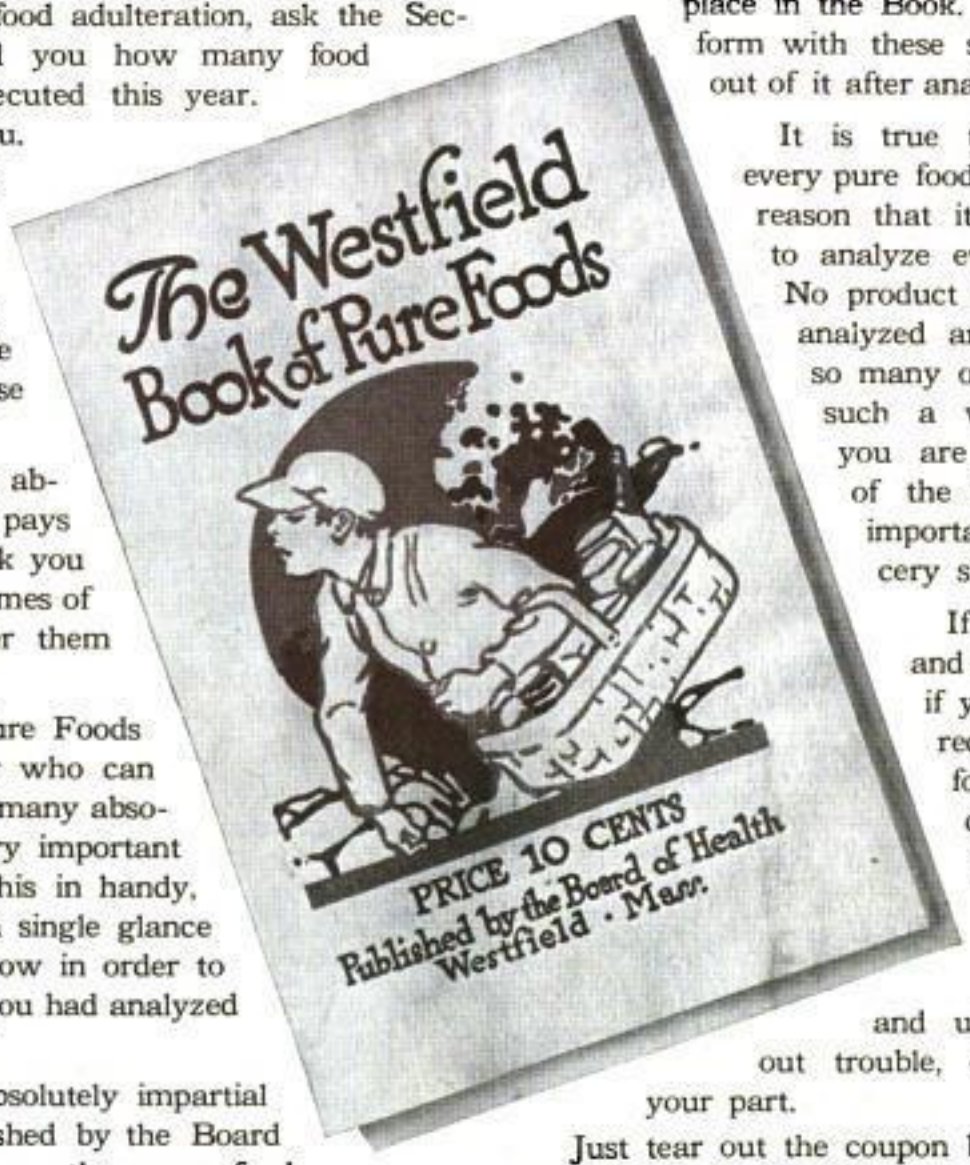
If you *do* believe it, send today for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and protect yourself once for all against the wily food fakers who make fat profits by cheating your purse and your stomach.

The only way you can be absolutely sure that your money pays for the kind of food you think you are buying is to know the names of pure products and then order them by name.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods makes this easy for anybody who can read. It gives you a list of many absolutely pure brands under every important classification. It gives you this in handy, indexed form, so simple that a single glance tells you all you need to know in order to buy food as safely as though you had analyzed every product on the market.

The Westfield Book is absolutely impartial and disinterested. It is published by the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., the pure food town, *in the interest of the food buyer, and no one else.*

The products which it mentions are those which have been sifted out of the many thousands analyzed by the Board's chemists—the net result of ten years' patient work. Nothing but absolute conformance to a high and unwavering standard of purity, cleanliness, honesty and nutrition can secure a place in the Book. Nothing but failure to conform with these standards can keep a product out of it after analysis.



It is true that the book does not list every pure food on the market, for the simple reason that it has been impossible *as yet* to analyze every product offered for sale. No product can be listed until it has been analyzed and proven. But it does list so many of the pure foods, it gives you such a wide range of choice, that you are almost certain to find one of the brands it approves under each important classification at any grocery store.

If you care about what you eat and what you feed to your children, if you are the least bit anxious to receive real food when you pay for it, instead of a dangerous or debased substitute, if you want to protect yourself and your family against the people who make a profit out of debasing foods, send for this book and use it. It protects you without trouble, or study—without effort on your part.

Just tear out the coupon below and send it, with 10c in stamps or silver to cover costs, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. If you let the food fakers cheat you any longer, with this easy, simple protection within reach, you have only yourself to blame.

TEAR OFF THIS CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 4-13-11

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

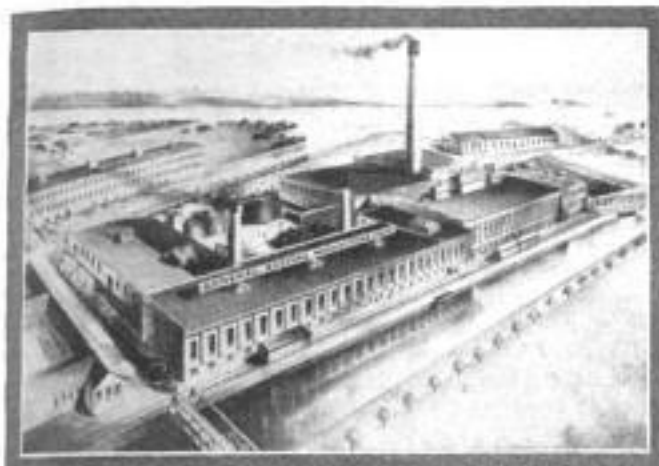
Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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These three mills broke the World's Record last year, manufacturing thousands upon thousands of miles of modern easy-to-lay Roofing



MILL Nº 2 MARSEILLES, ILL.



MILL Nº 1 EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.



MILL Nº 3 YORK, PA.

Certain-teed Roofing

Cert-ified *Guaran-teed*

Quality Certified ***Durability Guaranteed***

in Rolls and Shingles

The use of Ready Roofing on all kinds of buildings is growing by leaps and bounds. Just as the man with a six-room cottage has found he can save $75 to $125 by using ***Certain-teed*** Ready Roofing, so has the farmer, the superintendent of big factories, the wise, shrewd, hard-headed purchasing agent for railroads and other large corporations.

Certain-teed is just as popular abroad as it is at home—it is being shipped to the four quarters of the earth—it gives absolute satisfaction in all climates and under the most trying conditions.

The "General's" three enormous mills shown above represent an investment of almost $3,000,000—they are running day and night to keep up with the ever-increasing demand for ***Certain-teed*** Roofing.

There is a simple method of applying ***Certain-teed*** Roofing artistically on any kind of a building—it comes in red, green and slate gray shingles for bungalows, residences, summer houses and garages—in rolls for general use—and when laid according to ***Certain-teed*** specifications is rapidly replacing the old style Coal Tar and Gravel roofings on big factories, warehouses, apartment buildings and skyscrapers.



General Roofing
The World's Largest Manufacturer of Roofings and Building Papers

Why we label it "*Certain-teed*"

Certain-teed is a coined word—a combination of "Certified" and "Guaranteed"—meaning that the quality of the raw material used is certified by our chemists and the durability of the finished product is guaranteed by the maker for 15 years, but it will last much longer.

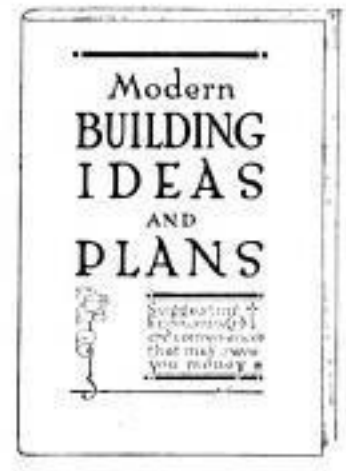
The "General" buys his materials in immense quantities and in ***Certain-teed*** Roofing you get the benefit of his tremendous buying power. Only the "bests" go into his highest grade—***Certain-teed***—the "seconds" go into other cheaper products.

You can now buy Ready Roofing with absolute quality and durability assurance—on the back of every roll and on every crate of shingles you will find the ***Certain-teed*** label of Quality—and best of all ***Certain-teed*** Roofing ***costs less.***

Get our new book "Modern Building Plans and Ideas"

Get the latest ideas before you build—our new book illustrates and describes the newest developments in all kinds of modern bungalows, city residences, apartments, garages, warehouses, factories, farm houses, barns, poultry houses, silos, etc.—it suggests economies and conveniences that may save you money.

A book of this kind would ordinarily sell for $1—but as it illustrates the use of our ***Certain-teed*** Roofing we offer it to you at 25c. We prefer to have you go to your lumber, hardware or building material dealer, who will gladly get you a copy ***free.*** If you write us, enclose 25c to cover cost, wrapping and postage.



Valuable Book FREE

Used anywhere—sold everywhere—no exclusive agencies

General Roofing Mfg. Company

E. St. Louis, Ill. **York, Pa.** **Marseilles, Ill.** **Minneapolis, Minn.**
San Francisco, Cal. **Winnipeg, Man.** **London, England** **Hamburg, Germany**

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Victor Exclusive Talent

The best friends you can have—who cheer you with their music and song, who unfold to you all the beauties of the compositions of the great masters, who through their superb art touch your very heart strings and become to you a wellspring of inspiration.

Painting adapted from the
Chicago Tribune cartoon of John T. McCutcheon

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.



Victor-Victrola

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APR 16 1913

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

With Chance in Bermuda

By WILL IRWIN

Confessions of a Spiritualist

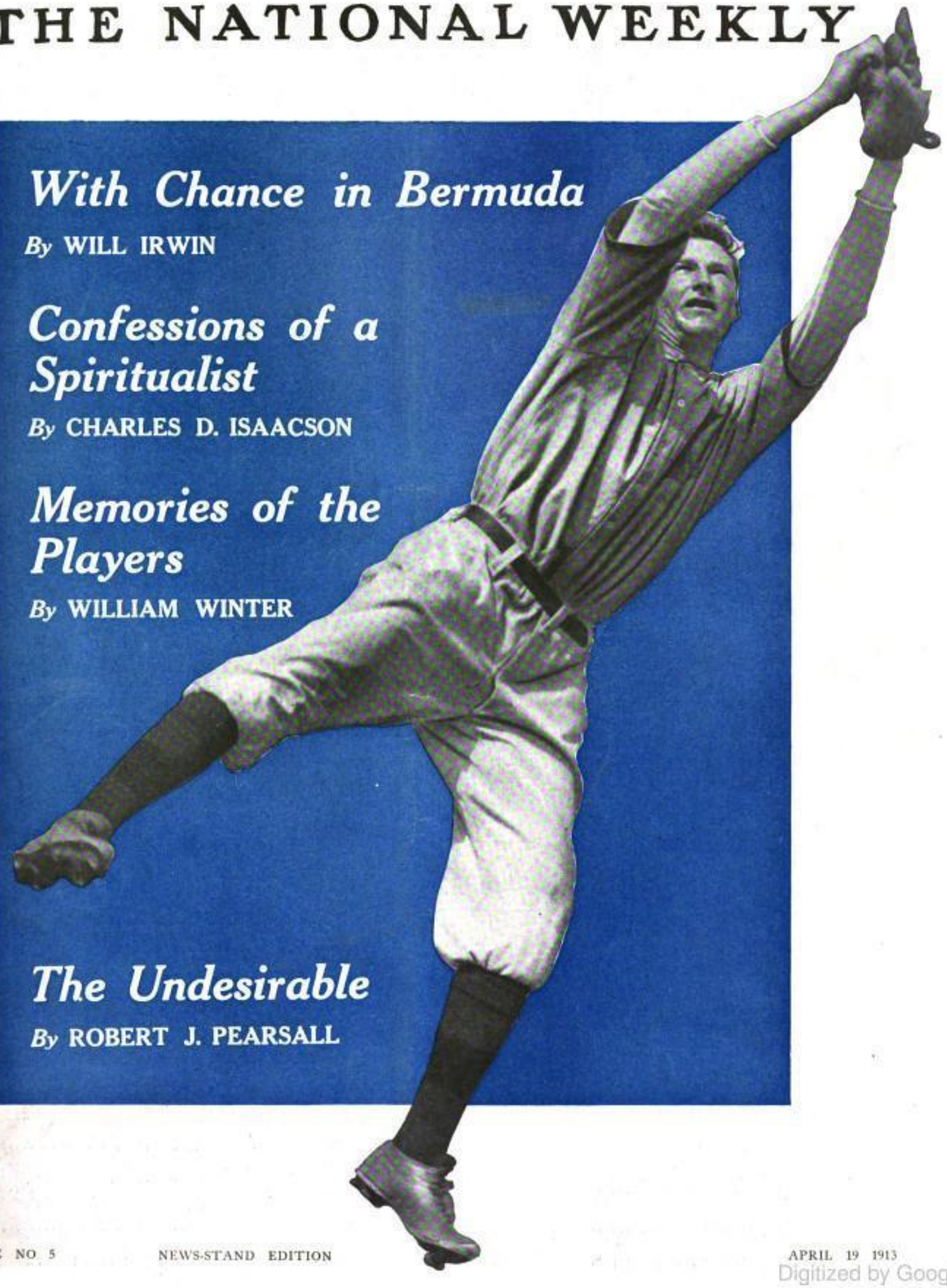
By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

Memories of the Players

By WILLIAM WINTER

The Undesirable

By ROBERT J. PEARSALL



VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 5 NEWS-STAND EDITION APRIL 19 1913

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FEDERAL

The Truck Triumphant

THE Federal—the first motor driven vehicle scientifically and permanently to solve the problem of Economical Transportation.

By its performance, by a country-wide test of three years, by the verdict of a thousand Owners, the Federal reclaimed and redeemed the field of the Commercial Car.

The Federal is the first motor truck to be proclaimed by motor car engineers, by manufacturers and merchants, by motor car dealers, to be the Realization of Economical Transportation.

Why Haven't we Proclaimed the Federal Before?

Because we wanted the proof of a Thousand Federals in Actual Operation:

Because we wanted the Reports, the Advice, the Evidence, of a Thousand Manufacturers and Merchants who had bought Federal Trucks to Save Money:

Because we wanted to be sure, ourselves, of the tremendous message we have for the American Business Man that the Federal is Supreme.

We wanted to be sure that we have in the Federal Motor Truck a commercial vehicle as nearly flawless, infallible, and indestructible, and in operation as economical, as brains, business conscience and manufacturing ideals can make it.

Today we are sure.

The Evidence

One hundred and thirty two Federal Motor Trucks are in operation in Detroit alone.

That is as many as any other two motor trucks combined.

Detroit is the center of American Motor Car business. Detroit is Motor-wise. Nineteen Federals in Detroit are owned and operated by makers of motor cars, and motor car parts, the most experienced and critical judges of motor car construction.

The municipal Commission of Toronto, operating the Toronto Hydro Electric System, has bought eight Federal Trucks. That is official recognition of Federal Supremacy.

Marshall Field & Company
Swift & Company
Armour & Company
Portland Railway Light & Power Co.
Ward Bread Company
Wm. J. Lemp Brewing Company
Parke, Davis & Company
S. N. E. Telephone Company
Lincoln Park, Chicago
Jerome H. Remick Co., New York
Leyland Steam Ship Line
Oneida Community, Ltd.
Michigan Stove Company

These firms of national prominence are operating, not one, but fleets of Federals. And there are scores more.

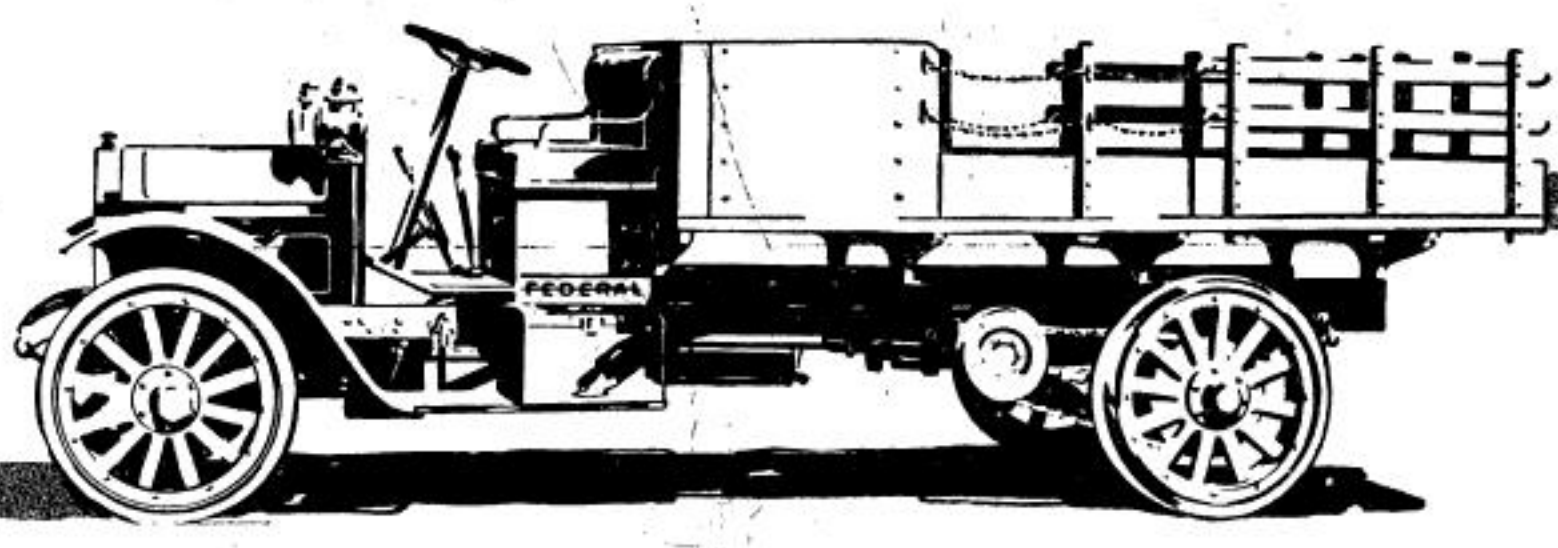
Write us for the names of Federal Owners, their problems solved, their reports on Federal Service.

Give us your problems, we will solve them too.

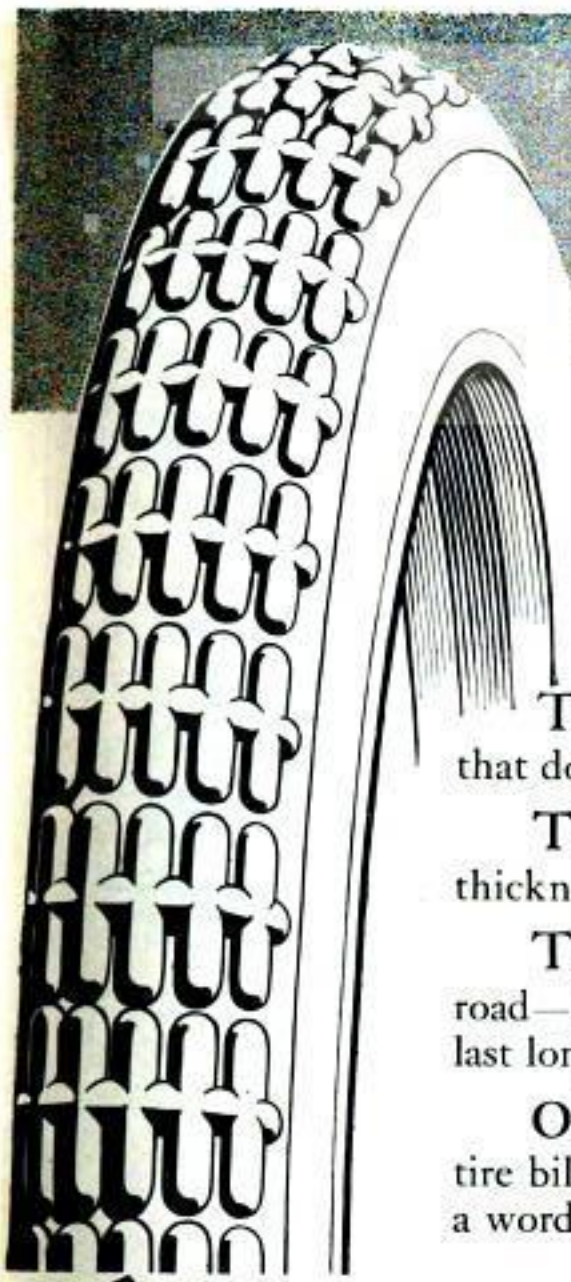
The Federal today is recognized as standard of Truck-Efficiency, Truck-Reliability and Truck-Economy.

Price includes chassis, lamps, tools, etc. **$1800** **Body extra. Built to meet individual requirements**

Federal Motor Truck Company, Dept. O, Detroit, Michigan



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You get more air-room in Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires —and it's the extra air-room that does the work

THE more air-room—the more resiliency, which in turn means more comfort for you and your passengers —*more service from your tires.*

The secret of building a tire that lasts means building a tire that does the work easily—a tire that does not strain under road usage.

This extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls in any way.

To stand the pull of the engine—to absorb the shocks of the road—to travel farthest on the smallest quantity of gasoline—to make inner tubes last longer, were scientific tire problems.

Our engineers have solved these problems for you and all other tire bills payers by building Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires with extra air-room—in a word—the ideal, perfectly constructed tire you have been demanding.

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

After countless laboratory tests and experiments, our chemists have discovered a process to scientifically toughen pure rubber so that it will give you the mileage you pay for.

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber are tough and flint-like enough to fight the road, elastic enough to absorb shocks, thus preventing rim troubles and breaking above the bead.

Add to this high grade workmanship, nothing inferior in construction or fabric—Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection—and you have the best tire money can buy.



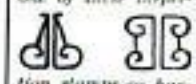
Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

Safety (Squeegee) Tread an additional Diamond advantage

Diamond Safety Tread Tires obey your will. No matter how slippery and treacherous the paving, they grip and hold. You drive with safety and you drive with pleasure with Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tires on your cars.

And that's not all—there's real economy in Diamond Safety Tread Tires. The Safety Tread is added to the regular tread—the extra mileage makes the safety cost you nothing.

The guarantee on Diamond Tires becomes null and void when the tire is used in connection with any substitute for air, fitted to rims not bearing one of these trade-



tion stamps or having had its serial number removed in whole or part.

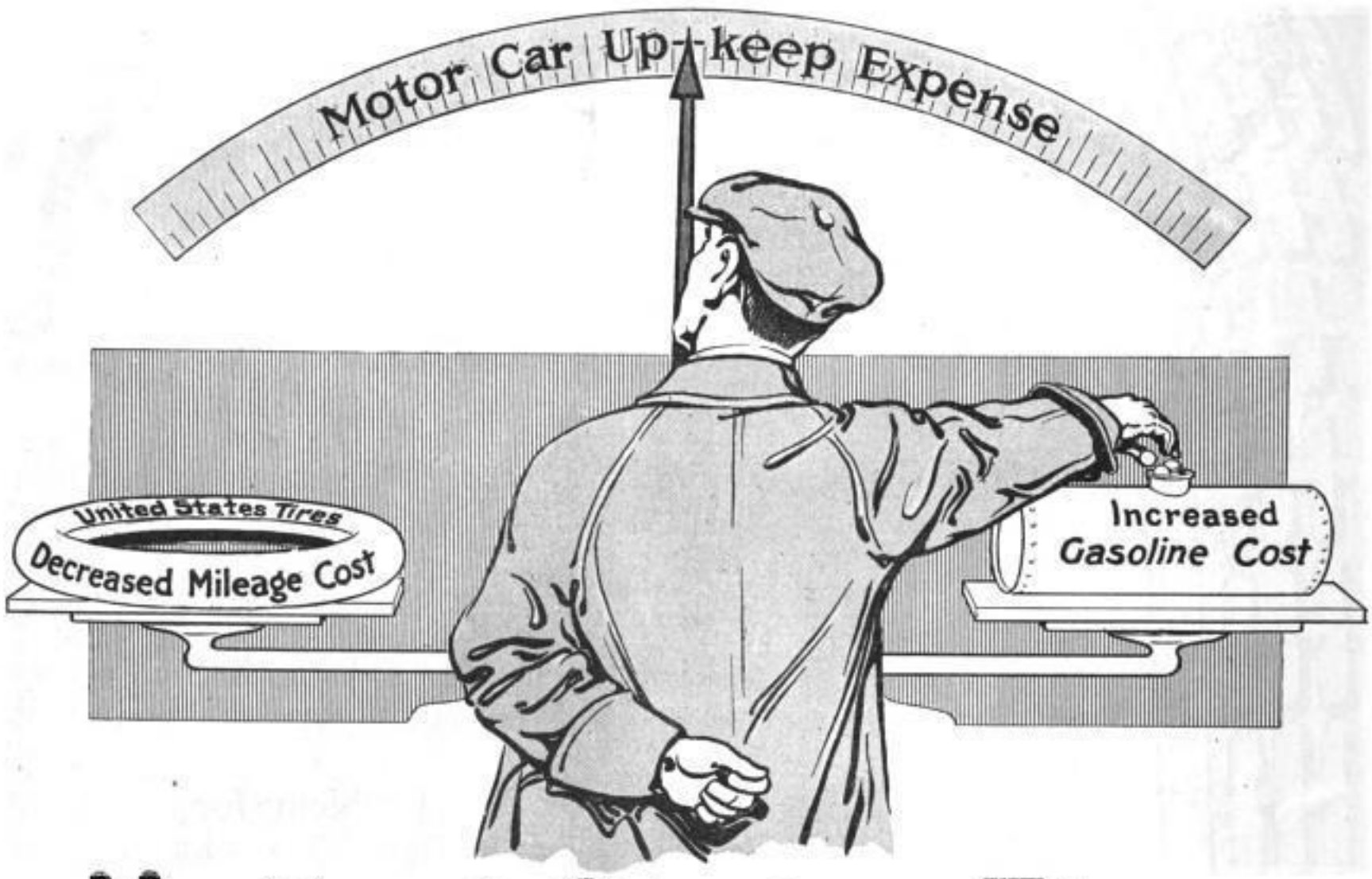


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So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires —you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

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United States Tires have kept the balance even

While the price of gasoline has been going up, the United States Tire Company has been forcing the price of tire mileage down.

This coming season the motorist who uses United States Tires will get an average mileage from 25—to—50 percent higher than was ever given by any make of tires previous to the organization of the United States Tire Company two years ago.

We have conclusively demonstrated this fact on our own test cars.

Car Manufacturers have acknowledged it with the result that a very large portion of the new cars sold this coming year will be United States equipped.

Dealers from one end of the country to the other have recognized the decided advantage this increase will give them and have lined up almost in a body to sell and recommend United States Tires.

If *you* are using United States Tires, compare the mileage you are getting now with what you received in 1910.

Co-operative methods of tire building alone could have accomplished this remarkable increase.

When it was announced two years ago, that four of the most modern tire making plants known to the industry would concentrate their efforts and facilities on the making of one line of tires, it was freely predicted by tire authorities, and by the trade in general, that the most radical increase in tire mileage ever known to the industry would result.

This prediction has been *amply fulfilled*.

Tire bills have been cut down to a point never before reached.

United States Tires stand to-day, acknowledged everywhere by users, dealers and manufacturers as

America's *Predominant* Tires

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for air or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is withdrawn.

APR 10 1913

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

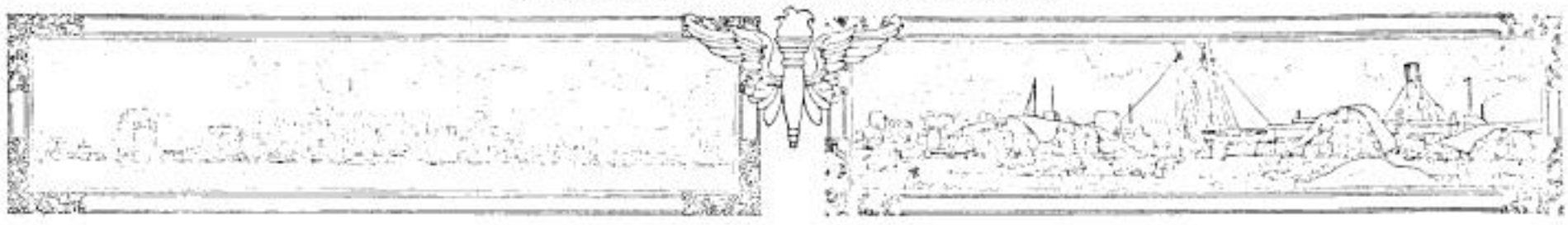


All She Saved Was the Silverware

SINCE the flood has receded, Ohio and Indiana are facing the task of restoration, and are showing the same undaunted spirit that distinguished Omaha after the tornado. So soon as hunger is relieved, rebuilding begins. Where the blow has fallen heaviest is in such an instance as this, in which the flood snatched away the house that represented the savings of many years, and left a thrifty family homeless and destitute. Even to have saved the silverware, as this survivor did, or a few kitchen utensils, would be counted by hundreds of the flood sufferers as rare good fortune.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

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A THING THAT IS COMING

SOME WEEKS AGO we ventured the prediction that within ten years a very striking and fundamental change in the form of State governments will have begun to take place. The reception which this idea has had from persons interested in efficient government and from newspapers of widely varied political complexion suggests that ten years was much too conservative a prediction; it is apparent that this plan will be tried in some States within a much shorter time:

The "Herald," Spartanburg, S. C.—COLLIER'S declares that the day when States will be governed by a commission is not far off. The success of municipalities so ruled has proved substantial. Why shouldn't cities and States be managed like big business?

The "Standard," Ogden, Utah.—The commission form of government to be applied to States is the suggestion of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The commission form of government, centering extraordinary powers in the hands of a few men, is an improvement on the old system of divided responsibility.

The "Oregonian," Pendleton, Ore.—Certainly there is room for improvement over the present system. The legislative session just closed in this State is good evidence to that effect, and that is saying nothing very unkind of the Legislature either. It is unreasonable to expect the best service from a Legislature working under present conditions. It is a jerk-line team and not adapted to present needs.

The "Press," Nebraska City, Neb.—The commission plan for States might be a worthy change. It is known that it could be no worse for some States than the form now in vogue.

The "Bee," Omaha, Neb.—If the commission plan for States is a promise of progress in government, it may be interesting to look forward to it for Nebraska, because it may be set down as certain that Nebraska will not long lag in matters of improved government.

The "News," Joliet, Ill.—The commission form of government for the States . . . is coming a little nearer every day.

The "Constitution," Atlanta, Ga.—There is in the last analysis really no sound reason why the principles of commission government should not prove as effectual in the affairs of States as of cities. The distinguishing characteristics of commission rule is concentration of authority and responsibility—business methods, to use a common-sense term.

The "Times-Democrat," New Orleans, La.—The performances of the Legislatures now in session . . . have been distinctly disappointing, taking them all together. They waste an immense amount of time upon trifles. Moving to enactment of remedial laws, they become entangled in petty details, fall to wrangling over provisions, and too frequently wind up by passing bills constitutionally defective or so ambiguous as to provoke litigation and defeat their own good purpose.

The "Evening News," Newark, N. J.—If it is an advance over old, inefficient forms of municipal management, why may it not be applied, with corresponding advantages, to the management of the affairs of the commonwealth?

The "Gazette," Emporia, Kas.—For a quarter of a century the legislative system of the State has been a barrier to progress. Like the old ward form of government for cities, it grew out of a system patterned for the needs of a nation, and its cumbersomeness has made it an effectual bar to the application of modern thought to the government of States, as the ward plan has proved the obstacle in the path of city development.

The "Evening News," Baltimore, Md.—It must be conceded on all sides that the present plan of State government in America, based partly on the English Constitution and partly on the political principles advanced by MONTESQUIEU in 1748, is capable of improvement. Legislatures are in many cases periodical nightmares. . . . The lack of scientific and responsive attention to their functions is too well known to need assertion. There is a general restiveness under their incapacity.

More than by friendliness on the part of newspapers, this idea has been set forward during the past few weeks by the performances of many Legislatures in session. To repeat the words of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" and the Baltimore "Evening News," the Legislatures "have been distinctly disappointing"; "There is a general restiveness under their incapacity." In Wyoming there was a riot; in New York and West Virginia there were formal charges of bribery. The Legislature of Illinois has been a disgrace for which every decent citizen of the State has had a sense of vicarious shame. Of an incident in the Tennessee Legislature, this newspaper dispatch tells the story:

MIDDLEBORO, KY., March 31.—Seventeen members of the Tennessee Legislature are here to-night, eight arriving on the night train to join the nine who had registered in the early morning. The members of the Legislature are here with the intention of breaking a quorum, and thus prevent the passage of certain bills. They will remain here until after the Legislature has adjourned at Nashville, eighteen days hence, they declare.

All this has helped to stimulate disgust with the inefficiency, and worse, of State Legislatures, and to focus thought on the new idea. Meantime Kansas, under the lead of Governor HODGES, has gone ahead with a definite plan to put the lawmaking and business of that State into the hands of either eight or sixteen men, elected for from four to six years, sitting permanently and subject to the recall. We shall print more about this idea.

A MILEPOST

THE LONG AND DISCREDITABLE DEADLOCK in the Illinois Legislature over the election of a United States Senator was probably the last in history. Before another Senator is elected by any State, it is likely that the direct election of Senators will have become an adopted amendment of the Constitution.

MAKING BANKS SAFE

THERE IS AN IMPERATIVE REASON for some measure which will make our banks safer, to which but scant attention has been paid. It is the tendency of the banks to do business on an increasingly narrow margin of capital. It wasn't a great while ago when the banks' own capital made up more than half of the loanable funds—that is, the shareholders put in $1 and the depositors another. As late as 1890, just before our last great crisis, the banking capital was equal to 66 per cent of the deposits. By 1900 this had fallen to 40 per cent. Last year it was down to 35 per cent. This was for the national banks, and includes in capital the surplus and undivided profits. For other banks it was still lower—for the trust companies only 28 per cent, and for our 13,000 State banks the ratio of capital to deposits was only 26 per cent. In 1912, on the average for all the banks, shareholders supplied $1 against each $2 of deposits in the total loanable funds. This is a natural evolution. But it ought not to be carried too far. It does not make for stability nor for the full payment of depositors when a bank fails. There should be a legal limit to the amount of deposits a bank may accept as compared with its aggregate capital. But of still greater utility would be a guarantee fund such as we have previously urged. We know of no simpler way. Our banks run on a very narrow cash margin—only 7 per cent for the smaller national banks and only 16 per cent for all the national banks. This is admirable for fair weather. But the united power of all the banks should be behind every single bank in times of stress. That is what the guarantee fund means.

WOMEN JURORS AND HANDSOME MEN

A MOURNFUL CRY comes from California. A citizen of Redwood City has discovered that the integrity, high-mindedness, and impartial justice of our beloved institution, the jury, is threatened by the advent of women into its hallowed ranks. He writes us a letter inclosing a clipping from the San Francisco "Examiner," which has this alarming headline:

WOMEN JURORS ADMIT FAVORING HANDSOME MEN

After a few words in praise of the city of his choice, without which no true Westerner can begin a conversation, he says:

I am not sending this as a joke, but as a matter of evidence to show that women are a failure as jurors. Unfortunately we have had women jurors in this State since we have enfranchised women. The women all over our State are furnishing the strongest arguments against woman suffrage in such instances as the above.

And so on for two pages. It seems that a handsome youth named DIANDA, caught stealing horses, had been acquitted in spite of the evidence, at the instigation of the three women jurors on the case. These three women had argued so well for the boy's release that the nine men jurors had been convinced, and he was acquitted. The enterprising reporter who wrote the above headline interviewed the ladies to find out how much the prisoner's looks had to do with his acquittal. The first one said:

Undoubtedly women in time will make just as fair jurors as men. The idea of a woman juror is so new and the feminine sex so inexperienced in the matter of acting as jurors, that it is impossible for me to say at this time whether women jurors will permit handsome criminals to escape justice. . . . We would want more evidence to convict the matinée idol than the villain in the play.

What do you think of that? Consider the past. How does a clever criminal lawyer convince the jury of the innocence of his young and pretty female client? Isn't it by appealing to the even justice of their male intellects? The second woman interviewed said:

The age of a prisoner will have a great deal to do with verdicts rendered by a woman juror. In the case of UGO DIANDA, the youth of the prisoner was best exemplified in his wonderfully clear pink-and-white complexion and his small, dainty hands. No woman could send a youth like him to the penitentiary unless there were loads of evidence introduced showing him to be a criminal of the worst stamp.

And the third agreed that it was the youth and apparent cleanliness of the prisoner that biased the women in his favor. She said:

The reason why DIANDA was not convicted was that he was not a criminal despite the fact that he stole a horse. He is a youth that has gone astray.

In other words, these women had no intention of sending a boy—young, clean, and promising—for so slight an offense, into an environment that would almost certainly make a criminal of him for life. Women's minds are not like men's. Their interests are not the same. This is not an age when it will do them any harm to admit that they care less for abstract questions of law and more for human justice. Isn't that exactly what we are trying to get into our courts to-day?

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MORE HOUSE CLEANING

TO THE MINNEAPOLIS "JOURNAL," congratulations. By way of New Year's resolutions, it issued a "Clean-Newspaper" announcement on January 1. Unlike the Hearst papers, whose brass-band blarings of reform are sheer bunco, the Minneapolis daily has backed its promises with drastic action. It has cast out the devil of medical quackery and renounced nearly, if not quite, all his works. There still remain a few offenders, such as Musterole, which is permitted to promise relief of bronchitis, tonsilitis, asthma, and pleurisy; and MacLaren's Mustard Cerate with its false pretense of curing congestion of the lungs, sore throat, and colds. But these are minor and negative misdemeanors (which will presumably be eliminated as the new standards become more consistently operative) in the light of the positive cleansing of the paper's columns. Swamp Root, Peruna, Lydia Pinkham, Munyon, Pink Pills, Rheumatism Cures, Consumption Cures, Cancer Cures, Bust Developers, Piles Cures, Beauty Remedies, Fat Producers and Fat Reducers, and Kidney and Bladder Cures have been cast out in one grand sweep of house cleaning. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and the honest and decent advertiser with legitimate goods to sell has no longer to fear their poisonous proximity; nor the subscriber, into whose house the paper goes, their half-veiled indecencies or blatant dishonesties. The advertising manager writes:

> The Minneapolis "Journal" is a home newspaper. It does not want to be a party to the crimes that are being committed in a hundred different ways by newspapers, acting as "go-betweens." . . . We are sick to death of advertising frauds and advertising fakes that are a menace to good advertising and to the morals and health of the community. Their death knell is rung in the Minneapolis "Journal."

To its advertising patrons the newspaper says simply: "Your advertising must attract more favorable attention in good company than in bad." In brief phrase that embodies the crux of the advertising situation. When the straight advertiser comprehends this vital truth, the crooked advertiser will be forced out of the public prints.

A CONTRAST

THE ACTION of the Minneapolis "Journal" is earnestly recommended to the attention of the St. Louis "Republic." Many legitimate advertisers use this latter medium. Side by side with them are exploitations of concerns beyond the defense of the most charitable-minded optimist. Bust developers, "free" fortune tellers, Lydia Pinkham, Dr. Pierce—all the old, foul brood nest here. But this is not the worst. The "Republic" enters into a special arrangement to conceal the nature of some of its worst advertising frauds and to aid the perpetrators to swindle its own readers. Under the heading, "The Doctor's Advice," it publishes what looks, to the casual reader, like an editorial department, signed by one Dr. LEWIS BAKER. No "adv." sign gives a clue to the true character of the matter. Dr. BAKER recommends certain "prescriptions" to supposed correspondents who write in asking for advice. Every prescription includes a concealed patent medicine; every one is a fraud upon the reader. The doctor is hired to perpetrate the fraud. The newspaper is hired to disseminate it. In another column appears the "Health and Beauty Helps" of "Mrs. MAE MARTYN," a similar scheme, also peddling proprietary medicines and also undistinguished by the proper indications of paid matter. For a newspaper to accept this kind of fraud advertising at all is bad enough. To allow the fake to appear in editorial guise is a deliberate bartering of the newspaper's good name and decent repute. Journalism knows no lower depths. It is said that the Hon. DAVID R. FRANCIS controls the St. Louis "Republic." Presumably Mr. FRANCIS, in his private capacity, owns a conscience. Would it be too severe a strain upon weak human nature for the Hon. DAVID R. FRANCIS to bring his private conscience to bear upon his public print?

OUTDOING THE JUGGERNAUT

UNTHINKING AUTOMOBILISTS have one habit which should be stamped out by law. We refer to the towing of a "dead" car by a long rope through a crowded city street. The result is that most of those who hurriedly try to cross behind the first car will trip upon the taut and inconspicuous rope. The outcome is frequently a serious injury. A man in New York was thus thrown with such force as to have his neck broken. The pedestrian is not to blame. Anyone in a hurry is justified in taking a chance between two automobiles. But he ought to *have* his chance without being tripped unawares. Trolley cars are equipped with coupling bars for use in time of disablement. The automobile should either be similarly fitted or the foremost of the two cars should display some warning signal. In any case the long tow rope must go. It belongs to the days of scythe-bearing chariots.

"A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

FROM Luke xii, 20: "Then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

LONG-HAIRED ARTISTS

EVEN OUTSIDE OF ART CIRCLES much has been heard lately about the "new" painting—Cubist, Futurist, Post-impressionist, what not. Some folks rail at it, others merely smile. Both were in evidence at a huge armory full of pictures—the International Exhibition in New York, in which the up-to-the-minute paintings were given a chance. One apparently represented either a company of knights in armor being dynamited in a scene painter's shop, or the Statue of Liberty toppling over on to the last boat from Coney Island. As a character in GILBERT'S "Patience" remarks:

> There is a transcendentality of delirium—an acute accentuation of the supremest ecstasy—which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is *not* indigestion—it is esthetic transfiguration.

What is Post-impressionism? Its nature is about as definitely prescribed as the Early English which GILBERT mentions:

> A cobwebby gray velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy, which, made Florentine fourteenth century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar lace, and surmounted with something Japanese—it matters not what—would at least be Early English!

In "Patience" the English satirist—though it was another passing craze he flicked at—touches the case to-day. So when we hear anyone say of pictures which are not pictures, *"How purely fragrant!"* or *"How earnestly precious!"* we recommend a reading of "Patience." To anyone taking the "new" art seriously, there are two other complete antidotes: a sense of humor and a long walk over a wind-swept hill.

OLD-FASHIONED SYMBOLISM

TIMES CHANGE, and with them change also literary fashions. But though one should accept and work for the present, it does one good to turn back occasionally to see what our forbears read and loved. The poetical anthology was once more in vogue in this country than to-day. But it had a formality of arrangement which makes it strange to our eyes. We happened upon one such the other day, published in 1846. Its title-page ran: "THE BOUQUET: Containing the Poetry and Language of FLOWERS—By a Lady." Within, each flower or plant was used to typify some trait or passion, and symbolic verses were appended. Thus:

ASPEN TREE—Populus Tremulus. *Excessive Sensibility.*
ALMOND—Amygdalus Pumila. *Hope.*
BOX—Buxus Suffruticosa. *Stoicism.*
BUTTERCUP—Ranunculus Acris. *Wealth.*
CALLA ETHIOPICA—Arum Ethiopicum. *Feminine Modesty.*
CANDYTUFT—Iberis. *Indifference.*
COREOPSIS—Coreopsis Arkansa. *Love at first sight.*
DANDELION—Leontedon Taraxacum. *Coquetry.*
OATS—Averna Sativa. *Music.*

There are many more, and under each is a poem. The long-forgotten poet WILLIS is a prime favorite, as is MOORE. But there are many others. In these days, when symbolism is spoken of as if it were a modern invention, it is interesting to realize that our forefathers were unconsciously covering the same ground after their own manner. This symbolism may seem prim to the sophisticated gaze of to-day, but at least it is no whit decadent.

DESTINY

DESTINY has two accepted meanings in the popular mind. For the man of will, the man who is going to succeed, it means to-day; to-day as the nucleus of to-morrow, and so on to the logical development of each day's measured strength. To the man of no will power, who will probably never succeed, it means to-morrow; to-morrow in which he backbonelessly hopes and, while doing so, accomplishes merely graceful feats on an inclined plane verging toward success. These alternative viewpoints stamp a man or woman. There are those who walk hand in hand with the present, who recognize and greet destiny every day, snatching the best the moment has to give. Others have a vague idea that the present is simply a makeshift, not preparatory but precedent to some fate that awaits them in a beneficent future. This fate they believe will arrive with much the charming unexpectedness of a fairy godmother. Their awakening is short and sometimes tragic by reason of their irresponsible optimism. Thus the conception of destiny in each individual mind becomes the strength of man or the despair of man, his blessing or his curse. Destiny is to-day, this moment; it is every act that is slipping into time, as well as the ultimate development of those acts. The very things that we encounter in seeking to avoid so-called destiny become destiny.

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With Chance in Bermuda

By WILL IRWIN

IT WAS raining in Bermuda. A gentle, misty drizzle, without the vicious heat of our northern rains, was falling upon the white roads, only to be absorbed as fast as it fell by the porous coral. The Highlanders, the Yankees, the Chances, or whatever the world is going to call the rejuvenated New York American League baseball team, had canceled its exhibition game with the Jersey City Skeeters and was taking its first off day of the spring training trip. Long George McConnell had started up a poker game in the corner by the old-fashioned melodeon, and was steadily exchanging threepences with Hartzell and the recruits. At the writing table in the corner Russell Ford was biting his tongue over a cartoon of Ed Sweeney, his catcher and roommate—a cartoon accompanied by a short burlesque drama wherein Sweeney figured as "Sweenius the Swatter" and Arthur Irwin as "Scoutas the Villain." On the piazza, Charlie Sterrett, looking, in his flannel trousers, his gay hatband, and his white buckskin shoes, like the college undergraduate that he was but a year ago, read with absorption Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice"—shades of Buck Ewing! Beyond him sat George Davis, also lately from college. Except for his broad, sloping shoulders, one would never have suspected that this youth broke last year the college strong-man record by an overwhelming 300 points. He, too, was reading—"The Love Letters of a Musician." On the steps sat Hal Chase and Harry Wolter, talking over old school days at Santa Clara College, California. They had just touched upon the calamity of 1906, which was a fire in San Francisco and an earthquake elsewhere in California.

"You remember the boy's chapel over by third base?" asked Wolter.

"Sure!" said Chase.

"That got cracked. Then after the fire they moved the priest's house—"

"The one in left field?"

"That's the one. Well, they took that and put it over by the home plate."

In the bijou office of the New Brunswick Hotel, Business Manager Arthur Irwin was going over a set of bills. Now and then he pushed back his white mustache with the crooked pair of fingers which wore the first baseball glove; and his ruddy countenance grew still ruddier as he wrestled with applied arithmetic.

"Say!" said Arthur, looking up at length. "Say! I'm the oldest man in this game, ain't I? I'm the only fellow connected with baseball who wore a uniform in 1879. See! And I'll be doggoned and then some if I ever thought it would lead to keeping a hotel—" Arthur's eyes, shifting from the bills, caught sight of something over my shoulder. He wagged his head with a gesture which meant:

"Look at that!"

ENTER THE PEERLESS LEADER

A MAN in summer clothes, hung over a frame which would make you turn in a crowd, was leaning against one of the piazza pillars. He was somewhere in the middle thirties—though you would have made this judgment on his face, not his figure. A pair of wide shoulders topped an ample chest which ran down to a torso as flat and supple as a boy's. But the exceptional thing about this figure, after all, was the legs. He held them a little apart as he stood there, and they gave an impression, which I cannot convey in words, of perfect, confident strength. He looked as though a mountain might fall on him and crack his torso without ever jarring those sturdy props. He had a fine and full head, set on a powerful back neck, an aquiline nose that began massive and ran down to a fine point, a wide, firm mouth, held partly open, as is the habit of the deaf, and a pair of clear, hazel-gray eyes, set in little sun wrinkles. It was lean and yet massive, rugged and yet comely, that face. His whole attitude had something of strength and authority.

He was using those hazel-gray eyes as we looked—watching the poker game through an open window. Once or twice he smiled lightly at this or that; once or twice he shifted those eyes, with a certain careful deliberation, to another group in the lounging room.

"Some man?" said Arthur Irwin, reading my thought—"he won't hear if you speak low. He's missing nothing at all—understand me? Forty pairs of eyes, my son; forty pairs of eyes!"

That, as it happens, was my first sight of Frank Chance out of uniform. And that, after three weeks, remains the chief impression—a strong man, confident of his strength, master of it, leader by right wherever Fate might have planted him. The rest is a great, wise silence—and forty pairs of eyes.

I used to watch him, thereafter, while he was inspecting his squad, while he was walking alone to and from the field, his head bowed in deep thought, while he sat on the piazza beside his pretty, blond wife, enjoying in domestic ease his one pipe of the day. I never heard him talking much except in answer to direct questions; then he replied pleasantly enough, and to all the lengths that courtesy demanded; he was capable even of cracking a joke in that deep voice of his, rendered a little husky by fifteen years of bellowing on the coaching line. Yet by preference, it seemed, he was watching and thinking and keeping his own counsel.

LOOKING FOR THE FLAW

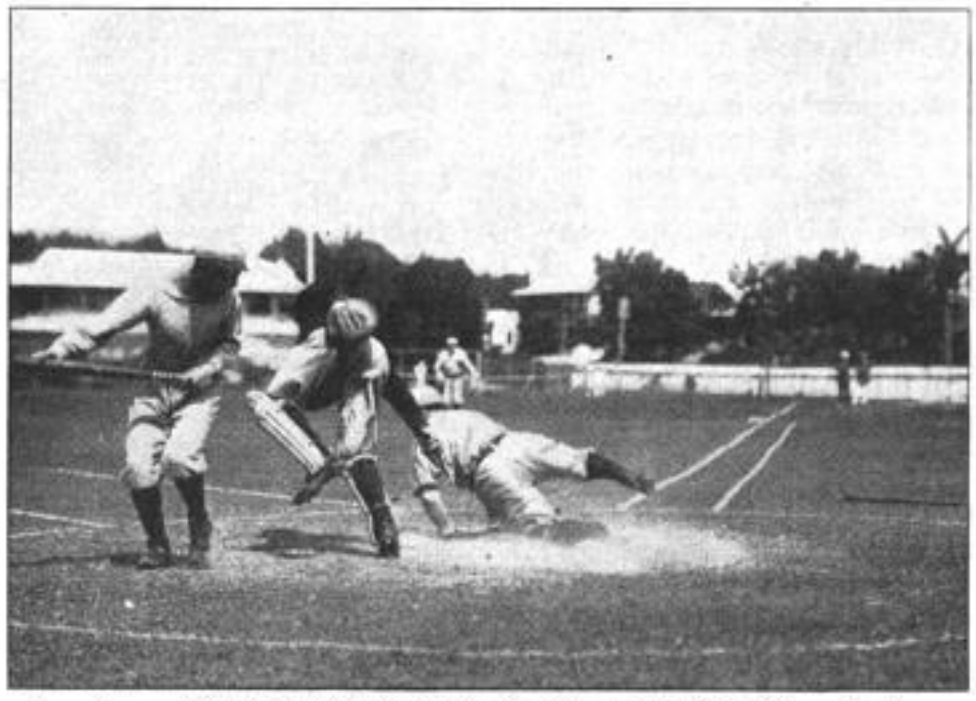
IT WAS easy to guess the subject of his meditations. There he was, at the age of thirty-five, after the great career of modern baseball, set, at a hitherto unprecedented salary, to make champions out of a team which, in spite of good material, has shown always an affinity for the bottom of the list. For three or four years the discrepancy between the form of the Highlanders and their performances, as recorded in the percentage column, has been a mystery of baseball. In Ford they own one of the best pitchers in the game. None has more "stuff" on a baseball; few have better heads. His "mystery" ball, his "sailer," is a real mystery; he has laid hold on some principle of motion new to pitching. If Ford last year yielded more than his share of hits which made runs, it was probably the infection of the team behind him. "Failure breeds failure," said Ford once, apropos of nothing. His battery mate, roommate, and chum, Sweeney, ranks with the best catchers. No battery has more collective brains than these two. The outfield also has high quality. If Daniels is a little weak in throwing, he is a will-o'-the-wisp on the bases. It is perhaps not too much to say of Birdie Cree that he stands with the dozen most useful baseball players. Wolter has no flaw in him. Lelivelt broke in last season and knocked the cover off the ball; at least three of these outfielders hit normally about the standard mark of .300. At first base the Yankees have worked for eight years that perfect baseball machine, Hal Chase, who for performance in the field has no rival among modern players. Besides Ford, there are two or three other pitchers of parts, as Warhop of the puzzling underhand ball and the stout heart, Caldwell of the curve which breaks at right angles, and Fisher of the perfect skill.

Yet this team, while it has gone up and down, has varied mainly about last place. And the mystery has never been any mystery to the insiders. The fault has lain not in luck nor hard grounds nor even in ignorance of inside baseball. It has lain in failure to coordinate the human element. Behind every baseball team is a certain unseen teamwork, not of arms and legs but of brains and character. They must work well together in their dispositions, just as much as in their visible motions. Given that inner teamwork, and a mediocre club will win pennants; without it a team of stars would stay in the second division.

Now to Chance, coming from another league, all the twenty-seven men which he brought to Bermuda, regulars as well as recruits, were new players. In his first week of watching he had observed them on the field, sizing up their little peculiarities of play with an eye for minute details. In the intervals of conditioning himself he had sat with his back against the fence, his arms folded, his ample complement of feet turned a little inward by way of rest, and his eyes shifting from play to play. When he took his turn at batting fungo flies he would lean upon his bat as the ball went on its course, his eyes narrowed to watch how it was handled. Now and then he would smile his slow smile; now and then he could be observed shaking his head gently; but when he came back to the bench it was only to exchange a joke or a remark about the weather.

Yet in that week Chance had probably found the answer to his mystery; and it was the conclusion which I have stated above. Arthur Irwin said it for him one night on the piazza. "I've won pennants in three leagues with poorer material than this," he said, "and the teams played some ball in those days, believe *me*. The trouble is they've been kidding this game. Look at their record last year. Made sixteen hits in one game and two runs—fourteen hits in another and one run. What does that show? Huh?"

In the meantime the Yankees played the most primitive form of baseball; and the really interesting thing about the camp was not the inside game—for Chance had done scarcely a word of coaching as yet—but a new experiment in baseball training.



"In the meantime the Yankees played the most primitive kind of ball"—"tagging" a runner at the home plate

THE OLD WAY

EVER since the game reached its present stage of prosperity, the major league teams have felt it necessary to undergo a season of spring training in order to give the public first-class baseball from the very beginning. Mostly, they have gone to the South or to California, where, after a fortnight or so in permanent quarters, they have wandered northward by short jumps, playing engagements with minor-league teams. One must make a spring-training trip in order to appreciate the hardships of this process. The travel is far more trying than the regular Pullman travel of midseason.

The back-country hotels of the United States are perhaps the worst in the civilized world; and the average country hotel keeper, having a baseball team to feed by contract, produces the raw material which he cannot work off on anyone else. Sodden pies, heavy hot biscuits, potatoes fried in one greasy, indigestible mass, meats which have hardened for months in cold storage—this is no food to condition athletes. I have known one wise old player who is a fanatic on condition to lug steaks from a lunch counter out of his own pocket rather than take chances with hotel dinners.

The revenue from those exhibition games along the route used to justify the process; the inhabitants would turn out to see the Red Sox or the Cubs or the Giants

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in action. That, however, is getting to be an old story in the minor-league towns of the road; no longer is there much money in these trips. For a year or so farseeing baseball men have been saying that the team which would establish a permanent camp, set up its own quarters with its own chef, and train somewhat as a fighter or a college team trains would add twenty-five per cent to its condition.

That good sport and game loser, Frank Farrell, owner of the Yankees, was the first major-league manager to be persuaded; Arthur Irwin, I believe, did the persuading. The Jersey City team trained last year in the Bermudas, that chain of semitropical coral islands out in the Atlantic which is becoming a winter playground for New York. They gave good reports of the climate. Arthur visited Bermuda and came back bristling with enthusiasm. On his next trip he leased the little Hotel Brunswick at Hamilton, under the shadow of the great coral-stone cathedral, secured the use of the cricket-club ground, bargained for a jewel of a chef, put in charge Mrs. Kathryn Cochrane, who used to be floor clerk at the Waldorf and knows the needs of man—and the experiment was under way. The proof of this pudding will be the season's eating; but at the end of March, when this is written, it looked like an unqualified success. No man who is satisfied with plain food could have complained of the fare—thick, genuine steaks and chops and roasts, vegetables fresh from a soil which bears the best vegetables in the Western world, yesterday's eggs. Arthur Irwin, elated to the verge of folly with the success of his plan, used to remark as he pushed back his plate: "If I'd fed this way all my life, I'd be playing yet!"

There were minor advantages which only the skilled manager would have perceived. "They can't run out on you," Chance remarked once. "We've got 'em all together in one place." Concerning which, Chance had made his one brief oration of the season just before the squad settled down to work. "Boys," he said, "you're to be in your rooms at half-past eleven. I don't know how I can say it any better, but perhaps I can put it this way: Any fellow that had rather be on Broadway than down here can get what he wants by staying out after the bell rings." No one went back to Broadway while I watched the team. And the most disappointed person in Bermuda was that English hotel keeper who, hearing that a baseball team was coming, and judging their habits by what he knew of country cricket teams, refurbished his bar, laid in a new stock of liquors, and advertised: "Headquarters for Baseball Players."

Finding this lead a total, dismal failure, he changed the sign to: "Headquarters for Pressmen." Again he had his labor for his pains; the camp followers caught the training infection. Maxie Blumenthal, Chance's guest in camp, was playing "hi-lo" a half an hour a day and finishing by running three times around the park. The New York "Globe" was warming up the young pitchers; the New York "Mail," "American," "Sun," and COLLIER'S, clad in old uniforms of two seasons ago, were playing lawn tennis foursomes on the excellent turf courts over by the clubhouse. The players, coming back from the field, used to call out in effeminate voices "Vantage, love!" and "Oh, you Lady Locksmith!" as they passed. "Run, girls, here comes one of those horrid ball players!" exclaimed the "colyum conductor" of the New York "Mail" one day as Russell Ford leaned over the piazza rail to void his sarcasm.



Chase goes into Midkiff at third base, knocking him off his feet

"Oh, don't mind me!" replied Ford; "it's a darn good game."

"Glad you think so," replied the "Mail," mollified.

"Sure!" said Ford. "My little sister plays it and likes it very much." And he dodged into the clubhouse to escape a tennis ball.

AS TO BERMUDA

AT NIGHT, in that bijou bar of the Brunswick which Arthur Irwin used to call his "watch charm," the camp followers drank Bermudian soda and ginger beer, and made bets over their weight. And the saloon keeper changed his sign to "Headquarters for Fishermen."

Then, too, the surroundings were cheerful and entertaining—and here I must digress to touch on Bermuda itself. From the wastes of the Gulf Stream rise these little coral islands, strung out in a crescent not more than twenty-five miles long. How many Bermudas there are no man knows exactly; the difficulty lies in telling which are islands and which just rocks. They have a strange, semitropical vegetation all their own, whereof the chief native plant is a tangled cedar which suggests Monterey cypresses and dwarf Japanese trees. A thin coating of soil overlays the white rock; scratch anywhere and you come upon a soft, porous stone which hardens with exposure. Every building in the islands is made of this stone; the masons simply quarry it out of the earth with a cross-cut saw! The really beautiful Norman Cathedral, which is the pride of Hamilton, was hewn out from the two vacant lots next door.



"Sizing up their little peculiarities of play with an eye for minute details." Left to right—Martin, Ford, Davis, Frank Chance, Arthur Irwin

About it stretches an ocean which for color is without match anywhere. It is hard to believe that this can be the same water, in every chemical element, which we behold from Coney Island or the Cliff House. For the bottom is white coral and the sky above of a singular pallor; and the combination, reflected on the water, gives the depths a brilliant, milky blue, exactly like that of a pure turquoise, while the shallows look exactly like the new, clean-bluing water in mother's laundry. Here and there this sea is mottled like a matrix turquoise with the crests of submerged reefs, among which the expert black skippers of the islands guide perilously their little boats.

There is no well nor spring nor brook on all the Bermudas, for the rains sink immediately into the porous coral; wherefore the inhabitants must catch rain water. Every roof, as commanded by the solemn little Colonial Parliament, is fresh whitewashed to insure the purity of the supply; and from the sea they give the appearance of a new, patchy snowfall. Neither is there train nor locomotive nor automobile nor any form of transportation more rapid than an open cab.

Nine years before "we" landed on Plymouth Rock, the English settled these islands; they were a long way advanced in civilization when our colonists were still scalping Indians, and burning witches. And three hundred quiet years, during which nothing has ever happened more exciting than a little piracy and the blockade running from St. George's during the Civil War, bred a race of conservatives. So far as an outsider can describe them, they appear like a blend of old aristocratic Virginia and back-country New England, with a strong dash of British Tory. In theory at least they are fervid British Imperialists, fond of singing "God Save the King." The eight or ten thousand white inhabitants carry, almost to a man and woman, the blood of the early seventeenth-century gentleman adventurers who settled "the Bermouths." The twelve thousand blacks, out of slavery for three generations, are an orderly, courteous, and sociable people, who have found the way of getting on with the whites. In Bermuda there is no negro problem of any kind.

All of which, in the process by which this world grows standardized, is passing. But lately the islands had their own industry—fresh winter vegetables for the American market. A raise in a tariff schedule blighted that. Since when they have fallen back on hotel keeping. From Hamilton, the capital, to St. George's, the most venerable town which borders our shores, the Bermudas in season are a long string of hotels and boarding houses, while from Hamilton to Somerset stretch the winter villas of rich Americans and Canadians. As the old régime was picturesque and sleepy, the new is flamboyant and gay. All winter the clean coral roads are filled with winter-summer girls in those white costumes which Bermuda wears by custom. There is a dance nearly every night at one hotel or another; by day the ocean sparkles with white sailboats. The presence of the Queen's Own Regiment and of several companies of British artillery gives the proper touch of color. The gaudy regimental band plays twice a week in the park, its kettle drummers doing impossible juggling with their drumsticks; the officers make gay the formal dances; and back of the big hotels one may observe Tommy Atkins, his right hand full of swagger stick, his left arm full of hotel help, getting compensation for his exile from Hyde Park.

Into these gayeties the ball team, carefully warned by Chance against "running out," plunged judiciously. Arthur Irwin had already made himself a person of such consequence on the islands that a certain humble scribbler of the same surname, upon ordering goods at the shops, was always asked whether he was Mr. Arthur Irwin's son? Clad in those English summer clothes of which the ball team bought profusely, Arthur used to lead a squad of beaux to the dances. Early in our stay Chance went deep-sea fishing and brought back a fine catch, including one seventeen-pound rockfish. That started a fishing craze, with fisherman's luck. One day Fisher and Warhop, accompanied by some of the war correspondents, went to the Banks in the sloop *Dainty*, under command of a perfectly black and almost toothless skipper who could sail around a ten-cent piece. All the way out he played a game of pigs in clover with a maze of submerged reefs, running the nose of the *Dainty* square at those sinister brown blotches in the water, only to sheer off when wreck seemed imminent and bear onto the next one. He must have been a humorist in his primitive Senegambian fashion, for all the way he kept up a debate with his saddle-colored crew upon the question whether sharks would really eat a man. The crew was a weak debater; both agreed, just as the *Dainty* took by inches an opening between reefs, that the Bermudian shark would if hungry enough.

WARHOP FAILS TO SCORE

THE *Dainty* anchored—in a ground swell. As Phil Schenck laid out the tackle, she was rising—falling—rising—falling—straight up and down. Most of the department of journalism sought the tiny cabin at about this period; but the two valiant pitchers and Phil Schenck cast and fished. Alone, Allen Keefer, the host, sat up and smoked and smiled a superior Canadian smile. Now Warhop—really Jack Flynn; that is another story—comes from the Middle West, while Fisher was brought up on a New Hampshire farm. Fisher grew pale as paper under his tan; he was first to go. Just then Warhop pulled a big red snapper to the surface, and lost him. "Look at—" began Warhop, and said no more for some time. Fisher lost most of his interest in fishing. Phil Schenck burrowed his way into the cabin and rested. Some one in the depths of the hold got enough energy to put a motion that the *Dainty* go home. With dying breaths, the rest voted "Aye." "No, sir," said Warhop, "I—" and his voice failed him again. When the skipper weighed anchor and started, Warhop was still dangling his line and proclaiming between spasms of seasickness that he'd got one fish to third base and—pause—by gum—pause—he proposed to score a run.

However, the heart and center of Bermuda for the ball team was the Hamilton cricket grounds, leased by special courtesy for the uses of the New York and Jersey City teams. This is a wide field of springy turf, the crease in the middle, two beautifully kept tennis courts in the corner, and all terraced up to a white coraline clubhouse. There, in those periods when the tourists are gone and the islands settle into something approaching their old life, the Bermudians play solemn three-day cricket matches which are a very fair imitation, in miniature, of Lord's. On the terrace sit the ladies of the Bermudian aristocracy, all in white from the tips of their shoes to the tips of their parasols; there is a catch, discreetly applauded, every half hour or so; the regimental



Chance returning throws to the home plate

(Continued on page 21)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THOSE Democrats who counseled that the tariff revision be done through an omnibus bill were willing to run a large risk. The schedule-by-schedule method is less dangerous to success. The Democrats have a very scant majority in the Senate, barely six. Even adding the small number of Progressive Senators who will vote with them on the tariff, their working majority is precarious. This situation makes an omnibus bill all the more dangerous. If a sugar schedule comes in alone, the two Senators from Louisiana, for example, can vote against it, and no harm is done. Then, if the lumber schedule comes in alone, Senator Simmons of North Carolina and Senator Smith of Maryland can vote against it, and still no harm is done. If the metal schedule comes in making iron ore free, Senator Martin of Virginia can vote against it, and still no harm is done. But when an omnibus bill comes in, it makes it possible for the two Democratic Senators from Louisiana (who are really Republicans on the tariff and favor protection for sugar) to unite with Senators Simmons and Smith (who have previously repudiated the Democratic platform on lumber, and may be expected to do so again) and with Senator Martin of Virginia (who has previously voted against free iron ore) to join forces and defeat the bill as a whole. This combination of interests is exactly the sort of thing that happened in 1893 and brought twenty years of discredit upon the Democratic party. The safeguard against this is the hold which President Wilson has on the people; it will take a very bold Democratic Senator to defy him.

Watch This Senator

AT THE time, four years ago, when Senator John Walter Smith of Maryland was reproached for voting *against* the Democratic platform pledge, and *in favor* of his own sawmill interests, he replied:

> I stood by my convictions and did what I thought right. No matter if I am misunderstood by some people and have been, and will be denounced by the demagogue, I can stand that. It is not going to hurt me in the end, and even if it did I would be compelled, by a sense of public duty under the same circumstances, to *do the same thing over again in the same way.*

Observe the defiance in the last sentence. The newspapers of Maryland ought to keep a close watch on Senator Smith. As he is up for reelection just now, he will hardly vote openly for a protective tariff; but a man in Senator Smith's position can affect the tariff bill subtly and powerfully in other ways than by his vote.

Wouldn't It?

THE election of the new Democratic Senator, Hollis (the first Democratic Senator from New Hampshire since before the Civil War), was delayed for many weeks, and would have been prevented but for the intervention of President Wilson. The holdup was caused by three or four Democrats in the Legislature for a single reason; and for weeks the politics of the State dealt wholly with the question whether Senator Hollis, at a public meeting once, did or did not say:

> New Hampshire would be better off to-day if the Amoskeag mills had never existed.

Well, isn't it true? The Amoskeag mills are a typical New England protected industry, cotton and worsted mills employing many thousands of the kind of mill worker now typical throughout New England and under conditions equally typical. What these conditions are was made public at the time of the Lawrence strike. Of how many individuals now living in New Hampshire can it be said that their lot is better by reason of these mills? A few mill-owning families have become rich, but how about the thousands who have descended to the other social extreme. We wish some one would answer this question who is old enough to remember the wholesome New England of the period before the high protective tariff came to strip its farms of its native youth and use them up to make a few mill owners rich, and then replace them with successive drafts on Europe; using up in turn the youth of each wave of immigration.

The Moral Issue

THE tariff was discussed upon broader lines and with greater thoughtfulness in the session of 1909 than at any other tariff discussion in the recent history of the country. Probably it is the very character of that discussion which has led to the present state of public opinion in the country. Two extremely able Senators, both now dead, constantly kept the moral aspect of the tariff to the front. They were Money of Mississippi, a Democrat, and Dolliver of Iowa, a Republican. Each in his own way had an intellectual stature never exceeded in the Senate. Dolliver once said:

> As the result of my observations upon the different tariffs of the world (and I do not pretend to be wise or deeply read about the matter), I find that wherever there is a protective tariff it has built up a system of morality of its own, and I never found that its rules of morals were in accord with any other rules of morals, religious or secular, ever framed in this world. It has built up a system of morality in this country that not only is wicked, but allows to be done, by authority of law, what the man who does it would never do in his private capacity as a citizen. It permits a man not only to covet his neighbor's goods, but to take them away from him by force of law.

To put in figures the thing Senator Dolliver had in mind: The American people pay for the tariff about $2,400,000,000 a year. Of this only a negligible fraction, comparatively, goes into the public treasury. Seven-eighths of it, amounting to over $2,100,000,000 in a single year, goes into the pockets of wealthy manufacturers. *It is taken directly from the pocket of the individual on the farm or in the city and transferred, not to the United States Treasury, but to the pocket of a wealthy factory owner.* Such a process can only be described by the use of such a word as graft. So long as this goes on under color of law, it is hard to keep the moral stigma upon all those other allied forms of acquisition which go by the same name but are not sanctified by the statute. When the *meum and tuum* distinction has been lost as between classes, it is hard to maintain it as between individuals.

Encouraging Party Traitors

JUST at the moment when the Democratic party, after twenty years of exile from power, was about to fulfill its new commission from the people to revise the tariff downward, Governor Eugene N. Foss sent a very long message to the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of a protective tariff, and used such arts as were at his command to draw widespread public attention to his utterance. The Massachusetts Legislature, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the tariff, and the only explanation of Governor Foss's act is a purpose to embarrass President Wilson in his work of tariff revision by creating the impression that there is disagreement in the party, and giving encouragement to party traitors in Congress. In the gradual shifting of party lines, which is now taking place, it is apparent that Mr. Foss will land where his interests are, and where he himself was ten years ago—in the Republican party, with Murray Crane and Senator Lodge.

The Curse of Congress

ONE of the candidates to succeed Mr. Burleson in the Tenth District of Texas addressed this public appeal to the voters of the district:

> It will be a pleasure to me, by effort of head, of hand, and of heart, to procure adequate appropriations for the purchase of sites and the erection of necessary public buildings in the different cities and towns in this district for the transaction of the Government's business.

This man need never utter another word to make the quality of his soul perfectly clear. The character of the people of his district can be judged accurately by the number of votes cast for him.

One Way to Economize

A RESIDENT of Washington, D. C., Mr. F. W. Fitzpatrick, sends this paper a pointed suggestion. He proposes that Congress each year should set aside $20,000,000 "for graft, specifically and without frills." This money should be allotted in such sums as are needed by individual members to get themselves reelected:

> Roughly speaking, it would mean a saving to the Government of about $220,000,000 over the way of doing it now, when useless public buildings and river "improvements" are paid for by the Government solely because the local member of Congress needs a small fraction of the amount spent by the Government to get himself reelected. It would be much less wasteful to give the member, directly, in cash, the amount he needs to bribe his district.

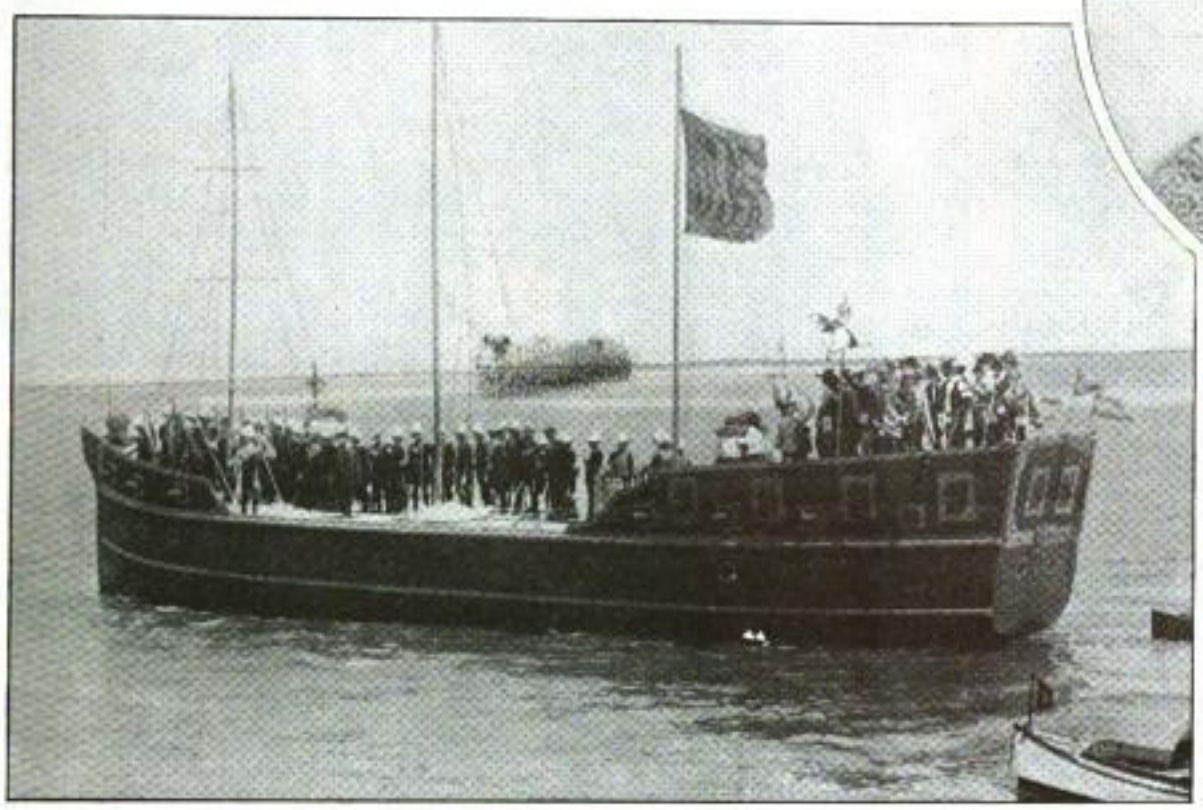
The late Arthur McEwen, when he was editing a paper in California, suggested that since each of the big corporations had a lobbyist at the Legislature, the State ought to employ one also and pay a liberal salary to get a good one, with ability to look out for the State's interest.

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Florida Celebrates Its Age by Welcoming Ponce de Leon

A CARAVEL flying the flag of Spain and manned with a crew in bright silks and shining helmets sailed into St. Augustine the other day. On the after deck stood "Ponce de Leon." Once in a while a motor boat poked its nose into the picture and dispelled the illusion of antiquity. Florida was celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of its discovery by the Spanish.

Though other Spaniards may have sighted Florida a few years before Ponce de Leon, the seeker after the spring of eternal youth was the best equipped with credentials, and he is officially the Peninsula's discoverer.





A Woman Candidate for City Commissioner

KANSAS has had several women mayors; and, as commission government continues to gain in popularity, soon will have women commissioners. This month, in the State's capital, a woman was candidate for Commissioner, and carried the support of many Socialist-Labor and Progressive voters. The nominations in Topeka are nonpartisan. Mrs. May Taylor described herself as a "Socialist," but her platform, and not the party label, was her campaign appeal. One of her ideas was a loan fund for the poor. Mrs. Taylor owns a bird and fish store.



Reintroducing Mexico's Exiled Dictator

THE picture at the left, a new photograph of Porfirio Diaz and his wife, taken in Naples, suggests by its background the return from exile that many Mexicans confidently await. An undenied rumor has it that the dictator will arrive an honored guest in Mexico's capital in the latter part of May.

A Flag from the Skies Locates a Pavilion

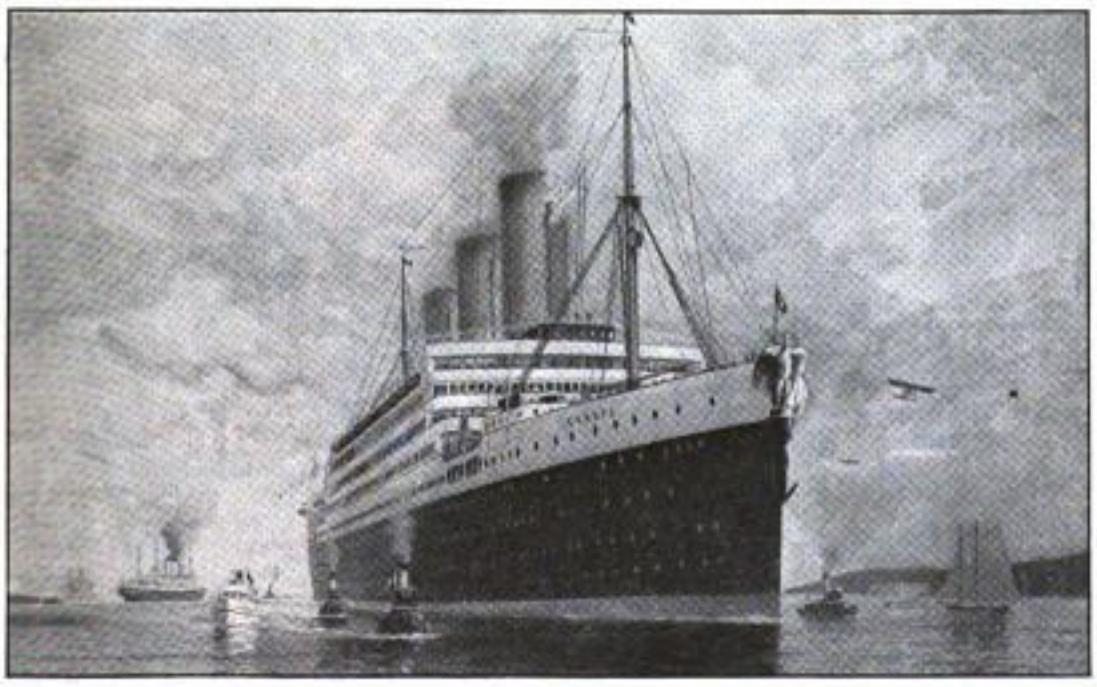
DENMARK chose the site for its pavilion at the Panama-Pacific Exposition by dropping a Danish flag from an aeroplane. This unusual method was suggested by a tradition that Denmark's flag is an emblem of mysterious origin—that during a lull in a battle the crimson and white floated down from the clouds.



Copyright by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

A New "World's Largest" Ocean Steamship

THE *Imperator's* fame as the largest ship afloat was brief. She will not dock in New York on her maiden trip until the end of May; meanwhile, the *Vaterland*, 5,000 tons larger, has been launched. The new ship was to be called the *Europa*, but at the last moment the name was changed. In design she is a sister ship to the *Imperator*. The *Vaterland* is 950 feet long and 100 feet in width. The rudder weighs 90 tons. Through the big funnels the largest locomotive ever built could pass. Instead of one crow's nest on the mast at the bow, the *Vaterland* has two, the upper one 170 feet above the water line. An inner skin gives the ship a double hull; and 70 of her 83 lifeboats could accommodate all of the complement of 4,050 passengers and a crew of 1,200. The ship was christened by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.



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James H. Hare's Footnotes on the Ohio Floods

WITH the sense for the characteristic and the dramatic that has placed him foremost among the camera's war correspondents, James H. Hare, COLLIER'S staff photographer, reports this week with odd glimpses of the flood districts. To obtain the exclusive photographs on these pages, Mr. Hare followed the floods from Dayton to Covington.





Upper picture: the vacuum cleaner succeeded by a hose; at the right: policing a Cincinnati street by boat



Refugees discussing a problem in dressmaking



A First-Aid Depot

AS the flood rose, the plant of the National Cash Register Company was transformed in a few hours from a factory to a mammoth depot of aid. It became a hotel, a distributing center for food and clothing, and a shipyard. The photograph above shows a "bread line" of refugees leaving the factory with baskets of food and bundles of blankets. In these lines of the destitute the poor elbowed the prosperous. At first, no money was accepted. Later, the cash that was offered was added to the relief funds.





Found—Their Kitchen!

A BLOCK down street this pair discovered the cottage that had been their home and began to gather the pots and dishes that had furnished their kitchen and dining room. They were more than thankful to find that some of the china had not been shattered.

Making Port

HEAT was as welcome as food to some of the rescued who made port on the friendly coasts of refuge islands. The snow on the roofs of the houses in this photograph tells of the chilly temperature that stood for another hardship to the unfortunate.

The boat in the photograph at the left is one of many hastily constructed in the carpenter shops of the register company.

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After the flood had wrecked and battered this police car, a humorist decorated its roof with a beer keg





Glimpsed in Dayton as the Waters Receded

AS DAYTON emerged from the flood some of her streets were so strewn with wrecked houses that the scenes were reminders of the pictures from Omaha. The pools of water and the coating of mud left on the pavements make the Dayton photographs different. Mr. Hare's plates record such other distinctive touches as the tub and the broken umbrella. As the streets became streets again instead of rivers, boats, no longer useful, were left beached on the curbstones and littered sidewalks.





How Necessity Created Odd Situations

THE photograph above, showing a jeweler and his clerks reverting to the methods of the miners of '49 to sort gold and silver from the wreckage of a shop, is not the strangest of the situations the flood created. The photograph at the right represents something even more remarkable. At the left is General Leonard Wood. In the center is Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War. At the right is John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company. From the first, by virtue of his efficiency, Patterson was the unappointed but universally obeyed governor of a flooded city.

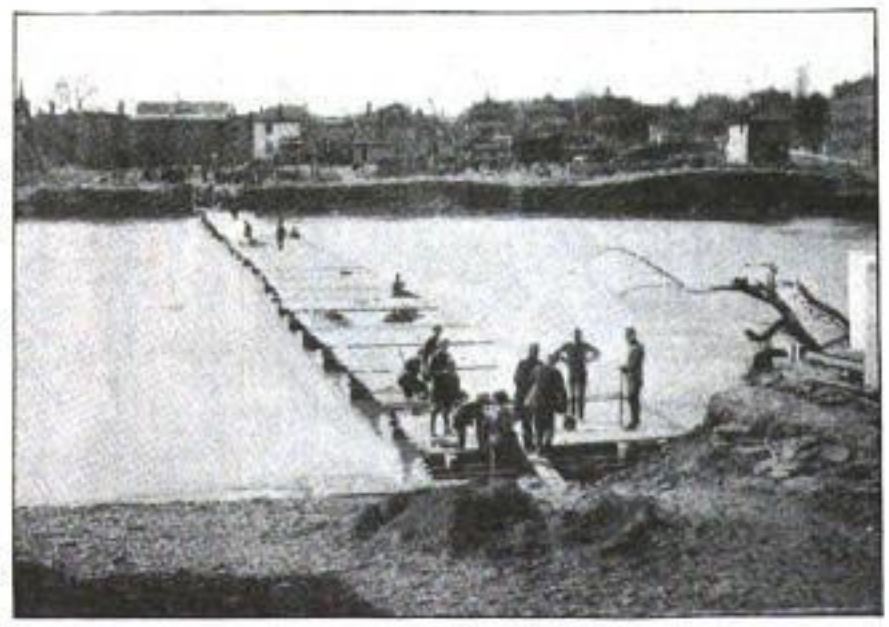


A Flood-Time Bulletin Board

WHEN the flood paralyzed news communication mounted men rode through the city as criers with placards.

The Pontoon Bridge at Hamilton

AMONG the military man's accomplishments is the knowledge of how to build bridges on short notice. The photograph at the right shows a temporary pontoon bridge at Hamilton, Ohio.

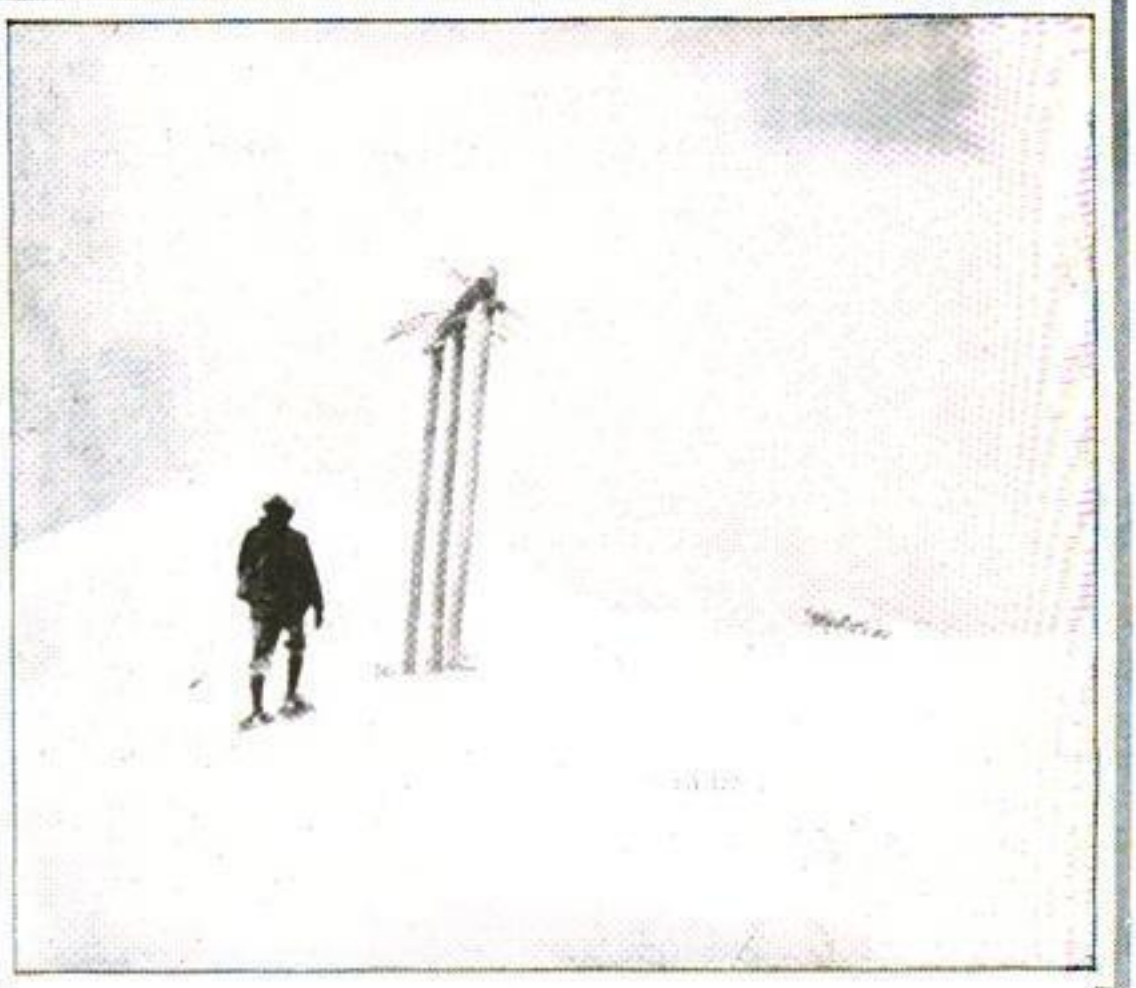




Perilous work on a tangle caused by snowslides



A lineman's refuge cabin; altitude, 12,000 feet



Linemen Heroes on the Crest of the Continent

MY EPIC is of workmen, not of Arctic explorers. These photographs came not from the top of the world, but from those snowy ridges in our own land that are last to hear the call of spring.

The telephone lineman should have an honored place in the literature which tells of daring deeds performed alone. Many Rocky Mountain telephone lines are built in wild, strange places, crossing the highest crests, far from houses, roads, or trails. There are miles of wire above the limits of tree growth, and a number of stretches that are more than 12,000 feet above sea level. The lines the "trouble man" tends cross and penetrate gorges, are laid in the valleys, or climb the rims of cañons. They lie under ice, water, and snow, horizontally, vertically, and at every curve and angle. They invite the thunderbolt and the landslide, and they cross slopes where snowslides, by might, still maintain the right of way.

The man who tends such lines as these must, in consequence, possess much more than an ordinary portion of the heroic. The exacting work of the steel men on skyscraper construction is done in a temperate zone when compared with the semi-Arctic hardships of the lineman of the mountain tops. The lineman must possess the same indifference to dizzy heights as the structural worker and have, besides, a good working knowledge of a trade, as well as the endurance and sense for geography that distinguish a good guide. He must be an expert mountain climber and be willing to brave severe storms.

Calmly at Work in a Blizzard

WHILE doing winter experiment station work for the Government along the summit of the Continental Divide, my way occasionally intercepted a high altitude telephone line. A few times, in the midst of a blizzard, I saw a lineman bravely repairing the havoc the storm had wrought with the wires. A stern and trying place in which to be laboring! Not a habitation within miles in that wilderness of crags and snow, and the lone lineman climbing a half-broken pole in a zero gale at the very crest of the continent.

One zero day in February I was snowshoeing along the summit of the San Juan Mountains of Colorado and came upon a lineman squatting in the snow like an Eskimo waiting for a seal. But he was busily splicing broken wires. The snow was twenty-four feet deep, and the top of the twenty-five-foot pole upon which he sat was the only part of the line visible above the snow.

These San Juan lines, in the first few years, were wrecked by snowslides at least a dozen times a year. At last the lines were moved to the opposite side of the gulch from where the slides came down—but even here sometimes are overthrown by great concussions.

High winds so frequently wrecked the line from Denver to Leadville, crossing the range over wind-swept Mosquito Pass, that year after year the distance between poles was shortened, and the lines made stronger.

Sleet sometimes would cover the wires with twenty pounds of ice to the yard, and with this weight clinging, a gale would not take long to pound the line to earth.

A Submarine Cable Across a Mountain Top

THE final construction for a line in the air consisted of a double line or pairs of poles; the poles about ten feet from each other, and the pairs from thirty to forty feet apart. The wires were strung upon a beamlike support that rested upon each pair of poles. This heavy structural work looked as if it might have been intended for a railroad bridge or an elevated railroad. But it was not equal to the tests made by the elements and it was replaced by a submarine cable. About twenty miles of submarine cable now are used by the telephone lines on passes which are from ten to thirteen thousand feet above the sea level.

Even the cable is occasionally torn out or broken by land slips and snowslides; and there are rocky slopes and vertical walls where it cannot be placed with reasonable security.

Now and then a line is smashed out by a landslide, and wandering bolts of electricity occasionally burn the wires in two, despite the use of best-known devices to keep "tramp juice" away. An unfortunate golden eagle caused one of the unusual breaks. How he became entangled is not known, but he was powerful enough to break a wire during his struggles. The trouble man found him swinging, lifeless, by a broken wire, while on the nearest pole sat his mate watching over his body. She fought desperately and kept the trouble man off for several minutes.

ENOS A. MILLS.

PURE FOOD



How a Little Leaven Leaveneth the Whole Lump

A Department Conducted by

LEWIS B. ALLYN

SOMETHING over two thousand years ago Xerxes attempted to bridge the Hellespont, and the Hellespont refused to be bridged. The following is said to have occurred:

Branding the water with red-hot irons, the angry king cried: "Thou bitter water! thy lord lays on thee this punishment because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hands. Verily King Xerxes will cross thee whether thou wilt or not. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honor thee with sacrifice, for thou art of a truth a naughty river!"

The Hellespont was not disturbed by the ravings of the disappointed king. So with the forward movement of our food supply. It has too much impetus to be stopped by old-timers who believe that the public was made to spoil and to experiment upon.

THE MOVEMENT GROWS STEADILY

THE loaf is becoming thoroughly leavened. There are a score of cities and towns, from Portland, Me., to Philadelphia, in which there is a vital pure-food sentiment, and in the majority of cases some definite plan has been formulated to put the local foods on a higher plane than that at present demanded by the Federal Food and Drugs Act—Binghamton, Boston, Brattleboro, Bridgeport, Concord, Hartford, Lowell, Manchester, Montclair, New Haven, New York, Northampton, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Rochester, Springfield, Westfield, Worcester. Within these limits are hundreds of smaller cities and towns where the interest is awakening, but no systematic steps have been taken. Suppose this entire group be called the Eastern section—it would not be a particularly difficult task to divide our country into other sections showing the specialized areas of food progression.

Xerxes, the food juggler, may brand the Hellespont of food reform with all his hot irons of invective, ridicule, or slander, yet the reform will go on.

We must, however, have a little commiseration for this latter-day Xerxes, when we remember that he is not wholly to blame. The unsuspecting and ofttimes careless purchasing public have created a market and fostered a demand for his vitiated products.

Would we have coal-tar dyed Maraschino cherries flavored with benzaldehyde, or lemonless lemon pie, or eggless cake, or creamless cream, or half a score of other false products if purchasers could not be found? Every man or woman who buys carelessly, who substitutes cents for sense, is a party of the first part of sophisticated, medicated, or desecrated foods.

One of the most recent additions to the ranks of the communities aspiring to be called pure-food towns, with all that that implies, is Montclair, N. J. One of its local papers announced in large type:

PURE FOOD FIGHT WON!

Whether this was a typographical error has not been ascertained. The headline should have read: "ONE PURE FOOD FIGHT." For the victory is not won yet.

Pure-food week in Montclair began on St. Patrick's Day. Certain facts of this campaign were unique and are worthy of serious consideration. As nearly as can be learned, the germ for this crusade was implanted by the COLLIER food agitation and by Miss Alice Lakey of the National Consumers' League, who in a recent lecture before the federated clubs of Montclair told of the manifold advantages of quality foods. The women listened; were astonished; convinced; and forthwith began plans for active work.

THE MONTCLAIR PLAN

A FEW hundred copies of a reliable list of pure foods were secured and distributed among the club women and grocers of the town. The president of the federation, Mrs. Chauncey Marsh, with her assistants, interviewed the Board of Health, the grocers, the pastors of the churches, the principals of the public schools, and the local newspapers, and all lent able support.

The services of a chemist trained in food analysis were secured.

An outline of the Montclair plan ran something like this:

The good will of the local Board of Health was secured.

The grocers were to furnish products for tests and to allow actual work to be conducted on the premises in plain view of the customers who were to be accorded the privilege of asking questions.

The pastors of the churches were to give the use of conference rooms or auditoriums for evening lectures, these latter to be conducted by laymen and others interested in the pure-food movement.

The school authorities were to give the time and use of the school for demonstrations and food talks at convenient periods during the week.

The newspapers were to give publicity to the movement, to report lectures, and even to furnish funds to defray expenses.

This plan is comprehensive and new to the annals of food history. The leaven was beginning to work.

"Nothing," says the Montclair "Times," "should be of more genuine interest to the community at large than the pure-food campaign."

Commenting editorially, the Essex County "Echo" observes: "If, in the end, ordinances can be enacted and rigidly enforced, if young women can be taught in the schools to tell the difference between good food and bad food, then it will be certain that criminal manufacturers who depend for profit upon the frauds they perpetrate will turn their backs upon the town and free it forever from their harmful influence."

One of the grocers made a particularly strong statement:

My shelves and windows are free to you for your demonstrations. I do this in the hope that you will be able to kill forever the demand for doctored goods. I do not want to sell them, but must keep adulterated products because of the demand for them. I would like very much to have a Pure Food Store, and hope that some day it will be possible.

A COMMON CONDITION

SEVERAL grocers and dealers in food products were interviewed after the expiration of Pure Food Week, and the general expression was that with the encouragement of the public they would be glad to discontinue the sale of legally or otherwise adulterated products.

And does not this fairly express the attitude of the progressive food purveyor—a willingness to meet the consumer halfway for the bettering of the food supply. Can you ask him to do more than this? Some pragmatist will suggest that he ought to clean up for the good of the cause. Theoretically, yes, but as a practical proposition he must have the support of the public in easing off the demand for sophisticated foods. A condition exists in Montclair which is common to all communities, and the problem was clearly pointed out by the local inspector of health. Merchants have the legal right under our national food laws to sell many varieties of drugged and filled food products provided the latter are not misbranded, are properly labeled, or, if they are foods within the Interstate Commerce Act, they must bear the somewhat misleading phrase: "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act." Suppose a dealer has a shelf filled with such foods. This array of greed and debasement has ample legal protection, and though the local Board of Health might be convinced of the absolute unfitness of these foods for domestic consumption, yet to seize them or to bring an injunction against their sale might involve the community in a wrangling, expensive lawsuit. Says the inspector: "We would be only too glad to remove from the shelves of every store in Montclair those articles which we believe are not fit products for human food, yet we have not the legal right to do so, as the law is mostly on the other side." A bit of reflection will show that the inspector was not far from the truth, that the Federal law as it now stands does not stop adulteration, but rather legalizes it and protects it by making it necessary to name the adulterant in the original package. It is not a law to protect the consumer.

Even while these facts are patent enough to everyone, no board of health need despair nor fold its hands and say: "Mine enemies have triumphed over me." For yet there is still much to be done. The Federal law has helped the consumer up to the point of making correct labeling a matter of necessity. The consumer must be educated to read labels intelligently. The Board of Health, through its collection of local package goods, can give its constituents much information on this neglected art. Let all kinds of labels be shown—the square and honest label, the hypocritical label, the ambiguous label, the lying label. Collect, classify, and the public will flock to read, and, having read, in a greater or lesser degree profit by the instruction received. The following tentative form of agreement, emanating from the Board of Health, when signed by the leading grocers, has a tonic effect:

"We, the undersigned, grocers and provision dealers of ——, believing that the use of food legally or otherwise adulterated, is detrimental to the best interests of both ourselves and our patrons, hereby agree to give preference to, and handle, only those products which are free from such contamination."

This or a similar form of agreement has in the past been found to give a momentum to the local pure-food campaign which brings about far-reaching results for the public good.

A periodical bulletin, containing the names of those firms whose stocks after careful inspection are found to measure up to this standard, is of tremendous interest which is more than local.

SCORING FOR PURITY

IT HAS been suggested by one ardent supporter of the pure-food cause that the Board of Health might easily invent some system of numerical score, giving ten or one hundred points as the highest rating based upon freedom from adulterated or misbranded stock. Bakeshops are frequently scored in this manner on the basis of cleanliness. It is a matter of conjecture how they would score if marked upon the purity of their products.

Back of the Board of Health stand the State and Federal inspectors, almost always ready on suggestion to perform their sometimes unpleasant duties. The efficacy of any board is not measured by the number of prosecutions it brings into the courts, but rather by the success it attains in kindly stimulating those under its immediate jurisdiction to a higher plane of attainment. Any health organization which is willing to put earnest thought into the matter should be able to devise other means of helpful cooperation or even competition.

Here stands the consumer, the careful housewife, the father, and the children, all of whom have a very vital place in this most noble cause. The Board of Health may aid by precept, but the consumer must aid by example. The three links in this chain are initiative, education, application. Break any one of them, and you hopelessly cripple your campaign. There is a gripping interest in this Montclair idea. All honor to the several forces which are working in unison to raise the standard of the local food situation to a higher level than it has ever before attained.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Some Common Terms Defined

What is the difference between "evaporated" and "condensed" milk? What do these words mean? What are their common adulterants? What is "sterilized" and "pasteurized" milk?—J. H. R., Massachusetts.

The United States standards of purity do not distinguish between condensed and evaporated milk. Section 1 B, a 6:

"Condensed milk, evaporated milk, is milk from which a considerable portion of water has been evaporated, and contains not less than twenty-eight (28) per cent of milk solids, of which not less than twenty-seven and five-tenths (27.5) per cent is milk fat."

These products are practically free from adulteration. Some States require the label to indicate the amount of water to be added in order that the product shall equal the standard whole milk.

Sterilized milk is "milk that has been heated to the temperature of boiling water or higher for a length of time sufficient to kill all organisms present." Pasteurized milk is milk that has "been heated below the boiling point, but sufficient to kill most of the active organisms present, and immediately cooled to 50° F. or lower."

Concerning Cereal Coffees

Will you please tell us if Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee is pure? Also Postum?—E. D., Florida.

The correct name for the first product is "Old Grist Mill, a substitute for coffee, a mixture." The makers have nothing to conceal, for the composition is plainly stated on the side of the package. This is a case of "Read the Label." The latter product contains no coffee. It is a cereal compound made with the addition of a small quantity of molasses.

(Concluded on page 36)

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Memories of the Players



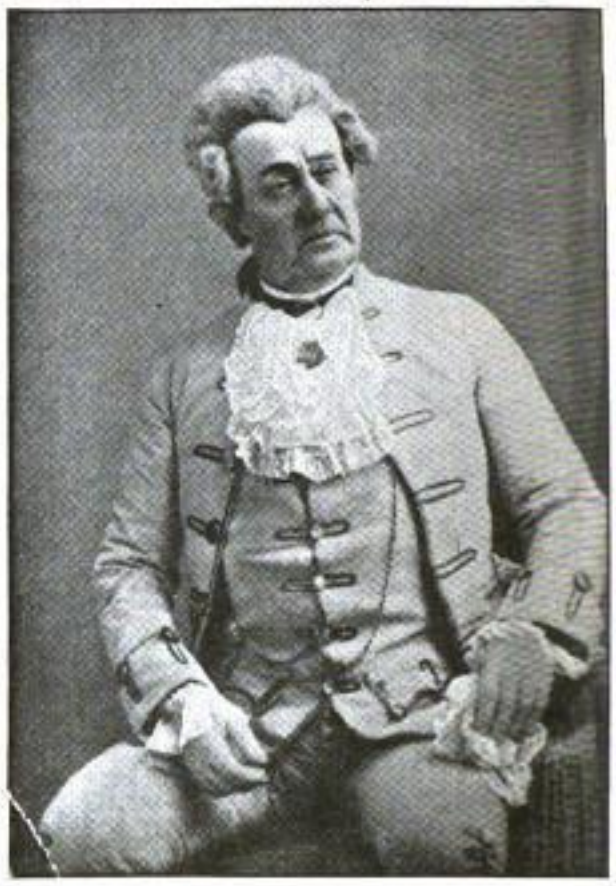
As Herr Weigel in "My Son" — an example of his versatility

By WILLIAM WINTER

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."

IV.—William Warren

Sweet, tender, playful, thoughtful, droll,
His gentle genius still has made
Mirth's perfect sunshine in the soul,
And pity's shade!



As Sir Peter Teazle, a role in which he was unrivaled

AT A MIDNIGHT HOUR, in the month of October, about thirty years ago, a genial company was assembled in the quaint parlor of an old mansion in Boston to do honor to one of the greatest actors who have graced our stage. Afternoon and evening performances had occurred, amid general acclamation, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his first professional appearance, and the purpose of that midnight assemblage was to crown a brilliant occasion of public rejoicing with a private testimonial of affectionate friendship. The actor was William Warren. A committee, of which I was the leader, had been designated to present to Warren a loving cup, the gift of five eminent members of the dramatic profession, and it was my privilege to make the presentation speech and to read a poem which I had written, expressive not simply of my admiration for the actor and the man but of the affection with which Warren was universally regarded. The lines at the head of the article are taken from that poem, and they truly describe the remarkable person to whom they relate.

The loving cup which I then and thus delivered—a beautiful work of art—bears this inscription:

To
William Warren
On the Completion of His Fiftieth Year
Upon the Stage
October 27, 1882
From
Joseph Jefferson *John McCullough*
Edwin Booth *Lawrence Barrett*
Mary Anderson

The scene of the ceremonial of presentation was a house which, I believe, is still standing in Bulfinch Place, at that time a peaceful street, seemingly sequestered, although situated in almost the center of the old Puritan city. It was No. 2, and was the residence of Miss Amelia Fisher, one of the most decorous and dignified of elderly maiden ladies. Lodging could be obtained there by actors, particularly those of domestic taste—Miss Fisher being herself a member of the theatrical family of that name, though not an actress—and the place was a favorite abode of votaries of "the profession." Many eminent players, dead and gone now, have studied and feasted and slept beneath Miss Fisher's roof.

George Honey, the fine English comedian (the original performer of Eccles, in "Caste"), who once lodged there, told me that no one but Warren was permitted to have a latchkey, that every lodger was expected to be in by midnight, and that the landlady would sit up, in the hall, to admit those who came home late. "When I could not get in till after twelve," he added, "I preferred, after once arriving late, to go to a hotel rather than meet her gaze." But it was a cozy, comfortable, charming retreat, and those survivors of old times who knew it well remember it with great pleasure.

RESPONDING "IN FITTING TERMS"

AS I RECALL the incidents of the presentation I can almost see Warren as he then appeared, sitting at the table in Miss Fisher's parlor—his earnest, whimsical face slightly twitching with emotion—and slowly turning the silver cup from side to side, while his friendly guests waited for his reply. I afterward read in a newspaper that the comedian was "much affected" by the tribute from leaders of the stage and by my speech and poem, and that "he responded with emotion, in fitting terms." Affected he was, and very deeply, and his agitation manifested itself in the pallor of his countenance and the tremor of his voice. His response was characteristic and directly to the point. He looked at the company and then at Miss Fisher, and after a pause he said to her: "You better fill this with champagne and pass it round"; and he said no more. Among his hearers that night were the brilliant comedian James E. Murdoch, the great Young Mirabel of his day, and that other brilliant comedian, then a youth, John B. Mason.

That Bulfinch Place lodging house was interesting in itself as well as for its many theatrical associations. The Colonial style of finish, the low ceilings, the neat apartments, the perfect cleanliness and order invested it with a peculiar character, quaint and attractive. I first went there in company with Wallace Thaxter, a well-known and widely popular Bostonian of long ago, the dramatic critic of "The Saturday Evening Gazette," to pay my respects to Mrs. Farren, who was acting at the Museum in such plays as "Fazio" and "Lucrezia Borgia," and who (forgotten now!) was for a time the queen of many hearts—mine included. The supper at that house, after the play, was one of the charming features for its inhabitants—with Warren, wearing a long, loose linen coat over his evening dress, at the head of the table, enlivening the feast with his kindly humor. The actor was in his element then—never a poser, but that rare and delightful being who combines spontaneous piquancy with intrinsic goodness, geniality with wit, perfect simplicity with superior mental powers, and possesses that fine art of conversation which consists in making others talk well and, instinctively, knowing when to listen and when to speak. Jefferson, Wallack, Davenport, Adams, Couldock, Florence, Rowe, Clarke, Fechter, and more lights of the stage were often seated at that festal board, and great was the mirth which prevailed there; but we have no "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and it has all gone up the chimney.

BIRTH AND FIRST APPEARANCE

WARREN was born at No. 12 (now 712) Sansom Street, Philadelphia, on November 27, 1812. His parents destined him to mercantile occupation, but his father became unfortunate and poor, and, dying, left his widow and children in poverty. Friends thereupon organized, for the benefit of Mrs. Warren, a theatrical performance, which occurred at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on October 27, 1832, and on that occasion William Warren, then in his twentieth year, made his first appearance on the stage, acting Young Norval, in the Rev. John Home's tragedy of "Douglas"—at that time an exceedingly popular play. His acting was esteemed remarkably good, and he was encouraged to discard the occupation of a clerk and to adopt the profession of the stage. For several years thereafter he led the life of a roving actor, obtaining employment wherever he could find it, but ultimately he settled in Buffalo, where he became the favorite comedian of the day at the Eagle Theatre, managed by John Rice, afterward Mayor of Chicago. There he remained till 1846, when he removed to Boston, appearing as Billy Lackaday in "Sweethearts and Wives," October 5 that year, at the Howard Athenæum, under the management of James H. Hackett—once so widely celebrated for his splendid personation of Falstaff. At the Howard he acted for twenty weeks, but in August, 1847, he joined the stock company of the Boston Museum, and with that house he was associated, except for one season, until nearly the end of his life. He died at his Bulfinch Place lodging—which had long been his home and very dear to him—on September 21, 1888, and was buried at Mount Auburn.



Among "actors of the old school," as they are called—sometimes in that spirit of derisive contempt which springs from ignorance and levity—there was a sentiment of profound respect, not to say reverence, for the art of acting, such as is not prevalent among actors of the present day. It is known, for example, of the first Joseph Jefferson, renowned in the early period of the Philadelphia stage (he was the grandfather of the Joseph Jefferson eminent in our time), that, holding his profession in the highest esteem, he maintained, as to acting, such a dignified reserve that no conversation about theatrical matters was permitted at his table or in his family circle. He was a great actor and he pursued his calling with a conscientious zeal and a severity of decorum befitting the most serious duty and the most influential social station. Much the same austerity was characteristic of that fine comedian and noble gentleman, John Gilbert, to whom acting was a learned profession and the stage not less sacred than the pulpit.

HIS RICH AND VARIED REPERTORY

WILLIAM WARREN also was "an actor of the old school"—a typical figure, representative of all that was most admirable in the theatre of the past and exemplary of all that is most essential in the theatre of the present—and that is why he should be commemorated for professional emulation and present public remembrance and regard. He was reticent, dignified, courteously formal in social intercourse, faithful to every duty, and scrupulously correct in the conduct of life, and there was in his acting a peculiar charm of personality, a union of intellect, temperament, character, humor, taste, and seemingly spontaneous art, which made it exceedingly delightful. In my young days, in Boston (and I believe the public attitude never changed toward him), everybody knew Warren as an actor, and everybody loved him, alike as an actor and a man. His professional career extended through a period of nearly fifty-one years, ending on May 12, 1884, when, at the Boston Museum, he made his last appearance, acting Eccles. In the course of those years he acted all the current parts of importance in the lines of old men, low comedy, and eccentric comedy, and also many parts in farce. His repertory was rich in parts of the Shakespearean drama. He was the best touchstone of his professional period—wise, quaint, and philosophical, behind the smile and the jest; admirable as Polonius; incomparable as Dogberry; proficient in every respect as Launcelot Gobbo, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Autolycus. In the comedy of manners, signified by such parts as Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby, he was unrivaled, except by John Gilbert. His versatility was amazing: he was equally fine as Triplet, Michonet, and Jesse Rural, on the one hand, and Dr. Pangloss, Eccles, and Batkins, on the other. He was in his seventy-sixth year when he died; he has been dead twenty-two years; and it is not likely that many persons are extant who possess distinct recollection of what his acting was when he was in his prime. Many playgoers now living, however, have seen kindred art, and have not forgotten it, in the acting of the late Joseph Jefferson—who was second cousin to him. Among the well-known actors of the present period, moreover, there are two comedians, Goodwin and Mason, who, in their novitiate, acted in the

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same company with him and had experience of his example, and in some respects they indicate his style—Mason, the best and foremost comedian of our stage at this time, approaching nearer to Warren, and being, indeed, at times startling in resemblance to him, not only in style but in voice and aspect.

GOOD HUMOR OF TRUE WIT

WARREN might easily have assumed the position of a star and made the customary annual round of the theatres of America. His repertory was prodigious, comprising more than six hundred parts. He could have selected about a dozen of them, and with a judiciously organized company could have prospered everywhere. Once, in 1864, he left the Boston Museum and made a professional tour, but he did not like the travel and the unsettled way of life, and he gladly returned to his old quarters and his customary routine. A less ambitious actor—considering his extraordinary ability—I have not known.

His modesty and gentleness, furthermore, were unusual, and they made him one of the most charming of companions. He never spoke ill of anybody. I remember that an actor from England, named Nelson, was introduced at the Museum to play one of the parts in which Warren had previously appeared and been cordially approved, and that Warren, who had been a spectator of the performance, was asked for his opinion of it; whereupon he smiled and jocosely said: "I don't think it was one of Nelson's victories."

Some persons, even though the fundamental basis of their minds is grave, possess the happy faculty of seeing human life at a comic angle and of expressing their impressions with instant felicity in amusing phrases. When the learned Dr. Parr said to the learned Dr. Porson: "My opinion of you, sir, is *very contemptible!*" the learned Dr. Porson promptly replied: "Sir, I never knew an opinion of yours that was not!" Porson's rejoinder has the celerity of wit but not its desirable urbanity. Warren's wit, instantaneous and felicitous, was never caustic. He possessed in perfection the faculty of piquant repartee; he was a capital story teller; he never uttered a witticism or told a story that was not exactly apposite to some immediate remark or occurrence; and, like Jefferson, he was comically apt in his droll comments on passing events. Once, in a town of the Far West, he chanced to be aroused by a disturbance in the night, caused by a sudden freshet. A torrent was pouring through the street, and Warren, as he stood, with other spectators at a hotel window, gazing on the pluvial tumult, heard a voice crying: "My mother! She's gone—she's gone!" "Well," he said, "she must have *gone by water!*" When Jefferson first went to Boston, acting Acres, in his freely adapted and condensed (and much improved) version of Sheridan's comedy, Warren attended the performance. "Did you see Jefferson in 'The Rivals'?" an acquaintance afterward asked him. "Yes," he said, "'The Rivals'—with Sheridan more than twenty miles away!"

Many pious persons believe that the statement "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" occurs in the Bible, whereas, in fact, it occurs in the writings of that amazingly clever, hypocritical clergyman and deplorable sinner, the whimsical Laurence Sterne. Miss Fisher was pious, and great was her consternation when, on an exceedingly cold night, the comedian, returning from the Museum after a performance there, entered his lodging with the remark: "I wish they would put *a shorn lamb* at the corner of Tremont and Park Streets." Warren's customary homeward walk from the Museum was uphill through Park Street and so downward to Bulfinch Place; and persons acquainted with Boston are well aware of the icy blast which, in wintry weather, often sweeps over the Common and the region called the Back Bay.

HIS DREAD OF DEATH

WARREN was scrupulously correct in the practice of his profession, but once in a while he could not resist the temptation to introduce "a gag." Thus, in the play of "The Drunkard"—a favorite in Museum days—when he was on the scene with Middleton, and that reformed inebriate, mournfully moralizing, had exclaimed: "There is the old elm where I slipped and fell," Warren gravely remarked: "That must have been a slippery elm." He did not like the experience of growing old—and, indeed, with slight exception, age is querulous, selfish, and exacting. On hearing a certain wine extolled as excellent because very old, "I am glad," he said, "that age improves anything."

His death was caused by disease of the brain oppressed by weight of years.

Warren dreaded death and customarily avoided mention of it. He happened to be standing in front of King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and Court Streets, when the imposing funeral train of Senator Henry Wilson was passing that point, and a lad, who knew him by sight, suddenly accosted him, saying: "It's great, ain't it? But, say, it ain't *anything* to what we'll do for *you*, Mr. Warren, when *you* die!" Warren told that incident to Jefferson, with lively disgust, and Jefferson, in whom the love of fun was irrepressible, told it to me, with lively delight.

In December, 1874, various articles of personal property that had been owned by Warren were sold at public auction in Boston, at which time his writing desk was "knocked down" for $4.65, his wardrobe for $2.12, his bedstead for $1.30, his clock for 70 cents, and his water pitcher for 15 cents. The silver loving cup, of which I have recorded and described the presentation to Warren, escaped that ignominious clearance, having been bequeathed by him to Jefferson. By that actor it was given to the Players, and it now reposes among their treasures, in the opulent club house given to that organization by Edwin Booth. The first toast ever drunk under that roof—"To the Players, Perpetual Prosperity"—was quaffed from that cup and from the drinking flagon of the elder Booth on the night of occupation, December 31, 1888.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE

AS A young man Warren was remarkably proficient in boxing, and his proficiency was backed by uncommon physical strength. His appearance, however, then and at all times, was that of a fastidious person, of amiable and gentle disposition. He was of a little more than medium stature, his figure was thin, his eyes were blue and of a calm and sweet expression, his garments were always scrupulously neat and fine, and he seemed to be completely pacific. Such men, by their mere presence, sometimes incite the active hostility of natural plebeians.

Once, while waiting in front of a railway station in a town in western New York, Warren thus became an object of animosity to a burly vulgarian who was swaggering on the platform, and who, after venting his spite in impudent remarks, which obtained no notice, roughly jostled the actor, thinking thereby to amuse certain of the bystanders of his own kind. The effect of his insolence was not what he had expected, for Warren instantly struck him a blow which hurled him heels over head and knocked him senseless; and this without the least apparent excitement or effort.

In early life Warren was improvident, but a good friend of his, Mr. Henry Lee, afterward a prominent banker in Boston, persuaded him to invest a small sum of money, with a view to the future, and the investment proving fortunate he was encouraged in the habit of thrift. When I was a lad I sometimes saw him going into or coming out of offices in State Street, which then was, and which continues to be, the Wall Street of Bos-

(Continued on page 35)

Confessions of a Spiritualist

A Narrative for the Credulous, Told by One Who Learned the Ease of Trickery

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

A FEW hundred people will writhe in righteous indignation when this article meets their bewildered and astonished gaze—people who have been duped, fooled, played with, and made the victim of a capricious youth with a fertile and vivid imagination.

I may as well at the very beginning confess that I am the guilty person—that I am the perpetrator of the outrages, for outrages they surely are. I confess, mainly, that similar mockeries may be nipped in the bud and intelligent people awakened to the ridiculousness of their situation.

As you read, draw from my account a parallel, a comparison with the founding of a variety of cults. Draw on your imagination and see whether there is not an explanation here for the multitude of fanatic societies which are springing up about us everywhere every day.

However, I do not wish to be misunderstood. The whole affair was absolutely unpremeditated. It arose from circumstances. Had I been at home, reading, as I intended, this would have been one of those myriads of things that never happen. One tiny incident, a moment out of my life, one chance in ten million, roused me to a fraud I would never have dreamed about. This suggested another and another, and before I knew it I was surrounded by a following that could not be suppressed. Like all other things, it was harder to stop than to start. It became a habit. Besides, the sensations and adventures were so delightful that I could not bring myself to end them.

How will I break the news? How can I make myself understood from the very beginning?

AN INNOCENT BEGINNING

THE start of it all was some four years ago.

It began in the most innocent manner. Men of my acquaintance had been reading about spiritualism and wondering at the marvels that had been accomplished by numerous mediums of the hour. They even went to séances at a near-by spiritualist church, and all seemed in a fair way toward becoming converts to the movement.

They were mightily impressed, and every now and then the subject would break in upon our conversation. I was the thorn in this company of roses, however, and was loud in my ridicule of the entire propaganda. They would tell of wonderful miracles and I would reward them with a laugh; they would rave of supernatural performances for which I would give the most commonplace natural explanation. While they would talk with bated breath, I would chuckle and smile, and too often unceremoniously fling jests at their favorite notions in a manner that roused them to anger.

It had been planned to hold an amateur séance in our own rooms. "This," they said, "will surely convince you, where you might well doubt in a professional test. Here is no hidden machinery. Here are no paid confederates. For would we try to fool ourselves? We are all sincere." And they were. "Any results that are received must surely be authentic."

THE TAPPING CODE

AT FIRST I refused to have anything to do with the performance. But they argued and called me stubborn, narrow-minded. This I minded not. All people appear prejudiced to those who think differently from themselves. But then they begged me, as a favor to join them in order to *complete the ring*, as an even number of persons was more desirable. I finally consented.

Now this is what we did, and is a true description of a séance as generally given by the elect of the movement.

We all sat about a heavy table, our hands on it, palms down. The head of the board, who appeared to be spokesman, declared that all were to keep silent—that if a spirit were present he would give his message through the table. That is, messages were alleged to come by the table lifting from the ground and tapping back upon it, each bang to signify a letter—for instance, "a" is represented by one tap; "b" by two, and so on. The word "at" would be given by 1-20; "boy" by 2-15-25. "Yes" and "no," which are used most, often are covered by three taps and two. And that is all there was and is to the code, words and sentences being banged out by visiting spirits in this way. How it was determined no man knows, but as it was said to be the simplest method of communication between the two worlds we used it.

Even though I had agreed to join the circle, I could not but feel, as most of my readers probably do, that the entire affair was a huge joke. I looked at their solemn faces and burst into laughter. I listened to their fervid exhortations and interrupted with supposedly funny remarks. Greatly exercised, they insisted that I keep silence, for, they said, it was impossible for the spirits to accomplish their work, as the slightest sound or lack of concentration hindered them.

So I obeyed. But it was done less to be convinced than to convince my friends of the absurdity of the situation, and as I was thinking for a plausible explanation of these so-called spiritualistic messages, I began to wonder how I might work them by fraud.

At first appearances it looked impossible for any one person to lift the table. Put your hands, palms down, on a heavy table and try for yourself. It seems as though it couldn't be done, doesn't it? No strength can be put into the hands, and it is impracticable to pull, lift, or push from the elbows, as that would be visible to the others. The legs or feet cannot be brought into use, for they are not allowed to touch the board. And yet the table moves. So it does in hundreds of similar "circles," to the wonderment of Hyslop's and other psychic research societies.

SPELLING TO MYSELF

AS I pondered, the minutes flew past, with the silence growing more and more tense. I took a deep breath—a sigh—as one is apt to do after a long strain, and as I did so I was surprised to note the table rise under my hands. For the moment I was mystified—yes, frightened.

"Ah, some one is here at last," said one of the boys in a sepulchral undertone that betrayed the deep religious fervor he felt.

And for the second I was almost inclined to believe him.

Again the room assumed its unearthly silence, and I wondered whether I could repeat the experiment. I drew in a deep breath, and again the table tipped up and down.

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One of the men asked huskily: "Who is here? Will you please spell your name and give us a message?"

I was about to say the truth of the matter, but was promptly hushed and told to refrain from my sacrilegious utterances or I would spoil the control. At this I determined to have some amusement at their expense. I forget just what was done, but with great difficulty I think it was the name "Jones" I spelled.

"Mr. Jones," the "interlocutor" said, "this gentleman refuses to believe the authenticity of this message. Present us some facts that even he may go away from here believing."

"Mr. Isaacson is wrong," I spelled to myself through the table.

"See," they said. "Do you hear that?"

DEMIGODS AT MY BECK AND CALL

I BECAME bold, and soon had that piece of furniture rocking like a hobbyhorse. It was quite easy, too. There is a sort of electric current that runs through human bodies, and when manipulated by one of sufficiently concentrated mind can be controlled and made to rock the table. I have since tried it alone, but have found it impossible to maintain an ease of position and budge it an inch, but in a circle of people it was comparatively easy.

All the while hints were being passed to me that now surely I ought to believe—yes, believe in my own joke.

The messages I gave them were positively puerile. "Go to the door!" "Turn the light lower!" "Harry, change seats with John!" But as the process was slow and the interest intense, the time flew amazingly, and midnight was upon us before we realized it was yet ten o'clock.

When we arose I was anxious to tell them just what I had done—to prove to them how simple it was to play with their credulity—but they would allow me no opportunity—left everything so wide open that I just *had* to step in. They asked me if I were not now surely convinced; asked me to admit that this was the most wonderful exhibition I had ever seen; asked me to become a convert. Then it was that I feigned to believe some one in our midst had moved the table himself. That provoked them and they told me I was a stubborn, very stubborn, fellow.

The following night they made me join them again, and this time I soon had the table under perfect control, but the paradox of the matter was this: I, fooling them, was the one they were trying to convince. My fraud was the argument they used to prove its truthfulness to me. They would have me examine their chairs, look to see that their feet or legs were not touching the table, showing me how it was utterly impossible for any of them to do it by trickery. So, to give a semblance of "giving in," I admitted that it did look very mysterious; that I could no longer explain the phenomena with natural explanations. But, I would argue, it was not supernatural—it was electricity.

"How," they would say, "can you bring forth that statement when you know electricity from various bodies cannot concentrate and culminate into sensible, tangible messages?"

And I would shrug my shoulders and concede that I could not understand or explain—which they claimed as a great victory. But, nevertheless, I continued "bossing" the moving-man job.

The séances became more and more frequent. And as they did, my daring increased and my imagination took broader flights. Wonderful were the supposed spirits who visited us. Astonishing were the stories they told. I was as a resourceful stage manager with two worlds under my control, with the great of every age at my beck and call. Phineas T. Barnum, the showman, displayed the "Wild Man from Borneo," but he never offered such attractions as I.

Henry VIII of England told us why he rid himself of his various wives.

Cleopatra gave us an authentic account of her death.

William Shakespeare forever cleared the Bacon controversy.

Michelangelo told of his favorite American artist (he was at the table at the time).

An unpronounceable Italian disclosed the name of Detective Petrosino's murderer (it was the month when the mystery reached the zenith of public interest).

Henry George graciously gave some hints on politics and the single tax to a member of our ring who aspired to office.

George Washington came on his birthday to express his admiration at America's improvements.

Oliver Cromwell denounced the political plutocrats and demagogues.

Cicero deplored the degeneration of modern oratory.

Good King Arthur was sorry to see our table was not round.

Many were the thrills we experienced, and, strange to say, most of the messages and ideas were the inspirations of the moment. Often I would start something in a rambling sort of way, not knowing where my words would take me, and a sudden thought would strike me that would send the cold shivers up my own back as I wondered at the effect it would have on the rest of the assembled guests.

THE EASE OF TRICKERY

SOMETIMES, when I was away from my friends, they would attempt to have a séance all their own—but naturally, the results would rarely show anything. So it was that I came to be thought of as a wonderful medium. The skeptic had become the all-powerful. Among all my friends and their friends the report spread, and my reputation came to be of no mean quality. I would be introduced to some one, and at the mention of my name, he would exclaim delightedly: "Oh, yes, you're the one who gets those unusual spiritual messages I've heard so much about."

Only last summer, while stopping at a Massachusetts town, I met an effusive young lady from the extreme West who had been corresponding with one of my enthusiasts, and, when she learned who I was, went into rhapsodies.

I have been the recipient of letters from men and women asking me to explain my "divine" supernatural power.

Is it not natural, then, from a psychological standpoint, that I could not help the further things I did? When I visited friends I would be forced to tell them some of my anecdotes. To this gaping, marveling crowd I would discourse on my adventures, always averring that I had less to do with them than my circle. Indeed, I would say that spiritualism had little to do with the happenings—that something else was the cause. Nine cases out of ten the people would immediately start to argue me into believing.

It is really a shame that people are so credulous. But for this I would not have been dragged into the trickery. Moreover, the peculiar part about it is that the more intelligent the person, the more ready he is to believe. The professional folks are the most easily convinced. For instance, I have found it harder to gain ground with a bricklayer than with a lawyer or doctor.

I CALL UPON CHARLES DICKENS

IN ALL this time I have never received one cent for anything in this line, nor have I desired to do so. It has simply been the excitement, the novelty, the unusual aspect, which has kept me in it. If the people like to be fooled, we like also to fool them. On the whole, but little of my time has been occupied—one or two evenings a week having been taken. However, in that brief time there were always brought forth enough to keep the minds of all the cult saturated with the mysteries of wonderful adventures.

In this connection, it is odd how luck has always been with me. Without it, I believe I would have been tripped up or discovered long ago. Coincidences have piled up all about me and aided me in many tight places. I could tell you stories that, if spoken without the previous exposition here given, would make your hair stand on end like the good old "ghost" stories you used to hear by the flaming log fires, as the lights burned low and your blood ran cold. As it is now, read them and smile.

The one incident that made the biggest impression on the folks who heard about it was the "Dickens Episode," as it has come to be known. It is the affair of which I am most proud.

One evening I felt uncompromisingly dull, and no plan of procedure had been laid out. Ideas would not come, and the long wait for something to sprout caused all to become very impatient.

A rather select gathering had arrived, and my reputation as a medium was apt to fall, unless I maintained the record I had made for myself. I spelled out the name Charles Dickens.

When the name Dickens was spelled, there was great excitement around the board—and immediately there was a request to know if he had a message for anyone in particular. There was no one there whom I would so honor as to even make him think that the great writer would condescend to speak to him. It almost was as though the spirit really awaited, so I spelled my own name and told the message to myself.

Then I had to appear mightily amazed and wondrous that he should come to one so humble as I. As I was planning what to say, and as I said it, all the while I was playing the double rôle—that of an embarrassed and modest person; almost coquettishly dropping my head and staring astonished as the message progressed. This is the way the plot went:

"Take the Broadway Subway to the very end of the line—245th Street, which is opposite Van Cortlandt Park. Thereabouts you will find a woman—Kate Harris by name. Go to her; ask her to tell you her life history. By what means you do this is your own problem. But get the tale. It will give you a wonderful plot for a

(Continued on page 33)

The head of the board declared that all were to keep silent—that if a spirit were present he would give his message through the table



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The Undesirable



By ROBERT J. PEARSALL

Illustrated by W. T. Benda



"THE service is like marriage," said Sergeant Nichols; "it's the making of one man and the breaking of another, and the devil and all uncertain which it'll be. Take the case of Fluffy Gobal.

"He came to Camp Dewey from Bremerton, along with a bunch of other half-drilled gum boots. It was at a time when the marine corps was short of men, and was taking on everything that wore trousers, but even at that the recruiting party sure had a grouch against the Government when they passed him. It was like robbing an orphan asylum and a home for the helpless all in one.

"It wasn't so much his age—he was eighteen—nor his size—he was short and square built and awkward—as it was his mental attitude, so to speak. He was the most self-effacing mortal I ever saw. He seemed to have come to the conclusion that his only mission in life was to be kicked around, and he gave that impression to everybody he met. You know the signs—scared eyes and a sickly smile and a half-hearted, mincing step, like he was afraid of taking a man's stride.

"Now soldiers ain't the most gentle creatures in the world, speaking in general; and for simon-pure meanness, one to the other, a recruit camp's got everything else in the service beat. There's several reasons for this, all of them good, and none of them matter much. From the first day in camp Gobal's life must've been a torture to him. He was bawled out at drill and jeered at mess, and, from reveille to taps, anyone that had a grouch or a bit of wit or a practical joke that it wasn't quite safe to spring on a man who would fight worked it off on Gobal.

"At first I felt sorry for him; but it's hard to feel sorry for a coward, and a coward Gobal certainly was. I remember something that happened about a week after he came to camp that convinced me of that.

"IT WAS Saturday afternoon, and I was scrubbing clothes on the wash bench. Pretty soon Gobal came sidling up with a bucket and ki-yi brush, and started to work at the corner of the bench, as far away from me as he could get. He took an O. D. shirt out of his bucket, and spread it out on the bench, and, like most rookies, began to scrub away with the ki-yi fit to tear the cloth to bits. I walked over to him and began to remonstrate with him, extra gentlelike.

"'Do you think,' I said, 'that the Government's paying for shirts for you to wear out that way? One of them's supposed to last two years. That brush's good enough for khaki, but you want to wash olive drab with your hands—like this. And don't be sparing of the soap; there's plenty more in the canteen.'

"'Yes, sir,' he said, in his scared way, and began to rub away as though his life depended on it.

"I studied him for a minute, undecided, but minded to give him some good advice. 'See here,' I said. 'How long've you been in the service?'

"'Three months,' he answered.

"'Isn't that long enough to learn that you hadn't ought to say 'sir' to a sergeant?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, what do you want to say it for?'

"'I forgot,' he said.

"'Forgot nothing! Other fellows don't forget. Now I'm going to tell you what's the matter with you. You're afraid, afraid of me, afraid of the rest. Ain't that so?'

"I wanted to make him mad so I could talk to him straight; but I couldn't. He did look a little ashamed, but that was all.

"'Hang it, man,' I said, 'wake up! I say you're afraid, and you grin. Why don't you wallop me in the jaw? And if your fist ain't big enough, use your scrubbing brush. Don't you know that if you did that once all this baiting of you'd stop?'

"HE LOOKED up at that, half alive. 'Would it?' he asked.

"'Of course it would. The fellows spit on you and rub it in because they find it's safe. Why don't they do it to anyone else? Wallop the next man that tries it—hard. That'll end it.'

"He had braced up now, his shoulders back and his head up; but still I didn't like the look in his eyes. 'I—will,' he said, but it was only half a promise.

"'Do it, then,' I told him, and went back to my work.

"A moment later I saw his shoulders slink forward again, and the old hangdog look come into his face. I followed his eyes, and saw what was the matter. Jimmy Reilly, one of his worst tormentors, was coming toward us, a bundle of clothes in his arm. Gobal began to pick up his own duds, which were only half washed, and shove them into his bucket. As Reilly came up he slouched away to the rinsing tank.

"From that day I washed my hands of him. What was the use? A coward is a coward, or so I figured, and the sooner the fellows got together and made him beat it, the better it'd be for him and the rest of the service.

"That was what it settled down to, finally. The officers got him on their black books, and never a day passed but he got a wigging from them. The noncoms grew tired of trying to teach him how to drill, and informed him time and again just how many railroads led out of San Diego, and how far his next pay day would carry him. And the privates, of course, chimed in, partly on general principles and partly on the impression—which was true—that a man of his character and appearance was a real disgrace to the uniform every time he went on liberty.

"BUT some men won't desert, no matter how hard they're pressed. Gobal seemed such a man. Although the first sergeant called him up on pay-day morning and told him he had forty-eight hours' liberty, so he could be sure of a good start, he was back in camp by taps.

"The next Sunday morning, just after reveille, when the men were coming in from their all-night liberty, I heard some one cursing and carrying on most amazing just outside my tent. I went to the flap, and it was Corporal Rankins and Fluffy Gobal.

"'Don't tell me you didn't,' cried Rankins, in a voice that carried all over the camp. 'I saw you, I tell you. And the civilian said the same thing. You was begging just outside the Golden Lion, and you sneaked away when you saw me coming up. You told him you were hungry, that you didn't get enough to eat in camp. Good for you you beat it. I'd've smashed you, as I'm going to smash you now.'

"Rankins pulled back and swung at Gobal, but Gobal grinned and started to run. Run, mind you!

"Rankins started after him, but I caught him by the arm. 'Nothing like that goes,' I said. 'If what you say's true,' and I wasn't any too sure of it, for Rankins was a big four flusher and a handshaker, and got his stripes by dog robbing for the adjutant, 'there's another way of settling it. You be up to office hours this morning, Gobal, and you too, Rankins, and you can tell your story to the colonel. It's a matter involving the honor of the camp,' I says, 'and can't be settled by beating anybody up. And the rest of you men go to your tents and get ready for troop.'

"It came out at office hours that Rankins didn't have any real evidence against Gobal. He only had the civilian's word for it, and he couldn't locate the civilian. And, of course, Gobal denied it. But the colonel sized Gobal up as he stood there, shrinking and shaking and his eyes on the floor, and asked a few questions about him, and heard nothing good, and then says:

"'Private Gobal, you don't get along very well in the service, do you?'

"'No, sir,' said Gobal.

"'I've heard of you before. I'm not going to hold this charge against you, for it can't be proven. But, taking everything into consideration, I don't believe you're suited to the marine corps. I'm going to recommend you for an undesirable discharge, and until action is taken I'll excuse you from drill and guard duty. Captain, you can find some police work for him to do around the camp, can't you?'

"'Plenty of it, sir,' said the company commander.

"'Well, put him to it. And he's restricted to camp until discharge. Next!'

"So Gobal was rated captain of the head, which means company flunky, and the fellows would jeer at him as he was doing their dirty work, and ask him if he was getting enough to eat nowadays. He sat a little apart from the rest at mess formation, and the mess sergeant used to instruct the cook to give him a double ration, and then stand over him and make him eat it all. No one spoke to him except to abuse him or make sport of him. But of course he deserved all he got, and more, that is, if the story told by Rankins was true.

"I was doing duty at that time as coach on the rifle range. A few days after Gobal's recommendation for discharge I was surprised to see him in the detail sent out for instruction. It looked like a waste of ammunition to me, but it seemed that strict orders had been given to get the firing records of every man in the command, and the first sergeant wasn't taking any chances.

"When Gobal came up to the firing point, the men standing behind began to poke fun at him, as usual, but I shut them up, sharp. A man can't shoot when he's rattled, and I was after as high an average record as possible, though the Lord knows I hadn't any hopes of getting much more than a string of swabos out of Gobal.

"We were on the two hundred yard firing point. I lay down and fired a few shots with his rifle, moving the wind gauge and rear sight until I got on the bull's-eye and stayed there. Then I handed it to him, fixed the sling on his arm, and showed him the proper prone position.

"'There's your zero for this range,' I told him. 'Now if you hold your rifle so the bull's-eye rests on top of the front sight and the front sight's square in the middle of the peep, like you've been taught at aiming and sighting drill, and you pull your trigger slow and easy so's not to jerk off the target, you can't miss.' Which sounds easy, but isn't.

"GOBAL settled down into his aim, and I saw one thing, that he was most remarkably steady. Then his rifle popped, and a big white disk came up and covered the face of the bull's-eye.

"'Good,' I told him, though thinking it was more'n likely an accident. 'Now do that again.'

"He did, and three more times. And while he was doing it, the funniest surprised, interested, half-proud expression came over his face! He looked almost human.

"But it was too good to last. The sixth shot was a high three. The next was a left miss. And then came three more that did much damage to the landscape, but never touched the target.

"The rest of the bunch, that had been mighty quiet while he was making his first five shots, began to laugh now. But I piped them down. I'd seen men shoot like Gobal before, and knew what it meant.

"When we got back to three hundred yards, practically the same thing happened again. Gobal made four fives, then a four, and then he went wild.

Gobal took a long time with his next shot—changed his windage and elevation twice before he was satisfied



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"'What seems to be the matter?' I asked him on his seventh shot.

"'I don't know. It gets blurred and far away, and when I settle where it is I can't hold steady. I'm no good, I guess.' He grinned, like he grinned when Rankins hit at him.

"'Forget it,' I said, half mad. 'You're no good because you think you ain't. That'll end you for the day. Go to camp and clean your rifle out. But you come to my tent at seven to-night. There'll be nobody else there. I want to talk with you.'

"HE CAME in at seven o'clock, and he left at tattoo. And in them two hours I guess I came nearer getting to the bottom of him than any man ever had before.

"He told me a little of his history, and I guessed at the rest. It's too long to tell, and anyway I'm no sob artist. But as far as I could tell he'd simply been beaten and kicked around all his life. When I said 'Good!' to him that afternoon, I imagine it was the first word of praise he'd ever heard.

"'I'm going to ask you one question,' I said after a bit. 'Did you beg of that civilian, as Corporal Rankins said?'

"'No,' he said, but you could see he didn't expect to be believed. 'He said that because he's got it in for me.'

"To this day I don't know whether he was telling the truth or not—and of course Rankins was a corporal—but from what happened afterward I'm willing to give Gobal the benefit of the doubt.

"'Do you want to stay in the service?' I asked.

"'If I could—make good. But—I'm a coward.'

"'You see, we'd got pretty well down to hard pan.'

"'Well, I can't promise anything about that,' I said. 'That's the colonel's business. Mine is to make rifle shots. If you'll follow my orders, I'll make you one of the best in the battalion, that is, if your discharge don't get here too soon. It'll mean hard work and a lot of badgering, but no more for you than for me. Will you do it?'

"His eyes met mine squarely for the first time. They looked rather blurred and watery, but there was something else in the depths of them besides fear.

"'Do you really believe I can?' he asked.

"'I do,' I said, and I held out my hand.

"He looked at it a minute, and then took it, awkwardly, and turned and went out of the tent, as though he were in a hurry. I swear I believe the blame fool was crying.

"The next day we started in. I've made some crack shots in my day, though I do say it myself, but I'd never before tackled such material as Gobal. He had the natural gift for shooting, the eye, as we say, and that's something few people have, and something that you can't drill into a man in a million years, but he lacked nerve and endurance and judgment. At two hundred yards, under good conditions, he'd last five rounds; at a thousand yards, with a hot sun and a mirage and a dozen eddies of wind whirling between him and the butts, he might stay on the target two shots, if some one found his windage and elevation for him.

"It being all I knew, I followed the instructions laid down in firing regulations for similar cases, only doubling the dose, as I considered the case needed it. On the range he got exactly the same training the rest did; it wouldn't have done to have played favorites. But at night, when the rest of the fellows were lying on their bunks, our work really began.

"I STARTED in with long hikes around the island, seven or eight miles, always finishing up with a run and a cold shower. It was fun to see him the first night he jumped under the spray. He hated it like a cat. But he came out laughing, the first time I'd ever heard him.

"We kept gradually increasing the pace, until at the end of the first week we were making the whole distance at a dog trot. Then I began to throw in calisthenics and setting up exercises to no end, and we didn't dawdle through them like you gum boots do, neither. And say, you ought to've seen that dub *grow*, and I was getting a lot of good out of it myself, as I knew I would. Fact is, I'd been figuring on putting myself through just such training, only not quite so strenuous, for I wanted my expert's badge that year, and you can't shoot if you're loggy, and that's a remark that it'd pay you squad-room marksmen to write on your rifle butts.

"Gobal's fat simply melted, and the muscles began to show in little hard knots all under his skin. I caught him one day tensing his arm, and feeling of it, and I hoped he was figuring just how hard he could hit the next man that tried to walk over him. But it seemed I was mistaken, for that very afternoon Rankins got after him again.

"I don't know how it started. I'd been in the quartermaster's tent to get a section of cleaning rod, and was just coming out when I heard Rankins's voice.

"'Dig that ditch right, the way I tell you to do, you whelp,' and more to the same effect.

"'I stepped around the corner of the tent. There was Gobal, working away with his head down, digging a drain, while Rankins, who happened to be acting police sergeant, stood over him and abused him.

"It got my goat, but I decided, on second thought, that if Gobal was willing to stand it I'd not interfere, for there'd been altogether too many jokes passed in the camp already about me and him. I was just turning away when Rankins said something else, something that insulted me about as much as it did Gobal.

"I WAITED a minute to see how Gobal took it, for it seemed that if he had a spark of manhood he'd break the shovel over Rankins's head. But he just twitched once, and then went on working without saying a word. Then I stepped out. When Rankins saw me he turned white.

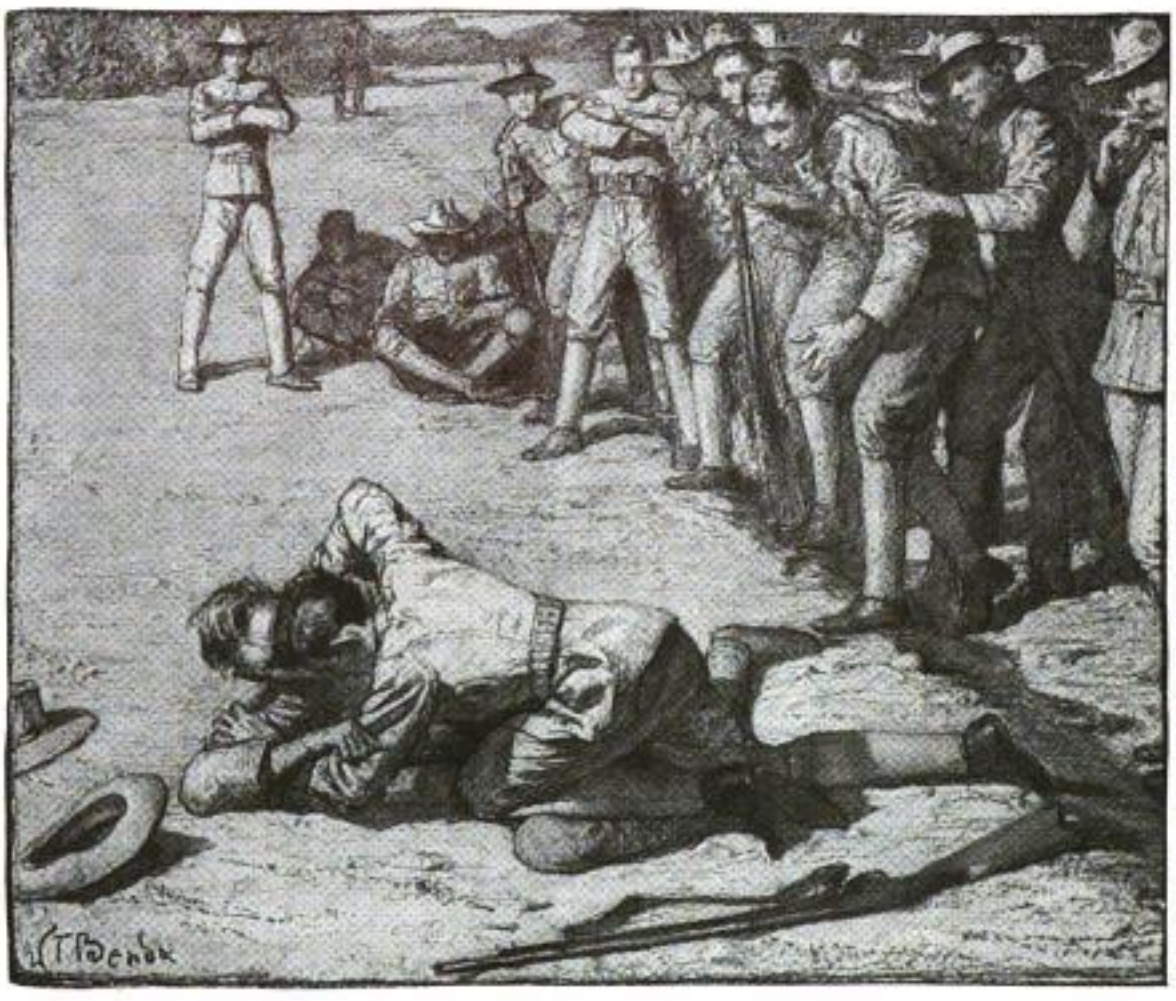
"'I happened to hear what you said, Rankins,' I said, quiet as I could. 'You'll fight, I suppose.'

"He began to shake and back water, like the bully he was.

"'I didn't mean it, Sergeant,' he said. 'I shouldn't have said it. It just slipped—'

"'That don't go with me. Will you fight or not?'

"'I don't want to fight you. You're my superior.'



"'Number six, a five,' yelled the scorer, but nobody heard him; we were all crowding around the two men—they fought on"

"'Do you think I'd take advantage of my extra stripe, as you would? But I don't believe you've got a fight in you. Take that.'

"With that I slapped him on the face. He staggered and clapped a hand to his cheek.

"'Now go,' I said. 'And if I hear any more of your dog's talk, you'll not get off so easy. I'll beat you to a pulp, and then take you up to the colonel.'

"He turned away, and left me alone with Gobal, who'd started digging again, the old begging grin that I thought he'd got rid of on his face.

"I looked at him for a minute, most as mad at him as I'd been at Rankins. And then, thought I, what could I expect? He'd admitted himself a coward, and if he wouldn't take up an insult for himself, it wasn't to be expected he'd take up one for me. So that night I went to his tent—he didn't come to mine, as usual, so it showed he was at least ashamed—and took him out for a spin and exercise and instruction.

"ONE thing I couldn't complain of, he was sure improving in his shooting. He'd taken the marksman's course, and had sixty-five points to spare. It was just as I'd thought; he had the eye; what he needed was endurance—endurance of nerve and muscle. And I was giving them to him.

"And interested! Say, he thought of nothing these days but trajectories and velocities and drifts and heat waves and atmospheric pressure and the like. He read everything he could get hold of on the subject, and asked me questions sometimes that put me up a tree. But the fact of the kickout he had coming worried him more and more.

"'Don't you think that if I keep this up,' he asked after he'd made forty-nine at six hundred yards, 'they might let me stay?'

"'I don't know,' I answered, for I didn't want to discourage him, nor yet to encourage *him*, for there wasn't a chance in a thousand for him, and he hadn't any business in the service, anyway. But I couldn't help wishing, at that moment, that he was a different make of a man.

"'It's the first thing I've ever seen—that I could do,' he said, lowlike.

"HE COULD sure do this. He made sharpshooting easy, and was second high man on the expert's test. He beat me there, for I just qualified. If it hadn't been for the training we'd taken together, I'm pretty sure I'd have fallen down.

"After the firing was over, and we'd all come back to camp, I saw Gobal cleaning his rifle. He handled it gentle, as a father might handle a baby. When he'd got the fouling from the bore and the dust and grime from the breech and bolt and stock, he wrapped it carefully in a strip of khaki and slung it under his bunk, where nobody but himself could touch it. He sure thought a lot of that old shooting iron.

"That ended our regular target practice. But the doughboys from Fort Rosecrans had challenged us to a shooting match, and the colonel issued an order that the experts and sharpshooters hold a competition to select a team of six to represent Camp Dewey. There was some argument as to whether Gobal, being recommended for discharge, should be allowed to compete, but the colonel finally decided in his favor, with the provision that, if he won a place, and his discharge came through from Washington before the day of the match, he'd have to retire in favor of the next high man.

"A good many of the fellows were sore at this decision, and especially Rankins. He was an expert rifleman, too, and wanted to make the team, but he couldn't shoot with Gobal, and knew it. And the way it turned out near drove him wild, for he was seventh high man and Gobal was third. If Gobal'd been off the list, Rankins would've been on it, and the sergeant's chevrons he'd been working for so hard the last few months would've probably been a lot nearer.

"But he lost, and he was a bad loser. He bellyached that night at mess until I was tired hearing him. 'It's an outrage,' he said, so loud that Gobal couldn't help hearing him 'Hasn't Camp Dewey got enough *men* that we have to be represented by an Undesirable, a sneaking, begging, cowardly Undesirable? He can shoot! Shoot! He can shoot for record, but how about competition? It takes nerve for a match—sand. And he hasn't got it. Two to one he falls down. Remember, now.'

"'I'll not fall down,' piped up Gobal, in a scared voice. 'I—'

"It was about as astonishing a thing to hear Gobal speak up for himself as it would be to see a worm get up from its stomach and walk. The surprise of it held Rankins still for a minute. Then he tore loose a string of curses, and started for Gobal, raving mad.

"What he'd have done I don't know, nor whether Gobal'd have defended himself, but I got between them. 'Not to-night,' I said. 'Wednesday you can do as you like, for all of me. But to-morrow's the match, and Gobal's going into it whole and sound, if I have to mount guard over him until then.'

"I THINK he had some crazy idea of crippling Gobal, or putting him out of commission in some way, so he could take his place on the team.

"Gobal was nervous and excitable that evening, so I took him out for a long hike, and made him stand twice as long as usual under the cold shower, so's to make sure he'd go to sleep. And I couldn't help thinking, as I saw him stripped, that if he had a spirit to match his body, he'd be a match for Rankins, big as he was. It wasn't much like the pudgy carcass he'd started with six weeks before.

"The next morning the colonel had the six members of the team up to office hours, and I, being official coach, went along. He gave them a little talk about doing their best for the honor of the camp and that sort of thing, and wound up by telling them, above everything else, to play fair, win or lose. For of course there's as much chance to foul in a shooting contest as there is in football or prize fighting, maybe more.

"I could see the colonel looked kinda doubtful when his eyes fell on Gobal, and I didn't blame him much. I was doubtful myself. I kept thinking of what Rankins had said the night before. It does take nerve to shoot in an interpost match, and well I (*Continued on page 39*)

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With Chance in Bermuda

(Continued from page 9)

band plays; midafternoon the teams knock off for tea. We wrought a revolution in the clubhouse. Where the tea tables used to stand, "Doc" Barrett, the trainer, had established his rubbing table; all about lay



King Chance

the dunnage of uniforms, bandages, gloves, underwear, left where two dozen disorderly young Americans had dropped them; where once the place smelled of orris and orange pekoe, it smelled now of liniment and perspiration. And Doc Barrett, working expertly over young legs and torsos built like Greek marbles, held forth for the entertainment of whoever cared to listen.

THE DOC AND THE PROF.

I CAME upon him one afternoon while the late comers were undressing. Birdie Cree lay on the table, his olive skin crinkling under Barrett's grasp. He is built for mighty effort, this young university-bred forester who plays baseball of summers. He looks plump and chunky in his clothes and powerful in his skin. His shoulders, his chest, and his upper arm seem all of one piece, like a woman's kimono sleeve. On a bench in the corner, Sweeney sat in the altogether, waiting his turn. His is one of the most beautiful bodies in baseball; he has even that long, gently curving line of the torso and stomach which the Greeks put into their statues of youth, and which is almost unknown to this age of overfeeding. In a corner lay Ford, an old sweater drawn over his shoulders. One of the young university players who waited beside Sweeney must have been saying something to the detriment of baseball as a profession, for Ford and Barrett were delivering a joint lecture.

"Well," said Ford, "where else can you break in and start for eighteen hundred a year, half your expenses paid, and four months off? And just as soon as a recruit shows he's good enough to be carried, he does better than that. If he isn't married, he ought to quit his first season a thousand dollars to the good."

"Sure," said Doc Barrett. "And look at the experience you get. I came down to Boston once with a college professor—one of those young guys about thirty-two or three who grow whiskers so they'll look wise to the boys. 'I wouldn't like to have any of my students playing professional baseball,' says he. I sized him up for what he was, and says I to myself: 'I'll bounce a couple off that fellow.' 'I've had no regular college education,' says I, 'bar three years in a medical school. The late President Garfield once wanted to stick a Phi Beta Kappa pin on my father, but pa was too tired that day. Say, what do you get out of your job, anyhow? You don't make over two thousand a year, and you're a big-league prof. If you were a big-league ball player at your age, you'd be doing twice that. You, sitting behind all that scenery and looking wise—what do you know about the world, anyhow?' That's right," concluded Doc Barrett, "he didn't know *anything* about the world, like you or me or this gentleman here."

"It's got it a mile on acting," said Ford. "You kick about traveling. Do you know what one-night stands are like? Broadway's the big league for actors. How many actors start on Broadway for eighteen hundred and road expenses? Steady, I mean? A hundred dollars a week listens all right, but half the shows close in a month, and then where are you?"

"Besides," added Doc Barrett, finishing the discussion, "a ball player don't have to think of anything only ball, but an actor has to dress swell and be handy with the dolls."

HARD LUCK

ALL this time the steady grind of early training, the mere mechanics of the game, went on under such favoring skies that the kinks came out of winter arms, the stiffness out of stale legs. The Regulars and Yannigans lined up for nine-inning games, with pitchers working four and five innings at a time; then the Yannigans, and afterward the Regulars, took on Jersey City for a series of those spring matches where the score means nothing and the form of individuals everything. Early in this process came a stroke of bad luck. As all the baseball world knows, Chase has been for years the Yankee first baseman. None ever fielded first base like Chase; he is the last word. His only rival for supreme honors in the position has been this same peerless leader, Frank Chance. Now, after a year lost through injuries, an operation for blood clot, and a winter of loafing on his orange farm, comes Chance to the Yankees, determined not only to manage but to play. Doubly fortified at first base, Chance found an aching void at second; and he set himself to train Chase for a second baseman. However, Chase is left-handed. A great advantage at first, that is a corresponding handicap at second, not only in throwing, but in "tagging your man" and "blocking off." Still, Chase has the fastest pair of hands in baseball; "if he can't do it, no left-hander ever can," said Chance. And Chase went to second.

Relying on his speed, he began by playing the bag about four feet deeper than second baseman ever tried it before. In the second practice game, big Harbison stole and made a long, powerful slide to second. Chase, too far out, had to spring for the ball. They went down together in a tangle of arms and legs, and Chase did not rise. He had sprained his bad right ankle. For a fortnight he watched practice from the bluffs, his crutches beside him.

There was Chance with his star, in process of training for a new position, his keystone of the infield, completely out of the game. Chance tried Derrick, Connie Mack's recruit of last year, at second, shifted him to a permanent berth at short, and plugged the hole with "Pep" Young, a silent, fiery little recruit who will play big-league baseball, here or elsewhere, as soon as he corrects some minor faults. But coaching on inside baseball is of little avail when your piston rod is out of the machine; and Chance had not even yet finished with his silent, acute observation of his men, their dispositions as well as their motions. He was still watching, his head forward as though resting those big muscles of his back neck, his mouth half open—watching, whether he sat on the bench or knocked fungo flies to the outfield or waited his turn in the rubbing room or took a hand at poker in the hotel or himself covered first base. He has reached that stage in athletic life when the wise man wastes no motions. A fly



Scout Irwin scouting

(Continued on page 24)



The best-liked Soup ever made—

Liked best by the most people and the most-particular people. The most tempting and wholesome of soups; the most useful. Do *you* get the full benefit of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

You know how good it is when prepared simply with hot water, but prepared with milk or cream it is even more delicious. You can serve it in various attractive ways as a soup-course; and combined with many other simple dishes it makes them doubly appetizing.

Why not write *today* for our little free booklet which describes some of these inviting combinations? Enjoy the *full variety* of satisfaction found in this perfect soup.



"I cannot stand on etiquette
With *Campbell's Soup* so rare.
And so, in haste to get a taste,
I'm standing on the chair."

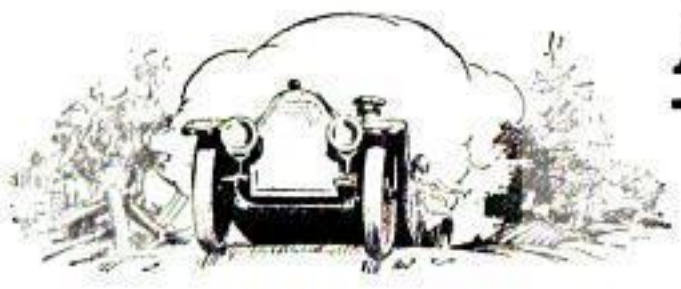
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Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
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Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

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THE NEW JONES
A Gyroscopic Speed Gauge



A Master Inventor's Speedometer
To Use on Modern Cars

Mr. Joseph W. Jones invented the original Speedometer. He invented the widely sold Disc Record you use on your talking machines; the Electric Horn; the Jones Autolog Recording Speedometer; and forty-five other patented articles.

Mr. Jones has never produced an invention that wasn't a wonderful success.

But the New Jones Speedometer is his master effort. He has printed his signature on the dial because he believes it the finest thing ever built to show speed.

Learn its advantages. Note the new features. See if you want to accept any other.



Illustration of Instrument about three-fourths actual size

The New Jones Model 75
With clock and electric light attachment. 80-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price, $125

Same, without clock and light. Price, **$75**

Trouble-proof—Accurate Easy to Read

The New Jones is built to withstand every test that a motor car can give it. It embodies the Jones Unbreakable Shaft with the Jones Ball Bearing Improved Swivel Joint. The Speed and Mileage Figures are larger. The Hand moves or rests without any vibration. The entire Speed Scale is stationary and always in plain view. The hand alone moves, like the hand of a watch. You get the right speed at a glance in this manner, just as you read your watch.

Unaffected by Temperature

No Jones has ever registered wrongly because of varying temperature. No inaccuracies—no need of allowances according to changing weather.

To prove it the Jones won first place in tests made by the United States Bureau of Standards, Columbia University and Armour Institute. Inaccuracies were registered of from 20 to 35%, or 13 to 17 miles per hour. But the Jones, at all speeds, remained accurate. Write for the records. See what they show. And no Jones will ever point incorrectly because of a dynamo's effect. That fact is assured by the Gyroscope Principle on which it acts.



Illustration about one-third actual size

The World's Final Authority

The Jones proved its leadership in a 2,0 mile test by the Royal Automobile Club Great Britain and Ireland. In this test, lasti 30 days, 15 different speedometers of Ame can and foreign make competed on 8 poi to show their abilities.

The Jones won first prize on all po by wide margins. And this club, in Euro is regarded as the world's final authori on matters of motor car supremacy. Wri for this club's detailed report showing h the Jones Instrument surpassed all the oth

In World-Wide Use

The Jones reputation is world-wide, a the Jones is used on the world's finest ca in America and Europe.

The thousands who know the speedome facts, who want the actual speed in all weath always choose the Jones.

Jones facts shown in tests won the fo lowing rulers to the Jones Speedomet Don't you think you may want the Jo for the same reasons that led these men choose it?

The King of England
The Emperor of Germany
The Czar of Russia
The King of Italy
The King of Spain
The King of Belgium
The King of Sweden
The King of Denmark

and hundreds of others, who can buy best, gauge the speed of their cars with Jones just as the thousands of Ameri do who know how the Jones excels.

The Jones Autolog
The Recording Speedometer

The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

Your Exchange Opportunity

Write for sample chart, detailed explanation and our exchange proposition by which we make liberal allowance for any make of speedometer in exchange for the Autolog. We'll allow full list price in exchange for any Jones instrument which is new. The Autolog (Recording Speedometer) is the last word in speed indication, the latest invention of Mr. Jones. Chelsea clock movement of the highest quality in combination with 60-mile-per-hour speed scale and odometer. Price of the Autolog complete is **$125**

BRANCHES

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Boston, 109 Massachusetts Av.
Philadelphia, 1427 Vine St.
Chicago, 1430 Michigan Av.
Baltimore, 217 W. Saratoga St.
Detroit, 872 Woodward Av.
Buffalo, 20 Goodrich St.
Pittsburgh, 5904 Penn Av.
Cleveland, 1845 Euclid Av.
Minneapolis, 800 Hennepin Av.
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(5)

SPEEDOMETER

of Modern Construction, the Accuracy of which is Unaffected by Dynamos, Climate, Heat or Cold

The Gyroscope Principle

The Road Spins a Gyroscope

Direct Road Connection

The speed indication in the New Jones comes direct from the road itself—without any lapses, without any bridging, and without any outside conditions affecting it.

"The Speed of the Road" passing under the car is simply transferred to a gyroscope which spins inside the New Jones Speedometer. The speed of that gyroscopic ring is an exact reproduction of the speed of the car. Do you know any better way to show speed than to use the speed itself?

Fewest Parts

The New Jones is the simplest instrument. It has the fewest parts. The springs used are of a high-grade, specially-imported steel. The rotating parts are mounted on imported ball bearings. Fifty-eight of these hardened steel balls are used in each instrument. All parts of the instrument, except these balls, are manufactured in our own shops, of the very finest materials. All parts must be accurate to 1-10,000 part of an inch. And in the assembling process, each part is fitted by hand to gain absolute precision.

Friction in the New Jones is practically eliminated. Thus the slightest increase or decrease in speed transmits, without loss, the pull of the gyroscope to the hand of the speed indicator, with perfect accuracy throughout the entire scale on the dial.

Can Any Be More Durable?

Can you imagine a speedometer more carefully, simply or strongly made?

Jones Speedometers have served for twelve years without any weakening or breaks. On the fifth and sixth cars after years of hard service old Jones are now pointing to the exact speed. These are facts voluntarily given by owners, men who have seen them outlast five cars.

One man has just fitted his fifth new car with the Jones Speedometer he used on his first. He has never adjusted it, never found any fault. Don't you think that a durable instrument?

Tested 16 Times For Perfection

Though the New Jones is simple in construction, as far as the number of parts is concerned, each instrument stays six months in the factory before it is ready to go on a car. But we use the utmost care. We spend twice as much time and twice as much money as some say we need spend, to make every part perfection. And every New Jones runs in 16 tests to prove its accuracy beyond question. It must agree at every reading with a master instrument. No outside influence can impair this accuracy. It is built into the New Jones to stay.

Get These Vital Facts

There are some facts of vital importance which we lack space to cover in this advertisement. They are facts that all motorists should know whose cars are used the year 'round. We will send them to you with the Jones catalog; also the records of contest and trials in which the Jones has won. Don't designate to car makers any choice of a speedometer for your new car until you know what these facts demonstrate.

You want the speedometer that isn't affected by heat or cold—whose accuracy is assured in all weather. You want direct readings from the road—to know the speed *exactly*. You want the New Jones Speedometer. Sooner or later you must find this out. Find it out now. The catalog tells. Write for it.

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER

Broadway at 76th Street NEW YORK CITY

No matter what you may know about Speedometers, you should specify none for your new car until you know the *New Jones in detail*—the Speedometer of *1913* for *1913* cars.

Most cars are now used the year 'round. **You want the Speedometer unaffected by temperature. Most cars now carry dynamos. The Jones is the Speedometer to use on such cars.**

Any motor car maker will put on the New Jones if you specify it plainly, regardless of what he may list in his catalog. Examine all makes. Let the one you deem the best be your choice. You will choose the New Jones Speedometer when you learn all the vital facts.



YOU used to do this with a pail of water

The faster you swung the pail the higher it rose. There was a constant relation between the height of the pail from the ground and the speed of its revolutions. The Gyroscopic ring in the New Jones revolves at an angle, like the pail. The faster this gyroscope revolves the higher the lowest edge is raised. The height it attains is directly related to the speed the car is making for the ring and the road are directly connected. The actual speed is expressing itself in this ring's revolutions. The indicating hand is directly connected with this "up and down" movement. The car, the gyroscope and the hand move together, as one. Can you think of a way any less direct of obtaining such accuracy?



The New Jones Model 60 70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Illustration of Instrument about three-fourths actual size

Price..... $60

Same, with clock and electric light additional. Price, $100

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If they would only make ladies' hose as soft as these,

what a demand there would be for them! If you bought pure silk socks at two or three times the price, they would not feel one whit softer to the feet than Bachelors' Friend Hosiery. These socks are absolutely silk-soft—they feel smooth and glossy to the skin. More than that, they are foot-strong and comfortable. The durability of

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK **HOSIERY**

Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada.

is assured by reinforcing which extends from the beginning of the toe, along the sole to and including the heel and above the shoe line.

All leading colors—sizes 9's to 12's. If unable to get them from your dealer, order direct, giving size and color.

Any quality, $1.00 a box

Made in four grades, every pair guaranteed.

SPECIAL—lightest weight guaranteed gauze hose made—box of three pairs guaranteed three months.



Don't do this any longer

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.,
YORK, PA.

This is your ticket to Easy Street



O'Sullivan's Heels make every street an easy street.

They give you the buoyant walk that always goes with energy and success in men, and with charm and beauty in women.

They are worn by the people who have studied the art of getting there—those who have learned that a successful man never drags his feet or walks with drooping shoulders.

O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber

Nature intended man for a barefoot life, and the proof of it is in the thick cushion of flesh that forms the human heel. Savages, using Nature's heels, never have nervous exhaustion, or backache, or broken arches of the feet.

Every contact between hard heels and harder pavements sends a shock through our heels and upward through the spine to the brain. O'Sullivan's Heels simply take you back to Nature. They restore to your feet the elastic cushions that Nature gave you.

Any shoemaker has O'Sullivan's Heels. They can be attached to your shoes in 15 minutes. Cost 50c. Then get out in the fresh air, and walk, and see how much better you feel.



Ask for O'Sullivan's Heels by name

would come his way. As Pep Young or Ezra Midkiff awaited the drop of a fly, they would take little, impatient dance steps. Chase would trot to the point of fall, plant himself, and wait like a rock.

A LITTLE INSIDE DRAMA

THE spectator in grand stand and bleachers at big-league games hears the noise of the coachers; and dimly there come to him other voices from the field. One must sit on the bench, however, to get the chorus of short, sharp exclamatives by which baseball players keep their attention on that game which, above all others, requires alertness. For instance, the regulars are playing Jersey City. Midkiff has taken Derrick's place at short, Long George McConnell of the rifle-bullet fast ball is pitching, and New York has the field.

MIDKIFF (in a soft, Southern accent)—Work hard! Work hard! Work hard!

HARTZELL (from third)—Now you're going, George! Now you're going! Now you're going!

YOUNG—Put it over, George! You're the boy can do it!

SWEENEY—The old pep, boys! It's the old army game! A little of the old pep!

McConnell swings back, shoots forward like a steel trap with a reach which extends halfway to the plate, and lets go a



Shades of Buck Ewing!

wild pitch. It hits the ground in front of the plate, caroms off Sweeney's toe, and rolls away toward the bleachers.

SWEENEY (recovering and throwing)—Never mind, George, old boy. Every time you hit me you get a box of cigars!

HARTZELL (in a quick, staccato bark)—That's all right, George. Tease 'em! Tease 'em!

MIDKIFF—Play 'em right! Work hard! Work hard!

THE JERSEY CITY BENCH—Rotten! They're on the toboggan! Back to the bush! Big-league stuff, huh?

PEP YOUNG—There you go now, George, old boy! You're right to-day! The old boy's right to-day!

McConnell sweeps forward again. This time the ball cuts a corner. The Jersey City batter never takes the bat from his shoulder.

LELIVELT (umpiring)—Strike one!

THE JERSEY CITY BENCH—Aw-w! Can him!

SWEENEY—That's it, George! Style and execution! Style and execution!

HARTZELL—Now you're going right! Now you're going right!

MIDKIFF—Good old George! Work hard, George! Work hard!

PEP YOUNG—They're easy! They're easy! They're easy!

McConnell swings again, full force. This time, however, the ball does not shoot from his hand. It travels in a lazy parabola. The batter, tricked, swings all the way round, catches it underneath with a weak scoop, and knocks a fly inside first.

HARTZELL, MIDKIFF, YOUNG, SWEENEY (in inextricable confusion)—Frank! Chance! Take it, Frank! Steady, old boy! She's yours! Ah! Easy! Grip it, old boy!

Chance takes three steps from the bag and comes to perfect rest, his alert hands a little apart from his hips.

CHANCE—I got it!

THE WHOLE NEW YORK TEAM (again in utter confusion)—Wow! Good boy, Frank! It's the old army game! Steady as a clock! You're going good, George; going good! Work hard! Easy! One-two-three now, George! One-two-three. Got 'em buffaloed!

Chance has tossed the ball back to McConnell, and fallen again into his alert attitude, his body forward over his sturdy, bowed legs, his hands on his

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

"Honest" Clothes

When you want to know whether a man is honest or not you "try him out" and test him by actual experience.

And that is just the kind of test we welcome for Styleplus Clothes $17.

For we know of no better way to show you that Styleplus values are "honest" values all through. It is good to *see* the fine fabric and splendid workmanship of these clothes; but it is better still to be convinced of their sound quality by actual every-day *wear*. The longer you wear Styleplus, the more you realize their genuine worth.



You save $3 to $8 on Styleplus Clothes $17

A try-out of these suits will show you that you never got such values before for less than $20 or $25. This is because Styleplus are made in the largest plant for medium-priced clothes in the world and by the biggest buyer of woolens in America. Fabrics all wool; patterns exclusive; our own models; canvas and tape water-shrunk; coats hand-tailored; button-holes hand-worked; superbly finished throughout; all the latest cloths in English and Scotchy cheviots, serges, cassimeres, and worsteds. Try one on today.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES are sold by one leading clothier in each town and city. If there is a Styleplus dealer in your town, he will likely be listed in your local telephone book under "Styleplus Clothes". If there is no dealer in your town, write for the name of the nearest dealer.

Look for this label in the coat

Styleplus Clothes

$17

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An Invisible Policeman

Guards Your Fingers From Ink Smears

HIS name is *Capillary Attraction*. And he is on "fixed post" at the lower end of the feed tube in every Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

He stands there and arrests any ink drops that would like to get out around the writing end of the pen to smear your fingers when you remove the pen cap to write.

For when ink drops stay up in the narrow feed tube of a fountain pen in your pocket, there's trouble.

The heat of your body — 98 degrees — heats the *air* in the pen (see X-Ray), and this hot air expands and pushes up the feed tube to escape, pushing those ink drops up and out around the writing end of the pen.

Now the Parker feed tube is *curved* and touches the barrel wall. See X-Ray. This touch creates Capillary Attraction—(which is that curious natural force that makes sponges absorb, blotters take up ink, etc.)—and the instant you turn your Parker point up, Capillary Attraction just yanks down any ink drops that try to stay in the feed tube, and drops them down into the ink below.

Result—*empty* feed tube for the air to expand up into.

This curved feed tube is the famous Parker Lucky Curve.

Besides not leaking and smearing, Parkers write smooth as polished marble, because their 14K gold nibs have tips of hardest Iridium. The ingenious Parker Spear Head Ink Controller insures even, regular flow—no hitching or skipping. The new Parker *Disappearing* Clip clings close to any pocket, but smoothly recedes when you remove pen cap. Price 25c extra on any standard Parker.

Standard Style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, $10 and up, according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PENS

is built so *ink-tight* that you can carry it anywhere without its leaking. Ladies love it. Handy and small. Prices $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.



Get a Parker from your dealer on 10 days' trial. If you're not pleased, he'll refund any time within 10 days of purchase. If he doesn't sell Parkers, send us his name and we'll mail you handsome, complete catalog.

Start getting a Parker today.

Parker Pen Company
98 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.



X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

Visit our New York *Retail* Store, Woolworth Building.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

knees, his eye on every move. And until another fly comes his way he has no further lines in the drama.

GETTING THE ANSWER

SO it went, day after day. Only by a hint, dropped now and then in the long smoke talks of those black nights of blazing stars, by a little significant action on the field, or by a question put to one of the reporters who have been following this team for years, did Chance show that he already knew more about the individuals on this club than their own teammates. "Could Smith ever get back on a fly?" he asked his journalistic adviser one night, thereby proving that he had penetrated a weakness which "Smith" and all his mates had been doing their best to conceal from the boss.

One of the recruits, notorious in his league for his right-field hitting, stepped to the plate in batting practice.

"Go back and get a lighter bat," ordered Chance briefly. He had that secret, too.

And, further, he showed by occasional unguarded motions of his eye or uncontrolled smiles of his lips that he was solving the deeper problem—knew what peculiarities of disposition have prevented this team, in the past, from showing real strength, and who owned those peculiarities. One could see that he approved of Ford and Sweeney. Both have brains, though the articulate Ford, who can always find a word to express his idea, would impress the casual observer more—off the field. On the field, they work as one, plotting tricks, giving suggestions back and forth. As for Birdie Cree, he has always been teacher's pet with the management. Unobtrusive off the field, aggressive on it, playing the game all the time, guarding his condition like a precious jewel, he has the ideal baseball disposition. "And he's there with the bean," says Arthur Irwin. "Uses his head—see!" Wolter is in the same class, plus a sanguine Californian temperament. That good-looking, amiable, and cheerful veteran, Hartzell, can be depended upon to respond to orders or suggestions like a perfectly educated race horse; and so on through the list of those who bring joy to the management. But there were others: and in those steady, intent glances of his hazel-gray eye, Chance proved that he had weighed them also in the balance. I fancy he had some sleepless nights at about this period. One evening, in fact, he strolled in out of the black Bermudian night, joined a smoke talk on the piazza, and admitted as much.

"I'm down to weight," he remarked, "one-eighty-eight as I stand. And I won't take on any more this season, even if anything happens to lay me off."

"Hard to lose and hard to get off?" inquired some one.

"Comes off fast enough," said Chance. "Get four hours' sleep and play ball next day and you'll lose it all right. Lying awake, thinking: 'If I'd hit it out instead of trying to sacrifice—if I hadn't worked that pitcher'—you know."

"The good old eight-o'clock league," said Ford.

"The season's already opened in the eight o'clock league," said Chance, sighing slightly as he started up to bed.

And it was the next day when things began to happen. The Yannigans were to play in the afternoon; wherefore, the regulars romped through a morning practice. Most of the squad, arrayed in two lines, was playing monotonously at "hi-lo." A patched-up infield was tossing the ball about. Suddenly Chance straightened up from the bench.

"Young to second," he said shortly. "Two of you fellows get on the bases—you to bat, Middie. I want to see your defense against a double steal."

The volunteers batted, slid, stole, to the destruction of their uniforms.

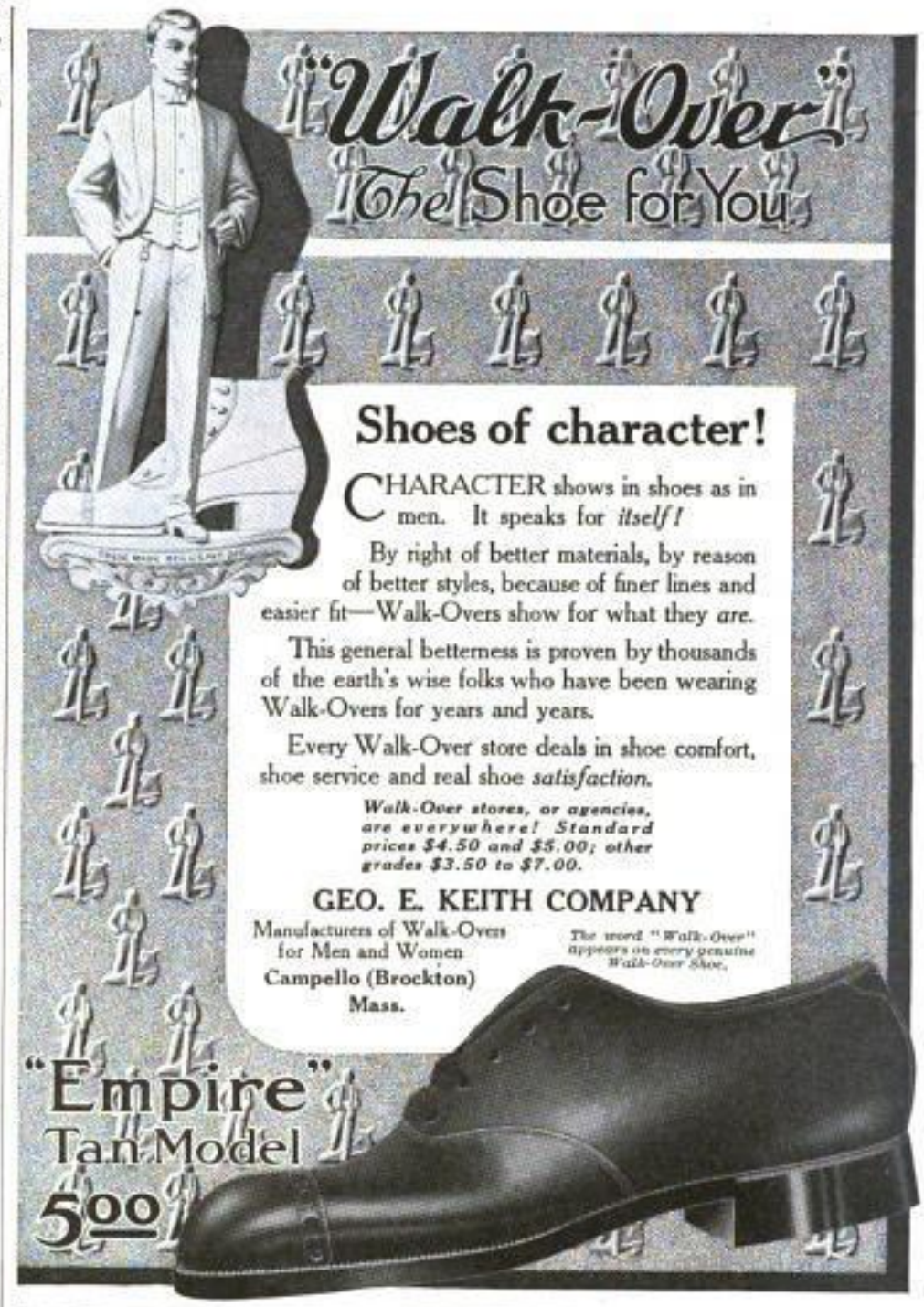
"That's a joke!" spoke Chance suddenly from the bench. Sweeney, in the act of drawing back his arm for a throw, held the pose. The infield stiffened to attention.

TEACHING THEM

I WAS about to describe just what happened; but on second thought I keep silence. An outsider, watching secret practice by courtesy, has no right to go into details of inside play. However, before the squad went puffing to the clubhouse, they knew more than they ever dreamed about the double steal.

That day Arthur Irwin, coming late to lunch, threw a glance to the chief's table, where Chance was eating and thinking.

"Some man, huh?" inquired Arthur Irwin, unfolding his napkin. "You saw, didn't you? Believe *me*, boy, some man!"



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Answering a Question

By

MRS. FREMONT OLDER



Mrs. Older (in the rear) and Mother Jones and her military custodian

Mrs. Older is the wife of Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco "Bulletin," who was one of the citizen leaders responsible for the overthrow of the Schmitz boodle gang and for the conviction of Abe Ruef. But Mr. Older is a newspaper man before he is a reformer. Hence his question—which herewith Mrs. Older answers

MOTHER JONES and forty-eight men were on trial before a military court in Paint Creek Junction, W. Va., charged with conspiracy to murder. Mother Jones and five leaders refused to plead; they would not admit that the military court had jurisdiction over civilians. It was an interesting situation, but little news came to the outside world.

"Why don't we get news from West Virginia?" my husband asked me one morning. So I started from San Francisco to find out.

On the last day of the trial I arrived in Paint Creek Junction, the military capital of the strike zone. A few small houses tilted toward the muddy New River. Barren brown mountains imprisoned the town.

A flag fluttered freely over the dingy village. A soldier greeted me as I got down from the train. Soldiers swarmed about the little railway station converted into a "bull pen" for strikers on trial. Through the streets at the point of guns soldiers were driving civilians. "Prisoners," some one said; "Martial law." Former Governor Glasscock's proclamation posted on the little green lunch counter at the station spelled it "Marital law."

Pickles are served at breakfast in Paint Creek Junction. "Lena Rivers" is the "best seller," but the place is filled with class hatred and suspicion. One whispers; soldiers may hear. Americans of old colonial stock sneer at the militia. "Yellow legs!" "Spies!" "Strike breakers!"

EVERY man is his own Marconi in Paint Creek Junction. In half an hour it was known that a strange woman had arrived to visit Mother Jones. A messenger tiptoed into my boarding house to say that Mother Jones and the prisoners were allowed to meet no one, especially reporters; but if I wanted to find out about conditions I'd better talk with Mother Jones's landlady. "Go to the side door, and into the kitchen."

By this time I felt like a conspirator. I almost tiptoed through the soldiers. Mother Jones occupied the parlor of a small white cottage. I was welcomed by the landlady. We were chatting in the kitchen when, without rapping, an officer entered and said to me: "The Provost Marshal wants you at headquarters."

"Why?" I asked, bewildered. I did not know I was under arrest.

Martial law was in the soldier's glance. He repeated his command. "And they call us anarchists," commented the fiery-eyed, white-faced landlady.

Through the main street, past armed sentinels, up a flight of stairs to a large room filled with empty benches and stacked guns, we went to the Provost Marshal. Stern, unsmiling as justice, he asked me to explain my presence and my existence. I told him the truth. The Provost Marshal frowned. I wondered about the "bull pen." I made the discovery that I am no Christian martyr. I am a sybarite hopelessly prejudiced against bull pens. I fumbled in my bag and brought forth an engraved card. I was released on good behavior.

But I was able now to answer the question which had brought me across a continent. The PROVOST MARSHAL was the ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

I TALKED with many persons. Those living in one-story houses told of low wages, wretched dwellings situated in cesspools, docking, "Pluck Me stores," companies' private police, until it was strike or starve. They struck. They were evicted from their homes. They lived in tents. Their camp, Holly Grove, was "shot up" in February by a C. & O. armored special train carrying Quin Morton, the largest coal operator, the sheriff, a score of armed guards and railroad people, and—two gatling guns! A woman, Mrs. Hall, was wounded; a striker, Francesco Estop, killed. The strikers fled from Holly Grove and took refuge in Hansford. In self-defense some men armed. The miners set out to capture the operators' gatling gun near Mucklow. Miners and guards clashed. The company's bookkeeper, Bobbitt, was killed, and another man, Vance, wounded. For the "shooting up" of Holly Grove no one was arrested. For the killing of Bobbitt more than a hundred strikers were arrested and Mother Jones and forty-eight men were placed on trial. Martial law was declared.

People living in two-story houses told me their version of the situation. Miners were paid as much as they deserved. The men were lazy and fond of drink. Their wives were extravagant, and did not always care well for the six or eight children. Still miners caused no trouble till Mother Jones and the Socialist agitators came. They were jealous of their employers and made outlandish demands. Why didn't they save their money and buy a mine? No, they wouldn't do that. Socialists believed in plunder, rapine, and murder. Worst of all, they were doubling in number each year in West Virginia. If the leaders were not locked up, property would lose half its value.

At Holly Grove I saw bullet-pierced houses. I talked with the girlish widow of Estop, and with the wounded Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Hall, hollow-eyed and haggard, had been in bed a month as the result of the "shooting up" of Holly Grove, but she said: "We won't give in. We've toughed it so long. I reckon we can tough it a little longer."

Quin Morton, the suave gray-haired operator, lamented nervously: "It is the Socialists. The leaders must be locked up."

I HESITATED to ask if he had been on the train that made history in Holly Grove. He did not hesitate to reply: "Yes." His defense was that the armored train, able to kill fifteen hundred a minute, was fired upon by strikers living in tents with women and children. I asked what the end would be. "God knows!" he answered. (*Concluded on page 28*)

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"How They Solved It!"

SCENE I

Living Room in Everyman's Home

Time—Any Evening

Characters—Mr. & Mrs. Everyman

Mr. Everyman has finished reading the evening paper which lies upon the floor beside his chair. He is nearing the end of his after-dinner cigar and his attitude is frankly bored. Mrs. Everyman is doing fancy work.

Mr. E.—(failing to suppress a yawn) "My dear, you will pardon me for saying it, but our evenings have reached a point where they are dead slow."

Mrs. E.—(looking up from her work) "What shall we do? I'll do anything you like. Shall we play cards?"

Mr. E.—"Thanks, no. Two handed games except cribbage, are no good and I'm so tired of cribbage that I hate the sight of the board."



"My dear, our evenings are dead slow"

Mrs. E.—"Very well. Shall we go out? Let's go and see George and May."

Mr. E.—"No, I don't want to go out. I'm too tired to begin with, and what's more I don't like this idea that if we want entertainment, we've got to go to some one else's home to find it. Can't you play something?"

Mrs. E.—"I'm awfully sorry, dear, but I'm all out of practice. You know I haven't had time to keep up my music since we were married."

Mr. E.—"Well, there's one thing sure. I'm glad we bought that piano. It's been a fine investment all right. It cost three hundred and fifty dollars and I guess we've used it twice. One hundred and seventy-five dollars per time, which is going some."

Mrs. E.—"I wish I could play. I miss our music as much as you do. (pauses and then apparently seized with a new idea, proceeds with animation) I'll tell you what! Why don't we do what the Loudons did—exchange our piano for a Pianola Piano. I called on Grace this afternoon and found Alice, her little girl, playing dance-music for a half dozen other children. Grace says that Will and she use their Pianola Piano constantly. They have a wonderful assortment of music—most of it music I never could play even when I was in constant practice. Grace played a Chopin nocturne for me that was simply ravishing."

Mr. E.—"That sounds good to me. Why on earth didn't we think of it before? You find out from Grace where Will bought his instrument and I'll meet you there tomorrow afternoon. If they don't cost too much we'll get one."

SCENE II

Demonstration Salon—Aeolian Hall

Time—The following Afternoon

Characters—Mr. & Mrs. Everyman and Mr. Hoyt, an Aeolian Salesman

A dozen or more selections have been played upon the Pianola Piano, including such pieces as—Nevin's "Day in Venice;" Rubinstein's "Kammenoi Ostrow;" Chaminade's "Scarf Dance;" Victor Herbert's "Badinage," etc.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Everyman have tried their skill with the instrument and have become enthusiastic converts.

Mrs. E.—"Isn't it too splendid? Think of your playing a Liszt rhapsody and playing it *well*, too, with all the changes of tempo and expression. I think the Metrostyle is the most marvelous thing about the instrument. Imagine having Paderewski's own interpretation to guide one as I had when I played that Chopin etude."



"Imagine having Paderewski's own interpretation to guide one"

Mr. E.—(to salesman) "You say this instrument is like the one Mr. Loudon has. I think he said his cost $650."

Salesman—"Yes, I had it looked up. He purchased one of the $650 models. This is a similar instrument."

Mr. E.—"Have you anything less expensive?"

Salesman—"Yes, I can give you a player-piano, an excellent instrument, for $450. Our cheapest *Pianola* Piano is $550. I will show you one."

Mr. E.—"No, I won't bother. I think this is what I want—that is if the terms of payment are not too steep. I understand I can make payments monthly."

Salesman—"The terms of payment on this instrument are $35.00 down and $17.50 monthly. On the cheaper instruments the payment runs as low as fifteen dollars down and twelve dollars monthly."

Mr. E.—"Well, I guess I can stand $17.50 a month all right. How about my old piano? What'll you do about that? I'd like to turn it in as part payment toward this instrument. Do you do that sort of thing?"

Salesman—"Yes, we take old instruments in exchange. Of course I'll have to see your piano before I can tell you how much we can allow you for it."

Mr. E.—(rising to go) "That's all right. Here's my address. You can send a man up at any time, but I'd like to arrange so as to have the instrument in the house by Sunday surely."

SCENE III

Same as Scene I, except that the old piano has gone and a new Pianola Piano has taken its place

Time—11:45 o'clock Saturday evening

Characters—Mr. & Mrs. Everyman

Mrs. E.—(to her husband who has just finished the piece he has been playing) "That must be the last, Tom—do you know that it is nearly midnight?"

Mr. E.—(looking at his watch) "By jove, you're right! A quarter to twelve! I wouldn't have believed it. I guess we'll have to call it off for the night. Say, that's what I call having a "regular" time! What do you think of your hubby as a star performer? Pretty good, eh? Didn't I show some class in that last little bit of ragtime?"

Mrs. E.—"It's all wonderful. It seems almost too good to be true. Here are you who don't know the first thing about music and suddenly without a moment's study or an hour's practice, you can play anything and play well, too. It has been glorious—you have had your ragtime and the popular airs you are so fond of, and I have had Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms and all the other great composers whose works I love so well. It is just like a dream."



"It seems almost too good to be true"

Mr. E.—"Well, it may have been a dream, but if it was, it was a bully one and we're going to have a whole lot more just like it."

Mrs. E.—"Yes, dear. That's the nicest part of it. This is only the beginning."

Throughout the entire civilized world, scenes similar to the above are being enacted daily. The Pianola Piano is replacing the "Silent Piano" in thousands upon thousands of homes. You may well ask yourself if there is not here a suggestion for brightening and enlivening your own and your family's home-life. The only genuine Pianola Player-pianos are the STEINWAY, STECK, WHEELOCK, STUYVESANT, STROUD and famous WEBER. They cost from $550 upwards and may be purchased on easy monthly payments.

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Your wife may not realize this need of this protection now. But you realize it. And you know that if the burglar does not find what he is after, he will look for the owner.

If she has to face a burglar tonight give her the gun that makes an untrained novice shoot like an expert—the Savage Automatic that shoots ten shots, one to a trigger pull, as fast or slowly as you please—the gun that shoots straight in the dark.

Send us 6 cents in stamps for the advice of famous detectives and police authorities on how to handle the burglar in your home with the Savage Automatic.

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THE NEW **SAVAGE** AUTOMATIC

"Tell me," he earnestly questioned, "why do strikers hate scabs?" He could not understand why a hungry man holds as his enemy the worker who takes from him food.

General Elliott came from Charlestown, overruled subordinates, and permitted me to talk with the prisoners. Mother Jones, aged eighty, forty years a leader of strikes, received me, curling tongs in hand. She overflowed with good will toward everyone, militia, operators. "They can't help it. It is the system. I'd do a favor for any of 'em."

"Mother Jones, they say you must choose between leaving the State and going to jail."

She laid down her curling tongs. "I choose jail now. I can raise just as much hell in jail as anywhere, but it is to be peace."

Boswell, Brown, Parsons, Paulsen, and Batley, leaders, were in their small "bull pen." "Home, Sweet Home" was inscribed on the walls. All were in a happy mood. I asked how they felt toward the operators. "They are putting up a good fight," said Boswell.

Brown quoted from Swinburne. "Man's beliefs and his bonds are of a kind."

"If you leaders go to prison?" I asked.

"Others will come," replied Boswell.

A kindly officer met me in the street. He would have liked to settle the trouble. "But," he said, shaking his head, "there is something wrong with the miners. They won't plant geraniums and roses."

A clergyman added: "What the people need is missionaries."

"Who needs missionaries?" I asked. He did not reply.

But on a hill at Mucklow something replied. It was a small fort. Gatling guns looked out from the fort at a little church, mine-owners' gatling guns. From the windows of the church as I passed, waved strikers' hands. The church had been turned into a prison.

The Vulnerable Spots

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I ADDRESS this letter to you, as the editor of a paper known to be fearless, even of public opinion. I believe that the present nation's wide crusade against prostitution and its attendant evils is being waged from a basis entirely impractical, and on a principle utterly wrong.

Because prostitution outrages our sense of morality, we persist in attacking it from the moral side, quite overlooking its more vulnerable spots, the hygienic and sanitary questions that its growth and diffusion raise.

If we were able to reach prostitution effectively from its moral side, such a course might be justified, but with a large proportion of our public not only condoning but tacitly supporting prostitutes and prostitution, our battles against the immorality, our philippics against the girls who ply this sad trade and the men who make use of them, are the merest tilts at windmills, effecting nothing.

What is the worst result of prostitution—the young man's wrecked morals or his wrecked body? The lowered standard of a pure young woman who accepts for her husband a man she knows to be less virtuous than herself, or her ruined body ravaged by disease, stripped of its highest function?

Are blind babies, boys and girls imbecile before their childish intelligence has even awakened, children with their little limbs marred and bent, to weigh less in the balance than the variation in a girl's morals, due to a raise in wages from $6 to $8 a week? Do we try to prevent these mutilations of our babies, our citizens of the future? We treat them, and their fathers and their mothers—after the disease is contracted; but we allow our houses of prostitution to continue reeking stews of infection.

And the remedy is so simple. By a mere change of a point of view, we can wipe out, almost immediately, at least 50 per cent of the venereal infection. Why do these diseases spread so rapidly? Because it is to the interest of the prostitute to hide her infection as long as she can. In her case, discovery means loss of income. How natural, then, to make it to her interest to inform the proper authorities immediately she discovers her condition. Give her a small pension during treatment and watch her rush to report at the first suspicion of infection.

LAWRENCE R. ACH.



Bent Bones

How Many *Good Toes* Have You?

HOW many of your foot bones have room to serve you daily in carrying and transporting your body's many pounds of weight?

How many are cramped and tied up into useless masses that cry out for help through painful corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, and other foot ills?

The above X-ray photo shows how a narrow, unnatural shoe bends and binds the foot into semi-uselessness and creates corns, bunions, etc. Shows you how 20% or more of real, valuable energy is actually *destroyed*—uselessly sacrificed.

Save this valuable money-making energy! Put your feet into Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes and banish forever corns, callouses, etc. Give yourself handsome healthy feet that you never give thought to except to admire their looks. For Educator shoes are good sense *plus good looks.*

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Made in the same shape year after year, saving you the old bother of "breaking in" your shoes. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

Genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators have EDUCATOR branded on the sole. If your dealer does not keep them, write us for complete catalog and we'll see that you find a pair.

Unless you have ten perfectly good toes—and no toe is a good one that is crippled with corn or callous or ingrown nail—get your feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators *today.* Tomorrow *does not come.*

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EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

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Gutterson & Gould of Lawrence, Mass., are using this 3½-ton Electric Truck for hauling junk. It actually saves 24% over horse haulage; gives greater elasticity of operation.



This 5-ton Electric in the service of the Jenney Mfg. Co. of Boston is used to deliver heavy barrels of gasoline to garages around Boston. Saves 12½% over horses even on the short hauls; and 41% on round trips of 12 to 15 miles. This firm uses Electrics exclusively.

Save as These Concerns and Others are Saving with Electric Trucks

Hundreds of big concerns, in almost every line of business, are using Electric Trucks and saving money. Costs and comparative performances show the superiority and economy of the Electric for city haulage. Write today for interesting information.

Public Interest and Private Advantage Both Favor the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON NEW YORK 124 W. 42nd St. CHICAGO (61)

Temperance and Prohibition

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 19, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN YOUR department of "Brickbats and Bouquets" you sometimes display courage in printing adverse criticisms of what appears in your paper, and it occurred to me that it was barely possible that you might give space to such a criticism of a recent editorial.

In commenting on a murder in New York by a man who had had several drinks, you express the wish that you

Could bring about a state where no newspaper or reporter in a case like this would consider his story complete until he had found out the brand of whisky that the murderer drank, and got the name and photograph of the maker of it.

Continuing, you say:

There are a good many sad things about our civilization, but few more discouraging than the fact that in Baltimore and Louisville men who make whisky and use all of the arts of trade to stimulate its consumption are able, by virtue of their money, to escape the odium which attaches to all others, like gamblers and panders who stimulate crime and profit by exploiting human weakness.

It occurs to me that your language is intemperate and your reasoning unsound.

I know of nothing, and I believe you know of nothing, that is not subject to abuse. There is no denying that alcoholic beverages may be used to excess, and there is no denying that the freedom of the press may be so misused as to lower the standard of citizenship and cast odium upon an otherwise honored profession.

IN pandering to the prohibitionists you are encouraging men and women to excuse a guilty man and to accuse the innocent. If the man who committed the murder was intoxicated, his intoxication was due to the excessive use of liquor. The man had deliberately overthrown his reason and had made himself a menace to society.

He had the choice of being temperate or intemperate, and he became intemperate. In committing the murder he used a firearm. Firearms are subject to use and to abuse.

Would you have the name and photograph of the maker of the firearm?

It is conceded that the practice of carrying pistols is indirectly responsible for the majority of homicides, and yet I note that you do not strike from your advertising columns the remunerative advertisements of those who make it possible for men to carry concealed deadly weapons. You would make fish of one and flesh of another.

In the case of firearms, you can see that they are useful even though they may be misused; but in the case of liquor you profess to see nothing but the abuse, and you would place the blame for this abuse upon the maker.

Neither the distiller, nor the firearm maker, nor the manufacturer of the butcher knife can follow his product to the ultimate user and guarantee that there shall be no abuse, and you will agree with me that the writer of an editorial cannot be expected to be willing to assume responsibility for the possible effect that that editorial may have upon the mind of the reader.

I KNOW of a case where an editorial is supposed to have encouraged an assassin, and yet, as a rule, editorials work for good, and there would be no sense in seeking to prohibit the writing of editorials on the ground that editorials sometimes work great harm.

A murder by a man who is under the influence of liquor is a strong argument for temperance, but it does not excuse the murderer, nor does it give him the right to shift the burden of responsibility for his sin of intemperance or his crime of murder.

If the editor of COLLIER'S should advocate temperance as such, and not try to make the cause of temperance carry the back-breaking burden of prohibition that does not prohibit, and which is not intended to prohibit, he could do a great work and merit the respect of himself as well as of men who have respect for intellectual integrity.

T. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

HEAVY CAR TYPE

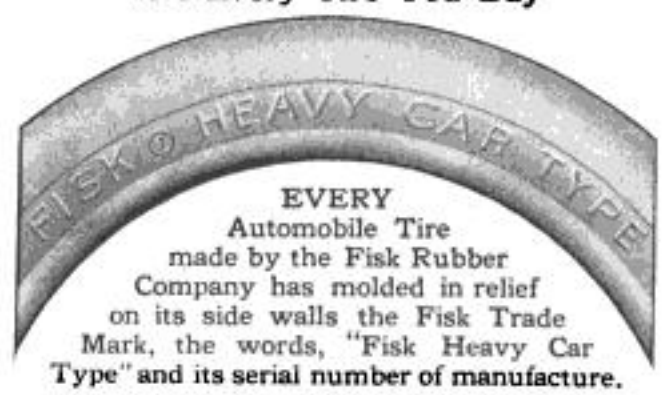
FISK TIRES

In the Construction of HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES Are Features Found in No Other Tires All Bringing Greatest Service

Fisk Tires are the tires of ***Greatest Service.*** HEAVY CAR TYPE is the name applied to the construction which makes possible this ***Greatest Service.*** HEAVY CAR TYPE is inseparable from the word Fisk. It is part and parcel of the Fisk Rubber Company, an expression of its experience, its knowledge of tire design and manufacture, its business integrity, its sole and constant effort since the coming of the automobile to produce the BEST pneumatic tire.

Each feature of FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE Construction has been necessary to attain ***Greatest Service.*** There is a special re-enforcement of the side walls ***to prevent rim cutting;*** an extra layer of rubber on the tread to increase the life of this part of the tire; two breaker strips instead of one, to lessen the possibility of puncture and a thick cushion of pure rubber (practical only with this construction) which greatly minimizes road shocks.

Look for "FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE" On Every Tire You Buy



EVERY Automobile Tire made by the Fisk Rubber Company has molded in relief on its side walls the Fisk Trade Mark, the words, "Fisk Heavy Car Type" and its serial number of manufacture.

Insist that you get these very important identification marks on every tire you buy. They are an assurance of ***Greatest Service*** coincident with Fisk Heavy Car Type construction, an assurance that the tire has passed the rigid Fisk inspection and was perfect when delivered to the user.

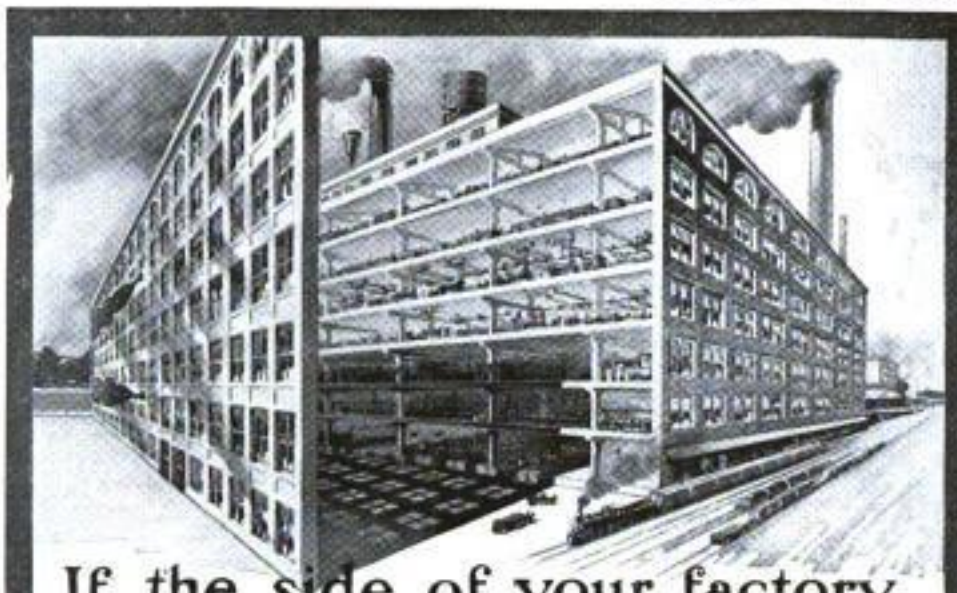
Write Department P for Latest Fisk Booklet

The Fisk Rubber Company

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

DISTRIBUTORS
THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY OF N. Y.
BRANCHES IN 41 CITIES

Fisk Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for air, or attached to any other rims than those specified our guarantee is withdrawn.



If the side of your factory were a great door ——

you could swing it open and gain perhaps a solid hour of extra daylight. What would that be worth to you—in reduced lighting bills alone, to say nothing of the increased efficiency of your employees?

You can get an enormous amount of extra daylight by painting your ceilings and walls with a brilliant, white, *light-reflecting paint*. The Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company says:

"We should judge that we are getting about 50% more light than was obtained before Rice's Mill White was applied."



Rice's Mill White has a smooth, glossy, tile-like surface; firm, yet elastic enough to withstand the jar of heavy machinery. It doesn't flake or scale, like a cold water paint, and can be washed like enamel.

It is the most economical of all interior factory paints; 2 coats equal 3 of ordinary lead and oil; it is easily applied and *stays white longer than any other gloss paint*.

Rice's Mill White was the *original* "Mill White" paint. It is made by a special process which cannot be used by any other paint manufacturer.

Rice's Mill White Paint is sold direct from our factory in barrels containing sufficient paint to cover 20,000 square feet, one coat. If you have that area or more of ceiling and wall space to cover, **write for Booklet and Sample board.**

Ask for a copy of our booklet, "More Light."

Write today.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
18 Dudley St., Providence, R. I.

Rice's Granolith

A tough and elastic permanent finish for concrete walls. Becomes a part of the cement to which it is applied. One coat sufficient, unless a gloss is desired. Makes the best possible primer on inside concrete and brick for a second coat of Rice's Mill White Paint, giving a tile-like, enamel finish at no more expense than lead and oil paint.

for concrete surfaces

Pure Food

(*Concluded from page 15*)

Is there any food value in the so-called cereal coffees? We use them extensively in our home.—Mrs. T. W., Kentucky.

Tea and coffee, or substitutes for the latter, are not usually taken for any particular food value, but rather for their gently stimulating effects. The following from Bulletin No. 249, United States Department of Agriculture, may be of interest to you as a basis of comparison of so-called food or fuel values. It must be remembered, however, that this table, or any other table, cannot give the absolute food value of any product, since there are many other issues involved. It will be noted that on a fuel or food value basis, skimmed milk is over five times more nourishing than commercial cereal coffee. Yet this is no reason for drinking skimmed milk.

Beverage	Water %	Proteins %	Fat %	Carbo-Hydrates %	Fuel Value per lb. Calories
Commercial Cereal Coffee (0.5 ounce to 1 pint water)	98.3	0.2	....	1.4	30
Coffee (1 ounce to 1 pint water)	98.9	0.2	....	0.7	16
Tea (0.5 ounce to 1 pint water)	99.5	0.2	....	0.6	15
Cocoa (0.5 ounce to 1 pint water)	97.1	0.6	0.9	1.1	65
Skimmed Milk	90.5	3.4	0.3	5.1	170

Are Bouillon Cubes Food?

Could you kindly inform me in the Pure Food Section of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, *as soon as you can, what bouillon cubes are composed of? Are they good for an elderly woman as a healthful, nourishing drink?*—A. H. B., Illinois.

The bouillon cube is often composed of a small quantity of concentrated extract of beef, or other meat, herbs, frequently celery, spices, and a comparatively large quantity of common salt. There is no criticism of them on the ground of healthfulness, and they are moderately and even helpfully stimulating in their effects. Their real food value, however, is small. We see no reason why anyone should not use them if the expense is not a serious consideration.

It may be argued that their convenience offsets their expense.

No Doubt About It!

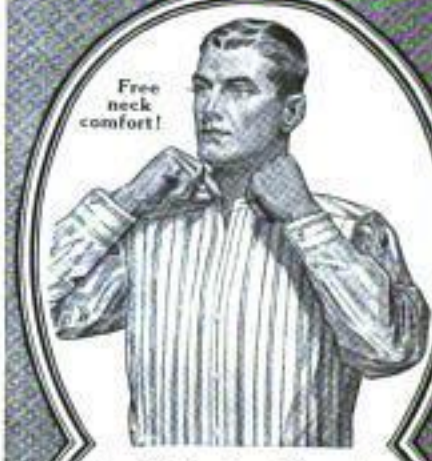
I am anxious to buy only pure-food products, and am glad to be directed by such a competent and disinterested authority as COLLIER'S. *I think people generally would buy only pure-food products if they were really sure that they were directed to them.*—Mrs. N. W., Kansas.

I believe you have the best scheme out for putting the fakers out of business and for good health.—I. A. B., New York.

We Certainly Would

I am as much interested in what impure foods not to buy as in what pure foods to buy. Would you class a food as impure if it contains one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda? I am heartily in sympathy with COLLIER'S *fight for pure foods.*—Mrs. A. L. P., Massachusetts.

We fail to see how a food containing any questionable chemical preservative, the use of which is unnecessary, could be considered a pure food. No drugged or dyed goods can be considered pure according to our standards.



The "Nek-Gard" makes shirt-comfort complete

This patent *front* collar-button pocket in the neck-band is an exclusive Faultless invention.

It is one of the refinements that have come from our years of effort to make shirts more comfortable, stylish, and durable.

Faultless Shirts

The **Nek-Gard** absolutely prevents spot or irritation. It means perfect neck-comfort, since no button now touches the neck, back or front.

Exclusive patterns and a wide range to choose from, in all materials from percales to silks. $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up. And big value in our "Demonstration" shirts at $1.

There's a "Faultless" dealer near you. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll tell you his name and send you the Faultless "Day Shirt Book".

E. Rosenfeld & Co.
Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts
Dept. B, Baltimore New York
In Canada the Nek-Gard is on Trooke Shirts

Tested fabrics

TRADE MARK
VULCAN-SET
IN RUBBER
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Will stand anything and everything

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Bureau of Construction and Repairing ordered from the John L. Whiting - J. J. Adams Company paint, varnish, whitewash, calcimine, duster and floor brushes amounting to $56,451.00 when the White Squadron went around the world. It received the best brushes in the world at lower prices than all other offers. Again in January, 1912, the United States Navy Department ordered a quantity of the same kind of brushes amounting to $23,208.82, *adopting them as standard.*

Makers of all kinds of brushes for all purposes.

ONE CONTRACT

Recently made to supply the requirements for brushes for over 40 railroad, steamship and similar companies.

Vulcan-Set Shaving Brushes and Invincible Hair Brushes in beautiful patterns wear longer and produce better results than all others.

Whiting-Adams Brushes For Sale Everywhere

JOHN L. WHITING - J. J. ADAMS COMPANY
BOSTON, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years and the Largest in the World

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ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 classroom lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-year, University Law Course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers, (3 of whom are Asst. United States' Attorneys) in active practice. ONLY law school in existence giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

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$92.50—Our Price for 30 Days!



We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model) for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only.

Edwards Fireproof Garage

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $36 monthly in garage rent. Saves time, work, worry and trouble. Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Locks securely. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 36-page illustrated Garage Book by return mail. (185)

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 633-683 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



Beechnut Packing Co., United Sash Windows—Kahn System Reinforced Concrete

Look Into This Daylighted Factory

Notice how sanitary it is, how well-lighted, how pleasant to work in, how attractive in appearance. Ample daylight, plenty of fresh air, protection from inclement weather, these helps to efficient, rapid work are afforded by United Sash. United Sash factories are efficiency factories. Adequate ventilation is provided by United Sash. The large ventilators supply ample fresh air, but have double contact surfaces to shut out the weather, thus saving fuel.

KAHN Building Products — TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

Daylight Economical **UNITED SASH** Fireproof Weatherproof

Exceptional strength and rigidity characterize United Sash. No metal is cut away at the joists. Gigantic presses, of tremendous power, unite the solid steel sections into complete perfect units, accurate, uniform and attractive in appearance.

United Sash Hand Book with tables, illustrations and complete details sent free to you if you contemplate building. You will find it interesting and valuable. Write today.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO., 742 Trussed Concrete Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

Tougharino

By PICK SMITH

*O*H, *the long an' dreary waitin',*
Oh, the sixteen years of waitin',
Sixteen years of wood a-hewin',
Sixteen years a-totin' water—
Laughin' water that kep' sayin'
"Good ol' times is sure a-comin'!"—
Which good times has now arriven,
An' we crowed the heap'd pie-counter!
Huh? What's that, good Mr. Wilson?
No fat pie for a ol' Mossback?
No reward for my long waitin'?
Can't I have one little piclet?
What! Not e'en a little piecelet?
Holy Smoke! and Helen Blazes!
Shades of Jefferson an' Jackson!
One also of Jim Buchanan!
An' (mebby) ol' Sammy Tilden!
Thought I voted for a Demo.
Judas Priest! an' Holy Moses!
What is times a-doin' to us?



Stop gambling with "crank-ups." Get a Baldwin Reverse Gear and control your boat as you would an automobile. The "Baldridge" is enclosed. Thousands in use. Send for free book.

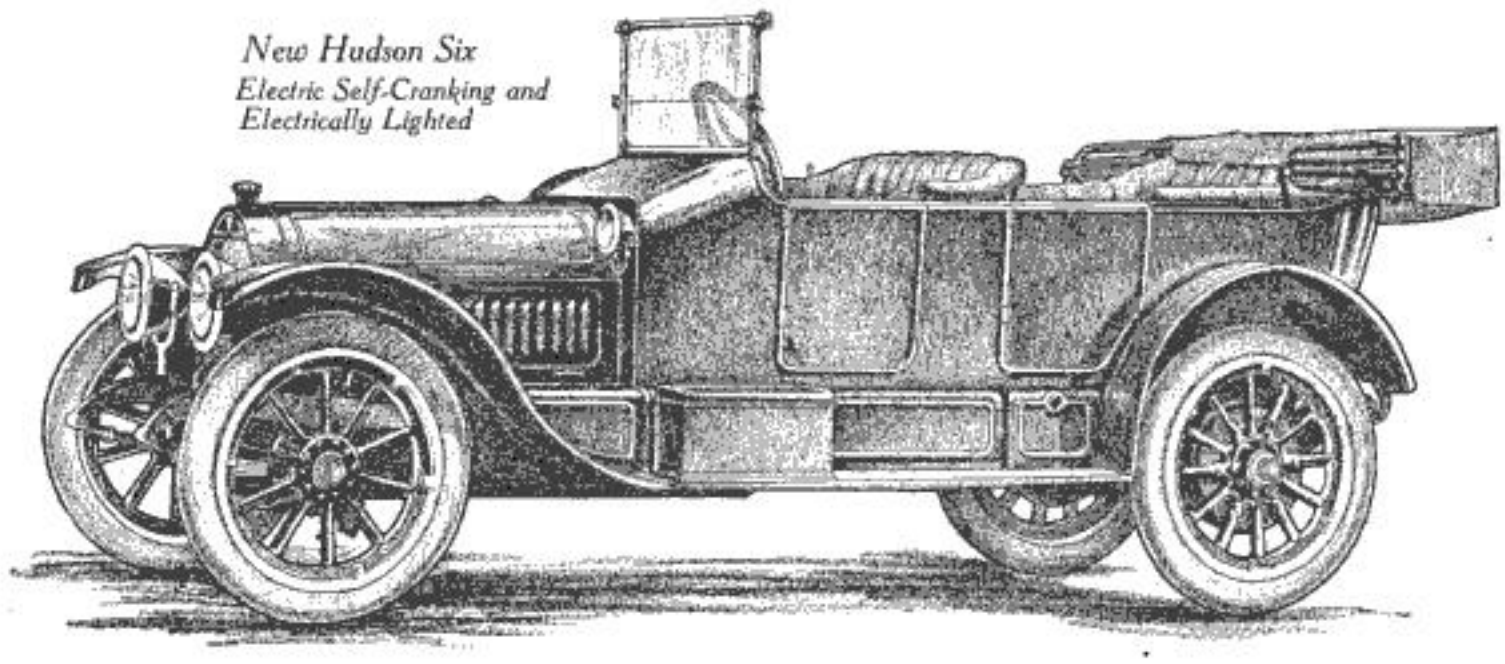
The Baldridge Gear Co., 665 W. Gr. Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

You Can Best Afford the one soap that has most power for good. For the sake of your comfort and your complexion, come to know the always effective and inexpensive

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Automobiles



If You Drive a Car Then Try This Six

You will get a new idea of motor pleasure if you drive a Six.

All the things you have looked for in a motor car seem to be contained in a first class six-cylinder automobile.

It has the flexibility, power, energy, comfort and luxuriousness such as is impossible to put into any other type of car.

The HUDSON "37" is the masterpiece in four-cylinder cars. But there are distinct qualities in performances and service in a six that are not possible in a four.

This does not mean that a four will fail to please you. It means that a six will please you more.

And Why the New Hudson Six

Motorists who know see in it the qualities which only Howard E. Coffin and his associates—48 all told—were able to build into it.

They have not produced a Six by merely adding two cylinders to a good Four. A good Six can't be built that way.

These 48 specialists, experienced in all the details of motor car building, trained in 97 European and American factories, started out to build a Six without being hampered by old manufacturing equipment and old ideals.

They had a new conception, the result of a combined wider knowledge than was perhaps ever before centered upon the designing of a motor car.

You naturally have more confidence in the diagnosis of a skilled physician than you would in the conjectures of a hundred laymen. Put equal reliance in these 48 motor experts.

Their reputation is staked on the New Hudson Six.

That is a sufficient guarantee for most buyers.

But there also are HUDSON Sixes in every section. They are doing the most abusive service that any automobile regardless of cost ever did. And they are standing up.

HUDSONS don't disappoint.

The New Hudson Six has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. Every motor car luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body at $2450.

At $1875 you can obtain the HUDSON "37"—designed by the same engineers that built the Six—and pointed to as the "Four-cylinder masterpiece."

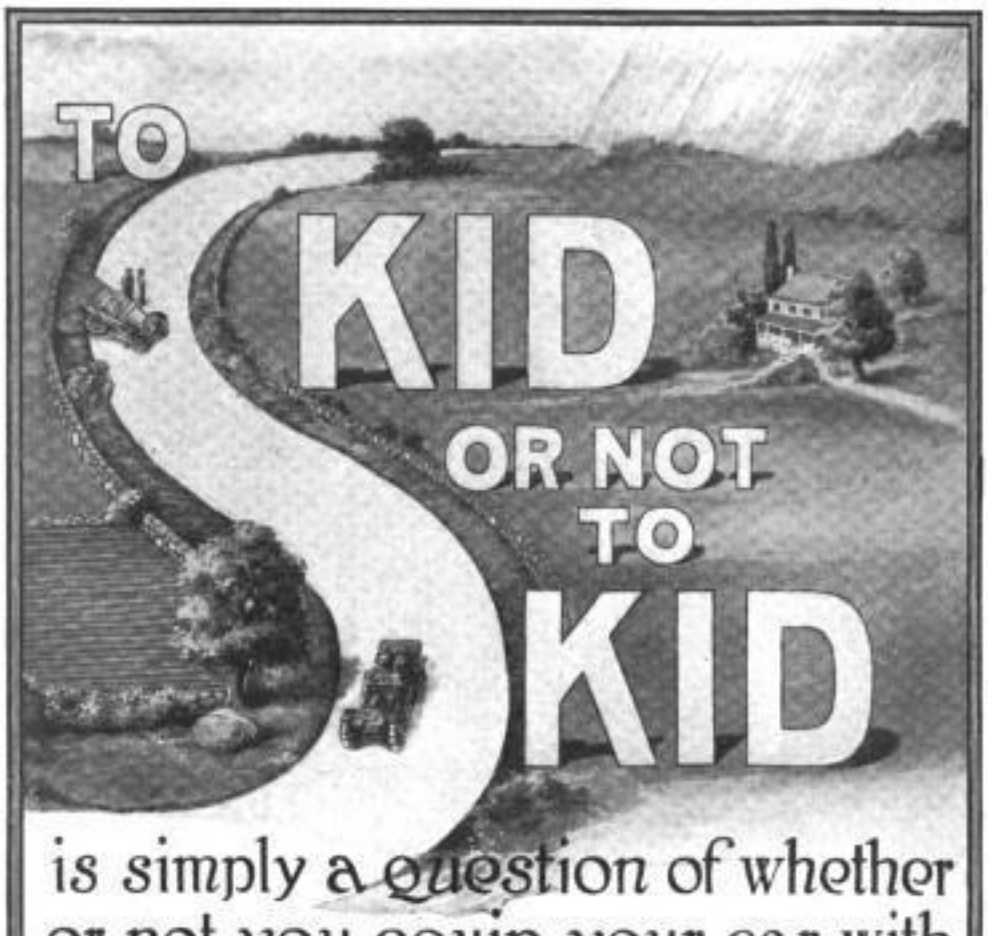
Send for catalog, or go to the Hudson dealer, and he will prove their value in a hundred different ways.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

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is simply a question of whether or not you equip your car with

WEED ANTI-SKID CHAINS

The only anti-skid device that can be absolutely relied upon at all times and under all road conditions.

Stop at your dealers and

"Weed Chain Your Car to Safety"

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Golfers! Get in an hour's more play!

Why waste valuable daylight getting to the golf links, when a motorcycle will make you entirely independent?

Go to the golf course on an



Indian Motocycle

The Indian will take you anywhere at a moment's notice from 4 to 50 miles an hour absolutely without fatigue. Easier to ride than a bicycle. A twist of the wrist applies and releases the power. Upkeep costs next to nothing. Needs no garage. Saves its cost in no time by the added pleasure and the time you save. Why stop playing at the 13th hole to catch the "5:39"? Get an Indian!

Among the 1913 improvements are the Cradle Spring Frame, new style Luggage Carrier and Footboards giving choice of 2 comfortable riding positions. *Most comfortable, powerful and reliable motorcycle on the market.*

Prices { 4 H.P. Single, $200 / 7 H.P. Twin, $250 } **f.o.b. Factory**

Write for free 1913 catalog describing all Indian models and improvements

THE HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

913 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Branch and Service Stations:

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In The 5¢ TIN

Don't Forget This—

In a big tin of tobacco the bottom half is apt to dry up before you reach it.

In the 5c Stag tin you buy just enough at a time to keep FRESH until it's ALL SMOKED!

That's the STAG IDEA that has become famous in a day.

Try it, brothers, try it.



STAG

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

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The use of Pebeco is a daily pleasure. To *feel* its refreshing effect and to *know* it actually saves the teeth from decay is a real satisfaction.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

overcomes acid-mouth, the chief cause of decay. By protecting the enamel of the teeth from the attacks of these mouth-acids, Pebeco prevents the decay-germs from p netrating and forming cavities in the soft interior. Pebeco thus preserves the whole tooth from decay.

Pebeco is a double protection, because it also destroys the decay-germs, as well as purifies the breath. It beautifully cleans and whitens the teeth, and does more than ordinary dentifrices in leaving a delightful sensation of cleanliness and refreshment.

Send for Free Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and prove Pebeco's efficacy by an interesting little test. Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in large tubes.

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124 William Street New York
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and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors. 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this valued book.
D. M. GREIDER, Box 14 Rheems, Pa.

A Spiritualist

(*Continued from page 18*)

novel, such as I would have written myself. Go quickly."

Then it ended, and the applause was tremendous.

"When are you going?" was the question on every hand. But I sidestepped any answer, for I had no desire to go on a two hours' ride as uncanny as that, which at best would bring nothing. Yet I hinted that I might go, and whenever one would ask me, my reply would be: "Too busy."

A "SCARY" NIGHT

SOME six months went by, and once more I had to fall back on my good Charles Dickens. Having nothing else on my mind, he repeated his former message, this time giving it more emphatically—and at the same time urging my friends to make me go. Again I delayed, wondering how I could save my "bacon"—knowing that I had unwittingly stepped into a trap. For as soon as I should report failure up would go my neat little mystery balloon.

Therefore I determined that I would drop the subject—letting time erase the memory of my first big error. Yet, curiously enough, when another half year had gone by, the very same thing came through my mind, and I could not stop it. I saw that I was at my last stand, so resolved to make some one else suffer with me. So "Dickens" specified that another should accompany me, and mentioned the very fellow who had been most persistent that I go to the mythical Kate Harris at 245th Street.

It was a regular "scary" night that we made our journey. The moon and stars were submerged in the dark clouds that hung heavy over the earth. The very atmosphere seemed to be laden with uncanny things. Where the subway ends, at Van Cortlandt Park, as the summer spooners will tell you, there are no lamplights, and the houses are separated by great black spaces.

THE QUEST

THAT night it was like a lonesome desert. It just happened as well that the streets were being torn up, and piles of stones, like rotting bones with headlights of red, dotted the main street as far as the eye could penetrate the darkness.

There were not many people about, and, most naturally, none had ever heard of Kate Harris. My companion was pale and I know that I was. Put yourself in the situation and see how you would feel.

"Let us go back," I groaned; "it is no use. We have been fooled."

But this brute would not hear of it. "We'll find out," he thundered, "or we won't go back to-night."

The people became fewer and fewer, and their answers to our question, "Do you know of a Kate Harris living here?" would all be "No," or something almost as short and more decisive.

One man came past us—and he was old.

UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE

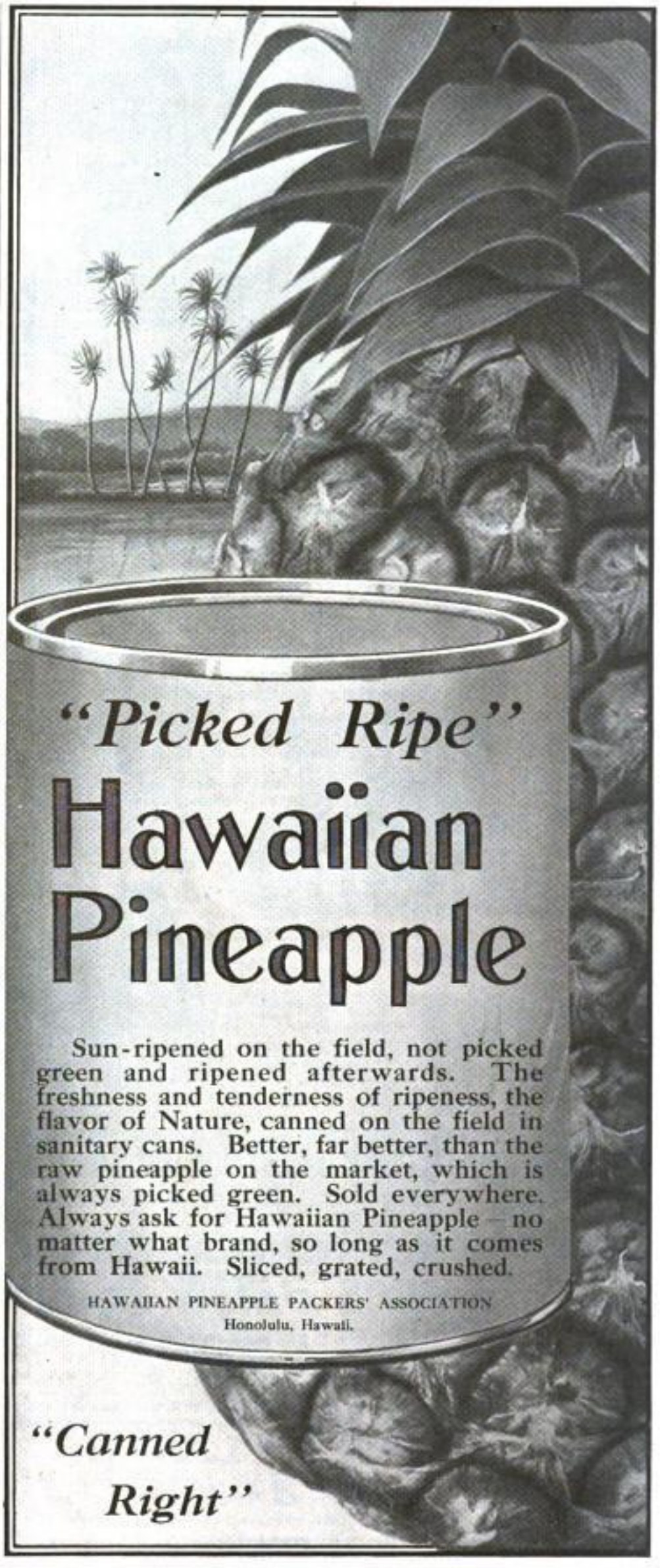
I LET my companion ask the usual query, and I did not even listen to the reply, for I was half asleep. With a start I awoke, as my tormentor pounced upon me and cried: "We've found her!"

"What!" I shrieked, my heart thumping tumultuously. "He lies."

The man stared at me, undecided whether to run or yell for help. Then I realized how my attitude must have appeared, and I apologized most profusely.

"Yes," he continued, after we had set him at his ease. "I know Kate Harris. I saw her only last week. She is a seamstress. But there has always been a mystery about her, and people have had enough to wonder about. She rarely ever comes out of doors. But her passion is children, and I'm told she gets a letter containing money from England every week as regularly as clockwork. It is at the seventh house down there that you will find her."

I wanted to go back, but my companion would not hear of such a thing, so I plucked up courage and came up to a house in the general direction pointed out to us. It was a tumble-down little affair. All the blinds were pulled down and the only light that was visible glimmered from beneath one of the blinds on the first floor. I could not help the cold sweat which came upon me as we crept up the creaking wooden steps, but I was determined to see to the end this mysterious affair. Coincidence or spiritualistic dis-





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Not overcrowded and offers splendid and unusual opportunities to honorable young men. Ages 20 to 28. Students must have attended high school, be at least 5 feet 7 in height, physically sound and of good character. After completing two years' course, good men make large annual incomes. Positions guaranteed to good men after graduation. Every city, park, orchard and private estate needs an Expert Tree Surgeon. Positions open also with established companies or State and National Governments. Special attention to Fruit Growing. Tuition moderate, including first year's board. We pay salary second year. Write promptly for full particulars. Address the Secretary.

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No other building-material gives you all the beauty, service and comfort that you get from Hy-tex Brick.

Brick has long been conceded these points of superiority. ***But***—do you realize that along with these advantages

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is the most *economical* building-material?

There are so many savings in a Hy-tex house *after it is built* that the slight difference in "first-cost" is soon eliminated.

Before you build you should know all about Hy-tex, for somewhere in the Hy-tex line there is just the brick you want. We make over 300 different kinds—including every color and texture known to brick-burning.

We have just issued a new booklet, "Genuine Economy in Home-Building," dealing with the problems that are vital to every prospective builder. It is illustrated in colors throughout—but it's the FACTS in it that make it profitable and necessary for you. Easily the finest book ever printed in its field. Send for your copy today.

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DAVENPORT, IOWA, Putnam Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Board of Trade Building
KANSAS CITY, MO., Rialto Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 311 South Fourth Street
NEW YORK CITY, 261 Fourth Ave.
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Built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof, galvanized steel plates, so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are guaranteed against puncture, leaking, waterlogging, warping, drying out, opening seams, etc. MOTORS: The Lozier-Victor 4-Cycle and Perco 2-Cycle. Light, powerful, simple, can be operated by the beginner, start like automobile motors, one man control, never stall at any speed, exhaust silently under water. *Beautiful illustrated book free.*
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STEEL ROW BOATS AND CEDAR CANOES

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positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, 30 days vacation and 30 days sick leave annually with pay. 46,202 appointments made last year. No political pull needed. Common school education sufficient. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.
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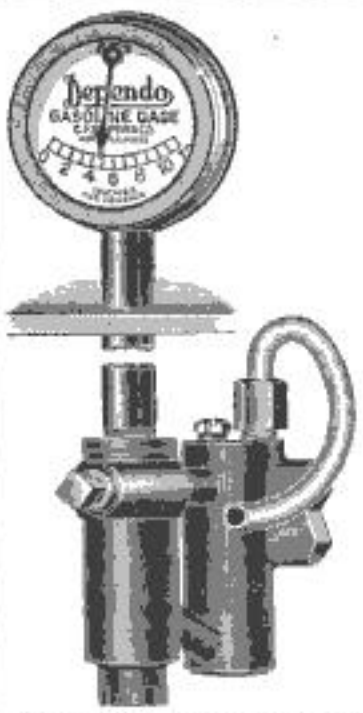
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covery, it had set my curiosity aglow. As we mounted the landing, we peered into each other's eyes, but quickly turned away, ashamed of our fright.

"Ring the bell," whispered my companion.

But I held back—it is not easy to mingle in matters supernatural.

Finally I pulled myself together and felt for the bell handle. My hand groped about in the dark for two or three moments that seemed like an eternity, and suddenly touched a cloth. Looking closer, to my terror, I saw that it was a crape. We were at a house with the dead.

Oh, that shock! Without a word—my tongue was powerless to cry out—I bounded down the steps, my heart fluttering like a leaf in the breeze; my limbs violently shaking beneath me.

Close behind me came my friend, and he, if anything, was more upset than myself.

We returned to his home to recover our composure, and when we had done so he insisted on holding an impromptu séance. He was more than ever fully convinced of the existence of supernatural influence. He could not have been turned from his belief that Charles Dickens had really sent us on that mysterious errand, and when we were seated once more he pleaded and begged the "table" to explain the incident.

COMEDY FOR CONTRAST

BUT it must not be thought that all of these imaginary communications turned to tragedy. Many times it was the merriest comedy. Dan Daly was our visitor and entertained us with one or two verses of the "Same Old Story." An acrobat, who was supposed to have acted as jester for one of the old kings of France, did all sorts of tricks with the table, turning it upside down and banging it on the foot of one of the ladies. Oliver Goldsmith, in his clumsy, lumbering way, told of his first really handsome suit of clothes and of the young woman he loved so well. Goethe spouted original poetry, which must have made him turn in his grave. The author of "Hudibras" recited a few lines with humorous effect. A crazy man, who claimed to be each of the great prophets, from Moses to Dowie, flirted with every pretty girl in the room, until each blushed with embarrassment so that we had to send him away, though he returned immediately to the great annoyance of his victims. Beau Brummel gave his comments on the styles of the day, and shocked us all when he declared the harem skirt was his idea of the ideal dress for women. A little maid of our circle was forced to hide her head in her hands when asked by a spirit, who would not disclose his name: "Who is that light-haired young man you meet in the mornings?" Cardinal Wolsey predicted two weddings within as many months, and, curiously enough, his prophecy came true—but then the Cardinal showed only a moderately keen sense of observation. Voltaire, with biting sarcasm, called me the great leader of modern literature, and the laugh was at my expense.

We even had music. Once Jenny Lind came and requested the assembled auditors to sing two or three songs, to which she swung the table in marvelously perfect time. When one of the practical jokers started "Bedelia," she brought the table down with a bang and was gone. "She knows what she wants," said one of the more learned ladies in a whisper.

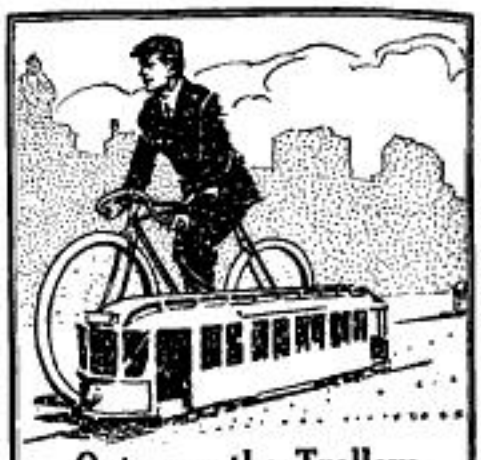
Now, every circle to be *à la mode* must have its patron spirit. Mrs. Pepper's circle had its "Bright Eyes," as the public remembers. Our favorite and ever-ready representative of the other world was David Forster. What a world of information that man had! How he loved everyone in our midst! How willing he was to oblige us!

OUR PATRON SAINT

DAVID FORSTER, we learned, had been a lawyer and a veritable Beaconsfield. He told us the date of his birth and death—his former street address—his life history.

He described heaven and also—whisper this gently—the lower regions, which he claimed to have seen. He advanced some unique ideas of reincarnation, and even pointed out some former celebrities in our midst.

One of the ladies had been Queen Elizabeth and one of the men had been Robin Hood. Cleopatra was a dear, sweet little woman, who was as unlike that fiery, sensuous creature as earth and ocean. This Forster would do anything we asked, and in this respect he was utterly unlike



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You secure individual style, exclusive material, and careful workmanship when you buy Panama Repp cravats. They should be your first choice if you are looking for neckwear that is

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Panama Repp cravats maintain the high reputation of the Horn line, and carry the Horn Trademark, by which particular men have for years identified the best in blanket robes, combination sets and smart cravats for every occasion. Look for the Horn Trademark and the name "Panama" woven in the cravat end.

ASK YOUR DEALER

DEALERS: If you haven't already stocked Panama Repp, send for booklet and prices.

W. O. HORN & BROTHER
846 Broadway New York

PANAMA REPP

some of our other shady visitors, who were disagreeable and loath to fulfill our wishes. The description of Peter Grimm would, perhaps, most nearly fit that of our David Forster. He was like an old grandfather, taking little children on his knees. His advice was so kindly and his manner so sympathetic that when things were not going as they should, we would ask for him, and he always came. Indeed, we felt he was a person we had known all our lives.

In other words, the constant and continual mentioning of his name made him famous. This principle, which so aptly applies to any advertising campaign, fits this kind of work most admirably.

A TABLE BROKEN

NOTHING of all I did was so interesting to me as the manner in which I developed characters.

It must not be imagined that everyone spoke alike and thought alike and acted alike. Quite the contrary, each had a decided individuality. Just as David Forster was known by his manner the moment he lifted the table, so many others were recognized. Some would raise and lower the table with an insipidity that would have done credit to any society belle. Others would be rough and violent and boisterous. One table was broken in this way by a very decided person. Some would be the height of ignorance and dull at catching the meaning of questions propounded, while others would have the answer before the query had been completed. There were crafty people, kind people; silly women, loving women; murderous men, heroic men; babyish children and precocious; names famed in history and names that couldn't be found anywhere; Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, atheists; whites and blacks; philosophers and mechanics; foreigners and Americans; kings and peasants. We had a universe of our own, as living, breathing, real to us (or rather to all except me) as the world we live in.

We had all been watching a little love affair grow in intensity, but neither party seemed to have the courage to broach the subject. Samuel Pepys finally did—the boy and girl were married recently. A mother, whose daughter was in Europe and taken with a serious illness, had her worries lessened when a wandering passerby came in to tell us that the daughter was better. What matter if she were not—did it not lighten the mother's heart?

MY ONLY EXCUSE

MOST of the time my conscience bothered me vastly. Although I enjoyed the sensation of this creation—this world of my own—I wanted to end it all and tell them how I had been playing with them for so long. I wanted to tell them that I was only having fun and to forget it all and come back and be sensible. But they would never allow me the opportunity.

If, perchance, I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is all a joke. Why, I haven't any more psychic power than you have. Why, *I* don't even believe in that sort of nonsense," they would interrupt me with retorts like: "Isn't he modest?" "He *never* fishes for compliments." "What does he want us to do—keep praising him all the time?"

So there I was.

If I had done this for gain—if I had done this to hurt or injure a single person—I could have no excuse. But I have not.

Memories

(*Continued from page 17*)

ton. Little did I dream that the time would ever come when the admired actor would be a warm personal friend of mine, and that I should ever participate in recording and celebrating his achievements and doing him public honor: for I was only a vagrant boy, habitually roaming the waterside from South Boston Bridge to Constitution Wharf, and much more likely to run away to sea, like my progenitors, all of whom were sailors, than live to labor as a historian and critic of the acted drama and as friend and adviser of many actors. My personal acquaintance with Warren began as long ago as 1856, but my acquaintance with him as an actor began when, years before then, I saw him for the first time in "The Arabian Nights" spectacle of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp"—and the delight with which I beheld that

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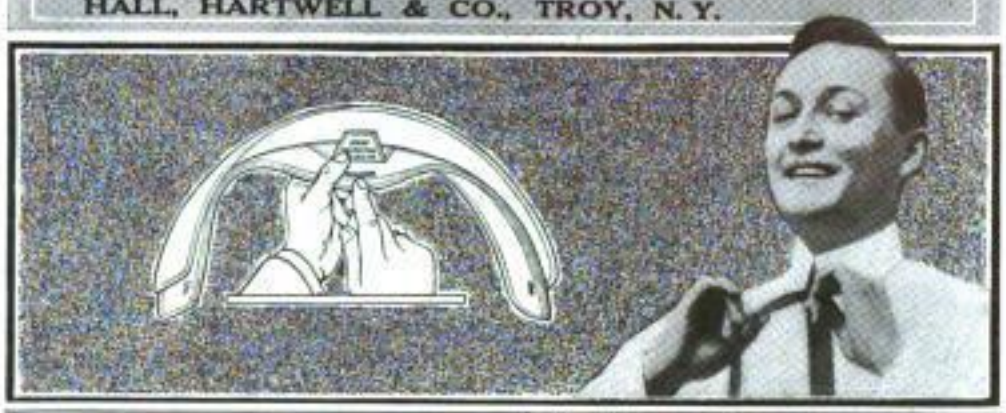
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spectacle, and the joy with which I looked on the player who supplied the mirth in it, were such as I have seldom known since, and can never know again.

A STREET CAR HIS COACH

WARREN was a bachelor. He lived in comfort. His salary as an actor was, for those days, a large one, and he saved a considerable part of what he earned. The actual value of the property that he owned has not been made known, but after his death it was stated that he left more than $100,000—a large fortune, it seems to me, because it was for the most part the product of his individual labor, over and above the cost of comfortable living. He was not penurious, but he was prudent, and in his prudence he was comically eccentric. A friend once asked him why he did not keep a carriage. "I do," he replied; "I take a drive almost every fine day—on the front seat of one of the horse cars that go out to Roxbury. You've no idea how safe and comfortable it is. The horses never run away, and I'm never in danger, and never frightened."

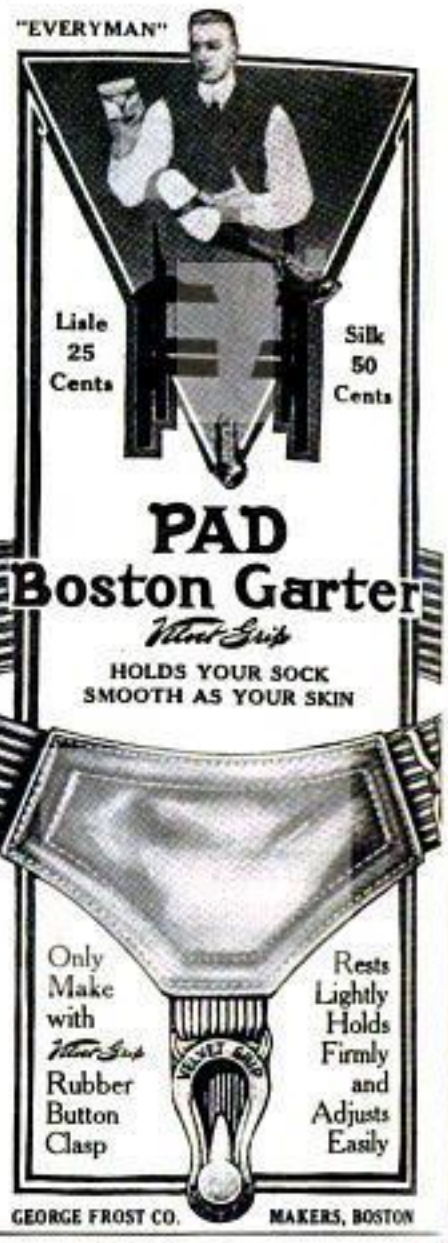
There was a time, I believe—or is it a dream?—when actors existed whose presence made an audience sweetly and comfortably *glad*. I have read of the elder Jefferson that "when he acted, families all went together, old and young. Smiles were on every face; the town was *happy*." Burton caused that effect—so humorous and touching as Cap'n Cuttle. Blake caused it—so droll and winning as Jesse Rural. Charles Wheatleigh caused it—so quaint and comic and sympathetic as Triplet. I do not know of any actor who has that effect on the audience now. There are actors who can cause laughter, but the heart is not in it. The method of the acting is often very clever, but it is hard, brittle, metallic, sometimes even cynical, and the response of mirth is superficial. When Warren's voice was heard, "speaking off"—as sometimes happened, before he made his first entrance—a thrill of joy went through the house. Affection mingled with admiration for that actor. His coming was that of a friend. He seemed to bring with him a sense of the reality of everything good and kind, and to invest the theatre with the gentle atmosphere of home, and the spectator forgot that there was any such thing as care in the world. When you read, in Goldsmith's beautiful poem of "The Deserted Village," his description of the village preacher, you obtain an informing intimation of what sort of man Warren was, and what was the nature of the charm of his acting.

HE BROUGHT HAPPINESS

IT has been customary, from time immemorial, for rueful writers, when moralizing on the deplorable condition of the present, to eulogize a condition, declared to have been much better, in a distant past. In 1811 the poet Moore wrote that "an author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure." As long ago as 1834 that experienced observer Thomas Raikes, a man who thoroughly knew society, mournfully recorded, in his entertaining "Journal," that "the old school" had become "completely extinct." The fact is that, in the long backward of continuously advancing civilization, bright epochs have alternated with dark epochs, precisely as they are doing now, and as, doubtless, they will continue to do. The "old school" is not extinct, either of gentlemen or actors. In the immediate present, which is seething and turbulent, certain reprehensible forces are in many places visible and in certain places dominant, and they are particularly so in the American theatre, and actors worthy to be named with William Warren certainly are not numerous. The right spirit, however, is not dead. Nobility of manhood, dignity of character, chivalrous feeling, and devotion to high ideals are still in the world. Wrong does not remain permanently predominant. Reaction is a law of Nature and it is inevitable. The excesses from which our stage is now suffering will wear themselves away. It may be long before such tragedians again appear as the elder Wallack, or such comedians as Placide, Burton, Gilbert, Jefferson, and Warren, but that they *will* appear should not be doubted. Genius is a part of the immortal inspiring vitality which flows through all created things, and the human heart will always respond to it. Warren was a comedian who could make you laugh and also could make you weep. He could bring the tear to the eyes and

(*Concluded on page 39*)

"EVERYMAN"



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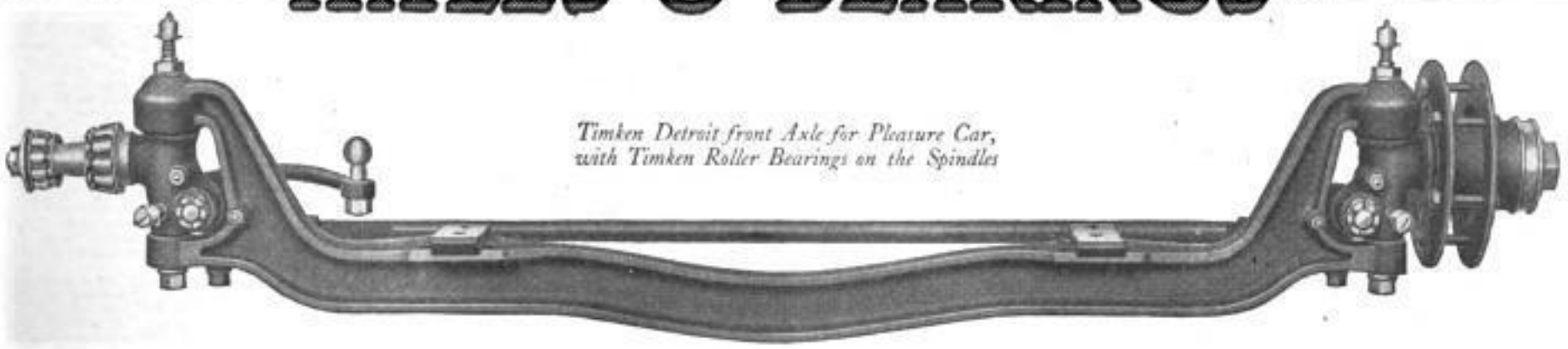


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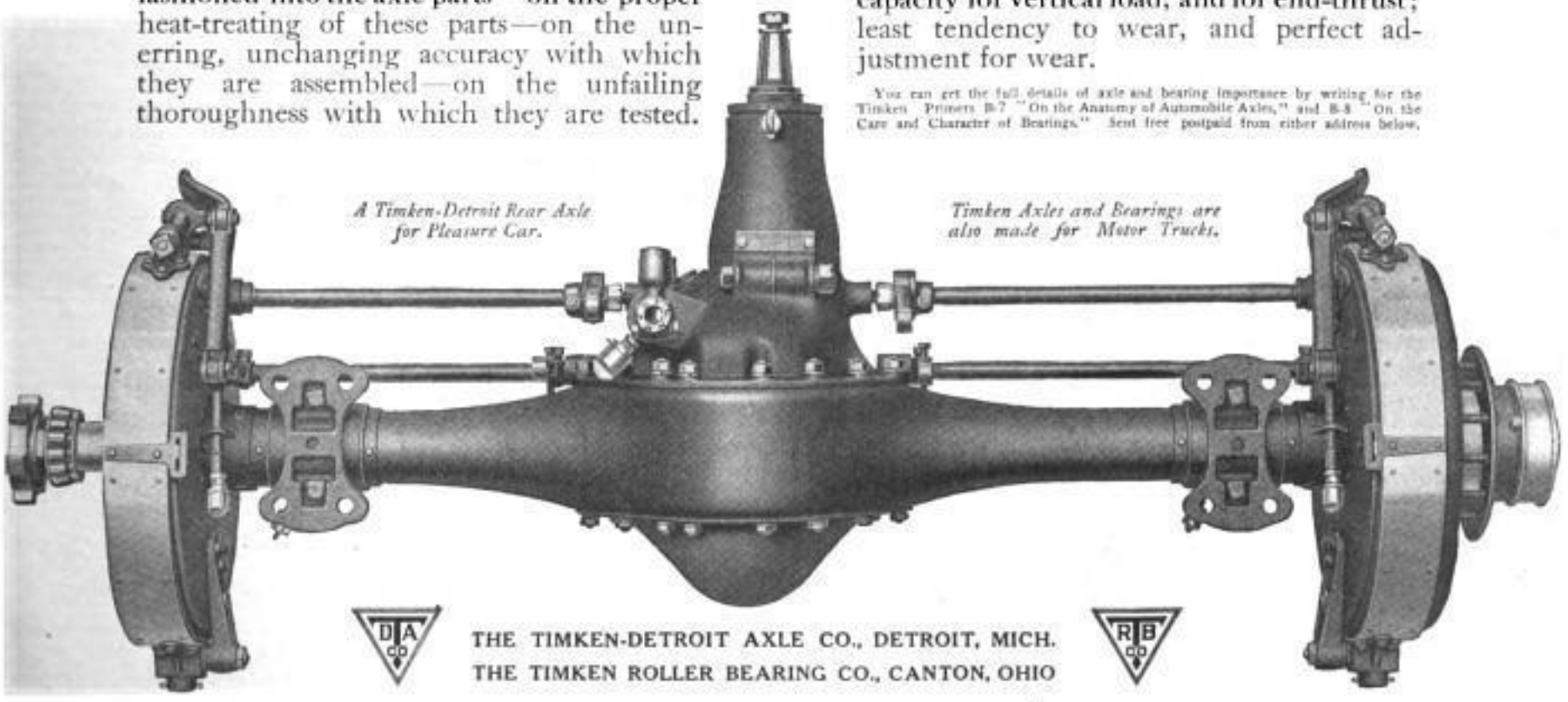
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Leaving on the mountain tops of Death
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The Undesirable

(*Continued from page 20*)

knew it. Did Gobal have it, or would the yellow that was in him show there, as it showed every place else?

"About nine o'clock the Fort Rosecrans team arrived, and it took ten launches to hold the men that came with them. They all brought their pay envelopes along with them, too, and in half an hour there seemingly wasn't a clacker in Camp Dewey that wasn't up on the match. If we lost, we'd be bumming smoking tobacco before next pay day.

"We did most of the betting on the way out to the range, for the colonel ordered that shooting begin immediately. By ten the two teams were standing on the two hundred yard firing point, two men to each target, a doughboy and a marine. And behind them gathered eight hundred men, about equally divided, each man—with one exception, maybe—pulling for his side to win.

"THE toss of the coin gave the infantry the first shot, which really was a disadvantage. But they started out like champions. Five fives and a four was what the scorers in the pits marked. Then our boys fired, and one of them got a red flag. That put the soldiers four points ahead on the first round. You ought to've heard that crowd catch its breath. If Gobal—for it was Gobal—had lost his head—

"But if he had, he got it back again, for his next nine shots were beauties. You could've covered them all with your hand. And when we went back to the next range, our team was two points ahead.

"At three hundred yards we lost one point, though not one of our men shot under forty-seven. It was the closest shooting I ever saw, and pretty near the best. When we left that range we were all talking in near whispers. That's one funny thing about a rifle match, when you get excited, instead of raising your voice, you lower it. The last few shots that morning, there wasn't a sound on the range except the popping of the rifles.

"FOR, though Fort Rosecrans took the lead at five hundred yards, the first few rounds at six hundred, which was the last range, put us even, and during the next six shots only one man in each team got outside the bull's-eye. The scores were tied.

"The officers got together and talked the thing over. There were all kinds of suggestions, but it was finally agreed that the tie would be shot off at the next range, eight hundred yards. And as it was getting near noon, the word was passed that the shooting was over for the morning, and we trooped back to camp for dinner.

"As I passed Rankins that noon, I couldn't help giving him a dig. 'He hasn't blown up yet,' I said.

"'Never mind,' he snarled. 'The day isn't over. Wait.'

"A few minutes later Gobal passed me, going toward his tent. 'Good boy,' I said. 'Keep it up.'

"'Thank you,' he answered, and he looked in my eyes as a man should. 'I'm going to.'

"He went on, with his head up and his shoulders back, as if he were proud of himself. He started to go into his tent, and then he stepped back, for Rankins was coming out. Rankins walked away

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without speaking, and Gobal pulled the flaps open and went inside.

"I didn't think anything of it at the time, for Rankins had been chumming with Gobal's bunkie, and he might have gone in to borrow something or return it. And neither did I give it a thought when I saw Rankins talking very earnestly with a corporal in the infantry, nor when, a few minutes after, I saw this same corporal with a roll of money which he was betting at three to two on their team. But I remembered it all afterward.

"A little after one o'clock we went back on the range. The two camps weren't mixing to speak of, for, though we'd be friendly enough after it was all over, there was too much tension now to be pleasant. If it'd been a baseball game we'd been rooting ourselves hoarse, but, as it was, we were about as noisy as a funeral party.

"THE men lay down on the firing point, with the scorers behind them. The markers were already in the pit, so we didn't have to wait. The targets ran up and the red flags came down.

"The doughboys scored three fours and three fives, which was mighty good at that range. Then our boys fired.

"I groaned, for a spurt of dust in the bank showed me, before Gobal's shot was marked up, what he was entitled to. The flag came up, showing a low miss.

"I heard Rankins, standing close to me, chuckle, while the rest of the men cursed under their breath. 'He's gone,' I heard them whisper. 'He hadn't ought to've been put in. He'll lose us the day.'

"The soldiers made twenty-eight on the next round. They were unlucky at that, as their two fours were warts on the bull's-eyes.

"Gobal took a long time with his next shot. He changed his windage and elevation, and settled into his sling twice before he was satisfied. Then he pulled the trigger.

"The targets went down together, and five of them popped up almost instantly, the bull's-eyes covered by white disks. Gobal's stayed down a long time, while the marker searched for the bullet hole that wasn't there. It came up with a red flag waving across the face of it.

"Gobal rolled over on his side, and stared first at the rifle and then at the ground. I know how he felt. When you know where your shot goes, even if it's a miss, you've got something to work from; but when it's off the map entirely you're lost, that's all.

"HE began examining his rifle—the bolt, the chamber, the bore—very slowly and carefully, while the rest grumbled and waited on him. He picked his remaining shells up, and looked them over one by one. Then he threw the rifle out in front of him, and shoved the tip of his little finger into the muzzle.

"I saw his face go very white. The rest of the men saw it, too, for they stopped grumbling and stared at him. But all he did was to pass his rifle back to the scorer.

"'Give me another,' he said.

"'What's the matter?' asked the scorer.

"'I don't want to talk now,' as if he were holding himself down. 'Give me another.'

"'He wants to blame it on his rifle,' said Rankins, trying to speak unconcerned.

"I took a look at him, and then I walked up to the bunch that were gathered around the rifle, and got it in my hands. It was just as I'd suspected. The riflings inside the muzzle had been ground away with emery paper, I suppose, for a good half inch. It was about as accurate at eight hundred yards as a derringer.

"'What is it?' asked the colonel, coming up.

"'Somebody's monkeyed with his rifle, sir,' I said. 'And—I'd like to speak with you for a minute, if you please.'

"Just as we turned away, I heard the scorer call out Gobal's third shot. 'Number six, a five!' And I couldn't help being a little glad, right then, that Gobal was what he was. An ordinary man'd have been so wild over the trick played on him that he couldn't find the target. But Gobal, not having any temper, couldn't lose it.

"WHEN I'd finished telling the colonel what I'd seen and what I suspected, we came back to the firing point, and found Gobal and his shooting mate the only pair left.

"'What's the score?' I asked.

"'S-sh,' said some one. 'The dough-



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Sold everywhere in 3-size bottles: 1 oz. 10c., 3 oz. 25c., 8 oz. ½ pint 50c. Also in Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't this can, we'll send you one full of 3-in-One, by parcel post, for 30c. in stamps.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 ANM Broadway New York City

KREMENTZ

Collar Buttons

are worn by men who know, because they are perfect in finish, and made in shape and size to suit every need. Unbreakable in wear. A new one free in exchange for any Krementz Collar Button broken or damaged from any cause.

14k Rolled Gold Plate, 25 cents.
10k Solid " $1.00.
14k " " $1.50.

Look for the name KREMENTZ on the back

and be sure to get the genuine.

At leading jewelers and haberdashers

KREMENTZ & CO.
46 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world



WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

The Pie and the Pirate

By ALBERT LEE

It is a merry tale, cleverly illustrated, and beautifully printed on antique deckle-edge paper. Don't forget to ask for it to-day at the book stores, 50 cents; or mailed direct for 55 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc., *Publishers*
416 West 13th Street, New York

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"Jobs"

AGENTS WANTED

Stop! Investigate At Once! New Business! No experience! Big profit making photos with the new One Minute Post Card Camera. Takes and delivers finished post card photos in one minute right on the spot. No plates, films or dark room. Make big money everywhere, traveling or at home. This is your opportunity for immediate and permanent success. Don't delay! Write to-day for free information. The One Minute Camera Company, Department 85, Rand McNally Building, Chicago.

Agents: We Have A Wonderful Proposition For live men and women. We Give exclusive agencies on the only Pneumatic Sweeper successfully combining Suction Nozzle and Revolving Brush. Others are making big money; so can you. Write today for our liberal offer and selling plan. The information costs you nothing. Dunlley Pneumatic Sweeper Co., Dept. S, 6521 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Celebrated Linro Line. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 135 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linro Company, 10 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $500 Policy for $10 yearly. Guaranteed by State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents—Would You Take A Steady Job Starting right away on a most attractive proposition? No experience required. My goods are snappy, self-sellers that make and hold customers. If you want to make big money quick, write me today. E. M. Davis, B-9 Davis Block, Chicago.

Little Giant Lift And Force Pump. Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipes. Absolute monopoly; fix you for life if you are a producer. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. C, 41 Park Row, New York.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

"Alca," The Famous $6.00 Vacuum Cleaner, seeks a few more willing agents to show its merits, and promises prosperity and success in return. Write for gilt-edge proposition. Alca Co., 366 West 58th St., New York.

Agents Wanted; Quick Sales; Big Profits. Write for our Special $1 Free Outfit Novelty Offer! Satisfaction or Money Back. Harvey Novelty Company, Chico, Cal.

Wanted: A Few Young Men Willing To Work. Good Pay—short hours—prompt action wins the job. Write at once for Free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 1074, Chicago.

Agents—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Represent a big manufacturer. Good pay. Easy work. No experience needed. Free samples. Credit. Freeport Manufacturing Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Quick Sales. Big Profits For You. Sell transparent handle pocket knives and razors with photo, name, or lodge emblem on handle. Fully guaranteed. Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 532 W. Lake St., Chicago. Dept. O.

Convex Portraits, Frames And Glass. You Can better your present salary by selling our new line of portraits. Catalog, samples and particulars free. Established 14 years. C. Culver Art & Frame Co., Westerville, Ohio.

Agents, Male And Female. Success Assured Selling unique line of Embroidered Novelties, Art Linens, Ladies Wearing Apparel, etc. Profits abundant. Big free catalog tells all. Raphael Imp. & Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 66 B'way, N. Y.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid,** to any place in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance,* and **allow 10 days' free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be one cent out.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1913 **"RANGER"** Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at our *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we give on the first 1913 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of **tires** from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **Bicycle Dealers,** you can sell our bicycle under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **Second-Hand Bicycles**—A limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs, and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT** but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of information, many and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 11-54, CHICAGO, ILL.



All the Comforts of Home

Here is the most beautiful 40-foot Day Cruiser in the world—a real floating palace! Have money by placing your order NOW for your cruising yacht, motor vessel, dinghy or canoe. All kinds and sizes, from $15 up to $10,000. Send stamp for catalog, showing 60 different models.

Racine-Truscott-Shell Lake Boat Company
Box 80 MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

boys are one ahead. And there's only two shots left.'

"I held my breath at that. The doughboy reached down to his side, picked up a cartridge, brushed it against his trousers, and shoved it into his rifle. I saw Gobal, who was sitting up and watching him start and seem to hesitate. Then he leaned over toward the other.

"'Better take another look at that cartridge,' he said.

"The soldier glared at him, thinking he was trying to rattle him, I guess. But Gobal grinned—not his old kind of a grin, though.

"'It's split,' he said.

"I heard the colonel, who was standing close alongside, kinda grunt at this. 'Undesirable?' he said, doubtful-like. He walked up to the firing point, and came back with the cartridge in his hand. It *was* split—just where the powder kisses the bullet—and it wouldn't have carried half way to the target. If Gobal'd kept still and let the soldier fire it—

"But I was glad he didn't. He was playing the game fair, anyway, if he was a coward.

"'Number five, a three,' droned the scorer.

"There was still a chance to win. If Gobal could make a five—

"HE settled himself on the firing point, his elbows far apart and buried in the sand, his body sprawling almost at right angles to his line of fire, and the whole strength of his left arm thrown into the steadying sling. It was the position I had taught him to use in a case like this, when he *had* to make good. It couldn't fail—if he kept his nerve.

"*Plup!* He had fired. And then, while the rest of us craned our necks at the target, he rose without a word and started toward Rankins.

"I guess Rankins saw him coming, and didn't like the looks of him. He started to slip away. Gobal reached him with a rush that carried Rankins off his feet. 'My rifle!' Gobal gasped, as they went down. 'You've—' They fought on the ground like mad-dogs, Rankins cursing, but Gobal horribly silent.

"'Number six, a five,' yelled the scorer.

"But nobody heard him; we were all crowding around the two men. The colonel broke through the circle, saw that Rankins was getting the worst of it, and smiled.

"'Good boy,' he said. 'If he's undesirable, I wish we had a few more in the service. But pull him off before he does any more damage. I'm afraid we'll have to give his discharge, when it comes, to Rankins, and we can't turn a cripple loose on society.'

"Then he turned to me and said something that I've never rightly understood. 'You've invaded the province of the Deity, Sergeant Nichols,' he says. 'You've put a man's spirit into a lump of clay.'

"And all I did for Gobal was to teach him how to shoot!"

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly
VOLUME FIFTY-ONE NUMBER 5
APRIL 19, 1913
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*
Robert J. Collier, *President*
E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*
J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*
Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City
Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1913 by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British Possessions, including Canada. LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street. *Price:* United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $6.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.*

"Above all Things, Advertisements should be True"

"Above all things, advertisements should be true; for the main object in advertising any legitimate business must be to secure a patron, who, having made trial for himself of the advantages offered, and proved their truth, will remain a patron, and bring friends with him."

Reprinted from "The Century Magazine," November, 1871

THAT was 42 years ago; before many of the great advertising successes of today were even begun. There are hundreds of advertisers and advertising men for every one in 1871; they are much more masterful in telling the story of merchandise now than their predecessors of two generations ago.

Yet I question if any of our advertising geniuses of today could tell the *why* of good advertising better than did the writer of the days when advertising was young—very young.

And it was never truer than today that *"the main object of advertising must be to secure a patron who will remain a patron and bring friends with him."*

Very seldom indeed can the sales primarily made by any advertisement be made at a profit to the advertiser; it is because an article of merit will "repeat" with you and with others influenced by you, that advertising pays.

So the aim of every legitimate advertiser is to tell you the simple story of what he has to sell and that you need, and by doing so to get you to use it; knowing well that the satisfactory service given by what he is selling you will bring him a big future reward.

Bear this in mind about every article you see advertised in Collier's or any other publication which prints only advertising that can pass this test.

A. G. Hamerschlag
Manager Advertising Department

No. 114



"Yes sir, that *extra tread* is the *best* tire feature I have ever seen"

"Does it give more mileage? Well, I should say so! Though they cost *more* than other tires, Republic Staggard Tread Tires are really the most economical tires you can buy."

Republic Tires really do give *more* mileage. For when the "staggard" studs wear off—as they eventually will—you still have left a full-thickness plain tread that is good for thousands of miles of service.

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD TIRES

What's more, Republic Staggard Tread Tires stand for the acme of non-skid efficiency. The long, tough studs give resistance where it is needed and hold to slippery pavements with spike-like tenacity. Your brake control and traction are perfect.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio

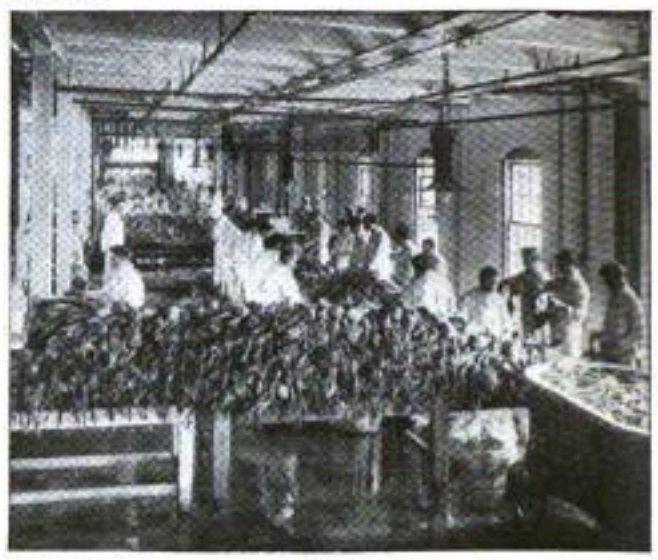
Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

Republic Staggard Tread—Pat. Sept. 15-22, 1908.

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Preparing prime materials in a model food factory

What materials go into your foods?

NOBODY can make a pure, clean, wholesome food out of rotten raw materials, but almost anybody can disguise, embalm, color and flavor the worst ingredients so that it is hard, or impossible, to detect them except by chemical analysis.

And that is why there is a profit in buying refuse, putting it into cans or bottles or jars, wrapping a pretty label around it and selling it to you as though it were fit to eat—that is why the food fraud can afford to hire expensive chemists to show him how, and lawyers and lobbyists, and even publishers, to fight any effort to protect you.

That is the kind of competition which the honest manufacturer of an honest food has to face every day. And every time you buy one of these dangerous, debased, drugged products you hurt the honest manufacturer along with yourself, and pay tribute to the man who is poisoning you for profit.

And there's no reason why you should let yourself be cheated any longer. Without effort, study or bother on your part, you can be absolutely certain of buying only the kind of foods you ought to eat, if you will simply send 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., for a copy of

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This book is a handy, classified, indexed list of absolutely pure, wholesome, honest brands of every kind of food sifted out of the many thousands which have been analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Westfield Board of Health. The Book does not list *all* of the pure foods in the market, because it has not been possible as yet to analyze all of the products offered for sale, but it does list so many of them—it gives you such a wide range of choice—that you are almost certain to find at least one of the brands it approves on sale in any corner grocery in the land.

All that you need to do to protect yourself absolutely against the man who packs filthy refuse and sells it as food, is to ask for any one of the brands mentioned in the Westfield Book—and remember, it gives you a wide choice under all important classifications.

The Book is absolutely impartial, prepared and published by the Board of Health in the interest of the food-buying public and nobody else. Nothing but a conformance to high, unwavering standards of purity and wholesomeness can secure a place in its pages for a food manufacturer. Nothing but failure to conform to this standard can keep a manufacturer out after his goods have been analyzed.

Send for the Westfield Book and use it every day in buying your provisions. Show it to your grocer and let him understand that you intend to be guided by it. Tell your friends about it and let them share its protection. It makes you just as competent to pass judgment on the foods you buy as though you were a skilled analytical chemist and had spent ten years in analyzing them.

Tear off the coupon and send it today, with 10c in stamps or silver, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. The Westfield Book makes you sure your food is pure.



TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, 4-19-13
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

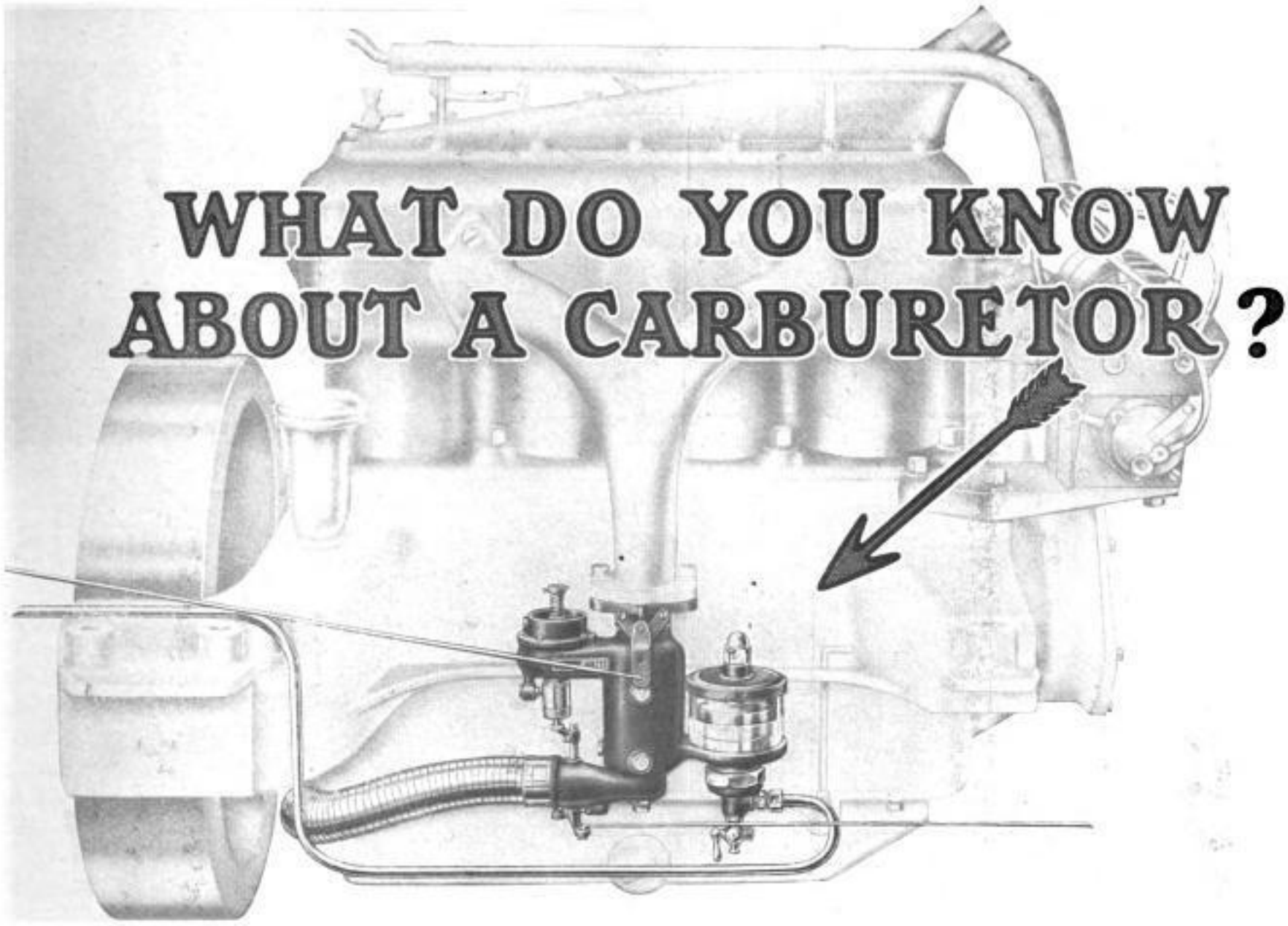
Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A CARBURETOR?

THE ABOVE illustration shows a Stromberg Carburetor on a modern gasoline automobile motor.

The carburetor is that little mechanical device, on the side of an automobile motor, which is used for obtaining an economical explosive mixture of raw gasoline and ordinary air.

Too little is known, or understood, by automobile owners, of the modern carburetor. Yet it is one of the most important single units of your car. For the more efficient your carburetor the more efficient your motor. Besides that, an efficient carburetor means complete control of your power plant under all conditions. It means more efficiency out of every gallon of gasoline consumed. It means a reduction of your gasoline expense.

With gasoline costing from eighteen to twenty-two cents a gallon (this varies, of course, in different sections of the country) you know how rapidly and to what a surprising extent your monthly gas bills can swell. And from every indication gasoline is going still higher. In addition to this the grade or quality of gasoline has been rapidly decreasing from year to year.

As a consequence, the only way to reduce your gasoline expense is to reduce your gasoline consumption. So it becomes more urgent than ever that the carburetor on your car be one that gets the utmost efficiency out of every gallon of gasoline with the least possible waste.

The carburetor question, without doubt, demands more consideration, by you, than any other part of your automobile. Gasoline you must have—or you cannot run your car. Thus the sensible and economical move is to investigate and understand that part of your car which actually converts the gasoline into working shape, and that part is—the carburetor.

Power
Efficiency

STROMBERG

Carburetors

Economy
Flexibility

The Stromberg Carburetor has a record for economical performance. It invariably gets the maximum power out of every drop of gasoline used—and it utilizes less.

A Stromberg Carburetor will put new life into any automobile. And by any automobile we mean it will add efficiency to any kind of a car that will run—whether it be of the old two cylinder type or the modern six cylinder type. For it not only cuts your gasoline consumption but it makes your motor more efficient, gives it more power, more speed, and makes it run with perfect smoothness.

The Stromberg Carburetor is flexible—that is it is scientifically built to be adjusted by anyone to fit and operate in any climate. It always supplies the correct mixture for the temperature in which it is working. It enables you to throttle down to a walk on "high" without heating your motor or wasting gas.

You can judge the standing of the Stromberg by the fact that it is now in use on more high priced cars than any other carburetor.

While it does cost a little more, the difference is insignificant in proportion to the economy it effects. It decreases your gasoline consumption and increases your power, speed, comfort and convenience. That which gives the best service in the long run, is always the most inexpensive, and everything connected with an automobile should be figured on the "long run" basis.

The Stromberg was the first to introduce the easy starting device—which eliminated tickling and flushing.

The Stromberg was the first to introduce the glass float chamber—so that you can tell at a glance whether or not there is "gas" in the carburetor.

The Stromberg will never flood. By the very nature of its correct construction and proper principle it can not get out of adjustment.

The Stromberg is built in the most modernly equipped carburetor plant in the industry. Our staff of engineers are carburetor experts.

Stromberg service is world wide, and carburetor service is of the utmost importance.

It will pay you to have your present carburetor taken off your car and a Stromberg put on.

If you are buying a new car insist on a Stromberg. Don't be talked into anything else.

If you would like to look into this highly important subject further, write us, and we will be glad to send you a set of our 1913 literature—gratis.

Stromberg Motor Devices Company, 52 East 25th Street, Chicago, Illinois

BRANCHES New York Boston Detroit Indianapolis Minneapolis

Pacific Coast Distributors: Chanaler and Lyon Co., Los Angeles, Portland, Fresno, Spokane, San Francisco, Seattle

Canadian Distributors: Russel Motor Car Company, Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

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GET IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

NOT A BIT OF BITE

10¢ TINS

Come in—you've always wanted something extra fine for that pipe of yours! Velvet is good Old Burley —perfectly aged—a fine flavor, a smoke smoothness that is simply great!

Come on!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



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APR 1913

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

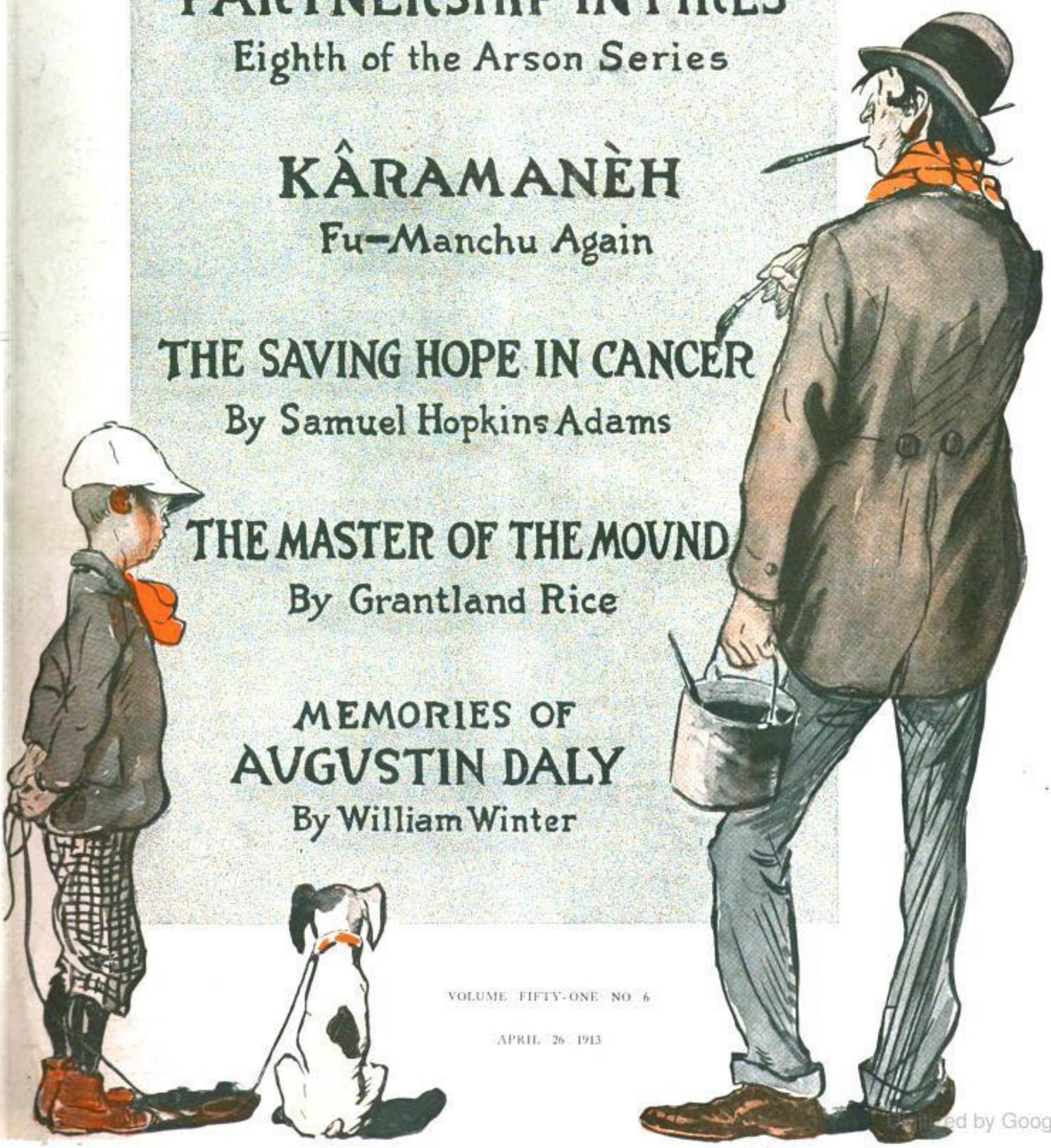
PARTNERSHIP IN FIRES
Eighth of the Arson Series

KÂRAMANÈH
Fu-Manchu Again

THE SAVING HOPE IN CANCER
By Samuel Hopkins Adams

THE MASTER OF THE MOUND
By Grantland Rice

MEMORIES OF AUGUSTIN DALY
By William Winter



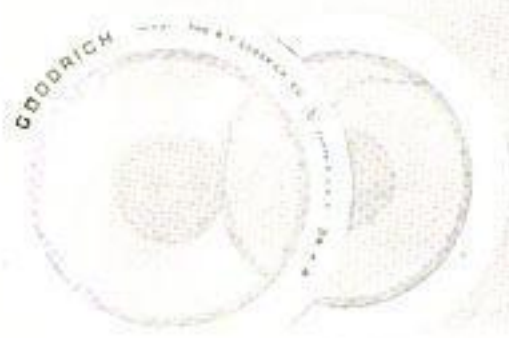
VOLUME FIFTY-ONE NO 6

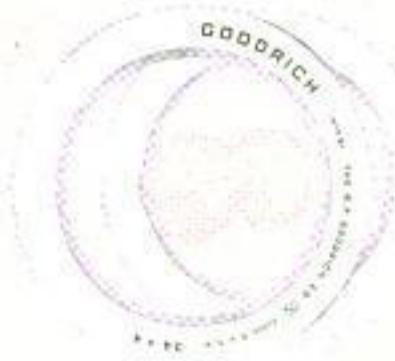
APRIL 26 1913

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You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires





IT is the Unit Molding of Goodrich Tires which gives them the trustworthiness, the resiliency, the buoyancy, the comfort which eliminates from your mind everything but the pleasure of a perfect ride.

Your tires are the life of your car. The rubber is the life of your tires. Only men who *know* rubber and who can demonstrate their knowledge of it can so compound it as to retain its life and liveliness and at the same time imbue it with the strength and toughness which will withstand road wear.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES
BEST IN THE LONG RUN

There are forty-three years of experience in rubber manufacturing in every Goodrich Tire. Our principle of unit molding was the crystallization of our twenty-seven years of experience before we made the first American clincher tire. That principle—unit molding—proved its soundness at the start and we have never changed it.

A Goodrich Unit Molded Tire is all one piece

Look at a cross section of any Goodrich Tire at your tire dealers. You cannot detect a layer line or separation in it. The Goodrich single vulcanization actually molds the layers of rubber-impregnated fabric, pure rubber, side strips, beads and thick, tough tread into one integral structure which cannot be divided by wear. This is one reason for the long, satisfactory service of Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires give uniform wear

The thick, tough tread of a Goodrich Tire does not peel or strip, because it is actually *of* the tire, and not merely *on* it. Our single vulcanization not only does away with the danger to you of weak spots or dead places because of over-vulcanizing or cooking the life out of the rubber, but makes tread and body one inseparable piece. This gives uniform wear, not only on the tread, but in all parts of the tire—which is what the user wants.

There's nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich advertising is as much a part of our institution as the making of Goodrich Products. Our supplemental advertising—Goodrich Guide Posts, which today mark over 30,000 miles of automobile highways; Goodrich Route Books, which we send on request to any motorist contemplating a tour; our Folders, telling how to get the most service from tires and how to avoid the common tire injuries, and all our other booklets, are part of our policy to make Goodrich Tires a real service to the tire user. Whatever car you own or buy will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you specify them.



TRADE MARK

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branches and Service Stations in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5 cents
per copy- $2.50 per year

On and after May third, 1913

SEVEN THOUSAND five hundred dollars for short stories is offered by Collier's as follows:

Best Story . . . $2500
Next Best . . . $1000
Next Eight, each $500

This money will be given *in addition to the regular rates paid for the stories.*

For conditions address Short Story Contest, Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York City.

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The discovery of the CRISCO PROCESS has made possible:

1 A rich fat that readily digests.

2 A solid cooking fat that is ALL vegetable without a stiffening agent having been added.

3 The CREAM or richness from any one of a group of vegetable food oils.



SINCE authorities agree that *vegetable* cooking fats usually are purer and more digestible than animal fats, it is merely necessary for us to know the degree of superiority of vegetable fats in order to choose between them.

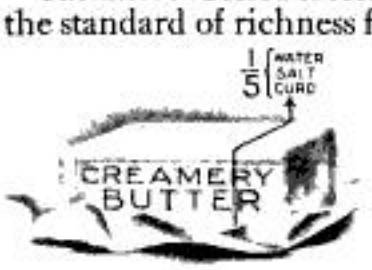
Crisco is a manufactured cooking fat, a totally new product of pure vegetable oil. As a manufactured fat, Crisco is able to conform to rigid standards. Nature has no exact standard. A natural cooking fat, for instance, such as butter or lard, varies with numerous conditions which are quite impossible of control. The quality of Crisco, because it can be controlled absolutely, is invariable and unvariably excellent.



In developing the Crisco Process, every cooking fat on the market was tested carefully and its individual good points and weaknesses considered. Crisco then was manufactured to combine the best points of all, without the weaknesses of the older fats.

Note the following paragraphs which emphasize some of Crisco's qualities:

Richness: Crisco is richer than butter, the standard of richness for generations.



The best creamery butter is approximately one-fifth water, salt and curd. Crisco, however, is all shortening—100 per cent rich food fat. This is one reason why rich, fine-grained cakes are made with one-fifth less Crisco than butter.

Healthfulness: Crisco is all vegetable. Crisco could not be manufactured with greater care in the selection of oil. Crisco is the richest, purest fat that easily digests. Hence, Crisco cakes, pastries, biscuits, fried foods, etc., are delightfully digestible.

As explained in the following paragraph, Crisco is capable of taking a high degree of heat in frying, and this intense heat almost instantly forms a crisp crust upon the frying food. Then the inside *bakes* instead of soaks, making fried foods healthful and digestible.

Non-Smoking: Those parts of the oil which smoke have been removed in making Crisco. Thus Crisco can be heated to a higher point than is necessary for frying before it smokes or burns. When a fat smokes, it "breaks down;" its mechanical composition changes and some of its parts are changed into substances which irritate the sensitive membranes of the alimentary canal. Crisco does not "break down," and consequently does not smoke except at a temperature too high for frying. The digestive machinery welcomes Crisco. This new kind of frying makes for a sweet, smokeless kitchen, and prevents burnt specks in the food.

New Food Flavors: The delicate flavors which distinguish Crisco foods are not exactly new. They merely are natural flavors allowed to assert themselves. They no longer are overpowered by the strong taste of lard or other cooking fat, because Crisco has neither taste nor odor; only a delicate aroma, suggestive of its purity. Crisco is the most delicate of all shortenings. This is why in eating Crisco foods "new" flavors are discovered.

When using Crisco in the place of butter, salt should be added to compensate for the salt which is put into the butter to keep it fresh and to give it additional flavor.

Permanent Freshness: No salt is added to Crisco in its manufacture because Crisco's freshness and purity do not depend upon salt. Crisco remains fresh and pure in any climate without refrigeration.

Dependability: Every package of Crisco is the same. In baking, uniformity of ingredients is essential. This is true especially in cake making; the uniform quality of the shortening is most important. There is no guess work in this phase of cookery when Crisco is used.

Economy: Considering Crisco's great richness, it is *the most economical cooking fat known*. It goes further than lard, to which it is superior, and costs about half as much as butter, for which it is being used in all manner of cooking. The same Crisco can be used to fry different foods, by merely straining out the food particles after each frying; onions, fish, potatoes, doughnuts, etc., all may be fried in the same Crisco, and, considering the many things that it will do that *no* other cooking fat *can* do, Crisco is by far the cheapest of all. Crisco is sold by net weight. The consumer pays only for the contents of the can. This should be remembered in buying any cooking fat.



Crisco Welcomed by Food Specialists: Crisco not only has received the approval of the Westfield food authorities, but has been accepted by Domestic Scientists the country over. It now is used in a constantly growing percentage of Domestic Science institutions, high-schools, and upon the lecture platform. Realizing its great health value, numbers of hospital dietitians are using Crisco exclusively.



Children's Food: Mothers most alert to health building of their children, use Crisco for all cooking, knowing how much the child's future depends upon a good digestion and proper nourishment in early life.

In fact, everywhere that Crisco is *understood*, it is used to produce better tasting foods, more digestible foods and more economical foods.



Free Cook Book

This dainty little cook book of 100 Tested Recipes also tells more about Crisco, its interesting discovery and manufacture. The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 3, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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APR 1913

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

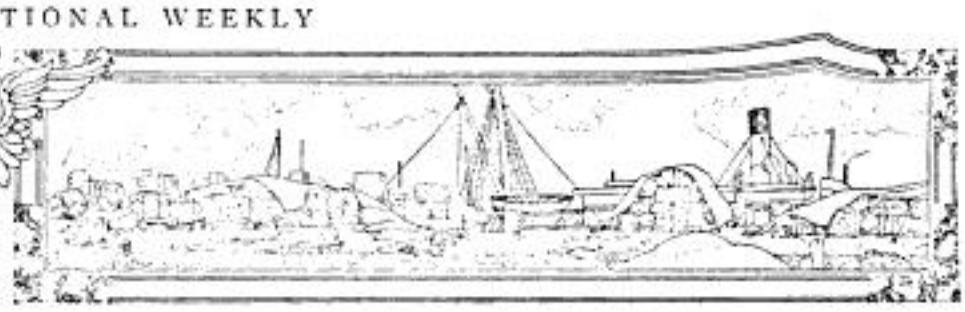
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



His Eyes on Washington





SIMPLIFIED GOVERNMENT

IN ONE STATE there is already on foot a movement, sure to be successful, to do away with the archaic and inefficient system of State Legislatures and substitute for it an adaptation of the commission form of government which has been found so satisfactory for cities. In his final address to the State Legislature in March, Governor HODGES of Kansas said:

In common with a large and growing number of thoughtful people, I am persuaded that the instrumentalities for legislation provided for in our State constitution have become antiquated and inefficient. Our system is fashioned after the English Parliament, with its two Houses based upon the distinction between the nobility and the common people, each House representing the divers interests of these classes. No reason exists in this State for a dual legislative system . . . and I believe that we should now concern ourselves in devising *a system for legislating that will give us more efficiency and quicker response to the demands of our economic and social conditions and to the will of the people.*

In defining just how the new form of government would work in practice, Governor HODGES names:

A legislative assembly of one, or at most two, from each Congressional district.

For Kansas this would mean a body of either eight or sixteen men. Obviously, as to the number, what might be a good rule for Kansas would not work elsewhere, for under a system of two from each Congressional district, New York would have a body with eighty-six members. The most thoughtful students of this innovation who are familiar with the commission form of government as it now works in cities believe that for a State the number should never exceed twenty. Governor HODGES continues:

My judgment is that the Governor should be ex officio a member and presiding officer of this assembly, and that it should be permitted to meet in such frequent and regular or adjourned sessions as the exigencies of the public business may demand; that their terms of office be for four or six years, and that they be paid salaries sufficient to justify them in devoting their entire time to the public business. Such a legislative assembly would not, I believe, be more expensive than our present system. It would centralize responsibility and accountability, and under the check of the recall would be quickly responsive to the wishes of the people.

Governor HODGES apparently would have the Governor elected directly by the people; many advocates of the new idea would have the commission choose its own Governor and other administrative officials, like the Attorney General and Treasurer, from among its own members. But details do not matter. One of the most important facts in contemporary history is the circulation of petitions, now going on in Kansas, looking to this change in the form of State governments. The friendliness of the newspaper indorsements of this idea, printed in COLLIER'S last week, coupled with the inefficiency, even more than usually discreditable, of many of the State Legislatures recently in session, indicates widespread willingness to try this momentous departure in American government.

"THE RULES OF EVIDENCE"

HERE IS A QUOTATION from a New York newspaper, dealing with the case of a State Senator charged with bribery:

. . . EDGAR N. WILSON of Syracuse, who is to be STILWELL'S chief counsel, does not seem to be disturbed over the charges and declares that *if the rules of evidence are observed in the admission of testimony, President* KENDALL *cannot prove his case.*

Coming from a lawyer of experience, this would seem to be a corroboration of much of the criticism directed against the administration of the law. The natural inference of the layman is that if the rules of evidence are *not* observed—if common sense and justice are given a chance—then the accuser will be able to prove his case. In that little newspaper paragraph is a world of legal significance. But the newspaper paragraph which immediately follows the above is still more significant from a political standpoint:

Chairman MURTAUGH, who is a lawyer, insisted to-night that the committee will not consider anything except the charges outlined in KENDALL'S telegram to Governor SULZER, and that *the strict rules of evidence will be observed* so far as lies in his power.

What a symphony of feeling and of soul between the chairman of the investigating committee and the accused Senator's counsel! What have the rules of court procedure to do anyway with a moral issue? Have not the courts troubles enough trying to satisfy the public of their justice without a legislative committee borrowing their discredited rules for whitewashing purposes?

TO PREVENT FLOODS

THOSE WHO ADVOCATE bringing the organization and equipment now finishing the Panama Canal to the United States for river improvement ought to take advantage of the floods in the Central West to strengthen their argument. The distinction—enforced by the Constitution—between what a State can do and what the nation can do—is a powerful obstacle in the way of doing what is sensible. There are few episodes in Washington more discouraging than to see men whose intelligence is as high as that of Senator JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS and Senator BURTON spending several days in debating to find out whether building a levee is meant to improve navigation (which the nation can do), or to protect farm lands (which the Constitution says only the States can do). Anybody who understands the present temper of the people, and sympathizes with the American passion for directness and effectiveness, will not be shocked by the prediction that many of our constitutional rigidities are going to be loosened up by a general revision within a short time.

MR. MORGAN'S FORTUNE

"ESTIMATES OF HIS FORTUNE," says a morning paper, "range from $200,000,000 to $500,000,000." His art collections alone are put at $60,000,000. It will be a year or more before the estate has been inventoried for taxation purposes; but it is improbable that Mr. MORGAN'S fortune ever equaled even the latter sum. Mr. MORGAN was not generally regarded as a very rich man; and it is to be noted that no man has yet died in America with a publicly inventoried estate of $90,000,000. There are probably not more than three men living the value of whose estates exceeds this sum. These are Mr. ROCKEFELLER, Mr. CARNEGIE, and WALDORF ASTOR. Mr. HARRIMAN and JOHN JACOB ASTOR were thought to be worth $150,000,000. Their estates came out at $70,000,000 and $87,000,000.

BRIDGE BUILDERS

THEY FOLLOW REPORTERS, precede relief trains, and are on the spot almost before the crest of the flood has gone down. They were all over Ohio, spinning their quick webs across torrents it seemed nothing could cross. At Zanesville, where the Muskingum rose nearly fifty-two feet, there is a dam, and at the very foot of this dam was a heavy railroad bridge. The flood carried it out and bent its steel girders like so much soft wire. While the muddy water was still thundering over, a steam crane leaned out from the solid shore and delicately lowered a big hairpin-shaped frame of twelve-by-twelve timber. Weighted with railroad iron, it dipped to the bottom, was lifted out, measured, sawed, dipped again. It is nice work fitting one of these "bents" in such a current so that the top will be level and ready to receive beams run out from the shore. Once in place, stringers run out and bolted, ties and rails put down, the crane edged out a little farther, and down went another "bent." Between this and the first a heavy scow was lowered to the water, and suspended in it from the crane's chains, with the flood roaring about them and splashing them with spray, men hauled the dangling "bent" into position at the bottom, a winch engine pulled it taut at the top, and the second beam was bolted on. And so, step by step, the bridge crept across the torrent as surely, neatly almost, as if no water were there. No interviews or medals for the construction gang. Dangling over what might be Niagara's rapids, with helpless idlers watching open-mouthed from the shore, they fight the river with their steel-and-steam giant and their own nimble skill, and at night return, unheralded and unknown, to some side-street hotel. There they eat everything on the bill of fare, and, red-faced, good-natured boys, sprawl before the natural-gas fireplace "like Mars, a-smokin' their pipes and cigars."

THE THING AS IT IS

THERE WERE PERHAPS TWENTY MEN about the table, each a stored museum of little-known facts. One might know the marriage customs of some remote tribe of Eskimos; perhaps another be absorbed at the moment in the ventral fin of a variety of fish found in Nicaragua. On the wall was a map of the world, and on this map were stuck various little flags. One was up in Ellesmere Land, within the Arctic Circle; one in the South Seas; one in the Amazon headwaters, and another on the coast of Peru. On each of these flags was a name, and these names were names of friends and associates of the men about the table—men who were burrowing at the moment into tropical jungles or dragging sledges over the ice. If a letter had arrived at that instant, stained with the travel of months—by mule back, steamer, native courier, goodness knows what—some one would have gone over to the map and moved one of the little flags—perhaps half an inch. "Smith has got up to here," he would say. One of the flags marked a spot on the upper Orinoco, where a mountain rises straight up from the river like an office building from a city street. Nobody knows what there may be on its wide, flat top, for no one has been there—a lost nation perhaps, like the one in CONAN DOYLE'S story. "HUMBOLDT says it can't be climbed," observed one of the men at the table. "Well, we'll see. X—— ought to find out." That was what X—— was there for—to find out. That was the work, almost the religion, of all these men about the table—to find out, to see the thing "as it is," as we say. Four or five of them were leaving the next day to rake a remote tropical jungle with a fine-tooth comb and classify its birds. To come back with three new kinds

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might excite them as much as it would the waiter who was serving them to find three gold mines. Outside, the city thundered—money hunters, steam riveters, chorus girls, trolley-car motormen, perfumed ladies in carriages with poodle dogs—as indifferent to them as they, a handful of scientific persons from the American Museum of Natural History, were to it. Circles within circles innumerable make up that strange thing called a city.

CORSETS

QUITE SERIOUSLY SPEAKING, there is one gain which has been brought about by the revolution and evolution of fashion which is an unqualified and indisputable gain. It is the elimination of the corset as a necessary foundation for conventional dress. Not that corsets have been done away with entirely; they are still on the market, as can be seen in passing any department-store front, and will probably continue to be worn to a considerable extent for some time to come. But it is now possible for a woman of ordinary build and reasonably active habits to walk into a shop, purchase a dress of the conventional make, and wear it in the streets without corsets, and yet not be set down as a hopeless frump or person of questionable modesty. Moreover, corsets are now being made not to distort the body, but to give it the freest and most natural lines possible. The well-dressed woman who wears corsets wants to look as if she didn't. All this is not merely a point of fashion nor even of hygiene. It is a distinct forward step in the civilization of the race. A Chinese diplomat, in the days before the present Westernizing of China began, was defending his country against the charge of being barbarian. He was reminded of the foot-binding practiced on his womankind. "Yes," he replied, "we squeeze our women's feet, but we do not squeeze their waists." The papers derived much merriment from this reply, but it was as serious and biting an arraignment of a civilization as could very well have been made. What custom more cruel and senseless than the old-time corset has ever afflicted a people? MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE, in her recent enlightening book, "Why Women Are So," says of the women of the passing generation:

> The corset, worn originally in Europe as a means of emphasizing sex characters—the bust and the hips—became the armor of respectability for innocent and overmodest women. To be seen without it was not merely slovenly, it was improper, even vulgarly suggestive. As soon as any young girl approached adolescence, she had to put it on. Some mothers said, for propriety's sake; and other mothers that she might have a good figure when she grew to womanhood. That is to say, she must develop the small waist and the large hips and bust, like a French fashion plate, in order to meet the requirements of Puritan modesty.

What could be a more ridiculous reason for thwarting the vigorous development of a growing girl? The makers of fashion will probably try to change again their dictates in this regard. But the history of the corset will probably be like that of the shirt waist and street suit. This costume, much the most comfortable and sensible yet devised for women, was inaugurated against protest: but once established, it has persisted in spite of repeated efforts on the part of dressmakers to eliminate it. In similar manner, once having gotten women out of corsets, let us sincerely hope, for the sake of the future of the race, that their own common sense will keep them from ever being persuaded to get into them again.

A FAMILIAR MARVEL

IT IS NOT EASY to measure the contribution to civilization which was made by the invention of an engine which weighs less than one horse and fills less than one-twentieth of the bulk, but has the power of sixty horses and can keep on giving out that power for as long as fifteen days (the highest record so far) without stopping, in actual work on the road. The eye has become so familiar with automobiles that the mind has ceased to ponder how immeasurably man's subjection to nature was lessened by the inventor of the gasoline engine. And it is not only the automobile—the flying machine also became possible through the invention of the gasoline motor. These reflections are suggested by a coincidence: the appearance of a pamphlet in which Cleveland takes official pride in the fact that the first automobile was sold in that city, by the mechanic who made it, exactly fifteen years ago; and the announcement that the Chicago Automobile Club will conduct in June a nonstop motor run from that city to Boston, covering about 1,250 miles in three days, in which the condition of winning is that from beginning to end the engine shall not cease to run.

ONE IMPRESSION OF WOODROW WILSON

HE WAS BORN to react on men and things, a responsive though disciplined being. And he seldom comes out from a first-hand experience by that same door he went in. He will always be ready to believe that this day may bring him a man with truth—truth that must henceforth be included in his reckoning, though it had not been incorporated in earlier conclusions. Often he will be said to go back on friends, because the friends are unwilling to go forward with him. His life practice is the fulfillment of BERGSON's thesis, that the future is not wholly contained in the past, but that unexpected elements work out into event; that the reason, theorizing on life, has to reshape its judgments and revise its findings as life itself wins over new regions. He cannot be either stampeded or restrained. Like a well-spring, he overflows into fertilizing speech. Fate directed it into the larger channels of national life. But it would have continued to flow just as abundantly in the less-observed currents of literature and lecture.

CUBISMUS

MUCH INK has been spilled for and against the Cubist painters. To the mingled severity and hilarity of their detractors, the defense has opposed explications of the most specific and incomprehensible nature.

> So far as the artist relies on the associated ideas of the objects which he represents, his work is not completely free and pure, since romantic associations imply at least an imagined practical activity.

Thus one of the British defenders of the faith. But LEWIS CARROLL, years before, had expressed the craft philosophy of the cult in words at once simpler and nobler:

> He thought he saw a kangaroo
> That worked a coffee mill:
> He looked again, and found it was
> A vegetable pill.
>
> He thought he saw a rattlesnake
> That questioned him in Greek:
> He looked again, and found it was
> The middle of next week.

The Cubistic crux of the matter is in the words "He looked again." If at first you don't succeed in comprehending a specimen of this art, look, look again. Remember always that the artist of this thrice-blessed school needs no idea for his picture. All that he needs is an emotion and an ambition. Unlike the rule-cramped craftsman of the effete schools, he does not say: "I will now paint a picture of a mountain"; or a cow, or LYDIA E. PINKHAM saving suffering womanhood. Seizing his T square, he says merely: "I will now paint a picture." And he paints it. He doesn't worry about what it's a picture of. He lets the spectators do that. Thus it is delightfully easy to become a Cubist. We ourselves are not much of an artist. Yet with a pair of serviceable shears, a paste pot, and the Forty-first Proposition of the late unlamented Professor EUCLID, we recently produced a masterpiece which was promptly and enthusiastically identified by three highly competent critics as: (*a*) A suffragette riot in a Noah's Ark; (*b*) sketch of a one-legged painter ascending an imaginary ladder backward; (*c*) impressions in dark blue of an argument between a trolley-car conductor and the holder of a time-expired transfer. In our own magnificent intention, the picture was to have been entitled: "Study in Profile of an Overdue Laundry Bill for $2.16." (Observe the Cubistic quality of the amount.) But this didn't matter. Each of the critics had clearly perceived in the picture something which wasn't there. And this is the true test of Post-Impressionistic success. Anyone with a reasonable amount of assurance can achieve it. Doubtless thousands will. So long as blank paper remains a temptation, and the sharpened pencil a stimulant to untrammeled and untutored self-expression, so long will the new school of revolt flourish and nourish richly upon its own abounding self-esteem.

HEALTH

THERE WAS A BANK CLERK who saw the men of his own age losing health year by year through overwork, indoor sedentary life, and lack of daily exercise. He saw them growing yellow and flabby and unfit, and the spectacle didn't attract him. He decided that success had better come late, or even not at all, rather than at the price of a ruined body. Health became to him the choicest of the mercies, the best of life's comrades. Up and away the person in health can dash—to another job, to another clime, master of his fate. Ill health is a chain that ties to the dreariness of what is nearest at hand. After a youth of weakness and fatigue the man was happy in finding that an hour of exercise a day changed the aspect of the outer world, and removed him for all time from the ranks of the unfit.

TO OUR READERS

FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS COLLIER'S, at the price of 10 cents a copy and $5.50 a year, has reached each week about five hundred thousand families. It is believed that a reduction of the price to 5 cents a copy and $2.50 per year will make the paper accessible to a very much larger number of people. The reduction will be made, therefore, with the issue of May 3. At the same time certain additions to the present methods of distribution will be made, such as will make the paper much more easy of access to the public. Those of our friends who are good enough to believe that this paper is useful will share our satisfaction over the increase in our reading public.

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If possible a number of fires will be made the same night, so that the fire department will have less chance of putting out any of them until damage enough has been done for a total loss

A Partnership in Fires

VIII *of "The Business of Arson"*

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

¶ **THIS** *is the concluding article of an epoch-making series. In the three months during which the articles have been appearing in Collier's the movement for the reform of the fire insurance methods responsible for the increase of arson has become national.*

ANY vital study of the stock fire insurance business in America to-day must, essentially, be a study of a great and necessary business in process of moral decay; the most direct proof of which lies in this:

In almost every important metropolitan office building devoted to fire insurance you will find the offices of at least one man who—as is perfectly well known to all his fellow tenants—is simply a business manager of arson. Henry G. Freeman, just convicted in New York as an arranger of fires and a hirer of fire bugs, had been known as such for years. His office was at 123 William Street, which is likewise the address of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange and the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

The American business manager of arson is in such buildings because he is now the partner of the real master of American fire insurance, the broker, with whom he shares his profits. The insurance companies tolerate him because of their dread of all publicity in the business, and because of their fear of his broker partner, through whom the best of their business comes. He calls himself a "public adjuster."

THE GENUINE PUBLIC ADJUSTER AND THE CRIMINAL

A GENUINE public adjuster is a skilled accountant and appraiser who, after a large or complex fire, comes to the help of the assured, shows him how to draw up his inventories and "proofs of loss," and make his insurance collection.

In not five fires in a thousand is such skilled help necessary. And the adjusting of fire losses should no more be left to private individuals than the probating of wills or the transference of property. But in its essence the adjusting of fire losses is a perfectly legitimate profession. It began by being so. There are real public adjusters who are to-day practicing it honorably and usefully. And wherever throughout these articles I attack without qualification the crooked public adjuster, please remember that honorable members of the profession exist and must be kept in mind.

The condition which affords the crooked public adjuster his opportunity is this:

If it can avoid it, the average American fire company will almost never contest a claim in court. If the fire is criminal the company knows that it was, most often, the practices of its own insurance sellers which opened the door for the crime to be committed. If the fire, in itself, was accidental, but the loss claim has been fraudulently "padded" or increased, the legal costs and the costly notoriety will in general mean loss to the company in the end. Anyone, then, who has learned how best to cover up criminality, "pad" loss claims, and take advantage of the most palpable weaknesses of insurance law can, in America, go to a man who has had an "honest" fire and show him, under the guise of adjusting his loss, how he can make it profitable. He can go to a man who has had a crooked fire and show him how to make it still more profitable. And, at the same time, since the insurance company pays all, he can collect a handsome graft profit for himself.

THE $50 LOSS WHICH BECOMES $800

WE NOW have such "public adjusters" in almost every large city on the continent. Merely in making accidential fires profitable, they probably increase by 40 per cent the cost of fires and fire insurance wherever they work. The number of originally honest people whom they have corrupted and turned into fire bugs cannot be told. And, as a rule, they swindle those they cannot corrupt.

They are, wherever possible, bribers of firemen and fire patrolmen, of fire marshals, and the loss adjusters of the insurance companies themselves. They have learned what companies can be bled most easily. They have learned how to procure crooked invoices and proofs of loss from jobbers and wholesalers who themselves have had criminal fires. They can show the shady merchant how he can keep his books so that he can have a fire at any time and still be sure of a profit. Their methods are in general wholly shameless and successful.

"There are cases," testified Fire Marshal Beers of New York, in 1911, "where the probable loss amounts to $50 or $60. When they come to my office"—after the public adjuster has been to them—"they produce a schedule which amounts to $800 or $900. He tells them to stand stiff and hang out sixty days, and they will get the money. The company has to pay it. And the more they [the insured] get, the more he gets." This is because the public adjuster makes his contracts on a commission basis—five, ten, twenty per cent—and everything he can get above a fixed amount.

These are the phases of the criminal public adjuster's activities which most often appear upon the surface. And many thoroughly crooked adjusters do not go beyond this stage. But, within five years after New York had been given its first gentry who were in the business of making fires profitable, it discovered that half of them had taken the next step: they were planning and arranging the fire itself. In America arson had its business managers.

THE BUSINESS MANAGERS OF ARSON

IN THE main, the secrecy of the fire insurance business has covered these parasites of the business as a dozen sorts of field vermin are covered by every large flat stone. In 1896 the stone was lifted for a few months in New York by District Attorney Davis. It was lifted again in 1904 by Assistant District Attorney Garvan. In both cases there was the same rush for cover; in both cases a few public adjusters were captured. But with every letting down of the stone again, their number has only doubled and trebled. They make the condition of which all our "arson trust" revelations are merely so many symptoms. Behind every "arson trust" headline in the last two years there has been a public adjuster—often several.

In the recent sensational revelations of arson in New York, Assistant District Attorney Weller has shown that at the bottom of every case there is a public adjuster. The work of State's Attorney Hoyne and Assistant State's Attorney Johnston has been daily revealing the same condition in Chicago. Prosecuting Attorney Montgomery of South Bend, Ind., has revealed the same thing. And Prosecutor Wright of Bergen County could tell the same story for New Jersey. Other investigations are under way in Fort Wayne, Ind., Louisville, Omaha, and Kansas City. And in every case professional arson is shown to have had the same business manager.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

THE crooked public adjuster is, first, a teacher of arson. I quote from the case of Isador Stein, who in February was given twelve years in Sing Sing for arson in New York. Robert J. Rubin, the public adjuster in his case, had for some time been using him as a tool, but had not paid him.

"He told me I could make a fire for myself," said Stein; "for the flat on 135th Street he told me he had got me a dandy policy—one for $800.

"The fire wasn't any trouble at all. I took out all my best clothes and put some burned rags in to take their place. Rubin was there to show me how to do it so that we wouldn't lose much, though the fire would look pretty serious.

"'Make it a clothes-closet fire this time,' he told me. 'Your furniture is too good to burn up.'

"So I dropped a little benzine in the closet on top of the burned rags and then threw in a match. The engines got there too quick. All my damage was $3.50. The sideboard was scorched a little, but nothing else but a couple of chairs was smoked.

"'It will be all right,' he said. 'And don't be afraid of anything. Pretend you don't know me. I will arrange the whole business and get the money for you. Put in a few more burned rags—it will make your fire look better.'

"We were paid all right without any trouble. They sent for me when they were ready to settle the claim and allowed me $410 on my $3.50 loss." I quote again:

"He, 'Doe,' told me there was lots of money in the fire business," says one Louis Gettelson of a Chicago public adjuster now under twenty-one indictments for arson, "and that everybody was getting money from the insurance companies. He showed me the houses that he was settling for and showed me the money, and said that I should get a place somewhere and that he would have a man set fire to it.

"I engaged a rear tenement flat at —— West Thirteenth Street and bought $318 worth of furniture, which I placed inside and took out insurance to the extent of $1,350. He told me that a man would come for my key at two o'clock [this was the 'touch-off man,' or 'mechanic,' who actually sets the fire], and that after the fire another man [the 'solicitor'] would show me his card; and for me to give him my policy."

TO CRIPPLE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

ALL went well. Four hundred dollars in insurance was paid, of which Gettelson was given about half. He moved to another rear tenement flat at —— West Thirteenth Street, and soon decided that he would like to have a second fire.

At first "Doe" objected to the new location: **"He says," testified Gettelson, "two or three times I have had a loss there already. I do not think I can use that house." That is, it might be difficult to procure new insurance. However, on furniture for which he had paid $134 Gettelson obtained a policy for $1,000. And "in about two weeks 'Doe' had insured the house for $12,000."** How does the public adjuster obtain the insurance? We shall come to that in due course.

Gettelson now had to wait some time till the "touch-off man" completed all his arrangements. (If possible a number of fires will be made the same night, so that the fire department will have less chance of putting out any of them until damage enough has been done for a "total loss.") "You'll have to wait till there is a lot ready," Gettelson was told. . . .

"The man who was to make the fire was to come to the house at six-thirty o'clock in the evening. He did not get there until eight. He asked me to get him a pint of beer. He said he was all tired out, he had had so many jobs. And he said he had four more to do, so he must hurry. . . . Everything was burned up," adds Gettelson; "it was a big fire because the fire department were at another fire."

AN INCOME FROM ARSON

BOTH confessions above are from the sworn affidavits of men awaiting long terms in the penitentiary. Robert J. Rubin, the adjuster mentioned in the first, "arranged from 500 to 750 small tenement fires a year, and had an income from them of about $12,000." The "John Doe" of the second, until his arrest, kept three automobiles constantly in use, and possessed a cellar full of champagne. But both are considered as alike picayune,



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and almost honorable, compared with many of their competitors in the business.

It is on the adjusting not of household but of mercantile losses that the big profits are made. Henry G. Freeman, the public adjuster last convicted in New York, was making at least $25,000 a year from "business fires." "They watch the municipal courts," says an insider, "the collection agencies, and other sources of information upon the man in financial straits." If he can be offered the one thing which can avert bankruptcy, that is the public adjuster's opportunity. "An agent," or "fixer," "calls upon the man in trouble, suggests to him where he can obtain more insurance, and winds up by offering to arrange a fire for him. If the man in financial straits has a business friend who has profited by a crooked fire, the latter can generally be persuaded or blackmailed by the crooked adjuster into providing the first introductions.

In one recent Chicago case, the go-between was actually induced to put up the $200 demanded for preliminary expenses. "He then took S—— to the two fire insurance adjusters in La Salle Street, where the arrangements to burn the store were closed." In this case the public adjusters were paid $300 before the job, and 15 per cent of the amount of insurance collected, which was $6,500.

During the last three years there have been many Chicago mercantile fires which have yielded the public adjuster from $2,000 to $5,000. And when Chicago has had little business to offer, their traveling "solicitors" have in general been able to find them all the business they could handle out of town.

Five of Chicago's eleven public adjusters now under indictment for arson are also under indictment for fires in other cities.

During the last two years Chicago adjusters have arranged fires in Milwaukee, Fort Wayne, South Bend, and Remington, Ind.; St. Joseph, Joplin, Omaha, and Kansas City.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD "TOUCH-OFF MAN"

THE Chicago investigations of the last few months have shown that the most valuable asset to the public adjuster is a good "touch-off man." If he is really capable he will often take charge of everything but the procuring and the collection of the insurance. Sometimes he will pick up bungled jobs and make them right even after the fire.

For example, the proprietors of a clothing store in a suburb of Chicago tried to make a fire for themselves. It was discovered almost at once, and the firemen had it out with practically no damage. It was an hour of need. The clothing merchants telephoned to a firm of public adjusters in The Loop, and their "touch-off man" was sent out at once.

"It was a bum job," he said. "But dig a hole in the back yard and bury the stuff you soaked with kerosene. Then borrow a hose and soak your stock. Water it down. You can collect on that." Wherever possible, after all fires which have been only partial successes, there is such "watering down."

But the "touch-off man" of experience makes a success of his job from the beginning. And during the last few years in Chicago three at least became such adepts, each in his own manner, that after the fire the insurance men could identify the work. "It's another Fink fire or K—— fire, or S—— fire," they would say. For one would practically always do a "sprinkled job": he would spray the gasoline so that only the stock would be destroyed. Another made "blow-out," or explosion, fires; sometimes he would use as much as sixty gallons for one explosion. The third used a number of spring-water bottles filled with benzine and gasoline, connected by fuses, and accordingly his explosions would come in a series. By the identification of the work of the "touch-off man," the identity of his employer could also be established, and the insurance people would know which public adjuster would, in all probability, have the settlement of the loss.

Some public adjusters, however, were constantly trying to steal each other's "touch-off men." One finally made sure of *his* by having him live in the apartment across the hall from him.

STEALING FIRES

FIRES were also "stolen." To "steal" a fire, you wait until a rival public adjuster has the burn-out well under preparation. Then you swoop down upon the owner of the premises, and, under threats of exposure, compel him to turn over its settlement to yourself.

After a particularly terrifying "steal," one big Chicago adjuster, according to report, was able to divide the entire proceeds of the fire between himself and his "touch-off man." However, shortly afterward one of his own fires was stolen in an Indiana city, and another in Chicago itself. The details of the latter affair are interesting:

A large men's furnishing store was to be burned. The rival adjuster had been tipped off; and with his "touch-off man" he lay in wait in a saloon across the street. When the expressman arrived with the gasoline, he misread the address given him and started to carry the bottles into a five-and-ten-cent store next door. Whereupon the lurking adjuster hurried forth, gave him the correct address, and himself helped carry in the "fluid." Then very briefly he informed the store owner that if he would kindly hand over the insurance policies—the public adjuster almost always insists on having them "as security"—he would arrange a fire that would be worth the money. The store owner had to send piteously to public adjuster Number One for his policies. When they had been duly delivered, public adjuster Number Two got his "touch-off man" to work, and the fire was brought off and the insurance collected as per schedule. It is not four months since three Chicago public adjusters all claimed the same fire, and came to blows over it.

THE PARTNERSHIP

I HAVE so far confined the story most largely to Chicago. This is only because, so far, the plowshare of investigation in Chicago has gone deeper and provided the greatest amount of evidence. If in the last seven months eleven public adjusters have been indicted for arson in Chicago and only five in New York, that means nothing.

"I want you to know," says H. H. Glidden, the manager of the Chicago Board of Fire Underwriters, "that things ain't one bit better in Boston, or St. Louis, or New York." Which, in the case of New York, is unquestionably true. And I have now reached a chapter where the evidence can be provided most largely by New York.[1]

The public adjuster has been protected and kept from public notice in the past, and, wherever possible, he is being protected and kept from public notice now, because for at least ten years he has had as a partner the seller of fire insurance in our great cities, the insurance broker. And he is beginning now to make a partner of the insurance agent of our small towns. With that partner he divides his earnings. In New York insurance slang, this is known as "the divvy." Where the procuring of the insurance for a house or a store or a stock of merchandise may net the broker partner $15, the burning of that house or store or stock of merchandise will bring him $150, $250, $300!

"Excepting the small losses picked up by nighthawk solicitors—and not excepting all of them"—I quote from a "Losses and Adjustments" report issued by the New York Board of Fire Underwriters on January 19, 1910—**"the public adjuster's business comes to him almost wholly through arrangements with certain brokers with whom he divides (for the most part equally) the commissions he receives for the adjustments."**

This 1910 report speaks of "certain brokers." In 1913 your difficulty will not be to find a broker who takes these profits on fires, but to find one who does not. There are such, and I have talked to them. But they are few.

I quote from testimony taken during the trial of one George Grütz, a New York insurance broker who in February was convicted of arson:

"You and N——" (the public adjuster in the case who is now awaiting trial for arson) "do business together, do you not?" asked Assistant District Attorney Weller.

"I was not in partnership with *him*."

Q. "You divide whatever business you give N——?"

A. "Every broker does the same."

Q. "And is that the custom among brokers and adjusters? Is that the general custom?"

A. "Yes, sir; every broker does the same thing."

THE BIGGER THE BROKER, THE BIGGER HIS POCKETS

BUT Grütz was only a "little" broker. Can this possibly hold true for the big ones? Here is the answer:

"Don't imagine," writes Thrasher Hall, a thoroughly reputable Chicago public adjuster, "that these practices are confined to the small fry. Scratch deep enough and you find the bigger the broker, the bigger his pockets, and the harder they are to fill. Dame Rumor has it that one of the biggest firms of brokers in New York demand and receive from a certain firm of public adjusters 65 per cent of the fee these adjusters charge on business influenced to them by these brokers. So that this itching palm is not inherent with any particular or exclusive set."

And, further:

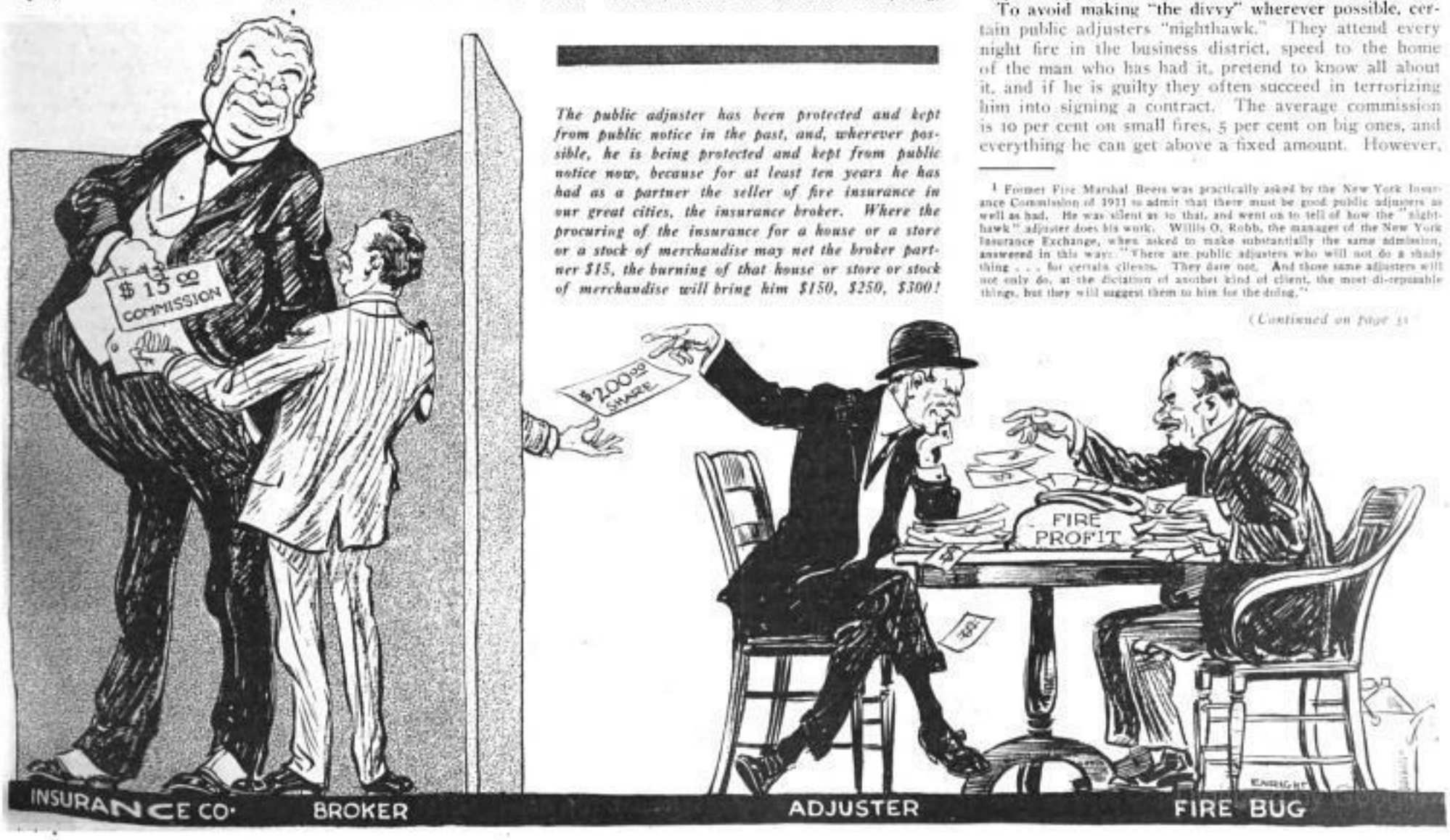
"They" (public adjusters) "have been accustomed to being held up by the brokers so long that the graft has with them become a sort of second nature. If one of them should experience the strange feeling of collecting a fee for a loss he had settled, and did not have to cough up half to the broker, it would sure feel like easy money from home."

To avoid making "the divvy" wherever possible, certain public adjusters "nighthawk." They attend every night fire in the business district, speed to the home of the man who has had it, pretend to know all about it, and if he is guilty they often succeed in terrorizing him into signing a contract. The average commission is 10 per cent on small fires, 5 per cent on big ones, and everything he can get above a fixed amount. However,

[1] Former Fire Marshal Beers was practically asked by the New York Insurance Commission of 1911 to admit that there must be good public adjusters as well as bad. He was silent as to that, and went on to tell of how the "nighthawk" adjuster does his work. Willis O. Robb, the manager of the New York Insurance Exchange, when asked to make substantially the same admission, answered in this way: "There are public adjusters who will not do a shady thing . . . for certain clients. They dare not. And those same adjusters will not only do, at the dictation of another kind of client, the most disreputable things, but they will suggest them to him for the doing."

(Continued on page 31)

The public adjuster has been protected and kept from public notice in the past, and, wherever possible, he is being protected and kept from public notice now, because for at least ten years he has had as a partner the seller of fire insurance in our great cities, the insurance broker. Where the procuring of the insurance for a house or a store or a stock of merchandise may net the broker partner $15, the burning of that house or store or stock of merchandise will bring him $150, $250, $300!



The Saving Hope in Cancer

Which will you believe in — ?

***"Cancer can be successfully treated by the knife. It can be eradicated permanently, and the patient absolutely cured in the majority of cases where the operation is undertaken in the earliest stages of the disease. There is no chance of recovery except in surgery. The cancer is surely progressive so long as it, or any part of it, remains in the body."*—Statement by the Cancer Campaign Committee of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.**

***"That the knife has been a failure in the treatment of cancer no one will deny, in the light of statistics, which show that nearly ninety-seven out of every one hundred persons who have the cancerous growth removed with the knife, sooner or later die of cancer. . . . I will give one thousand dollars if I fail. . . . Nine thousand cured without knife or pain."*—From the lying advertisements of S. R. Chamlee, cancer quack.**

—Science ? or *Quackery ?*

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

NO OTHER disease is making such formidable inroads upon modern life as cancer. A generation ago it did not figure importantly in the mortality statistics. To-day it is one of the principal causes of death in this country. Almost every State which pretends to maintain the "bookkeeping of humanity," as vital statistics have been aptly termed, gives this scourge place among the major destroyers of life. In Ohio it ranks fifth in fatality among all diseases; in Pennsylvania, sixth; in Maryland, seventh; in New York, fourth; and in Minnesota, third, being exceeded there only by tuberculosis and pneumonia. New York's figures give an indication of its startling increase. In 1880, for every 100,000 of population, there were 33.6 deaths from cancer; in 1912, 85.9; in the decade from 1900 to 1910 the death rate from this disease has jumped 31 per cent. Presumably this same ratio would be approximated in the nation at large. There are no complete figures; but, on the basis of what is known, it is safe to say that not less than 85,000 Americans will die this year of the various forms of malignant tumor, most of them of cancer.

"We Can Save the Life"

WHAT defense has medical science offered to this terrific onslaught? None until the present. Physicians, bacteriologists, laboratory investigators, and field workers have groped in blind hopefulness for a cure. Some day, perhaps, they will find it. Up to now the results may be accurately expressed by the figure zero. Serums have proved useless; acids worse than useless. Concentrated ray treatment has been, in the main, a mere waste of time, radium no more than a palliative in extreme cases, and internal drugging wholly ineffective. Medicine has sought to cure the cancer, and has lamentably failed. Now comes forward surgery, with a new, confident, and provable claim, saying:

"We cannot cure the cancer, but we can save the life."

With this as the foreword of their campaign, the Cancer Campaign Committee of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America has entered upon a propaganda of education, designed to save the dreadful and needless waste of life from this scourge by teaching the public these main truths:

Cancer is usually preventable. A large majority of cancer sufferers are curable by prompt and early treatment. The only hope is in surgery; the strong hope is in early surgery. Time is life; delay is death.

Getting the Start of the Disease

SINCE nothing is known of the primal cause of the disease, whether it comes from a germ, or whether it is inexplicably connected with diet, environment, or heredity, it might seem an absurdity to speak with assurance of prevention. But we prevent smallpox effectually by vaccination, although nothing is known of the fundamental nature of the pest. In cancer this much is definitely established: that practically no malignant tumor on the surface of the body develops except from a previous lump or sore which is not in itself malignant. By analogy experts reason that internal cancer develops mainly from sores, lesions, or persistent irritations in the various organs: cancer of the stomach from gastric ulcer; cancer of the breast from small benign tumors or irritation set up by derangements of the structure; cancer of the gall bladder from gallstone lesions; cancer of the uterus from persistent inflammation, and so on. Proof of the intimate connection between innocent sores and cancer is abundant and conclusive. In India the rough betel nut is carried in the hollow of the cheek. Cancer of the cheek is the commonest form there. Elsewhere it is one of the rarest. Cancer of the groin, at the spot where the swinging "saddle" chafes, is the peculiar ailment of the chimney sweep. A certain tribe of Asia wear charcoal pans upon the abdomen in winter. Among them develops an external cancer of the abdomen, never seen in other people. Clay-pipe smokers are peculiarly liable to cancer of the lips; other smokers to cancer of the tongue. The leading American authority on external cancers writes me:

I have studied over 1,000 cases of cancer of the skin, of the face, of the neck, of the extremities, lips, and tongue. In every instance there has been a previous defect in the skin or mucous membrane, which defect has been recognized by the individual and allowed to remain for weeks, months, or years; even when it showed changes and increased in size, the patients have continued to put off treatment.

In my investigation of cancer of the lips and tongue, burns from smoking and white patches on the lip and tongue, which develop with some excessive smokers, are found to be the most frequent precancerous lesions. I am quite convinced that no man should die of cancer of the lip or tongue if he stops smoking when these white patches appear, and if he has any little sore from a burn excised when it does not heal in two or three weeks.

The Fallacy of Fatalism

I CANNOT *find among my own cases, nor in the literature, a case of cancer of the gum about the teeth, except with a definite previous history of decayed teeth. Good dentistry will prevent cancer of the gum. I am also inclined to think that proper treatment of diseases within the nose will prevent cancer here and in the jaw. Treated in the early, precancerous period, 100 per cent of the external cases should get well. Treated in the very beginning of cancer, 80 per cent should get well. Treated when the lymphatic glands are involved, only 20 per cent or less are cured.*

Around internal cancer has grown up an almost impenetrable superstition of fatalism. "If it's cancer, it's hopeless." So said the physician of a quarter of a century ago. So says the general public to-day. (Incidentally, they said it of consumption twenty-five years ago; but nobody says it now; and because nobody says it now, tuberculosis is being cured all about us by being taken in time.) Pessimism is the worst enemy which the new educational movement must fight. Hopelessness is the first hydra head to be cut off. We have seen that external cancer is both preventable and susceptible of complete elimination. But externally and internally, cancer (I am speaking now of carcinoma, which is overwhelmingly the commonest form) is precisely the same disease. The malignant tumor outside is less often fatal than the malignant tumor inside, mainly because it is discovered earlier. There it is, patent to the eye, and the surgeon is appealed to before the deadly process of spreading through the lymphatic glands has begun. Inside it is not so soon recognized. The difference is not one of the nature of the disease, but of time. Taken with equal promptitude, the internal carcinoma, allowing for the greater difficulty of operation, should be treated as successfully as the external.

Halting the "Creeping Destruction"

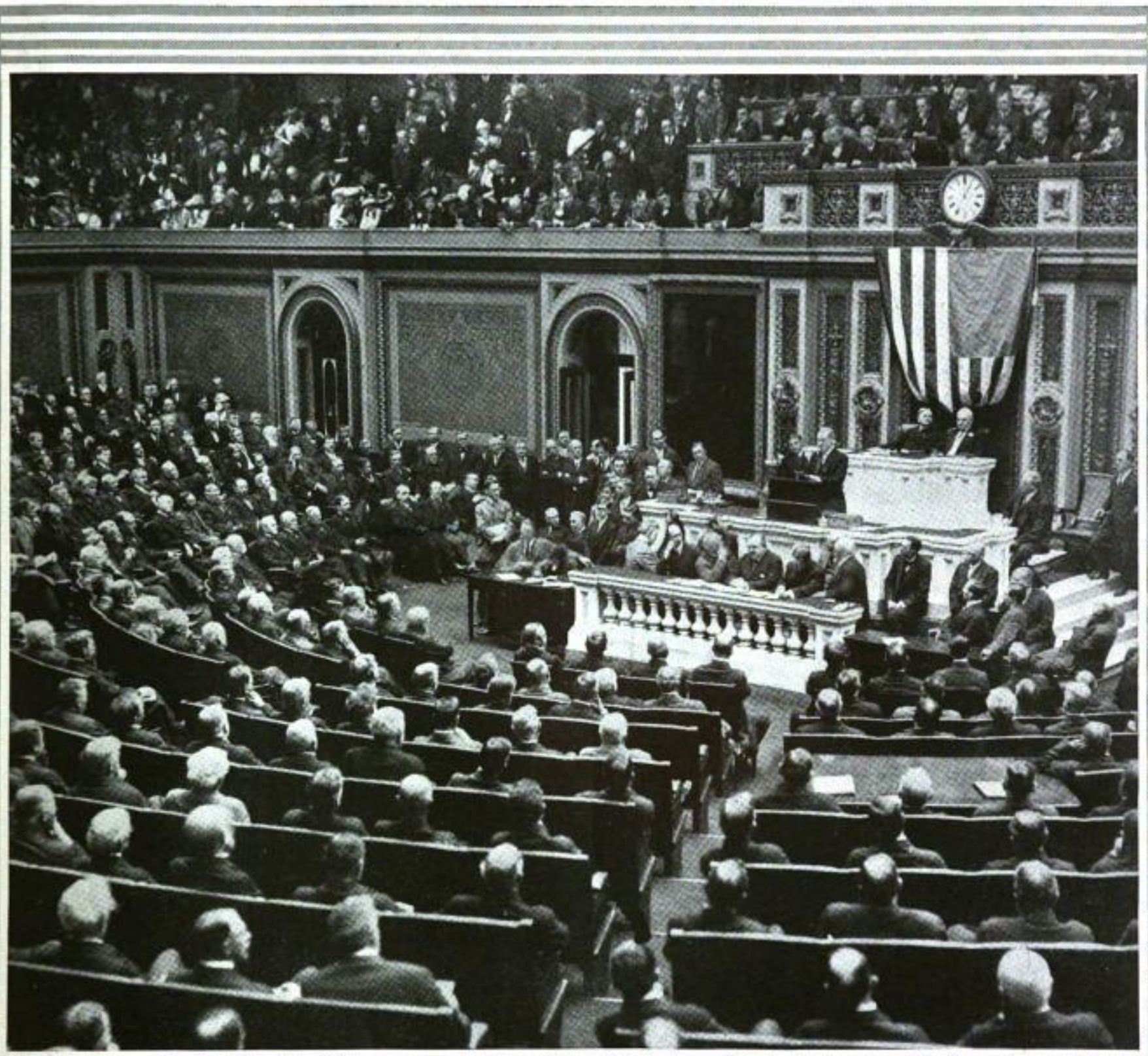
TAKE cancer of the breast, the "creeping destruction" of our grandmothers. Within the memory of the middle-aged this scourge was regarded as sure death. As late as 1890 Dr. Agnew, a great surgeon and a great instructor, told his class at the University of Pennsylvania that he never saved a patient with cancer of the breast. To-day at least 40 per cent of all breast cancers are operated on with permanent success. Where the patient comes to the operating table in the early stages of the ailment, upward of 80 per cent recover and have no return of the growth: that is, the chances are at least four to one in the patient's favor. But the operation must be early, and it must be complete. The whole breast must be excised, and usually the glands of the arm pit. The first operation is the last chance. If the cancer is not totally eradicated it will reappear and surely kill. What is true of cancer of the breast is equally true where the disease attacks other internal organs. Early diagnosis and immediate operation win the day. Carcinoma of the uterus, a very common form, gives certain danger signals, which any woman may learn of from her physician. If the growth is in the body of the uterus, early operation will save at least three-fourths of the cases; if in the neck of the organ, the outlook is less favorable, but still hopeful. Intestinal cancer usually checks the digestive action in the early stages of the growth, and thus imperatively demands surgical treatment before the poison has spread through the lymphatic glands. Not less than 75 per cent of these early "self-diagnosing" cases recover after the operation and live out their normal span of life. Even cancer of the stomach, long regarded as hopelessly inoperable, is now wholly cured in many cases. I have recently been over the figures of a famous hospital which treats more stomach cancer than any other institution in America—figures based on a very conservative estimate and covering a five-year record of cases—and these show that, taking the cases as they come, the desperate chances with the favorable, the operation is permanently successful in more than 25 per cent of instances. Does this seem a small ratio? Remember that only yesterday the average surgeon would have made the estimate read 0 per cent. And, with early diagnosis, that 25 per cent might well be raised to 50 per cent or 60 per cent.

"Taking external and internal manifestations together," says one of the Cancer Campaign Committee's experts, "it is my opinion that in the very early cancerous period the cancer patient has a better chance than the victim of tuberculosis."

Time, the Life Factor

EARLY diagnosis—finding out in time—therein lies all the difference between life and death. In the light of modern surgery, the word "hopeless" is applicable to malignant tumors only in the late stages. And it is due to ignorance or procrastination on the part of the patient if the disease reaches the late stages. For cancer is like the rattlesnake in this—that it almost invariably gives early warning. Once having learned to recognize and heed the signal, the public will have established its best

(Continued on page 25)



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A President Again Appears Before Congress

PRESIDENT WILSON'S personal delivery of his message at the opening of Congress was dramatic and had historic significance in more ways than was generally realized. That it was the first time in 113 years for a President to deliver his address in person was obvious and striking. A much smaller number of people realized that it was the first time for a man of Southern birth and sympathies to act as President of the United States since Zachary Taylor. That it was the first time for the Democrats to have control of every branch of the government for twenty years was quite generally commented on; that it was the first time since the Civil War when the South has been in complete control of the Government was not so widely known. Finally it was the first occasion for fifty years when there was a third party in the House, fully organized, and formally recognized by the other two parties.

President Wilson's appearance was dramatic, but the general effect was one of very cold ceremoniousness. The reason for this lies in the fact that Congress realizes fully just what President Wilson's departure signifies. Congress and the Senate both know that it means a diminution of their prestige; President Wilson realizes the wish of the people of the United States to visualize their Government at Washington, to fix responsibility on some one man—and he proposes to be that man. In the past it has been some one who arose to power in the House or Senate and dictated terms to the occupant of the White House.

President Wilson proposes that he himself shall be the Cannon and Aldrich of his Administration. Congress resents this, just as they resented Mr. Roosevelt's swinging of the big stick and formally protested against it. They resent what President Wilson is doing and will resist it just as far as they have courage, just as far as they think they can go without incurring the disapprobation of the public. In the present feeling of the public for President Wilson, this isn't very far and Congress knows it. President Wilson took grave and uncalled-for risks to his prestige and dignity. His act is one of those things which is magnificent if you succeed, but humiliating if you fail. And there is no way of knowing in advance which it will be.

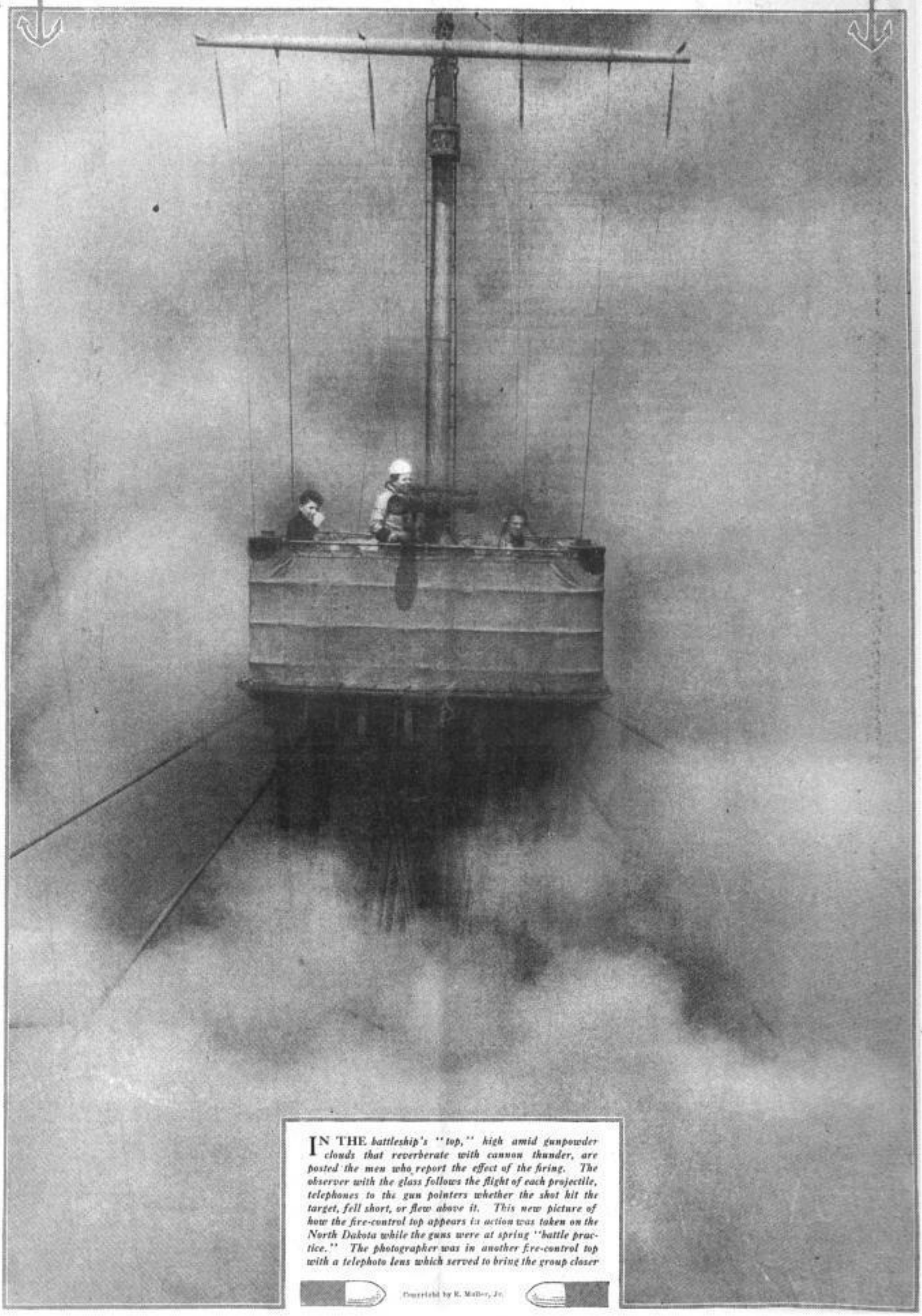
It was the first occasion when the Lower House of Congress was so large in numbers as to make necessary the elimination of desks and the substitution of mere benches (the present Lower House contains 435 men: 44 more than ever before). Some observers find in this a presage of closer attention to the debates on the part of individual members and therefore more satisfactory legislation. What is more probable is an early recognition that 435 is much too large a body under a constitution which permits no function to be delegated. The spectacle of 435 men spending a hundred thousand dollars' worth of time debating whether a doorkeeper shall receive nine hundred or a thousand dollars a year is likely to lead to a demand for constitutional changes in the direction of elasticity and efficiency. For sixty-one years, from 1804 until 1865, no change was made in the Constitution of the United States. Then the convulsion of civil war made several necessary; they were completed by 1870. Then, for forty-two years, no other change was made. During the past year two changes have been adopted; these two are the beginning of a period of constitutional revision which will last for several years.

Out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships in the House, twenty-eight are held by Southerners. In the Senate the chairman of the Finance Committee is from North Carolina. Practically all the other important committee chairmanships have fallen to the same section. The President, five members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court are Southerners.

MARK SULLIVAN.

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In the Fire-Control Top

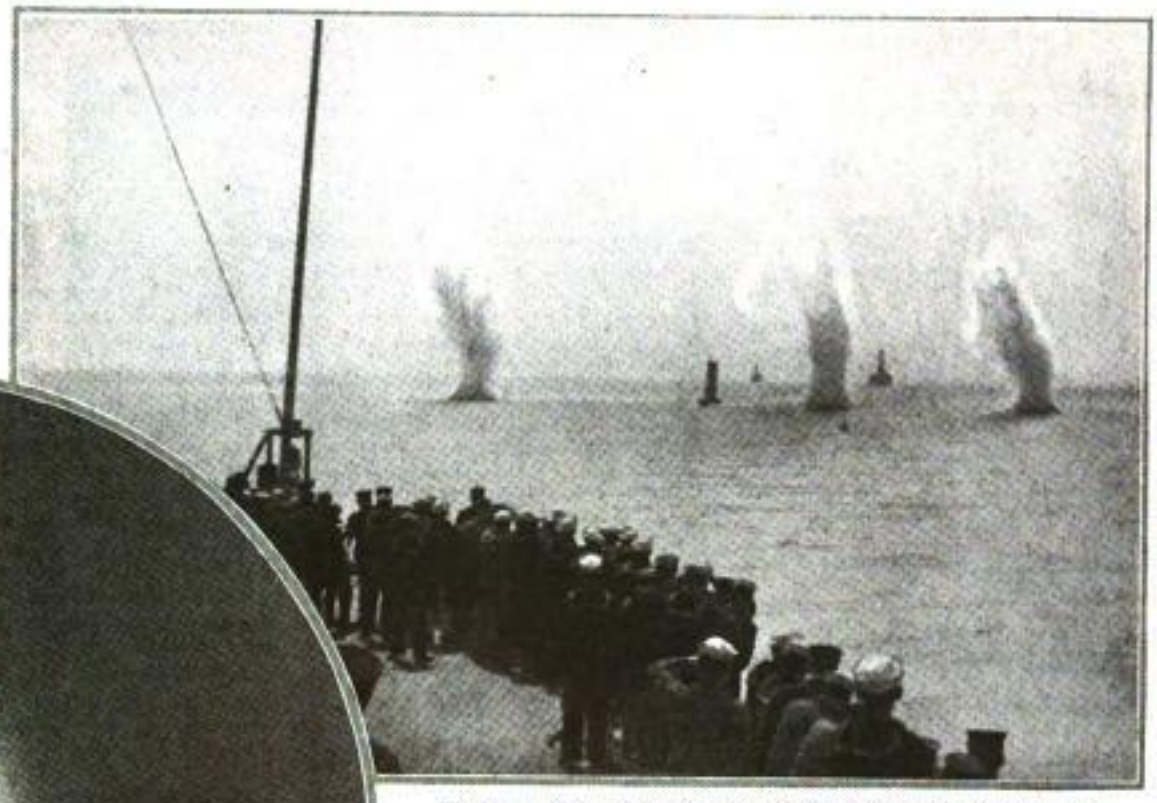


IN THE *battleship's "top," high amid gunpowder clouds that reverberate with cannon thunder, are posted the men who report the effect of the firing. The observer with the glass follows the flight of each projectile, telephones to the gun pointers whether the shot hit the target, fell short, or flew above it. This new picture of how the fire-control top appears in action was taken on the North Dakota while the guns were at spring "battle practice." The photographer was in another fire-control top with a telephoto lens which served to bring the group closer*

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The Atlantic Fleet at Battle Practice

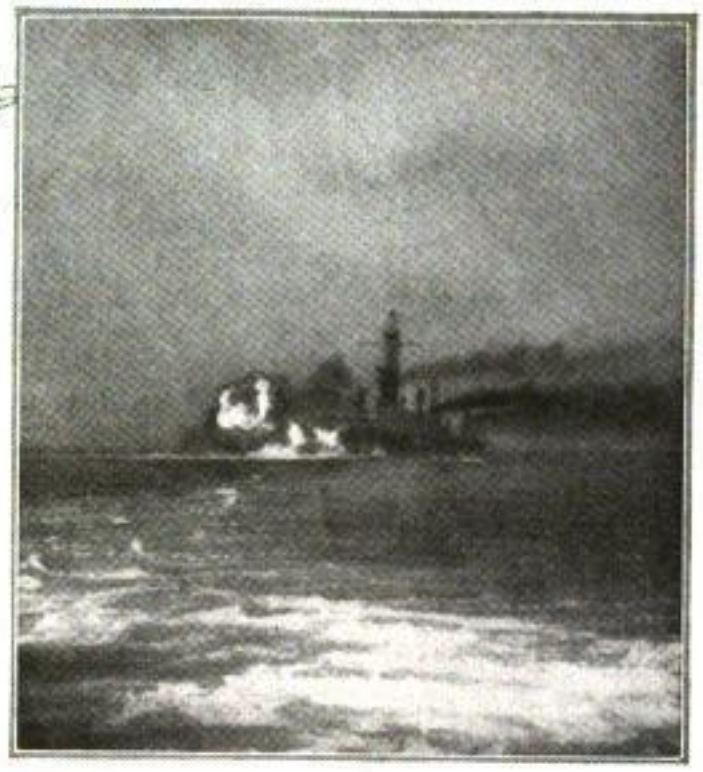


These shots, fired by the Idaho from a distance of more than a mile, splashed close to the target and were counted as hits



Photographs Copyright by E. Muller, Jr.

The glare of the Idaho's gun-fire at night

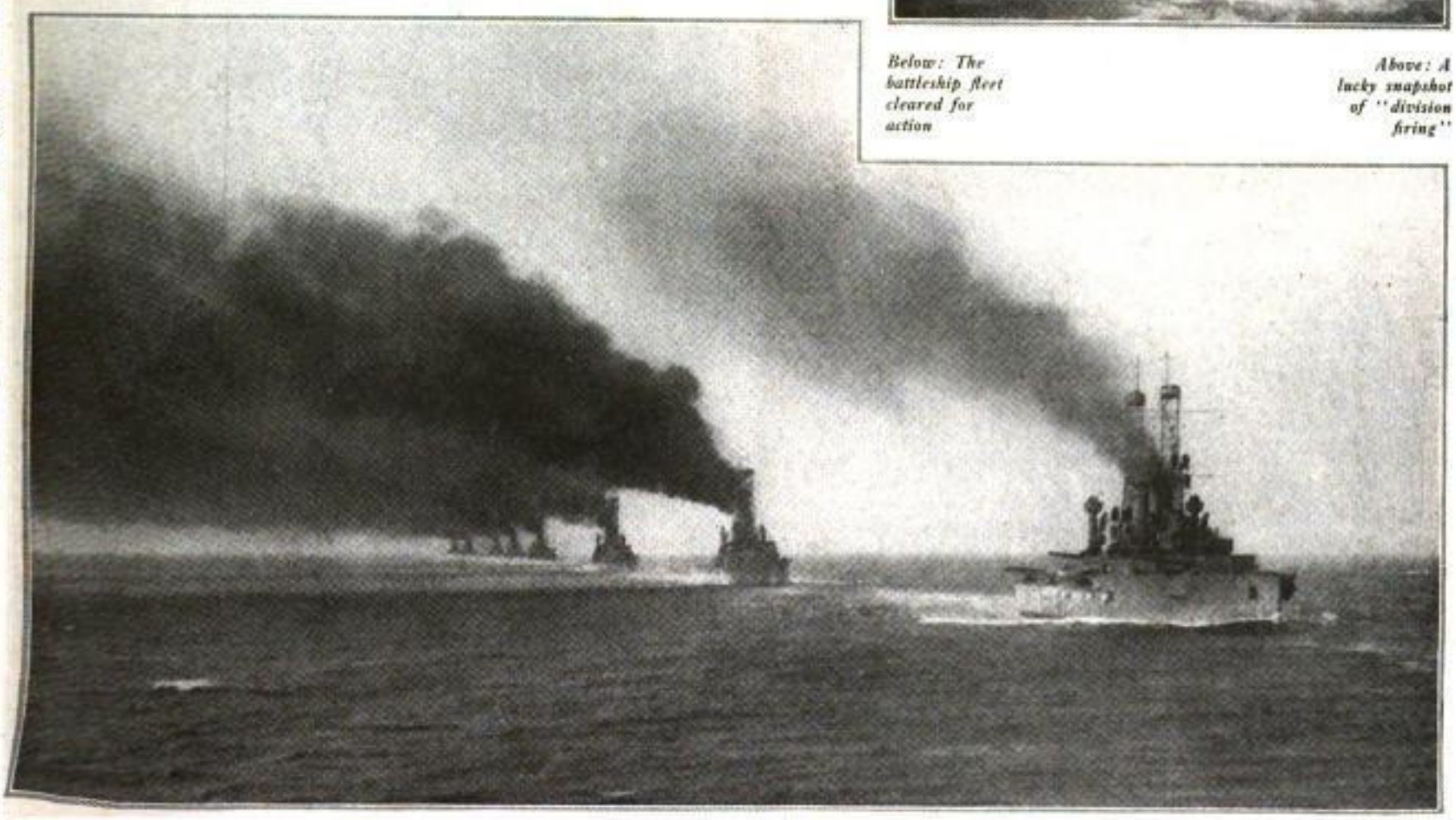


Above: A lucky snapshot of "division firing"

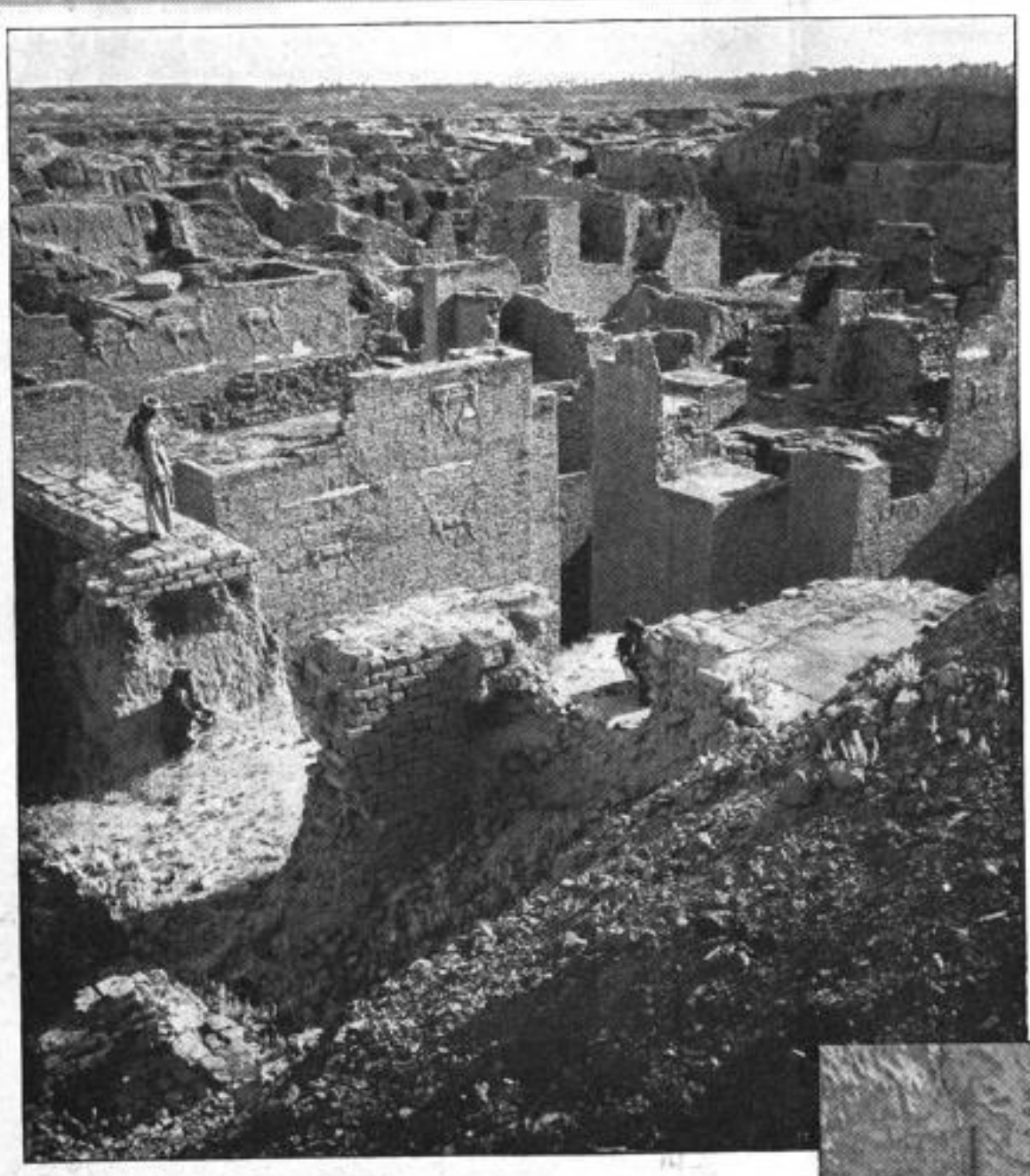
MANEUVERS to repel an attack of torpedo boats at night and night target practice with large guns were unusual features of the spring battle practice of the Atlantic fleet, held this month in the waters off Cape Henry. The targets were illuminated with searchlights, and the *Idaho*, firing 8 and 12 inch guns, shot as accurately as in daylight. The *Idaho*, though not one of the largest ships nor of late design, proved herself trophy ship for efficiency and marksmanship. In the practice sixteen battleships participated, with the *Wyoming* as flagship.

Josephus Daniels, the new Secretary of the Navy, several other members of the Cabinet, and Miss Eleanor Wilson were among the visitors at the evolutions.

Below: The battleship fleet cleared for action



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"Babylon in All Its Desolation"

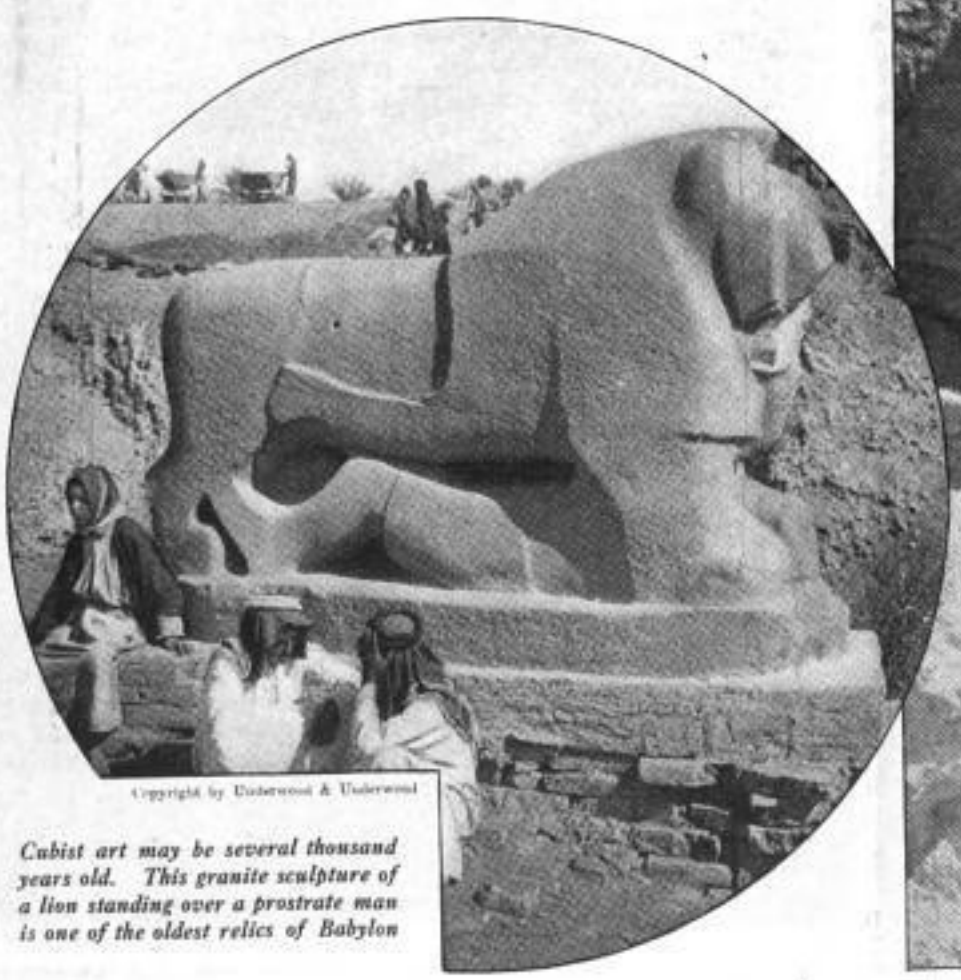
A general view of the excavations at Babylon. On the walls in the foreground are reliefs of the bull, the holy animal of Nebo, and the dragon of the god Marduk. By the account of Herodotus, Babylon was a walled city with an area of 196 square miles. He described it as a square surrounded by a moat and by a wall 56 miles long, 200 feet high, and 93 feet wide, pierced by 100 entrances with gates of heavy brass



In these round-roofed tombs of the Assyrians the bones of the dead are still preserved although twenty-five hundred years have elapsed

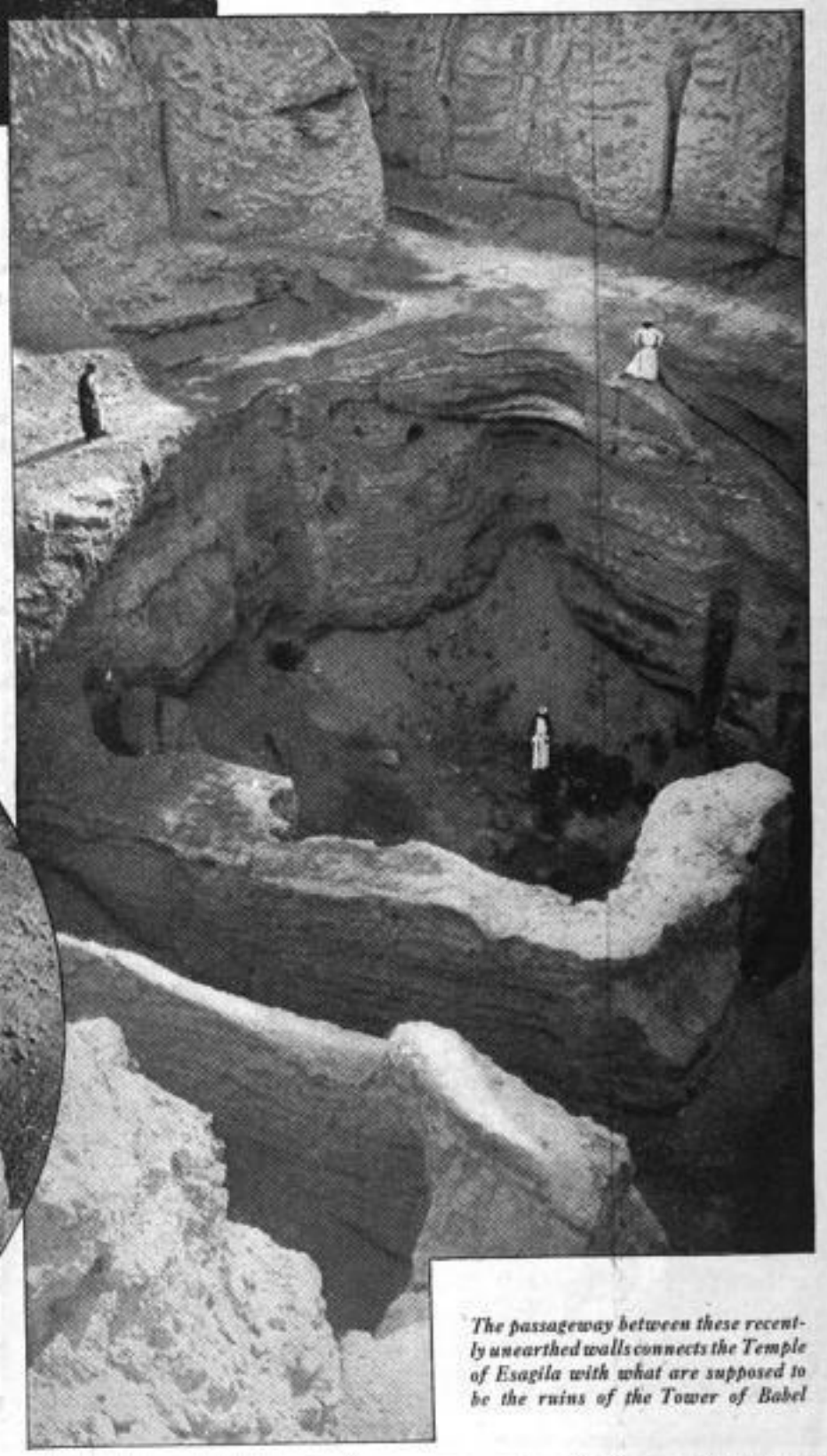
An Ancient City That Tried to Build a Skyscraper

TO one who has seen an energetic steam shovel loading earth on a flat car, the methods of the scientists who are excavating the ruins of Babylon seem distractingly deliberate. The work progresses by small spadefuls, and the load transported is a bushel or two of dust in a sack on a donkey's back. But by this slow and careful method Babylon is emerging with no unnecessary scars; and the twentieth century will be granted the best of opportunities to compare its cities with a metropolis of antiquity. A reminder that even the "skyscraper" is an idea many centuries old is in the news that the Temple of Esagila is found to be connected with what are supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel. And some ancient sculpture recently unearthed suggests Cubist tendencies.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

Cubist art may be several thousand years old. This granite sculpture of a lion standing over a prostrate man is one of the oldest relics of Babylon



The passageway between these recently unearthed walls connects the Temple of Esagila with what are supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most important aspect of affairs at Washington is the pulling and hauling among the Democratic Members and Senators who, in their hearts, do not like tariff revision, to try to make up their minds whether or not they dare resist Woodrow Wilson and oppose the tariff bill. Next to this, the most important influence beneath the surface is the effort of high-tariff beneficiaries and local communities to intimidate Members and Senators into opposing revision, for the benefit of local industries.

One Case

SENATOR HENRY F. ASHURST of Arizona, like many other Senators, as soon as the new tariff bill was made public, received a deluge of telegrams from constituents and organizations in his State asking him, although a Democrat, to oppose the tariff bill; and some newspapers went so far as to state that Senator Ashurst would join the sugar Senators and oppose the bill. The Arizona Senator's answer consisted of a letter to some constituents, from which the following extracts are taken:

In asking me to oppose any reduction in the tariff on beef, mutton, cattle, sheep, raw wool, woolen goods, and leather goods you surely must have been under the impression that I was a standpat Republican instead of a progressive Democrat. The Democratic party is committed, so far as faith and honor can bind men, to reduce the tariff on the necessaries of life; and I could not take the action you request me to take unless I turned traitor to every principle I have been advocating. . . . Every person in the world is a free trader after he gets his own interests protected. The cattlemen want cattle, meats, and hides protected, but want to buy everything else as cheaply as possible. The woolgrowers want wool protected, but naturally desire to purchase everything else as cheaply as they may. The pineapple growers want everything on the free list but pineapples; the sewing-machine manufacturer wants sewing machines protected and everything else on the free list, and so on down the line.

I am always glad to please my friends in Arizona, but I cannot do what you ask. *I shall not vote to permit one set of men to make money improperly at the expense of the whole public.* No legitimate business should require a gift, bounty, or largess from the Government. If the Democratic party, after the promises it has made to the people to reduce the tariff, should then begin to equivocate, it would be the end—and ought to be the end—of the Democratic party.

With kindest personal regards,
Yours, cordially, HENRY F. ASHURST.

In addition, Senator Ashurst, on the opening day of the session, arose in the Senate and made his position clear:

The time has come when a public man must give up his personal interests and the interests of a few men of his own particular State for the larger good and general good of all the people.

The other day some gentlemen urged me to oppose a reduction of the tariff on sugar. My reply was that I am concerned with seeing to it that the 300,000 sugar consumers in the State of Arizona shall have consideration above the few men raising sugar beets in Arizona.

Pretty near all that is to be said about the present situation at Washington is contained in Senator Ashurst's statements. There are 338 Democratic Senators and Members, and it is safe to say that not more than twenty of them are completely free from the kind of pressure here displayed. Unhappily, the number who have met this situation with courage and directness is negligible; the number is large who are holding little conferences, private or semi-public, and putting out feelers to see whether rebellion would be safe. And yet



High Time to Reduce Them
From the Atlanta "Journal"

the universal experience is that those prosper best who are straightforward and bold, and defy that small portion of their constituencies which makes most of the noise.

Two Points of View

WHEN Senator Ashurst stated without qualification on the first day of the session that he would vote in favor of the tariff bill, Senator William J. Stone of Missouri rose and, as an elder statesman, rebuked him in these words:

Mr. STONE—Mr. President, I wish in a word to say that, in my opinion, the exploitation of individual views on the tariff question might well be delayed for a while. This is a great question we are confronting, and for the manner of dealing with it the Democratic party is responsible. I think we could very well await with patience a time when this whole question is brought before the Senate in some form that will challenge our serious consideration.

Thereupon Senator Ashurst made a reply which was brief and courteous, but ended with these words:

I am bound to say that I am a very accurate umpire as to time, place, and manner in which I should exploit my individual views.

Senator Ashurst came first best out of this collision. He practiced candor. Senator Stone is one of those old-time politicians who think it utterly wrong to put all your cards face up on the table. If everybody did like Senator Ashurst, how could there be any jockeying and bargaining and exacting of concessions later on?

The Pressure from Behind

THE most striking example of the pressure upon the Democratic Members and Senators to play the party traitor (as Gorman and Smith did to the destruction of the party twenty years ago) is to be found in a newspaper with a great name:

President Wilson is not a true Democrat of the Jeffersonian type, but a radical heavily tainted with Socialism.

Now try to guess what particular metropolitan newspaper in the United States is most likely to have printed that sentence. It was thought that the worst things that newspapers were likely to say about President Wilson had been uttered by the New York papers at the time Wilson made the two speeches in New York and Chicago which so irritated Wall Street. *But the newspaper which printed the sentence quoted is the "Daily Picayune" of New Orleans. It occurred in the course of an editorial which was entitled:*

"Fight to the Last Ditch."

And the occasion of it is explained in these further quotations:

The attempt he is making to browbeat members of Congress, and to so revise the tariff as to *ruin not only sugar but other important American industries*, is certain to react strongly against his program.

And here comes the direct incitement to party treason:

The Senators and Representatives of Louisiana are in duty bound to consult primarily and at all times the vital interests of their own constituents rather than their fealty or obligation to any party or faction. *The prosperity and well being of the great State of Louisiana should be placed high above loyalty to the Democratic Party.*

A man was defeated for the Presidency thirty years ago largely because he said "the tariff is a local issue." How many communities and newspapers throughout the country are willing to be stimulated by the organized campaign which the "Picayune" proposes?

Now, that it has been determined to fight to the last ditch any effort to put sugar on the free list or materially cut the sugar tariff, the people of this State, who depend on the sugar industry, should flood every section of the country with personal appeals to the manufacturers of sugar machinery, the sellers of supplies, chemicals, agricultural implements, and the many other things that the sugar industry buys.

As it happens, it is pretty com non knowledge that President Wilson suggested only two changes in the tariff bill as the Ways and Means Committee prepared it. One of these changes was described by Chairman Underwood in these words:

The President felt that it would be fairer to all concerned that these sugar growers be allowed three years in which to liquidate; they have much paper in the banks; they have suffered from two bad crops, and to put sugar on the free list today would damage them greatly. By giving them three years in which to liquidate we will give them time to get their houses in order.

The lesson of this whole episode would seem to be that there isn't much use in being kind to a hog.

Questions About the Tariff

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Collier's Washington Bureau
Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

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Kâramanèh

By

SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll



VI *of the Fu-Manchu Stories*

"THE net is closing in," said Nayland Smith.

"Let us hope upon a big catch," I replied with a laugh.

Beyond where the Thames tided slumberously seaward showed the roofs of Royal Windsor, the castle towers dancing in the autumn haze. The peace of beautiful Thames side was about us.

This was one of the few tangible clues upon which thus far we had chanced; but at last it seemed indeed that we were narrowing the resources of that enemy of the white race who was writing his name over England in characters of blood. To capture Dr. Fu-Manchu we did not hope; but at least there was every promise of destroying one of the enemy's strongholds.

We had circled upon the map a tract of country cut by the Thames, with Windsor for its center. Within that circle was a house used by the most highly organized group in the history of criminology. So much we knew. Even if we found the house, and this was likely enough, to find it vacated by Fu-Manchu and his mysterious servants we were prepared. But it would be a base destroyed.

WE WERE working upon a methodical plan, and although our cooperators were invisible, these numbered no fewer than twelve—all of them experienced men. Thus far we had drawn blank, but the place for which Smith and I were making now came clearly into view: an old mansion situated in extensive walled grounds. Leaving the river behind us, we turned sharply to the right along a lane flanked by a high wall. On an open patch of ground as we passed I noted a gypsy caravan. An old woman was seated on the steps, her wrinkled face bent, her chin resting in the palm of her hand.

I scarcely glanced at her, but pressed on, nor did I notice that my friend no longer was beside me. I was all anxiety to come to some point from whence I might obtain a view of the house; all anxiety to know if this was the abode of our mysterious enemy—the place where he worked, amid his weird company, where he bred his deadly scorpions and his *bacilli*, reared his poisonous fungi, from whence he dispatched his murder ministers. Above all, perhaps, I wondered if this would prove to be the hiding place of the beautiful slave girl who was such a potent factor in the doctor's plans, but a two-edged sword which, yet, we hoped to turn upon Fu-Manchu. Even in the hands of a master a woman's beauty is a dangerous weapon.

A cry rang out behind me. I turned quickly. And a singular sight met my gaze.

Nayland Smith was engaged in a furious struggle with the old gypsy woman! His long arms clasped about her, he was roughly dragging her out into the roadway, she fighting like a wild thing—silently, fiercely.

Smith often surprised me, but at that sight frankly I thought that he was become bereft of reason. I ran back; and I had almost reached the scene of this incredible contest, and Smith now was evidently hard put to it to hold his own, when a man, swarthy, with big rings in his ears, leaped from the caravan.

ONE quick glance he threw in our direction, and made off toward the river.

Smith twisted round upon me, never releasing his hold of the woman.

"After him, Petrie!" he cried. "After him! Don't let him escape. He's a dacoit!"

My brain in a confused whirl; my mind yet disposed to a belief that my friend had lost his senses, the word "dacoit" was sufficient.

I started down the road after the fleetly running man. Never once did he glance behind him, so that he evidently had occasion to fear pursuit. The dusty road rang beneath my flying footsteps. That sense of fantasy which claimed me often enough in those days of our struggle with the titanic genius, whose victory meant the victory of the yellow race over the white, now had me fast in its grip again. I was an actor in one of those dream scenes of the grim Fu-Manchu drama.

Out over the grass and down to the river's brink ran the gypsy, who was no gypsy, but one of that far more sinister brotherhood, the dacoits. I was close upon his heels. But I was not prepared for him to leap in among the rushes at the margin of the stream; and seeing him do this I pulled up quickly. Straight into the water he plunged; and I saw that he held some object in his hand. He waded out; he dived; and as I gained the bank and looked to right and left he had vanished completely. Only ever-widening rings showed where he had been.

I had him!

For directly he rose to the surface he would be visible from either bank, and with the police whistle which I carried I could if necessary summon one of the men in hiding across the stream. I waited. A wild fowl floated serenely past, untroubled by this strange invasion of his precincts. A full minute I waited. From the lane behind me came Smith's voice:

"Don't let him escape, Petrie!"

Never lifting my eyes from the water, I waved my hand reassuringly. But still the dacoit did not rise. I searched the surface in all directions as far as my eyes could reach; but no swimmer showed above it. Then it was that I concluded he had dived too deeply, become entangled in the weeds and was drowned. With a final glance to right and left and some feeling of awe at this sudden tragedy—this grim going out of a life at glorious noonday—I turned away. Smith had the woman securely; but I had not taken five steps toward him when a faint splash behind warned me. Instinctively I ducked. From whence that saving instinct arose I cannot surmise, but to it I owed my life. For as I rapidly lowered my head, something hummed past me—something that glittered in the sunlight, that flew out over the grass bank, and fell with a metallic jangle upon the dusty roadside. A knife!

I TURNED and bounded back to the river's brink. I heard a faint cry behind me, which could only have come from the gypsy woman. Nothing disturbed the calm surface of the water. The reach was lonely of rowers. Out by the farther bank a girl was poling a punt along, and her white-clad figure was the only living thing that moved upon the river within the range of the most expert knife thrower.

To say that I was nonplussed is to say less than the truth; I was amazed. That it was the dacoit who had showed me this murderous attention I could not doubt. But where in Heaven's name *was* he? He could not humanly have remained below water for so long; yet he certainly was not above, was not upon the surface, concealed among the reeds, nor hidden upon the bank!

There in the bright sunshine a consciousness of the eerie possessed me. It was with an uncomfortable feeling that my phantom foe might be aiming a second knife at my back that I turned away and hastened toward Smith. My fearful expectations were not realized, and I picked up the little weapon which had so narrowly missed me and with it in my hand rejoined my friend.

He was standing with one arm closely clasped about the apparently exhausted woman, and her dark eyes were fixed upon him with an extraordinary expression.

"What does it mean, Smith—?" I began.

But he interrupted me.

"Where is the dacoit?" he demanded rapidly.

"Since he seemingly possesses the attributes of a fish," I replied, "I cannot pretend to say."

The gypsy woman lifted her eyes to mine and laughed. Her laughter was musical, not that of such an old hag as Smith held captive; it was familiar, too.

I started and looked closely into the wizened face.

"He's tricked you," said Smith, an angry note in his voice. "What is that you have in your hand?"

I SHOWED him the knife and told him how it had come into my possession.

"I know," he rapped. "I saw it. He was in the water not three yards from where you stood! You must have seen him. Was there nothing visible?"

"Nothing."

The woman laughed again—and again I wondered.

"A wild fowl," I added. "Nothing else."

"A wild fowl!" snapped Smith. "If you will consult your recollections of the habits of wild fowl you will see that this particular specimen was *rara avis!* It's an old trick, Petrie, but a good one; for it is used in decoying. A dacoit's head was concealed in that fowl! It's useless. He has certainly made good his escape by now."

"Smith," I said, somewhat crestfallen, "why are you detaining this gypsy woman?"

"Gypsy woman?" he laughed, hugging her tightly as she made an impatient movement. "Use your eyes, old man!"

He jerked the frowsy wig from her head—and beneath was a cloud of disordered hair that shimmered in the sunlight.

"A wet sponge will do the rest!" he said.

Into my eyes, widely opened in wonder, looked the dark eyes of the captive; and beneath all the disfiguring disguise I picked out the charming features of the slave girl! There were tears on the artificially whitened lashes; and she was submissive now.

"This time," said my friend hardly, "we have fairly captured her—and we will hold her!"

From somewhere upstream came a faint call.

"The dacoit!"

Nayland Smith's lean body straightened—he stood alert, strung up.

Another call answered—and a third responded. Then followed the flatly shrill note of a police whistle—and I noted a column of black vapor rising beyond the wall, mounting straight to heaven as the smoke of a welcome offering.

The surrounded mansion was in flames!

"Curse it!" rapped Smith. "So this time we were right! But, of course, he has had ample opportunity to remove his effects; I knew that. The man's daring is incredible. He has given himself till the very last moment—and we blundered upon two of the outposts!"

"I lost one!"

"No matter. We have the other. I expect no further arrests, and the house will have been so well fired by the doctor's servants that nothing can save it. I fear its ashes will afford us no clue, Petrie; but we have secured a lever which should serve to disturb Fu-Manchu's world!"

He glanced at the queer figure that hung submissively in his arms. She looked up proudly.

"You need not hold me so tight," she said, in her soft voice. "I will come with you."

OF THE many curious scenes in that race drama wherein Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu-Manchu played the leading parts, I remember none more bizarre than the one at my rooms that afternoon.

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Without delay, and without taking the Scotland Yard men into our confidence, we had hurried our prisoner back to London; for my friend's authority was supreme. A strange trio we were, and one which excited no little comment; but the journey came to an end at last. Now we were in my unpretentious sitting room—the room wherein Smith first had unfolded to me the story of Dr. Fu-Manchu and of the great secret society which sought to upset the balance of the world to place Europe and America beneath the scepter of Cathay.

I SAT with my elbows upon the writing table, my chin in my hands; Smith restlessly paced the floor, relighting his blackened briar a dozen times in as many minutes. In the big armchair the pseudogypsy was curled up. A brief toilet had converted the wizened old woman's face into that of a fascinatingly pretty girl. Wildly picturesque she looked in her ragged Romany garb. She held a cigarette in her fingers and watched us through lowered lashes.

Seemingly, with true Oriental fatalism, she was quite reconciled to her fate; and ever and anon she would bestow upon me a glance from her beautiful eyes which few men, I say with confidence, could have sustained unmoved. Though I could not be blind to the emotions of that passionate Eastern soul, yet I strove not to think of them. Accomplice of an archmurderer she might be; but she was dangerously lovely.

"That man who was with you," said Smith, suddenly turning upon her, "was in Burma up till quite recently. He murdered a fisherman thirty miles above Prome only a month before I left. The D. S. P. had placed a thousand rupees on his head. Am I right?"

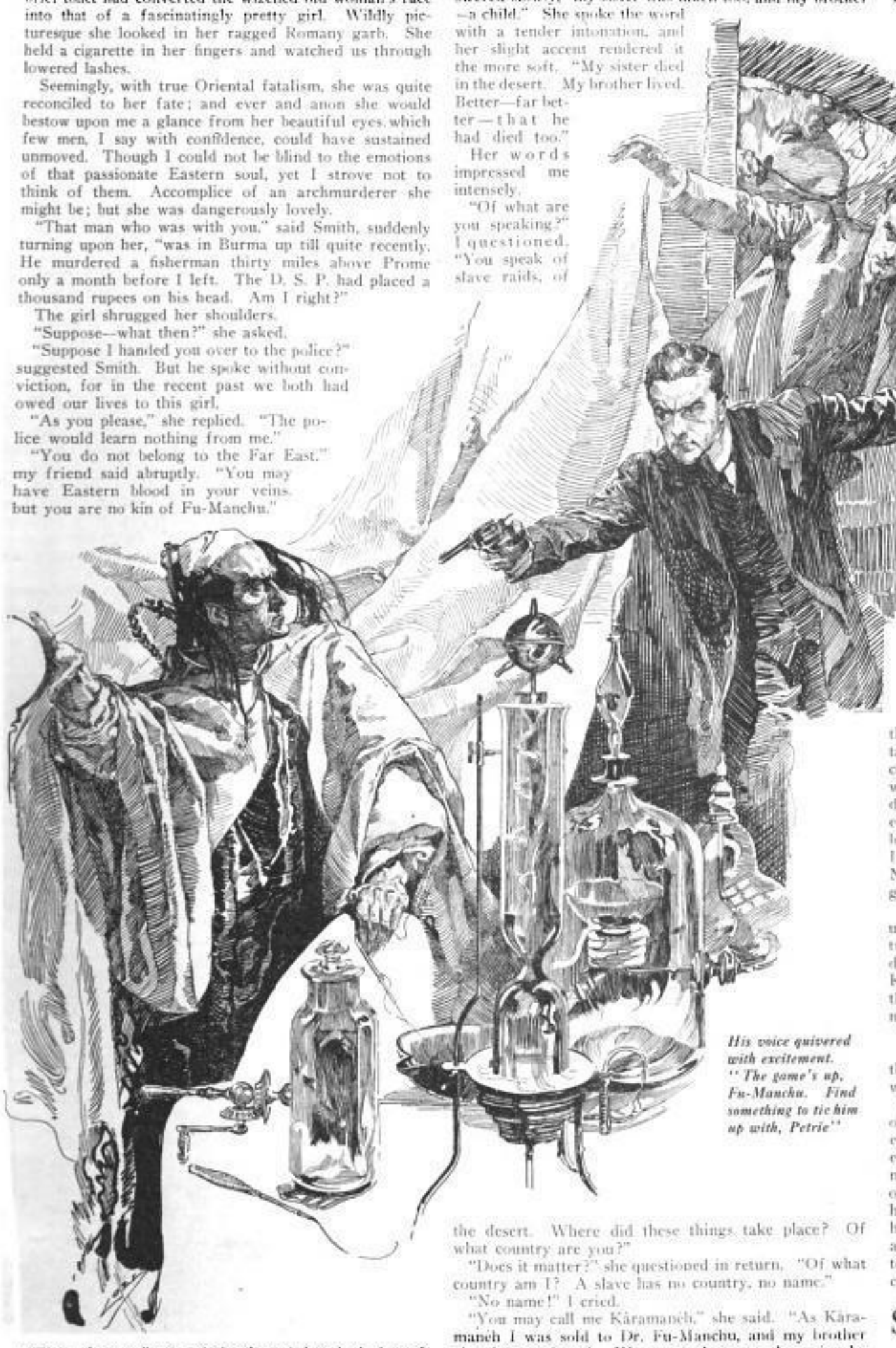
The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Suppose—what then?" she asked.

"Suppose I handed you over to the police?" suggested Smith. But he spoke without conviction, for in the recent past we both had owed our lives to this girl.

"As you please," she replied. "The police would learn nothing from me."

"You do not belong to the Far East," my friend said abruptly. "You may have Eastern blood in your veins, but you are no kin of Fu-Manchu."



His voice quivered with excitement. "The game's up, Fu-Manchu. Find something to tie him up with, Petrie"

"That is true," she admitted, and knocked the ash from her cigarette.

"Will you tell me where to find Fu-Manchu?"

She shrugged her shoulders again, glancing eloquently in my direction.

Smith walked to the door.

"I must make out my report, Petrie," he said. "Look after the prisoner!"

And as the door closed softly behind him, I knew what was expected of me; but, honestly, I shirked my responsibility. What attitude should I adopt? How should I go about my delicate task? In a quandary, I stood watching the girl whom singular circumstances saw captive in my rooms.

"You do not think we would harm you?" I began awkwardly. "No harm shall come to you. Why will you not trust us?"

She raised her brilliant eyes.

"Of what avail has your protection been to some of those others," she said—"those others whom *he* has sought for?"

Alas! it had been of none, and I knew it well. I thought I grasped the drift of her words.

"You mean that if you speak, Fu-Manchu will find a way of killing you?"

"Of killing *me!*" she flashed scornfully. "Do I seem one to fear for myself?"

"Then what do you fear?" I asked in surprise.

She looked at me oddly.

"When I was seized and sold for a slave," she answered slowly, "my sister was taken too, and my brother—a child." She spoke the word with a tender intonation, and her slight accent rendered it the more soft. "My sister died in the desert. My brother lived. Better—far better—that he had died too."

Her words impressed me intensely.

"Of what are you speaking?" I questioned. "You speak of slave raids, of the desert. Where did these things take place? Of what country are you?"

"Does it matter?" she questioned in return. "Of what country am I? A slave has no country, no name."

"No name!" I cried.

"You may call me Karamaneh," she said. "As Karamaneh I was sold to Dr. Fu-Manchu, and my brother also he purchased. We were cheap at the price he paid!" she laughed shortly, wildly. "But he has spent a lot of money to educate me! My brother is all that is left to me in the world to love, and he is in the power of Dr. Fu-Manchu. You understand? It is upon him the blow will fall! You ask me to fight against Fu-Manchu! You talk of protection. Did your protection save Sir Crichton Davey?"

I SHOOK my head sadly.

"You understand, now, why I cannot disobey my master's orders? Why, if I would, I dare not betray him?"

I walked to the window and looked out. How could I answer her arguments? What could I say? I heard the rustle of her ragged skirts, and she who called herself Karamaneh stood beside me. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "He will kill him! He will kill him!"

Her voice shook with emotion.

"He cannot revenge himself upon your brother, when you are in no way to blame," I said angrily. "We arrested you; you are not here of your own free will."

She drew her breath sharply, clutching at my arm, and in her eyes I could read that she was forcing her mind to some arduous decision.

"Listen." She was speaking rapidly, nervously. "If I help you to take Dr. Fu-Manchu—tell you where he is to be found, *alone*—will you promise me, solemnly promise me, that you will immediately go to the place where I shall guide you and release my brother; that you will let us both go free?"

"I will," I said without hesitation. "You may rest assured of it."

"But there is a condition," she added.

"What is it?"

"When I have told you where to capture him you must release me!"

I hesitated. Smith often had accused me of weakness where this girl was concerned. What now was my plain duty? That she would utterly decline to speak under any circumstances unless it suited her to do so, I felt assured. If she spoke the truth, in her proposed bargain there was no personal element; her conduct I now viewed in a new light. Humanity, I thought, dictated that I accept her proposal—policy also.

"I agree," I said, and looked into her eyes, which were aflame now with emotion—an excitement perhaps of anticipation, perhaps of fear.

She laid her hands upon my shoulders.

"You will be careful?" she said pleadingly.

"For your sake," I replied, "I shall."

"Not for my sake."

"Then for your brother's."

"No." Her voice had sunk to a whisper. "For your own."

A COOL breeze met us, blowing from the lower reaches of the Thames. Far behind us twinkled the dim lights of Low's Cottages, the last regular habitations abutting upon the marshes. Between us and the cottages stretched half a mile of lush land through which at this season there were, however, numerous dry paths. Before us the flats again, a dull monotonous expanse beneath the moon, with the promise of the cool breeze from the river flowing around the bend ahead. It was very quiet. Only the sound of our footsteps, as Nayland Smith and I tramped steadily toward our goal, broke the stillness of that lonely place.

Not once, but many times within the last twenty minutes, I had thought that we were ill advised to adventure alone upon the capture of the formidable Chinese doctor; but we were following out our compact with Karamaneh; and one of her stipulations had been that the police must not be acquainted with her share in the matter.

A light came into view, far ahead of us.

"That's the light, Petrie," said Smith. "If we keep that straight before us, according to our information, we shall strike the hulk."

I grasped the revolver in my pocket, and the presence of the little weapon was curiously reassuring. I have endeavored, perhaps in extenuation of my own fears, to explain how about Dr. Fu-Manchu there rested an atmosphere of horror, peculiar, unique. He was not as other men. The dread that he inspired in all with whom he came in contact, the terrors which he controlled and hurled at whomsoever cumbered his path, rendered him an object supremely sinister. I despair of conveying to those who may read this account any but the coldest conception of the man's evil power.

SMITH stopped suddenly and grasped my arm. We stood listening.

"What?" I asked.

"You heard nothing?"

I shook my head.

Smith was peering back over the marshes in his oddly alert way. He turned to me, and his tanned face wore a peculiar expression.

"You don't think it's a trap?" he jerked. "We are trusting her blindly."

Strange it may seem, but something within me rose in arms against the innuendo.

"I don't," I said shortly.

He nodded. We pressed on.

Ten minutes' steady tramping brought us within sight of the Thames. Smith and I both had noticed how Fu-Manchu's activities

(Continued on page 35)

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The Master of the Mound

Johnson, Walsh, and Mathewson—and the Greatest of These —Well, Here's the Evidence

By

GRANTLAND RICE

THE Cubs-White Sox series for the championship of Chicago had just been finished, and for the second time in two years one man, almost alone and unaided in the box, had dismantled and whipped the Cub machine.

At a gathering which followed shortly afterward, Owner Comiskey of the White Sox arose and called for this toast: "Gentlemen—To Ed Walsh, the greatest pitcher that ever lived."

That same week the colors of the New York Giants had drooped before the victorious rush of the Boston Red Sox. In commenting upon his defeat, Manager McGraw of New York had this to say: "My main regret is that Boston, in such a way, through a flaw in his support beat Christy Mathewson, the greatest pitcher that ever threw a ball."

Two days before this series ended, Clark Griffith, Washington's manager, while sitting in the press box, turned to us with this remark: "Walter Johnson on either team would have won this series inside of five games. He's the greatest pitcher that the game has ever known."



Walter Johnson of the Washington Senators

SO, within the period of a week, we had three men hailed and acclaimed by their sponsors as "the greatest pitcher of the game—the King of the Slab."

Ed Walsh of the Chicago Americans, Christy Mathewson of the New York Nationals, Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans—Mathewson, Johnson, and Walsh—the Three Musketeers who have started more arguments than all the tariff laws and graft upheavals ever staged.

"The greatest pitcher that ever lived" means quite a lot. In fact, it means more than any opinion can ever cover, for the conditions under which Radbourne, Sweeney, Clarkson, and the rest of the old guard worked were widely different from those which rule the game to-day.

There is difficulty enough in sparring with this argument as it pertains to the modern régime without traveling for trouble across a trail now dim in the past where there could be no direct basis for comparison.

So, by "greatest pitcher," we refer only to the more or less modern game, beginning, we'll say, with Rusie, the vanished, to Bedient, the rising, star.

And between Rusie and Bedient we see no reason why we should waste any undue amount of space upon outside choices.

Rusie himself might qualify. So might Rube Waddell. The physical greatness of these two is not to be disputed. But in the last blend of all-around greatness—the greatness of brain as well as brawn, of moral fiber as well as physical force—neither of these could be considered with those who come to the final round for an award.

There was Kid Nicholls, Jack Chesbro, Sam Leever, Cy Young, and, later on, Miner Brown. None of these was less than great. And in the last few years there rises Napoleon Rucker of Brooklyn, Coombs, Bender, and Plank, Alexander, Russell Ford, Vean Gregg, Claude Hendrix—in fact, a ranking parade of stars who have pitched their way into the great white spotlight of the game.

In one season Joe Wood broke from the ranks into one of the pitching wonders—and upon one year's form no man can place him second in the field.

But with the list strung out before you, counting the full period of service, the balloting at last settles upon three names, and it is with these three names that we go to the mat for the final count.



Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox

Leading up to no secret, the answer is simple—Mathewson, Johnson, and Walsh. They stand alone. Their heads are above the crowd—three pitching ideals who embrace all things, in some part at least, which go to make up greatness.

All three are wonderful physical specimens — above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, clean-sinewed, finely ranged specimens of athletic manhood.

All three have brains, courage, endurance, and skill. All three, tireless across the monotonous grind of average play, are at their best when the final test is put up to each sharply, and where the issue of battle rests with their arm, head, and heart.

IS ED WALSH of the Chicago White Sox the greatest of the three, "the greatest of them all"?

His proprietor, Charles Comiskey, makes the claim without qualification.

(The floor to Mr. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox team and one of the game's greatest in his day.)

"I appreciate," says the Old Roman, "the worth of Mathewson and Johnson. They are truly wonderful pitchers. But neither is an Ed Walsh, who is, I believe, the greatest pitcher that the game has ever known.

"Walsh has everything which Mathewson and Johnson have with the ability to work oftener and still retain his skill and effectiveness. Neither Mathewson nor Johnson could do the work which Walsh does through a season and maintain the remarkable average of pitching which he shows. There have been other pitchers as good for one game—or for a certain part of the race. But in combining both quantity and quality—the final test—Walsh must be given the plum.

"Take, for one example, the last campaign—the season of 1912. Walsh worked through more games and a greater number of innings than any other pitcher of the game. For weeks he held my club up in the race, out in front of the field when I had a young club and one not to be compared at that stage with such teams as Boston and Philadelphia. Yet, after all this season of work—an almost impossible amount, in place of finishing fagged and worn down, it was Walsh again who stepped in and worked over half the number of innings played against the Cubs in the longest series on record—and it was Walsh who for a second year beat down their attack and won the Chicago championship. Walsh certainly had no better team behind him than Mathewson had. Not as strong, in fact. Yet where the Cubs could stop Mathewson they were helpless before Walsh—as helpless as Boston, Philadelphia, or any other club in the world would have been before his speed and curves.

"Why, in 1908, when we came within one game of winning the championship of our league, Walsh worked in sixty-seven games and carried us into the fight when without him we would never have finished fourth.

"Everyone knows his value through the grind of the season where he works like a truck horse. But he is even greater at the last big test. In 1906 he was a big factor in our defeat of the Cubs who had just won 116 games in the National League, beating all records. In 1911 and 1912, after two seasons of abnormally hard work, he was still able to step forth and handle with ease one of the greatest machines of the game.

"Ed Walsh has speed, curves, and control; he has a world of courage; he has a fine pitching head upon his shoulders; he has the physique to stand more than any other man I ever saw; and, above all, he has the willingness for work and the love of battle which finds him more than eager to rush into any breach and do far more than his share of the work. There is only one Ed Walsh—and he has no equal."

MR. COMISKEY'S appeal in behalf of Walsh sounds plausible. It is certainly heartfelt.

But before awarding the laurel, it might be just as well to hear from John J. McGraw, leader of the New York Giants, who has seen twenty-four years' service upon the field as player or manager.

"I have a world of respect," says McGraw, "for any opinion Comiskey may have. I know Walsh must be a wonderful pitcher. I know Walter Johnson is a marvel. But neither Walsh nor Johnson is a Mathewson. The title of 'The game's greatest pitcher' can belong to but one man—and that man is Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants—a pitcher who was a wonder as a young recruit thirteen years ago—a pitcher who as a veteran after thirteen years' service pitched the most wonderful ball I have ever seen against odds no man could beat with a team in rout behind him; a pitcher who was great in victory, but even greater in defeat; a pitcher who failed to win even one of three world's series starts and yet came through at the end as the hero of the series.



Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants

"I have no word to say against either Walsh or Johnson. They are above any criticism any man could make. Both are smart ball players—great, game fighters. But their chief bid to pitching greatness lies in their physical make-up—Johnson with his wonderful speed, and Walsh with his wonderful endurance. No one will dispute the fact that these two qualifications have helped most to make them great.

"But Mathewson is something more. Mathewson, in his prime, had all the speed that any pitcher needs. No man had a more baffling curve or break than his fade-away. But these were not things that assisted most in the making of Mathewson's greatness. I refer to two things now—first, to the finest and keenest pitching brain I have ever known; second, to the coolest, most calculating nerve that ever stood the fire of a contest and held steady the brain which directed the movements of his arm.

"A wonderful nerve directing a wonderful brain directing in turn a wonderful arm—and there you have Christy Mathewson in the greatest years of his career. And with all this there was never a more willing worker—never a man who responded more eagerly when called upon to double his share of the work.

"In the campaign of 1908 which 'Commy' refers to where Walsh pitched sixty-seven games—his hardest season—Mathewson was not far behind him even in physical toil. Walsh that year worked in sixty-seven games. He won forty and lost fifteen. His pitching percentage was .727. Mathewson that same season worked in fifty-six games. He won thirty-seven and lost eleven. His pitching percentage was .771.

"There is no pitching angle at which Mathewson wasn't great. He was almost as much of a truck horse for work as Walsh. He had everything, and with it all the greatest control ever known by man. In his prime—and he is still a great pitcher—Mathewson was unbeatable with equal support. Only take up his work against the Athletics in the world's series championship of 1905. He met Mack's slugging team three times in six days and concluded the twenty-seven innings without even a chance for a run. Three straight shut-outs was his record. Seven years later, driven to the last limit every season—a veteran of thirteen campaigns, he goes against the hard-hitting Boston club, and in three games, backed up by the most miserable support ever given a man in such a series, one run is earned from his pitching where eleven are scored.

"Mathewson has now worked in nine world's series games. And in that number exactly six runs have been earned from him—I mean six runs that could be charged to his work; six runs in nine games, an average of less than one to the contest.

"No man that ever pitched has studied the strength and weakness of rival batsmen as Mathewson has done—has kept track of this knowledge, and through perfect judgment and perfect control has made the brain do more than the arm. Walsh and Johnson, who are both smart pitchers and brainy players, rely upon the power and might of their arms. Mathewson's arm is a slave to his brain, and where even an exceptional pitcher would long since have passed, Mathewson's brain and nerve have held him up as one of the stars of the box after many years of the hardest sort of service."

AFTER Comiskey and McGraw have concluded with Walsh and Mathewson, there seems to be but little left to say in behalf of another entry. But Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington American League Club, not only has quite a lot to say, but he believes every word he has to utter upon the subject which involves the name of Walter Johnson. Griffith, one of the wisest of all pitchers in his day, yields to no man in his admiration of Mathewson and Walsh. He believes they have only one superior, but no man can tell him that either is the pitcher Walter Johnson is.

"I know," says Griffith, "what 'Commy' thinks of Walsh and what McGraw thinks of Mathewson. Walsh is a wonder for work, and Mathewson is the brainiest pitcher I ever saw. But I have a good reason for believing that, all-around, Johnson is greater than either—greater than any pitcher that ever lived. The reason is a simple one—place all three of these men upon teams of equal strength in the same league, worked to their limit, and Johnson would end the season with more victories and fewer defeats than either. He is a harder man to beat than any other man, all other conditions being equal, and this is the final test.

"Johnson has yet to be sent at top speed over the full route as Walsh and Mathewson have. This is so

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for the reason that up to 1912 he was working for a seventh-place club where it would have been worse than foolish to risk wrecking his arm. Yet in 1911, when Washington finished seventh, he won eleven straight games where other good pitchers were finding it hard to win two straight.

"In 1912, when we had a chance, I worked Johnson in his turn to save him up for the stretch in case we were close enough to make a desperate fight for it. He came to me and told me he wanted to work every other day in case I needed him to win. But we were too far back in September to run this risk. Yet throughout the year there was not a game where I sent Johnson out to win—and impressed the necessity of winning upon him—that he didn't come through for me and deliver.

"I sent him against Walsh several times, and it is my recollection that he beat Ed every start but one. Joe Wood beat him twice by shutting us out. Wood had an older, steadier club to work with, and where Joe was pitching his head off, Johnson was working at an average pace.

"No man living ever had Johnson's speed. I have seen most of the good ones in my day. Rusie, as fast as he was, was not his equal in this respect. Neither was Waddell. Neither was any other man that ever threw a ball. But don't make the mistake of thinking that Johnson has nothing but this rifle-ball speed. He has the head and the heart to go with it. He knows where to pitch, and why to pitch, and how to pitch. He has a curve ball that breaks like a flash—and control to meet any situation.

"Last season he won sixteen straight games for us. At the end of this run he was taken sick and dropped the next four. He was in no condition to work—hardly able, in fact, to stand up in the box. But I let him take the chance because he wanted to. As it was he won thirty-two games for me, and if you will examine the official records and the details of the year you will find that fewer runs were earned from Johnson than any other pitcher in the game. The average was something under two—less than that shown by either Walsh or Mathewson—and omitting those games in which he worked as a sick man the average earned was hardly a run to each nine-inning contest.

"Back in 1908, when Johnson was but little better than a recruit, he came to New York for a three-game series. Washington had no other pitcher in shape. On Friday Johnson shut New York out. On Saturday he came back and scored another shut-out. On Monday, with no one else to work, he started again, and for the third straight game not a run was scored against him. Three shut-outs in three straight games with but one day's rest show well enough just what Johnson's caliber is.

"Working for a club out of the race, he has never had the chance Mathewson and Walsh have drawn. Take Mathewson at his greatest year, Walsh at his greatest year, and neither could be called the equal of Johnson when it comes to ability to win, or to the inability of other teams to make hits and get runs. Johnson, pitted against Walsh on fairly even terms last year, beat him at every start and without effort. I believe he could do the same to Mathewson, or to any other. Sent out to bring in victory, the task of earning a run from his pitching is almost an impossible one. I am confident that if I sent Johnson over the route as Walsh and Mathewson have been sent, with a winning club behind him, he could win forty-five out of fifty games, or fifty-four out of sixty. I believe confidently that Johnson could easily win fifty games for me if I kept him at full speed all the way, and was willing to run this risk. And Cheshro now holds the modern record of wins for a season with forty-three.

"I have still one argument to make in Johnson's behalf. Ask any ball player that ever faced all three—as the Boston Red Sox and the Philadelphia Athletics have done—ask any of these which of the three is hardest to hit. The answer will be Johnson. Ask any umpire who has worked behind all three in big games, as Evans, O'Loughlin, and others have done, who has more stuff than any pitcher in the world. There won't even be a moment's hesitation. They'll tell you that Johnson stands alone—that he has no equal, and that Walsh and Mathewson, as great as they are, haven't the stuff to compete with this young giant from the West, who I know is beyond all argument the last word in pitching, who is harder to hit than any pitcher that ever threw a ball."

THE three eminent attorneys having closed for the three eminently renowned plaintiffs, there is little left but the judge's charge to the jury of a million fans.

What must be the last test as the foundation for the height of pitching greatness?

Ability to win—brilliancy, genius, potential worth—or the record of achievement as it stands?

The high spots in the record of each member of the trio might be summed up as follows:

Walsh won two city championships, almost alone in the box, against an admittedly better ball club in other respects; was a big factor in winning a world's championship for his team; worked one season in sixty-seven games, won forty, lost fifteen, and saved nine others; was therefore responsible for forty-nine victories, or half the number won by his team through the year; has worked a greater number of innings than any other pitcher in the game through the same space of toil; held his club out in front of the field through five weeks of 1912 by working every other day until the strain began to cut in upon his worth.

MATHEWSON has been a great pitcher for thirteen years; as a youngster, two years in the big league, beat the championship Pittsburgh team of 1903 all seven games pitched against them; shut out the Athletics in the world's series of 1905 all three games; won a city championship for the Giants in 1910 without help, being responsible for every victory achieved in the series; has averaged forty games a year for thirteen years—and has rescued many more; out of over 450 games has won .680 per cent of his starts; beat Bender and the Athletics in the first game of the 1911 world's series, and had them shut out in the next until Baker hit a home run; held the hard-hitting Boston Red Sox to two earned runs in three games with his team in rout behind him; one of these runs was due to a fielding mixup and not to a clean hit; has had the best control of any pitcher that ever lived, and has used a wider variety of pitching.

Walter Johnson shut out New York three games in four days, working the entire series with only a Sunday's rest; struck out 313 men while pitching for a second-division club in 1910; won eleven straight games with a club that finished seventh in 1911; won sixteen straight games in 1912; has beaten Walsh in two-thirds of his starts against the White Sox star; has averaged fewer earned runs scored against him than any pitcher in the game for a four-year average; has had a four-year average of 150 percentage points above his club's; has the best five-year record ever made by a member of a team averaging less than 50 per cent of victorious games. *(Concluded on page 25)*

Memories of the Players



By WILLIAM WINTER

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."

V.—Augustin Daly

Informed by instinct and by worldly sense,
He made a wise reserve his sure defense;
Looked where the rising star of Promise shone,
Prescribed his path, and trod that path alone;
Walked calmly on, the way he wished to go;
Swerved not to please a friend or 'scape a foe;
To Art devoted all that Fortune gave,
And for himself gained—Honor, and a grave.

AUGUSTIN DALY, though not a player, possessed the player's dramatic instinct in an unusual degree; his life was passed in close association with the players; his name and influence are inseparably linked with the story of the American theatre, and it seems appropriate that I should close this series of vagrant recollections with a reminiscence of that remarkable man—a lifelong friend of mine, a person of exceedingly complex nature, and, in point of reticence and tenacity of purpose, combined with a sensitive temperament and a disposition originally of rare amiability, altogether exceptional.

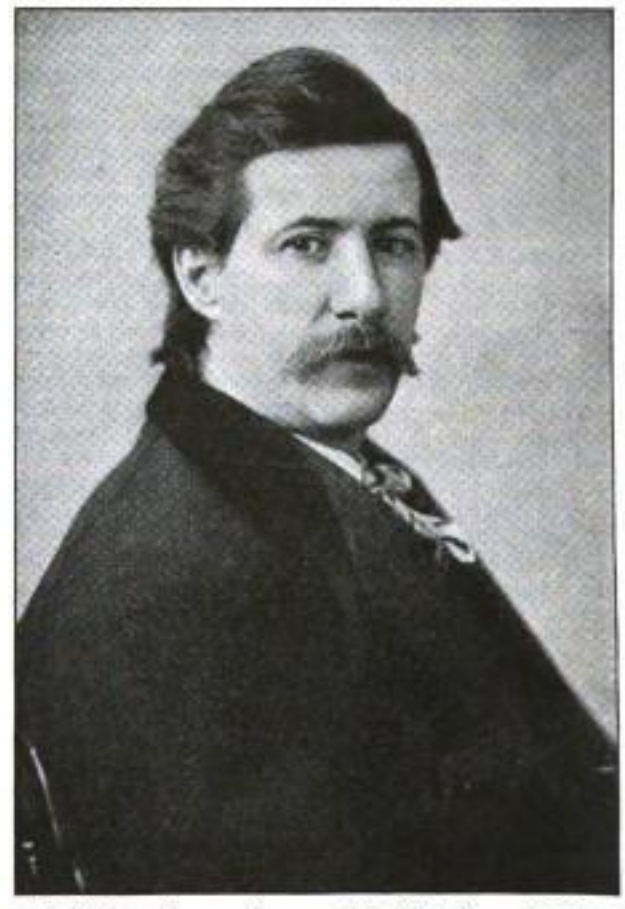
Men of high ideals are often disparaged as "impractical"—as "dreamers" or "visionaries." Daly, who certainly was a man of high ideals, recognizing every duty imposed by his profession, also knew every detail of business involved in the pursuit of it. No emergency could daunt him; no obstacle presented itself which he did not instantly meet and overcome. His courage was indomitable.

He was continuously impelled by a lofty purpose, and in his complete control and intellectual use as well of the practical machinery of his vocation as of its literary and artistic implements, he made many contemporary managers completely insignificant. Most of his survivors in the theatrical field continue in that state—the number of real theatrical managers in America to-day being small. A few years ago Daniel Frohman (who has since abandoned the field of drama to venture in that of the moving picture), talking to me in Los Angeles, where we chanced to meet, indicated in one expressive sentence the difference between Daly and most of his competitors. "Augustin Daly," he said, "was *a theatrical manager;* the rest of us merely manage some theatres."

MANAGER, DRAMATIST, CRITIC

DALY was not only a manager; he was an exceptionally able dramatist, a biographer, a writer of fiction, and a dramatic critic. When I first saw him he was a journalist, associated with a New York weekly paper, long ago extinct, called the "Sunday Courier," to which he contributed stories and for which he also wrote notices of the acted drama in New York. He was a rapid worker, deeply interested in the theatre, bright, practical, and exceptionally industrious. The owner and editor of the "Courier" was Charles Frederick Briggs (a sprightly writer who used the pen names of "Harry Franco" and "Ferdinand Mendoza Pinto," and who figures in Poe's caustic "Literati"), and by Briggs, with whom I was well acquainted, Daly and I were made known to each other more than fifty years ago. We had tastes and ambitions in common; we were working in a kindred field; we soon became friendly, and, except for one period of personal estrangement, we lived on terms of cordial friendship to the day of his death.

The criticisms of plays and actors, then and later, written by Daly were notable for direct, explicit, piquant statement of opinion, often condemnatory. At one time, and for several years prior to 1869, he simultaneously wrote theatrical articles not only for the "Courier," but for the "Sun," the "Evening Express," the "Daily Times," and the "Citizen." One prominent characteristic of his criticism was its spontaneous, unaffected, complete disregard of established reputations. It showed itself to be the testimony of an observer who did not admire specific actors merely because it had been customary to admire them, but who simply described what he saw, and stated the impressions which the spectacle had produced. There was no deference to established convention. There was no waste of words. The mind of the writer was radical and straightforward. That characteristic of Daly's theatrical criticism afterward conspicuously appeared in Daly's theatrical management. The writing of criticism, however, became with him only incidental to the more serious vocation of writing plays and of establishing himself as a theatrical manager. Before 1869 several of his dramas—notably "Under the Gaslight," "A Flash of Lightning," and "Leah, the Forsaken," the latter freely adapted from the German—had been successfully produced, and



Daly about the time he opened Daly's Theatre (1879)

in that year he severed his relations with the press and embarked in the business of management, which, except for one brief interval, he never relinquished till his death, thirty years later.

DALY'S AUDACITY

AT THE time when Daly took that bold step the leading theatre in New York was Wallack's. Booth's Theatre had been open only six months. There were only about twelve other considerable theatres in the city.

The name of Wallack had been associated with the New York stage for sixty-one years, James W. Wallack, the elder, having first appeared here in 1818, and having become manager of the National Theatre, in Church Street, in 1837, and of Wallack's Theatre, near the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome

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Street, in 1852, subsequently, 1861, moving uptown, to Thirteenth Street. That manager, a superb actor and long conspicuously a favorite in New York society, dying in 1864, was succeeded by his son, Lester Wallack, with whom no one successfully disputed preeminence in the managerial field till Daly opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The enterprise of that young dramatist affected many observers at first much as the audacity of the unknown Ivanhoe affected the populace when that knight rode into the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche and struck, in mortal defiance, the shield of the redoubtable Templar. It seemed to such observers absolutely incredible that any person should expect to compete with the splendid comedy company maintained by Wallack. Daly was esteemed a man of talent, but of his capability as a theatrical manager no evidence had been provided, and no person foresaw the brilliant achievements by which his career was to be distinguished. He did not, however, leave the community long in doubt of his ability to manage a theatre.

In the first of his playbills the young manager stated with singular felicity the purpose with which he was opening his theatre. "This theatre," he said, "is opened for the *production* of whatever is novel, original, entertaining, and unobjectionable, and the *revival* of whatever is rare and worthy in legitimate drama." A right plan of theatrical management could not have been better or more tersely designated. The theatre was in Twenty-fourth Street. The first performance, that of Robertson's "Play," was given on August 16, 1869. Twenty-five plays were performed in the course of the first season, three of them being Shakespeare's.

The first Fifth Avenue, under Daly's management, lasted until January 1, 1873, when it accidentally caught fire after a performance of "False Shame" by Frank Marshall had ended, and within a few hours it was consumed. Three weeks later, January 21, the second Fifth Avenue Theatre was opened by Daly, at 728 Broadway, in a stone building which had originally been a church, and there he conducted his business till June 23, meanwhile leasing and rehabilitating the St. James, in Twenty-eighth Street, which—as the third Fifth Avenue—he opened on December 3, 1873, and managed till September 15, 1877. Coincident with that labor he directed the Grand Opera House for three seasons, 1872-75. An interregnum of nearly two years began in 1877, during which at first he led his company on a tour, and later lived abroad as a looker-on in London and other European capitals. On September 17, 1879, he opened Daly's Theatre at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and there he maintained his managerial leadership to the last. He made several professional visits to Europe, presenting his company in London and other British cities, and in France and Germany. In 1891 he began the building of Daly's Theatre in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, London, and on June 27, 1893, he opened that house with a performance of "Twelfth Night," Ada Rehan giving her beautiful impersonation of Viola.

He died suddenly in Paris, France, June 7, 1899. His body was brought home and entombed at Calvary Cemetery, Long Island.

THE ROSTER OF GENIUS

AT THE beginning of his career as a theatrical manager Daly was financially backed by his father-in-law, John Duff, and also he was advised and assisted by an experienced and able actor, Daniel H. Harkins, who held the post of stage manager. One of the expedients of enterprise to which he early resorted was the engagement of many notable or auspicious players—many more, in fact, than he really needed or could use—his purpose being to concentrate and intensify public interest in his theatre. By this means he assembled a dramatic company that was not only exceptionally numerous but of extraordinary variety and talent. Names that once were bright in local renown have grown dim in the deepening haze of many years, but to persons who are even superficially acquainted with the history of our stage the facts will possess a certain significance, that at nearly one and the same time Daly's dramatic forces included Edward L. Davenport, John Brougham, John Gilbert, Charles Fechter, John K. Mortimer, Charles Wheatleigh, William Pleater Davidge, Charles Fisher, James Lewis, W. J. Le Moyne, Stuart Robson, Charles F. Coghlan, George L. Fox, Daniel H. Harkins, Louis James, John Drew, George Clarke, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Fanny Morant, Henrietta Chanfrau, and Catherine Lewis; that Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edward A. Sothern, Charles Mathews, Fanny Janauschek, and Adelaide Neilson acted under his management; and that among the players whose talents were developed and whose reputations were obtained under his tuition and guidance were Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Ella Dietz, Linda Dietz, Sara Jewett, Emly Rigl, and—most important of all—Ada Rehan.



This photograph, reproduced for its reminiscent value, shows Mr. Daly reading a play to his company. Ada Rehan is seated on the floor, leaning against Mrs. Gilbert, to whose left are James Lewis and John Drew, and at whose right is Charles Fisher. In the rear are William Gilbert, George Clarke, and Otis Skinner. Included in the group to the right are Charles Le Clercq (behind Daly), Joseph Holland (leaning forward), white haired prompter John Moore, Percy Haswell, and Isabel Irving

A GROUP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THAT entertaining old recorder, Thomas Davies, gossiping about the players of the Restoration, says that "the stage never perhaps produced four such handsome women at once as Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bowman," and he mentions that "when they stood together in the last scene of 'The Old Bachelor,' the audience was struck with so fine a group of beauty, and broke into loud applause." That sort of spectacle was often seen on Daly's stage. Agnes Ethel's loveliness was of a peculiarly sweet, insinuating, enticing character. She actually was a woman of uncommonly strong will and vital energy, but her apparent fragility was such that she seemed to be a sylph. Fanny Davenport was a voluptuous beauty, radiant with youth and health, taut and trim of figure, having regular features, a fair complexion, golden hair, sparkling hazel eyes, and a voice as naturally musical and cheery as the fresh, incessant rippling flow of a summer brook.

THE MAGICAL CHARM OF CLARA MORRIS

CLARA MORRIS possessed the magical charm of distinction, a fine person, an expressive face, a deeply sympathetic voice, and a pervasive strangeness of individuality, which, while it made her unique among her associate players, fascinated the attention of her auditors. With exceptional talent for the expression of pathos, that singular being was endowed with a keen sense and capability of humor. I have not met her equal among women—excepting Mrs. John Wood—in the felicitous telling of a comic story. As an actress she "would drown the stage with tears." Sara Jewett was like a rose in her luxuriant, youthful bloom, and like a lily in her suggestiveness of innocence, purity, an ingenuous mind, and a kind heart. No such group of beauties as Daly assembled had before been seen on our stage, nor has any such group been seen since.

With almost every one of the players whose names I have mentioned it was my fortune to possess a personal acquaintance, in some cases intimate, and I am admonished of the flight of time when I reflect that most of them have passed away. Their merit in acting and their many brilliant achievements are as fresh in my memory as though they were things of yesterday, but the eyes are closed that once glowed with the fires of genius, and the voices that once made music are silent forever. Merry old George Holland, whose abounding humor neither poverty, sickness, nor the infirmity of age could quench; formal, kindly, dignified, scholarlike John Gilbert, the noblest of noble "old men"; John Brougham, the gay, buoyant, sparkling Irish gentleman, from whose presence care fled dismayed, and who carried happiness with him wherever he went; Davenport, frank, simple, manly, the most versatile of American actors, the best Macbeth and the best Mercutio of his time; Charles Fisher, whose breadth of impersonative faculty was prodigious, and who is remembered as one of the most unselfish and unpretentious of human beings—they all are gone—they, and many, many more—into the world of shadows, into the Great Unknown.



There are able, interesting, worthy actors on the stage to-day, but the present generation nowhere sees such an actor as John Gilbert in such characters as Sir Peter, Sir Anthony, Sir Robert Bramble, Lord Ogleby, Jesse Rural, and Old Dornton. It seems but a little while, yet it is more than thirty-four years, since, at a Lotos Club dinner to Gilbert, after I had spoken in his honor and celebrated his career, he left his seat at the table, came down the long, brilliantly lighted room, and, grasping both my hands, exclaimed in deep emotion: "I never had such a tribute; I never knew till now how important to others I might be!" He was indeed a great comedian; to him his art was a religion.

I remember speaking with Davenport immediately after he had amazed and thrilled his audience by the wonderful performance that he gave, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1870, of Sir Giles Overreach—that terrific ideal of ruthless, malignant selfishness and exultant evil. He spoke with enthusiasm about the impersonation of the part by the elder Booth, with whom in early life he had acted as Wilford, and intimated that his Sir Giles had been based on that of the old tragedian. "I never played the part so well as to-night," he said, "and I shall never play it so well again;" and then he added: "I will star in it and make as great a popular success as Jefferson has made in Rip Van Winkle." He had not considered that characters such as Sir Giles and Luke and Richard and Iago, however much the performances of them may inspire intellectual admiration, never enlist the sympathy of the human heart. His real conquest—and it was indeed real—was gained with such parts as Damon, St. Marc, and Black-Ey'd Susan's gallant sailor lover, William, in which he was perfection.

With Brougham, whose professional triumphs I had so often seen and recorded, I parted when he was on his deathbed, and only a few hours before he died, and I shall never forget the last sad, abject, hopeless look with which he closed his eyes in mute farewell.

Every name in the long chronicle has its special associations. Those Fifth Avenue Theatre days were singularly vital with enterprise, with achievement, with enjoyment, with delightful friendships, with continual intellectual benefit, and—steadily pervading my remembrance of them—I see the alert, resolute, expeditious, animating figure of Augustin Daly. Is it indeed true, as so often and vigorously alleged, that the present period of theatrical syndicates, frivolities, fads, and "isms" is a brighter and better period than the stage has ever known? I wonder!

The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

DALY AND FECHTER

DALY'S professional association with Charles Fechter did not last long, but while it lasted it was advantageous to both. Many years later, when it became known to me that the late Richard Mansfield was inclined to form an alliance with Daly for a production of "The Merchant of Venice"—Ada Rehan to be the Portia and Mansfield the Shylock—I spoke with Daly on that subject, endeavoring, at Mansfield's request, to promote the plan, since it promised, if feasible, a good result; but I gravely doubted whether those two men would agree, and, in conference with Daly, I did not conceal this doubt. "You are quite mistaken," he said; "I should get along with Mansfield exactly as I did with Fechter—have one grand row at first and get it all over. The moment Fechter began to bully I turned on him and told him what I thought of him and of his acting and his conduct, and I made it perfectly clear that I intended to be, at all times and under all circumstances, the manager and absolute master of my theatre. We never had any trouble after that."

Such a course would not have succeeded in dealing with Richard Mansfield, although well adapted for controlling Fechter, who, like most men of an arrogant, domineering disposition, was a moral coward. Within his proper sphere—that, namely, of romantic melodrama, typified by "Monte Cristo," "The Corsican Brothers," "No Thoroughfare," and "Ruy Blas"—Fechter was a capital actor. He required moments of convulsive passion for the full display of his peculiar powers. At such moments he became inspired by a kind of frenzy—lawless, yet not wholly ungoverned—which sometimes produced thrilling effects on sensibility

(Continued on page 26)

Everyday Americans

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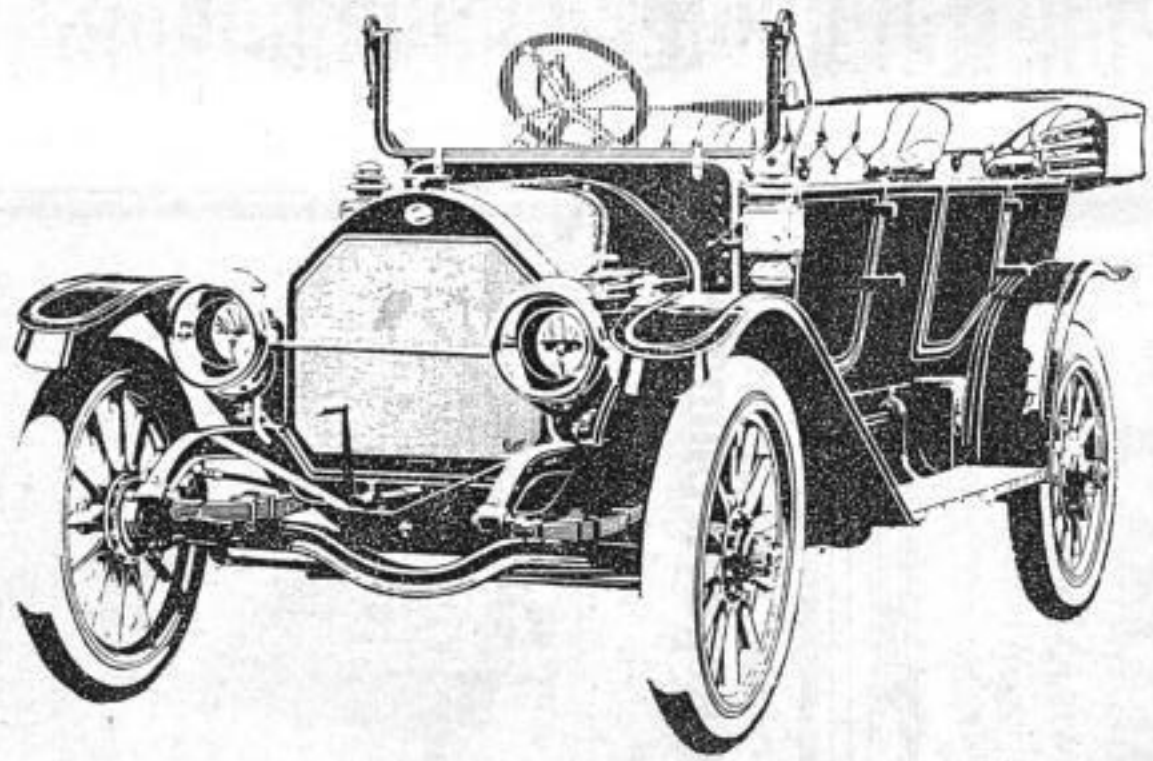
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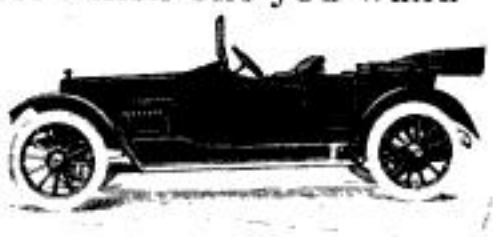
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$1,000 on the Farm

Some Answers to the City Man's Query: "Can I Go to a Farm with a Small Capital and Make Good?"

By J. M. OSKISON

WHERE is the best place to be poor? COLLIER'S has asked that question, and its readers have answered, positively and in numbers: The farm.

But if you don't know anything about farming and your capital is very small, dare you leave the city for the farm? COLLIER'S has wanted to get an answer to that query, too, for the benefit of its readers.

"Yes, go," have said many who wrote in response to the second question—and the letters came from readers who had made the break from a job in the city to the farm, from those with a background of experience.

"Let us be a little more specific," COLLIER'S said editorially, after the last installment of letters was received. We want to know what chance the city man would have to succeed if he took a family and a capital of $1,000 to a farm.

Answers, helpful and numerous, have come; they are from men who have gone to the farms, and from men who have helped to place others on the land. Vermont, Texas, Virginia, Montana, Georgia, and New York—these widely separate States have been among the many which have sent directions for planting a capital of $1,000 on the farm so that you may reap a healthful living for your family.

ADVICE ON OUTFIT

FROM Dillwyn, Va., a man who used to work in the mills at Pittsburgh sends a letter, across the top of which he pasted the printed offer of a forty-acre farm for sale at a price of $450—half cash and balance on time. On this farm are three small houses, a tobacco barn, twenty-five acres are cleared, it is on a road, and stores are convenient. These details are referred to by the man who left Pittsburgh at forty, and then he says:

"If the city man will buy this farm, or one similar, and follow the plan I outline, I guarantee that he will earn more money, have better health, and have better food on his table than ever before.

"His first purchase will be of a horse—and he won't need an expensive animal at first. With good advice, he can get one which will do for from $25 to $50. Next, a plow, a cultivator, two hoes, rakes, a shovel, and a grubbing hoe will equip him to start work.

"First, he should plant five acres of early potatoes—to be sold about July 1. He should contract with the cannery near by to deliver five acres of tomatoes in the season. For his wife, he will need to buy a cow and a few chickens, and a good brood sow to feed the waste to is needed. Five acres of corn, with beans planted between the rows, should be put in. The green beans may be sold at the cannery.

"After these crops are planted, there is good deal of idle time. During the time between planting and harvesting, the crops of wild blackberries, dewberries, and huckleberries follow each other, and good wages can be made by every member of the family picking them for the cannery. At the same time, I can't think of a better way to begin a breakfast than by dipping into a dish of freshly picked ripe berries buried under fresh cream! Melons grow easily, and if there are fruit trees on his place, the man from the city is sure of a delicious variety of good eating during the summer anyway. Surplus fruit is sold at market prices to the cannery.

THE SAME MAN'S FIGURES

"WHEN the tomatoes begin to ripen, he can pick all that are ready in the early morning, cart them to the cannery, and work there for the rest of the day. At night he can take back to feed to his pigs the waste (40 per cent in weight) from his own tomatoes.

"Now, I figure that a man won't need half of $1,000 to make the change from the city to this kind of a farm—at least down here. Let's figure it:

First payment on farm.....	$250
Live stock—horse $40, cow $25, 24 hens $12, sow $10...	87
Tools—plow $5, cultivator $5, harrow $5, other tools and harness $15	30
Seed and planting 5 acres of potatoes	25
Tomato plants, 5 acres.....	5
Corn and beans, 5 acres....	10
Total	$407

"Of course, the man would have to spend something for food before he could get any money from his crops or labor, but it need not be much. On the income side of the balance sheet, he ought to show something like this:

Potatoes, 750 bushels.....	$675
Tomatoes, 1,000 bushels.....	250
Corn, forage, and beans....	275
Total	$1,200

"Now, there is left ten acres of cleared land, the products of the garden, the chickens, the cow, the pigs, the sums earned at the cannery and by picking berries—if these don't help to put money in the city man's pocket and supply his table with the sort of food that makes him fat and sassy, I can only say that he's the kind that hates work. After he learns something about crop rotation, the varieties of fruit which grow and pay best, and the kind and value of fertilizer which he ought to use, this man from the city can add largely to his income. What I've written here is a plan for him to follow to get started."

"In Vermont," asserts a man who has owned a farm in that State for some years, "it is easily possible for a city man with a capital of $1,000 to get a productive farm of from 100 to 200 acres, stocked, with fairly good buildings in fair condition, for a first payment of $500."

OPPORTUNITIES

THIS man knows of opportunities for the buyer of such a farm to live on the property for a year with the seller while he is learning how to run it. During that year, the purchaser could learn how to invest his remaining $500 to the best advantage—what improvements are most needed, the additional stock it would pay him to keep, and what is needed in the way of fertilizers. Profits would be divided during that year.

The New England farmer, in the opinion of the man in Vermont, does not ordinarily realize that money in the bank may be used with profit in buying fertilizer and better stock. He is apt to lose interest in the land after he gets a bank account, and that is why productive places may be bought at low prices and on easy terms.

"We assume," says a man who has been a farmer in New Jersey, "that the city man with $1,000 knows nothing about farming. How, then, can he make good if he breaks away from the job he knows?"

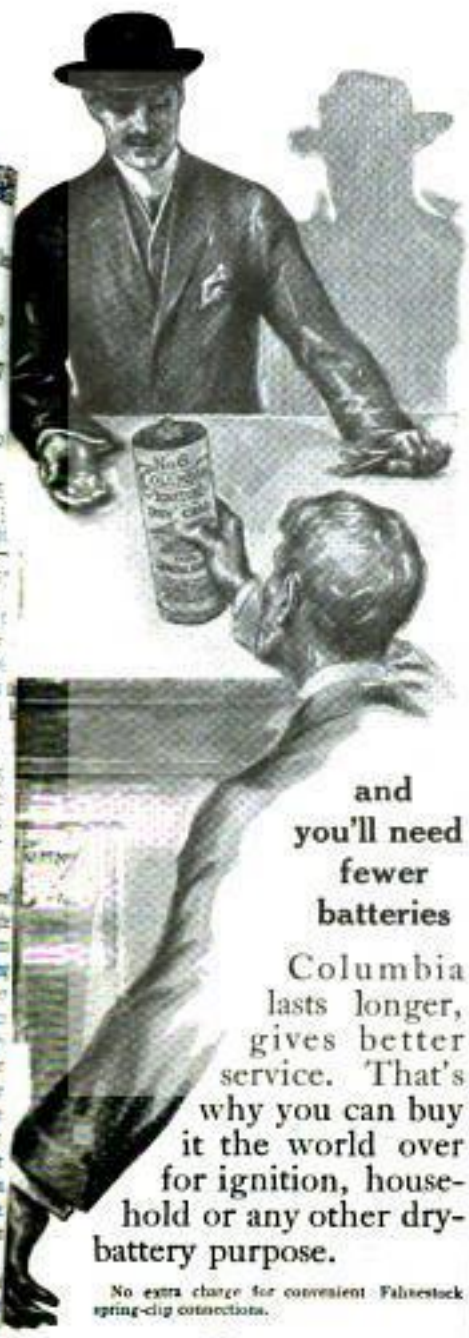
First, this practical farmer advises, the beginner should go to work for a year for a successful farmer. It will not be hard to find a farm where there is a tenant house to which he may take his family if he has one.

At the beginning of the second farm year, he should be competent to run a rented farm. At first it will be a farm run on shares, with the owner furnishing everything needed—tools, house, seeds, horses, etc.—and receiving two-thirds of the produce. When the tenant has acquired his own tools and horses, he can then rent a farm for half of the crops produced.

All of this time, the city man's $1,000 is not used—it is to be saved until he learns enough about farm values and soils to know exactly what he wants when he buys a farm for himself.

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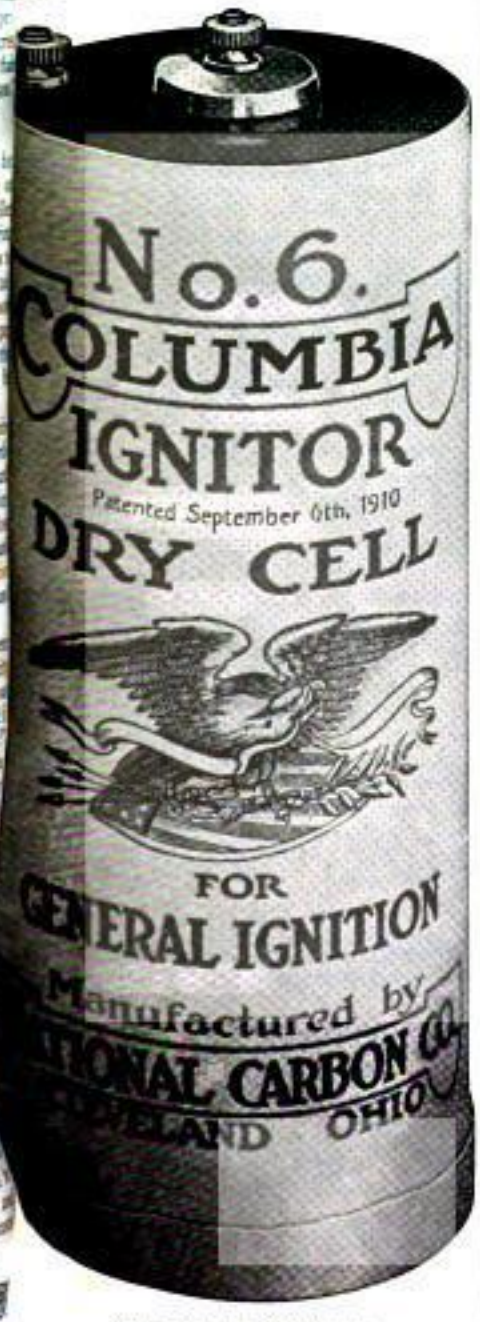
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Master of the Mound

(Concluded from page 19)

Having the evidence, Gentle or Rough Reader, before you, with rebuttal and counter-rebuttal attached, you can bring in your own verdict. Only recall that we are not discussing any one season's work but the sum and substance of each slabman's career.

In our opinion, as great as Walsh is and as valuable to his people, the ultimate award rests between Mathewson and Johnson.

Ranking the pitching régime of to-day alone, Joe Wood and others would loom above the Giant veteran. But we are here pursuing the agile and elastic dope over the complete trail of each man's career, compiling the records of what they were and still are.

There can be no question but that to-day Johnson is the greater pitcher of the two—the greatest of the game.

UPON the basis of records—of what has been accomplished upon the field through many years—there is no question but that Mathewson rules alone.

Johnson is the greatest pitcher of the era—a harder man to beat upon an average than any pitcher that ever lived.

Mathewson has gotten more out of less physical ability—has developed the art of pitching to a higher plane—has combined brain, brawn, and nerve to a greater degree than Johnson or any other man in the game.

The man who has put more skill and science into pitching—who will be remembered longest as the Master Mind of the Mound—is Mathewson.

The man that batsmen fear more to face than any other—and face with fewer results—is Johnson.

The sheriff will kindly see that no one tampers with the jury until a verdict is reached. Go to it.

Hope in Cancer

(Continued from page 10)

defense against the swiftly increasing scourge.

"Make people, and particularly women, comprehend the supreme importance of early treatment and the fight is half won," says Dr. Thomas S. Cullen, chairman of and spokesman for the Cancer Campaign Committee. "Thousands of lives are wasted every year because cancer patients either deceive themselves by false hopes that the growth isn't cancer, and so delay beyond the period of possible successful operation, or give up at once to the disease, under the influence of the old error that nothing can help them. We must teach the American public, and particularly the American woman, the lesson that if she guards herself properly she can, in the large majority of cases, be saved."

DO NOT "WAIT AND SEE"

A CANCER discovered at the very beginning means a big chance of life; a cancer discovered still in the early stages, more than an even chance; a cancer coming late to the knife, only a desperate chance. A woman who discovers any lump in her breast, however small, should go at once to her doctor. If he says: "I don't know; it may be cancer or it may not; we'll wait and see," she had better find another physician. "Wait and see" in cancer means "Wait and die." Even if the growth is not cancer—and it often isn't—it has no business there and should come out. Fears as to the breast operation itself are unfounded. It is practically never fatal. The cancer unoperated is always and inevitably fatal. So it is with carcinoma of the other organs. The knife, at the worst, gives a fighting chance; at the best an almost certain chance; but the cancer gives no chance at all.

There is a word, too, to be said about the prevention of internal cancers. Just as, on the surface of the body, any sore which does not heal in the course of a few weeks is a danger spot, so, inside the body, any irritation or inflammation which persists is likely to become the seat of a carcinoma. The proper and safe course is to have the cause of such irritation removed, by surgery if necessary. Because people understand that an inflammation of the appendix is likely to develop into peritonitis and death, there is little difficulty in persuading them to an operation



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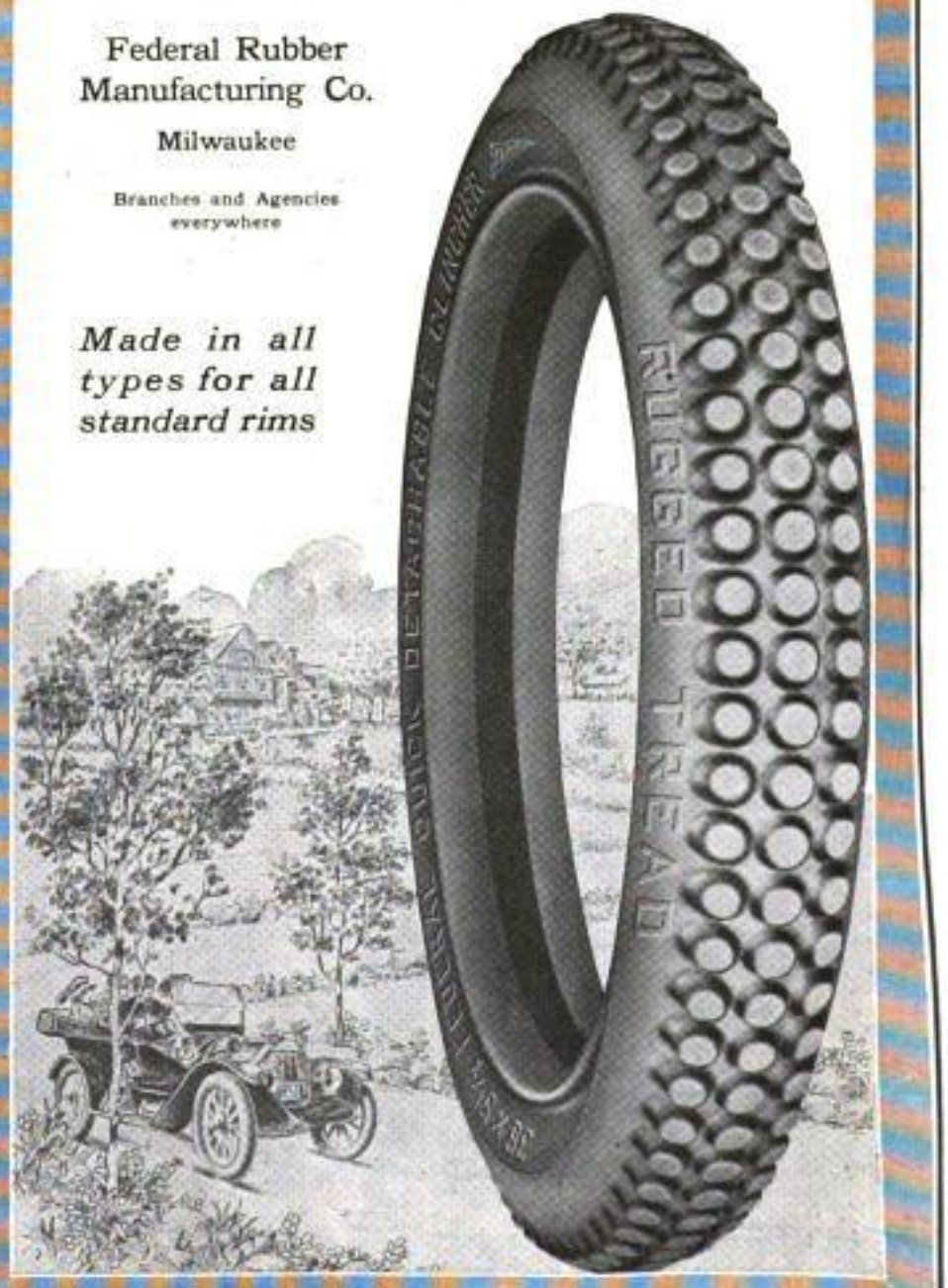
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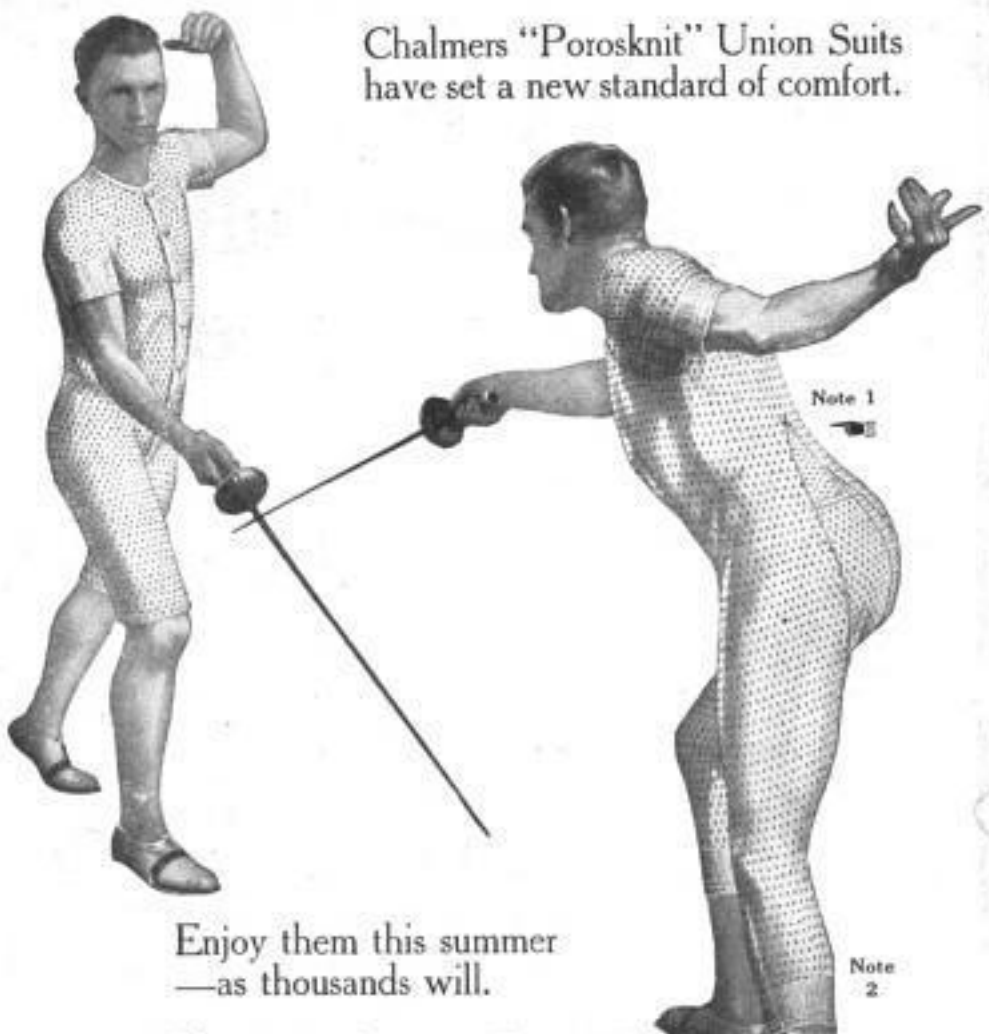
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for the removal of this organ. If they could be brought to understand that a lasting sore or lesion in the body is a standing invitation for the wandering cell which causes cancer to lodge there and develop its deadly growth, and that the only safe measure is to have it out, there would be a marked decrease in mortality rates.

In Germany, where there has been a system of widespread instruction to women, teaching them how to guard against and recognize carcinoma of the uterus, nearly 80 per cent of these cases present themselves for operation while there is still a chance. In uninstructed America, less than 40 per cent. There is a waste of the life chance to appal the thoughtful!

QUACK ALLIES OF DEATH

UNHAPPILY there exists in this country an anti-educational propaganda, which has gotten long years the start of the Cancer Campaign Committee's public-spirited work. Deadly falsehoods have been spread broadcast by the cancer quacks, speaking their message through the newspapers and magazines. "Be cured without the knife" is the burden of their song. Some of them even advertise in such a way as to inspire terror of the surgeon's merciful knife. "Why Submit to Torture?" and similar headlines. They undertake to "cure" cancer by "soothing, balmy oils"—for which read burning, agonizing acids. After these acids have done their work, the cancer spreads like wildfire in the wounded flesh, and in a short time is beyond operation. But worse even than the positive harm which they do by their practice is the negatively ruinous influence of their advertisements, frightening thousands of women from the operating table, which is their one and only chance of being saved. Nearly all of the better newspapers have thrown out cancer cure "copy." The post office has shut many of these scoundrelly malpractitioners out of the mails. But a few persist, and their deadly lies may still be found in the lesser magazines and papers. Let every publisher who accepts such advertising matter consider this: medication can no more cure cancer than it can cure an arrow imbedded in the body. The arrow must come out or it will kill. So with the cancer. Whoever issues falsehoods as to the cure of cancer without surgery is a principal, and whoever circulates them an accomplice, in wanton and wholesale murder.

Surely, though slowly, the truth will overtake and overcome the falsehood. Meantime thousands of lives are wasted through ignorance and mistaken fear. Let me repeat once more the vital points of the new enlightenment on cancer:

Cancer is usually preventable by proper treatment of the precancerous trouble.

It is generally curable when discovered early and operated on at once. Any intelligent physician can explain to you the early symptoms and teach you to safeguard yourself.

The operation, no matter how desperate, is never as desperate as the cancer.

If your doctor says "It may be cancer," don't waste a day in finding out and, if it be cancer, in getting to the operating table.

Remember that, in the early stages, cancer operations are seldom fatal.

Don't postpone operation through any mistaken dread. Not the knife, but fear of the knife, is Death's chiefest ally.

Memories of the Players

(*Continued from page 20*)

and imagination, causing wild excitement and suggesting vivid images of human nature exalted into the avenging fury or the dreadful, inevitable, invincible fate. His performance of the dual parts in "The Corsican Brothers" was as nearly perfect in that way as anything that has been seen. His Ruy Blas in the third act, his Claude Melnotte in the fourth act, his Legardère, and his Obenreizer (in the Alpine scenes) illustrated the special excellence of his acting. In Shakespeare he was not successful, one reason being that he carried into poetical tragedy a colloquial tone and a familiar manner, and thus, in striving to be "natural," became prosy and trivial. By Daly he was judiciously restricted to the things he could do best.

Fechter could be companionable if flattered, but he was captious and unreasonable; he quarreled with almost everybody, and he was ruined by colossal vanity and reckless self-indulgence. Even Charles Dickens, by whom he was extravagantly admired, was compelled to confess that he had "a perfect genius for quarreling." The defect was deeper than that. It was a craze of vanity, and it made his career, which might have been one of continuous beneficence and unclouded renown, a miserable failure. No actor was ever provided with better opportunities, and seldom has any actor made a worse use of them.

DALY AND CLARA MORRIS

DALY'S management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre was in the second season specially signalized by his employment and professional education of Clara Morris, a native of Toronto, Canada—real name Morrison—who, before she came to New York, had gained experience in the West. Her first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was made on September 13, 1870, as Anne Sylvester, in a play that Daly had adapted from the powerful and tragically effective novel of "Man and Wife," by that prince of story-tellers, Wilkie Collins. The part—as Daly long afterward told me—had been allotted to Fanny Davenport, and by her had been rehearsed; but Miss Davenport did not like it and wished to be relieved of it, and to take instead the part of Blanche Lundy. That arrangement ultimately was made, and Anne Sylvester was given, not without hesitation, to Miss Morris. "I telegraphed to her former manager, old John Ellsler," said Daly, "asking him whether she could play it, and I received two words in answer: 'Try her.'" The trial was made, and the result was a remarkable success. Better acting than that of Miss Morris was seen on the night when "Man and Wife" had its first representation, for James Lewis appeared as Sir Patrick Lundy, William Davidge as Bishopriggs, and Mrs. Gilbert as Hester Dethridge, but the strange, passionate personality of Clara Morris attracted all eyes, stirred the imagination, and deeply impressed the feelings. She was like no other, and upon the total achievement of her long subsequent career that would be a sufficiently comprehensive and illuminative comment.

A BIZARRE QUALITY OF ACTING

IT would not be accurate to designate Clara Morris as either a tragedian or a comedian. She was, intrinsically, an expositor of human nature in self-conflict, of the revolt of humanity against affection and suffering, of erring virtue tortured in the miserable bonds of fatal circumstance. Representative performances of hers were Jezebel; Cora, in "Article 47"; Madeleine Morel; Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen"; Alixe; Esther, in "The New Leah"; and Miss Multon, in the domestic drama so named, which had been derived from a French play based on Mrs. Henry Wood's once widely popular novel of "East Lynne." Her acting was pervaded by a bizarre quality and fraught with hysterical passion and intense tremulous nervous force, but it revealed neither definite intellectual method nor consistent artistic design. The structure of it was perplexed by aimless wanderings across the scene, motiveless posturing, facial contortions, wailing vocalization, extravagant gesture, and spasmodic conduct—as of a haphazard person taking the uncertain chance of somehow coming out right at last.

That sort of wild emotional deliverance is effective upon a nervous, excitable auditory, and Miss Morris was long a popular figure on our stage. She remained with Daly till 1873, when she went to the Union Square, which, in the previous year, had been converted into a theatre of the first class by A. M. Palmer. Long afterward, speaking to me, Daly said: "Morris was one of the most interesting and talented women in my company, but she was very vain and her head was turned by her success. I soon found her resentful of instruction, so I let her severely alone. She found that she could not get along without assistance, and one day at rehearsal she asked me why I didn't help her any more. I told her I didn't care to waste my time on performers who thought themselves perfect, and after that she took a different tone and begged me to direct her as before, which I did. She

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Signet Writing Fluid

A genuine writing fluid, not simply water containing dye. It has taken us years to produce an ink we were willing to put out under our trade-mark, but we are confident that a trial will convince you that Signet Ink is of unequaled quality as regards permanency, fine color, flowing properties and all-round excellence. Quarts, pints and half pints—also in 5c and 10c bottles.

Sample Offer: We will give you a generous sample of Signet Oil and a valuable booklet telling of hundreds of household uses for Signet Oil, providing you will send us the front of the pasteboard carton which contained a bottle or tube of LePage's Glue. Don't fail to take advantage of this offer—write today.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY, 120 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Special to Manufacturers:

LePage's Tin Paste
A wonderful invention which has long been wanted—a paste which will stick labels on tin—even greasy tin. It does it.

LePage's Belting Cement
For quick, dependable repairs on factory belts—it has great strength, flexibility and durability.

Animal and Fish Glue Blends
Absolutely the right kind of a glue for every purpose. Give us your glue problems and we will work out exactly the right glue for you to get most effective results. We have the most efficient glue laboratory in the world.

Tempering Oils
We have a remarkably fine line of tempering oils of which we would like to give you fuller particulars.

Write to Our Manufacturers' Department for information about these products

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Put Your Foot Right Down

It won't slip—even on wet sidewalks or the smoothest floor. That **Cat's Paw** Friction Plug **Holds.** And notice, too, that it is near the back of the heel, where the hardest wear comes.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Put You On A Sure Footing

No holes to carry mud or dirt. Extra quality rubber gives resiliency and lightness, lends energy to your step.

They walk easier and last longer than other kinds, but cost no more.

They Never "Skid"

Ask your shoe dealer to put **Cat's Paw Heels** on all your shoes. Black or Tan. **The name is easy to remember.**



50c. Attached. At All Dealers.

TO THE RETAIL DEALER

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



Off Goes April and On Goes B. V. D.



OFF goes tight fitting, full length, knit underwear that cramps your body and clogs your pores! On goes loose fitting, soft draping B. V. D. that cools and comforts your skin!

Don't take *any* "Summer Underwear" or *any* "Athletic Underwear." Accept *only* B. V. D. and reject all others. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

You can't go amiss, if you seek and *find* this label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.



The B. V. D. Company, New York

London Selling Agency: 66, ALDERMANBURY, E. C.

was a clever woman, but she never did anything more, after she left me, than she had done already on my stage."

DALY AND ADA REHAN

DALY rendered many, various, and important services to the theatre of his time, but his recognition and development of the genius of Ada Rehan was the most valuable of them all. A large volume would hardly contain the complete story of her career. In Ada Rehan the stage was illumined and graced by an actress who not only preserved but bettered the brilliant traditions of Peg Woffington and Dora Jordan. Her rich, healthful, refined beauty, her imposing stature, her Celtic sparkle of mischievous piquancy, her deep feeling, her round, full, clear, caressing voice, her supple freedom of movement, the expressive play of her features, and the delightful variety and vivacity of her action—who that ever appreciated could ever forget them? She raised the character of Shakespeare's Shrew from the level of turbulent farce, and made it a credible, consistent, continuously interesting, and ultimately sympathetic image of human nature. She was the best Rosalind ever seen in our time, or, as far as extensive reading on the subject enables me to judge, ever seen since "As You Like It" was written, and I confidently believe that, within her special field—of archness, raillery, sentiment, coquetry, and noble, womanlike feeling—she has seldom been equaled and never excelled. She triumphed not only by reason of what she did but by reason of what she was—a woman in whom great goodness of heart was reinforced by purity and strength of mind. Under any circumstances, thus inspired, she would have risen to eminence in the dramatic vocation, but she would not have gained so much success or gained it so soon if she had not attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, and if he had not devoted himself to her training and advancement.

When, in reminiscent mood, I muse on the brilliant career of Ada Rehan, as known to me, the character of the woman seems even more interesting than the accomplishment of the actress. She was a creature of simplicity and truth—intrinsically sincere, modest, and humble. Buoyant glee, a dominant attribute of her acting, was equally characteristic of her conduct in private life, and no stress of care and trouble—from which she has not been exempt—could dash her spirits or deaden her sensibility. She was ever a passionate lover of the beautiful, alike in nature and art, and she could discern and cordially admire the beauty of other women—a happiness not usual with her sex. She was intrinsically guileless and noble; generous and grateful; never forgetting kindness, and never speaking ill of anybody. Of all my friends among the players she is the last of the old order, but when we meet, as sometimes we do, I find her still the same gentle, merry, hopeful, sympathetic creature whom first I knew as a young and ardent girl, with all her life before her.

THE ADVENT OF ADA REHAN

ADA REHAN was not associated with the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her advent on Daly's stage did not occur until after he had ceased to manage the Fifth Avenue and had returned from his temporary period of rest and observation in Europe. Miss Rehan (who had attracted his attention while playing Bianca, in Garrick's version of "The Taming of the Shrew," in Albany) acted under His management in the spring of 1879 at the Grand Opera House as Mary Standish, in his play of "Pique," and at the Olympic Theatre as Big Clemence, and also, later, as Virginie, in his version of Emile Zola's "L'Assommoir"; but it was not till he opened Daly's Theatre, producing the comedy of "Love's Young Dream," in which she acted Nelly Beers, that she entered on the career which since has given such abounding evidence of dramatic genius, and so much exalted and refined pleasure to the public, both European and American.

"I sketch him in the character."
—CORIOLANUS.

In character Daly was self-centered. Toward the world his demeanor, ordinarily, was austere. He believed in himself. He possessed extraordinary power of will and an amazing capability of endurance. Under all circumstances he decided promptly and acted instantly. He was not afraid to take risks. He neither boasted in prosperity nor complained in adversity. He never broke faith with the public. He never asked indulgence and he never complained of the attitude of the public toward him or his ventures. He kept his troubles to himself. Even when heart-broken by the sudden death of his two young sons—who died within a few hours of each other—he, outwardly, maintained his iron composure, kept his theatre open, and attended to his business in it without deviation from customary routine. He was appreciative of friendship and glad to possess it, but he did not seek it. He was not solicitous of propitiating anybody. He did not depend on other persons; he depended on himself. He was mindful of the past and willing to profit by its teaching, but he lived in the present and looked toward the future. He was a genial host, but I never knew him to be tranquil or to impart tranquillity. He stimulated action. His mind was continuously concentrated on the active business of life. He thought quickly, acted quickly, moved quickly. I walked with him one day from end to end of the Canongate in Edinburgh—a favorite street with me, and one with which I had long before made myself familiar—and, at his request, pointed out to him its notable features of antiquity and association. He saw each and every one, but he never lingered. The walk was ended in less than thirty minutes. I took similar walks with him in London, a city well known to him, but there also he moved in a flash of expedition. It was not that he lacked appreciation of what he saw; it was that his temperament was restless and his ambitious purposes and plans never remote from attention. His quiet hours, I conjecture, were those which he devoted to religion. He was a member of the Roman Catholic Church and a strict observer of its ordinances.

DALY'S IRASCIBLE TEMPER

NOTWITHSTANDING his intrinsic amiability (which had been considerably strained by ingratitude and disparagement), Daly was a man of irascible temper—a defect which he earnestly strove to repair. "It is a serious weakness," he said to me, and then added: "Some time ago a swindling workman sent me an unjust bill, which I have repeatedly refused to pay. He has annoyed me much. To-day I met him in Sixth Avenue, where a new building is going up. 'Are you going to pay me that money?' he demanded. His insolence infuriated me so that I snatched up a piece of scantling, but, thank Heaven, he ran before I could strike. I might have killed him."

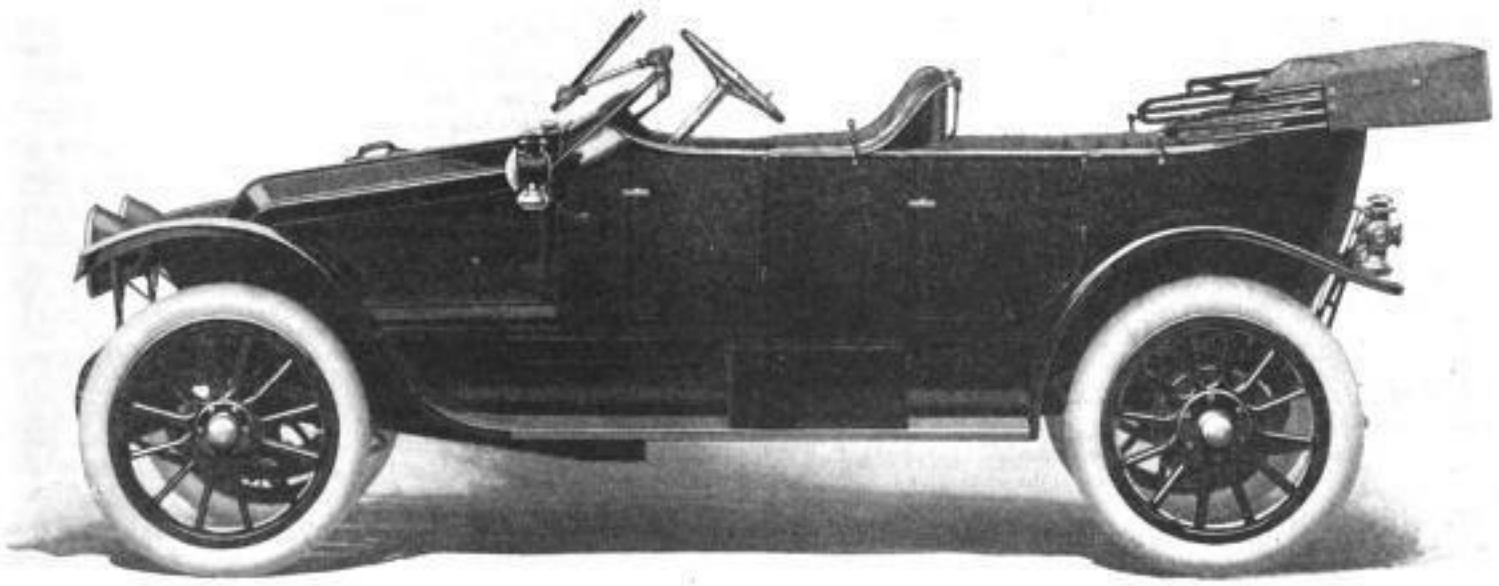
As a stage manager Daly's chief, if not his only, fault was a practice of excessive interference with his actors. His knowledge of the technicalities of dramatic art, indeed, was ample and minute, and he possessed an unerring perception of dramatic effect, so that his insistence on his own way was measurably justified. To inexperienced performers his training was exceedingly serviceable, and he could, and often did, make valuable suggestions to even the most experienced and capable of actors; but sometimes he marred individual performances by checking spontaneity and suppressing originality, and sometimes also he wrought injustice by arbitrary forbiddance of the right and proper exaltation of a character. His company was subservient to rigorous discipline, and it presented an admirable model of concurrent acting, but frequently it worked under a painful nervous tension, which could not be otherwise than injurious, at least to some individuals. Few of his company were truly friendly to him, but every member of it, possessed of judgment and knowledge, admired and respected him.

He watched his company with the vigilance of a hawk, both in the theatre and out of it. He specially disliked the vulgar and odious habit, indulged in by some actors, of making Broadway a lounging place in which to pose and exhibit themselves and to gossip. He detested those supersensitive creatures of "feeling" (almost invariably incompetent to act), who cannot properly attend to their business at rehearsal. "Don't tell me you'll be 'all right at night!'" I once heard him exclaim—to an actor on his stage: "If there's anything I hate, it's that! If you're *ever* going to be 'all right' you can be 'all right' *now!*" One maxim, of which he warmly approved, he caused to be printed and displayed in various parts of his theatre, behind the scenes, where, probably, the admonition in it did good service: "A sure way to success—mind your business. A sure way to happiness—mind *your own* business." He was an insistent, merciless worker. He

(*Concluded on page* 31)

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The Meaning of *"Balanced Construction"* in the Light-Weight Fact-Backed Franklin Car



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car $3600

FRANKLIN "Balanced Construction" is the practical application of a well-grounded, well-proven mechanical principle—less weight means less cost. It provides for trimming down overweight in every part; for measuring the capacity and strain of every part; and in correlating size, weight and capacity to meet the strain. The result is the modern motor prodigy—

A Light-weight Car with Heavy-weight Ability!

Advantages of Franklin *Balanced Construction*

(1) By securing maximum strength in every part without excess weight and bulk, we are enabled to build a car that totals from 1000 to 1200 pounds *lighter* than other cars of same power and speed.

(2) A lighter car in which nothing of strength or efficiency has been sacrificed means a lighter up-keep cost—less load to carry, therefore fewer tires to buy; fully 100 per cent. more miles per gallon of gasoline (and gasoline cost at the present market price is an item seriously to be considered).

(3) Less weight—and all weight properly apportioned—means a safer car; a car less difficult to handle—a car in which, without undue fatigue, you can travel 300 miles per day, when in heavier cars of this same class 100 miles would tire you.

Tire Cost—the Bane of Motoring

Few automobilists know how much they spend for tires. Or what their tire cost per mile is. They should know. Every tire maker knows. Most automobile manufacturers know, too. But, as a rule, automobile manufacturers don't say very much about tires.

Proper tire equipment is really an engineering problem and we have worked it out on a scientific basis. A leading car of fine reputation, weighing 4450 pounds, has the same size of tires that we put on a car weighing 3350 pounds. The result is obvious.

Tire makers usually guarantee 3500 miles of service. Franklin owners say an average of 10,000 miles is common. 12,000 miles is not infrequent. And there are cases on record of Franklin owners who have got more than 15,000 miles out of a set of tires!

8000 Miles is the Franklin Average

However, take 8000 miles as the average. That is 4500 miles more than the guarantee. Velvet! Every bit of it.

What is the explanation of the Franklin's wonderful showing? Light weight! Balanced construction! Right-sized tires! Right spring throw! Wood sills that soften the "hammer, hammer, hammer of the hard highway." The biggest factor, of course, is light weight.

Franklin owners have infinitely less tire trouble, immeasurably less tire expense than owners of other cars. 98 per cent. of Franklin cars don't carry extra tires. Why should they?

The Franklin is direct air-cooled

We have completely and forever put by all necessity of even considering a water-cooling system. Listen! *Not a man who owns a Franklin car today is conscious that he has a cooling system.* So perfect and simple is direct air-cooling he does not have to think about it, fill it up nor oil it. Leaks and boiling water, freezing water in winter, rust-outs, clogged circulation, these are some of the other troubles avoided. If you would like more Franklin reasons, ask your dealer or write for catalogue.

The Fact-Backed Franklin is made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	$3600
Franklin Little Six "30"	2900
Franklin Four "25"	2000
Franklin "18" Runabout	1650

All Franklin 6-cylinder cars are equipped with the Entz Electric Starting and Lighting System.

Franklin Automobile Company **21 Franklin Square** **Syracuse N Y**

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RELENTLESS FRICTION

How it ruins automobile motors. How the remedy must be determined.

WITHOUT lubrication your car could run only about 20 to 30 times its own length.

Friction would then stop the power.

As oil saves power, it follows that one oil will save more power than another.

An important question is:

What oil will eliminate the most destructive friction in your motor?

Motors differ. Different cars demand different oils.

Only oil of the very highest lubricating qualities can properly protect the moving parts.

Only oil whose "body," or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly reach the friction points.

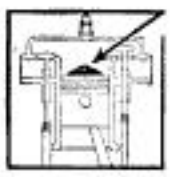
With such an oil, practically your only friction is the friction of oil against metal.

You will find this grade of oil indicated, opposite your car, in the chart printed in part on this page.

The recommendations in the chart were arrived at after a careful motor-analysis of the cars named. The oil's efficiency has been further proven-out by practical demonstrations.

If you use an oil of less correct "body," or of lower lubricating efficiency your motor must pay the penalty.

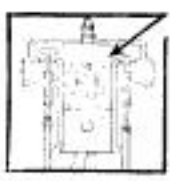
Some of the consequences are pointed out below.



Carbon deposit (excepting that due to faulty carburetion and gasoline combustion) is commonly attributed to the *quality* of the lubricating oil. Quite as often the fault lies with the oil's "*body*."

In some motors, a light-bodied oil will work too freely past the piston rings, into the combustion chamber. Lubricating oil itself is a hydro-carbon product. Carbon can never be wholly filtered out. When the oil works freely into the closed combustion chamber carbon deposit is bound to occur.

An unnecessary quantity of the oil is consumed. Ignition trouble, and in time, "knocking" of the motor results.

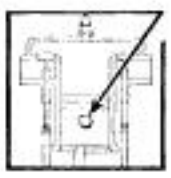


Another common result of faulty lubrication is **scored cylinder walls.**

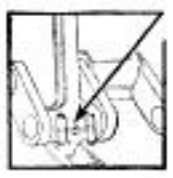
The scoring is generally caused by the oil's low lubricating *quality*.

Or it may be caused by too-light a "*body*." In that case the oil fails to carry-through to the end of the piston stroke.

The piston rings then rub directly against the walls. In time they break. Scoring and scratching of the cylinders will result. Hissing of the motor follows.

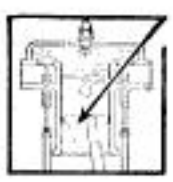


A third result of wrong "*body*" or low lubricating *quality* is **worn wrist-pins.** This trouble causes a dull, metallic knock. In extreme cases the wrist-pins break.



A fourth result is **worn connecting rod or main bearings.** The unnecessary wear is caused either by the low lubricating *quality* of the oil, or by an oil whose "*body*" is unadapted to the fit of the bearings.

The bearings in different motors differ widely. For proper lubrication they require oils of different "*body*."



A fifth common result is **loss of compression and escape of the explosion.**

The oil's actual lubricating *quality* plays no part in this loss. The escape is attributable wholly to the oil's incorrect "*body*."

With certain types of piston rings a light-bodied oil forms too-thin a film around the ring. Loss of compression, escaping explosion, and reduced power result.

There is no plain symptom by which this escape can be discovered—other than the lessened power of the motor.

TO avoid these troubles you *must* use an oil of the highest lubricating *quality*, and of correct "*body*."

There is only one way to determine the correct "*body*." That is, to carefully analyze the construction of the motor.

Any less-thorough method can only be a hazardous guess.

To meet this problem, each season we carefully analyze the motor-construction of every make of automobile.

Based on this analysis, and on practical experience, we determine the correct oil for each car.

The results of these conclusions are compiled in a lubricating chart—printed in part on this page. This chart specifies the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for your car.

The efficiency of the oils recommended has been thoroughly demonstrated in practical use.

In sheer lubricating *quality* they stand alone.

Oil of the *quality* and "*body*" recommended is an absolutely necessary step toward:

(1) The greatest horse-power efficiency.

(2) The smoothest operation.

(3) The fewest repair troubles.

(4) The lowest operating cost per mile.

(5) The longest life to your motor.

(6) The greatest second-hand value.

WE have here discussed lubrication with considerable assurance. You may wish to know more about the basis for this certainty.

We will speak plainly. Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

Throughout the world the lubricating counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

We are depended upon to determine the lubricating requirements and to supply the oils that meet them.

Our clientele includes thousands of manufacturing plants—located in practically every civilized country.

We supply the floating armament of the world's leading naval powers.

We supply practically all of the ocean greyhounds.

We supply the aeroplane fleets of the leading military powers.

Outside of the home field we supply over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

OUR chart of recommendations represents our professional advice.

*If you use an oil of less-correct "**body**" or of lower lubricating **quality** than that recommended, unnecessary friction, unnecessary carbon deposit, loss of power, and ultimate serious damage must result.*

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or a sealed five-gallon, or one-gallon can. Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.



Explanation. In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Abbott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Acason	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E.	A	E.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Autocar			A	E.	E.	A	A	Arc.		
Automobile										
Auto-Red	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bush (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (2 cyl.)	D	A								
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	A	A	E	A	A	A	A	E	E
" Cont.	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case					A	A	A	A	Arc.	
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	D	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Daniels	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Darrin	A	E	A	E	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	B	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroit	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Earl	B	A	A	A	D	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders			E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.			
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	Arc.
" Cont.	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.						Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grant				A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	
Grant-Logan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Havelock	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.				
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"									A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)									B	A
" (water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	D	A		
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Inverness	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Italia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Kelly Springfield									Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	E	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont.					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kor			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lewis	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marquette	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marbell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pap. Detroit			A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Parhard	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder									A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont.					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
Rayfield							A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.					B	B	B	B	D	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service					A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Sorgel	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Mead"									A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz									Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E		
Tip-Top	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren-Detroit			Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E

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habitually rose at six in the morning, he was in the theatre at eight, and except for an hour at noon, which he passed at home, he remained there till midnight. He sometimes worked all night with his pen, at such times drinking cold tea as a stimulant. His favorite wine was sherry, but he drank very little, at any time, and he never used tobacco.

Daly's personal peculiarities were many and striking. He was unusually tall, but he sacrificed some of the appearance of height by reason of a habitual stoop. His limbs were long and thin. He customarily dressed in black clothes, and like many old-time Southerners (he was a native of Plymouth, N. C., of Irish extraction, born July 20, 1838), he wore high-heeled boots, the tops of which extended up, under his trouser legs, almost to the knees. He was exceedingly nervous, and when seated, at rehearsal, he had a trick of twining one leg around the other and then, unknowingly, of working one boot half off. When in that position, if anything occurred, in the business of the scene, which he desired to alter, he would attempt to rise and, in consequence of his pedal entanglement, would violently propel himself through the air like a corkscrew spring, unwinding—to the great, if secret, joy of the assembled company.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN AUTOCRAT

HIS eyes were extraordinarily beautiful—blue-gray in color, large, with long and dark, characteristically Irish lashes. His forehead was broad and expressive of intellect. His voice was musical and strong, but, ordinarily, it was imperious. In expostulatory speaking he had a trick of swinging one clenched hand from the level of his chest, sidewise, down, and backward to arm's length, drooping his jaw and uttering his words with a sort of drawl. In social conversation he spoke simply and earnestly, but he was not a talker. He was an excellent reader. When he read a play to his company—as in the earlier part of his managerial career he did, in the case of almost every play he produced—he elucidated the full meaning of the text, made every character visible and comprehensible, and indicated the stage business suitable to each person and scene. Before a public audience he was constrained. He could not deliver public speeches, and when called before the curtain he contented himself with a few murmured words and a bow.

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

IN latter years Daly had begun to feel the loneliness that settles on the mind as friends die, and things change, and the long familiar environment drifts away, and the new age comes on. His active career had extended over nearly thirty years, and, as a rule, no person remains a much longer time than that conspicuously in the public eye. "My audience," he said to me, toward the last, "seems to be different from what it was. The people are new. I am growing weary of trying to please them." And then he spoke of plans, of, rather, dreams, we had sometimes entertained, of going abroad and settling in some quiet nook in rural England. I suppose he was dimly conscious of failing health and flagging energy. I do not believe, however, he would have been content to retire. He certainly did not expect the end, which came so suddenly. Death took him by surprise. He had not completed his sixty-first year when he passed away. He was a rare personality, the representative and greatest theatrical manager America has produced. He was not generally and rightly recognized in life, and he has received nothing like justice since his death. He could be irresistibly charming when he chose to be so—blithe, gentle, affectionate—but toward most persons he chose to be frigid.

I remember him as genial, confiding, kind, outspoken, and sincere; and, more and more, as the years pass away, I see how great he was in his vocation, and what a calamity the loss of him was for the American stage.

A Partnership in Fires

[Continued from page 9]

these are but incidental fires. When it comes to the fires which the public adjuster is arranging from the beginning—he is faced at once by a quandary. Very rarely can he obtain the policies himself; and to do so would in general link him altogether too closely to the fire. This is where the broker is needed. He, as I have explained many times already, has the power to force almost any and every class of business upon the companies. *He* procures the policies.

One of the most notorious brokers recently indicted in Chicago is said to be a large stockholder in the brokerage concern which procured the insurance policies for his biggest jobs. Robert Rubin, the adjuster just convicted in New York, worked through a chain of brokers.

But there is still the *honest man* who has had an accidental fire, or whose store or loft has been gutted by a fire set by some criminal fellow tenant. Will the honest man who has so suffered go with a fake fire marshal and sign contracts at midnight?

He will not. He lets his visitors know that he goes with all insurance questions to his insurance broker.

And well does the broker know it! The broker is waiting for his visit next morning.

"At first," to quote Public Adjuster Thrasher Hall again, "your broker—the sly old fox!—is undecided whether you had better employ an adjuster or not. But if he concludes you need one, he knows a very responsible man in the business that he will recommend. And that 'responsible adjuster' will be recommended in due time!"

That is, the honest fire sufferer, whose fire has often been to him the greatest of human calamities this side of death itself, goes to his insurance broker, as to a friend and counselor, for advice. What help he needs could in general be given him by the broker himself in half an hour. And what the broker does—well knowing that his advice will be taken, and with never a word as to his own huge take-off on the transaction—is to turn his client over to an individual who will, in almost every case, either take the last penny out of him, or seek to turn him into a third partner in this business of making crooked profits from fires.

$30,000 A YEAR FROM FIRES

ACCORDING to William M. Bament, the head of the loss department of the Home Insurance Company, almost all losses of any account pass through the hands of some public adjuster, reputable or disreputable. Remember, too, that only in the most exceptional fires is any public adjuster really needed. And in the great majority of cases there is "the divvy."

There are numbers of brokers, according to Mr. Bament, who are making more money from fires than from writing insurance. Some are making more than $30,000 from fires. According to another well-known "loss man," there are New York brokers who say they could not, now, run their offices without such dividends.

To quote a broker himself: "Very little business would be done by many brokers and insurance agents if it were only the commission on the policy which they were working for. It is the adjustment of the expected fire loss that these agents want; and if fires do not result, in a fair number of instances, business is considered very poor."

REPUTABLE VS. DISREPUTABLE

THE more *outwardly* reputable the broker, the greater his value to the public adjuster, for such a broker can deliver a larger and a better run of business. And again, well does the outwardly reputable broker know it.

"Occasionally," says the Losses and Adjustments Report of 1910, "a public adjuster whose general run of business is notoriously bad forms a partial alliance with a few brokers of high repute; and, as these brokers ought not to be ignorant of the man's record, it is a natural inference that extra inducements have been offered in such cases."

When the broker is thoroughly *disreputable*, there is no length to which he will not go. "There is," says the 1913 Report on Incendiarism of the New York Fire Department, "a fairly well authenticated story of an insurance agent working in a certain district of the city who, in delivering his fire insurance policies to his



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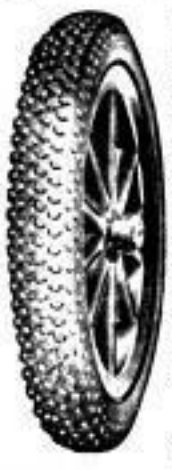
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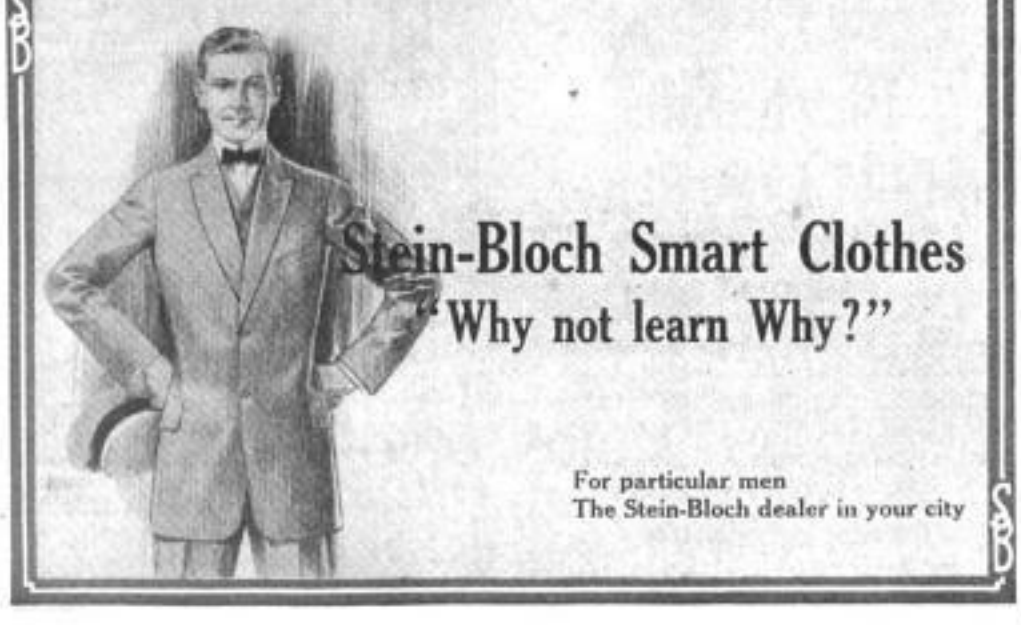
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customers, always slipped a match under the rubber band around the policy. The suggestion was obvious." It is credibly claimed that there are now brokers who will not procure policies for certain individuals unless they will *guarantee* to have a fire. George Gritz, the New York broker mentioned above, had procured the policies for at least one hundred criminal fires.

But leave the *criminal* broker out of it altogether. Simply take the great general average. How does this "partnership in fire" work out?

THE PERFECT FIRE MACHINE

THE broker protects the public adjuster. Again and again it has been shown how complete is the sway of the broker over the insurance company. Through him alone can the big-city business come. And, though he has been a criminal a hundred times over, no company has ever dared to prosecute him. How, therefore, shall it venture to attack, or even unduly impugn, the fire claims of his partner, the public adjuster, the contributor of half his income?

The public adjuster protects the broker. The broker need have no guilty knowledge of the fire; and rarely has he any such uncomfortable information. The situation is merely this:

Every month, so many "rotten risks"—"skates," and "tough ones," and "repeaters"—come to him for insurance. Almost all of them, as he knows, have had fires before; some of them many fires. There is every probability that, within a few years, most of them will have fires again. And the broker, big or little, uses all the compelling power of his "preferred business" to get them that new insurance which, without his help, might be denied them all their lives. Is any condition attached? Only the tacit one that *should* a fire occur, the loss shall of course go to his particular public adjuster. The fire occurs. The public adjuster *may* have guilty knowledge of it. But he, too, need not have; in any case he will get the loss claim. He makes it profitable to the extent of so many hundreds, or so many thousands of dollars; and the broker gets his half.

Each assists and protects the other. And automatically, like the two sides of a shell, between them they protect the criminal—who is thereby enabled to go on and produce always larger and more profitable fires.

We hear of dark "arson trust" conspiracies hatched stealthily in the purlieus of the Levee and the East Side. The real arson trust is meeting every minute in the front offices of the great insurance buildings of LaSalle and William Streets.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE COMPANIES

AND now what of the attitude of our great insurance companies? What action, what help in ending this thing, can be expected from them?

There is, of course, only one thing which can end it—complete and unsparing exposure. And only from the opened records of our insurance companies can such exposure come.

More than a year ago the fullest opportunity for such an exposure was offered by this magazine. It was offered first to certain great companies individually.

The answering plea was that no company could act alone. "They [the brokers] would blacklist us in a minute," said the president of one of them.

That being so, they were then offered the opportunity to take *united* action. If it be true that our great companies would, unitedly, prefer to do half the amount of business at honest rates rather than continue doing their present huge business at rates which can be commanded only by arson, here and now was a chance for them to prove it. And, as the representative of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, I began to go from one insurance committee to another.

The chairman of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters is Henry W. Eaton. I was not able to see him, in person. But his deputy manager, George W. Hoyt, "did not think the question was one with which it was within his province to deal." He referred me to the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Its general agent, Mr. W. E. Mallalieu, "could not feel that the question came within its province. It was true that the National Board possessed a Committee on Arson and Incendiarism. But it was not a committee which could take action in such a case as this." He referred me to Mr. Samuel R. Weed, the chairman of the Committee on Losses and Adjustments.

"It is true," said Mr. Samuel R. Weed, "that nine public adjusters in ten are rascals. But we mustn't lean *too* heavy on them, you know."

I was next referred to Mr. Frank Lock of the New York Board, and who, it seemed, was looked to as "the spokesman of the insurance business."

He called before him the head of his own loss department, and asked him a series of solemn and searching questions:

Was it actually a fact that in New York the public adjuster divided his earnings with the broker?

This undreamed-of condition, according to that loss department man, did actually and in very fact exist!

But could it be said to be in any sense a general practice?

It was a practice which his informant feared was in New York almost *universal!*

Whereupon I was referred by Mr. Lock to Mr. Weed, Mr. Mallalieu, and Mr. Hoyt.

Why tell the whole miserable story of shuffling and evasion? In Chicago the companies plead that the conditions which there have existed for years were known to former State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman, and that the said Wayman is now acting as counsel for many of those indicted for arson. All of which might be true. But ten lines to any Chicago newspaper would have been enough. And try to conceive the New York Clearing House sharing an office building with a known and notorious green goods man!

Some of the worst of Chicago's public adjusters have been able in many cases to go into the companies' offices, and, with every evidence of good will, procure insurance policies.

Some have been employed by certain companies as appraisers.

When, a short time before I is arrest for arson, the most notorious of Chicago's public adjusters gave one of his champagne suppers, men in the service of the companies, among them a representative of the Western Adjustment and Inspection Company, the official Loss Committee of Chicago insurance, attended it.

At the recent trial of Henry G. Freeman, for years one of New York's most notorious public adjusters, six insurance company representatives testified to his good character, and did all in their power to prevent his conviction. There were representatives of other insurance companies which testified as strongly against him.

When State's Attorney Hoyne of Chicago had been for only a month investigating that city's "arson trust," he openly charged that certain insurance companies worked with the fire bugs, that for this service they were given protection from fires. And this must stand as being the truth until convincing proofs to the contrary have been given.

FIRE CRAFT IN MILLIONS

WHAT does the public adjuster add to our fire bill?

He increases it, of course, by the fires he arranges from the beginning. One of Chicago's best-known "touch-off men," Ben Fink confessed, March 11, that for one Chicago adjusting firm he has set fires giving a loss of more than $1,000,000.

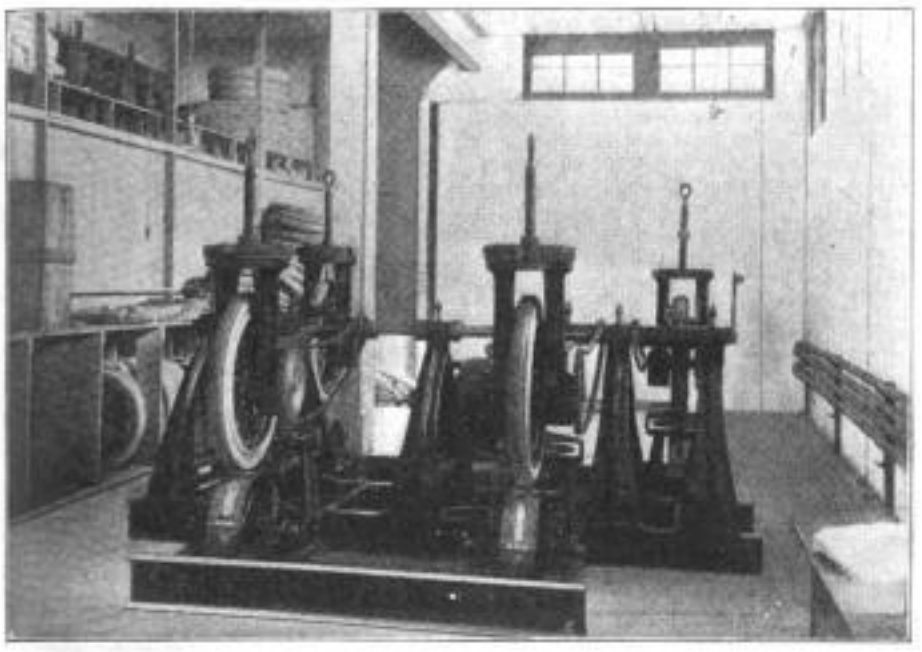
Leave all that. Take only those fire losses, honest or criminal, into which the public adjuster enters *after* the event.

In a recent Newark leather fire, where about $90,000 in all was paid by the insurance companies, the public adjuster had $30,000 of it. "We have one gentleman of this profession in ————," writes a leading Canadian insurance lawyer, "who boasts of having obtained $65,000 more than the assured should have had in the settlement of a large wholesale dry goods loss." But I shall take my figures only from New York. **"Say,"** said a new "night-hawk" runner one night to a New York fireman, **"this is simply—simply the greatest graft you ever knew!"** And, beyond a doubt, it is.

In 1903 Max Kornfeld, a New York public adjuster then convicted of arson, estimated that the crooked public adjuster fraudulently increases the amount of loss indemnity which must be paid by insurance companies on an average from 30 to 40 per cent. In 1913 a Chicago adjuster puts the increase at one half. Though the honest man will not let you increase *his* loss by 5 per cent, there are now ways of increasing the crook's loss by 200. And, in 1913, there must be increase enough to pay "the divvy." We come now to the explanation of one of New York's

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This is How We Get for You the Lowest Cost Per Mile

This machine runs night and day, year after year. It is wearing out four tires at a time under actual road conditions.

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There scores of our experts—mostly technical graduates—seek ways to better tires. And this machine tells when they get them.

On this machine we have compared 240 formulas and fabrics—compared them by actual mileage.

We compare materials, methods and processes. We compare rival tires with our own.

For years and years we have done this—done it by metered mileage. Thus year by year we have found out ways to better Goodyear tires.

And the Goodyear tires you get today are the final result of this testing. So far as present knowledge goes, they represent the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Your Meter Will Confirm Our Tests

For your own sake, make similar comparisons. Compare these tires with others.

Our meter shows that we've secured the lowest cost per mile. Your meter will confirm it.

Countless meters have.

More than two million Goodyear tires have gone into use. They have probably been tested on 300,000 cars.

As a result, men have told each other how Goodyear tires cut upkeep.

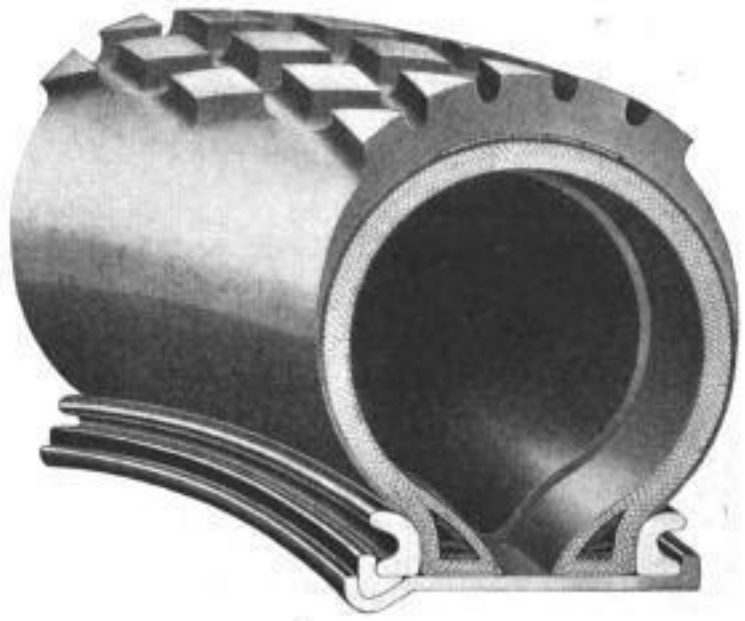
Sales have doubled over and over, until these tires by far outsell every other tire in existence.

Mileage Did It

Don't assume that this great success came without ample reason. Men are not fooled on tires.

In the past 12 months we have sold more tires than in the previous 12 years put together. And the demand from users now is running twice as large as last year.

Car makers have contracted for 800,680 Goodyear tires to go on this year's new cars. Such things mean that the test of time has shown enormous savings. And your tests will confirm them.



Each Tire is Double-Cured

Each Goodyear tire is partly cured before the tread is added. The complete tire then goes through another curing.

Thus every part is vulcanized exactly as it should be.

Each is partly cured on an iron core. Then the curing is finished on air bags.

This process, we think, is used by us alone. It is the most expensive process known. But it has brought our cost of replacement, under our warrant, down to eight-tenths of one per cent.

The Two Most Vital Savings

But the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires did most to cut tire bills down.

That tire, which we still control, wiped out the waste of rim-cutting. And that means enormous saving. Statistics show that 23 per cent of all old-type tires become rim-cut.

Then these new-type tires are 10 per cent over rated size. That means one-tenth more air capacity. And that with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together have saved motor car owners a good many millions of dollars.

Our Profit

We can give such tires at the Goodyear price because of the following facts:

We make more tires than any other plant. Our equipment is new and modern. We believe our making cost, quality considered, to be the lowest that exists.

Our capital cost is extremely low, because we have clung to small capitalization.

Our average profit last year was $2.90 per tire, figuring no interest on millions of capital invested.

That is on tires which cost all the way from $15.55 to $104.95, according to size and type.

Those are the reasons why tires that can't rim-cut—oversize tires—tires built as we build them—are sold at the Goodyear price. Judge for yourself if any maker can give you greater value.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

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Everybody Can Afford To Pay For The Clean Flour

MOST people think all flour is clean because it looks clean. When wheat comes to the mill the crease in the wheat kernel is full of dirt. Unless every kernel is washed, and scoured, and the flour thoroughly purified by the most modern machinery, the dirt is ground up with the wheat, remains in the flour, and goes into the bread. You then pay for the dirt in the flour, so much per pound, and of course the dirt has no food value. Bread made from cheap flour which is not clean contains less nourishment,—it gets stale quicker and costs the family more in the end than bread made from higher priced flour.

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

is made from such high quality wheat and goes through so many washing, scouring and purifying processes that we are able to put a Money-Back Guarantee in every sack. We guarantee OCCIDENT Flour to make whiter, lighter, better tasting bread, biscuit, cake and pastry than any other flour, and more of it per sack. If it fails to please you for all baking, your money will be refunded without argument.



Costs More —Worth It

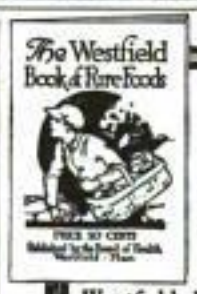
Because of its extra cleanliness OCCIDENT bread stays fresh and sweet longer than other bread. You can bake a double batch. This saves the work and fuel expense of many baking days. Every housewife should test the keeping qualities of OCCIDENT bread.

Send For Our Free Booklet "Better Baking"

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis U. S. A.

United States Tires

cut down tire bills



GOLDEN RULE Food Products

are listed in the

Westfield Book of Pure Foods

You can buy them direct from the factory. We don't require you to pay a profit to the wholesaler nor to the retailer.

When you make a safe investment at 25% less than the usual price you think you are doing well. You have to invest in food products to live; why not apply the same rule and save money on this investment? Does this interest you in these days of the "high cost of living?" Young men wanted as salesmen. Experience unnecessary. Splendid opportunity for advancement. Write.

The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Co.
Columbus, O.



This Canoe is a Masterpiece

The test of a canoe is not looks. Will it paddle and sail true? Is it light or does it drag your arms out? Will it last? "The Old Town Canoe" answers every canoe query 100% perfect. Beautifully proportioned, beautifully balanced. Light as a feather. True as an arrow.

"Old Town Canoe"

All planks long lengths, fastened at each rib with 4 copper tacks, clinched. Agents everywhere. 3000 canoes in stock insure prompt deliveries. Our illustrated, descriptive catalog tells all the facts of honest canoe building. Sent free.

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GOLDMAN'S **Arithstyle**

Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, COMPUTING MACHINE

Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.

Easily moved over page, fixed to desk, carried in hand or pocket. 5 in. x 2 1-2 in. x 1 in. Weight, 10 oz. Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.

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Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds. Write for free catalogue and special offer. Complete line of Farm Fence, Gates, etc.

WARD FENCE CO., 201 Main St., Decatur, Ind.

great, long-standing, and unfathomable insurance mysteries which is this:

For years the amount paid by the insurance companies to indemnify for fire losses in New York has been from thirty to fifty per cent greater than the total loss as tabulated by the fire marshal!

The Baltimore and San Francisco conflagrations showed that at the outside only 80 per cent of all property destroyed by fire is covered by insurance. That means that if a big city's total fire loss is $10,000,000, then $8,000,000 should be the total of insurance loss payments. New York's fire losses are carefully estimated by the fire marshal's office, which estimates are accepted and published yearly by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. During the years 1907, 1908, and 1909 New York's fire losses, *insured and uninsured*, as so estimated, averaged $8,583,142. A fair insurance indemnity would, then, have been about $6,866,000. The average annual "adjusted loss total" during those three years was $11,739,000! In 1910 this huge discrepancy was greater still. In 1911 the actual insured loss, at the 80 per cent ratio, was about $9,076,000. What the gentlemen who had the fires, the public adjusters, and their partners, the brokers, really received was about $17,000,000. The complete figures for 1912 are not as yet obtainable. But it is virtually certain that once more the discrepancy has been growing wider.

HONEST POLICY HOLDERS PAY

THIS discrepancy may be called the fire graft of New York. And—$5,000,000, $6,000,000, $7,000,000—whatever the figure may grow to, that will always be only the half. For, to make good the fire losses, the honest New York insurer has never had to pay less than two dollars in insurance premiums. Automatically, then, the real tax for fire graft becomes $10,000,000, $12,000,000, $14,000,000. And once more mark it well, the insurance companies do not pay it. As the criminal loss increases, the insurance rates levied upon the million honest insurers are simply raised proportionately. The insurance business makes the collection, keeps approximately half of the $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 or $14,000,00 for itself as collection charges, and gives the criminal the rest.

The greater the collection, the greater the profits to insurance! Do you wonder now that the business does not wish "to lean too heavy" on the public adjuster?

A few months ago much ado was made when it was estimated that New York paid some $2,400,000 a year in gambling graft. For our fire graft about six times as much is paid. And the man who pays it is not a crook paying for criminal protection. You pay it and I pay it. Everyone pays. And by paying we support a partnership whose menace to ourselves and to the whole community makes that of gambling seem almost negligible.

Now, for years this thing has been the scandal and shame of American insurance. Every insurance man knows of it. Every blue-shirted fireman in his first year learns of it; enough of them have gone to their deaths because of it. The accumulated tale of corruption, ruin, and death to its account can never be told.

When one old New York deputy chief learned that the exposure was to come at last, he lifted up both hands and cried: "Go to it! Go to it! And the Lord be with you!"

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR DECENT INSURANCE

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the insurance broker, George Grütz, pleaded that in taking his "rake-off" on fires he did only what all fire insurance brokers did, Assistant District Attorney Weller said in his summing up: "If there is any greater incentive for a fire insurance broker to share in arson with the public adjuster, will you tell me what it is? Has not he every wish and impulse and desire to have fires? Is not that what his business is? I say it is infamous. It should not be permitted to exist."

Here, then, is an opportunity for decent insurance to stand out and show itself. The broker who is not taking these profits on fires can open his books and prove it. The books of those who are, can be opened by any duly appointed authority. It was in New York that this partnership began, and merely from civic honor, it is for New York to end it. If it does not, there are other ways of ending it. For notice is hereby given to every foreign merchant that in New York, the greatest trading port in the world, the insurance seller who writes the policies on his stock of goods has, most probably, a twentyfold interest in seeing those goods destroyed.

The Price of Collier's

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beginning with the issue of May 3 will be 5c a copy or $2.50 a year

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will then receive 2 copies for each 1 copy still due

If your subscription has a whole year or but a single week to run, it will be extended to double the length of time—no matter what it is. For example:

You, whose subscriptions under present arrangements at the 10-cent price have 52 weeks to run, will receive Collier's for 104 weeks.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Living At the Ritz

At the Hotel Ritz in Paris you'd expect an ideal cuisine.

We have brought to our kitchens a famous chef from the Ritz.

And a million homes now share his service when they buy Van Camp's.

The only way to get a dish like this is to join these million others.

The beans are grown on a special soil, very rich in nitrogen.

The tomatoes are grown from special seed, and ripened on the vines.

Some of the spices come 10,000 miles, solely for use in this sauce.

To bake beans like these one must have costly ovens, surrounded with superheated steam.

One must bake the tomato sauce with the beans, so the flavor goes all through.

One must select young, corn-fed pork.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Note what it means to do this.

Every bean in Van Camp's is nut-like, mealy and whole.

The zest is delicious. Nowhere else do you find a sauce like it.

The beans come to your table with the fresh oven flavor, because of our sterilization.

The ablest of chefs supervise the production. So you get in Van Camp's a superlative dish—the very utmost in baked beans.

Does it pay?

We will leave the answer to you and yours. Serve a few cans and decide for yourself.

If you think that it does, then insist on Van Camp's whenever you buy baked beans.

Three sizes:
10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked by
Van Camp Packing Co.
Estab. 1861 (237) Indianapolis, Ind.

Kâramanèh

(*Continued from page 17*)

centered always about the London river. Undoubtedly it was his highway, his line of communication along which he moved his mysterious forces. The opium den off Shadwell Highway, the mansion upstream, at that hour a smoldering shell; now the hulk lying off the marshes. Always he made his headquarters upon the river. It was significant, and even if tonight's expedition should fail, this was a clue for our future guidance.

"Bear to the right," directed Smith. "We must reconnoiter before making our attack."

WE took a path that led directly to the river bank. Before us lay the gray expanse of water, and out upon it moved the busy shipping of the great mercantile city. But this life of the river seemed widely removed from us. The lonely spot where we stood had no kinship with human activity. Its dreariness illuminated by the brilliant moon, it looked indeed a fit setting for an act in such a drama as that wherein we played our parts. When I had lain in the East End opium den, when upon such another night as this I had looked out upon a peaceful Norfolk countryside, the same knowledge of aloofness, of utter detachments from the world of living men, had come to me.

Silently Smith stared out at the distant moving lights.

"Kâramanèh merely means a slave," he said, irrelevantly.

I made no comment.

"There's the hulk," he added.

The bank upon which we stood dipped in mud slopes to the level of the running tide. Seaward it rose higher; and by a narrow inlet—for we perceived that we were upon a kind of promontory—a rough pier showed. Beneath it was a shadowy shape in the patch of gloom which the moon threw far out upon the softly eddying water. Only one dim light was visible amid this darkness.

"That will be the cabin," said Smith.

Acting upon our prearranged plan, we turned and walked up on to the staging above the hulk. A wooden ladder led out and down to the deck below and was loosely lashed to a ring on the pier. With every motion of the tidal waters the ladder rose and fell, its rings creaking harshly against the crazy railing.

"How are we going to get down without being detected?" whispered Smith.

"We've got to risk it," I said grimly.

WITHOUT further words my friend climbed around on to the ladder and commenced to descend. I waited until his head disappeared below the level, and, clumsily enough, prepared to follow him.

The hulk at that moment giving an unusually heavy heave, I stumbled—and for one breathless moment looked down upon the glittering surface streaking the darkness beneath me. My foot had slipped, and but that I had a firm grip upon the top rung, that instant, most probably, had marked the end of my share in the fight with Fu-Manchu. As it was, I had a narrow escape. I felt something slip from my hip pocket, but the weird creaking of the ladder, the groans of the laboring hulk, and the lapping of the waves about the staging, drowned the sound of the splash—as my revolver dropped into the river.

Rather white-faced, I think, I joined Smith on the deck. He had witnessed my accident but—

"We must risk it," he whispered in my ear. "We dare not turn back now."

He plunged into the semidarkness, making for the cabin, I perforce following.

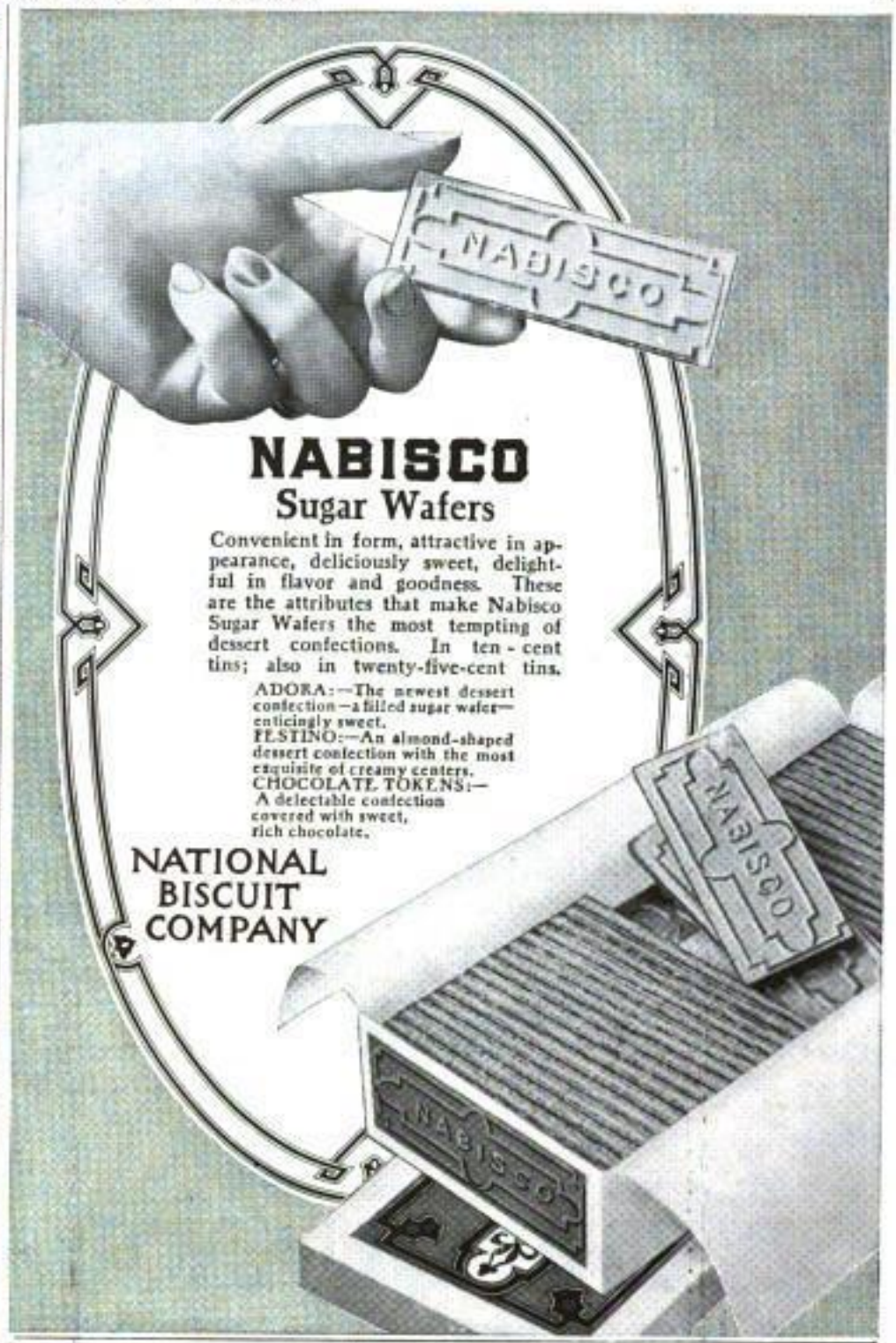
At the bottom of the ladder we came fully into the light streaming out from the singular apartment at the entrance to which we found ourselves. It was fitted up as a laboratory. A glimpse I had of shelves loaded with jars and bottles, of a table strewn with scientific paraphernalia, with retorts, with tubes of extraordinary shapes, holding living organisms, and with instruments—some of them of a form unknown to my experience. I saw, too, that books, papers, and rolls of parchment littered the bare wooden floor. Then Smith's voice rose above the confused sounds about me, incisive, commanding:

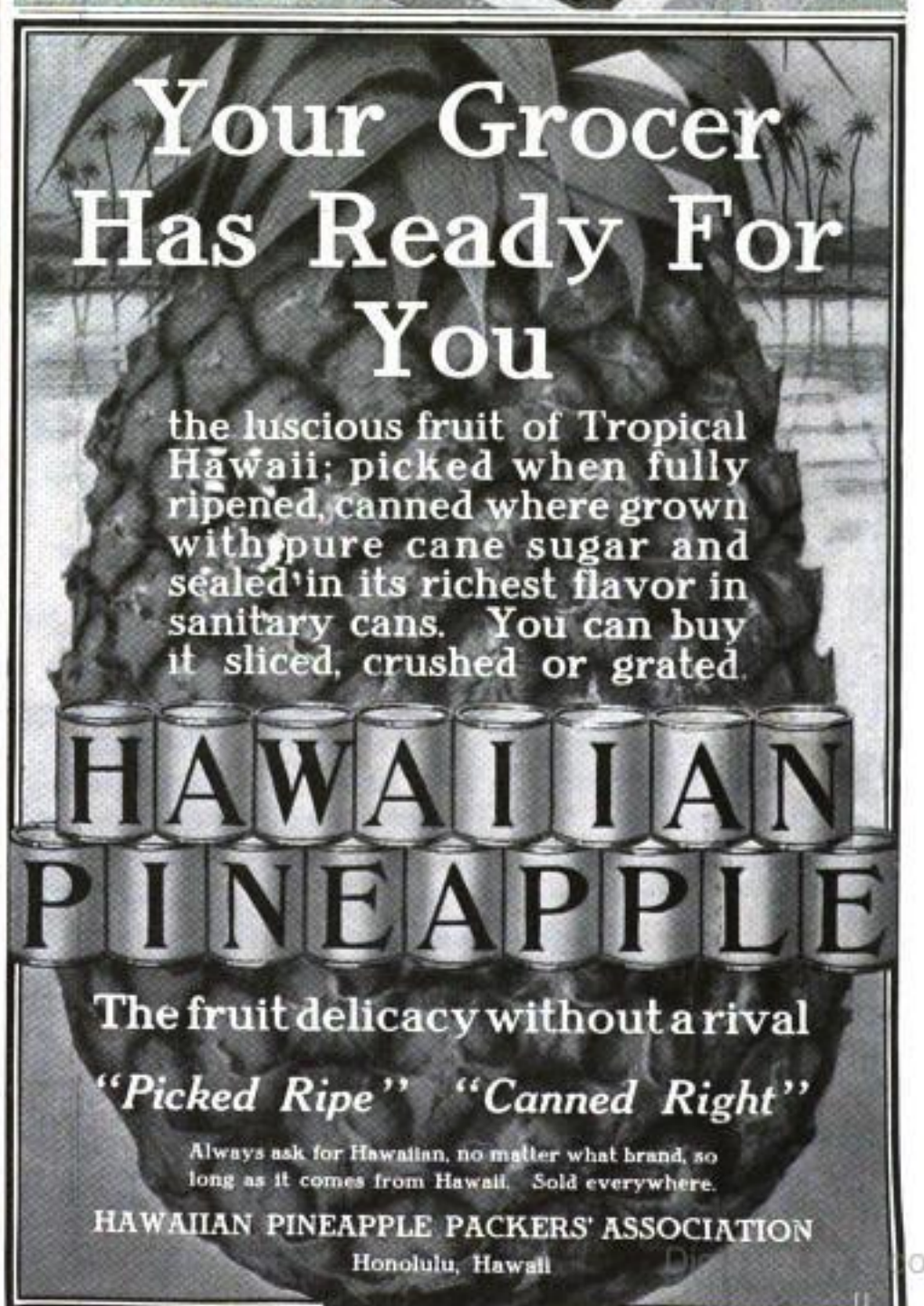
"I have you covered, Dr. Fu-Manchu!"

For Fu-Manchu sat at the table!

THE picture that he presented at that moment is one which persistently clings in my memory. In his long, yellow

(*Continued on page 38*)





WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER



Model O-2
Price $145

THE QUALITY SPEEDOMETER
For High Priced Automobiles

The Warner Auto-Meter has so firmly fixed and established itself, as the quality speedometer, that this current year over 90% of all the high priced cars made will carry it as a regular part of the car.

This is a significant tribute and a great triumph.

When you further consider that the Warner is higher priced than any other speedometer you can better realize what complete supremacy the Warner has attained.

In fact, Warner success is now about 100% for you have to hunt to find a high priced car that is not Warner equipped. Car makers gladly pay the additional price for Warner quality.

The majority of the leading manufacturers of high priced cars refuse to equip their cars with any other speedometer. Each requires that the speedometer be equal in quality to their car—they insist on the quality Warner. All these big producers could have had any number of other speedometers for a great deal less money. They pay 100% more for the Warner, because they know it's worth the money.

Buyers of high priced cars have learned through experience to know what is best and to insist on getting the best for the money they spend. If they pay twice as much for a high priced car they naturally expect—***and demand***—twice as much value in the car and its equipment. Car makers know that the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speedometer possessing the quality necessary to satisfy this critical demand. When they equip their cars with the quality Warner they know that they have "gone the limit." They know there is—***and can be***—no better. Cars that are Warner equipped have everything in keeping with Warner quality—***those touches of refinement that make the purchaser willing to pay double the price for the car.***

Warner list prices are always maintained. They are never cut. They cost the same in Portland, Maine, as in Portland, Oregon.

Then again Warner has an international service behind it. Not merely a few agencies scattered promiscuously in different parts of the country, but a permanent service station in nearly every important city in the world. And at each one of these stations is a force of factory trained experts.

We have more money invested in service stations and employ more people than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined. This is mentioned merely to bring out and emphasize the fact, that we have the facilities and organization to give speedometer service that is unequaled by that of any other organization in the entire industry.

The Warner Auto-Meter is absolutely accurate under all conditions. Each instrument is compensated at our factory (like a high priced watch), therefore it must register with absolute precision in all temperatures and under all conditions. When it leaves our factory it is accurate for all time.

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WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER

The First and Foremost Magnetic Speedometer

The Principle that Revolutionized the Speedometer Industry

The Warner Auto-Meter was the first magnetic speedometer built. It was invented about eight years ago. Then came three years of ceaseless experiments in actual use, and under all conditions. It was placed on touring cars, town cars, racing cars, cars in the mountains, cars on the farm, cars in tropical countries and cars in the freezing countries. It was tried in high altitudes and low altitudes. It was given the most severe series of practical, exacting and exhaustive tests that it could possibly be put to. And under every condition it proved up perfect in accuracy, reliability, durability and wear.

All these lavish, extraordinary, and costly experiments *were made at our own expense, and not at the expense of the public*—which is the usual way.

These highly successful experiments enabled us to guarantee the elimination of all of the old troubles the other speedometers were subject to, such as twisting shafts, quivering hand indicators; irregularities due to climatic changes, unreliable speed and mileage indications and wearing parts which caused no end of inaccuracies.

Five years ago the magnetic speedometer was formally placed on the market. You can follow and judge its success by the following figures. During its first year 10% of all the speedometers used on automobiles were magnetic; during its second year 15% were magnetic; during its third year 50% were magnetic; during its fourth year 70% were magnetic; during its fifth year 80% were magnetic; and during its sixth year (1913) over 85% of all the speedometers to be manufactured in America will be built on the successful and practical magnetic principle.

In fact, conditions have so completely reversed themselves that today you rarely find an automobile of any kind that is not equipped with a magnetic speedometer. Need more be said?

How to Identify a Magnetic Speedometer: Look for the Rotating Dial



If it hasn't the Rotating Dial it isn't Magnetic

97% of all High Priced Cars that will be made during 1913 will be equipped with the Quality Warner—The foremost Magnetic Speedometer. Here is the list:—

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Austin	Franklin	Midland	S G V	Peerless
Benz	Grinnell	Marmon	Simplex	Henderson
Delaunay-Belleville	Cino	Lexington	Stafford	Pathfinder
Buffalo Electric	Hupp-Yeats	Ohio Electric	Staver	Stoddard-Dayton
Cadillac	Stutz	Olds	Stearns	Columbia
Case	Lozier	Paterson	Stevens-Duryea	Lyons-Knight
Chalmers	McFarlan	Pierce-Arrow	Vera	Premier

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Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 38, PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York.....35 West 31st Street
Chicago.....900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia.....1215 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can.....59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Federal Street
St. Louis.....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans..Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London....57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex...Preston and Smith Sts.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio.....311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex..Front and Jones Sts.

robe, his masklike, intellectual face bent forward among the riot of singular objects upon the table, his great, high brow gleaming in the light of the shaded lamp above him, and with the abnormal eyes, filmed and green, raised to us—he seemed a figure from the realms of delirium.

SOME of the large jars about the place held anatomy specimens. A faint smell of opium hung in the air—and playing with the tassel of one of the cushions upon which, as upon a divan, Fu-Manchu was seated, leaped and chattered a little marmoset!

That was an electric moment. I was prepared for anything—for anything except for what really happened.

The doctor's wonderful, evil face betrayed no hint of emotion. The lids flickered over the filmed eyes and their greenness grew momentarily brighter—and filmed over again.

"Put up your hands!" rapped Smith, "and attempt no tricks." His voice quivered with excitement. "The game's up, Fu-Manchu. Find something to tie him up with, Petrie."

I moved forward to Smith's side, and was about to pass him in the narrow doorway. The hulk moved beneath our feet like a living thing—groaning, creaking; and the water lapped about the rotten woodwork with a sound infinitely dreary.

"Put up your hands!" ordered Smith imperatively.

Fu-Manchu slowly raised his hands, and a smile dawned upon the impassive features—a smile that had no mirth in it, only menace, revealing as it did his even discolored teeth, but leaving the filmed eyes inanimate—dull, inhuman.

He spoke softly, sibilantly.

"I would advise Dr. Petrie to glance behind him before he moves."

Smith's keen gray eyes never for a moment quitted the speaker. The gleaming barrel moved not a hair's breadth. But I glanced quickly over my shoulder—and stifled a cry of pure horror.

A WICKED, pock-marked face, with wolfish fangs bared, and jaundiced eyes squinting obliquely into mine, was within two inches of me! A lean brown hand and arm, the great thews standing up like cords, held a crescent-shaped knife a fraction of an inch above my jugular vein! A slight movement must have dispatched me; a sweep of the fearful weapon I doubt not would have severed my head from my body.

"Smith!" I whispered hoarsely, "don't look around; for God's sake keep him covered. A dacoit has his knife at my throat!"

Then for the first time Smith's hand trembled. But his glance never wavered from the malignant, emotionless countenance of Dr. Fu-Manchu. He clenched his teeth hard so that the muscles stood out prominently upon his jaw.

I suppose that silence which followed my awful discovery prevailed but a few seconds. To me those seconds were each a lingering death. There below in that groaning hulk I knew more of icy terror than any of our meetings with the murder group had brought to me before; and through my brain throbbed a thought: the girl had betrayed us!

"You supposed that I was alone?" suggested Fu-Manchu. "So I was—"

Yet no trace of fear had broken through the impassive yellow mask when we had entered!

"But my faithful servant followed you," he added. "I thank him. The honors, Mr. Smith, are mine, I think?"

Smith made no reply. I divined that he was thinking furiously. Fu-Manchu moved his hand to caress the marmoset, which had leaped playfully upon his shoulder, and crouched there gibing at us in a whistling voice.

"Don't stir!" said Smith savagely. "I warn you!"

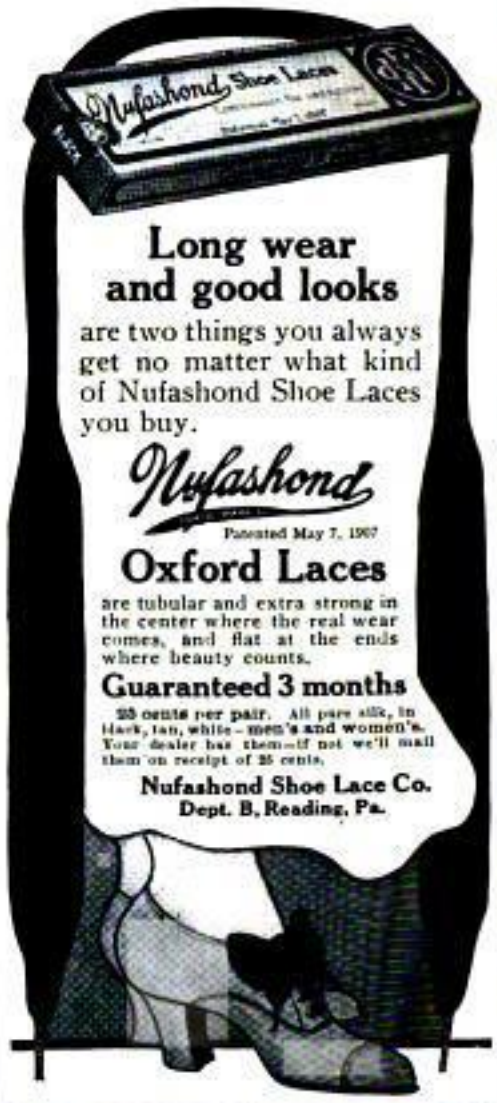
FU-MANCHU kept his hand raised.

"May I ask how you discovered my retreat?" he asked.

"This hulk has been watched since dawn!" lied Smith brazenly.

"So?" The doctor's filmed eyes cleared for a moment. "And to-day you compelled me to burn a house, and you have captured one of my people, too. I congratulate you. She would not betray me though lashed with scorpions!"

The great, gleaming knife was so near to my neck that a sheet of note paper could scarcely have been slipped between blade and vein, I think; but my heart throbbed even more wildly—when I heard those words.



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"An impasse," said Fu-Manchu. "I have a proposal to make. I assume that you would not accept my word for anything?"

"I would not!" replied Smith promptly.

"Therefore," pursued the Chinaman, and the occasional guttural alone marred his perfect English, "I must accept yours! Of your resources, outside this cabin, I know nothing. You, I take it, know as little of mine. My Burmese friend and Dr. Petrie will lead the way, then; you and I will follow. We will strike out across the marsh for, say, three hundred yards. You will then place your pistol on the ground, pledging me your word to leave it there. I shall further require your assurance that you will make no attempt upon me until I have retraced my steps. I and my good servant will withdraw—leaving you, at the expiration of the specified period, to act as you see fit. Is it agreed?"

SMITH hesitated. Then—

"The dacoit must leave his knife also!" he stipulated.

Fu-Manchu smiled his evil smile again.

"Agreed. Shall I lead the way?"

"No!" rapped Smith. "Petrie and the dacoit first; then you; I last!"

A guttural word of command from Fu-Manchu, and we left the cabin, with its evil odors, its mortuary specimens, and its strange instruments, and in the order arranged mounted to the deck.

"It will be awkward on the ladder," said Fu-Manchu. "Dr. Petrie—I will accept your word to adhere to the terms."

"I promise!" I said, the words almost choking me.

We mounted the rising and dipping ladder, all reached the pier, and strode out across the flats, the Chinaman always under close cover of Smith's revolver. Round about our feet, now leaping ahead, now gamboling back, came and went the marmoset. The dacoit, dressed solely in a dark loin cloth, walked beside me, carrying his huge knife and sometimes glancing at me with his blood-lustful eyes. Never before, I venture to say, had an autumn moon lighted such a scene in that place.

"Here we part!" said Fu-Manchu, and spoke another word to his follower.

The man threw his knife upon the ground.

"Search him, Petrie," directed Smith. "He may have a second concealed!"

THE doctor consented; and I passed my hands over the man's scanty garments.

"Now search Fu-Manchu!"

This, also, I did. And never have I experienced a similar sense of revulsion from any human being. I shuddered as though I had touched a venomous reptile.

Smith threw down his revolver.

"I curse myself for an honorable fool!" he said. "No one could dispute my right to shoot you dead where you stand!"

Knowing him as I did, I could tell from the suppressed passion in Smith's voice that only by his unhesitating acceptance of my friend's word and implicit faith in his keeping it had Dr. Fu-Manchu escaped just retribution at that moment. Fiend though he was, I admired his courage; for all this he, too, must have known.

The doctor turned, and with the dacoit walked back. Nayland Smith's next move filled me with surprise. For just as, silently, I was thanking God for my escape, my friend began shedding his coat, collar, and waistcoat!

"Pocket your valuables and do the same!" he muttered hoarsely. "We have a poor chance, but we are both fairly fit. To-night, Petrie, we literally have to run for our lives!"

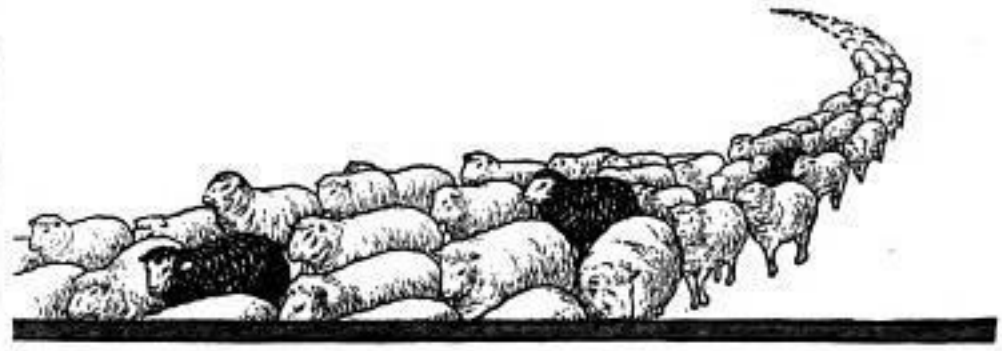
WE live in a peaceful age, wherein it falls to the lot of few men to owe their survival to their fleetness of foot. At Smith's words I realized in a flash that such was to be our fate to-night.

I have said that the hulk lay off a sort of promontory. East and west, then, we had nothing to hope for. To the south was Fu-Manchu—and even as, stripped of our heavier garments, we started to run northward, the weird signal of a dacoit rose on the night—and was answered! Was answered again!

"Three, at least!" hissed Smith; "three armed dacoits. Hopeless!"

"Take the revolver!" I cried. "Smith, it's—"

"No!" he rapped through clenched teeth. "A servant of the Crown in the East makes his motto: 'Keep your word though it break you neck!' I don't think we need fear its being used against us. Fu-Manchu avoids noisy methods."



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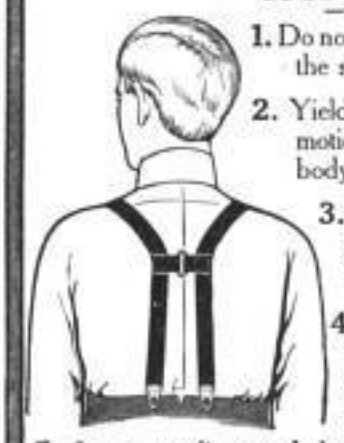
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So back we ran, over the course by which earlier we had come. It was, roughly, a mile to the first building—a deserted cottage; and another quarter mile to any that was occupied. Our chance of meeting a living soul, other than Fu-Manchu's dacoits, was practically nil.

AT first we ran easily, for it was the second half-mile that would decide our fate. The professional murderers who pursued us ran like panthers, I knew; and I dare not allow my mind to dwell upon those yellow figures with the curved, gleaming knives. For a long time neither of us looked back.

On we ran—and on—silently—doggedly.

Then a hissing breath from Smith warned me what to expect.

Should I, too, look back? Yes! It was impossible to resist the horrid fascination.

I threw a quick glance over my shoulder.

And never while I live shall I forget what I saw. Two of the pursuing dacoits had outdistanced their fellow (or fellows) and were actually within three hundred yards of us!

More like dreadful animals they looked than human beings, running bent forward, with their faces curiously uptilted. The brilliant moonlight gleamed upon bared teeth, as I could see, even at that distance, even in that quick agonized glance; and it gleamed upon the crescent-shaped knives.

"As hard as you can go—now!" panted Smith. "We must—make an attempt—to break into the empty cottage! Only chance!"

I had never, in my younger days, been a notable runner; for Smith I cannot speak. But I am confident that the next half mile was done in time that would not have disgraced a crack man. Not once again did either of us look back. Yard upon yard we raced forward together. My heart seemed to be bursting. My leg muscles throbbed with pain. At last, with the empty cottage in sight, it came to that pass with me when another three yards looked as unattainable as three miles. Once I stumbled.

"My God!" came from Smith weakly.

BUT I recovered myself. Bare feet pattered close upon our heels and panting breaths told how even Fu-Manchu's bloodhounds were hard put to it by the killing pace we had made.

"Smith!" I whispered. "Look—in front. . . . Some one!"

As through a red mist I had seen a dark shape detach itself from the shadows of the cottage—and merge into them again. It could only be another dacoit; but Smith, not heeding, or not hearing, my faintly whispered words, crashed open the gate and hurled himself blindly at the door.

It burst open before him with a resounding boom, and he pitched forward into the interior darkness. Flat upon the floor he lay, for as, with a last effort, I gained the threshold and dragged myself within, I almost fell over his recumbent body.

Madly I snatched at the door. His foot held it open. I kicked the foot away and banged the door to. As I turned, the leading dacoit, his eyes starting from their sockets, his face the face of a demon, leaped through the gateway.

That Smith had burst the latch I felt assured, but by some divine accident my weak hands found the bolt. With the last ounce of strength spared to me I thrust it home in the rusty socket—as a full six inches of shining steel split the middle panel and protruded above my head!

I dropped sprawling beside my friend.

A terrific blow shattered every pane of glass in the solitary window—and one of the grinning animal faces looked in.

"Sorry—old man," whispered Smith—and his voice was barely audible. Weakly, he grasped my hand. "My fault—I shouldn't—have let you—come."

FROM the corner of the room where the black shadows lay flicked a long tongue of flame. Muffled, staccato, came the report. And the yellow face at the window was blotted out!

One wild cry, ending in a rattling gasp, told of a dacoit gone to his account. A gray figure glided past me and was silhouetted against the broken window. Again the pistol sent its message into the night, and again came the reply to tell how well and truly that message had been delivered.

In the stillness, intense by sharp contrast, the sound of bare soles pattering upon the path outside stole to me. Two runners I thought there were; so that

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four dacoits must have been upon our trail. The room was full of pungent smoke. I staggered to my feet as the gray figure with the revolver turned toward me. Something familiar there was in that long gray garment—and now I perceived why I had thought so.

It was my gray raincoat!

"*Káramanèh!*" I whispered.

And Smith, supporting himself uprightly with difficulty, and holding fast to the ledge beside the door, muttered something hoarsely, which sounded like "God bless her!"

The girl, trembling now, placed her hands upon my shoulders with that quaint pathetic gesture peculiarly her own.

"I followed you," she said. "Did you not know I should follow you? But I had to hide because of another who was following also! I had but just reached this place when I saw you running—toward me—"

SHE broke off and turned to Smith. "This is your pistol," she said naïvely. "I found it in your bag! Will you please take it?"

He took it without a word. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak.

"Now go! Hurry!" she said. "You are not safe yet."

"But you?" I asked.

"You have failed," she replied. "I must go back to him. There is no other way."

Strangely sick at heart for a man who has just had a miraculous escape from death, I opened the door. Coatless, dishevelled figures, my friend and I stepped out into the moonlight.

Hideous under the pale rays lay the two dead men, their glazed eyes upcast to the peace of the blue heavens. Káramanèh had shot to kill; for both had bullets in their brains. If God ever planned a more complex nature than hers, a nature more tumultuous with conflicting passions, I cannot conceive of it. Yet her beauty was of the sweetest; and in some respects she had the heart of a child—this girl who could shoot so straight.

"We must send the police to-night," said Smith. "Or the papers—"

"Hurry," came the girl's voice commandingly from the darkness of the cottage.

It was a singular situation. My very soul rebelled against it. But what could we do?

"Tell us where we can communicate," began Smith.

"Hurry! I shall be suspected! Do you want him to kill me?"

WE moved away. All was very still now, and the lights glimmered faintly ahead. Not a wisp of cloud brushed the moon's disk.

"Good-night, Káramanèh," I whispered softly.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE..... NUMBER 6
APRIL 26, 1913

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This gives you a list of absolutely pure brands of food products *and food ingredients* of all sorts, from apple-butter to yeast. These pure brands have been sifted out of many thousands of foods and food stuffs analyzed during the past ten years by the impartial chemists of the Westfield Board of Health, working in the interests of the food-buying public and nothing else. The Book does not list *every* pure brand, because it has not yet been possible to analyze all the foods on the market, but it does list so many of them, it gives you such a wide range of choice, that you are almost certain to find at least one of the brands it approves on sale at any corner grocery store.

Don't run any more needless risks in your food-buying. Here is full protection for you within easy reach, without any effort, study or bother on your part. With a copy of the Westfield Book in your hands, you can specify products of absolutely proven purity and pass instant judgment on any substitute offered to you.

Send today for this book. Tear off the coupon below and mail it, with 10c in stamps or silver, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. When you get the book, use it yourself, show it to your grocer and let him see that you are going to be guided by it. Tell your friends about it and let them share in its protection.

Don't guess at your food problems any more—the Westfield Book makes you sure your food is pure.

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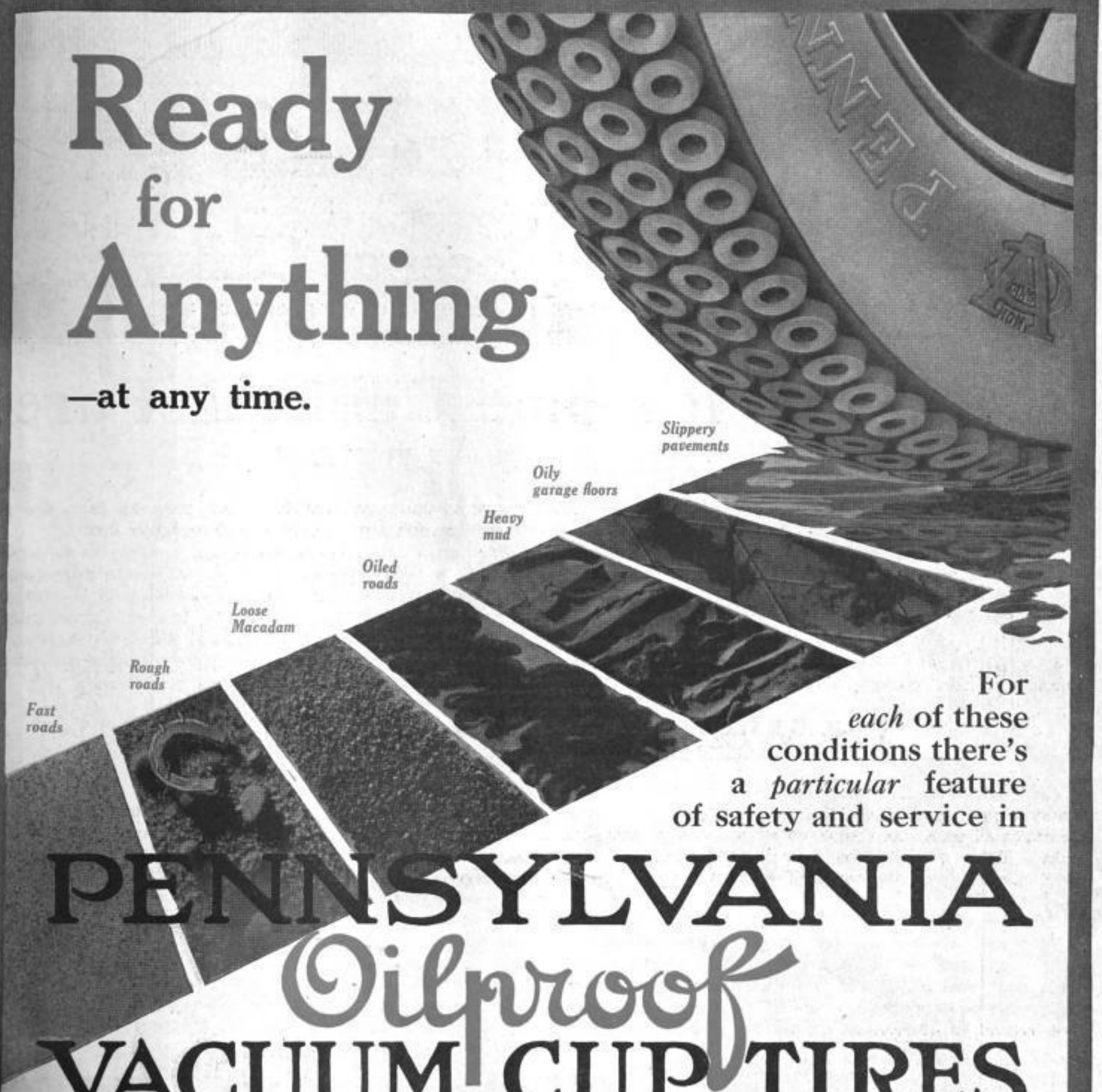


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Ready for Anything

—at any time.



For *each* of these conditions there's a *particular* feature of safety and service in

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

—the tires born of study of actual *service* needs. Now in their fourth big season of yearly doubling and redoubling sale. The heaviest tires of the rated sizes manufactured.

On Slippery Pavements—however wet or greasy—Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed not to skid, or are returnable at full price after reasonable period of trial. The suction hold *positively* prevents all slipping or loss of traction.

In Heavy Mud—the massive cups thrust far deeper than any other tread design, affording unequaled powers of traction and resistance to slewing.

On Oily Roads, Pavements and Garage Floors—the exclusive oilproof quality of Vacuum Cup Tires makes them absolutely immune to that most destructive and spreading tire evil—"Oil Disease."

On Loose Macadam—particularly when wet, the cutting action of the stones is nullified by the deep, heavy knobs which displace and dispose the stones between them and thus relieve all solid impact.

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On Fine, Fast Roads, where speed produces abrasion and friction, the extreme toughness and the phenomenal heat radiating powers of the tread make for really amazing mileage-endurance.

These are the remarkable and exclusive features which, with the greater weight and superior quality of Vacuum Cup Tires, justify our definite printed *Guarantee of 4,000 Miles* attached to each casing—and enable us to promise an *average* mileage far in excess of that distance. At your dealer's—or write for nearest one.

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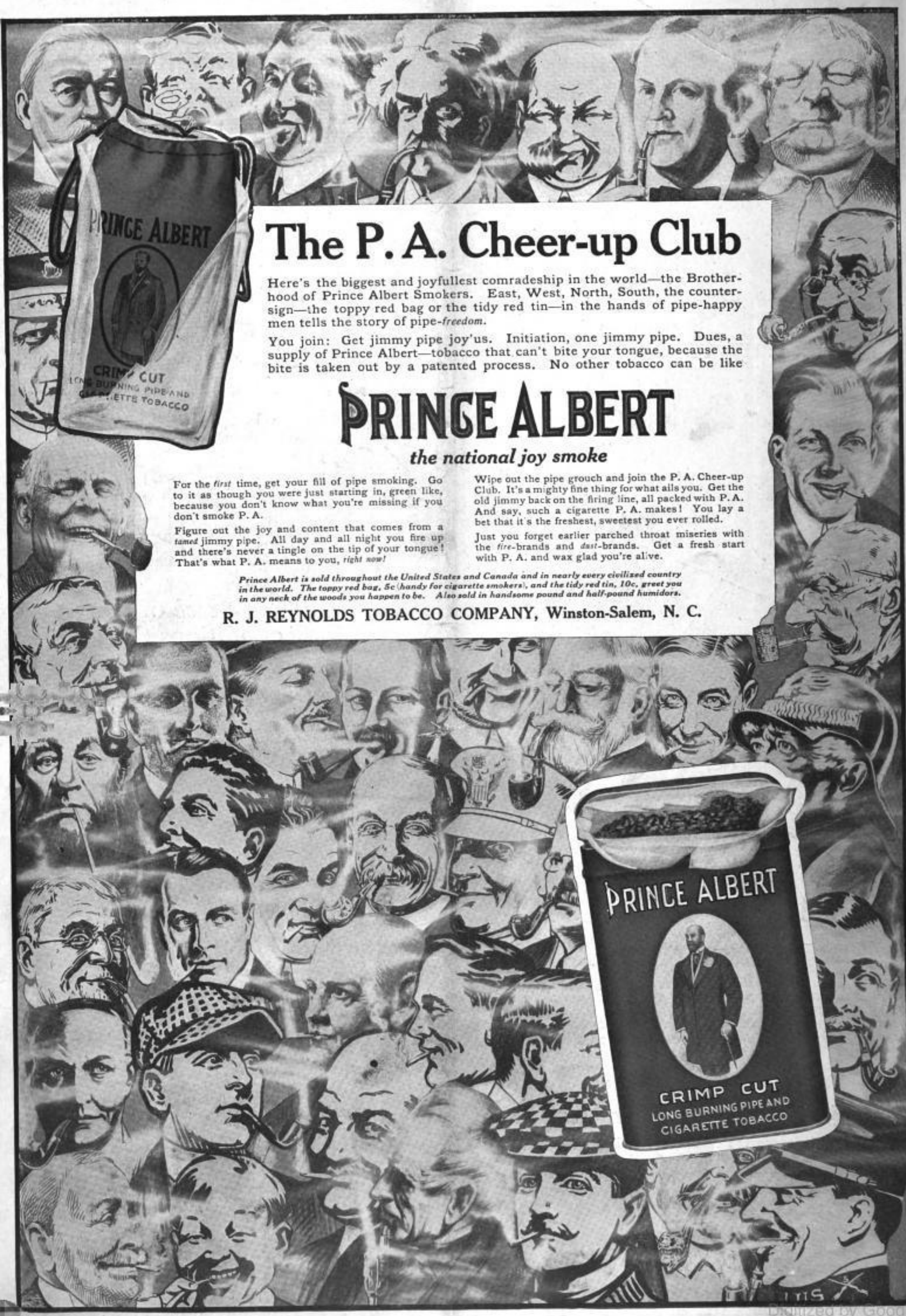
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The P. A. Cheer-up Club

Here's the biggest and joyfullest comradeship in the world—the Brotherhood of Prince Albert Smokers. East, West, North, South, the countersign—the toppy red bag or the tidy red tin—in the hands of pipe-happy men tells the story of pipe-*freedom*.

You join: Get jimmy pipe joy'us. Initiation, one jimmy pipe. Dues, a supply of Prince Albert—tobacco that can't bite your tongue, because the bite is taken out by a patented process. No other tobacco can be like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

For the *first* time, get your fill of pipe smoking. Go to it as though you were just starting in, green like, because you don't know what you're missing if you don't smoke P. A.

Figure out the joy and content that comes from a *tamed* jimmy pipe. All day and all night you fire up and there's never a tingle on the tip of your tongue! That's what P. A. means to you, *right now!*

Wipe out the pipe grouch and join the P. A. Cheer-up Club. It's a mighty fine thing for what ails you. Get the old jimmy back on the firing line, all packed with P. A. And say, such a cigarette P. A. makes! You lay a bet that it's the freshest, sweetest you ever rolled.

Just you forget earlier parched throat miseries with the *fire*-brands and *dust*-brands. Get a fresh start with P. A. and wax glad you're alive.

Prince Albert is sold throughout the United States and Canada and in nearly every civilized country in the world. The toppy red bag, 5c (handy for cigarette smokers), and the tidy red tin, 10c, greet you in any nook of the woods you happen to be. Also sold in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ a copy

The Girl Who Proposed

By MARIANNE GAUSS

The President's Silent Partner

By P. C. MACFARLANE

Honor of the Station

By MAGDA LEIGH

Paddy the Gander

By RUTH SAWYER

VOL FIFTY-ONE NO 7

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter.
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MAY 3 1913

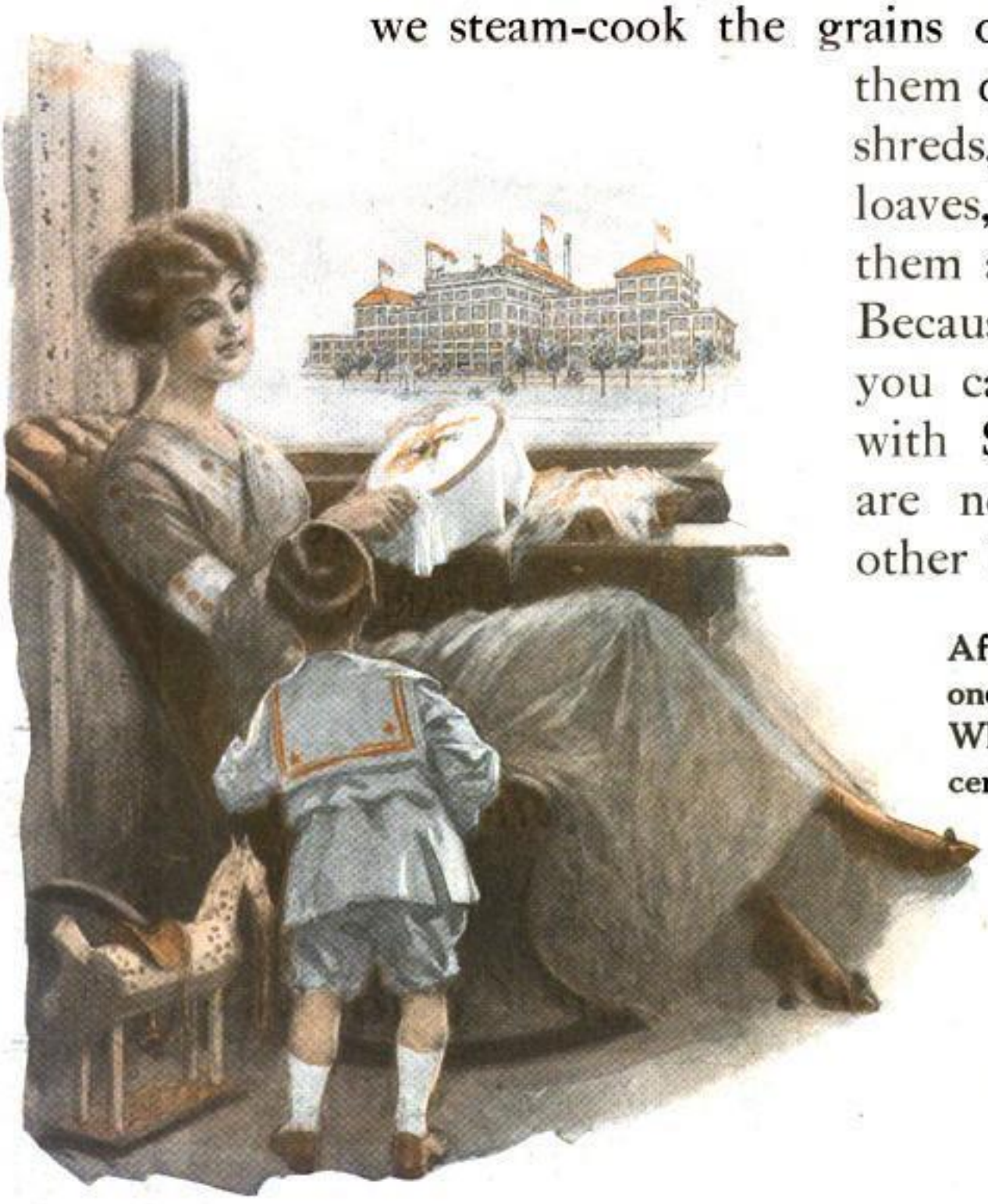
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OUR EMPLOYER

In looking for a job be careful to select a good employer. Our employer is the American housewife. We work for her all the year 'round in a two million dollar sunlit bakery, making for her and the family

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

simplifying her housekeeping problems and relieving her of worry and care. In making Shredded Wheat Biscuit we steam-cook the grains of whole wheat, draw them out into delicate, filmy shreds, form them into little loaves, or Biscuits, and bake them a crisp, golden brown. Because of its Biscuit form you can do so many things with Shredded Wheat that are not possible with any other breakfast cereal.



After you have tried all the new ones you will come back to Shredded Wheat Biscuit, the one universal cereal breakfast food—eaten all over the world. Always clean, always pure, always wholesome and nourishing. Delicious for breakfast when eaten with hot milk and a little cream and seasoned to suit the taste, or for any meal with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, preserved peaches, or other preserved or fresh fruit.

The Only Breakfast Cereal Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

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A Real 1913 Car

Electric Lights
Set-in Dash Lights
Left-side Drive
Simple Center Control

Oversize Tires
15 Roller Bearings
50% Overcapacity
No Levers in the Way

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Here are some things which cars must have to be really up-to-date.

These are the things which you'll miss most if you fail to get them.

Note that Reo the Fifth combines them all, and combines them in an honest car.

Coming Features

Most leading cars now have left-side drive. Note that fact carefully. The driver sits close to the car he passes, as in European cars.

All leading cars now have set-in dash lights, to displace the old side oil lamps.

Leading cars now employ big tires. They are costly, but the day of skimpy tires is over. They cost too much for upkeep.

Mark these facts, whatever car you buy. Don't buy a car already out-of-date. What leading cars do this year, most cars must do next.

Greater Care

Then leaders now are building cars with immensely greater care. They have seen that cars built otherwise don't live.

This means Timken bearings instead of common ball bearings. Not merely a couple to claim their use, but roller bearings throughout.

It means drop forgings in place of steel castings, to avoid the risk of flaws. In Reo the Fifth we use 190.

It means steel made to formula, and analyzed twice. It means gears tested for 75,000 pounds per tooth.

It means big margin of safety. Driving parts made one-half stronger than necessary.

It means a $75 magneto—

A doubly-heated carburetor—

Big brakes—big springs, tested for 100,000 vibrations.

Every Precaution

The leading makers employ every precaution. Every part is compelled to pass radical tests and inspections.

Important parts are hand-fitted, and ground over and over to get utter exactness. Modern, costly machines are used in the gear cutting.

Engines are given five long-continued tests, and the tested engines are taken apart and inspected.

Genuine leather and the best curled hair are used in upholstery, so the car won't soon look old.

Nothing is ever rushed.

Insist on Them

This is the practice in costly cars. That's what makes them costly. But no man in these days should at any price buy a car without them.

What pride can one take in a car with features distinctly out-of-date? What satisfaction is there in a car that's poorly built?

Soon troubles begin—soon repairs begin. And the cost of upkeep makes the car a burden.

In each Reo the Fifth we spend $200 in features and cautions which some call unnecessary.

We save it in factory efficiency. By confining our output to only one model we save about 20 per cent. That's why a car, built as we build it, can be sold at the Reo price.

It means to you a long-lived car—a car that keeps its newness. It means a car distinctly up-to-date.

One wrongs himself if he lets any inducement sell him a lesser car.

The Simple Rod Control

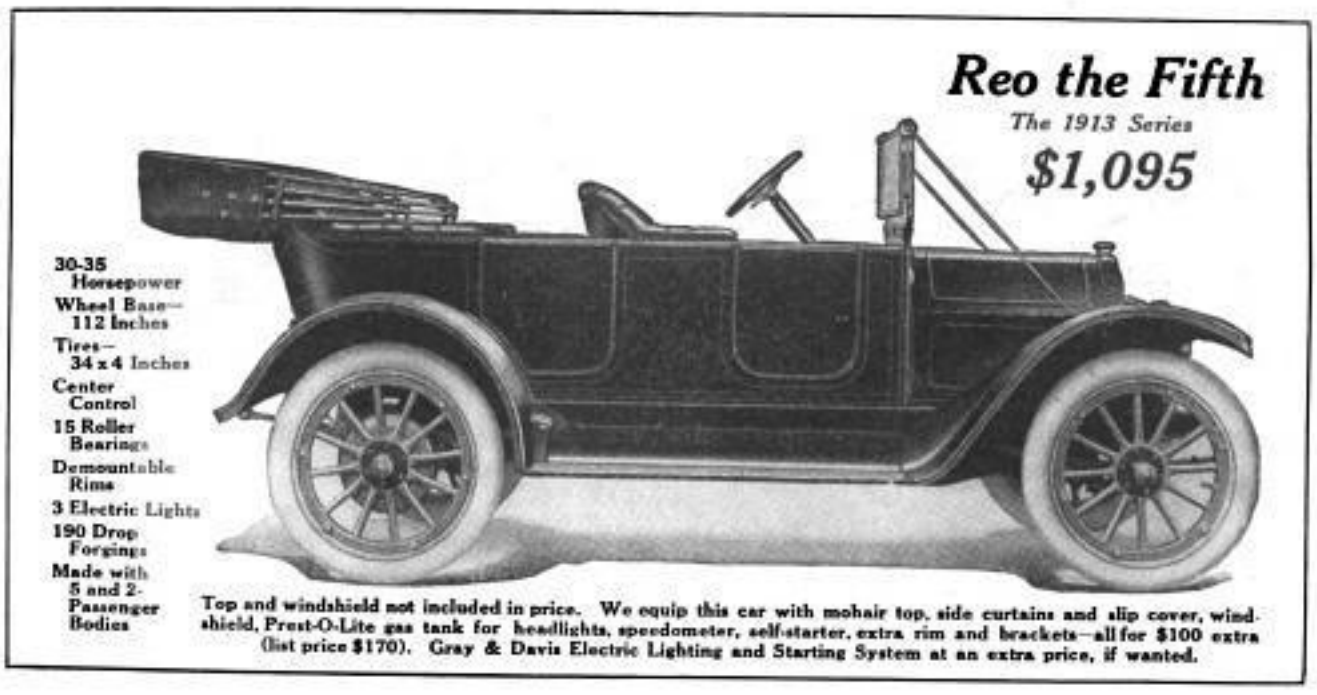
Reo the Fifth has no levers, side or center. Nothing on either side blocks the way of the driver. He is never compelled to dismount in the street, nor enter from the street.

All the gear shifting is done with a center rod, out of the way. It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This is also a coming feature. You will see why it must be. It is one you should have on a new car.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car.



Reo the Fifth

The 1913 Series

$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies

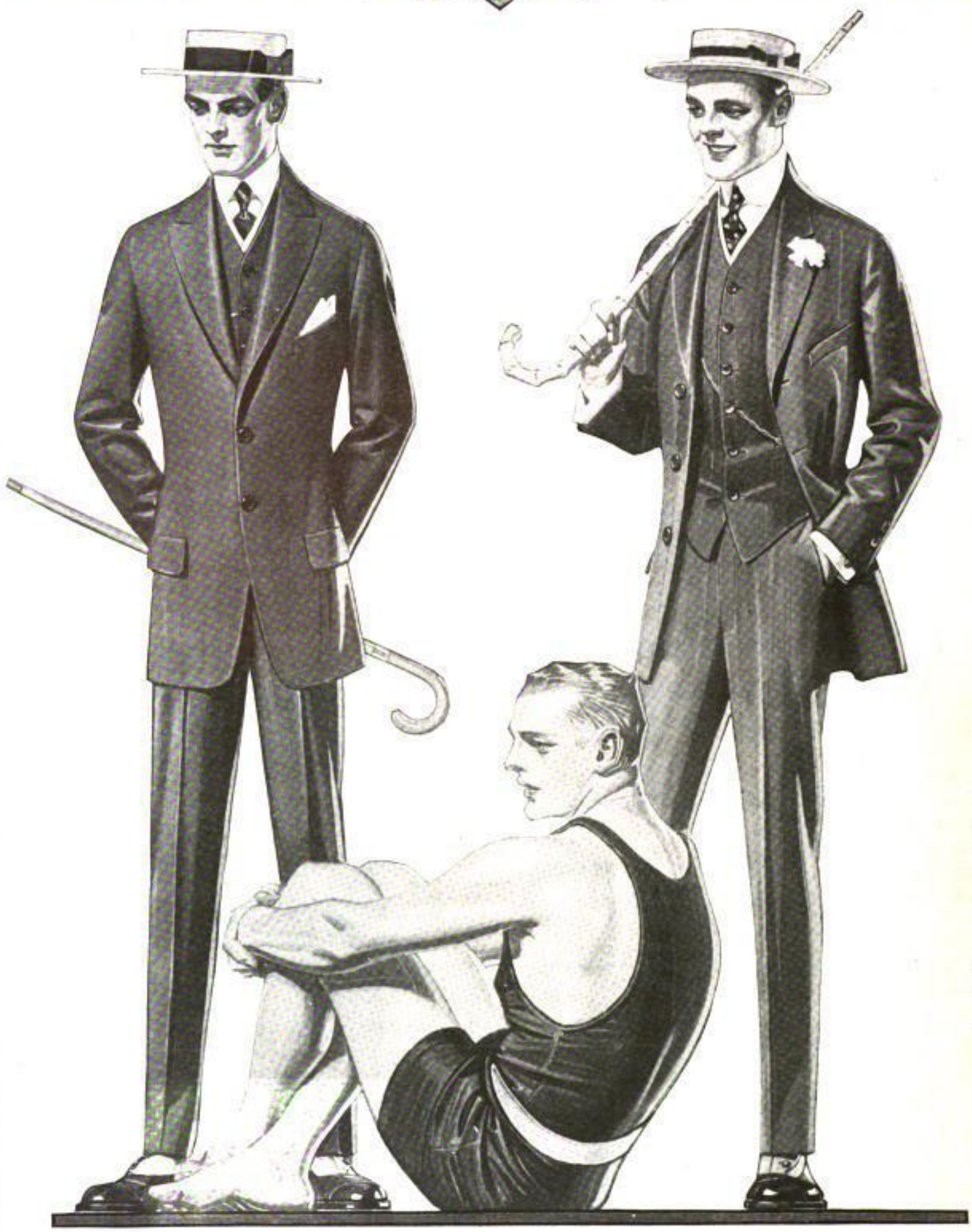
Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

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Kuppenheimer Clothes



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HERE are two exceedingly good-looking sack suits, as far from the commonplace as they are from harsh extremes. Clothes of worth; worthily made.

You're sure of quality, right style and right price with Kuppenheimer Clothes—always. See them at the better clothiers everywhere.

You'll be interested in our book,
"Styles for Men." Send for it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Honor of the Station



By Magda Leigh

LOVE, duty, sacrifice—of these high qualities is honor made. And as the greatest of these is sacrifice, so the most human is love—in this case a woman's love, a young mother's love, a young wife's love. "Women and children first!" is the old cry of the sea in her ears as she presses the key of the wireless instrument. But whose woman and whose child? And honor answers.

"YOU folks'll have to excuse me!" The wireless operator dropped his cards on the table in the middle of a game and made a hasty exit from the smoking room.

an Norden turned inquiringly to the purser. "Not e or sinking, are we?"

he purser smiled—a queer, far-away, detached sort mile.

It just struck eight bells, and we're about off uku Point," he answered, enigmatically.

e waited. That peculiar smile of the purser's had nt one thing to us since we dropped the Golden ate—a yarn.

an Norden prodded him as he continued silent : "What has Sparks to do with eight bells and uku Point?"

e purser leaned back in his chair. As if by preed signal, our cards slid from uninterested fingers lay in idle disorder before us. We were like ant children, awaiting a fairy tale.

re is a wireless station at Kahuku," the purser ed gently, "and a young man named Sharp is perator there.

ple go to see the Sharps in their little wireless out at Kahuku just to keep their faith in the lings of life. Dickie Sharp and Anne, the wife, en married two years, and they are still madly with each other. They are young, scarcely an boy and girl, but there is that in their love other that sort of brings a choky thankfulness 's heart. It is good to see that such things this world of disappointment.

ng Richard Sharp, Jr., came into the world last the height of a kona storm. Both Dickie and ward, the Kahuku medico, tried to persuade Sharps to stop over in Honolulu at the Queen's al for the event. But Anne Sharp—" the purser tenderly, "Anne Sharp couldn't see it that way. gave a thousand and one good reasons for not g to go to the hospital. My own opinion is that she was afraid the shack would blow off into the sea in her absence, for it sits on a strip of beach where the wind blows a continual gale. Dick Sharp is one man in millions, and Mrs. Sharp's sun rises and sets in him. I visited them on my vacation in Honolulu last year, and, although she was more or less insanely wrapped up in her tiny son, her attitude toward Dick was that of a lioness with her cub.

"So she remained in the wireless shack, and young Richard, Jr., came into the world one early, tempest-racked morning, to the accompaniment of a thunderous surf, a slashing, crashing gale, and the staccato crackle of the wireless spark as his duty-bound father directed a steamer to the rescue of a windjammer which had blown on and off one of the coral reefs during the night. Dr. Howard and an old Hawaiian woman called Wahinealoha stood by the mother, and, added to the gigantic sounds of the storm, there pierced through the morning the first microscopic cry of Richard, Jr."

THE purser paused and lit a cigar. Then, as none of us stirred, he continued:

"Before the Most Wonderful Baby in the World arrived, Mrs. Sharp had been day operator."

"Day operator!" Green broke in. "You mean she could wireless too?"

The purser nodded. "As well as her man. A fellow named Brown took her place while she was ill, but by the time Richard, Jr., was a month old, that girl had turned him out and was back at her old place before the key, a tiny crib close by her, where she could watch her son kick his wee feet in the air or move his jerky little fists in meaningless circles.

"The kona season passed, after having wrecked the wireless station at Nawiliwili, on the island of Kauai. The interisland manager phoned out to Sharp and requested him to run over to Kauai and assist Campbell, the Nawiliwili operator, in getting his aerial up again. Sharp protested—the junior was such a lad—and he couldn't quite see leaving his girl. But Brown was sent out to relieve him, and he was bound to go.

"Mrs. Sharp insisted upon taking the night trick. She gave as her reason the fact that she had to be up with the junior more or less at night. But there was something deeper than that. Dick Sharp guarded the name of his station as a man guards the name of the woman he loves. And Mrs. Sharp had become imbued with his spirit.

"Sharp's middle name was Duty. Perhaps this is one of the reasons we all love him so—his devotion to whatever is *his*. When the manager argued that he was the only man competent to repair the wreck at Nawiliwili, he smiled brightly at his wife and packed his grip.

"He crossed over to Kauai on the little tub of a lighthouse tender, *Mamua*. She wasn't much bigger than a wash boiler, but she was the only interisland boat carrying wireless. All the way from Oahu to Kalele Waho Channel he kept in touch with his wife, impressing upon her, as if it were his last word on earth, her duty toward that aerial voice known as 'H U.'

"Perhaps it was Dickie's training; perhaps it was just her own pride in her charge, but the honor of the station was tested as faithfully as was the junior during the week of Sharp's absence.

"Brown stood the day watch, sleeping over in the small Japanese hotel in Kahuku by night. An old character, who came from no one knew where, but who silently worshiped both Dick and Mrs. Sharp, made it his business to wander over to the station every night and potter around as soon as Brown departed. Whether or not Old Peter ever slept those nights, Mrs. Sharp does not know. He was always on hand to do anything she wished done through her long vigil—unobtrusive and faithful as a dog. He watched over the girl as tenderly as a mother during Sharp's absence.

"And then one night, as she sat listening in, the word was flashed to Anne from Nawiliwili that her beloved husband was again on the *Mamua*, on his way home."

The purser stopped short and shook his head.

"You know these latitudes off here? As beautiful as a lovely woman—and as uncertain. The wise fellows up at the Hydrographic Office think they have them pretty well in leash with their charts and their maps and their knowledge of the winds. But sometimes the trade wind wearies of its tourist-literature reputation of being the cause of 'the most perfect climate in the world'—and then there's mischief to pay among the islands. It turns into a furious gale and churns the lagoons into savage whirlpools.

"Young Richard had been fretty and sickish all day, and the missus hadn't had her usual nap. Something seemed to have hung weights in the glass, for it began to fall with a rush. Brown had been restless under the pressure of the phones, and Anne Sharp had gone about with a vague sense of something wrong.

"Old Peter strolled over after Brown left, and tinkered aimlessly about the place. I suspect Old Peter smelled the brewing storm, and knowing that Sharp was on the aged *Mamua*, twisting in and around the reefs, he just naturally felt that it would be an act of charity to stand close by Mrs. Sharp.

"The girl had had one eye on the glass and one eye on the baby all evening, Old Peter said afterward, and the first strong blast of wind that shook the wireless shack seemed to turn that woman into a marble figure. She clamped the phones tighter over her ears and sat forward on the edge of the chair, her restless fingers moving the little piece on the tuning coil like the tireless fingers of an expert moving his chess men about the board. She was feeling—feeling for the *Mamua's* voice.

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"The storm broke down on them like the wrath of Jove. As if it were a gracious lullaby, the junior ceased his whimpering, smiled, and closed his eyes in peaceful sleep. These rougher elements were the gods who had sung him into the world, and he heard and understood.

"Old Peter washed up the few dishes he could find in the small galley, his glance straying ever toward that taut figure before the wireless set.

"'It isn't quite natural for the trade to blow like this, Peter,' Anne argued in a forced tone. 'This is not Hawaiian weather.'

"'I know't,' Old Peter snapped. 'But sometimes th' devil spills some of his cussedness into these parts and then—'

"Old Peter stopped speaking—stopped breathing. You've watched a man tighten the already taut strings of a violin, haven't you? And you know that breathless moment as you wait for them to snap? Old Peter watched the girl's figure grow taut until he thought she'd snap! He watched—and he waited. And finally, through the roar of the storm, her words reached him.

"'It's the *Mamua*, Peter. Her steering gear's carried away and she is being driven before the storm. She's just out beyond the point, and she's calling S. O. S. Walt—she's calling *me!*'

"Anne's voice was strangely calm. But her slender figure flamed into action. Throwing on the current and opening the switch, she pressed a steady finger on the key.

"'*Mamua*—all right—go ahead!' she sent, and then waited, pencil in hand.

"You know they don't boast of life-saving service at Kahuku beyond the volunteer crew made up of Kanakas and a few whites, of which old Captain Evans is chief. There was no use sending up rockets out there.

"Old Peter stood rigid and watched. The woman's face whitened; her lips turned blue; but she wrote, then wirelessed a quick reply, then wrote again. Then picking up the telephone, she called Captain Evans. Fortunately he was at home.

"'It's the *Mamua*,' her words rushed through the phone. 'She was just nearing the point when a sea wrenched her steering gear useless—she's being driven toward the reef at the edge of the point. Captain Cunha asks you to phone for a tug to Honolulu. Walt—'

"She broke off and turned back to the wireless. An instant she listened in, then flashed two or three words back through the night. Turning again to the telephone, she called:

"'She's struck—she's right here on the point—and she's pounding heavily. They're asking for help—can you shoot a line out to her before she breaks up?—Captain Evans—Dickie's aboard!'



"A dripping, bleeding, half-stunned form lurched in and raised a glorified face toward Anne Sharp. And Anne turned and saw!"

"Her voice broke on the beloved name, but the girl sat steady for the reply. It came in Captain Evans's reassuring tones, and Anne turned back to the key.

"'Captain Evans is getting his men together,' she explained to Old Peter as she opened the switch, and in another instant she was sending her message of hope and assurance out to the helpless *Mamua*.

"Dick was at the key of the lighthouse tender. He had turned the operator out. Through the crashing and smashing of the surf against the quivering ship beneath him he wirelessed directions to Anne Sharp, who, in turn, phoned them to Evans.

"No word of love, no hint of her agony escaped the woman. Her boy was out there in the flying, smothering foam with only a scant half hour perhaps between him and death. Yet Anne never wavered. If her heart was torn to the barest shred, if her soul cringed and cowered before the dread probability, that was between her and her God.

"Suddenly the spark from the *Mamua* sputtered an abrupt 'M-i-n,' which is wireless for 'hold your wire a minute.' In the following interval the phone bell tinkled, and Captain Evans announced all in readiness and asked if the *Mamua* had any final instructions. Anne told him to wait, and then pushed her wireless phones closer over her ears.

"It must have seemed an eternity to the anxious woman before she heard the *Mamua* again. As she sat there, rigid, listening in, the door of the shack flung open and a man stepped in. He was Gaylor, star reporter of the 'Advertiser.' The news of the wreck had reached him over at the Japanese hotel, where he had been picking up a stabbing story. Eager and expectant, he fought his way through the storm to the wireless shack, keen for the story.

"There was that pleasure in his expression that betokened supreme satisfaction over getting news, for live 'stories' were scarcer than cannibals in Honolulu.

"Old Peter eyed him savagely, but Gaylor paid no heed. He strode over to Anne's side with:

"'Hear somethin's struck the reef. What is she? Some old interisland tub, I suppose?'

"And then something happened. Old Peter's age fell from him in a twinkling. With one movement he was beside Gaylor and was shaking him in ungovernable fury.

"'You fool! You fool!' Old Peter gasped. 'Can't you shut up? Her man is out there on that wreck!'

"Outside the wind shrieked across the beach and thundered off over the mountains. The shack shuddered and strained as if it would break adrift.

"Gaylor stood mute and stared at Anne Sharp.

"A sudden start, a catch of her breath, and suddenly the woman was on her feet, a wild arm flung across her eyes as if to shut out some hideous sight. She made a quick motion as if to tear the phones from her ears, but the steady message to which she was listening seemed to paralyze her will. She stood listening, and her body almost writhed beneath the torture of what she heard.

"FINALLY she dropped into the chair before the key and sent a short answer into the storm.

"God knows how Dickie Sharp ever read that broken message," the purser said gently. "And only God knows how that girl ever sent it. She finished, turned to the phone and spoke to Evans. And Gaylor says that if a dead woman could speak, he imagines her voice would sound as did Anne Sharp's then.

"'Captain Evans,' she said with fearful distinctness, 'Captain Cunha of the *Mamua* directs that you are to abandon all attempt to rescue his men. The *Kai Kahuna* of the interisland fleet has just struck a bit beyond the *Mamua*, and there are women and children aboard the *Kai Kahuna*. You are to rescue the women and children first, and then—oh, God! be quick!' and her voice rose like that of a woman in physical pain.

"Old Peter stumbled forward and sank down on his stiffened knees beside her. He hid his grizzled face in the folds of her skirt, and his shoulders heaved.



"Old Peter hid his grizzled face in the folds of her skirt, and his shoulders heaved. The girl sat as one stunned, her eyes glazed in a sightless stare before her"

"The girl sat as one stunned, her eyes glazed in sightless stare before her. In her heart of hearts which was surely breaking, she knew that at the moment Dick—beloved, wonderful Dick—loved her as he had never loved her before. At his bidding she had turned succor from him in his dire need; she had sacrificed him for the sake of women and children who were nothing to her; she had taken her own life between her obedient hands and had broken it; she had robbed the Most Wonderful Baby in the World of his father. These things she had done at his bidding for the honor of the station.

"Gaylor told me afterward that he is sure none of the three of them moved. Tragedy such as this paralyzes.

"How long the silence lasted, Gaylor did not know. But during a lull in the gale he heard the woman's voice babbling short, broken, shriveling words:

"'Women and children first! But my baby—my baby! Lover—I told them to abandon you—to abandon you—women and children—first—'

"And then the merciful wind boomed across the beach and drowned out her pitiful mutterings.

"All at once the junior awakened and—no, he didn't wail. He heard the great sound of rushing winds—he *cooed!* Anne Sharp heard him even with the phones over her ears, and she sprang to her feet. She turned. She stretched appealing arms toward her God who alone knew how great was her love for the fatherless of her babe.

"Then suddenly something fell against the door of the shack. Gaylor yanked the door open. A dripping, bleeding, half-stunned form lurched in and raised a glorified face toward Anne Sharp. And Anne turned and saw!

"There were no words, just an inarticulate cry from the woman's lips. And she had Dick clutched in her arms, great, terrible sobs of joy breaking from her very soul.

"The shrill ringing of the telephone bell startled Gaylor into action. He sprang forward and caught up the receiver. He listened a moment and then called out excitedly:

"'It's Tompkins, down at Evans's. Mrs. Sharp says they've got a line to the *Kai Kahuna*, and they're going to be able to get the women and children in great shape.'

"But Anne Sharp didn't hear. She was already resurrected, into her husband's adoring eyes."

The purser paused, and, as he did, Sparks sauntered jauntily into the smoking room and took his place at the table.

"Was just talking to H U," he explained to the purser. "Said aloha to Mrs. Sharp for you."

"How's the family?" the purser asked. And he and Sparks smiled gently at each other.

"Dickie is growing a beard and is fearfully proud," she says. And as for the junior—oh, well, he is the Most Wonderful Baby in the World!'"

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The President's Silent Partner

By Peter Clark Macfarlane



THE first of a great series of personality sketches of "Everyday Americans"—men and women who, all in the day's work, have done the things that fell to their hands to do, and who by that very doing, although unconscious of the limelight, have become dramatic figures on life's stage. The unofficial statesman who is the subject of this article came from a far corner of the country, did the duty of the minute, was surprised one day to find himself the most influential man in his State; and now the President of the United States leans upon him heavily—counts him chief among his advisers. The story of his rise to power is typically and romantically American. In two weeks we shall show you another "Everyday American," just as interesting, but all in such a different way.

Photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer

THE most potent personal influence in the Wilson Administration, aside from the President himself, is not in the Administration at all—officially. It proceeds from a man who never held an office, and never intends to; who never made a political speech, penned an editorial, or owned a newspaper, nor, Providence assisting, ever will; who never attended a county convention in his life, and but one or two State conventions; who nineteen months ago had never rested an eye upon Woodrow Wilson, and even now dances attendance only in a flitting, will-o'-the-wisp sort of way, lurking in the shadows and keeping as far as possible from the white light that beats upon a Presidential chair; a man who never pushes himself, never draws nigh unless he is beckoned; and yet is close—oh, *very close!*—in fact, closest of all men to the President of the United States.



His friends call him "an unofficial statesman." He looks askance at the interviewer

Those who know give this man credit for influencing the appointment of at least four Cabinet officers, and say there is no doubt that his voice was heard concerning every one of the others.

Last winter, when Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan were trying to look each other in the eye, it was this man who did the focusing and vibrated between Princeton and Miami until the premiership of the Nebraskan in the Cabinet of the New Jerseyman was assured.

The name of this mysterious silent partner of the President is House, Edward M. House, with the title of Colonel attaching itself loosely, because once a grateful Governor offered him a position on his staff, which he with characteristic modesty declined. "Colonel" House registers from Texas. This, by the way, is the day of the Texan in the National capital. Time was when Maine, with Hale and Frye, Reed, Boutelle, and Dingley, outweighed a dozen States, or when half the officeholders in Washington, including the President, seemed to come from Ohio; but those days are gone. Maine and Ohio are backed into the offing and signaling for assistance.

Nor is it the Missouri mule that prances on Pennsylvania Avenue, but rather the Texas steer. Texas is *it*. Burleson is Postmaster General, Houston is Secretary of Agriculture, Culberson is a distinguished figure in the Senate, Henry is a power in the House. Yes, the Administration is peppered and salted and sugared with Texans. And this is only the advance guard. Give time a couple of years, then raise the cry of the Alamo on the mall and you will not be able to see the green for the wide hats.

But reverting to the silent partner, let me, at the very outset, confess to you that House is a difficult man to write about. His power—or rather let us say, in the interest of finer discrimination, his influence—is so great, and the character and method of the man are so simple and natural, that I find him singularly elusive.

A High-Powered Private

TO background the figure of this modest but forceful unknown sufficiently to get him into perspective, let it be set down first that in Texas he has been the dominant political influence for twenty years. The people of that State hold him responsible for the second term of one Governor, and for three other Governors who served two terms each, one of whom was later elevated to the United States Senate, where he is now doing his third term. The Texans admit, too, that Colonel House might himself have been Governor or United States Senator at any time during the period of his remarkable political ascendance, had he so chosen. That he has not so chosen they explain by saying that he wants nothing for himself, and declare, further, that he has never taken the slightest advantage of his power for personal uses.

He is related to no interest. He has no class feeling. He has built no machine that must be fed on plums or greased with public favors. He is not in politics for health or profit. Some one has said he is in for fun. That, however, is a mistake. His political service is begotten of a deadly earnest purpose to serve his fellow citizens. But he prefers to serve them in the ranks. He is a high-powered private.

It is difficult to write of what Colonel House has done without giving the impression that he is a boss; yet nothing could be farther from the fact. His sway is gentle. His desire is utterly unselfish. Happy Texas! He wins his way by a honeyed reasonableness. He is just the canniest, sanest type of a man. Indeed, one of the finest things known about Woodrow Wilson is that he likes Edward M. House, and quite the most brilliant exhibition of perspicacity yet given by that astute gentleman, who now overflows the White House, is that from his first hour of conversation with the brainy Texan he has glued him to his soul.

A Scene with the Cronies

LET me show you the two together in, for example, the interval between the election and the inauguration of the President. Friend House, besides having a fine home and uncounted acres in Texas, with a summer residence in Massachusetts, keeps a quietly exclusive apartment in New York City, at which the President-elect developed a habit of turning up quite regularly on Friday afternoons or evenings. Frequently Mrs. Wilson came along. Mrs. House, a beautiful type of the Southern woman, would be hostess for that select party at luncheon or dinner, after which the two women would flit away from the apartment, leaving the two men behind, where they had but to lift the telephone receiver off the hook and, lo, though in the heart of New York, they were as far away and as much alone as in the Desert of Sahara!

And do they proceed to talk about politics? No—not right off. Instead they fall to like the cronies they are, cracking at the head of whatever topic first shows above the surface. They indulge in mental gambols of every sort. The President is sure to tell some funny stories, and to mix these with his latest limericks; and, upon the insistence of his host, to recite some one of his favorite poems.

The talk will range over art and literature. It is sure to cover more than a segment of history and come around by and by to the science of government, the President's great interest being in the theoretical and Colonel House's in the practical side of this latter issue. Somewhere in between they will talk a little politics and come at the adjustment of Presidential principles to administrative exigencies, which means also that they must begin to weigh and sift the characters and qualities of individual men.

This, now, is where the silent partner begins to coruscate. He is not merely the President's playfellow; he is his scales and balance. He can gauge the moral and intellectual half of a man as keenly as any person in public life to-day. He is an adept at estimating the depth and force of the currents of public opinion. He can put his finger on the key log in a political jam, or unravel tangled threads with the deftness that belongs to genius. When it comes to the smelling of a mouse, his olfactory nerves are not only nothing lacking but unusually sensitive. And so the hours would pass, frequently concluding, if in the afternoon, with an evening at the theatre.

The President at Play

SINCE the inauguration these tête-à-têtes naturally take place at the Executive Mansion. Colonel House, let us say, is the President's guest at his one o'clock luncheon. After luncheon the door of the Executive Chambers—this door, which was going to be open always, you remember—is not even ajar. There are no more appointments. Senators and Congressmen and reporters, even office seekers, can wait. The President of the United States is at play. He has paused to loaf and invite his soul in the company of a congenial friend. They will talk on and on till the day is gone.

Again the conversation will swing round the whole horizon, but occasionally it will pause before some sign of the political zodiac and there will be quick, terse interchanges of thought. The President has a keen mind, it needs no iteration for him to grasp a point; and his discernment is quick; it wants no chemical analysis for him to tell gold from glitter. In these swift, light-flashing moments in the midst of rest, great work will be done. Policies will be approved or rejected, and the names of men elevated or cast out of consideration. Former President Roosevelt used to say: "Play when you play, and when you work don't play at all." President Wilson's motto is more nearly: "Work when you work, and when you play, work a little too."

Naturally, a glimpse or two like this of the President's sparring partner makes us grow exceedingly interested in the man. We want to pick up the trail and follow his spoor around the corner of the White House and out over the broad plains of Texas, where we discover our man was born in Houston in 1858, and that he had the infantile precocity to choose a

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father rather carefully in the person of Thomas W. House, banker and cotton factor, a friend of General Sam Houston, Colonel Bowie, and other great ones of that earlier Texas day. At eighteen the youth was in school in Connecticut, the old Hopkins Grammar of New Haven; and his chum was Ollie Morton, a son of old Oliver P., then in his prime at Washington and a great rival of Blaine. Young Morton made frequent trips to Washington, and occasionally his schoolfellow, Ed House, went along. Young Ed was greatly interested in politics, and greatly impressed on the first look by the glamour of Washington life, by the sight of the House and the Senate in session, by glimpses of a President and Cabinet, and the imposing splendor of the Diplomatic Corps. But he took a second look.

A Radium-Like Personality

WITH remarkable astuteness for a boy, he perceived that the Government was not the House and the Senate and the President, but a small inner group of men of superior intellect or craft. The boy felt that to be a Senator or a Representative meant nothing unless one had a great deal of force. Then and there he decided that official life was not for him. He still retained his interest in politics, but concluded to try to win power rather than position.

When young House was on the eve of graduating from Cornell University, he was recalled to Texas by the death of his father, who left him many thousand widely scattered acres and large business interests. Such responsibilities would have cluttered up hopelessly the mind of the average young man for the rest of his life; but Ed House never gets cluttered up in anything. He stands from under, or looks at things from the saddle, keeping his mind clear and his soul disentangled. In a few years the House estates were taking care of themselves beautifully, and the quiet young master of them had gone to live at Austin, the State capital, where he could keep an eye on things political.

It was not many years till Austin began to feel something; she could not tell quite what it was, but nevertheless she felt it, a peculiar, radium-like personality, that began to influence things strangely from behind curtains without ever once making a public appearance. That was in 1892, when the second campaign of Governor Hogg was on. Hogg, it will be remembered, comes near to being the original progressive. In his first administration he had given Texas some legislation that made the beasts of the jungle roar. In his second campaign the "interests" were all against him. Almost every newspaper of importance in the State was fighting him. He was going to be beaten, hands down—so they said—walked on, stampeded over, trampled into the earth!

But as the campaign progressed the wind veered unaccountably. From flapping idly, the Hogg campaign sails gradually bellied out and a real race was on. The reason seemed to lie in or near the Hogg headquarters, but in some mysterious force that kept itself well out of sight. That force was young House. He was managing his first campaign, and doing it in that anonymous way in which he has worked ever since. His name did not appear as the campaign manager. He likes to have somebody else at the head of the organization to wear the crown and receive the plaudits—and the missiles—also to talk to the thousand and one well-meaning people, and the some not so well-meaning, who always want to see the head of a campaign committee. That gives him time to get off by himself and think, and time to talk with the leaders, the men whose judgment is most worth weighing, and the men whose influence, when gained, is most worth having.

The Secret of His Method

THIS, indeed, is the whole secret of his political method. He works upon the leaders. He never appeals to the masses, although he believes in them devoutly and works for them devotedly. He has never made a speech in his life. He can talk to one man eloquently; an audience of half a dozen makes him ill at ease; the sight of twoscore will cause him to flee as a wild ass of the desert. The psychology of crowds is too overpowering for him. He leaves that to lieutenants. He quietly takes the leaders into camp, and the leaders do the rest.

By this method he made Hogg a victor in that memorable second campaign. By this method he made Culberson twice a Governor and then a United States Senator. By it he made Joseph D. Sayers and S. W. T. Lanham each a two-term Governor. In the first Sayers campaign for the Democratic nomination, House had the vigorous opposition of his old friend Hogg, who was supporting Crane, then Attorney General of the State, and a very fine gentleman, by the way. Hogg was a power in Texas then.

A Piece of Strategy

IT WAS doubtful if any man could be nominated against his wishes. Therefore the case of Sayers, although supported by House, seemed hopeless; but, behold—in the midst of the campaign one of the newspapers published a letter from Hogg to a man named Malone, saying some nice things about Sayers. True, the letter also said equally nice things about Crane, but the Sayers management at once appropriated it as a campaign document, circulated a hundred thousand copies, and with the powerful name of Hogg turned the popular tide to their candidate.

It looked in part like a fortuitous accident and in part like superior campaign strategy; but when later it leaked out that Malone was manager of one of House's plantations, the Texans did a small sum in arithmetic and understood more fully.

The letter was no accident. It was the deft Florentine hand of House who got Hogg to write that letter to Malone. He couldn't win for Sayers without Hogg



The den in Colonel House's New York apartment—where last winter the cronies chatted a new administration into shape

and he could not entirely win Hogg, but he got him to express views appreciative of his candidate, and with that expression upon his banner House went out and won.

He Outgrows Texas

A GOOD many people credit or blame Mr. Bryan for President Wilson—but Colonel House was at least guilty of contributory diligence. It is generally recognized that the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore was a fluke. Of course, the Wilsonians say it was destiny—but destiny can use a fluke upon occasion. Anyway Wilson went to the Baltimore convention with less than a majority of the votes and less than a majority of those chosen by popular primaries, but he won. Now the Gibraltar of the Wilson battalions was at all times the unchanging forty votes of Texas. The fight between Clark and Wilson had been sharp in Texas. It was Colonel House who swayed Texas into the Wilson column, and at long range kept that delegation firm, made it a fulcrum on which the masterly generalship of Bryan finally turned the convention to Wilson.

Without House, no Texas delegation; without the Texas delegation, no Gibraltar; and without Gibraltar, no fulcrum and no turning and no Wilson. If you do not think this sequence quite convincing, I will wipe it off the board and try another—without House, no Bryan; and without Bryan, no Wilson. Bryan and Clark were friends—they had ground each other's axes; Wilson had wished Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat; therefore Bryan would incline to Clark and incline against Wilson. But Colonel House and Mr. Bryan were intimates. Mr. Bryan has valued the counsel of House for a dozen years. Colonel House was for Wilson, and he is a very persuasive man. Perhaps he helped Bryan to appreciate and forgive, helped him to see that the forces opposing Wilson were the same forces which had opposed him. You observed the possible connection. House sways Bryan—Bryan sways the convention.

This is the House method exactly—Bryan on the rostrum; House in the telephone booth; each a patriot, each a great, untarnished soul; each complementing the other in an effort to—well, let us say—to help Destiny turn a trick.

As a matter of fact, however, Colonel House was not even in the telephone booth. He was in Europe. Having fathomed that clever scheme, probably devised by Sheehan, to combine all the non-Wilson forces into an anti-Wilson wedge, he laid the powder trains, lighted the matches, and then quietly tiptoed across the Atlantic to watch the fireworks from afar.

He Keeps in Touch

TO OBSERVE the gradual progress of Colonel House from far-off Texas toward the central eddy in the national political whirlpool is most illuminating. The campaign of 1896 interested him but failed to elicit his enthusiasms. He was for Bryan, but he was not for free silver. He would not bolt, because he liked Mr. Bryan, and because he thinks if a man is to do any good in politics he must be a party man and bide his time. In 1898 Mr. Bryan came to spend the winter in Austin, Tex., and he and Colonel House became warm friends. The campaign of 1900 again interested Colonel House, but again failed to arouse his enthusiasms. He thought Bryan had no chance, and the Colonel is a man who wastes small time in beating the air. He confined his activities to residing in New York and turning up every day or so at National Democratic Headquarters, just to see how things were going. "Keeping in touch" was therefore about the extent of the Colonel's political activities in the Presidential campaign of 1900. In 1904 Belmont, Parker, Sheehan, and others took the party. Colonel House didn't like the look of this oligarchy. They represented the kind of thing he had been putting under the sod in Texas, but he recognized that they had a run coming to them and, philosopherlike, was perfectly willing to let them have it, while, politician-like, he again confined his own activities to "keeping in touch." The Colonel is great on "touch." He is "in touch" in all directions now. In his reception room the other day I stumbled over a foreign minister, while my own heels were trodden upon successively by a well-known railroad president and the head of a huge labor organization.

When 1908 came around Colonel House felt a keen desire to see Mr. Bryan elected; but sensing the situation in that prescient way of his, he decided that there was no chance and again indulged in no sort of overexertion, only as before, "keeping in touch."

By the beginning of 1910, however, the floundering of the Taft Administration, which could be heard as far away as Africa, were perfectly audible in Texas. Colonel House sniffed the prospect of a Democratic day as quick as any man and developed a singular liking for New York climate.

He Searches for a Candidate

IN THE next twelve months the silent man, known only to a few and accurately appraised by none of the great Eastern leaders of his party, did a perfectly enormous amount of "keeping in touch." After the Congressional elections of 1910 he was firmly convinced that if the right candidate could be found there could be a Democrat in the White House. Unofficially he went up and down the land and in and out of the National Democratic Club on Fifth Avenue looking for a man, but, unlike Diogenes, he carried no lantern. He would never make himself conspicuous to that extent. For a time Mayor Gaynor attracted his attention, perhaps even kindled his hopes; but another luminary was just now shining with growing brilliancy into the Democratic night. This was the Governor of New Jersey. The more Colonel House heard about this New Jersey man the more interested he became. His fight against the bosses and the interests, his easy whipsawing of the Legislature, and the clarity of his public utterances all appealed to the Texan.

For perhaps a year House marked the course of Woodrow Wilson through the political heavens and was still endeavoring to decide whether he was a comet or a fixed star, when the New Jerseyan heard about House, and with the instinct of a good campaigner promptly went to see him. That was in the autumn of 1911, and Colonel

(Continued on page 30)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

ONE of the very best of the smaller city dailies in the United States is the "Herald," published at Lexington, Ky., owned and edited by Mr. Desha Breckinridge. During the early part of April, Mr. Breckinridge visited Washington, mingled with the public men there, and on his return wrote these words:

President Wilson has a difficult task. The remnants of those who believe that the purpose of government is to benefit those who can control legislation still remain in Washington; the representatives of special interests are gathered there as of old. Every possible expedient will be used to thwart his purposes and to discredit his Administration by those who resent with deadly bitterness the revolution in public thought led by him and evidenced by his election. But there is no one in Washington now who even professes to doubt that he is a master politician as well as a master statesman.

This is an extremely accurate summing up of what is fundamental in the situation at Washington, with this qualification: Mr. Breckinridge's words were written before the middle of April; during the weeks that have elapsed since then it is undeniable that President Wilson's enemies, both the avowed ones and the traitorous ones within his own party, have gained courage. Those Senators and Members who whispered together in secret, and wondered if they dared, have been emboldened to become openly defiant. It began when so conspicuous a Democrat as the Governor of Massachusetts came out with an outrageously impudent assault on President Wilson's policy, an act that could have no straightforward purpose at all, and no ulterior one except to embarrass Mr. Wilson and hinder tariff reduction. The best characterization of Governor Foss's opening gun of the fire in the rear was uttered by the New York "World":

In effect, he summons every weak-willed Democrat in Congress to return to the flesh pots. He encourages every negotiator and log roller in the Democratic party to resume operations. He revives hope in the breast of every protective-tariff Democratic Judas in the land. His bolt is aimed and timed with deliberation, evidently with the hope that it will confuse counsel at Washington and defeat a great reform.

The impetus of treason was helped along when so conspicuous a Democratic paper as the New Orleans "Picayune" called President Wilson "not a true Democrat . . . but a radical heavily tainted with Socialism," and openly counseled the Louisiana Senators and Members to play the part of Judas. But, most of all, the spirit of party treason derived aid and comfort from Mr. Hearst's revolt, an attack which, to the discerning, was shamelessly unfair, but to the thoughtless was shrewdly calculated to inflame prejudice against the President. The day it appeared in the Washington "Post" (that faithful servant which lays the propaganda of the special interests before the eyes of Congress each morning) every Member who before had skulked and dissembled felt free to avow openly the interests he serves. (A few still remain under cover, intimidated by the fear of losing patronage which President Wilson has been good enough a politician to withhold until after the tariff session is over.)

This man is having a hard fight in behalf of the people. Stand behind him



Mr. Wilson's troubles have begun. His big fight, which the present writer believed would not come for a year or more, is on.

The Job

ALL this is natural. Consider what Mr. Wilson is about to do: there is an ancient graft, through which many persons have become rich and powerful; put it any way you like, it amounts to this, that Mr. Wilson proposes to remove that graft. That he will be fought by all the means that are at the command of the more sordid kinds of wealth goes without saying. Opposition is inherent in the situation. Chairman Underwood made it plain in the course of a speech to the Democratic caucus:

The sugar growers of Louisiana have been brought up as a hothouse growth, that is true. They have invested millions in their industry. Free sugar will destroy them: that is conceded, and it is only proper that their industry must give way.

It is one of the incidents of a false economic system. Curing this ancient evil means interfering with somebody's vested wrongs. It would be possible to put a tariff on bananas so high that it would be profitable to build hothouses in Maine to raise them; and when it was proposed to remove the tariff the hothouse owners would quite naturally and truthfully cry out that their property was being destroyed. Some surgery is necessary to the cure.

When the People Talk

HAPPILY, whenever the people have a chance to express themselves, Wilson is cheered and strengthened. Preceding the Congressional by-election in the Thirteenth Massachusetts District, the voters were warned by every protection paper and interest in the State that it would be taken by the whole country as an omen, and the voters were urged to stand by protection. The Boston "Transcript" printed double-leaded S. O. S. editorials. Senator Weeks and the other State leaders took the field and painted dreadful pictures of the soup houses and starvation that would come if the present tariff bill should become a law. The district includes some wealthy suburbs as well as some factory towns just outside Boston. Last November it elected one of the most conspicuous standpat Republicans in the State, John W. Weeks, by a plurality of more than 2,500. The present sentiment of the district is shown by the comparative figures:

	Rep.	Dem.	Prog.
November . . .	15,934	13,583	5,853
April	8,883	12,991	5,678

The issue in this election was not tariff reduction, for all three of the candidates said they were for reduction in one way or another; *the issue in this election—and this is the thing for the country to know and remember—was the* PRESENT DEMOCRATIC TARIFF BILL NOW PENDING AT WASHINGTON. The contents of it were well known to the people; it was discussed on the stump every night. *The Democratic candidate who was given so complete a victory was for* THE PRESENT DEMOCRATIC TARIFF BILL; the other candidates were for some variation of it. The only inference from the result is that in the strongest protection State the *people* who vote (as distinguished from the factory *owners* who subsidize papers and make a great deal of noise) have made up their minds to accept the measure of tariff reduction provided in the present bill. This conclusion is especially inferable from the fact that apparently about five thousand Republicans didn't vote.

It ought to be recorded that the Democratic victory was helped by the fact that a protective tariff Republican, Mr. Richard H. Long, who has been in politics himself, who has tried to get to Congress as a Republican, and who, as a shoe manufacturer, employs a thousand men, came out for the Democratic candidate and spoke from the same platform with him.

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A Wealthy Socialist Prefers Jail to a Fine

EDWARD S. SMITH, a wealthy Socialist of Warren, Ohio, is setting type in the city workhouse rather than pay a $25 fine which he declares is unjust. It is charged that while he was taking flood photographs he "resisted an officer."



Governor Johnson's Highly Esteemed Bodyguard

FEW public officials have been so fortunate in their choice of a bodyguard as Governor Hiram W. Johnson of California. Besides being of unquestionable loyalty, the bodyguard is an amateur boxing champion and has a record as a chauffeur that is no whit less notable. When California's legislators failed to make good on their preelection promises and the Governor drove the length and breadth of the State in a motor car to tell the voters what was going on, "Jack" made a reputation for always traveling on schedule time. More formally speaking, "Jack" is Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.



Chicago's New "Morals Court" Dissents from Police Court Standards

IT IS time perhaps to begin writing reminiscences of how police courts used to dispense justice to fallen women. Within the past month a piece of judicial machinery that upsets half of the old-fashioned police court's cherished traditions has set the nation a model of efficiency in morals cases. Chicago's new "Morals Court," which hears all cases that have to do with violations of the city ordinances regarding the social evil and the regulation of vice districts, attempts to attack the traffickers in vice, not simply to hound the victims. The new plan is as scientific and humane as the average police court's methods were clumsy and brutal.

Three of the short pronouncements of the Judge of the new court at the opening session tell how the old order has changed.

To the first of the unfortunate women who appeared before him he said:

"I am going to begin the operation of this court by giving a chance to everybody who is willing to accept one."

A policeman who arrested two girls but freed their male escorts was forcefully rebuked by the Judge for making it appear that a standard of double morality should be officially recognized.

"Arrest the men, too. They are as guilty as the women."

And to a flashily costumed vagrant who had made love to a girl, wheedled her out of her savings, and then deserted her:

"I wish I could give you a year in jail. As it is, you get the limit—$200 and costs."

The Court's Women Officials

THE photograph reproduced above tells part of the story of how different the new system is from the old. Instead of a dark, ill-ventilated cellar full of morbid spectators and professional bond sharks, the new court room is on the eleventh story of Chicago's City Hall. The cases are conducted with as much privacy as possible, and the women brought to trial are not thrown with the police court's petty criminals and drunkards. The photograph shows that three officials sit at the judge's bench. From left to right they are Gertrude Howe Britten, superintendent of the Juvenile Protective League; Judge Jacob H. Hopkins, and Mrs. Louise Tousey, the court's chief probation officer. To aid the purpose of the Judge to give unfortunates every opportunity to get a new start in life, the Court cooperates with rescue homes and employment agencies, and has appointed women probation officers and women physicians. When the plan is further developed, a force of social workers will be added to the organization, painstakingly to investigate each case before it is brought to trial. Better detention quarters and a hospital for women defendants are other ideas that are favorably considered.

A Girl Who Wouldn't Reform

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRY OLSON of the Municipal Court is quoted as predicting that when the machinery of the new court is complete it will obliterate Chicago's vice districts.

On the first day the "Morals Court" tried fifty-one cases. The contrasts presented were many and vivid. A woman who said that for eighteen years she had supported her invalid mother and father by the profits of immorality pleaded to be allowed to reform and be aided to find work. An attractive, neatly dressed girl, barely twenty-one, flatly refused to change her way of life, and told the Judge she didn't seek respectable employment.

The prisoners came from many parts of the city and were of many nationalities. Some of the women appeared ashamed; many more did not. The Court's methods, not the docket, furnished the surprises. The Judge was insistent upon knowing as much about a girl's surroundings and wages as about whether she had violated a city ordinance. And he showed lenience even to the young woman who had been defiant.

The Judge ordered the case continued for ten days and promised: "If you behave yourself in the meanwhile I'll dismiss it."

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An Oriental "Olympic"

IN A STRIKING WAY the success of the Far Eastern Olympic Games, recently held in Manila, is significant of the spread of American influence in the East. The working out of an American idea brought together nearly 150 athletes from China, Japan, and the Philippines—150 Orientals discarded ancient traditions and customs and met for the first time on a basis of equality in contests of strength, skill, and endurance. They competed in a series of American sports under American supervision for the athletic supremacy of the Orient. The English language was the medium of conversation, both on the field and at social gatherings. At a dinner given by the Filipino athletes to their competitors, every speech was made in English; and with every athlete on his feet, the Orientals cheered vigorously for the United States.

Such a tournament is memorable not only because it is unique in athletic annals, but also because it means a better understanding between young men of the Far East.

The spectator did not need to be told that there was a new day in China when he saw the forty lithe young Chinamen who led in the parade of athletes at the opening of the Manila games. Clad in neat track suits with a small flag of the new Republic on their breasts and a big banner borne proudly in front, they marched past the Governor General. Only five years ago such a tableau would have been impossible on account of ancient traditions that have fallen before the influence of America.

After the Chinese athletes marched the Japanese, sturdy and proud, and wearing the emblem of the rising sun. Next came the Filipinos, each wearing on his breast a replica of the great shield of the Philippines. Governor General Forbes spoke upon the significance of the meeting and then formally declared the games opened.

The Philippines won the Olympiad as a whole, excelling generally in track and field, swimming, football, basket ball, and volley ball. The Chinese did their best work in tennis and the track and field events. They came so near winning in so many events that they made it evident that at another time of year, and with no long sea trip to undergo, they would be very hard to defeat. The Japanese excelled in baseball and long-distance running.

The performances as a whole were high grade in every event, and the records made compare favorably with those set by men who have had the advantage of better and longer training. The 100-yard dash was done in 10 2-5 seconds by a Filipino, the 220-yard in 23 seconds, and the 5-mile run by a Japanese in 29½ minutes. A Filipino high-school boy took first place in the broad jump with a mark of 21 feet 9 inches.

Japan sent a splendid baseball team, which defeated the pick of the Philippines in every game. Japanese runners finished first and second in a modified Marathon, a race that attracted twenty-five thousand spectators along the course. The Chinese produced the best all-round athlete in the games, Pan Wen Ping of Peking, who won the Decathlon. Second place in this event also went to China, through the work of Clarence S. K. Chow.

The plan is to hold games in the great capitals of the Orient every two years. The next games are to be held in Shanghai in 1915. Governor General W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippine Islands is the retiring president, and Dr. Wu Ting Fang of China is the president-elect.

ELWOOD S. BROWN,
Physical Director of the Manila Y. M. C. A.



Governor General Forbes speaking



Pan Wen Ping, Decathlon champion



Oriental relay racers

Calisthenic drill by Filipino school children

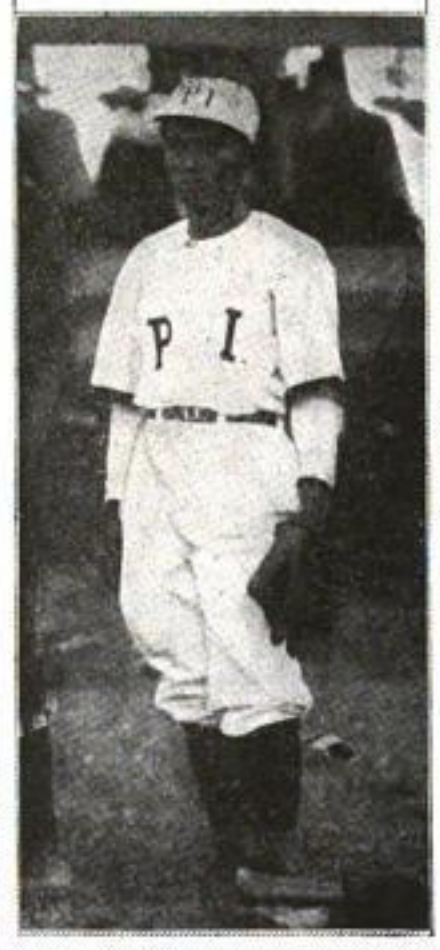




Japan wins the Marathon



Chow throwing the discus



A Philippine baseball player

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

The Issue

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING in the United States is brought out strongly by the contrast between two sentences recently printed and very generally read. The first is from a discussion of Mr. MORGAN's death in the most widely circulated American newspaper:

> He helped to make competition ridiculous and obsolete—the best work of his day.

The other sentence is detached from President WILSON's "The New Freedom," in the "World's Work" for April:

> I intend to interfere with monopoly just as much as possible.

Between the two economic ideas defined in these two sentences, there is in the United States at this moment a head-on collision. The cleavage, both in selfish interest and disinterested opinion, between these two ideas is as wide as the nation, and the question which shall prevail affects every individual in the most vital aspects of life. All the current issues of thought and discussion, including the protective tariff, are merely aspects of it, and the great bulk of the serious writing of the present period deals directly with it. As usual, there is a good deal of truth on both sides. We find it hard to believe that the experience of four thousand years of human history must be thrown on the scrap heap for an economic régime which is less than twenty years old and which has been largely bound up with one strong and dominant personality that has just passed from the world. On the other hand, we know that every invention, every advance in science, every perfecting addition to the telephone, for example, enlarges the area over which one able man can diffuse his efficiency; from which it follows that the stars in their courses fight for larger and larger units of industry. And of one thing we are most sure: the restoration of competition, so far as it may be brought about, will not be permitted to express itself in harsher conditions of life for the employed class. In the past, the intensity of competition has always expressed itself in the employer getting more out of labor for less money. Against that, the sentiment of the age has crystallized.

Resurgent Ohio

THERE COULD BE NO COMMENT more fitting upon the close of a period of paralyzing calamity than these two spontaneous expressions of a stricken community. The first placard was run off the presses of the local newspaper while the pressroom was still under water:

> TO THE WORKMEN OF HAMILTON
>
> Do not leave Hamilton. There are citizens here who will help you to get the money to rebuild and refurnish your homes; work will be plentiful; opportunity is nowhere greater than right here. In the days to come you will be proud to number yourself among those who stood by and helped to build the bigger, better, more prosperous Hamilton.

The second placard appeared in the window of Hamilton's leading bank, the floor of which was still littered with flood wreckage:

> NOAH was six hundred years old before he learned to build the ark. Don't lose your grip.

Any poet or historian who seeks that intangible thing which KIPLING called the American spirit will find it here as nearly as it is possible to reduce it to words. These expressions came from typical American communities at a time when calamity had made them without consciousness of self or of others. The buoyant, uncalculating, slightly boastful optimism, and the humor that would have "matched with destiny for beers," even at a moment when destiny was in a pretty terrifying temper, are naïve, spontaneous, and native to America.

Panama "Policies"

THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION involved in the debate with England about our Panama Canal policy is one of honesty. That is the reason why Washington newspaper men so confidently report to their papers that President WILSON probably will declare himself in sympathy with England's interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and will urge that free tolls for the boats of our coastwise trade should not be granted. Mr. WILSON at this writing has not expressed himself about the canal dispute, but only slight study of his character should be required to discover what this straight-thinking man may be expected to say about a proposal that the United States should repudiate a treaty for the profit of its coastwise shipping lines. Our word was given to England that in the matter of tolls at Panama all nations shall be treated alike. "All nations" means all nations, including ourselves. To think of discriminating in favor of our own commerce, and even between classes of this commerce, is as clear an idea as special privilege ever labored to write into the records of modern American diplomacy.

This Happened in 1913

SOUTH CAROLINA'S all-Democratic Legislature needs no brakes when it starts out to enact human-welfare laws. During its recent session Representative E. P. MCCRAVEY introduced what in the Palmetto State was called a compulsory education bill. In its original form the bill provided that children between the ages of eight and thirteen should be sent to the public schools during the legal term, or the equivalent in private schools, "unless the labor of said children was necessary to their support." Anticipating strong opposition from legislators representing the manufacturing districts and some rural counties where education is regarded as one of the devil's artifices, Mr. MCCRAVEY inserted a "local-option" clause. The proposed law was not to take effect in any county until after it was referred to the voters and approved by a majority; and in case a county as a unit favored the measure, but single precincts did not, the opposition precincts should be exempted. In that form the bill was about as near no bill at all as any cotton-mill owner could have wished for, but we have not told more than half the story. Before being finally passed upon, the bill had to go through the hands of a conference committee of Senators and Representatives. The age limit in the State's child-labor law was twelve years, and the committee promptly substituted "twelve" for "thirteen" in the McCravey bill. The original measure called for too much schooling to suit the conferees, and they revised the time limit down to three months. But even then the bill met with strong opposition from some quarters, and as a compromise the committee exempted Abbeville and Oconee Counties and the Spartanburg school district in Spartanburg County. After the bill had been rendered practically meaningless, the House and Senate passed it, but not without hearing it bitterly assailed. Representative E. L. LYBRAND, a preacher by profession, said:

> *I believe compulsory education is against the fundamental principles of our American democratic institutions.*

This happened in the United States in the year 1913! Representative C. D. FORTNER, an insurance agent, objected because he "believed all men should have a right to control their own children." The bill found Governor BLEASE ready with his ax. He said in his veto message:

> On the stump I opposed compulsory education. I promised there to veto any bill in regard to it, and I have always stood upon the platform on which I was elected.

And the Senate sustained the veto. Bleaseism hinders enlightenment, and ignorance fosters Bleaseism. The rest of the country pities you, South Carolina.

A Tie

FROM THAT VENERABLE GRANDFATHER of all standpat Republican papers, the Burlington (Iowa) "Hawkeye":

> COLLIER'S is intensely Democratic in its leanings.

From the Democratic "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, Tenn.:

> COLLIER'S doesn't love a Democrat.

A joint debate between these two papers on the subject at issue would be diverting.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Spade a Spade

FROM "Harper's Weekly":

These causes he declared to be industrial labor among women, and alcohol and blood diseases among men.

It had been our hope that the one conspicuously and very greatly valuable result (among many doubtful ones) from the recent frank discussion of social vice and sex would be to put the word syphilis into the vocabulary of common discussion. To have made it possible to speak as freely and accurately about this disease as about the much less terrible tuberculosis would have been a hygienic and moral milestone.

What Is Immoral?

IF A PLAY or a book or a form of amusement inflames the passions and encourages vice, it is immoral. If it makes sin repugnant and gives a reaction toward clean and wholesome living, it is moral, no matter with what subject it is dealing. This much few persons will dispute. And yet it is only within the last few weeks, and after the most elaborate maneuvering for a theatre, that BRIEUX's powerfully prophylactic play, "Damaged Goods," which we have previously mentioned, has been permitted to present in public its message, that the wages of sin is death. While for years, in every city in the country, from every music-hall stage, the message, thinly disguised if at all, has been sung and acted that immorality is a joke and the wages of sin is joy. There has recently appeared also in New York, as part of the Princess Theatre company's presentation of one-act plays, a short sketch entitled "Any Night." It is a painfully realistic picture of the sadness and sordidness of prostitution. It is not high art, nor does it give any sociological solution to the problem presented, but it would be a callous and flippant soul indeed who could leave this performance for that life of which it is a photograph. But what happens after the fall of the curtain on the typical musical show? Yet the pillars of society are complaining of "Any Night" because they say it is immoral. And if a similar play were put on in a popular-priced theatre for all the public to see, or in any city not a metropolis, the thunders and lightnings of righteous wrath would sweep it from the earth. In spite of the fact that the program especially suggested that daughters be left at home, parents say with horror that the young folks may drop in. Yet these same persons see schoolgirls and, worse yet, schoolboys flock to the nearest music-hall show by hundreds and never turn a hair. In the light of recent revelations of the connection between the police and immorality, it is not surprising that they should be loath to allow the truth to appear. What is amazing is that the good people of every city should make so slight an effort to put a stop to the stimulation of vice which is carried on by every device of music, color, and glittering seduction, and yet should combine in a complete conspiracy to keep from the young the truth about the sadness of immorality and the wages of sin. What a comment this is on the intelligence of the average middle-aged father!



King Barleycorn

Et Tu

MOST OF THE QUALITIES ascribed by romantic literature to womankind are merely universal human qualities brought out by the sex relation. How many men have trilled gay songs about the fickleness of the fair, only to admit solemnly the next day at a sociological meeting that "of course everyone knows that men are more polygamous than women"?

Had Been Drinking Hard

THIS EDITORIAL was printed in the excellent New Orleans "Item":

A young man, living in Shreveport, married only two weeks, found a playful note from his bride. He misinterpreted it, thought the meaning indicated that he had a rival. He hurried home, shot his wife to death and then killed himself. In explanation, his friends tell the newspaper people that on the morning of the tragedy he had been "drinking hard." Such temperance sermons are bitterly severe on those who preach them by their own example—but they are effective, if not upon individuals, upon the public conscience, which turns more and more from the attitude which condones the conditions under which such episodes occur.

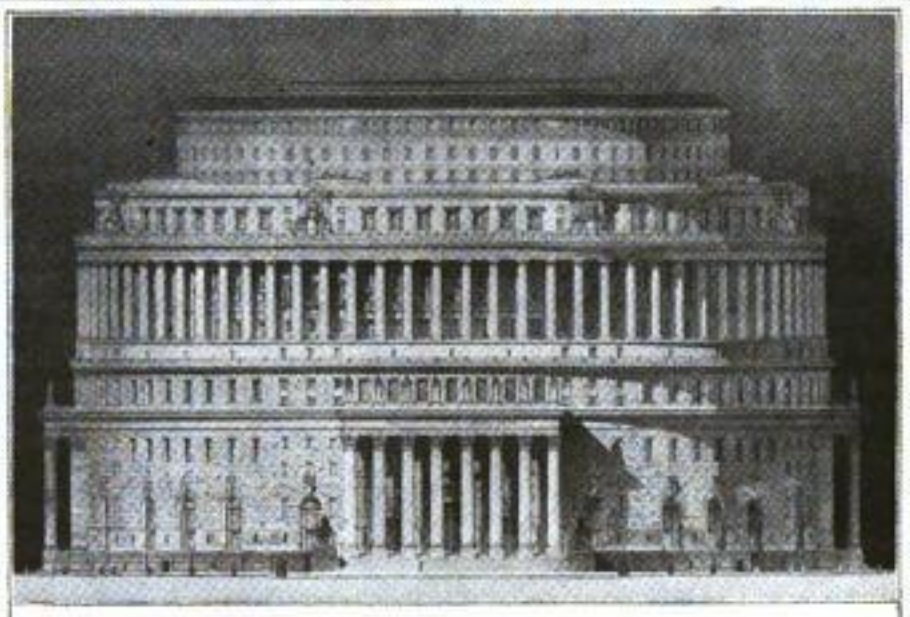
Why didn't the newspaper people inquire further? Why didn't the "Item" send out one of its young reporters to find out exactly what brand of whisky caused this particular tragedy? To have printed a photograph of the owner of the brand—a citizen of Louisville, Ky., secure behind all those ramparts of respectability which wealth can build—would be a novel but perfectly possible and extremely useful departure in journalism.

Cubist Skirts

GEORGE ELIOT'S MRS. POYSER said: "There was no denying the women were fools; GOD made 'em to match the men," and one feels that on the whole the men must be pretty well suited, yet men all but always lack pleasure in women's clothes or candor in confessing that pleasure. We incline to believe it is candor that is wanting. The women in fifty years have given them a wide range of choice, but when were gibes and fulminations against the fashions wanting? Just now a Chicago divine has been adding to the general permanent chorus of disapproval. He says women's clothes to-day are outrageous and immoral. Immorality is a delicate but not difficult charge to prove against any clothes ever yet concocted for either sex. If the women took masculine immorality in that direction to heart, it is appalling to think of what they might say. The Mohammedan has done something to try and give his women a moral appearance, what with tying them up in clumsy bags and veiling their faces, but when you know there is a woman in the bag—may not even that knowledge be immoral to a perfectly pure mind? To the professionally pure, are not all things impure? A critic of more weight, Miss TARBELL, the foe of the Standard Oil, has been turning her guns passingly on the present cubistic clothes of her sex. She says they are absurd. Of course they are, but how few things are not absurd to the philosophic eye, and how ungrateful for a lady not to recognize all the ways in which the present fashions are a clear advance hygienically over any the Occident has seen since the days—a few of the days—of old Rome! The Roman ladies managed much of the time to be both as obscure and as unhygienic as anybody. Now skirts are short, consequently may be presumed to be clean; they are light, very light, in weight, and that is a great point; they are certainly narrow, but their defenders say with show of reason that they are easier to walk in than a full skirt of the least criticized length, a full skirt long enough to fairly hide the feet, yet too short to hold up: not an easy garment to steer through a high wind? Women who can remember going to business carrying trains in their hands (we can remember seeing them do it) ought to stand up for the most cubistic skirt ever built, even though it does seem to put the possibility of a pocket further off than ever; and even though some good heads doubt the wisdom of giving a vote to a sex without a pocket.

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New Towers and Temples



New York's "Coliseum-Like" Courthouse

THE largest courthouse in the world, one of so novel a design that critics scarcely know how to describe it unless as "Coliseum-like," is to be built in New York City. Circular form, the architect says, will economize space and afford better natural lighting and ventilation. In the outer walls of the structure there are to be fifty-one court rooms. The estimated cost of the work is $10,000,000.



A Memorial to Thomas Jefferson

OF the many recent tokens of the popularity of Thomas Jefferson, the most substantial one undoubtedly is the handsome Jefferson Memorial Building dedicated in St. Louis, Mo., April 30. The building is 330 feet long and 60 feet in height. A central feature of the memorial is a statue of Jefferson in Italian marble, by Karl Bitter. The Daughters of the American Revolution conducted the exercises.



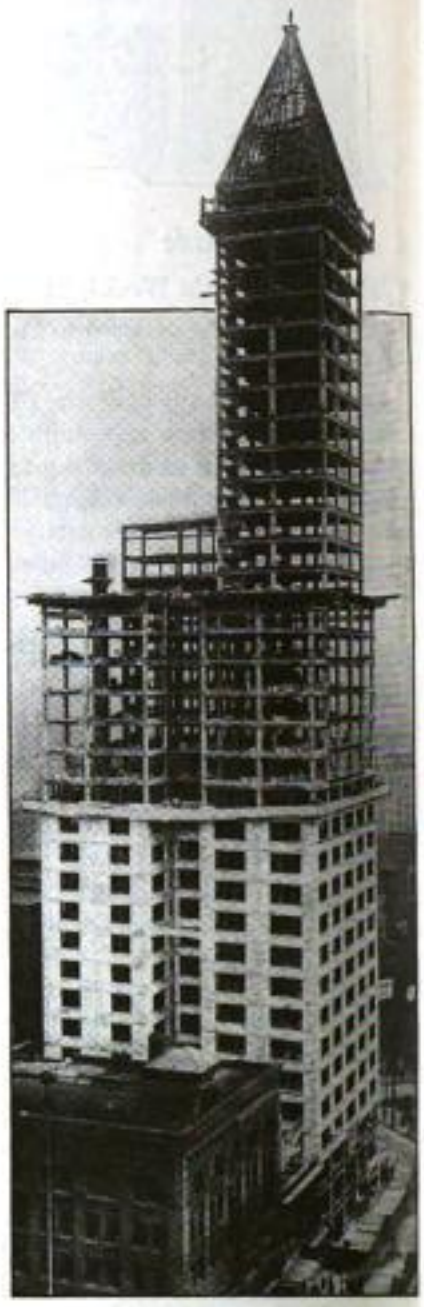
A Bungalow on the Ninth Story

A CHICAGO architect is to build for his own use a ten-room bungalow on the roof of an eight-story apartment house. The yard is to be a genuine roof garden, with vines, trees, and shrubs; and the bungalow is to have white cement walls, a roof of green slate and corner facings of red brick. On the side overlooking Lake Michigan an Italian pergola is to be built to serve as a summer dining room.



Commemorating Chattanooga Battles

ON the battle fields of Chattanooga more than 2,000 memorials have been erected, all since 1890. This new one contributed by Iowa is not more imposing than many other recent monuments, and there is a great variety of markers, historical tablets, and observation towers. This year the United Confederate Veterans and the association of Sons of Confederate Veterans are to hold reunions in Chattanooga, May 27, 28, and 29, and the fields of the battles of Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, all of which may be included in the battles of Chattanooga, probably will be viewed again by no less than 50,000 persons.



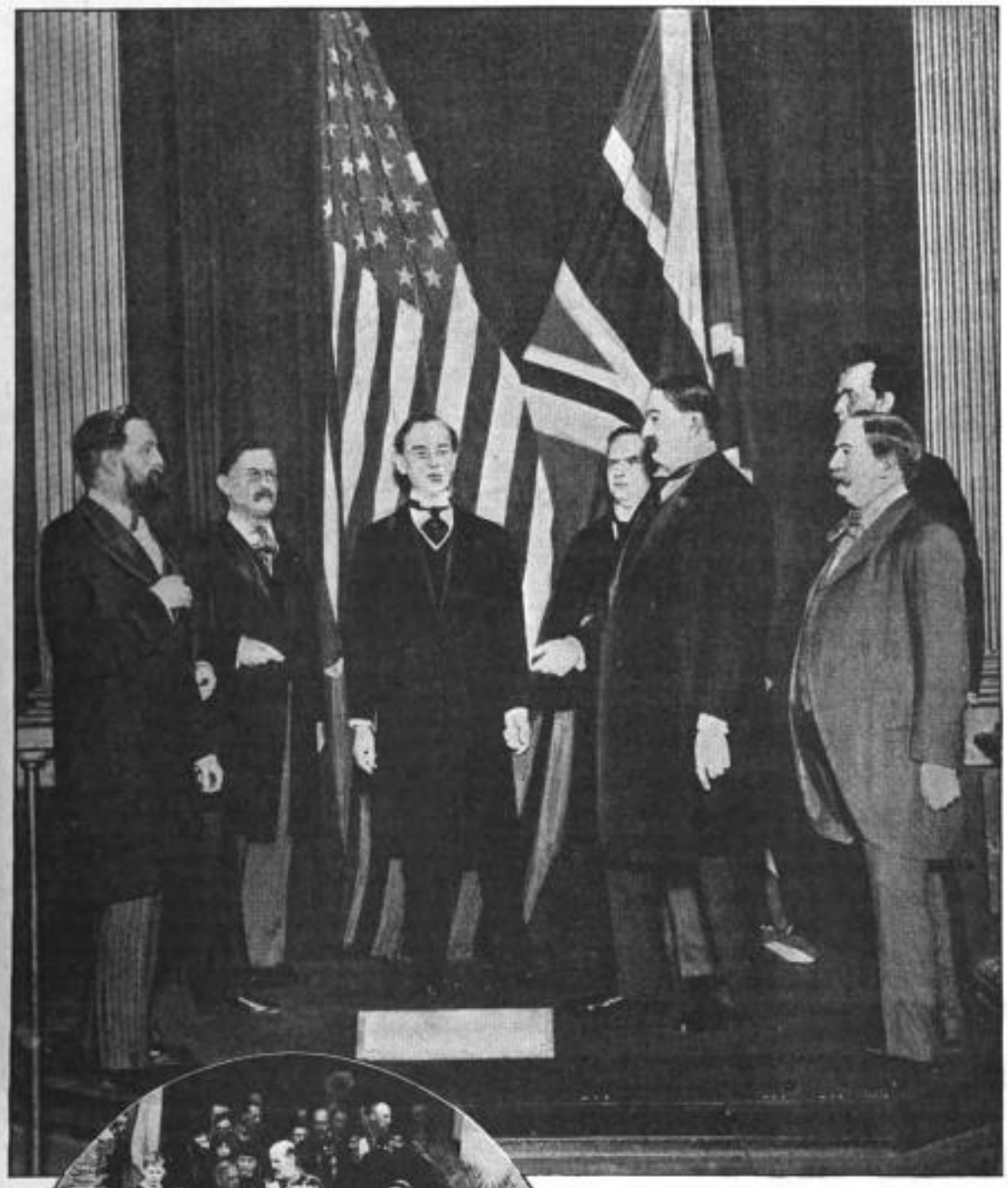
The West's Tallest Skyscraper

IF there were some way to disqualify New York City from competition, America's tallest skyscraper would be the L. C. Smith Building in Seattle. The steel work for this structure now is all in place and the tip of the tower reaches a level 461½ feet (the equivalent of 42 stories) above the street. Counting none but the floors that extend the full width of the tower, there are 35 stories.

Even in New York this building would stand conspicuous among the tallest. Only five of Manhattan Island's renowned skyscrapers—the Woolworth, the Metropolitan, and the Singer towers, the Bankers' Trust, and the new Municipal Building—would boast a greater height.

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A Miscellany of New Photographs from Europe



President Wilson as a Waxworks Exhibit

LADIES and gentlemen, with your kind permission we present this week America's latest contribution to the celebrities of Mme. Tussaud's London halls of fame—Mr. Woodrow Wilson in wax. The gentleman extending a sympathetic hand is Mr. Taft. The discerning easily will recognize that the other Presidents present are Mr. Garfield, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Cleveland.



Seeking Airship Secrets

WHEN the German war balloon *Z4*, driven out of its course by the wind on a trial trip, was forced to make a landing at Lunéville, France, the French garrison lost no time in making a thorough inspection of the huge Zeppelin's construction. Whether they discovered important secrets is unknown. The humiliation felt by the crew of the largest and newest ship of Germany's aerial navy was evidently considerable.



King George's Hearse a Gun Carriage

FROM the moment the coffin of King George of Greece was placed upon the gun carriage that served as a hearse, volleys of rifle shots were fired every minute until the interment. Sailors drew the gun carriage to the burial grounds. In this, the first photograph of the funeral to reach America, King Constantine is beside the Dowager Queen on the cathedral steps at Athens. The reigning Queen walks behind them.

Mrs. Pankhurst Drives to New Lodgings

WHEN this cab stopped before Holloway Jail, London, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, militant leader of the English suffragettes, emerged and entered, sentenced to prison for three years—relieved by holidays for "hunger strikes." The charge was that she had been urging her followers to commit arson. So many cases of arson are being blamed upon the militants that a headline writer has described them as "arsonettes."



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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



"Here They Come—There They Go"

THERE is one game no man can beat—the Game of Youth, refereed by old Doc Time.

Last April, a year ago, 144 regulars went to the post on starting day upon sixteen major league clubs.

In the April start just passed 108 of these still remained; 36 had gone back to the Bushes or the bench; 75 per cent fought their way into another year; 25 per cent fell before the smash of the Game whose one iron law is the "survival of the fittest."

There was one change to five clubs; two changes to five clubs; three changes to three clubs, and four changes to three clubs.

Next April another 144 will go to the post—but not the same 144 which started the present campaign. There will be another 36 to leave and a new 36 to come in and take their places.

The speed, the drive, the smash of the game leave only the few who can face the wear and tear of many seasons. Of those who were regulars six years ago this May, less than 20 per cent remain in big-league harness. The Wagners, the Mathewsons, the Lajoies, the Walshes fill up the sporting pages where the fame of the game seems to be endless. The other 80 or 90 per cent have their day or their year or two—and then fill up the Bushes. What other profession loses 80 per cent of its roster every five years of service?

As the Call Bell Rings

"Many are called" through the strife and stress—
But only a few get up and dress.

The Six Musketeers

Ability to bat .300 is always an Open Sesame into the spacious Rotunda of Swat.

But ability to pound out 200 hits in a season deserves a vastly larger medal.

Out of 400 entries in the two big leagues last season there were six people—1½ per cent—capable of producing 200 or more hits. In the order of their harvesting they were: Cobb, 227 hits; Jackson, 226; Speaker, 222; Zimmerman, 207; Sweeney (Boston), 204; Baker, 200.

The year before there were only three 200-hit people in the realm. They were Cobb, 248; Jackson, 233; Crawford, 217. Cobb that season reaped a record harvest.

No man saw Cobb balk at terms this spring with keener regret than Jackson. As the Georgian's most palpitating pursuer, he believed that 1913 would yield him the laurel at last.

In the last three years—up to 1913—these two have fought it out beak to beak in a batting duel that has been a thing of beauty and a joy for six months.

The count between them over the two-and-a-half-year course now stands:

	A.B.	Hits	Average
COBB	1653	671	.406
JACKSON	1218	488	.401

Cobb led Jackson the two full seasons, but the Cleveland wonder remains as the only ball player in the game with a batting average above .400 covering his complete career of big-league service.

Which recalls the fact that once unleashed there is still a Mr. Baker in the offing with the proper knack of applying wood to horsehide at closely populated moments. Don't count the Trappe Terror out of it until the last returns are in.

Fable

Once upon a time we lamped the serene features of a past contender who had been a has-been for some time, but who had no alibi to offer and who expressed neither desire nor intent to "come back."

Apparently he was quite satisfied that he had reached the end of the trail and was content to stay put.

Moral—His name was Rameses II of the Mummy League.

Lest Ye Forget

(The Segment of a Drama)

1906

JIGGS DONOHUE—Hailed as the greatest first baseman of the game; star player and most vital force upon Chicago White Sox Cub-conquering world's championship machine.

1909

Jiggs Donohue—Released.

1913

Jiggs donohue—Dead for five weeks and no one knew it: five weeks in his grave before the sporting pages which called him king knew that he had passed along.

Epilogue

WHEN in your vaunted pride you hear
The roaring welcome of the stands,
The unleashed hero-tinted cheer,
The echo of applauding hands,
Lift up your head above all men—
Think how these thousands worship you—
Go to it—eat it, pal—and then
Remember Donohue.

When headlines on the Printed Page
Rate you the Ruler of the Field—
The war god of a golden age
That reels before your lance and shield—
Take in the boost of voice and pen,
Say, "Here, at last, I've drawn my due"—
Swell with the thrill of it—and then
Remember Donohue.

What is there left to curb you now?
The world is at your steel-shod feet,
The laurel grips your clammy brow
Where no man comes who might compete;
So lift your beaker up again,
Nor turn to Time's remorseless cue—
Here's how—Cobb, Matty, Walsh—and then
Drink one to Donohue.

Yes, Why Not?

It is announced that wrestling is pointing toward an early and popular revival.

Why not? Outside of the fact that nine-tenths of it is a frame-up and three-fifths of the residue is soggy and stale, it's one of our greatest and cleanest little sports.

A Yarn in Bogey

In winter I dreamed of the proper gripping—the sweep
of the wrist and arm;
I saw my handicap slipping, slipping—dreaming my-
self to form;
I saw myself as another Evans—Vardon, or Ball, or
Braid—
As I hied myself 'neath the April heavens—out where
the game is played—
With a heart as keen as the rolling green or the slash
of a niblick's blade.

Was my form intact, with the deep traps yawning—
form I had dreamed to thrill?
Was my skill around, which I once had fawning—
slave to my Godlike will?
Why tell of the ways that I shamed the turtle—of
shots that I topped or pied—
For to-day I am taking a sprig of myrtle to the grave
of a caddie that died—
A caddie who, seeing my game, became a "prominent
suicide."

Boy, Page Mr. A. Duffer

(We have a bit of pleasant news for him)

Donald Ross, the Scottish Pro. who has laid out sixty-two golf courses, tells us that the process of trapping and bunkering has only begun.

"Five years from now," he says, "the present number of traps and hazards will be almost doubled."

Which enters us as a prophet with no great honor attached in framing the typical golf course for 1918:

HOLE 1—The tee here will be placed at the bottom of a deep bunker, inlaid with rocks and scrap iron, where the first shot calls for a niblick carry of 197 yards. The first shot must be holed out, for the cup will be guarded by traps that Ed Walsh couldn't throw out of.

HOLE 2—The drive here will be across a ravine stocked with unfed grizzly bears for a mental hazard where a neat carry of 319 yards, played with a cut to stick upon a space four feet square, will give you a mid-iron shot of 277 yards to the green, where to penalize a short approach a carload of guncotton has been planted in front of the flag.

HOLE 3—This is considered an ideal hole in every way. Your tee shot must be played from directly back of the tee box with the caddie sitting on the ball. The cup here is placed in the top of a tall oak. If you hole out you win the hole but lose the ball, as the tree is too big to be climbed.

(Description of holes 4 to 19 furnished upon written application.)

Though It Be "Running Wild"

And then again fools rush around and score the winning run where angels are among those "left on bases."

Are We Right or Wrong?

As we understand the International Polo situation—which isn't a skull full—England has a far better quartet than she sent over in 1911, while America's entry is the same.

As the 1911 scoring was nip and tuck—not to say tuck and nip—we deduce without a brain fag that America must unravel a much better brand of polo to win.

England's improvement is rated by the experts at something like 30 per cent.

Can America's Big Four advance that far? Possibly—and then again possibly not. The search is on us.

Form

"Form," wrote one who knew the trail, "is the brief interval between getting ready and going stale."

Yet such is the widespread egotism of humanity that each contender takes that one flash of top form—the "brief interval" between the interminable one—and straightway brands it as his "game."

And through the barren stretch before and after—nine-tenths of the course—whether it be baseball, football, golf, tennis, or what, he mourns the fact and curses the Fate that he is "off his game."

Listening to the endless buzz of this one overpowering alibi, one can only think what a wealth of material Harvard has from which to select her entry for the Chair of Humor. The line is endless—and eterna

The Ultimate in Something

Cubist picture of a Duffer attempting to ply out of the trap guarding the eighteenth gree at Garden City.

On-Side Kicks

In the alibi of the Unplayable Lie—the accent is ge erally on the "lie."

There are also times when a Wide Detour is th shortest distance between the start and the finish.

It's well enough at times to "look before you leap" but it's better still to learn the Trail and concentra on the jump.

The bloke who stuck to a crooked game becau there was no other sort in town was a wise fish co pared to the guy who stuck because he thought t deal was straight.

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Paddy the Gander

Illustrated by
Sarah S. Stilwell-Weber

By Ruth Sawyer

THIS IS the first story by an American girl of whom Seumas MacManus has said that she is the only outsider of the day who understands the "Old Country."

YOU who know Ireland, with its humor, its poetry, its fancies, aye, and its sorrow, must search for it in the hearts of the simple people and in those places far removed from the tourists' route—Blarney Castle, Killarney, and the Causeway. It is up among the hills where you will find the real Ireland—where every hollow brims with fairy lore; and you can hear the old women, as they sit weaving their homespun, tell the tales of Cuculain, Fion, Goll, and Blessed St. Bridhe. Hunger often sits on the thresholds of the cabins and loneliness upon the hearthstones. But you will find the people merry of tongue, with hearts of children; laying their sorrow with their dead—away from overcurious or unfriendly eyes. Out on the moorland, should you let your fingers steal through the heather until they press the warm earth—belike you would feel them throb with all the mystery and misery that lies beneath. So—wondering, listening, growing closer to the hearts of the hill people—you will come at last to love this Ireland with a great, unquestioning love.

The Lonely Man came into Ireland with the summer. The blackbirds piped him up the road from Donegal, and left him beside the Lazy Bush; while they flew on, across the meadows, to search for whortleberries on Binn Ban. It was Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls who named him the Lonely Man; and it was remembered by the people of Carn-na-ween long after his real name had been forgotten.

He stood beside the Lazy Bush, watching the fishing fleet at sea, when Bridget took him by the hand.

"Come, we'll be goin' to see Paddy the Gandther. Sure, there's no sense in stayin' lonely."

THE man looked at her sharply—she stood all unconscious of his look, digging her brown toes into the dust. How had she guessed his loneliness? he wondered. Did every stranger who chanced to pass him by see it? Did they know that life had been so meager with him—giving him abundantly of the things he held as valueless, and then had left him, still hungering for a friend? What was wealth and social rank and a place in the public eye compared to the secret of human kinship, which he had never found? Did the world guess that he had lived an alien among his own people? He smiled bitterly; then saw the proffered fellowship in Bridget's eyes, and tenderness took the place of bitterness.

"Why do you call him Paddy the Gander?"

"Because he be's mindin' the geese. See, yondther's him, now."

She pointed a wet forefinger to the hilltop—a furlong beyond—where a figure, black against the setting sun, was driving a flock of geese along the sky line. Both figure and geese looked wraithlike.

"Is he real?"

"Aye, he be's real entirely. But he has the second sight—the man—an' many's the time he does be speakin' wi' the faëries."

"You don't believe in faëries, Bridget?" The Lonely Man wished the question back the moment he had asked it.

"Aye, but I do. If ye don't—maybe ye'd not be carin' to see Paddy the Gandther;" and Bridget turned from him.

He caught her hand and held it fast, fearing that he might lose her because of his foolishness.

"It is Paddy that I want to see. Why should I come to Ireland if I don't believe in faëries?"

"Hurry, then," was the answer, "or we'll no catch him in the night."

"Why? It's early yet."

"That's the why!" And Bridget pulled him after her on the sun-baked road toward Paddy and the geese.

Silently they climbed the foothill of Binn Ban, swinging themselves around, every now and again, to get their breath and watch the fishing boats. Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls was lithe and swift of foot. Her cheeks were touched with pink, like the daisies; her eyes blue as her own Irish skies, and her hair was the color of the rowan berries, just before they ripen. One pink-flowered garment clothed her—fastened the length with a marvelous assortment of pins: brass, black-headed, colored, and safety. The garment stopped above her ankles, and was bordered with mud, torn with briars. She had "turned thirteen," she told the Lonely Man; and, barring Johnnie, who fathered them all, she was the oldest of eight children. The Lonely Man climbed wearily and his eyes were gray as clouds heavy with rain.

"Tell me about Paddy," he said, when they had climbed half the way.

"There's naught to tell. He does be livin' in a wee house by himself, wi' no kin, nor cat, nor beast; but the geese, just."

"He's not married, then?"

"Och, never! Sure, the grown ones do be sayin' he's a bit touched; but I'm thinkin' he's no different from us, barrin' the sight."

A COIN jingled on the stones at their feet. The man picked it up—it was a penny—and Bridget held out her hand for it, crimsoning.

"It's for Paddy," she said, shyly. "It's grand luck to be givin' Paddy a penny. Jamie Dolan brought him one this day week, an' his granda took him to the fair to Ballyshanny the next day. An' Highie O'Sullivan's cow got well the night he give Paddy the thru-penny bit."

"Why is it lucky?"

"That's the why! Hi, Paddy, are ye there?"

At the sound of Bridget's small, shrill voice a regiment of long necks stretched themselves out of the grass, and Paddy's gray geese honked them a welcome.

"He'll be beyont them, on the turf," said Bridget; and he was.

The Lonely Man saw him seated on a stack, pulling a piece of heather between his fingers. He was a small wisp of a man in homespun rags. His hair covered his head like a gray thatch; but from under it peered a child face, aye, a face younger than Bridget's, although line crossed line on forehead and chin, and the skin was brown and withered. The eyes were full of far-away dreams; the mouth showed firmness and a great contentment.

"It's a brave evenin'. God's blessin' on ye!" was his greeting. And then to Bridget, who was thrusting aside two overfriendly geese: "Whist, wee one, don't ye be knockin' the *childher*."

The Lonely Man sat down on a stack of turf opposite Paddy; Bridget curled up at his feet, and Paddy smiled at them both over the heather.

"They do say hard times ha' come to Carn-na-ween; but I'm thinkin' 'twill not be so."

Bridget's face sobered. "Did ye hear—they may be takin' Barney McDuirmuid to the workhouse; an' Teig Dougherty's two months short in his rent. Ye don't think the Marquis will have him evicted, do ye, Paddy?"

"He cannot. There's *them* that will stay his hand. Aye, if hard times come, I'm not doubtin' the empty meal chests will be filled an' gold given to all that speak well o' *them*."

THERE was mystery in Paddy's tone. The stranger's mind had lost the trail; he was plainly puzzled.

"How will the chests be filled?" he asked.

"How—but the same as Biddy Molloy's in the famine year. Don't ye mind how Biddy—the creathure—had plenty o' meal an' to spare, while the rest o' the neighbors were hangin' the kettle but once in the day, that scarce was the food?"

Bridget nodded impressively. "Aye, 'tis the thruth, an' all he's tellin' ye. 'Twas the faëries."

In spite of himself the Lonely Man laughed. It was delightfully absurd to be sitting on a hill in Ireland, soberly discussing fairies with a child and a half wit.

"It is very kind of them," he said; "but tell me, why do they do it? I always thought the faëries were the wanton souls that God cursed and threw out of heaven forever."

"Whist, man! They may be hearin' ye. 'Tis a lie they are cursed for all time! Hark ye." Paddy rose, looked furtively about him, and then came close to the stranger. His words were whispered cautiously. "Do ye not mind there are fewer now than when I was a lad? A father must forgive his childher, an' I'm thinkin' God's takin' them back one by one. 'Tis the faëries are knowin' all the souls they help on earth will be carryin' a prayer, yondther, for them when they die. That's the why they fill the chests an' give the gold."

He ran his fingers nervously through his gray thatch for a moment; while, with burning eyes, he studied the face of the Lonely Man.

"Maybe—ye might be fetchin' a prayer for them yerself, some day. Maybe—"

Paddy's mind slipped suddenly back into its old grooves. Child and stranger faded from his consciousness and were forgotten. He scanned the sky speculatively.

"It will be near six—an' there's stirabout an' a wee egg wi' the tea. I could be tellin' when the crickets sang on the hearth i' the spring 'twould be a grand year for Paddy: wi' turf an' tea to last till Whitsuntide again. Aye, an' corn aplenty for the childher," and he shook his stick at the gray geese.

Still unmindful of the others, and talking to himself, he herded the geese; and drove them before him to the cabin, which stood by itself on the slope of Binn Ban. Penning them in their small yard, he brought them measures of corn and fresh water; he gave them a final admonition to be "good childher," and disappeared inside his cabin.

"Come," said Bridget, "I'll be fetchin' ye to see the quarries an' the house o' Biddy Molloy—it's furninst."

THEY walked over a mile of moorland to a crumbling, thatchless cabin. It had been deserted for twenty years; but the turf ashes from the last burning lay on the hearth, and the worm-eaten chest that the fairies had filled stood in one corner. They were merry—the two of them—as Bridget retold the tale. But when they reached the quarries her face grew sober for the second time that afternoon.

"There's some talk o' the Marquis closin' them, Patrick Baron—him as is the agent—says the Marquis has had divil a penny out o' them this twelvemonth. If the quarries close the lads hereabouts will be goin' to America; for there's not a sthroke o' work to be had for the thrampin'; not from here to Cork. My brother Johnnie will be one to go, an'

"Why do you call him Paddy the Gander?" "Because he be's mindin' the geese. See, yondther's him"



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Rose McNeil's Tom; aye, and a lad to every cabin in Carn-na-ween. Hard times do be creepin' mortial close, I'm thinkin';" and Bridget shivered.

Twilight lingers late in Ireland, like a wakeful child. It was nine, and bright overhead, when they passed Paddy's house on their way down the brae to the village. A light was burning inside; and Bridget—with finger to her lips—drew the Lonely Man to the uncurtained window.

"Whist!" she whispered.

PEERING in, they could see Paddy, with a heather-brush broom, busily sweeping the hearth. They could hear him crooning, while he worked, an old Gaelic song which his forefathers might have sung when they were rulers in the land. The air of it was haunting—full of minor cadences and heart throbs—and Paddy set his work to the rhythm of it. He swung the kettle on the crook; he stacked the fire fresh, and drew from out the wall a small table, placing it close to the hearth. From the dresser he brought mugs and bowls filled with milk and stir-about; and then, a platter of soda bread. He arranged these with great care on the table—stood a moment as if to make sure nothing had been forgotten—then blew out the light, and vanished between the curtains of his out-shot bed.

The Lonely Man pulled Bridget by the arm. "Whom does he expect?"

"No one at all, at all, but the faëries, just."

"The faëries!"

"Aye, every night he gets the wee things ready for them. Jamie Dolan says many's the telme, when he does be passin' late o' the night, he hears more than a hunthred feet in there—keepin' step to the pipers' music. Come, we'll be goin'."

The Lonely Man stayed on in Carn-na-ween. Each day he climbed, from the crossroads to Binn Ban. Sometimes Bridget was waiting for him, and hand in hand they went up the hill together. But more often he climbed alone—and sat the day out on the moorland with Paddy the Gander. Whenever it chanced that Paddy was away from home, he searched the country over till he found him: curled up in the shelter of a thorn bush, or a patch of cotton grass, sunning himself. It grew to be a custom for these two to take their noon meal together, the Lonely Man bringing it from the inn in a small willow creel. Bit by bit, Paddy led him into the secret ways of friendship; all unwittingly binding his heart to theirs of Carn-na-ween. Through Paddy's eyes he grew to know the "neighbors"; and a time came when the Lonely Man went down the hill at night and found children watching for him from the doorways. Lads greeted him as a friend; and the grannies smiled and nodded over their sprigging, and wished him "a brave day on the morrow"; until his heart sang with the joy of a home coming, and the long hunger left him.

PADDY always stayed upon his hill. Mass brought him down to the village on Sundays; but otherwise, he was never seen there except at a wake, or on some urgent errand of mercy. The elders came to him for wise counseling; leaving a gift behind them on the threshold of his cabin: after the manner of the peasants of the East, who fill the begging bowls of their holy men.

There were days when Paddy seemed to forget the Lonely Man as soon as his greeting was given. The man sank away into the background of bog and rising hill; while Paddy drifted back to his dreams or talked with the "childher." These days were rare, however. Usually he watched eagerly for him—laughing like a merry child when he saw the stranger turn the end of the road. And once when he failed to come—it was a day of storm, and rain and wind beat over the moorland—Paddy herded the "childher" and went down to the village to find him. Every house on the street he entered, speaking to no one. But he counted the figures about each hearth, and every strange face he scanned intently. It was not until the very last that he thought of the inn. The Lonely Man looked up from a comfortable fire and saw him, rain soaked and dejected, standing in the doorway.

PADDY'S lips trembled: "I thought ye might ha' died or gone away. Sure, ye wouldn't be doin' that—would ye—without ye said 'good-by' to Paddy first?"

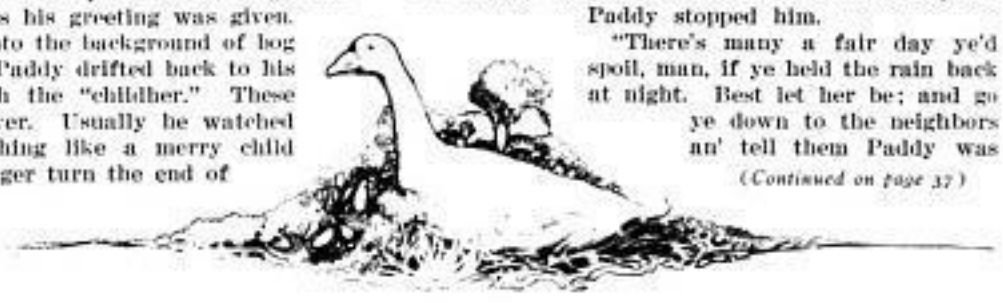
A few days after this, as they sat together on the hill, the Lonely Man saw the flash of Bridget's pink dress on the road leading from the quarries. In another moment she was upon them, breathless.

"They've closed them, an' the lads are bein' paid off for the last time. Teig Dougherty's fell the length o' the old pit, and his legs is pulp! He'll never work again, I'm thinkin'; an' God knows who'll keep his childher. Every mother's son o' them say they'll be takin' the first boat to America. If Johnnie goes, we'll starve—that's all—for there's not a shillin' at home to feed us afther he's gone. Curse the Marquis! Aye, curse him, curse him!" And Bridget flung herself down upon the heather, sobbing.

The Lonely Man reached out to comfort her, but Paddy stopped him.

"There's many a fair day ye'd spoil, man, if ye held the rain back at night. Best let her be; and go ye down to the neighbors an' tell them Paddy was

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The Girl Who Proposed

By Marianne Gauss



THIS IS *especially a sincere and touching love story, but it is also a character story, and, in a very human way, it touches a very human problem.*

LOUISE and Dan were walking home together. His married sister had so arranged it, saying: "If I let anyone else take you, he'd never forgive me, Louise. He's seen you scarcely a moment alone since you came back."

They passed the tiny, new cottage to which Joe, their old high-school mate, had recently taken his bride; and the young husband and wife were just going in, home from a theatre. A laugh fluttered backward into the night, there was a flash of lamplight in the pink hall; then the door closed.

Dan and Louise had always been thought lovers, like Mabel and Joe. People sometimes wondered, in the college town, why they too didn't marry—there seemed no reason for waiting, since Louise was quite an heiress. But some understood how Dan might feel.

In the deep porch of the hotel at which she lived, she paused, looking down at him. He was careworn, and there was some gray on his temples. Gray, at thirty!—it hurt her. "You didn't show me any new stars to-night, Dan."

"I don't go stargazing as much as I did."

SHE thought there was bitterness in the tone, and impulsively putting her hand out, touched his sleeve. "Don't let the dream go, Dan."

"I've got no dream, Louie. I was just thinking—I have to go down to Wheatland in a day or so, and boost for the college. They'd rather have me boost than hunt stars."

That afternoon his sister had spoken bitterly of his lot in life. "Why must the youth be crushed out of Dan? He could have been a great man."

"Yes, a great man," Louise had assented, softly.

"But he'll probably have to fag away here till Henry's children are grown. It isn't, of course, as if they were his own. That would make all the difference on earth."

SOME years before, Dan's brother had deserted his family. The old lady took the children—which meant that Dan was breadwinner. It was hard; but if Louise had not seen him bravely shoulder this burden, for the honor of his house, something would have been lost out of her life; for then she could not have loved him quite as she did.

Her eyes shone on him. "But they'll surely give you the chair of astronomy. Didn't Hall get a better place?"

"Of course; he's been offered the big observatory on the coast. But I'll not get his job—my diploma won't do."

"Diploma! After the real work you have done! After your finding a star, and your part in Hall's book!"

He winced. "Oh, don't, Louie!" And she bent over him. Her forehead—the wide, low brow of the madonnas—looked very white below her brown hair. "Are you very tired, Dan?"

"No, just my eyes." He took off his glasses.

"Do you rub them as I showed you? I mean the way I used to do father's?" Still bending down as women do over their little children she laid her fingers on his eyes. They were soft, cool fingers, with the sentient tips that the fingers of women acquire nursing the sick.

"Louie, I want to tell you something."

The mother feeling left her. Flushing brightly, she laid her head back against the sill of the deep window.

And now, it was Dan's face that bent above hers. It underwent a change, becoming unlike his patient, quiet face. His eyes darkened, all his features sharpened, and especially his thin, rather ascetic mouth was altered. He grew quite pale.

Louise held her breath an instant to quiet herself, for her breast heaved and her heart had grown quick. She felt the woman's instinct to parry and defend, and the little laugh of her mood was flung out to him almost defiantly.

But when the eagerness went from his face, leaving it gray, patient, and disappointed, tears came to her eyes. Then he took her hands suddenly. They were very small woman hands, covered with the rings her father used always to be buying for her. The stones in them hurt her as Dan crushed her hands with his.

"What did you want to tell me?" she asked.

"Something I've no right in the world to say. You know—surely—that I'm always wanting to tell you things—everything, as if—as if you were my sister."

"Good night, Dan," Louise said, turning away.

She went in, down a hall from which opened vistas with gilding, velvet, and rubber plants. The elevator she entered was in charge of a buttoned and braided mulatto youth. It was a new hotel, built like those in the city. And it seemed magnificent in the college town—just as Louise here was considered a young woman of great wealth.

She went softly by the room in which her middle-aged cousin was asleep and, entering her own, locked the door between.

It is an excitement to a girl to look at herself in the glow of a man's love for her. There is something rosy in the light, and something unreal, like that on a stage; it makes her strange to herself. Louise felt that she must be quiet and think. She threw off her coat, then her white dress.

WITH her face hot and pink, her eyes sparkling, she was for the moment beautiful—like Agnes who had flesh and color and charm. Agnes was Dan's foster sister, the daughter of his mother's oldest friend. And though Louise had loved Dan so long, she had somehow always expected him to care for Agnes, who was wonderful to men.

Laying her arms—round, white, young arms—on the window sill, Louise bowed her flushed face against them. Overhead, the dark sky was powdered over with stars, somewhere among them Dan's own star.

When she put out her light and lay down, she could not sleep; so she rose and walked to the window. In the house next door the wife had just died, and the cry of a young child came through the night. The dead girl had been very gay and gifted—Louise had loved her violin. But May married a bookkeeper, joyfully accepting his poverty, then motherhood, pain, death. If she had known all, would she have denied herself to him?

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"It would have made no difference with her," Louise thought, all aglow, at her heart.

It began to seem clear to her what she herself must do. She stood thinking till she decided just what she would write to Dan, then turned on her light.

IN A GLASS, nearly withered, were some flowers he had sent on her birthday. She sat down by them to write.

She had meant to say: "Dan, I feel sure my money has been standing between us." But now: "I will not speak of my money at all," she thought—for it seemed to belittle her love. So she wrote: "Dan, dear, I'm telling you something many people would think I ought to hide. But they are wrong. Even if you don't care for me, I shall never be sorry, you know."

She honestly believed she would not be sorry.

"I love you." Having written these words, she read them and was glad—the thing had ached so to be said. She could scarcely wait for him to know she loved him. Her pen rushed on saying things which afterward she could scarcely remember. "I trust you," she finished. "I know you will be honest with me. You would never pretend."

After sealing the letter she began to feel that she would not like him to receive it at his own home. His letters were always laid on the luncheon table, and Agnes would be at the meal. "I'll send it to Wheatland," thought Louise.

He would then be quite alone when he took it from the office; and he would not see her till he returned to take his classes on Monday morning.

The plan pleased her. Yet, in her excitement, she could not bear to defer the posting of her letter—she feared her courage would fail. And putting on her long coat, she went out.

There was dim light on the green velvet of the long, unhomelike hall, with a strip of white canvas down its center, and silence, and a shut-up, musty smell. Passing her cousin's door, Louise had a guilty feeling, for she knew Cousin Martha would seriously disapprove.

The street into which she stepped at last was bright with electricity, but very quiet. She drew back, not to be seen by a young man who was entering the hotel; he was one who wished to marry her for her money.

As the letter left her fingers, sliding into the box at the corner, she felt a little frightened. "Ought I have done it?" she said aloud. But when she was alone again in her room, it was very plain to her that she had been right.

She woke very happy, and during the forenoon her thoughts were pleasant. They dwelt part of the time on her money. This was to set Dan free, she knew just what she would do!

He should go to the college board and demand the place he deserved. If he did that, promising to resign else, Louise felt sure they would not let him go—they needed him. And when classes were closed in the summer he should not do institute work; he should write his book.

IT SEEMED to her a glad thing to be rich.

After luncheon she went to walk. And when she turned a corner near the hotel, she came on Agnes and Dan with his sister. For some reason, Louise at once recalled a hurt Dan had given her the year before. It was when he was very ill and his salary stopped, he would not let Louise lend him a penny, but was quite willing that Agnes should throw into the family treasury her whole salary as a post-office clerk. Even now, remembering this, Louise felt a sting of pain.

Agnes ran to her and joyfully squeezed her hand. "We've got a perfectly gorgeous piece of news, Louise! Dan's got the appointment to the Coast Observatory!" With that she turned her eyes on him—lovely eyes, such joy and pride in the blue of them!

"You don't take it in, Louise—the big place with a scrumptious salary, the one they offered Hall. He can't, he's going to Carlsbad for his health. Chalmers made them offer it to Dan; he said he'd withdraw his gift else. You see, he's a *real scientist*. He wanted a worth-while man, not a dinky little diploma!"

At this—from Agnes, who didn't know Orion from the chair—Dan made a playful snatch at her hand. The blue eyes grew like stars, twinkling, yet soft; and Dan's all at once seemed lakes, just for them.

Agnes had eyes which were always meeting a man's. But Louise felt her heart begin to beat very rapidly.

"He doesn't need my money," she thought. "He has done it all himself." And she did not answer his smile of triumph.

"Didn't you know?" Agnes cried. "I thought you overheard us one day, Dan and me. We were talking at Marian's, and you came in. Didn't you see how suddenly we stopped?" Louise flinched as if she had been struck. "We'd been hoping and praying for days," Agnes continued. "Yesterday we gave up, Dan said he'd no chance. But late last night the blessed telegram came." She sighed and leaned on Dan's hand; then they two seemed to draw apart.

So—Louise thought—she had made a mistake? It was about Agnes he had wanted to tell her?

"It means so much!" Marian exulted; "work he loves, a home of his own—everything to Dan."

Agnes stood with her back to a tree, and her bright hair crumpled by the sunny wind. "But they give Dan a salary *and* a house!" she coquetted. Agnes coquetted with all men, perhaps because nearly all she had known had been would-be lovers. She went on: "Now, his mother says she means to stay here with the children. Whatever will *Dan* do with a *house?*" She flashed him another look, putting her hand to her hair.

AND all at once, in a flash, Louise saw and knew. Agnes had chosen Dan at last. And Dan had wanted her—always wanted her.

Marian sighed, softly. "It's so *good*, and we're all so *thankful* that his luck turned just at this time." She paused, for a woman they all knew was going by.

Agnes and Marian followed the woman with their eyes, smilingly. Louise understood the glances they exchanged; she had heard them talk of this acquaintance the day before. Marian had remarked: "She liked my husband pretty well once." Louise threw in, rather sharply: "Why, how do you know?" And Dan's sister had responded, guilelessly: "Why, *Rob told me*. How did you suppose?"

Now, Louise glanced at Agnes. And a curious flash of vision came to her, a flare of the imagination, which, she felt, was prophetic and real. She seemed to see Agnes as a few years would make her middle-aged, complacent, handsome—though perhaps a trifle overplump—a child on her lap, with Dan's eyes. And she knew how this middle-aged Agnes would say: "Louise liked my husband pretty well once." The thing was almost as clear as if it took place before her.

"But," she thought, "Dan would never tell her."

WOULD he not tell his wife? There are hours of intimacy when secrets slip, and passionate moments—then, men seem strangely brutal, ruthless of all women save their own. They will not, at these times, keep faith.

And at best, about some matters, the woman is always conscience keeper.

"He would not betray a girl's confidence to me!" Louise said to herself. "He would not dare."

Perhaps he would not, together he and she had set up a high standard of honor for men. But Agnes's husband—though he were a man like Dan—would surely betray other women to her.

LOUISE ceased to hear what was said; and to think, except as she turned in her mind plans to escape from her self-betrayal. Somehow she must get her letter again.

Suddenly she heard Agnes say: "Come, Marian." "No, sir, not you!" the girl added with her little proprietary air—Agnes had, always, that way with men. "You may walk home with Louise while we shop."

"May I, Louie?"

It angered Louise that he should use the familiar name. Would he go on doing so when Agnes and he were married? She made no reply.

But when he took her answer for granted and walked beside her, she asked: "Dan, what time do I get a train west?"

He looked at his watch. "You'll just miss one. You can't go west till to-morrow at three—you'll take the train I do to get to Wheatland. Where did you want to go, Louie?"

When she hesitated he leaped to a conclusion. "Oh, I remember. You said yesterday you'd have to go down to the city on that business matter."

Louise was satisfied to have him think so. In truth, she had forgotten her business matter; she was planning how to get to Wheatland before he did. She would go to the post office and claim his mail. "I should get that letter," she thought, "if I had to say I was his wife. I'd get it if I had to go to jail for doing it. I'd get it if—"

"I say that's too bad, Louie. Pity you didn't decide sooner about going."

"It's very important. Isn't there a freight or something?"

"I'm sure not. Let me think. I don't know, anyway."

She had no fear that he would guess the truth. Her lawyer had written that some of her money was in jeopardy—a man who had a few thousands ought to be brought to account. In the eyes of a man this would explain any degree of anxiety. Only a woman could possibly have guessed that a scrap of paper with a few foolish words was more to Louise than $4,000. After he had gone to his classes she walked out across the tracks to the freight depot, for she clung to the hope of going to Wheatland in a caboose. But Dan had been right; there was no train. It was a long walk for her; evening was coming on when she reached the hotel.

And Dan stood in the entry waiting for her.

"I phoned your lawyer, Louie. He thinks you'd better come down, and I've fixed up a plan. I'll borrow the dean's motor and take you over to the Crossing to-night. You get a train from there."

SHE flinched. "Dan, no. I really don't want you to."

"And of course I simply will. Listen! You can't get through to the city till morning—you stay some hours in Wheatland. Go to the Park Hotel—"

She drew breath quickly. "I hate to give you the trouble."

"Fiddlesticks. As if you didn't know—"

"I know you're always doing things for people who have no claim—"

"*Louie!*" She laughed, nervously. "Go put on warm things. I'll be around with the motor as soon as the dean gets back."

Louise stood a moment holding the rail of the porch with her tightly shut hand. "There's no other way. I shall let you; and—thank you, Dan."

She ran away for wraps. But the dean did not come in at once with his motor. Louise was ready a long while before Dan's rap came at her door. "Hurry, Louie. We've no more than time."

A clock had just struck. Stars were shining when they left the town behind and cleared those hills north of the college. Orion looked bright that night with Sirius standing guard above the campus.

She thought of that other evening when he was tracing his own star. She was alone with him in the glass room with the telescope: above, midnight and stars, beneath their feet

(Continued on page 38)



"We've got perfectly gorgeous news, Louise! Dan's got the appointment to the Coast Observatory"

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Divorce to Order



The Amazing Confessions of a Divorce Lawyer, Relating His Rise from Humble Police Court Snitch to Reputable Perjurer and Blackmailer

Retold by Courtney Ryley Cooper

FIFTEEN years ago, in the beginnings of my practice of law, I was an outcast, a sort of moral leper as far as the profession was concerned. Real attorneys would not speak to me. I was shunned, despised, for I was that most hated of all things, a snitch. To-day, however, in the Middle Western city where I practice, I am prominent in legal circles, my offices are commodious and handsomely furnished, my assistants are many and my profits are making me rich. Yet my business remains the same. I am still in the same town where I began, I am still the snitch that I was—although that name is barred with me now—I am still a breaker of marital ties, and conscience with me has become a negligible quantity. When I feel like it, I practice blackmail. Plainly, without the veneer which my handsome offices and my station in life give me, I am a crook, just as many another man in my business is a crook. Yet I am respected. I am gladly received in the best homes in the city. Were my business that of soliciting damage suits against a street railway company, I would still remain an outcast, but my life work has become that of filling marital closets with family skeletons, and for that I seem to be thanked. You see, times have changed. Once divorce was a catastrophe, something as unwholesome as a loathsome disease. Now, it seems, it is the continued state of marriage that is looked upon as the agony. Yes, I am still a divorce snitch, a worse crook than when I began, but no one seems to care.



"That's it, what's it going to cost?"

It was not through premeditated desire that I paved my way to wealth and respect. If I had been given the chance, I gladly would have followed my father, a staid old disciple of the old traditions of law—slow, sedate, and proud of the fact that he never had done a despicable thing in all his life, that he never had taken an unfair advantage of a client or an adversary.

All my life I had been the recipient of the teachings from him that there was only one thing in life worth while—honor. And so when I left school I attempted to follow his example.

But circumstances were against me. I had no large office to enter as a junior partner. I had no extensive acquaintance and no political affiliations that would aid me in making the beginning. All I could do was open my office and wait for business. But business was slow in coming—in fact, it did not come at all. At last there arrived the time when I came to the realization that I must either snitch or starve. I snitched.

MY FIRST beginnings in this new business were of course at police headquarters, where I managed to pick up a few dollars every day by defending prisoners who had been arrested for violation of the city ordinances. To do this, I was forced to divide my fees with the jailers and runners, who procured my cases for me and persuaded the prisoners that I was the man who could free them. Those fees varied. Often they would be as low as fifty cents. Once in a while I would find some one with money, some one who was willing to give up fifteen or twenty dollars for the defense of his case, and then, of course, the world was good. But my usual income ran four or five dollars a day, out of which I paid the rent of my pretense of an office and the tips which necessarily must go to the man who brought me my cases.

I was a snitch, a plain, everyday snitch, who sought his cases, got what he could from them, and paid for the information as to where he could get more. I was not liked. I knew it. The reporters who stayed at headquarters sneered at me; once in a while they mentioned my name in connection with a case in a jeering, sarcastic manner. Even the jailers who accepted my tips seemed to look on me with contempt. My living was coming from the scum of existence and everyone knew it. Then, one day, began the change.

I had finished the defense of a prisoner for disorderly conduct and had accompanied him around the side of the police-court building, that he might pay me my fee of five dollars.

Slowly he counted out the money and started away. Then he turned to me.

"Say, Grant," he began, "I'm up against it with my wife. What'll you take to get me a divorce?"

"Have you grounds?" I asked.

"Sure, I've got grounds," was his answer. "She's left me; been gone two years. I don't even know where she is. That ought to be grounds, oughtn't it? What'll you take?"

"Ten dollars," I answered.

"Ten dollars?" The man laughed. "Why, Andy Jackson'll get me one for anything from a jackknife up."

I thought a moment.

"I'll make it five," I replied at last, and the client was mine.

In the working out of that case I learned many things. First of all, I found that the trying of default divorces was about the easiest thing in the practice of law, and that the actual work was far less than the handling of a police-court case, where pleading must be made before the judge and sometimes appeals taken to the criminal court for a hearing before a jury, the man sentenced and all my work lost—since it was a rule of snitching in my town that the lost suit brought no money. But the default divorce suit was sure. The money must come in. More than that, the actual labor involved consumed no more than about ten minutes in writing the petition, ten minutes more of carefully guarded testimony on the part of the plaintiff, the stereotyped questions and answers of two character witnesses—that was all. Altogether it did not mean more than an hour's work. I decided to go into the divorce question more thoroughly. I sought out one of the older attorneys who had been good to me.

"Young man," he said, in answer to my question, "the time is coming when there will be mighty little that is straight anyway in the law game, and if you're going to be any kind of a crook, you might as well be a whole one. Go ahead with your divorce game, but let me give you some advice. First of all, you must make up your mind that whatever falls into your hands is lawful prey. When you see a chance to separate man and wife, you must do it. Nobody must be allowed to escape you. You are starting out to work up a reputation; very good, make your name known as that of a man who never fails. And more than that, when the road leads crooked, follow it, and you'll be rich."

That night I placed an advertisement in the morning paper. It read:

Divorces easily and quickly obtained. Interview strictly confidential. GRANT, 243 *Hollis Building.*

The first answer to my advertisement came within the next three days. The woman, somewhat coarse-featured and with an air of swagger about her, did not seem to be suffering much from the thought that she must divorce her husband. She leaned across my desk and swung her handbag.

"Mrs. Jordan's my name," she said. "I guess you've heard of my husband, Jim Jordan, the saloon keeper?"

"Somewhat," was the answer. "You desire to get a divorce from him?"

"That's it. What's it going to cost?"

"I really can't name my fee in advance," I said, "it depends all on the case and how much trouble I am put to. Will your husband contest the suit?"

"Maybe and maybe not," Mrs. Jordan answered with a laugh. "But what's that got to do with it? I can outswear him any time. I never had any trouble doing it before."

"Before?" There was a bit of amazement in my voice. "Then this is not the first time you have been divorced?"

"I should say not. I've gone the route twice." And there she sat, telling me this, confessing to the fact that this was to be her third divorce and seeming to take a pleasure in it! I, casting about in my mind for the amount of the fee I was to receive from her, asked what her former divorces had cost. She turned her gaze to the wall and swung her handbag idly.

"Well," she said at last, "the way I've always done is to give ten dollars for the divorce and one-fifth of what I get out of my husband on the settlement. Of course, if I have to sting him for alimony, your part will be only ten dollars. But if he comes across and agrees not to fight the suit and gives me a bunch of money, why then I'll come in to you with something like a hundred dollars. That's the way the lawyers have always worked it with me."

"Agreed," said I. Then I sat there and looked intently into the face of this woman. I gazed at the hard lines of her mouth, at the snap of her eyes, at the chiseled appearance of her face. I leaned forward.

"I must confess that you have interested me," I said at last. "And I must confess too that I am young in the divorce business. You speak of divorce as though it were a most usual thing. To tell the truth, you talk as though you only married for what you could get out of it. Tell me, are there other women like yourself?"

She smiled at this. It did not seem to abash her in the least.

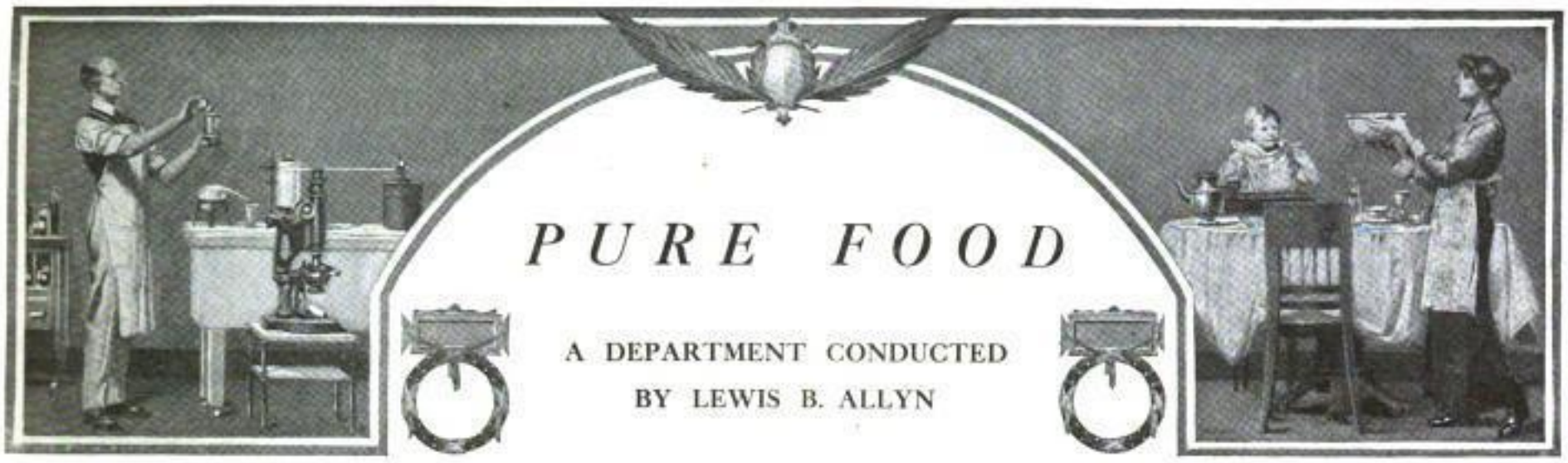
"Scads of them," was her answer. "Say, let me tell you one thing. This business of marrying for love—there ain't anything to it. I know: I've been there too many times. A woman that's got any sense will marry a man when she needs to, get him tied up so he can't fight back, and then trim him. That's

(Continued on page 32)



She hesitated a moment, and in that hesitancy she lost her husband

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PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED
BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

Suggestions for the Food Campaign

"THE POOR MAN," says Franklin, "must walk to get meat for his stomach; and the rich man to get stomach for his meat." An economic principle is here involved. If the poor man is forced by necessity to more or less physical exertion in order to secure his food, then the food so secured should be of the character best adapted to his needs, both from the point of nutrition and from the point of economy. For the present at least, we can disregard the rich man who, according to Poor Richard, exercises for quite different reasons. One does not sympathize to the same extent with the man who is suffering from overplus as one does with the man whose finances are on the other side of the balance. Impure, vitiated, and low-grade foods are the enemies of us all, yet all do not suffer to the same extent from them.

It has been remarked by some observers that the death rate to-day is lower than it was twenty years ago, and the question is asked whether, after all, the quality of the food which we eat has a very decided bearing on our general health or longevity.

Others say that health, or at least the appearance of it, and not disease is most noticeable in any crowd or gathering, and that, therefore, the impurities and low-grade foods which people eat cannot have a decidedly detrimental effect upon their general physical condition. These are interesting observations and are no doubt made in good faith.

Improper Food and Inefficiency

REGARDING the first proposition, one must remember that during the past two decades there have been tremendous strides made in the sciences of sanitation and disinfection, as well as in the preparation of food products, and it would seem that this advancement might, to some extent at least, offset a portion of the evil effects of food sophistication. Then, too, it must be remembered that, as practiced at the present time, a large part of food adulteration consists in shrewd tricks or commercial frauds which are perpetrated upon the consumer, except in certain classes of foods which will be mentioned later.

If it be that health really is in the ascendancy there is, of course, reason for rejoicing. But lurking in the background, one sees the host of children who are wrongly fed, and who through ignorance, carelessness, or apathy are handicapped both mentally and physically by reduced or improper feeding. Says Mr. McCann: "There is one answer to this question. We have destroyed malaria and yellow fever by killing off the mosquitoes. We have reduced smallpox and other filth diseases by cleaning house. We no longer drink sewage on a large scale; Federal and State laws are invoked continually to protect us from this evil. Our health departments do not permit us to pile the city streets with decaying refuse. If, with our advance in sanitation, we had given the same attention to the science of nutrition, and to our food supply, we would have in truth an inspiring story to tell."

Beside the children, there is, too, an army of older people who are inefficient, in part at least, through the effects of improper foods. It is indeed a work of honor and a credit to any community to improve the condition of its food supply, thereby increasing the efficiency of its inhabitants.

A Year's Progress at Worcester

THE second annual Pure Food Exposition has just closed in the city of Worcester. Readers of COLLIER'S recall that a year ago the high character of the exposition was commented on at length. Encouraged by the success of last year, the Worcester Woman's Club, in connection with the Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association, decided upon a repetition of the food fair because the members felt that their work at Worcester was not wholly accomplished.

The committee in charge, realizing the force of the opening sentence of this article that a "poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach," decided that he could have no more effective helper than his wife, and that she ought not to set out in search of the "Holy Grail" of Pure Foods without adequate preparation, in part at least. The aid took the form of the following

Hints to Worcester Housewives

YOUR FLOUR—Is it clean? Have its minerals been abstracted? Has it been bleached?

YOUR SUGAR—Has it been whitened with sulphurous acid? Or blued with Prussian blue?

YOUR BUTTER—Is it genuine or compound?

YOUR LARD—Is it sanitary? Does it contain suet or cottonseed oil?

YOUR BAKING POWDER—Does the label show the presence of alum? Did you get a set of dishes with it?

YOUR MILK—Does it come to you in sanitary containers? Is it preserved with baking soda or with formaldehyde?

YOUR TEA—Is it high in soluble matter or does it consist in part of sticks and refuse?

YOUR COFFEE—Is it true to name?

YOUR CHOCOLATE—Is it made from shells and flour and artificially colored?

YOUR VINEGAR—Is it pure cider, or pure malt, or pure wine, or is it acetic acid loaded and colored?

YOUR MOLASSES—Has it been treated with sulphur dioxide?

YOUR SPICES—Are they pure and true to name? Is their essential oil evaporated?

YOUR MUSTARD—Is it artificially colored?

YOUR EXTRACTS—Are they strong and honest or diluted and flavored with ethers?

YOUR PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES—Are they in glass jars, in enameled cans, or are they packed in the dangerous old tin cans?

YOUR PICKLES—Are they preserved with benzoate of sodium and hardened with alum?

"THE LABEL TELLS THE STORY," says the Worcester Pure Food Committee. "READ IT! AND DON'T MISS THE FINE PRINT. BEWARE OF COMPOUNDS AND IMITATIONS."

These questions were given broadcast to the public on well-printed folders, in order to call attention to some of the frauds of food sophistication, and to lead the purchaser to ask questions of the retailer concerning the origin or status of any particular food product.

The Pure Food Alphabet

PROMINENTLY displayed in the exposition was the Pure Food Alphabet, which caused much comment. A few extracts from this may serve as an incentive to other COLLIER readers to make a Pure Food Alphabet of their own.

A is for Adulterants which harm and cheapen food.

B is for benzoate, against which Wiley stood.

C is for the coal-tar dyes which brilliant colors make.

D is for the drugs and dope we let the babies take.

The exposition has worked out certain food reforms which will be of great value to the community. A year ago the manager of the Easton Soda Fountain made this statement: "Henceforth this shall be a fountain known only for the purity of its beverages. No more dyed drinks. No more ether concoctions. And as soon as I can obtain the information how to avoid it, no more benzoated fruit or syrup."

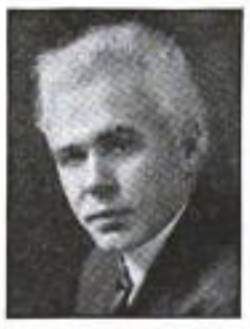
After twelve months' practice of this resolution, the same manager states: "I have kept my promise, and," he added, "I have made money by doing so." Would that, throughout the length and breadth of our country, the proprietors of other soda fountains would make resolutions and put into practice work of a similar character.

A year ago a firm having a store in Worcester was publicly exposed in the chemical laboratory of the Worcester Pure Food Exposition for selling as pure extracts short-measure concoctions of butyric, amyl, and œnanthic ethers. On the anniversary of this event, the same firm was prominent among the Pure Food exhibitors. It had cleaned house. Everything of a questionable nature was discarded. New labels had been prepared to take the place of the old misleading type; and no one, however critical, could with reason question the purity of its products.

Said the Pure Food Committee: "If our exposition has brought light to even one retailer, and helped him to improve the quality of the articles which he sells to our people, we feel more than paid for the hard work and sacrifice which we have put into it." But the reform has not stopped in two cases. Other dealers, both wholesale and retail, are noticeably more careful of the kind of products they sell. While there are no absolute figures available, and indeed it would probably be impossible to secure such, one dealer estimates that during the year the sale of chemically adulterated food products has decreased some 40 per cent. If this be so, or a decrease of even a less amount be shown, the exposition given by whole-hearted, energetic club women and conscientious far-sighted provision dealers has lighted a pure-food torch which by the grace of the educated consumer will never be extinguished. So the people of Worcester who walk for their meat, as well as those who do not, have herein a guide to conserve their health and increase their efficiency.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City



Lewis B. Allyn

Is Crisco Kosher?

I would particularly request you to give me information regarding Crisco. I am an Orthodox Hebrew in religion, and live up to its tenets as to pure foods. I am anxious to find out if there is any animal fat ingredient in Crisco. We are using it and like it, but if not pure vegetable matter, no money can induce us to use it.—M. O., West Somerville, Mass.

The strictest chemical and microscopical examination of this product bears out the statement of the makers that Crisco is a purely vegetable product.

It is a clean, wholesome compound, and there is apparently no reason why its use should conflict with any religious views whatever. Crisco can be purchased under a kosher seal or certificate if one so desires. The translation of this certificate is as follows:

"The shortening—CRISCO—contained in this can and manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, is kosher to all observing Jews and it can be used with meat as well as with milk foods, because it is made out of vegetable oils and does not contain anything objectionable to the Jewish law, as is testified by the certificate of analysis by Cincinnati and New York chemists. Besides this, a permanent inspector is stationed at the factory to supervise the work. The contents of each can bearing this 'Hechshar' or label are, therefore, kosher without any doubt."

(Continued on page 23)

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There Is Beauty In Every Jar



However beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin-health in the regular use of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

50c and $1.00

Applied lightly, night and morning, it will give the charm of cleanliness, the beauty of a soft, firm skin, with a natural, radiant glow. Requires no rubbing, and will not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

A face powder—pure, lasting and lovely in effect is

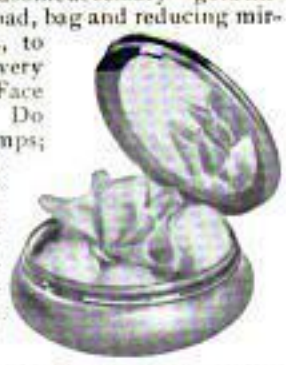
Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

50c a Box—in 4 Shades

For a *real* home "beauty treatment," immediate in results, try a light application of Milkweed Cream, and a finishing touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder.

This Vanity Box Free

This handsome accessory—gold finished with pad, bag and reducing mirror, FREE, to you with every box of this Face Powder. Do not send stamps; just fill out and mail us the small card found in the addressed envelope in every box.



Frederick F. Ingram Co.
59 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Ontario.

Special Offer

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us yours and your druggist's name and address, and receive free, our box of samples. Or enclose 10c and we will mail them direct.

Effulgent Whiskers



They Have Lighted the Way of James Hamilton Lewis into the United States Senate

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

WHEN there was offered to the free and untrammeled Jeffersonians of the great State of Illinois the privilege and honor of standing in candidacy for nomination for the United States Senate in the primaries of April 9, 1912, only one member of the vast Jeffersonian-Jacksonian multitude presented himself. Only one, but such a one!

Such a one indeed. There was offered the scintillant, sartorial, aurora borealan mass meeting of all the graces embodied as the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, that favored son of Phoebus Apollo in whose whiskers glints eternally the sun of the tropics, and through whose whiskers comes everlastingly the ever-living eloquence of Demosthenic oratory.

Jim Ham stepped forward in all the effulgence of pink whiskers, and became the only Democratic candidate.

Inasmuch as it requires 103 votes in the Illinois Legislature to elect a United States Senator, and inasmuch as the Democrats, by long custom and seemingly sure instinct, invariably fell from twenty to forty short of that number in the Assembly, the candidacy of Mr. Lewis was received good-naturedly even by his ill-wishers—as a voluntary offering in Delsarte and dress goods, a harmless amusement for the young and old, and of no political importance.

Practical Jeffersonians of much experience in the science of getting jobs, sons of Anak and men of wrath, observed Mr. Lewis and smiled. They watched the triumphal progress of the pink whiskers, flaming on the levees of Shawneetown in the south and the hills of Galena in the north, and merely observed that if the Hon. Ham were a manufacturer of chewing gum or of a Ready Relief for Rheumatism, he might get something out of the advertising, but what he was going to cash in on this campaign they didn't see.

Nevertheless the pink whiskers went like a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night from Cairo to Belvidere, and the living tongue of eloquence scattered pearls of Jeffersonian thought throughout the corn, coal, and oil belts of the great State.

THE habit of voting is firmly fixed on the Jeffersonians, and the fact that Colonel Jim Ham was running without opposition was no deterrent. They arose and voted for him. 228,872 of them, cheerfully and thankfully, and the Colonel was the Democratic nominee for the seat in the Senate occupied by the honorable and venerable Shelby M. Cullom.

Subsequent to the primaries, the Senate decided that the election of the Hon. William Lorimer was irregular and full of fraud, as charged, and the two Illinois seats were vacant. Colonel Roosevelt intervened in the orderly course of politics, and in consequence of untoward events, when the Illinois Legislature assembled in January of this year, the Democrats had the largest representation in the Assembly, and were but a few votes short of control on joint ballot. And there were two places to be filled.

The practical Jeffersonians who had observed the triumphant march of the pink whiskers with amusement now became creatures wholly given over to grief and wrath, putting on sackcloth and ashes, and sitting to wail on their front doorsteps. They had missed a bet. When the Legislature endeavored to elect, it fell into a deadlock, which tried the stratagems and souls of men, but on March 26 the pre-Raphaelite Lewis was elected to succeed the honorable and venerable Cullom, and a Republican, Lawrence Sherman, was elected to fill out the unexpired term for which Mr. Lorimer was supposed to have been chosen.

THE Aurora Borealis had chased the rainbow and had found the pot of gold at its end. Nothing like it ever had happened before, and the practical Jeffersonians who passed up their chances, the sons of Anak who thought Jim Ham was paying more for his advertising than it was worth to him, to his whiskers and his clothes, felt like falling upon their idol Baal and knocking it into splinters in their wrath.

Mr. Lewis, when he looks into the mirror, must be reverent. There he sees the wings of the Valkyr which have carried him into Valhalla, and if he apply shellac to them he must do it solemnly.

In spite of Demosthenic eloquence, Periclean intellect, and Alcibidean person, the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis would be as nothing without the aurorean flare of the whiskers.

There may have been a time when Mr. Lewis was whiskerless, probably when he was six years old. One knows that destiny early clapped the wings of the Valkyr on James's jowl and said: "Jim, my boy, live up to them."

James Hamilton has been endeavoring to do so ever since.

The Lewisonian myth includes mention of a time when this pre-Raphaelite was a student in Virginia and one when he was a longshoreman. One would have loved to see that longshoreman. A pre-Raphaelite dock-walloper would be something to see. One knows that Mr. Lewis glided up to a barrel of sugar; that his overalls were draped on him, and that the scents of the Celebes came from him.

The Lewisonian myth locates this



The Fountain Beverage

Welch's is not a manufactured drink.

It is not a make-believe, but is Nature's own combination of helpful and delicious fruit acids and sweetness, just as they have been brought to perfection in the skin of the grape.

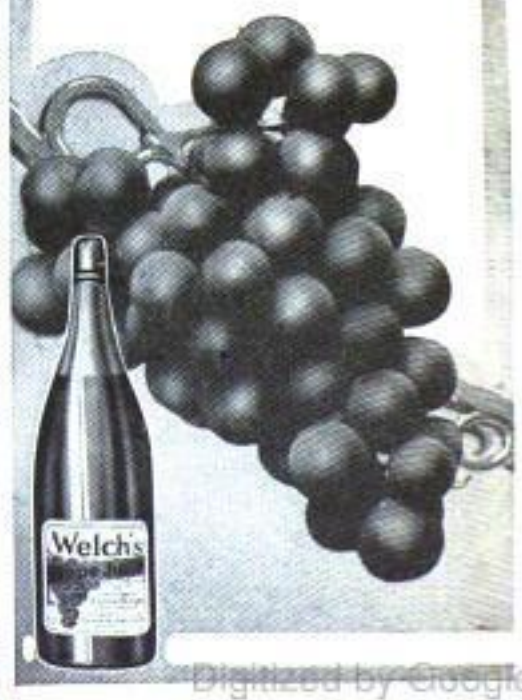
Welch's
"The National Drink"

Thirst-quenching, cooling, satisfying—beneficial to old or young. Order a Welch Rickey (with lime juice), Welch Phosphate—or just plain Welch's at the fountain. Be sure you get Welch's. Then you are certain of the purity and high quality.

Get the Welch habit—
It's one that won't get you

If you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.00. Sample four-ounce bottle, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.



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bondage of the pre-Raphaelite in Savannah. He was born in Danville, Va., in 1866, and studied law in Savannah while he dock-walloped. By 1886 his whiskers had carried him west and were flapping in Washington, where he was elected to the Territorial Senate, where he ran for Governor, where he announced himself a candidate for Vice President subject to the will of the convention of 1896, and where he was elected to Congress.

There also he was a candidate twice for the United States Senate. When he offered himself in the Illinois primaries last year he was but following his destiny, which was to be a United States Senator from somewhere. It happens to be from Illinois, his whiskers having whisked him east again in 1903. When Edward F. Dunne, now Governor of Illinois, was Mayor of Chicago, Lewis was his Corporation Counsel. He ran for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1908, and was beaten by Adlai Stevenson.

Lewis's weakness has been an overfondness for ink—printers' and writing.

About six years ago, to give a new zest to a trip to China and Japan, he allowed it to be understood that President Roosevelt had commissioned him on an errand too delicate to be done by ordinary diplomatic methods. Officials in the State Department were hoarse before they gave up the job as hopeless of explaining that Mr. Lewis was as innocent as Adam of any service to American diplomacy. Mr. Lewis gravely commended the discretion of the officials. The mission was very delicate. The less said about it the better. As reporters would bear witness, he had made nothing of his report public—this after his return—but even at that he might have been impulsive. He would accept the rebuke of the State Department. Not another word, gentlemen; not another word.

That, however, was harmless, and if it did China and Japan no good, it at least gave Mr. Lewis joy, and the State Department is organized for trouble anyway.

When James Hamilton really enjoys his politics he makes himself more Solomonic than ordinary in attire, and becomes more Mark Antonyish in diction and goes "back of the yards" or over Goose Island way to address the freemen. He likes it, and the boys like it. If any unknown in pink whiskers and yellow gloves came among them wearing lilies of the valley and waving a purple handkerchief, they'd heave bricks, but James Hamilton knows that they demand him in his regalia. He is "some guy."

Pure Food

(*Concluded from page 21*)

No Sulphurous Acid in This

From the articles running in some of the daily papers, I understand that the claim is made that refined sugar is bleached by sulphurous acid, part of which remains in the sugar. Will you please advise as to this in regard to such sugars as "Domino"?—H. F., New Jersey.

As you probably know, sugar comes to the Northern refineries as raw sugar, with all its impurities, mechanical, vegetable, and mineral. The method of refining consists of melting this product, and subjecting it to various processes of separation, clarification, and filtration. It comes out at last as a clear, transparent liquid to vacuum pans, where it is recrystallized into the pure white crystals with which you are familiar. Sugar as now found is among the purest of food products. Sulphurous acid is not used in bleaching the sugar you mention. We doubt if this practice obtains to any great extent today in the majority of sugars upon the American market.

It Depends

Has yeast, soda, or baking powder as now used in making bread, crackers, or pastry any detrimental effect on the human system?—C. R., Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

Yeast is a one-celled plant which has among other things the power to change sugars and starches into a form of sugar suitable for its food. This food is changed into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, which latter leavens or "raises" bread. At a temperature of 80° below the boiling point of water the yeast plants are destroyed.

As generally used, yeast has no detrimental effect upon the human system.

Soda, or rather bicarbonate of soda, gives up its carbon dioxide when acted upon by an acid or acid substance. A residue is always left in the food which it leavens. Whether such residue is injurious or not depends upon the nature of the acid used to break up the soda. This can be best discussed under baking powders.

Such powders are commonly divided into three classes—phosphate, cream of tartar, and alum. They all contain soda and some drying material, such as starch or rice flour, to keep the moisture from the chemicals until needed for use.

Phosphate powders contain phosphoric acid as their acid ingredient, usually in the form of monocalcium phosphate. When such a powder is used the residue remaining in the bread or cake is inert calcium phosphate or sodium phosphate.

Cream of tartar powders derive their acid from tartaric acid in the form of acid potassium tartrate known as cream of tartar, or through the mixture of this compound with tartaric acid. The residue left from powders of this class is sodium potassium tartrate, commonly known as Rochelle salts.

Both sodium phosphate and Rochelle salts are purgatives. Phosphate and cream of tartar powders, however, are more economical to use from the standpoint of leavening power, and are otherwise less objectionable than the alum powders.

The acid principle of the alum powder is sulphuric acid, usually in the form of double or basic sulphate of aluminum and an alkali metal. The combination is called an "alum." Thus one may find potash, soda, or ammonium alum. The first is most frequently used. Alum powders are regarded with grave suspicion. The residues left are sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts), hydroxide of aluminum. Speaking of the residue left by the various types of baking powders, Dr. Wiley says: "It is not claimed in any case that these residues are beneficial. The principal question which has been discussed is which of them is least harmful." In our opinion the alum powders leave residues which may be detrimental to the health of the consumer.

A Constructive Idea

COLLIER'S *has thrilled me with interest. As the mother of several growing children, and the wife of a man who uses every ounce of his strength in his calling, I am studying food values, and searching for genuinely pure foods for my family. May I, therefore, ask of you a copy of the list of the reliable firms and their brands of canned goods, which I understand has been made out by the Board of Health of Westfield? I am hoping to be able through this not only to guide myself in selection for family use, but to enlist the cooperation of our grocer, who is an energetic, progressive young man, and, I think, conscientious according to his light. I am so eager to give my family the best and the purest possible, but I feel so helpless in the face of constant fraud and organized, deliberate deception.*—R. C., New York.

The following products have been analyzed during the last two weeks by the Westfield Board of Health, and have measured up to the Westfield standard of purity, quality, and nutrition. These products will be included in the next edition of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. Clip this from COLLIER'S and paste it into the back of the Westfield Book so that your list may be kept up to date. Products are being frequently analyzed by the Board, and new listings will appear from time to time in this column of COLLIER'S:

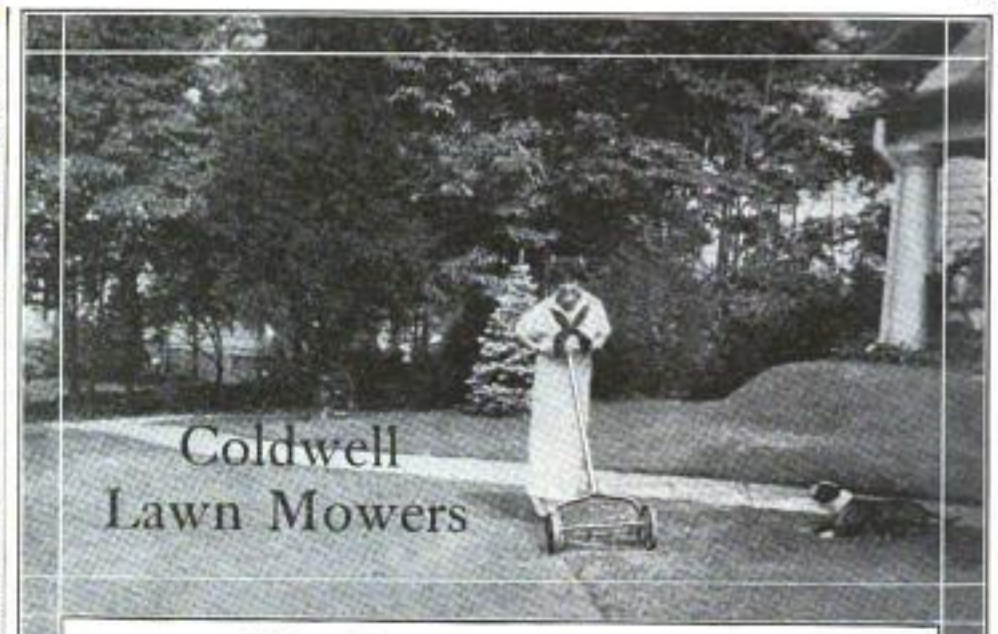
GRANDMOTHER'S FRUIT MARMALADE, GRANDMOTHER'S MINCEMEAT. — *Whipple Cooperative Co., Natick, Mass.*

IVIN'S BUTTERS, SWEET MARIE, CHOCOLATE FUDGE, SPICE WAFERS, SUGAR COOKIES, LUNCHEON THINS.—*J. S. Ivins' Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.*

FOSS EXTRACTS — VANILLA, LEMON, ORANGE. — *Schlotterbeck & Foss Co., Portland, Me.*

OLIVE OIL, PANCIATICHI BRAND.—*M. L. Rouchet, Roselle, N. J.*

FRANK E. HARRIS EXTRACTS—VANILLA, LEMON.—*Frank E. Harris, Binghamton, N. Y.*



The Beauty of a Lawn

Does not depend so much on its size as on how it is kept.

You cannot get a good lawn without a good lawn mower.

The best lawn mower on the market is Coldwell's Imperial.

Runs easily with next to no noise. Simple, immovable adjustment. Patented double-edged bottom knife just doubles the life of the machine.

The Coldwell Company makes lawn mowers in 150 different styles and sizes. Our Demountable Cutters, a new feature in Lawn mower construction, give you two or more mowers in one.

"Always use the BEST. The BEST is the cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST."

Descriptive catalogue mailed on request, together with practical booklet on "The Care of Lawns." Send a postal before you forget.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY

Philadelphia NEWBURGH, NEW YORK Chicago

"I built that house fifteen years ago and it's as good today as the day it was completed. In all these years my only expense has been for painting the woodwork that you see."

The experience of this man and thousands of other wise home-builders is conclusive proof that

Hy-tex Brick

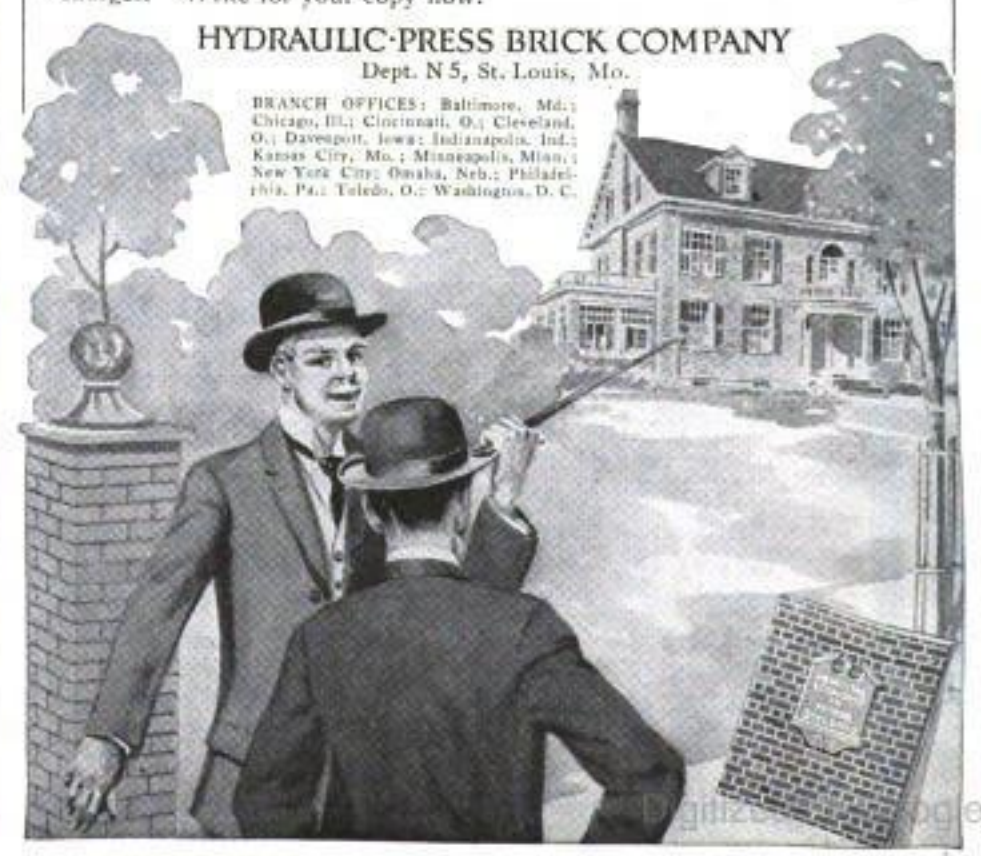
is the *most economical* building-material—as well as the most beautiful and durable.

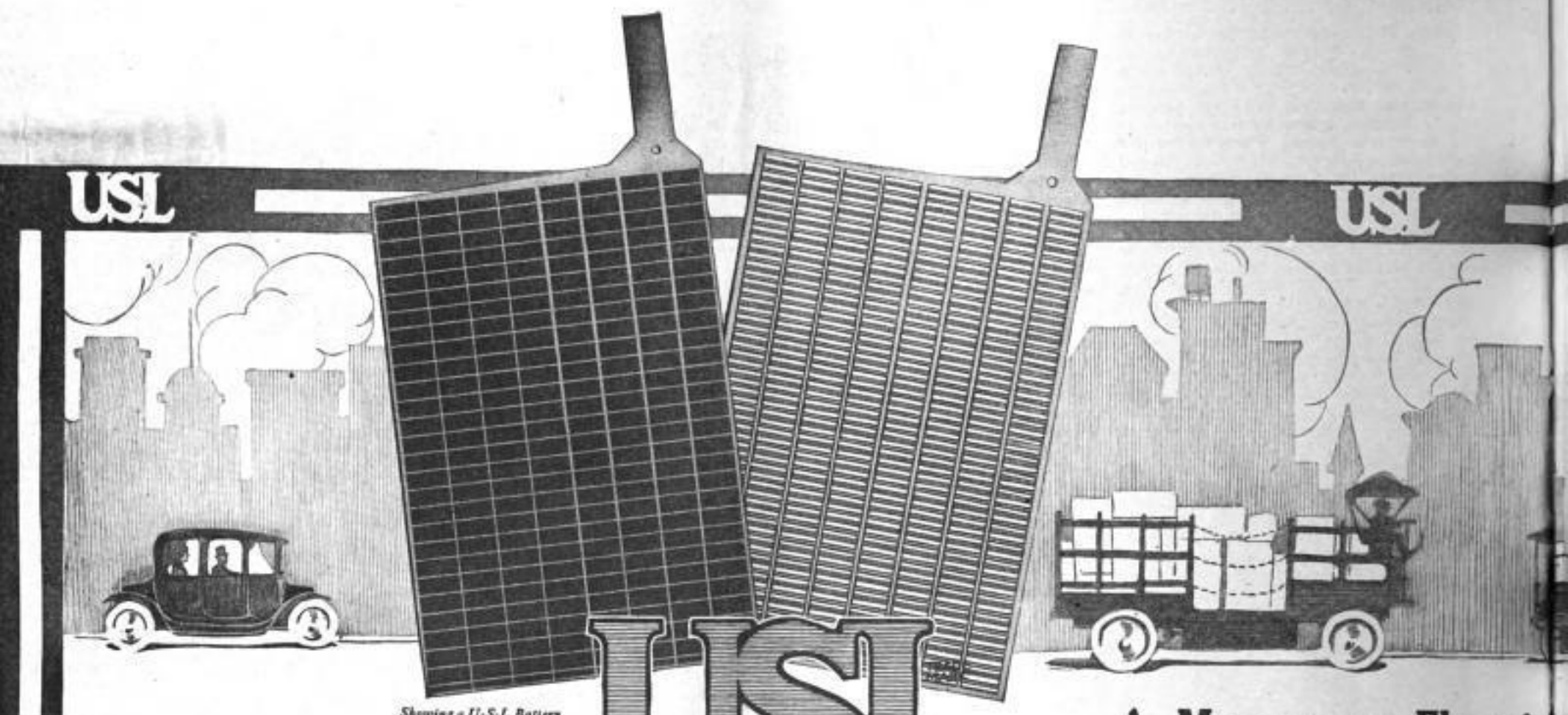
We have just issued a booklet, "Genuine Economy in Home Building," dealing in a comprehensive way with the problems that confront every home-builder. It is beautifully illustrated throughout in colors. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing charges. Write for your copy now.

HYDRAULIC-PRESS BRICK COMPANY

Dept. N 5, St. Louis, Mo.

BRANCH OFFICES: Baltimore, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Davenport, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Toledo, O.; Washington, D. C.





Showing a U-S-L Battery Plate and the lead grid before pasting.

USL

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

Storage Battery

A Message to Electric Owners Concerning the Battery Improvement of

Announcing the New U-S-L Machine-Paste

All Difficulties Removed by Our New Machine-Pasting Process

By a new process of pasting plates by machinery, used and controlled exclusively by the U. S. Light & Heating Company, all uncertainties have been removed. The perfect result of this process is now offered to the public in the U-S-L Storage Battery with the Machine-Pasted Plate.

In the making of this new battery plate, the paste is forced into the pockets of the metallic grid with absolute evenness of pressure, resulting in the uniform density of the active material so long sought for. It is not hard on the surface and soft in the center, nor is it denser at one spot than at another. The new process puts the paste into both sides of the plate at the same time, thus securing an absolutely homogeneous mass of active material. One plate is now just exactly like another, physically, chemically and electrically—a standard which has never before been reached, and one which results in qualities unknown in the common battery.

This high standard of plate making results in an assembled battery of absolute and known *dependability*—a battery that combines an already well known U-S-L characteristic with an entirely new advantage. Not only does this new battery supply exceptional power for the most grilling service but it will continue to supply that power month after month for an unprecedented life. Read further on about the mileage guarantee.

This is the First Storage Battery to be Sold with a Mileage Guarantee that Doesn't Cost the Purchaser from 100% to 300% Over the Regular Price of the Battery

Why the U-S-L Machine-Pasting Process is a Vast Improvement

During all the years storage batteries have been in use, their efficiency has been marred by fundamental defects the removal of which, under the old method of battery plate making, has defied chemists and engineers. The difficulty has been due principally to two reasons—the method heretofore employed by pasting plates *by hand*, and the limitations this method placed upon the making of the active paste compound.

By pasting is meant depositing the active material into the pockets of the metallic grid. When doing this work by hand it is practically impossible to deposit the paste compound uniformly throughout. No matter who does it, it is bound to be denser in one spot than another, on account of the unavoidable variation in pressure. Again, it is necessary in this process to fill first one side of the grid, then the other. During the interval between, the paste on the first side "sets" slightly. Thus a perfect weld of the active material on the interior is impossible.

Moreover, it has been proved that different methods and temperaments among workmen may result in lack of chemical or physical similarity between the plates, which sometimes lowers a battery's efficiency.

This "human equation" is now for the first time eliminated. Every U-S-L Machine-Pasted Plate is an identical counterpart of any other U-S-L plate—another reason for the wonderful performance of the U-S-L.

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USL



Completely assembled U.S-L Storage Battery with Machine-Pasted Plates.

ar Manufacturers and
lost Important Storage
he Present Generation

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO

Storage Battery

d Plate and the No-Extra-Price Guarantee

A New Active Material—Greater Efficiency

The U-S-L Machine-Pasting process now makes it possible to use a new and improved paste material—one which has been known to our chemists for some time, but which could not be satisfactorily used under the old-style hand-pasting process.

The perfection and use of this new mixture, coupled with the new method of applying it, mark a further important step in storage battery development in that it reduces "shedding" to an unprecedented minimum. This makes the "washing" of cells an almost negligible factor, a great advantage for the reason that "washing" deteriorates a battery by destroying the affinity that has been built up between the plates and the liquid. And even aside from this saving of labor, the dollars-and-cents economy in reducing replacement cost is of greatest consequence.

Marks a New Era in Electric Transportation

Although this is the first public announcement of the new U-S-L Machine-Pasted Battery, it has been subjected to careful testing in daily trucking and pleasure car service over a sufficient period to prove its worth and to establish the truth of the claims we make for it.

It is not an experiment. Because of its reliability and long life it gives a new impetus to the use of battery-driven vehicles. For hills, sandy roads and other conditions that impose a severe strain, it possesses life, responsiveness and power that stand today unapproached by any other battery, regardless of kind or type. Under actual comparative service test it has proved itself capable of hauling a given load under given conditions a greater distance per dollar invested in current than any other battery of like rating.

Mileage Guarantee Without Extra Price

Any manufacturer of electric pleasure cars or electric trucks will equip with U-S-L Storage Battery, **without extra charge,** if specified by the purchaser.

A written, signed guarantee certificate will be supplied by us to the owner of the vehicle, guaranteeing the mileage of the U-S-L Machine-Pasted Battery. This is the first storage battery to be sold with a mileage guarantee that doesn't cost the purchaser from 100% to 300% over the regular price of the battery. The U-S-L Guarantee adds nothing to the price of the U-S-L Battery. The guarantee is given when the battery is used in new cars of approved efficiency, such as:

Pleasure Cars:	Argo	Broc	Church-Field	Detroit	Hupp-Yeats	Standard	
	Baker	Buffalo	Colonial	Flanders	Ohio	Pate	
	Borland	Century	Columbus	Fritchle	Phipps	Waverly	
		Chicago	Dayton		Rauch & Lang	Woods	
Trucks:	Argo	Buffalo Electric	Commercial	Fritchle	Lansden	Studebaker	Waverly
	Atlantic	Century	Couple Gear	G. M. C.	M. & P.	Pate	Woods
	Baker	Chicago Electric	Detroit	Grinnell	Ohio Electric	Urban	
	Borland	Church-Field	Detroit (Anderson)	G. V.	Rauch & Lang	Walker	
		Columbus Electric	Eldridge	Jatco	Standard	Ward	

On battery renewals in cars now in use the guarantee applies if the car comes up to the required standard.

The U. S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: **30 Church Street, New York** *Factory:* **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

Branch Offices and Service Stations: **Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis**

Makers also of **U-S-L** Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles

Full information will be sent to those who supply the particulars asked for in this reply coupon ☛

The U. S. Light & Heating Co. Oct. 6-9-12
30 Church St., New York

Please send U-S-L Bulletins and information as checked in the squares below:

☐ 1. Full data concerning U-S-L Machine-Pasted Storage Battery and its Guarantee. The car I contemplate purchasing is a

..... Pleasure Car

..... Truck

or—the car I own is a.....

electric and is.....years old.

☐ 501. U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter for Automobiles.
☐ 102. Power for Electrical Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial.
☐ 111. U-S-L Ignition and Lighting Battery for Automobiles and Motor Boats.
☐ 207. Electric Light for Railroad Cars.
☐ 101. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Stationary Service.
☐ 110. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Independent Lighting.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State .....

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Don't trifle with the health of your family. Take out a "Long Life Policy" in the form of a

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

insuring the little ones against possible contraction of disease through the medium of cheap and unsanitary ice boxes.

You'll find it to be one of the best investments you ever made.

A few of the many distinguishing features which we claim for our refrigerator:

Genuine Porcelain Enamel Linings (not paint): Absolute Sanitation.
Insulation (10 thicknesses): Low Temperatures and Saving of Ice.
Syphon System: Free and Rapid Circulation of Cold, Dry Air.
Workmanship and Material: Beauty and Long Life of the Refrigerator.

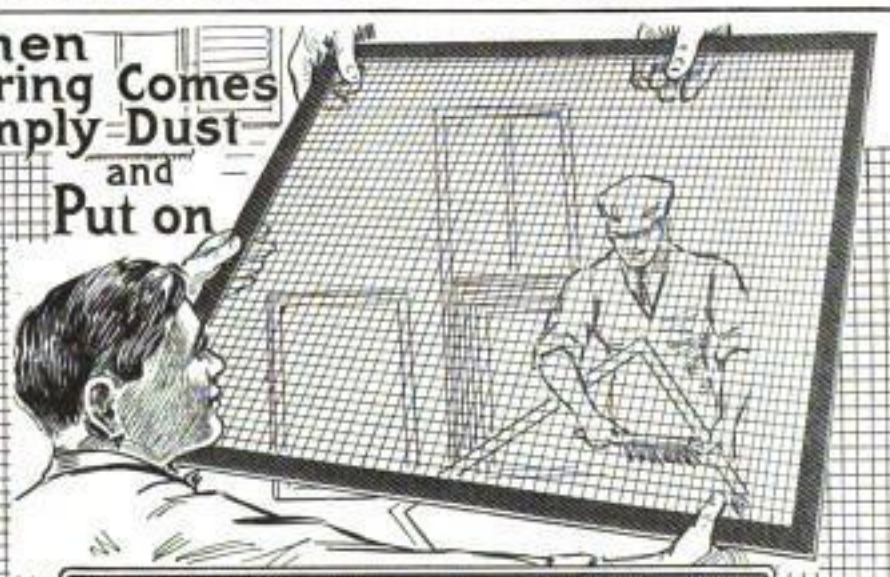
Adopted as Standard by The Pullman Company and the Great Railroad Systems the country over.
Ask the best dealer in your town to show you one of these "Insurance Policies."

Shipped direct to points where we have no representation.
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When Spring Comes Simply Dust and Put on



POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH
LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

THE FIRST FLY

in the spring—harbinger of the swarms of winged germ-bearing pests to come—will find you always prepared to bar his entrance if your screens are filled with

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

No painting ever necessary—just take your screens filled with Pompeiian Bronze from their winter storage and install them.

This screen cloth of sterling worth is woven of wire drawn from billets of solid bronze (90% pure copper).

Its bare strands cannot rust. Barring fire or accident no renewals ever necessary.

Pompeiian Bronze Screen Cloth has high tensile strength, therefore no sagging encountered as with its substitutes.

The genuine has a *removable red string* woven into selvage. Look for it. If your dealer won't supply you, we will promptly.

Send for our Book

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH CO., *First Power Loom Weavers*
65 Sterling Street, CLINTON, MASS.

Makers of Clinton Wire Lath and Clinton Electrically Welded Fabric for reinforcing Concrete. Both recognized as standard by leading architects and engineers of both continents



$1,000 on the Farm

Answers to a City Man's Query: "Can I Go to a Farm with a Small Capital and Make Good?"

By J. M. OSKISON

MONTANA is calling for the right sort of city man with a small capital, says a man in Missoula. He tells of one farm company which owns 30,000 acres, and this company is looking for those with small capital to develop it. On this particular tract, no cash rent is demanded, and work at good wages is offered for those who want to use their spare time in earning extra money.

In Montana, according to the figures of the man in Missoula, the $1,000 of the city refugee should be distributed in this way.

After renting 80 or 160 acres, on a third-of-the-crops-to-the-owner basis, buy as follows:

3 good milch cows, at $60 each	$180
2 good brood sows, at $25 each	50
3 dozen chickens, at $9 a dozen	27
Two good horses	300
Wagon, second-hand	50
Harness, second-hand	25
Plow, $20; harrow, $16; small tools, $20	56
Household furnishings and supplies	250
Total	$938

For his immediate needs, the tenant, if he follows this schedule of expenditures, will have in cash $62; if there is unbroken land on the rented place, he can get $3 an acre for turning over the sod; and he and his team ought to find time to earn $3.50 a day for at least sixty days in the year. His investments ought to yield about these amounts:

Butter fat from the cows, $25 a month	300
Eggs and chickens, $7.50 a month	90
Hogs, two litters from each sow—20 a year—at $20 each when 1 year old	400
Total	$790

"The farmer should grow all of his own vegetables," the man in Missoula says, "and from those he has to sell he should derive an income of $100 a year.

"He should be able to cultivate thirty acres of land without assistance, choosing among wheat, oats, barley, flax, hay, and potatoes. From that acreage, after he has turned over to the owner a third for rent, he should have at least $200 worth of grain for sale.

"Now, what is the total of the year's income? From the live stock, $790; from labor of the man and his team, $200; from the garden, $100; and from that portion of the crop sold, $200—it foots up to $1,290. Out of this, the family ought to be able to live very well, and save at least $300 the first year. The earning power of the man and his equipment will increase from year to year, as well as the sum which may be saved toward the purchase of the right kind of a farm."

IN THE WEST

THROUGHOUT Montana, Idaho, and Washington, reports the man in Missoula, exceptional opportunities exist for the man with a small capital and a determination to go to the farm and make a success of it. They exist because most chambers of commerce and most real estate dealers in that region are absorbed in the attempt to secure settlers with a good deal of money who can develop the country rapidly.

The little chances are overlooked, and the man with $1,000 won't have to pay inflated prices for his modest patch of ground.

Now comes a word of caution from Texas—from a lawyer of Stephenville who has "sold farms to some hundreds of people, built some hundreds of houses, and improved many farms."

In Texas, he says, the man with a capital of $1,000 and a family will need to move cautiously, and to spend some time in learning exactly what kind of farming he is best fitted for, and where he can get the best farm bargain. The fact that Texas is being boomed systematically will increase the tenderfoot's obligation to look out for the sharpers and keep a tight grip on his money until he learns farm values.

"The idea that anybody can farm is as absurd as to suppose that anybody can practice law or medicine without training," observes the Texas lawyer. "Successful farming requires intelligence and the application of accurate knowledge of business.

"But even if he is not really successful, the city-bred man will find that the farm is the best place to be poor—he has only to remember that without knowledge and the application of business principles to farming he *will* be poor."

A FARM IN GEORGIA

THERE is a farm in Georgia, two miles from a railroad station and twenty miles from a town of 15,000, which is described as suitable for the man with a capital of $1,000—it is told about in a letter from one who was raised on a farm, taught school, became county superintendent of schools, and is now a lawyer.

This farm is one of thirty acres, unfenced, and it can be bought for $150. The buyer's remaining $850 should be expended in this way:

Lumber, for putting up the shells of house and stable	$150
Fencing, $75; wagon, plows, and tools, $75	150
Stock: mule, $100; cow, $40; brood sow, $15; 15 chickens, $7.50	162.50
Cutting 25 acres of land with a heavy disk harrow	50
Groceries, feed for stock, seed, pump, and incidentals	337.50

This farm, the Georgia man writes, can supply all the posts needed for fencing, wood for fuel, and other incidental uses. The twenty-five acres he puts into crops, which he can tend without help, should yield this return:

15 acres of corn, pinders (peanuts), and peas	$350
8 acres of sea island cotton, 3,000 lb.	160
Half an acre of cane sugar, for sirup	150
Half an acre of sweet potatoes, 150 bushels	75
Seven-eighths of an acre of rye, millet, and chicken corn	20
An eighth of an acre of vegetables	25
Total income	$780
Deduct: fertilizer, $80; and taxes, $15	95

Here is a net return of $685, figuring that the farmer will sell everything he raises. As a matter of fact, he will keep for his own use and for feeding his stock half of the sweet potatoes, two-thirds of his corn, pinders, and peas, and what he raises in the garden. This will cut his net cash return down to $370, and out of that about all he would need to supply for the following year would be necessary clothes, rice, flour, coffee, and sugar. At the end of the year he will have a farm which he can sell for $800 if he wants to.

"Rough clothes," states the Georgia man, "few dollars of cash, and fare which is based on the two staples, bread and potatoes—these are the portion of many of the farming folks I know, and the city man must be prepared to accept them all for the time it takes him to rise above the level of the incompetent.

"Are these things understood, and is the wife willing to go and take the children? If Mr. Cityman can answer yes to this question, I would advise him to go when he has a capital of $1,000."

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Better than money for travel

These cheques are making money matters *easy and safe* for American tourists in all parts of the civilized world.

"A.B.A." Cheques

are safe to carry because your signature is required to make them good and they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

You can use them like the foreign money of any country for traveling expenses and purchases. Hotel people, the best shops, and others dealing with tourists, know they are as good as actual money and are glad to accept them in payment of bills.

50,000 banks throughout the world have agreed to cash them without a personal introduction — *your signature identifies you.* The most convenient, SAFEST way to carry "travel money" is in "A.B.A." Cheques.

Get them at your Bank

If your bank is not yet supplied with them write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO., New York City



TRADE MARK

VULCAN-SET

IN RUBBER



Made in many styles. Never shed hairs. Outwear all others. Always lather a face as it should be and help to make a shave a pleasure. Method by which manufactured corrects all defects and creates lowest selling prices ever offered.

Every seller of Whiting-Adams brushes has them or will quickly get them if required.

INVINCIBLE

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HAIR BRUSHES



Because of the splendid method of construction used and unfailing excellence of material, recognizedeverywhere as the best.

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.

BOSTON, U.S.A.

Makers of all kinds of brushes for all purposes.

Brush manufacturers for over 100 years and the largest in the world.

Our Relations with Russia

DULUTH, MINN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN a recent issue of COLLIER'S appeared a paragraph in which was embodied a woeful lamentation over our Russian relations. The writer has nothing akin to COLLIER'S, commercial or editorial, but he has always taken a sentimental pride in the clearness and fearlessness of its vision. He is the more chagrined, therefore, at your deplorable error. To mistake the wrath of 90,000,000 American souls protesting against a barbarian's ignorance of our most precious principles of justice and equality as "newspaper chauvinism" is inexcusable. To express fear at what might happen to American citizens in general, sojourning in Russia, where formerly you manifested little or no concern at the actual prevalence of this attitude by Russia toward a special class of American citizens, is anything but patriotic. It is a violation of the most sacred of all the laws that have made this country what it is to-day—one for all, all for one.

YOUR fears may be justifiable, however much I doubt it, but surely the Russian editors entertain no similar fears for their subjects in our States. Because of the likelihood that conditions prevail as you depict them, the general tone of your comment is one of concession to that benighted domain and indorsement of its principles. If all that protects its consular officers from the viciousness of the Imperial Government is a signed manuscript, should an enlightened government in this twentieth century conduct relations with the latter?

To mistake the courageous championing of these sacred laws as an astute bid for the Jewish vote is a most unjustifiable reflection upon the most worthy Governor of your Empire State.

Himself a Jew, the writer would be the last man in the world to ask, even of enlightened America, that her rulers place in the path of her entire citizenship the dangers that you say beset her citizens on Russian soil, if all that was to be gained was mere justice to the handful of Jewish Americans. But this has never been considered in the light of a Jewish question. It has always been and still is an American question to which the protests of 90,000,000 beings serve as nonrefutable testimony. To escape the position that we must occupy with respect to Russia, the legislators of our nation were allotted an entire year.

Is not the cause of this terrible situation now clear to you? From your paragraph it apparently is not.

Our Congress was never asked to denounce this treaty in order that our Jewish citizens shall be benefited, but if, by its noble defense of the most sacred of all principles that have made our nation what it is, we have not strengthened our position as a great power, I must admit that the clearness of your vision far greatly excels mine.

DR. S. GROSS.

What Would You Do?

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

APPRECIATING your ability to solve the problems of State and Nation, it occurred to me that you might be willing to devote a little time and space to the case of an individual, not for the sake of the individual alone, but to help those in a similar situation.

Briefly, then, if you were a young man who had given five years of service to a large corporation; if your position scarcely paid your very moderate living expenses; if you were subject to the blusterings of petty bosses who toadied to their superiors; if you were firmly convinced that your education and ability fitted you for a position where advancement depended not on "pull" or length of service but solely upon capability; if you wanted such a position not only for financial reasons but also on account of a strong desire to do something worth while; if, for the past two or three years, you had been searching for such a position and found it not—what, oh, *what*, would you do?

ANXIOUS.

Niagara Falls is in your pathway

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

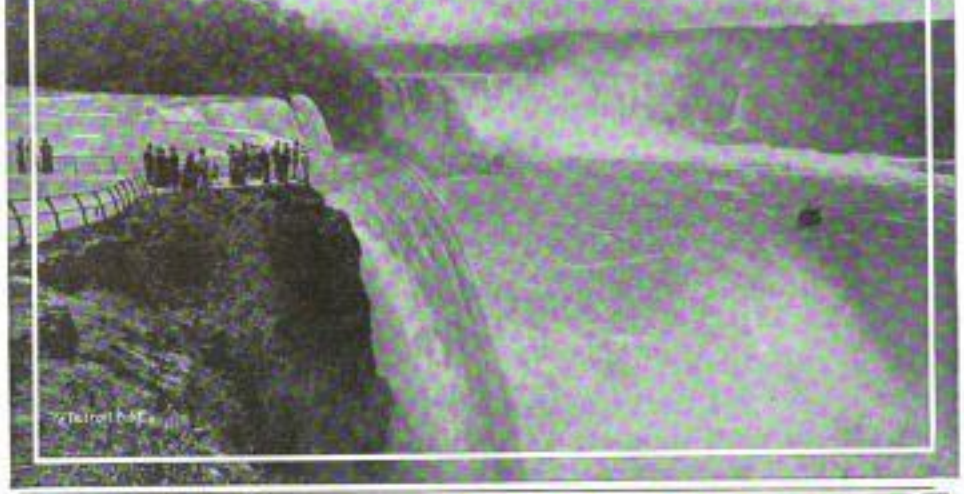
THE Beauty Grandeur and Power of Niagara attract visitors from every part of the earth.

Have *you* seen Niagara Falls, with its wonderful gorge and exciting whirlpool?

When you travel Westward or Eastward by way of the New York Central Lines, Niagara Falls is in your pathway.

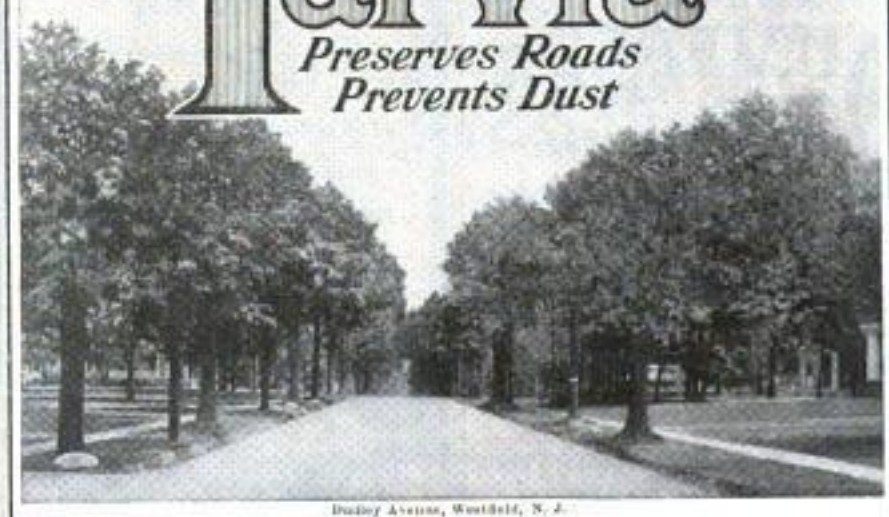
Stopover privilege is cheerfully granted to all our passengers.

An illustrated booklet with a most comprehensive map of the Niagara Falls district is mailed for the asking. Address Travel Bureau, Room 2014, Grand Central Terminal, New York.



Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust



Dudley Avenue, Westfield, N. J.

A Tarvia Town

THERE are many towns in this country which began with Tarvia years ago and finding it successful have extended its use on their roadways year by year as a matter of fixed policy. Such a town is Westfield, N. J., which now has 19 miles of tarviated streets.

Mr. A. W. Vars, the town engineer, reports that the "Tarvia B" treatment on all these streets averaged 1¼c. per square yard for the season of 1912; compared with the cost of keeping down the dust and maintaining the road surface by any other method, this is a very low figure. The roads have been free from dust and have not been seriously impaired by automobile traffic.

Tarvia acts as a binder and cements the road surface firmly together in a plastic matrix. Automobiles do not hurt such a surface but roll it down smoother.

The amount of new stone screenings needed for surface maintenance is greatly reduced by the Tarvia treatment and the road keeps in better condition. The longer the Tarvia treatment is maintained, the less the annual cost.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is Refilled in an Instant, from Any Ink Supply, by Pressing Here ➡

The ink **intake** is conveniently controlled by this inner filling device; the ink **outlet** is accurately governed and safeguarded by the patented Spoon Feed. This Self-Filler is one of the three standard types of Waterman's Ideals and is guaranteed to have the usual

Waterman's Ideal Superiority

There is a style of Waterman's Ideal for every member of the family; large and small sizes, plain and handsomely mounted in gold and silver, safety pens for women and with pen points to fit every hand. Prices $2.50 and upwards.

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Non-corrosive. New Patterns Nos. 38, 39, 40, 41

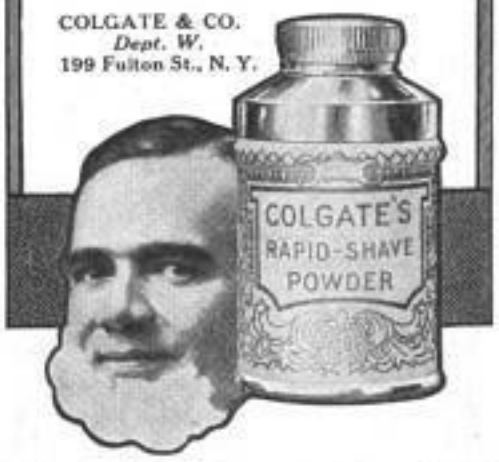
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COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A quick lather—a clean shave. Trial box (*size shown*) sent for four cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W.
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No metal can touch you

Look for the name **PARIS** on the back of the shield



A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago and New York

25c-50c

It's something you need

The Business of Arson: Confirmation

From Chicago's Special Grand Jury

ON April 4 Chicago's special grand jury on arson brought in a report declaring that 50 per cent of Chicago's fires were incendiary. It placed the greater part of the blame upon the insurance companies themselves.

"The grand jury," says its report, "further finds that this business of arson is regularly carried on by many of the public adjusters, who, after arranging for the making of fires, also represent the assured in the settlement for adjustment of the claims against the insurance company.

"It is the practice among many of the insurance companies to accept what are commonly known as 'rotten risks' from insurance brokers in order that the companies may get the preferred business of such brokers. In other words, if a broker controls desirable business, many of the insurance companies allow him to turn in these 'rotten risks' for fear that if this doubtful business is refused the broker may take his preferred business to other companies."

From the Mayor of New York

DEAR MR. MCFARLANE:

I THANK you for your article in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, but why do you write to me as though I need to be convinced of its truth?

Sincerely yours, (Signed)
W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

Fire Fighters Know

FIRE fighters have not been in any doubt as to where the responsibility lay for much of the country's fire loss. But the general public has not known. It is now being told. . . . If any of our readers has a large supply of pity on hand and nobody in particular to give it to, we would suggest that he present some of it to the insurance companies.—From the *Fireman's Herald*, March 29.

Suggests Newspaper Republication

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE been greatly interested in the series of articles which have been appearing in COLLIER'S upon the subject of arson. To my mind this is one of the biggest and most important subjects that is to be considered by this nation to-day, and I believe the articles will arouse the public conscience to the extent that action, which will result in great good to the country, will follow.

If your articles could be published in every local, as well as daily, paper in this State, and in every other State in the Union, it would, in my opinion, prove of greater benefit than a revision of the tariff or monetary system, or any other reform which is now sought by the new Administration. IKE S. LEWIS,
Superintendent of Insurance, Kansas.

"Malignance of Collier's Yellow Editor Exposed"

THE dull if cunning brain of COLLIER'S editor. . . . The sneaking hypocrisy of his insinuations. . . . "COLLIER'S newspaper is baying a deeper and widermouthed accusation as its series of yellow articles on 'The Business of Arson' draws nearer home. . . ."

—*Insurance Field*, April 3.

Inquiry Demanded

THERE is probably enough truth in these charges to justify the demand that the insurance business as now conducted should be the subject of an independent investigation.

—The Toronto (Can.) *Mail and Empire*, April 4.

Situation a National Menace

COLLIER'S WEEKLY declares that insurance adjusters, business men, and others high in the commercial world are the real principals in the "arson trust." With full appreciation of the gravity of its charge, it declares that the insurance companies' highest officers connive in the frightful business on the cold-blooded principle that a certain number of losses are desirable for their effect in bringing in business through fire scares. . . . The legislative bodies of America are just now showing great interest in the exploitation of women and children and its relation to the social evil. There is seeming proof that if the fire insurance situation were as deeply probed it would discover a situation fit to rank with white slavery as a national menace.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*.

Work for Legislative Bodies

THE series of articles by Arthur E. McFarlane in COLLIER'S WEEKLY "On the Business of Arson" is a revelation. . . . This is a matter which should receive the immediate attention of legislative bodies.—Deadwood (S. Dak.) *Telegram*.

A Rotten Spot in Industrial Organism

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is rendering real service to the country in a series of articles which it is printing under the title "The Business of Arson." The searchlight of publicity has been inexorably turned upon a rotten spot in our industrial organism to which little or no attention has been paid in times past.—Grand Rapids (Mich). *Herald*.

Facts Made the Series Sensational

COLLIER'S WEEKLY announced a short time ago that it was going to print a sensation in a series of articles under the general heading of "The Business of Arson." The publication of these articles is a far greater sensation than anything for many a day; and they are based on facts. They should awaken all honest people.—Durango (Colo.) *Herald*.

Insurance Business Should be Reconstructed

RECENT exposures in court and in COLLIER'S WEEKLY call for an entire reconstruction of the insurance business. Men who pay the premiums should demand of these trustees of the property of others that they install a system which will destroy the criminal conspiracy under which the fire loss of America has grown to such alarming proportions. . . . The searching articles which COLLIER'S has been publishing should attract more attention than they have yet received.—The Petersburg (Fla.) *Independent*.

No Wonder that Arson Grows

ONE who has been reading the series of articles running in COLLIER'S could not wonder that year after year arson should continue to grow.—Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) *Leader*.

Blame for Present Laws

HUNTINGDON, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

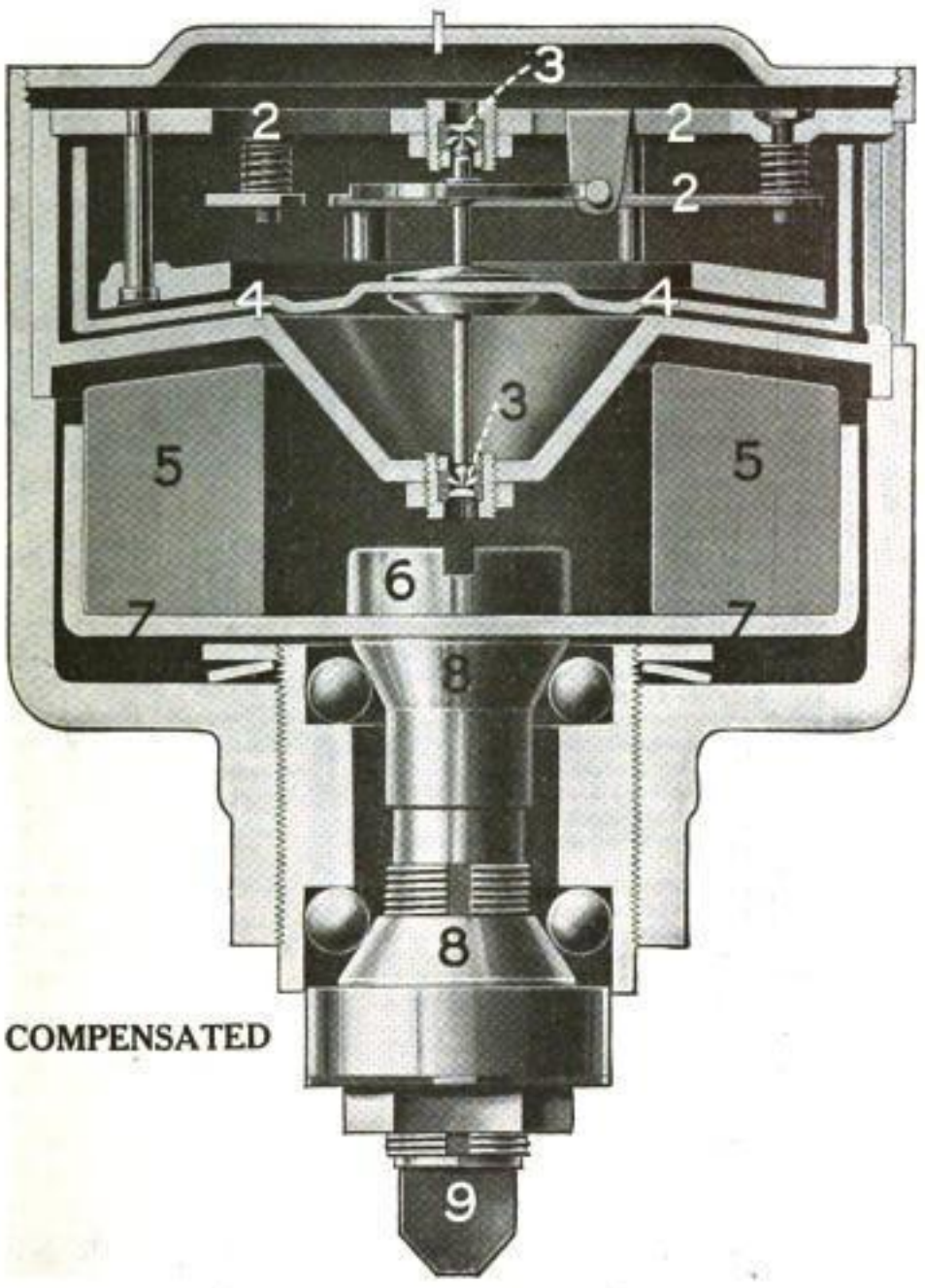
WE have read with a very great deal of interest your series of articles on arson, but please do be fair to the insurance company and to the insurance agent. We do not believe your articles as yet state the case quite fairly. For instance, in an adjoining county all licenses were refused. A man had a large hotel, and had possibly in actual money in the building fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars, but after he lost his license the building could not have been sold for more than four or five thousand dollars. In other words, the value was in the license. He tried to continue his hotel, but it was impossible to do so. Under very suspicious circumstances the building burned down. The insurance companies were morally certain the man had set it on fire. He had about twelve or fourteen thousand dollars of insurance—in other words, he had about eighty per cent of the value of the building as a licensed hotel, insured. The companies settled the loss at about three-fourths of the amount of insurance. They could not exactly prove that he had set it on fire. Everything looked that way, but—and please have your writer note this—had they taken the case into court, without question the jury would have made them pay the entire amount of the policy plus the cost. In other words, the insurance companies have come to learn that in every case where they bring a suit of this kind before the court that the local juries will soak the company to the limit. We have seen this happen so many times that we have lost confidence in our courts along this line. Your facts as to the number of incendiary fires are without question true. W. EMMETT SWIGART.

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This is the Speed Indicating Element in the Warner Auto-Meter.

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$1250 FOR HUSBANDS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL purposes to divide $1250 among five husbands who will tell, frankly and fully:

Why I wanted my wife to be my wife

THESE are the questions that young men daily ask of older men:

How did you positively know that your wife, when you met her, was the one woman in all the world with whom you wanted to live for the rest of your life?

What was the one single dominant trait that determined the fact for you?

In other words, the young man asks: How can I surely tell not only that I am not going wrong in asking a girl to be my wife, but also that I shall, if she accept me, not do her a lifelong wrong and injustice?

These are the questions young men are asking every day and that are worthy of a serious answer by every man who, having successfully solved them for himself, can help other men to solve them for themselves.

Never have a group of women so decidedly, helpfully and fully answered the question as in the recent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offer: "How did you know when the right man came?" These wonderful answers, the most wonderful that any magazine ever received, will shortly be published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Directly following these we want to present the man's side of the problem, so that both young unmarried women and young unmarried men may be helped.

Therefore, here is the husband's chance to tell for the benefit of young men: "Why I wanted my wife to be my wife."

Five prizes are offered:

$500 for the Best Article
$300 for the Second Best Article
$200 for the Third Best Article
$150 for the Fourth Best Article
$100 for the Fifth Best Article
$1250 in the five prizes

In addition, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL hopes that the high merit of the articles generally will warrant the purchase of many more manuscripts. Of course all material obtained from this contest will be published *strictly anonymously*.

Please Observe These Conditions

No manuscript submitted should exceed 3000 words. Whenever possible the manuscripts should be typewritten, but if this is impossible they should be written in ink, neatly and clearly, and on one side of the paper—never on both sides. The writer's name and address should appear on the first page. All manuscripts must be sent flat or folded: no rolled manuscripts will be considered. And as *no manuscripts can be returned under any circumstances please do not inclose stamps.* The contest will be open until July 1. Manuscripts received after that date cannot be considered. The results of the contest will be announced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as soon after July 1 as possible. Address all manuscripts to

THE PERSONAL EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Silent Partner

(*Continued from page 8*)

House received the Governor in his then apartments at the Hotel Gotham. It was a case of liking at first sight. The Governor's time was limited to one hour, but both found it all too short, and an appointment for a second meeting within a few days was made. Thus began what is best described as a sweet and beautiful friendship between two men of lofty aim and rare equipment, each of whom is in a sense the exact complement of the other. The one knew theory, and the other knew practice; one had spent his time in classrooms reasoning from generals down to particulars; the other had spent his in State politics reasoning from particulars up to generals; one was a man teacher, the other was a man reacher. Wilson knew men in the mass—House knew them as individuals. Wilson's long suit was the general principle; House played principles, too, but he knew when to trump a trick with a measure of practical expediency.

Wilson was a statesman with an instinct for politics. House was a politician with a genius for statecraft.

TWO BRAINS THAT THINK AS ONE

IT is doubtful if there was a man in America with an equipment which could be more useful to Candidate Wilson. Certainly there was no man believing more devoutly in him or more willing to be used by him. By a law of nature the two men rushed together. They twain became one political flesh.

In the year and a half that has passed this friendship has grown and flowered and reseeded itself. They understand each other perfectly; they trust each other. Woodrow Wilson does not himself desire the success of his own Administration more earnestly than Edward M. House does—and the President knows this.

All through the election campaign Colonel House watched over his candidate with the solicitude of a mother. When perplexities arose, the sure-headed Colonel was at the elbow of the Governor with the right line of advice.

When Roosevelt was shot, Colonel House became fearful for the safety of his friend, and telegraphed Bill McDonald, the famous Texas ranger:

"Come at once—important—bring your artillery."

McDonald, thinking his friend House was in trouble, rushed into town, borrowed a clean shirt, buckled on his armament, and telegraphed: "I'm a-comin'."

When he arrived, Colonel House put him to guarding the life of Woodrow Wilson.

POLITICAL LONG HAIR

WHILE Colonel Roosevelt lay in the hospital, the chivalrous instincts of the Democratic nominee inclined him to cancel his speaking dates. His official advisers were against this. Not so Colonel House. "You are right," he telephoned to Princeton, "stay off the stump."

Perhaps at no time was Colonel House more needed by Governor Wilson than in those first thirty days at Sea Girt immediately succeeding the Baltimore convention, but unfortunately the Colonel was in Europe. In that month practically the entire leadership and much of the rank and file of the party came to Sea Girt and passed in procession before their Scotch-minded, scholar-looking candidate. Both sides endeavored to be affable and both appeared to feel some little sense of strain. Politicians looked the candidate over with interest and awe; the candidate looked his party henchmen over with no very great show of either interest or awe, and at times barely escaped seeming bored. As long as speeches were being made he listened with the greatest respect and responded with unfailing felicity; but when the speech making was done, when delegations broke into groups and things reached the back-slapping, rib-knuckling point, there were some of the most awkward stage waits in American political history.

Even then, however, Mr. Wilson was what the prize-ring writers call "an excellent judge of distance." He could fold a man to his bosom or hold him off a mile and do either with a chuckling cordiality that afforded no target for resentment. Statesman after statesman, politician upon politician, would-be adviser on top of would-be adviser came down to the New Jersey executive cottage and posed himself gracefully in the

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"The same price the world over"

It is a pretty safe guess that the man who takes pride in the neatness of his clothes takes pride in his work and his home as well.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are made for *proud* men—men who stand on their own two feet and are making their own way. Doesn't this mean that Styleplus Clothes are made for you?



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Styleplus Clothes

United States Tires

cut down tire bills

A Duty to Society



What is a burglar? A degenerate—a cowardly, sick-minded degenerate who prowls at night like a rat—in bedrooms of women and children—tense, cringing, always a deadly menace—as deadly as a poisonous snake or a mad dog.

The weakest sentimentalist attempts no defence of the burglar—he is outside the law—to destroy him is a *stern duty to society!*

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Peculiarly the weapon for home defense, for it is accident proof. You can "Hammer the Hammer." Because of its permanent-tension wire springs, it is absolutely dependable—can lie for years inactive with no loss of efficiency.

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foreground until he got all sorts of cramps and rheums while waiting for the first gentleman of Democracy to recognize and beckon him into his suite. And while the smile of the first gentleman was sure and full-toothed, there was seldom a beck in it. It was a dee-lighted-to-see-you-just-where-you-are-and-no-nearer-thank-you sort of greeting.

As a matter of fact, political long hair, as such, does not interest Mr. Wilson. In those days he did not know quite what to do with it. But oh, how he has learned! The difference between the anxious courtesy with which he received his porch-rail guests at Sea Girt and the brisk amiability with which he separates the sheep from the goats in Tumulty's reception room at Washington, giving each his accurate due without ever offending one, and then blowing the whole flock off the end of his hand like a kiss while he expeditiously gets back to his work, is the difference between the maidenly amateur and the master of his craft.

The President's own sagacity, cocksure courage, and a plentiful share of Wilson luck which begins to be proverbial, got him through these trying times, and by the latter part of August Colonel House, himself by no means the back-slapping, rib-knuckling sort, was home from Europe and entirely at the call of his friend. Since then the President has at no time lacked the assistance of this deft and experienced manhandler whose friends delight to call him "an unofficial statesman."

SOME INSIDE VIEWS

"WILL you, out of your intimate acquaintance with him, name the outstanding trait in President Wilson's character?" I asked Colonel House, seizing the opportunity.

"Courage," he answered unhesitatingly. "Woodrow Wilson is the bravest man in America. He has as much physical courage as old Bill McDonald; as much moral courage as Charles W. Eliot."

Some people would not have thought of Charles W. Eliot as the highest type of moral courage. Colonel House did. I point to that as a side light on his character.

Browsing among Cabinet members, one finds as high regard for the advice and judgment of Colonel House as in the Executive mansion. One praised his broad humanity and unselfishness; another spoke of his genius for organization, and characterized him as "the most remarkable man in America"; a third commended his sincerity, patriotism, and delicious sense of humor; a fourth declared him "a man of rare force whose sympathies are with the people"; a fifth branded him as a sort of Texas Talleyrand; while a sixth, not a Cabinet member, said: "Divest Machiavelli of every bad quality and House is the great Florentine." In one thing all agree—he is the rarest judge of the moral and intellectual worth of a man.

Summing up, I find an unselfish ambition for the common good at the bottom of all his qualities. Add to this an Aurelian temper and a Lincolnian simplicity, and you get the soil out of which the man has grown.

I wanted to talk to some of his enemies, and was told he had none.

"He seems to get his friends into office," I observed.

"But," was the reply, "that is not because they are his friends, but because, being his friends, he has an opportunity to know what their qualities are, and once knowing a man to be worthy of trust, he will go the limit upon him."

TAKING OFF THE TOTALS

IN matters of policy his judgment seems to be colored by no passion and clouded by no prejudice. His manner is ingratiating. He does not bluster; he thinks. In argument he does not overbear with a full tide of his own steam, but instead sets up the cards carelessly almost, a reason here, an inference there, a situation yonder, and so allows his opponent to convince himself. He turns no thumbscrews; he wields no clubs; his weapons are of the mind. Nor does there appear to be anything ulterior in his motives, or occult in his method. I see no foreboding in his relationship to the President. The closeness of that relation is creditable to both men and fortunate for the country. It has no sinister connotation. Edward M. House is no *Oliver le Diable*. He is at once a friend of the President and of the people. Because he is the last so completely, he is the first so intimately.



The Chaldean Story of the Flood

Dug Up From the Ruins of Ancient Chaldea

DO YOU KNOW that the Ancient Chaldean story of the Flood is the same in every detail as Moses' account in Genesis—and that it was written thousands of years before his version appeared? Hardly one in a thousand even knows of this startling fact. DO *YOU?* But it is one of the many thousand curiously interesting accounts in

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DO YOU KNOW that the Old Egyptians 5,000 years B. C., had a Bible which they called "The Book of the Dead?" Do you know that the Assyrian sacred literature gives the story of the Creation? Do you know that books and newspapers were printed in Asia thousands of years before printing was invented by Gutenberg? Did YOU ever read Columbus' personal log of his great voyage—filled with strange happenings and ominous forebodings? Do you know that there occurred in Mediæval England a great Socialistic protest—the first of its kind ever known? Do you know by what unique process Harvey demonstrated that the blood does not stand still in the veins, as everyone then thought? Do you know who Machiavelli was, or what world famous treatise he wrote?

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Through this beauty is seen the majesty of the perfect machine—not the obtrusion of mechanical details—but the latent power, the fitness of parts, the flexibility like that of a living animal, all wrought into refractory materials and controlled by the light pressure of a finger

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Three Six-Cylinder Chassis: "38-Six," 48-Six," "60-Six," each a car of matured details. Electric Starting and Dynamo Lighting. Long stroke motors, silent, vibrationless and flexible in control at low speeds; irreversible steering gear; heat treated parts; choice of seven distinctive body types. Prices $4300 to $7200

The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland

Makers also of Peerless Trucks

Peerless

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Divorce to Order

[Continued from page 20]

the way I've done and I'm frank about it—to my lawyer," she added with a little laugh.

And in the days which followed—days in which other women answered my advertisement—I found that she was correct.

By the time I had called Mr. Jordan to my office, shown him the error of his ways in believing he could fight his wife in the divorce courts, showing him also some of the testimony that might be offered truthfully against him and persuaded him to make a settlement of two thousand dollars on his wife and then allow the case to go by default, I was handling the cases of three other women of the stripe of Mrs. Jordan. I was coming into the knowledge also that the whole marital fabric is underlined with just such women as this—women who marry with the knowledge that a divorce will only cost ten dollars, who stay with their husbands until they see a way of "trimming them," to use the words of my client, who either trump up their charges or inveigle their husbands into situations where their testimony will be truthful and then get out of the marriage agreement with what money they can. The thing sickened me. Snitch though I had been, work in the police court seemed better than this.

There was something ghoulish about it, in a way. But I thought of the days in the police court—I still was forced to be there a great part of my time, for my divorce business was not yet fully established—and of the easier work of parting men and women. After all, if I did not do the work and get the money, some one else would, and from one to five hundred dollars a case was not to be sneered at.

However, I failed in the three next cases. I obtained the divorce, of course, but received no money other than the primary ten dollars. The women did not seem to care much. In these instances they were seeking freedom that they might marry other men with more money and who might be good for better amounts when the time for separation came. I saw that I must build up my business to a point where the better class of persons were concerned and where the payment for the work would be larger in the beginning. Ten dollars was the maximum settled payment for the class of women I was working for now. They knew they could get a divorce for that, and they would pay no more. My chance for something higher came within a few weeks.



And together the three of us would figure out the evidence

She was a shy little thing, a bit too pretty and too childish ever to have been married in the first place. She was well dressed, richly dressed, to my eyes—eyes which had seen nothing but the tawdry side of human finery for so long. She was hesitant and nervous as she entered my office and stood uncertainly by the door as I approached her. I came close and noticed that the red marks of tears still were present. I motioned her to a chair.

"You are in trouble," I began in my smoothest tone. I knew that there would be no chance for the rough joking to which the other class of women had been accustomed. The little woman twisted her hands in her lap and then looked up at me from under heavy lashes. There was a bit of an apologetic smile on her lips.

"I didn't catch your name," I added.

"Mrs. Fred Landor," she answered, and gave an address which pleased me. It was that of the real residence part of the city. "I read your advertisement in the paper and thought maybe you might help me. I—"

"In regard to a divorce?" I questioned. Mrs. Landor's face grew more serious.

"No"—there was a wistful something in her voice—"and yes. I have been wondering whether you couldn't talk to my husband and make him think I was going to get a divorce and scare him. You see, we quarreled and—"

"And you want to make him treat you better," I supplemented.

The tears were beginning to come now.

"Yes—we—maybe it's my fault that we fuss this way, but—"

I RAISED my head. Across my mind had flashed the words of my old friend, the attorney. There came to me his advice that never must I fail in the parting of man and wife. It was to be a part of the building of my reputation.

"Mrs. Landor," I interrupted, "you are not a woman to take marriage vows lightly. If you had not been driven to it, you never would have come here to see me. You left your home this morning determined to get a divorce. Now you are frightened—you merely want your husband talked to. You've been mistreated, Mrs. Landor, or you never would have come here. Now truthfully and honestly, is your husband all that he should be to you?"

I had started self-pity to work in her mind. The tears began to come faster.

"Well—"

"Haven't you been too forgiving with him? Answer me honestly."

She hesitated a moment, and in that hesitancy she lost her husband. Mrs. Landor was not a strong-minded woman. Her mentality was of the sort which accepted trivialities as the deepest insults; she was prone to self-pity and too much self-appraisement. She believed herself, in a girlish sort of way, a little too good for the best man who ever lived. After ten minutes of conversation with her, I had read between the lines. I was waiting for her answer. At last it came—in the affirmative. I began again.

"What is it about your married life that makes you sad, Mrs. Landor?" I asked. "I can see that you have been sad, very sad."

"Well, it's just this," she burst out, and I knew I had started the stream. "my husband just seems to think that I never need any attention. We never go anywhere together; he's just so wrapped up in trying to pull that old business of his up from what it was that he can't see anything else in life. He'll come home worried and morose and moody. Sometimes he hardly even kisses me. Lots of times when we do go out to the theatre or something like that he'll hardly speak to me all the way. Maybe he's too absorbed in business worries or something of that kind, but—"

"What is your first name, Mrs. Landor?" I broke in.

"Margaret."

"Thank you." I had opened the door and motioned to the stenographer. "When were you married?"

"September 18, 1896. Of course I know that he is really busy and that it won't be this way all the time, but it just seems that—"

"You have quarreled over this?"

"Yes."

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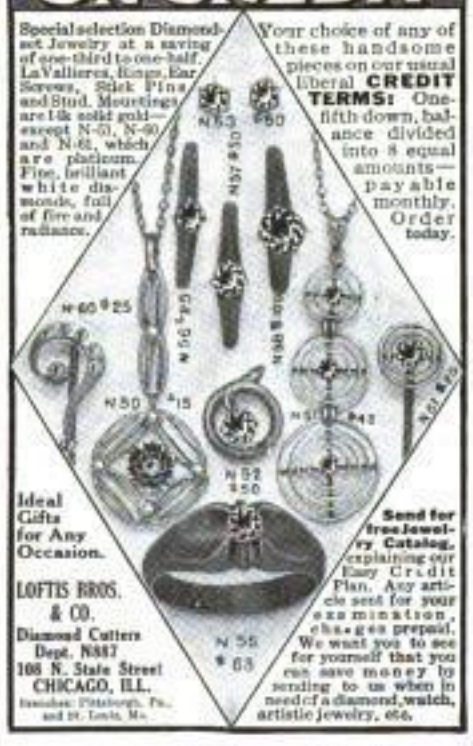
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I turned to the stenographer, who had seated herself at my desk.

"'Petition in divorce,'" I dictated. "'In the Circuit Court of —— County, Mo., December term, 1898. Margaret Landor, Plaintiff, *vs.* Fred Landor, Defendant.

"'Plaintiff states that on or about the 18th day of September, 1896, at ——, State of Missouri, she was lawfully married to the defendant and continued to live with him as his wife from and after said date until on or about—'" I turned and faced her. "You are leaving your husband to-day, I take it?" She rose. Her face and even her lips were white. She put forth a hand—she seemed dazed.

"I—I don't understand," she began.

"I am dictating your petition in divorce," I replied.

"My petition—I—"

I raised a hand.

"Mrs. Landor," I said, and my tone was stern, "which would you rather do—have the suffering now and be happy again soon, or go dragging on with this miserable state of affairs, each day becoming worse and worse until life is just an agony to you? Is it fair to yourself? Is it fair to your husband? Now is the time—the only time! You are young, you are inexperienced. You believe that there is such a thing as a reconciliation. There is not. Your married life can only become worse. In all the experience of this office, I never have seen a case where a reconciliation effected happiness. If you will pardon me, I will proceed. Take this dictation, Miss Russell: 'First day of June, 1898: that during all that time the plaintiff faithfully demeaned herself and discharged all her duties as the wife of the defendant, and at all times treated him with kindness and affection, but that said defendant, wholly disregarding his duties as the husband of the plaintiff, has been guilty of such indignities toward this plaintiff as to render her condition in life intolerable. Plaintiff further states that she is a resident of the State of Missouri, and has been a resident of this State for one whole year next before filing of this petition.

"'Wherefore, plaintiff prays to be divorced from the bonds of matrimony contracted as aforesaid with said defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and proper.'

"That last clause," I said, "will give us the right to ask alimony if we care to. However, it is always best to get a divorce settlement from your husband. Then no mention of money is brought into the case, and it makes a better impression with the court."



"Say, Grant, I'm up against it with my wife"

I STOPPED to regard her, for I was approaching the hardest part of my task. So far nothing really had been done. The work was to come, and I wondered whether or not I would succeed. Mrs. Landor's face was ashen. She was staring straight ahead, her hands clasped until every drop of blood, it seemed, had been forced out of them. Her lips were tight pressed. I turned to the stenographer.

"Rush that," I whispered, "and append the oath."

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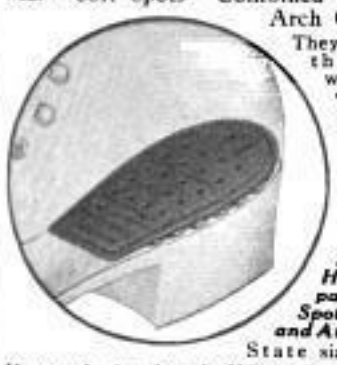
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In the five minutes which followed I told the little woman before me of the dangers of married life where husband and wife were not congenial. Again and again I showed her where quarrels and love cannot exist. The work was hard. I must strike and strike quick.

"I want you to realize one thing, Mrs. Landor," I said. "This is simply a case of who takes the first step. It is the usual thing for a woman to forgive and forgive—then to awaken to the fact that her husband has tricked her, that he has become tired of her, and that he himself has brought the divorce and thrown her out into the world without a chance to live. You owe it to yourself to do this. You—"

THE door opened. I passed a sheet of paper in front of the staring-eyed woman. I pressed a pen into her hand.

"Sign there," I said.

She obeyed without reading. Then I took the paper and faced her with a serious, impelling expression on my countenance.

"Mrs. Landor," I said, "you realize, of course, that you have taken an oath to your charges."

"An oath?" she started.

"One from which you cannot very well escape. It is best for you that you have—it will make you happy. I will read it to you:

"'Margaret Landor, the above-named plaintiff, makes oath and says that the facts stated in the above petition are true according to the best of her knowledge and belief, and that the complaint is not made out of levity, fear, or collusion between the plaintiff and the defendant for the mere purpose of being separated from each other, but in sincerity and truth for the causes mentioned in the above petition.'

"That is all, Mrs. Landor," I finished. "This will be filed within an hour. I suppose you have friends or relatives to whom you can go?"

"Yes," she answered, as though in a half dream.

"The name, if you please?"

Ten minutes later I escorted her to the door of the building. Her case was mine. I knew that her husband, in the first surprise of the unfairness of it all, would do what any other man would do—be angry enough to announce himself glad that his wife had left him. That one announcement would suffice. Mrs. Landor never would go back to him. My entrance to the better strata of life had been made. My precept, never to allow a divorce suit to escape me, was being followed. It is true that I did not sleep well that night, but I slept better than I would have six months before. My conscience gradually was becoming dulled.

MR. LANDOR did as I believed he would. Filled with genuine anger, he declared himself through with womankind forever. He divided his property with his wife, and then, true to the unwritten law of America, as concerns divorces, he stayed away from court, allowed his wife to make her somewhat technical charges, and the divorce to be granted.

For there is such a law in America. Perhaps it all began in the olden time when chivalry was at its highest; perhaps it did not begin until later; just the same there exists a feeling in the hearts of men that to fight a woman in the divorce court is unmanly and ungentlemanly. No matter what the charges made by the wife may be, they must go through unanswered. The wife must be allowed to do as she pleases. If she desires a divorce, and the money consideration thereof is not too large, she must be allowed it—and it is this fact, this view of things, which has made life pleasant for us who cut the marriage bonds. Of course there are exceptions. There are times when men, angered even beyond chivalry, will fight their wives until the last moment—but the instances are not numerous. And so, once assured, the road was easy for me. From the material Mrs. Landor had given me, it was a simple matter to force that divorce to a culmination. I placed Mrs. Landor's character witnesses on the stand. They testified to the fact that she was of good moral character, that, as far as they knew, she had demeaned herself as a model wife. Then, in ten minutes, I had put the story of the wife herself, told to the accompaniment of the inevitable tears, before the court.

But in those ten minutes the simple story which she had told in my office changed greatly. The truth was still

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there, but a twisted question here, an implied inference there, and the fact that Fred Landor was absorbed and silent at times resolved itself into the assertion that he was surly and disagreeable. His lack of desire to go into society metamorphosed itself into a ogrelike command over his wife; into holding her a sort of captive within his house. There were the quarrels to be told of. Was there ever a quarrel in which bitter things were not said? Once he had slapped her playfully. Both were laughing and joking at the time—the slapping was done in jest and burlesque. We left the explanation out when the story was told. The court heard that Fred Landor, fairly prominent business man, had slapped his wife. The charge of indignities was proved. The clerk of the court entered the case on his books to the credit of the plaintiff. Mrs. Fred Landor was free again.

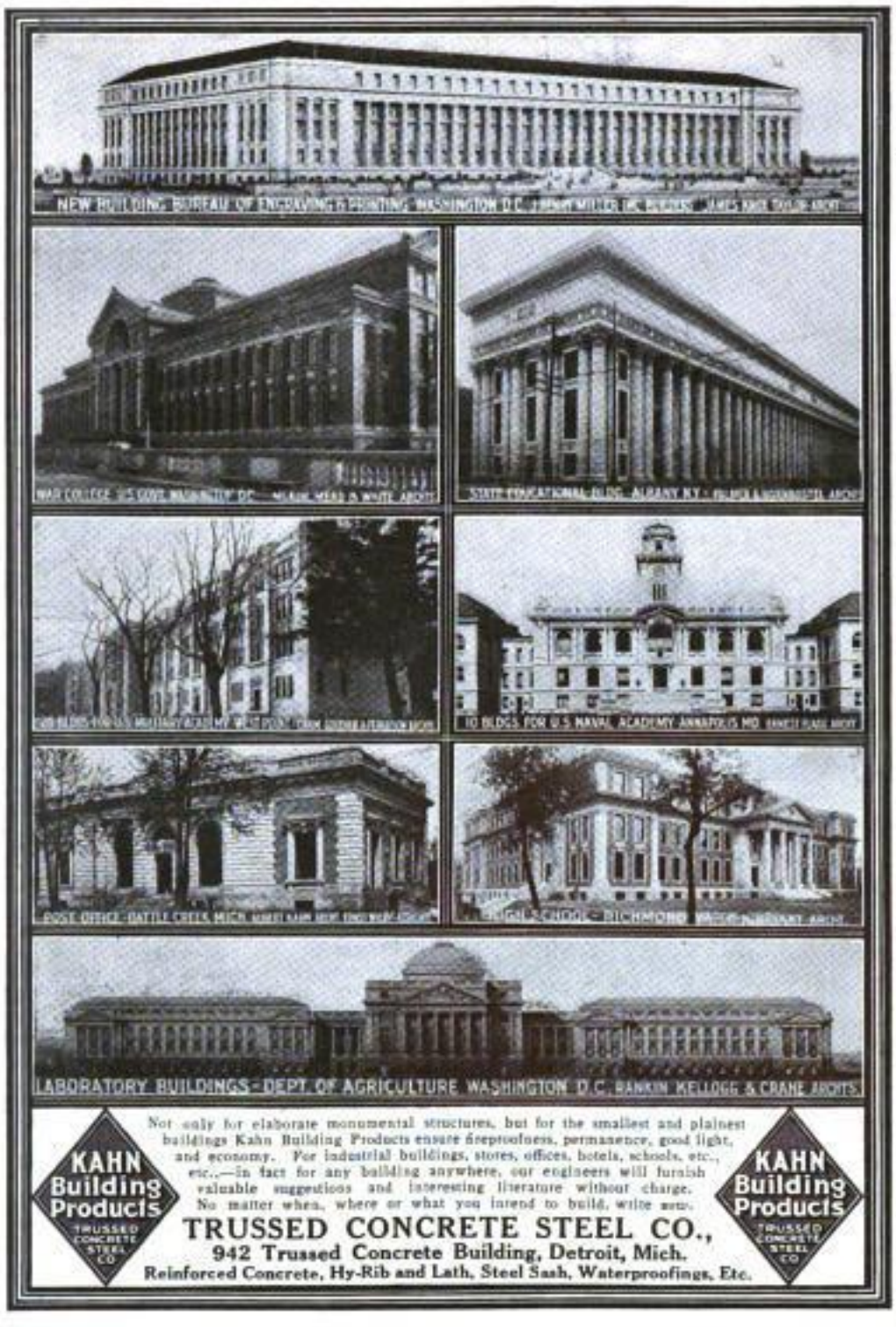
IT was not long before I began to feel the effects of this suit. Mrs. Landor, before her marriage, had moved in some of the high circles of the city. Her acquaintanceship among women of a part of society was wide. Naturally they knew who had procured her divorce for her. Within a week I had the case of a fairly rich woman and my fees were growing. I withdrew my advertisement now. There was no need of it, for I was getting a sort of advertising no newspaper ever could give me—the advertising of women to women. And from women the divorce attorney must gain most of his business.

This entrance into the upper stratum brought me amazement. As the years went on, and my business grew better and bigger, and the old days of the police court faded into an ugly dream, I saw deeper into the human lives of what is called society—and more than once I thought of those other women who had come to me in the first days of my entrance into the divorce business. True, it was only once in a while that I found anyone wholly and truly out to marry a man only to steal his money from him by divorce. More often, in a case like that, the woman who had married a man for his money stayed by him for the benefit of that money—and for the benefit his position in life gave her. But as regarded divorce, and the thought of it, I found it yearly and monthly becoming less of a bugbear. The women in the old days were willing to go to any means to get the divorce they desired. I found in the upper stratum that the women and the men alike were willing to take the same steps if the occasion were serious enough. In those years, too, I handled more than one case in which the primary visit came from the husband and wife together, and in which they told me frankly and plainly that they were tired of each other, that they wanted to quit and were willing to do almost anything to accomplish it. And together the three of us would figure out the evidence, we would decide what the wife would say upon the stand, how she should detail that her husband had mistreated her. And more than once after these interviews we parted with laughter and happiness showing in the eyes of all of us.

A BAD bargain soon was to be at an end, and all of us were glad of it; the husband and wife were glad that they were soon to be separated; I was glad that I was to receive a handsome fee for assistance in a case of divorce collusion, for giving my advice how to hoodwink a judge of a circuit court. Crooked? Of course it was crooked. If I had not been willing to go the whole route of crookedness—lying, perjury, and deception—I might still have been at the police court, freeing petty offenders for a dollar or two apiece. I had been in the other business five years now, and my annual income was nearly seven thousand dollars.

More than that, crooked as I now was, I saw that my better offices, my better bearing, my better clothes, and the connection I had had with certain of the town's upper crust was gaining me respect. Other lawyers did not sneer at me now as they passed me. Incidentally I was beginning to learn that some of the other law firms of the city dabbled in divorce every now and then, and from what I could judge of the cases, they suffered fewer compunctions than I. Of course many of the suits were legitimate. Many of mine were, too.

Part II of "Divorce to Order" will appear in an early issue.



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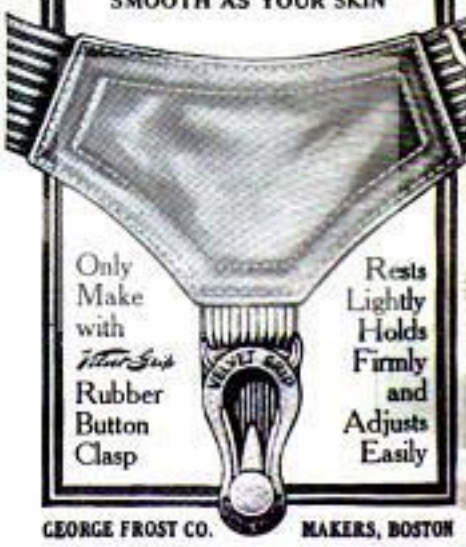
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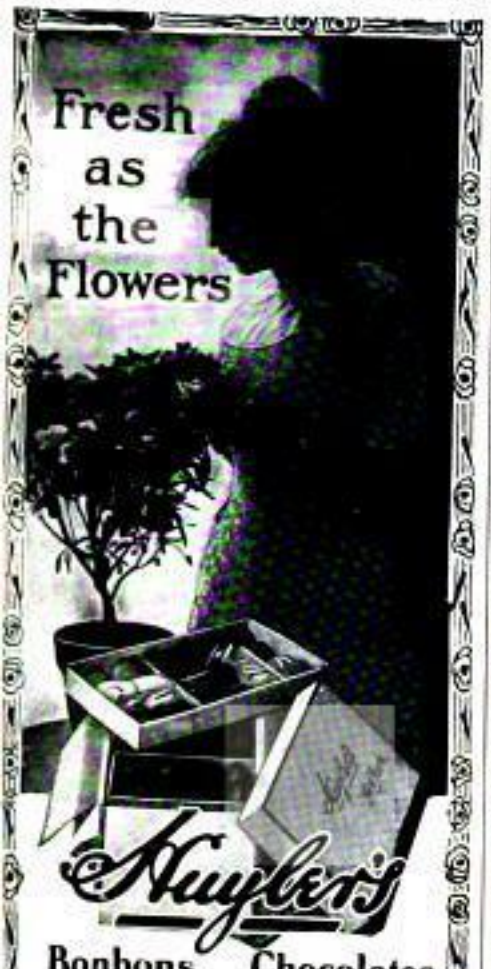
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Paddy the Gander

(Continued from page 18)

sayin' to put the trouble by till the morrow. Like as not 'twill be gone by then."

Long into the night, his heart heavy with the sorrow that had come to Carna-ween, sat the Lonely Man. From the window of the inn he watched the cabin lights go out; he wondered much concerning the people. Did they sleep or did they pray? Had they the faith that was Paddy's, or did they build with overtired minds a thousand nothings for a brave defense against the morning's need and pain?

THE silence grew unbearable. Suddenly a minor cadence of a song came to him. He never knew whether some silent passerby had hummed it, or whether it had come to him out of his own memory. He remembered it well; it was the old Gaelic air that Paddy had crooned while he was spreading the table for the fairies on that first night. The mind of the Lonely Man slipped back; and again he stood with Bridget, peering in through the uncurtained window. Every little incident came back to him distinctly; the loving care with which the work was done, the wistful smile on the old man's face, the touch of reverence as he blew out the candle—almost as though a holy service had been finished. Out of that picture an idea flashed into the mind of the Lonely Man. He rose, opened the inn door, and went out.

When he returned, an hour later, his shoes were soaked with the dew that covers the bogs at night; and his breath came fast, as it does when one has waked with fear at his heels. He laughed, feeling for the door of his room; and under his breath he quoted Bridget-of-the-Many Curls: "Sure, it's grand luck to be givin' Paddy a penny."

EARLY the next morning he was away to the sea. By jaunting car he followed the coast from Glenties to Killybegs; and it was late in the afternoon of the second day when he reached the crossroads again. He saw at a glance that the village was astir with some new life; the cabins of the hollow, with a score more on the hills about, had emptied their entire families into the village street; while in and out, among the chattering groups, like lost children searching for a beloved parent, straggled Paddy's gray geese, alone. Bridget was beside the car the instant it turned into the street.

"It's all on account o' Paddy—they've arrested him. Ye come, sthraight as ye are; the sergeant will be listenin' to ye."

Bridget's words brought a feeling of apprehension to the Lonely Man. He wondered if he had failed, and added to the load of trouble instead of lessening it. He let Bridget lead him through the crowd to the barracks: the officer guarding the door recognized a personage, and let them pass through to the inner room. There, cap in hand, on nervous, shifting feet, stood Paddy, facing four angry prosecutors: the sergeant of police, the constable, the Marquis of Carn-na-ween, and his agent, Patrick Baron. Paddy showed bewilderment, but no fear. To the Lonely Man he seemed like a child who had just been wakened in a strange place, and was trying to account for it all. His face brightened when he saw the stranger.

"Sure it's ye I'll be tellin'; an' ye'll put it plain to yondther gentlemen."

"What is the charge against Paddy?" The Lonely Man spoke with authority.

The sergeant answered: "Stealin'—twenty poun' gold!"

IT was even as he had feared; still the Lonely Man felt sure of his ground. "Can you prove it?"

"Can we prove it? *Can we prove it?* Can ye prove wet turf makes smoke in the burnin'? Didn't Misther Baron leave twenty sovereigns in his desk afther payin' off the men at the quarries yesthereve? An' weren't they gone when he went for them in the mornin'? An' didn't Paddy come down the hill with his pockets full o' gold, athrowin' it about among the neighbors—same as if it had been whortleberries he'd picked up on Binn Ban? When we fetch him along, an' tell him we've caught on to his thricks, he ups with a tale that would make a pig sick."

It was worse far worse than the Lonely Man feared. He felt the ground slipping from under him, and groaned.



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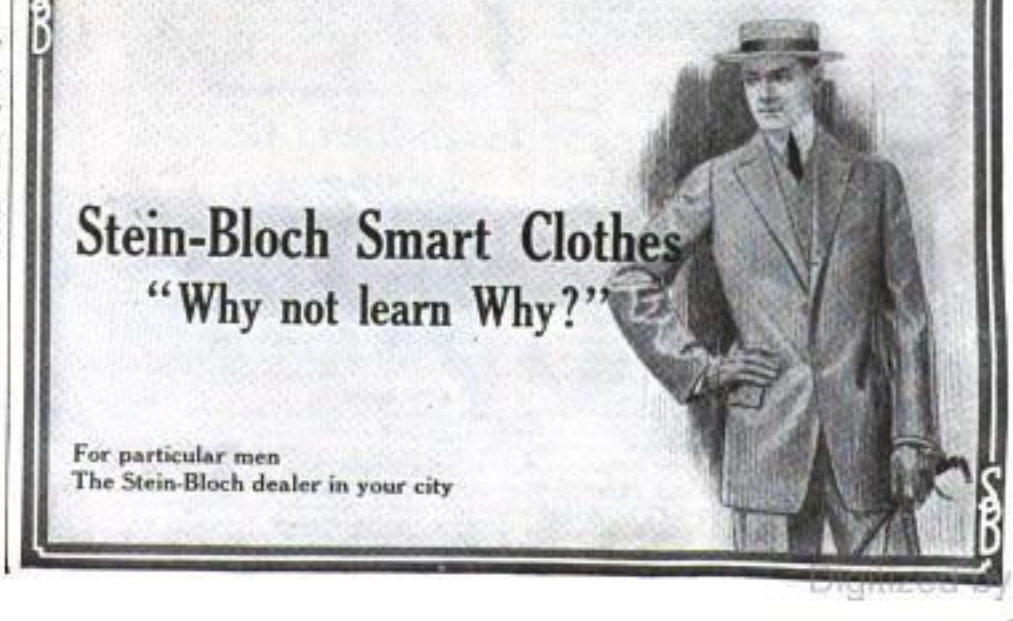
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"Will you allow Paddy to repeat his defense?" he asked.

The sergeant nodded. "Speak up, man, an' tell your grand tale."

Paddy laughed softly, as one sometimes does with a happy memory. "Aye, it was grand, just. Mind ye, it is the truth; I cannot be tellin' how the gold was taken from the Marquis, but it was not the same that lay furninst the bowl in my own wee cabin yesthermorn. I found the bits when I woke up; an' then an' there I knew 'twas the faërles had left it against the hard times. 'Look, Paddy,' says I, 'twill keep the roof above Teig's head an' feed his childher while he's laid by wi' the splints on his legs. An' 'twill keep Barney out of the workhouse, an' Johnnie from goin' over the seas; aye, an' fill every empty chest in Carn-na-ween.' Sure, wasn't I tellin' ye, sir, that there was them would lift the trouble when it came?"

The sergeant grunted angrily. "What's the use o' botherin' more wi' the man? He be's half witted an' lyin' into the bargain." Then to the Marquis: "I'll fetch him along to Donegal to-morrow, your Honor; ye can appear against him there."

THE Marquis and his agent rose to go. The crowd outside had pushed past the officer, and now stood huddled about the door. Bridget was sobbing in a corner; and Paddy, leaning on his stick, waited patiently with eyes upon the Lonely Man. Gradually the eyes of the others followed Paddy's, as though, by mutual consent, they expected the stranger to say the final word. There was a long silence.

"This man is telling you the truth. I know he did not take the money," he said at last.

"Ye can't prove it," broke in the constable, "an' it's proof we're afther. An' what's more—ye've got to tell sensibly how he come by the gold he had on him."

The stranger's mind groped for some defense. It was simple enough to tell the truth; it would clear Paddy and the whole affair would end with nothing worse than a laugh at their expense. But that would fix the theft on some one else—one of those poor lads, perhaps, who had been made desperate by the cry of hungry mouths. Moreover, the truth would rob Paddy of something no living hand could give back to him—his dreams. The loss of them would bring a great loneliness to Paddy; and he, the Lonely Man, knew how heavy the burden of loneliness could be. Yes, Paddy must keep his dreams, but how? There was one way—it was, in fact, the only way—he would take it; and explain afterward, when he was sure no word of it could reach Carn-na-ween. He put an arm lovingly about Paddy's shoulders.

"Paddy is right," he said solemnly; "the faërles put the gold on his table, I know it. As for the Marquis's money, I took it!"

THE Lonely Man slept in the barracks that night, closely guarded by the constable. Before he slept the Marquis and Patrick Baron saw him alone, and many things were explained and arranged between them. One thing was of paramount importance; the quarries changed hands; and Patrick Baron was authorized to reopen them on the following day, withholding, however, the name of the new owner. Is it small wonder that the Marquis wrote him down as a fool that night?

Paddy was sitting cross-legged on a stool close to the cot, his shoes on the floor beside him, when the Lonely Man opened his eyes.

He put a warning finger to his lips: "Whist, man, we'll not be waking the constable; he's asleep furninst the door. I had to be walkin' over him to get to ye. Look ye!"

Paddy reached down into the depths of his ragged coat and brought out a handful of gold pieces. "Ye count them," and he put twenty sovereigns into the hand of the Lonely Man.

The man was greatly perplexed, but Paddy chuckled reassuringly.

"Sure, I knew ye weren't afther takin' the Marquis' gold; an' this mornin' the faërles brought it back, an' left it for ye safe, furninst their wee bowl. It were a thrick o' theirs, I'm thinkin', to put shame on the Marquis for closin' the quarries. Ye are to give the bits to the judge in Donegal, an' tell him this: Paddy said ye were to go free." The laugh died away. "Maybe ye'll not be comin' back to Carn-na-ween—afterward?"

Reluctantly the stranger shook his head; "Not now. It is 'good-by' for a while, Paddy!"

"Good-by. I'll be thinkin' long for ye, aye, mortial long. It's like losin' one—o'—the childher."

He held out a shaking hand; his lips trembled, and tears gathered fast in his eyes. He started for the door—his shoes in his hand; but on the threshold he turned back. Coming close to the cot again, he laid a coaxing hand on the other's arm; while he pointed to the patch of blue that showed between the grating of the window.

"Ye'll not forget the prayer? Ye'll be fetchin' it—yondther—for *them*—when ye go?"

And the Lonely Man promised.

THEY carried him away that day to Donegal. Because of the Marquis's intervention, he was allowed to ride unmanacled, and like a gentleman. As they neared the crossroads, a pink bundle unrolled itself from the shadow of the Lazy Bush. It was Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls, and she hailed the constable familiarly.

"Yondther's a friend o' mine. Will ye let him down for a bit—there's something I have to be tellin' him?"

The constable consenting, the Lonely Man joined Bridget on the road. She held him back that the car might pass on, out of earshot; when she spoke, her eyes were on the ground.

"They'll not take ye to prison—tell me that quick?"

"No."

There was joy, pain, and holy worship in her face when she raised it to his.

"God be praised! Paddy brought ye the gold this mornin'? Aye, I knew he would. I put it there last night—beside the faërles' bowl."

She stopped. Turning abruptly, she faced the Lonely Man. Her eyes held his; she was trying to read what had been written there, deep in his heart. Her eyes fell; swiftly she lifted his hand, and in a manner that would have done credit to a great lady, she pressed it to her lips.

"The Blessed Mother keep ye—always. Ye'll never be tellin'? Ye'll not be blamin' him? It was Johnnie—that—took it."

The Girl Who Proposed

(Continued from page 19)

a ladder leading through darkness to the world. Soft voices and laughter came from below where Agnes flirted with Charlie Tate. And Louise recalled just how Dan turned his head to look at her when he said: "Louie, do you know what all those little freckles of yours are like? Star dust!" She had treasured the words in memory, yet there seemed no reason why they should be so sweet.

Once, another evening, he had told her she was an inspiration, she kept his ambition alive. That, one would think, was a thing worth remembering.

But now the days when he needed her seemed far away in the past. As she looked back toward the observatory she felt wounded, angry almost. It did not seem right he should care for a girl who did not even know how to read his book.

They turned to the west. The wind was cool and strong. Dead tumbleweed raced along the prairie, which lay silent and colorless to the south. Now and then they flew by a ranch house, hens flying far behind them the belated challenge of a bulldog.

"I am so glad, so glad about your success!" There was a thrill in her voice, and it did her good to say this—for the time, she thought she would not grieve or care about herself if only he might succeed.

He laughed tenderly in response. "You are all alike—you women. I've never forgotten a little thing about my first school-teacher. I was just starting in

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district school, and she undertook teaching me to write. She put her hand on the pen and steered me along, you know; but when we got through she was tremendously proud of *me*. I wondered about it then; but now I know you're all alike that way."

Louise was silent, smiling. "I am good now, I have given up," she thought. The machine slowed down passing through a village. A girl was on a porch with her lover.

"I was thinking of last night," Dan said, abruptly.

Louise, too, had remembered the moment when with her head bent back against the sill she looked up into his face. In a confused way she felt that he had wronged her, and she realized how defenseless she was, for though he had hurt her, she could not strike him again; she could never hurt *him*.

IT was not that she felt willing to love him in this abject, woman way. She flinched when his hand touched her, and turned her face away from him toward the night.

He went on: "I was thinking of Agnes. After I left you I went home, and she was still up, sewing, in the study. At first, I was so quiet, she didn't hear me. Nobody else was awake." He paused as the machine lurched in the road.

Shutting her eyes a moment on the white road that stretched before her in the moonlight, Louise could see, instead, Dan's shabby study; and Agnes seated in his chair, her white neck bent, her pretty fingers, themselves a little like lace, sewing imitation valenciennes on one of her wedding garments. Then, in the sharp little vision her imagination gave her, she saw Dan also with his arms about Agnes, and his cheek against hers.

"Dan," she said, "I don't mean to interrupt, but shall we make the train?"

He leaped down to examine the machine. She heard him mutter: "No wrench! Stupid!"—and then a long while passed. It was a quiet place. At some distance a light burned in a ranch house; nearer a cow was moaning for her calf. The dull, brute sorrow burdened the night.

He started the motor and leaped in.

"I'll be going away soon, Louie—forever, you know."

All at once she saw what it would be to want him. Always she had had him for her friend. If she went on the street she might see him, when she was away from him any mail might bring a letter. And always when the postman came, while he was still a long way off she knew by the shape of the envelope he carried.

Now, she was not to write to him any more—she was never to see him again.

His arm went about her so suddenly that she fell back against his breast. The papers in his pocket and a short pipe he carried slid out over her shoulder into her lap as he held her to him. The machine made a dash across the road and stopped quivering. He had saved her from falling over the wheel.

"Come, Louie." From the ground he held out his arms to her. "There is surely a wrench at that ranch, and I can use the telephone. Hurry!"

But the house was farther than it had looked to be. Two dogs rushed out, and Dan consumed some minutes in heating them back before a man and woman appeared from within.

THERE was a wrench, and Dan might use the phone.

"We've got to make the train at the Crossing, you know," Louise explained to the woman.

"Anybody sick?" The stranger looked into the flushed, tremulous face.

"No. It's just that I must get that train." Leaning on the porch rail, Louise heard the ring when Dan's long-distance call was answered. She looked across the prairie toward the Crossing.

"There's your husband, now," the woman said. And Louise wanted to answer, "He isn't my husband," but her throat was so dry that no words would come.

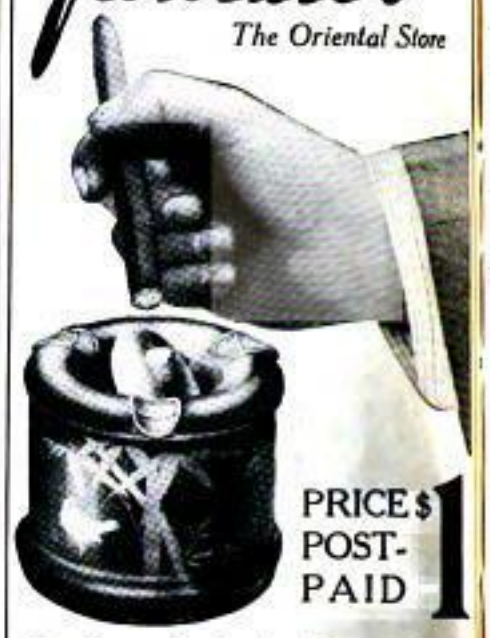
"Well, Louie, we'll miss our train. I'm sorry."

"But Dan, I really must get on to Wheatland to-night!"

"To the city, you mean. I fear you can't." They went out together toward where their dead motor was waiting in the starlight. "The worst of it is, dear, it would do you no good to go. I've just talked with your lawyer over the

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wire, and he says all the funds in Jessup's hands have been wasted—the man admits everything. It's to be hoped he hadn't much of yours."

Louise swallowed hastily, her throat still very dry. Four thousand was not so great a sum to her as to many people, but to-night perhaps she would not have grieved for forty thousand. Turning suddenly he saw the look on her face.

"Louise, I do believe you've lost all you had! I didn't dream it meant so much to you."

She tried to answer and could not. At last she said, huskily: "Dan, please take me to the Crossing and let me try to get a train."

"Why, dear, it's no use for you to go at all."

SHE stood watching while he used his borrowed wrench. "Then, I suppose we must go back home," she said slowly. At last she could decide what to do. She would throw herself on his honor. "Dan," she would say, "I wrote you a letter last night that I don't want you to have. Won't you promise to return it to me unopened?" Then he might guess, but he would never know.

"Dan," she began aloud—

"Wait a minute, Louise, please. I'd like to finish what I began to say a while ago, when we broke down. It began with Agnes. I went into the study last night and she was there. Something has been troubling me for a good many years. And when I saw her I said to myself: 'Why, Agnes ought to be able to give me a light on this matter.' She knows how a girl would feel, at least."

Louise drew a quick breath.

"Maybe you don't realize it, Louie; but when a man's poor—devilish poor—he hates like—like sin, I guess—to ask a girl that has money to marry him. And that has been my fix, you know, ever since I grew up."

"Money!" As Louise pronounced the word, she felt bewildered about Agnes. She felt bewildered with herself at her mistake.

She did not understand: when a woman has let love seem to begin with her, she has no peace in it at all, but must be always wondering, imagining, and envying in absurd, unlovely ways. No one knows why the woman is made so, perhaps the man must begin because love is so much more to her, and God meant her to be very sure before she gave.

He went on, she did not help him: "Let me tell you about it. I've wished you'd lose your money. And now you've had the misfortune, I feel as if I'd robbed you."

She did not want then to explain about her loss, only to hear. "Go on, Dan," she said.

"I'd have asked you anyhow if I hadn't needed your money to make you any sort of home. Till last night I'd been hoping to get this appointment, but I had begun to think I wasn't to have it. When I saw Agnes I thought I'd tell her the whole story how I'd meant, if I was appointed, to ask you to marry me; how I'd loved you, always, and hoped you cared a little for me. Then I'd say: 'Now, Agnes, what shall I do?'"

"But I didn't tell her after all, for just then the bell rang and I had my appointment. I didn't think of the work or the honor, only that now I could tell you how I'd always loved you."

He took her hands in his. His face, white and sharp as it had been the night before, bent close above hers. "But I see that I was wrong. I can't tell you, at all. Still if I had years and years to tell it in—"

She lifted her face, the eyes quite wet, to his.

THEY sat together, at last, in their motor, their faces turned toward home. "You must have known, always, I loved you," he told her. "There was a time when you did not care at all for me."

She remembered. "Why, yes—long ago," she admitted; and was glad of this without knowing why.

"I used to say to myself that it was a sin to try to make you love me. I knew I ought to let you alone. But if I saw you with another man, I *had* to fight for you, until by and by I began to believe you cared."

"Why, that is true!" Louise cried out.

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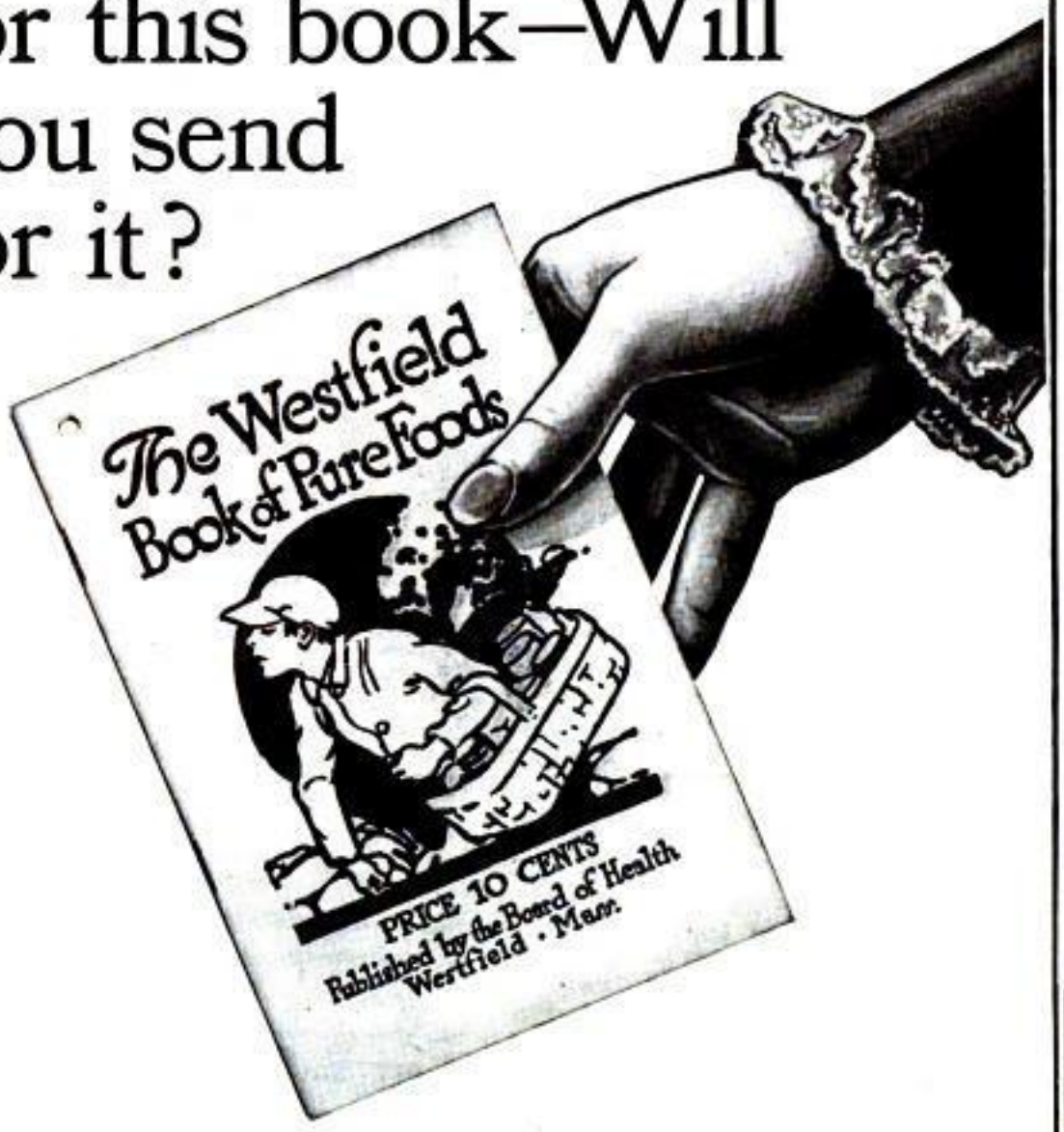
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The Business of the Theatrical Year

A View Based upon What Each Producing Manager Is Willing to Say about the Affairs of Every Other Producing Manager

By BURNS MANTLE

IF you were searching for some one who could tell you whether the theatrical season in America had been a good season or a bad season, i. e., successful or unsuccessful financially, you naturally would go to the men who control it. You would ask the managers.

And you would learn nothing at all about it.

Because the manager is, first of all, a showman, and it is not the showman's instinct to tell.

Catch a manager in the wake of a half-dozen failures and he will tell you, if he suspects he is talking for publication, that it has been the most successful season of his managerial career. Pin him down to facts and he will craftily insist that all his failures could be lumped together and charged to profit and loss, and his scattered "hits" would still leave him with many thousands to the good.

"A BLOOMER'S A BLOOMER"

YET, if not to the managers, where, then, for this information?

To the urbane gentleman whose business and pleasure it is to lean across the counter of a theatre ticket agency and insistently urge you to "take two for to-night"?

Never! He, too, deals exclusively in success and knows naught of failure. We thought this chap might be a dependable sort of barometer of general theatrical conditions and sought him out. It had been simply a great little season, if we would take it from him, as he repeatedly advised us to do.

"But, what of the failures?" we queried.

"Fergit 'em, son, fergit 'em," he advised; "that's what we do. A bloomer's a bloomer, and you can't get by it. When they're dead they're dead. Leave 'em lay."

Which, in its way, is good advice, though not at all helpful in a search for statistics. From the speculator's standpoint this deduction is simple enough. It is his business to deal in "knockouts"—those superlatively popular hits for which he sells most of the seats and for which you can never get anything at the box office save a forced smile from the treasurer and the information that two in the twentieth row near the door a week from Thursday is the best he can do for you. The "bloomer" is the failure that lasts a week or a month, depending upon the size of the backer's bank roll.

There is a way, however, in which fairly reliable information regarding the "show business" may be secured (and this is a secret!): You first catch your manager, then ingratiate yourself into his confidence, and then talk to him, not of his own affairs, which are always flourishing or about to flourish, but concerning the affairs of the Other Fellow. This information is, of course, confidential, and confidences may not be betrayed to the extent of mentioning names, dates, and other details, but the facts are none the less interesting.

A MILLION'S WORTH OF FAILURES

THEREFORE, while you may gather from the statements of the leading producing managers of America that the season of 1912-13 has been a most unusually successful period for the theatres, the observant and unprejudiced gentleman screened by the branches of a friendly tree may well be forgiven if he sees it differently.

For instance, of the 120 productions made in the regular producing theatres of New York this season, from August 15 to March 15, eighty-two may conservatively be classed as financial failures. These failures cost their producers, and the lessees of the theatres in which they were presented, close to $1,250,000. And of the thirty-eight plays catalogued as successes, no more than a dozen may properly be called real hits.

By a real hit we refer to the play that can be depended upon, following its



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Pat. knob where corn rolls to move over it

THE PEDICURE CO., Dept. 94, Buffalo, N.Y.

New York experiences, to carry its reputation with it into the country, there to perform the interesting and profitable feat known as "cleaning up."

With twelve hits taken away from the thirty-eight successes, there are twenty-six plays left each with no more than a fair profit to its credit. Twenty-six money makers, that is, out of 108 plays produced. And even with that record we close our eagle eye to the plays that are kept on Broadway for the benefit of the advertising—the forced successes. However, these may properly enough be held over as representing invested capital. They may go out next season and not only make back the money they have so far cost, but show a fair sort of two-season profit in the spring of 1914. Many an emaciated and neglected theatrical babe of Broadway has grown strong and vigorous in the fresh air of the West and South. Margaret Illington's "Kindling," to take one example, drooped pathetically on Broadway last season, and made $40,000 on the road before it quit for the summer.

But there are a great many others that do not have this experience, and if there are many failures in the theatrical capital it usually follows that there are a proportionately large number of failures on the road.

THEATRE RENTALS ON BROADWAY

ON the advice of a statistician who controls the destinies and booking arrangements of three Broadway theatres, and has a finger in the affairs of two others, we have figured the average losses of the eighty-two plays that failed on Broadway at $15,000 each. This may reasonably be considered a conservative estimate, for while many dramatic offerings may escape with a loss of $6,000, $8,000, or $10,000, there probably never has been a musical comedy failure that totaled less than $30,000, and $50,000 is a much more common figure. Theatrical speculation is about as costly as any in which a man may indulge.

For instance: The average annual rental of a New York theatre of the first class is $45,000. There are several that cost more—the New York Theatre, for one. This property, recently turned into a sort of indoor Coney Island in an effort to make it pay, is listed at $100,000 annual rental. It costs George Cohan $60,000 a year in rent to keep his name above the door of the Cohan Theatre. The Broadway Theatre, at Forty-first Street, is another expensive bit of theatrical property. It costs the Shuberts and Lew Fields approximately $80,000 a year. Even the Garrick, which is as far out of the way as Thirty-fifth Street, rents for $32,500.

With the average placed at $45,000, then, it means that $1,300 a week is charged off for the thirty-five weeks of the playing season to pay the rent. Some theatres charge their annual expenses against thirty-two weeks instead of thirty-five, which increases the percentage. Other house expenses will add at least $1,700 a week to the $1,300. It costs therefore $2,800 a week to maintain the most economically conducted playhouse in New York, and $3,000 would be a fairer figure.

When a theatrical attraction opens in New York, whether it come in from the road, or open "cold," as they say when there are no "dog" performances out of town, it plays, usually, on an equal division of the receipts—50 per cent to the attraction, 50 per cent to the house. This is the invariable rate if the attraction is dramatic, if musical there frequently is a sliding scale—60 per cent to the attraction and 40 per cent to the theatre on all receipts up to $7,500; the division being 65 and 35 per cent on all receipts above that sum.

HARD-LUCK STORIES

SO, whether you are good at figures or not, with half an eye you can see that in order to break even on the season the theatre must play to average weekly receipts of not less than $6,000, and that when less than that sum comes in at the box office window hope flutters painfully out the door and stands shivering under the awning.

A majority of booking contracts, in fact, read that any attraction failing to attract $6,000 a week for two consecutive weeks may be given its two weeks notice to depart.

Now, then, as an illustration of just how much this particular season has played hob with statistics and records, let me tell you that many a Broadway

"John"

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The gloss of paint does not harmonize with the bungalow idea, but the soft, deep colors of our stains suit perfectly. They are not "painty" but rich and transparent, bringing out the grain of the wood and increasing its natural beauty. They cost only half as much as paint and only half as much for labor to apply. If your bungalow is in the woods, where skilled labor can't be had, you can do your own staining with perfect results. Our stains are made of the strongest and finest colors, ground in linseed oil, and specially refined Creosote "the best wood preservative known."

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PALMER BROS.
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success so-called has played, week after week, not only to less than $6,000 a week, but to as low as $3,000 and $2,800. One I know of went to $1,800. And no one of these was put out for the very excellent reason that there was nothing better to put in.

Many of the failures were picturesque. Can you believe that in one of the most firmly established of Broadway theatres, the attraction being a new play by an author whose previous work entitled him to serious consideration, and the cast headed by two stars of reputation, the receipts for the second Monday of the engagement were $100 gross? Fact.

The manager of another theatre stopped at his box office. I stood in the lobby near by. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the weather was perfect for theatergoing. This conversation floated my way:

"What's your sale?"

"About one fifty."

"What does that mean?"

"We'll get another hundred; perhaps two."

The attraction was a woman star as prominent as any the American stage boasts, and her play this season has been an accredited success, not only in New York but en tour. Yet she was playing to receipts of $300 a night in pleasant weather!

Similar stories could be told of practically every Broadway theatre. One, the books of which I have seen, had $36 in the house when the curtain was raised on a new comedy, the cast headed by a star known favorably the country over.

AMERICAN AUTHORS THE WINNERS

HERE in conclusion is a point of comparison that is interesting and worth while. American authors and adapters were responsible for 70 of the 120 productions made in New York, and drew royalties, too, for 23 of the 38 plays we have conceded to have been money makers. Which indicates that, such as it is, we are developing a native talent for dramatic writing, and that managers are depending less and less on foreign importations.

Also no more than 29 of the 120 plays produced were musical—a further refutation of the statement that Broadway cares nothing for the drama, and had rather turkey trot with Lucullus than read with Aristotle or Bayard Veiller.

Ten of the 120 were melodramas of the thriller type at which patrons of the first-class theatres would have sniffed a half-dozen years ago. Eleven were "crook plays." And four were fairy plays for children.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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Mr. Rothschild has built up three great specialty clothing stores in fewer years than it takes some people to get started in cities like Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. Men like him succeed everywhere.

Read this advertisement from the morning paper:

"You may know that a number of States have already passed a law making it illegal to issue, in any form, any advertisement which is dishonest or misleading. Such a bill is now pending in a number of State legislatures. It will be a good thing in Illinois.

"Only poor merchandise or service needs to be lied about. The best way to avoid misleading the public in advertising is to avoid dishonest merchandise. Our advertising is intended merely to make known the facts about us and our goods, as we know the facts. Its value to us depends on its value to you; its purpose is to convince, not to persuade. We don't want persuaded customers.

"We mean to tell the truth about our store, our methods of business, our spirit of service, our merchandise; there's no reason why we should do anything else; the truth is enough.

"'The truth shall make you free' said the Great Teacher, knowing that what men most want in this world is to be free. A lie in advertising, or in merchandise, is not freedom; it is bondage; it hinders instead of helps; it imposes restrictions which grow narrower as time passes.

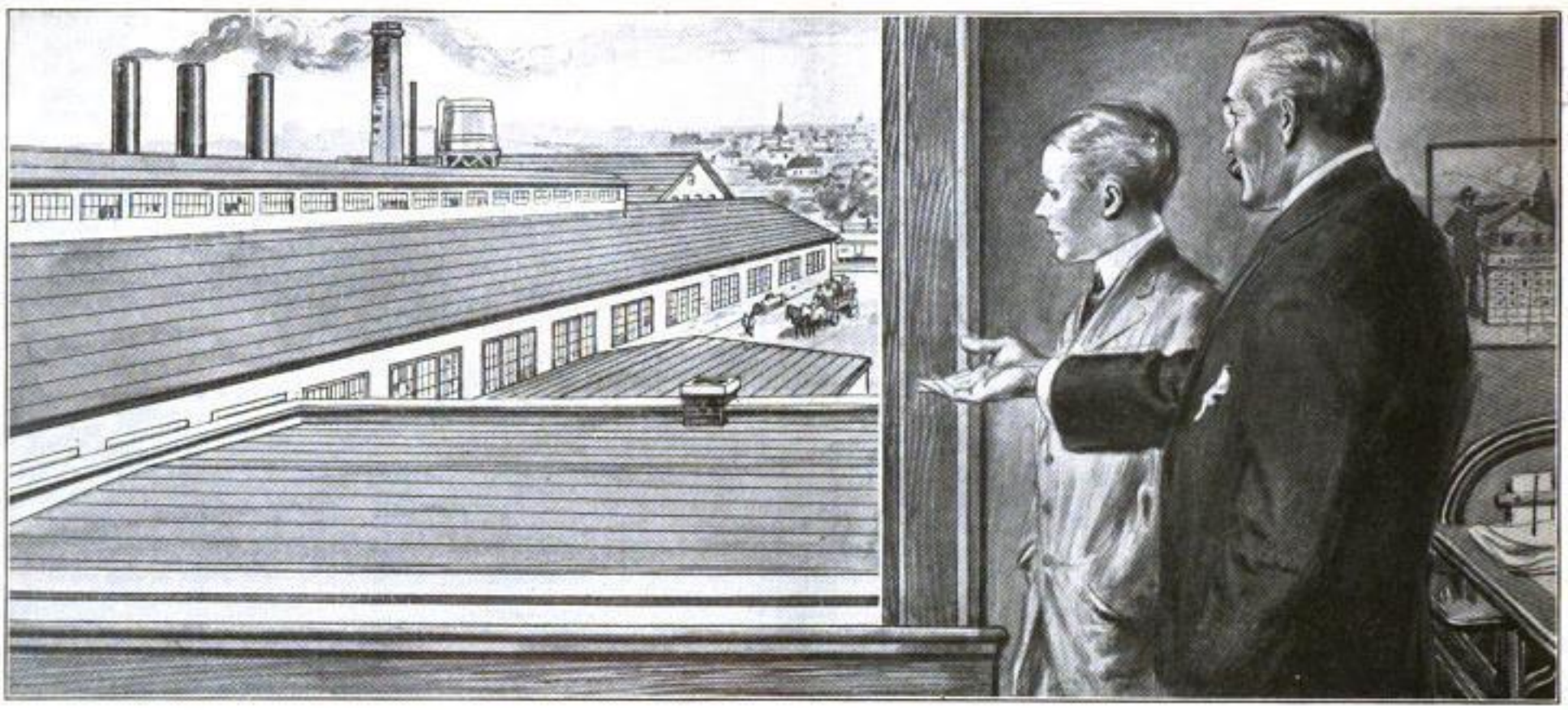
"We want to be free in this business; we want our customers to be free. We want you free to buy what you choose, or free to leave it; free to come and get your money back if you'd rather have it than the goods. We're here to be of whatever service we can; it's the surest way to growth and profit."

Do you wonder that the people of these cities find that his advertising pays *them* as well as him?

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.
Manager Advertising Department

No. 116





"My son, that *Certain-teed* Roofing is guaranteed for fifteen years"

"That's a long time—you will be the head of this business before then.

"I have made my success by keeping just a step ahead of the times—by being willing to investigate and adopt the newest and the best.

"Before I finally decided, I investigated and found that I could save money by using ***Certain-teed*** Roofing and at the same time get the maximum durability. This is the roofing that is rapidly replacing other roofing materials—not only on factories and industrial plants, but for residences, bungalows, garages, apartment buildings and skyscrapers."

Quality Certified **Certain-teed Roofing** *Durability Guaranteed*

In Rolls and Shingles

There is a simple method of applying Certain-teed Roofing on any kind of a building

Certain-teed **Specification Roofing for sky-**scrapers and apartment buildings—a simple method of laying a built-up roof on large surfaces where conditions are unusually severe and the greatest durability is absolutely necessary.

Illustrated specifications and directions furnished free upon application to architects, roofers, contractors or anyone interested.

Certain-teed **Shingles for bungalows and resi-**dences—made in permanent colors—red, green and slate gray—an exceptionally attractive roof where artistic effect is desired. ***Certain-teed*** Shingles have all the beauty of slate, tile and stained wood shingles, but cost less and are less expensive to lay—account of overlapping you get an extra thickness and greater durability. Come in convenient crates.



General Roofing
The World's Largest Manufacturer of Roofing and Building Papers.

Certain-teed **Roofing in rolls for residences, factories and farm buildings—costs less** than metal, tin or wood shingles, is less expensive to lay. Just as a man with a six-room cottage has found he can save considerable money by using ***Certain-teed*** Roofing, so will you find it the most economical roofing on garages, barns and all kinds of farm buildings.



You will find many valuable suggestions in our new book, **"Modern Building Ideas and Plans."** It tells you what to do and what not to do—it suggests economies and conveniences that will save you money

A book of this kind would ordinarily sell for $1—but as it shows the use of our ***Certain-teed*** Roofing on all kinds of model homes and farm buildings, we offer to send it to you upon receipt of 25c to cover cost, postage and mailing. If not satisfied this book is worth far more than 25c to you, we'll gladly refund money.

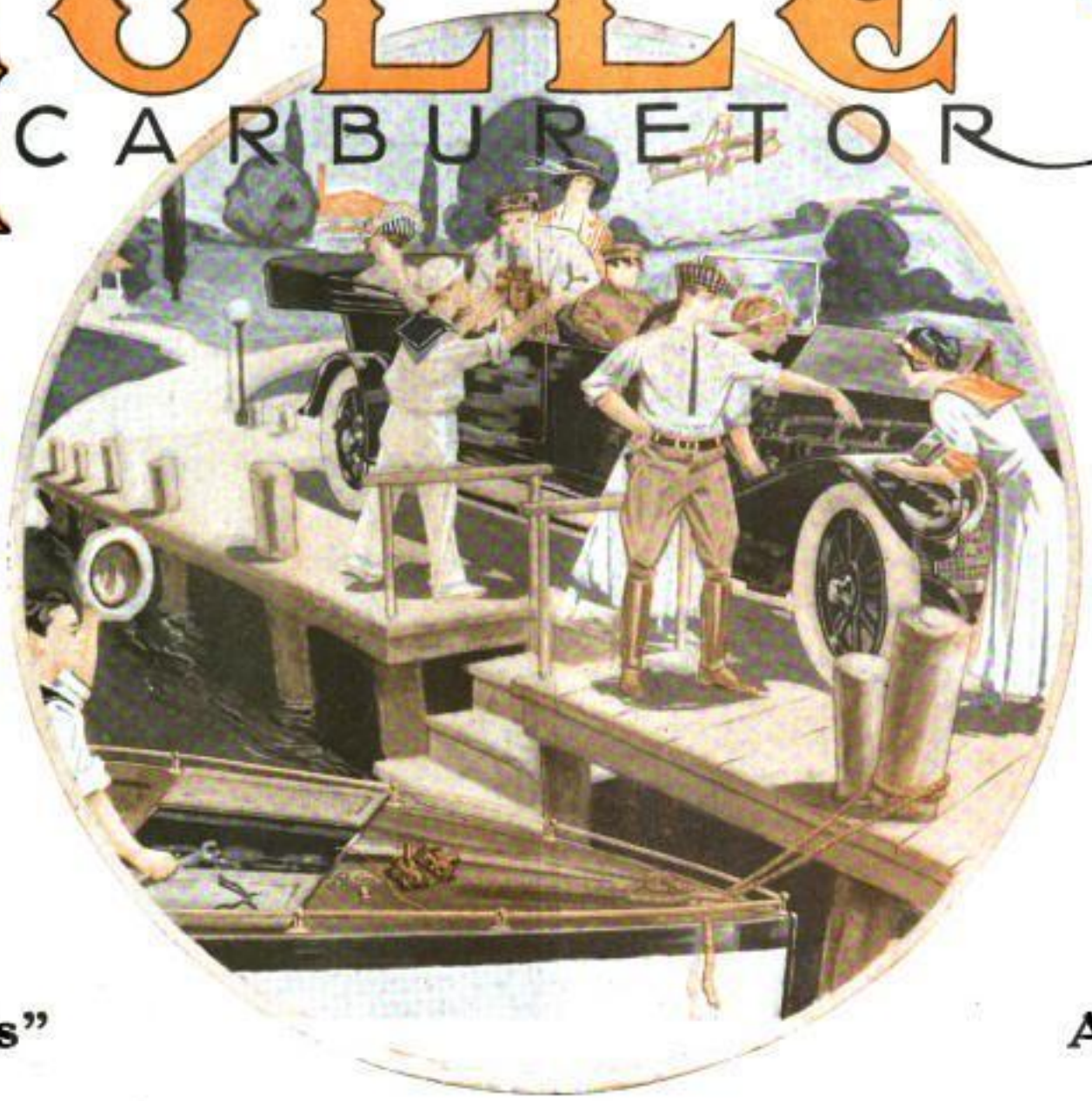
Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed to wear fifteen years by the

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill. Memphis Minneapolis San Francisco
Winnipeg, Canada London, England Hamburg, Germany

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HOLLEY CARBURETOR



"No Moving Parts"

"Only One Adjustment"

At Last! The "No-Moving-Parts" Carburetor—The "Self-Adjusting" Holley!

This is the new carburetor that all engineers are talking about—that has taken the automobile world by storm.

Two years ahead of its time—in design, it is so revolutionary that it makes all other carburetors old-fashioned and out of date.

Entirely eliminates *springs, delicate valves, balls, cams* and other *sensitive devices,* which are *hard to adjust* and which *get out of order easily.*

Will decrease your gasoline expenses. So economical that it will pay for itself in 5000 miles. Operates automatically according to a law of hydraulics which we have succeeded in putting into practical use.

Over one-half the gasoline cars manufactured in the United States during 1913 will be equipped with the new self-adjusting Holley Carburetor. Over 150,000 already sold and in use. 1000 now being made and shipped daily.

What is a Carburetor?

A carburetor is a device by means of which gasoline and air are automatically mixed in correct proportions to produce a mixture which will explode in the cylinders of the modern so-called gasoline or internal combustion engine now used as a power plant in automobiles, motor boats and aeroplanes.

As the *explosive quality* of the mixture *determines* the *power* of the motor, you can see the *enormous value* that a *perfect carburetor* of *high efficiency* has.

Heretofore, the method of regulating the relative amounts of air and gasoline has been by means of delicate valves, springs, balls or cams.

Just as in scales and other accurate weighing devices, engineers have been working to eliminate springs and other unsatisfactory mechanical methods of measuring, so automobile engineers have been racking their brains for a logical solution of the carburetor problem.

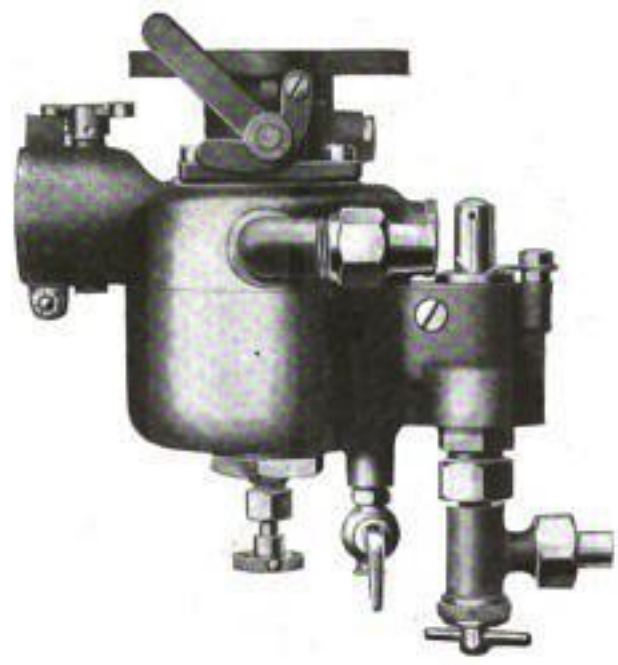
George M. Holley has solved it!

The Holley carburetor has *no moving parts* and *only one adjustment*—a desirable one—the gasoline needle valve.

The new self-adjusting Holley is the mature issue of 12 years of carburetor manufacture.

Tests made in competition with over 32 of the old-fashioned spring types show much greater horsepower and a decided decrease in fuel consumption.

The new "no-moving-parts" Holley, therefore, offers the *logical method of cutting down your gasoline bill.*



Fully Guaranteed

Regardless of price or type, we guarantee the new self-adjusting Holley on points of easy starting, running idle, acceleration, speed, economy, general nicety of operation, taken individually or collectively, to perform better than any other carburetor or carburetors on the market at this time.

If it does not do all that we say it will, you may return it to us any time within 30 days after date of sale and receive your money back.

Why Its First Cost is Slightly Greater Than That of Any Other Carburetor

It is practically impossible to obtain satisfactory results from a carburetor using the present grades of gasoline unless the air is partly heated and unless there is some means of regulating the temperature of this air.

Furthermore, it is almost impossible to start the motor during cold weather unless some form of temperature regulator is used in connection with the carburetor proper.

Because it is fully equipped with temperature regulator and necessary connections, its first cost is more than that of any other carburetor on the market, but its increased horsepower results and its great economy more than offset this increased first cost.

It is particularly efficient in winter and will start the motor at the second turn of the crank and keep it going.

It will accommodate itself to all speeds and all air pressures with equal facility. You can put it on your car and forget it.

Made in All Sizes

The new, self-adjusting Holley carburetors are made in all sizes to fit all kinds of automobile, marine and aeroplane engines as well as motorcycles.

Write for prices and further information.

If you have a car which has been in use for several seasons, equipped with an old-fashioned spring valve carburetor, take it to your garage man and have him equip it with a new, self-adjusting carburetor. The saving in gasoline alone will pay for it in a few months.

HOLLEY BROTHERS COMPANY, 131-141 Rowena St., Detroit

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY CO., 1335 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill. OMAHA RUBBER CO., Omaha, Neb. FOREIGN BRANCH: Holley Bros. Co., Coventry, England

Holley Carburetors are carried in stock at the following CHAS. E. MILLER Stores, New York City, 97-103 Reade Street and 121 Chambers Street

New York City, 924 Eighth Avenue, Between 54th and 55th Streets
New York City, 2782 Broadway, Between 102th and 108th Streets
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1421 Bedford Avenue
Buffalo, N. Y., 824 Main Street
Albany, N. Y., 135 Central Avenue
Boston, Mass., 202-204 Columbus Avenue
Springfield, Mass., Bridge and Dwight Sts.
Hartford, Conn., 274 Trumbull Street
Detroit, Mich., 227-229 Jefferson Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio, 1829 Euclid Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa., 318 North Broad St.
Atlanta, Ga., 66 Edgewood Avenue
New Orleans, La., 601-605 Bayonne St.
Newark, N. J., 274 Halsey Street

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Is this your little girl?



The famous Kellogg flavor makes Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit good enough to be eaten alone—as toast or bread. It's whole wheat, ground, shredded in an improved way and toasted through and through—a compact, all-food biscuit containing no moisture and cheaper than baker's bread. Served at breakfast with milk, cream or fruit, it's delightful. Meat is not more nourishing.

4c Postage Brings a Sample FREE

That you may try this new biscuit and learn how good it is, we will send a sample free for 4c to pay for mailing.

KELLOGG TOASTED
CORN FLAKE CO.
Battle Creek
Michigan



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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

The Only Three Ways To Know Which Tire is Best

There are some 30 tire makers. Each claims—each must claim—the lowest cost per mile.

It would take half a lifetime on any one car to compare those claims by meter.

There are only three ways to judge tires.

One is by visible advantages which appeal to one's common sense.

One is by countless tests on a testing machine, such as we use in our factory.

The third is the test of time. The verdict rendered by users as a whole, after years of tests with millions of tires, on hundreds of thousands of cars.

Each of these ways proves the Goodyear best, as the facts below will show.

Way No. 1 Visible Savings

The No-Rim-Cut tire—which we control—shows at a glance these tremendous advantages:

It makes rim-cutting impossible. And rim-cutting ruins 23 per cent of tires of the hooked-base type.

These tires are 10 per cent over rated size. That one can also see.

That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Every man will concede, on a moment's inspection, that these two features must mean vital savings.

Way No. 2 Factory Tests

We have in our factory a tire-testing machine. It has been there many years.

It runs night and day, wearing out four tires under extreme road conditions.

Hundreds of tires, of our make and others', have been worn out there while meters marked the mileage.

We use this machine to prove what methods lead to maximum endurance. We have there compared 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared countless methods, materials and processes. We have compared, over and over, rival tires with our own.

Night and day, for years and years, these tests have been continued. We spend on this department of research and experiment $100,000 yearly.

Two vital facts have thus been proved by actual metered mileage. That Goodyear tires as built today mark the best men know about tire making. And that Goodyear tires, as compared with rivals, well deserve their popularity.

Way No. 3 The Users' Verdict

Over 2,000,000 Goodyear tires have now gone into use.

Not less than 300,000 motorists know them from experience. And that experience covers nearly 14 years.

They have watched their tire upkeep, compared it with others. And there is no surer guide to the worth of a tire than a verdict thus arrived at.

The result is this:

Goodyear tires, by long odds, outsell all the others.

The better men know them, the larger the sale. It has grown like an avalanche lately. Last year's sales exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

Motor car makers, who know tires best, have contracted for 890,680 Goodyears to be used on this year's new cars. That's enough to equip 222,670 cars.

Such is the verdict of users and makers after the test of time. And that, we submit, is the final criterion.

Guessing on Tires is Costly

One must judge tires by these verdicts, else buy tires blindly, by guess. And that means, sometimes, to pay twice the upkeep other men are paying.

No petty saving brought Goodyear tires from bottom place to the top. It has come through big savings, too big for you to miss.

Yet, you can't run the gamut—can't test all tires—to prove this for yourself. A hundred changing conditions affect individual tires. One must judge by the millions, by the verdict of years.

All the evidence worth while favors Goodyear tires in an overwhelming way. The wise man will act on that evidence.

Goodyear tires are sold by over 20,000 dealers. We have branches and agencies in all the large cities, and more service stations than any other tire.

It is easy to see the No-Rim-Cut tire and judge what this new type means. And it's worth your while. For this invention completely wipes out the troubles which cost you most.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont. (1096)

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Three ways to buy clothes

YOU buy your clothes in one of three ways. Which do you think is the best way?

1. You may go to a custom-tailor and have them "made-to-order." You have delays; "try-ons"; you don't know what you're going to get; and if he's a cheap tailor—$25, $30, $40—you don't get very much.

2. You may pick out a piece of cloth from a book of samples; send your specifications away somewhere; and wait. If the suit "makes up" as you expected, if it is trimmed as you hoped, if it fits as you want it to, you're lucky.

3. You may go to a dealer in our clothes; see them ready, not merely a piece of cloth; see how they look on you, not in an illustration or on a dummy figure; see the linings and trimmings, not merely words about them; see how the suit fits, before you buy, not after; see if it's becoming to you, not just guess at it; and take only a few minutes of your time.

This third way is right; you pay less than in 1; and get more value than in 2. You'll find our clothes at $18 and $20 and up to $40 or $50. Better look first at our $25 suits.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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On Motorcycling

By George Fitch

THE humorist is not the motorcycle enthusiast of his own article. So he is able to go about the study of his specimen dispassionately and enjoyably. Fitch is a real fun taster, and it's good to taste along with him in this tale.

I HAVE never ridden a motorcycle myself, except partially on one occasion, but I haven't a thing against the contrivance. In fact, I am interested in motorcycles. I wish them well. I might even ride one if there were not so many other people who are willing to do it, thus relieving me of the duty. And I know a great deal about them. I have, in fact, a vast and exciting experience in motorcycle riding—acquired vicariously, at no expenditure of money or epidermis. It has been furnished to me, gratis, by my good friend, Allie Ferris, who cycled demoniacally all last summer and passed the thrills on to me without charge.

I first suspected that Allie had been consorting with a motorcycle when he came into my office one day last July in a state of extreme disrepair. Even then I was in doubt. It might have been an automobile. The effects on the pedestrian are much the same.

"Where did it hit you?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Didn't hit me at all," said Allie; "I rode it."

"Motorcycle?" I asked.

"Guessed right, first time," said Allie, lowering himself into a chair with several loud yells of anguish.

"How did it happen?" I asked in amazement, for Ferris was at that time a sober-minded and reliable citizen.

"It was a dare," said Allie, working his shoulder into a more comfortable position. "And I don't mind telling you all about it. I've bought a bang bicycle. You never can tell what is going to happen to you on this earth. Last week I was like you. I would have traded all the motorcycles in the world for a bottle of good hair restorer. Now look at me. It was an agent who did it. Those motorcycle agents are demons. They see right through you. If you ever notice one coming, dynamite the house and escape in the confusion."

"Why didn't you speak severely to him?" I asked.

"I did," said Allie. "I said, right to his face: 'Go away, siren. Go away, please. You are squandering our valuable time. If you had any smallpox germs or wildcats for sale I might be persuaded to invest—but motorcycles? Oh, dear no! I'm easy, I'll admit. If you had come in here with a book prospectus concealed in a little pocket inside your coat you could have sold me two yards of almost anything in red bindings by this time. But I am a free man'—I drew myself up just like this and said it right out—'I'm a free man, sir, and I don't have to buy a motorcycle.'"

"Didn't that discourage him?" I inquired.

"Discourage him!" said Allie. "You don't know those motorcycle agents. Of course it discouraged him. He looked at me as if I was so much mud and then got up to go. Said he was sorry to have wasted my time and his. Said my friend Orton Jones—the fellow with the prehistoric motor boat who races me—had bought a two-cylinder 'Hellsplitter' motorcycle, but had told him not to try to sell me one. Jones said it was beyond one of my age—that I was a daredevil in a basket phaeton, but couldn't be expected to take up anything that required young blood. Jones said all that to him—and he said it to me and said he hadn't believed it. He apologized for bothering me! Asked if I was interested in tricycles."

"Well?" I said after a pause.

"Well," snapped Allie, "you know the answer as well as I do. I swore powerfully. I said I'd ride anything that bandy-legged, mouse-hearted Jones dared to look at and that I would buy a motorcycle to prove it. I didn't really mean to buy it even then, but I thought I'd try it and at least ride it around by Jones's house. The agent brought down an old machine the very next morning. Said they hated to let out new machines on trial. I didn't understand what he meant until afterward. Ouch! Gosh!"

I waited patiently while Ferris readjusted himself with great care and looked mournfully at what had once been a perfectly serviceable leg.

"It was a fine motorcycle," he continued, "slightly heavier than a steam roller and fitted up with all the latest appliances. The agent showed me all about it. It's very simple, you know—works on the bicycle principle. All you have to do is to pedal until the engine goes off and then steer it down the road, missing teams and street cars and small houses as long as you can. You increase the speed by turning one handle and control the spark by turning the other, brake with your right hand, work the clutch with the left, and keep track of your oil and gasoline and electricity with the rest of your hands. I thought it would be quite a job to learn, but it was perfectly easy. I pushed it along a block or two and made several false starts and then I climbed on and sailed off toward San Francisco without any trouble. You can't imagine how funny it seemed to be straddling that obese bicycle, with my feet hanging down on the pedals, like as a city-hall janitor, and that little pocketful of engine zipping me down the street 187 miles an hour.

"That was the estimated speed—I mean my estimate. Just as soon as I had gotten that thing to going I realized that I had made a mistake. I hadn't really wanted it to start. I hadn't known my own mind. What I needed was time to go off quietly and think it over. I didn't want to create any sensation about it, you know, but it seemed to me as if in the interests of traffic I ought to get off that machine. There was a



"Don't you know you can get the same sensations by tying firecrackers to your legs and sitting over an oil heater?"

buggy about four blocks ahead and a street car behind, and I kept thinking as I roared down on them that the world would expect me to pass them and would criticize me if I went right on through them. It was an awful responsibility for me. I would have liked to suggest it to the motorcycle, but I didn't have any influence at all over that machine. I turned the handle once and it went ninety miles an hour faster. I suppose I might have turned it the other way, but somehow it slipped my mind. I was middling busy in my mind just then. I had a good deal to think about.

"First thing I knew I had passed the buggy and the car, and I don't know yet whether I passed by or through them. Three blocks ahead a woman was crossing the street. It was awful. I dodged her twenty times before I got within a block of her. And then people and buggies and ambulances, lumber wagons, hearses, hayricks, and automobiles began to coagulate until the street was so dense I couldn't see through them, and I says to myself: 'This is where I take a hand in this trip. If I run into that mess I could make twenty yards probably, but what's the use? Football is a brutal game anyway. I am going to speak to this motorcycle firmly and turn it up a side street. If I can do that maybe I can get it out of town and let it run out of gasoline.'

"I know it sounds silly," said Allie, uncrossing his legs carefully and wincing a good deal, "but somehow I couldn't think of the way to suggest this to the machine. It was perfectly embarrassing. I kept feeling that if I could unsoil my mind from those handle bars a minute and set it to work I could think or do something of the sort. But I couldn't. We came to the corner and I turned it, full speed. People who were there say it was the greatest sight since the lunatic jumped off the office building downtown. The thing was an entire success as far as turning went. But the city had made a clerical error. It had made the street forty feet wide instead of four hundred. That was why the machine ran into the curb. If we had had a fair deal it never would have done it.

"I left the machine when it hit the curb. I was just about through riding anyway. I was tired of it, in fact. The machine stopped at the curb and I went on until a syringa bush stopped me. It was on a lawn near that neighborhood, and while I went through it all right, it diminished my velocity, to say nothing of my clothing, and I stopped rolling after a while. It damaged me a little, but the machine is quite well, thank you, and I have bought it."

"Bought it?" said I indignantly. "Why? Have you conceived a grudge against all the syringa bushes in the country? Have you no feeling for the widows and orphans of street car conductors and truck drivers?"

"I don't care," said Allie with a sort of guilty defiance. "While I was traveling through that syringa bush I felt as if I never wanted to see a motorcycle again. But just as soon as I had collected and enumerated myself I began to think that with another trial I could do a better job. I tried to be sensible and refrain, but I couldn't somehow or other. There's witchcraft in it. I got on the machine and picked out another corner—the property owners around there seemed to object to any further use of that one—and I got around it all right. I never was so tickled in my life. I learned how to wriggle those handles and I rode about fifty miles that afternoon. And I'm going to ride a lot more too. These clothes are spoiled anyway, and I might as well have some fun out of them."

ALLIE went away and I didn't see him for a week. When I did see him I was shocked. He had been going to ruin rapidly. He limped, and one ear was tied on with sticking plaster. I was angry at his foolishness. He was well built, and with ordinary care should have lasted a lifetime. "What's the matter with you now?" I demanded.

"Stump," said Allie cheerfully. "It wouldn't get out of the way when I blew for it."

"Serves you right," I snorted. "Nothing less than sudden death can teach you anything. What makes you want to straddle a Gatling gun and try to do steeplechasing with it anyway? Don't you know you can get the same sensations by tying firecrackers to your legs and sitting over an oil heater?"

"You fill me with inexpressible lassitude," said Allie, feeling in his pocket for his pipe and tipping his hat over on one ear. "By talking with you on any subject I could ruin a college education in two hours. What do you know about motorcycles?"

"All I know is hearsay," I admitted. "I have been listening to them for a long time."

"If I could only get you to forget your mollycoddle interest in aeroplanes and motor boats and take up something worth while," said Allie enthusiastically. "Man, it's the bulliest sport in existence. Talk about flying! Bah! On a motorcycle you get all the sensations of flying and you have the fun of dodging things in addition. It's the greatest sensation of speed, power, uncertainty, and surprise in existence.

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When I get off my motorcycle and come back into the world I have to snuff pepper to keep awake. Why, old man, if I ever get nervous prostration from overenjoying myself on my motorcycle, I'm going to take up broncho busting for a rest cure."

"I was like you," Allie went on, after I had said nothing, contemptuously, for quite a while, "I was scornful once. After a man has crawled around on his feet like an ant for thirty years he is scornful of almost everything but woolen underwear and easy chairs. Here you are, for instance, wearing out $20 worth of chairs a year and filling some undertaker full of eager anticipation by acquiring a concrete liver when you might be filling your lungs with ozone and other things under a fifty-mile-an-hour pressure and coming home at night with every muscle shaken loose and full of good, healthy blood."

"Three cheers!" I said placidly. "But how about the stump? Did you improve its circulation too?"

"My friend," said Allie, "let me tell you something. You fellows who think you're having an adventure when you straddle a lunch-counter stool imagine that when a man falls off a motorcycle he dates everything back to that calamity for the rest of his life. 'Tisn't so. Motorcycling is like football playing. You naturally have to do some of it on your shoulders and neck and ears. We don't mind it. It's part of the game. Now take that stump. All I remember about that stump is that I was going along through a woods about twenty miles south of town last Tuesday about forty miles an hour, throttle wide open, engine working like a volcano, machine leaping lightly from hilltop to hilltop, when I came to a sharp turn and there was the stump. I didn't have any time to dodge it, so I hit it of course. I sailed out over the handlebars—and say, have you ever heard about those wonderful jumps the Norwegians make on skis? Well, I made their little records look sick. I set the motorcycle record of the long soar. I traveled so long and so far that I turned two corners in the road before I lit."

"Were you much hurt?"

"Don't mention it," said Allie, "mere trifle. I got up and walked back to where the machine was, and what do you think? It wasn't hurt a bit except the front forks were sprung a little. The way they build these machines is perfectly wonderful."

"Why don't you ride more carefully?" said I sarcastically; "some day you'll run into something solid like a traction engine and break a wheel."

"What's the fun of being careful?" said Allie, not noticing my sarcasm in the least. "You can be careful on a street car or in a hammock or a hearse. But if you're going to crawl along at twenty miles an hour just because you insist on seeing what is in front of you all the time you might as well travel in an automobile. It's part of the game to go down a road so fast the wind makes your hair pull and wonder what's around the next turn. You can usually dodge it if it's worth dodging. I went clear through a hedge fence last week. Met a buggy around a corner. I just turned the machine off the road and it ran down the grade, up the other side and through the hedge, nice as you please. Took me half an hour to lead it back. Next day I was hitting 'er up on a wet road west of town, and I skidded right off the road on a turn and sailed down a twenty-foot bank into a pool of water, tooting my horn for the bullfrogs as I went. Lost me a good hour's time. Thought I never would get that machine lugged back. Some genius ought to invent a pocket derrick to lift a motorcycle back onto the road when it gets away. When a motorcycle is going full speed it feels as light as two feathers in a heavy wind. But when it is cold and dead and you have to haul it up out of a ditch all by yourself it feels like a locomotive with its boiler full of pig lead. Anyway, so long. I've got to work like mad to-day. Going to take a long trip to-morrow."



A state of extreme disrepair

ALLIE went away and the next time I saw him he was full of enthusiasm. He had taken his trip.

"Fun," said he. "Man, I never had so much fun in my life. We knocked off 150 miles and there wasn't a dull moment. Not one."

"I believe you," I said positively. "Did you break your flying fall record?"

"Nothing doing in that line," said he, "no trouble at all to speak of. We did hit a broken culvert, but nothing much happened. We bounced about a mile but came down right side up. It was just a fine, pleasant day's ride. But you should have seen the cow running away with Jones's machine. I've only stopped laughing for meals since then.

"If there's anything in the world that is a supreme and unqualified nuisance it's a cow," said Allie indignantly. "I've lived a long time and seen much, but I've never seen any use for a cow. A cow is a brainless, excuseless blot on the landscape and a menace to the country. If I had my way I'd abolish cows. They're worse than pigs. A pig is small enough to dodge, but you've got to serve a ten days' notice on the ordinary wappy-brained cow to get her out of the road."

"Did you hit one?" I asked.

"Hit one!" shrieked Allie, rolling over and over in his chair. "Hit one! Say, I'll bet that cow is rubbing herself yet. We each hit one. There were plenty to pick from too. We were going down a good road about a thousand miles an hour, everything wide open, when those cows came into view out of the horizon and I says to Jones, 'Darn those cows,' and he says to me, 'Damn those cows,' and then we were right on them and there wasn't anything else to do; so we each picked out a fat, soft one, and oh my!"

Allie struggled with his emotions for a while.

"I hit my cow right amidships," he continued in weak tones. "Rose right over her back and landed easy. But Jones bounced off the first cow—guess he was nervous—and hit another one. She went up on her forefeet and came down with one hind leg through the front wheel of Jones's machine. That scared her some more and she ran away. After I die I'm going to wake up some time to laugh at that poor cow galloping off with that motorcycle dangling from her hind leg, still running like mad and popping like a Gatling gun, while Jones, chasing her, yelled, 'Here, you, bring that machine back,' just as if she was doing it on purpose. Oh-h dear.

"She finally ripped a spoke out of it after she had run it quite a distance and got away," said Allie, after I had revived him. "Took us an hour to get things straightened up at the next town. Oh, we had a great day. Got arrested at Bloomington for speeding. Jones's rear tire blew out and stung him in the leg and he had to walk four miles to get a new inner tube. We had to fight one farmer because the last motorcyclist who had passed him had scared his horses. He drove a load of hay across the road and blocked us off. Confound those farmers, anyway! They are worse than cows. We were coming down a long hill about two thousand miles an hour, and at the bottom we turned the corner and there was another old resident in a two-acre straw hat, driving a mower nine feet wide. I gave one yell and slid off the back of my machine, and Jones had to turn off the road and into three acres of blackberry bushes to keep from running over me. You'd have died to hear him yell. Blackberry bushes are so affectionate. They just naturally couldn't bear to let go of him. He's got a railroad map of the State on his legs, and how he cussed me when I refused to go in and help him out. Funniest thing I ever saw—him standing in that jungle, stabbed in 2,000 places and asking me to come in and get mine. Not much. I had my troubles. My machine just missed the mower, and when I started telling the farmer what I thought of agriculture in general and farmers in particular, he got so hostile that I had to go away from there. Those farmers think they own the road, anyway."

"You must have had a splendid time," I remarked.

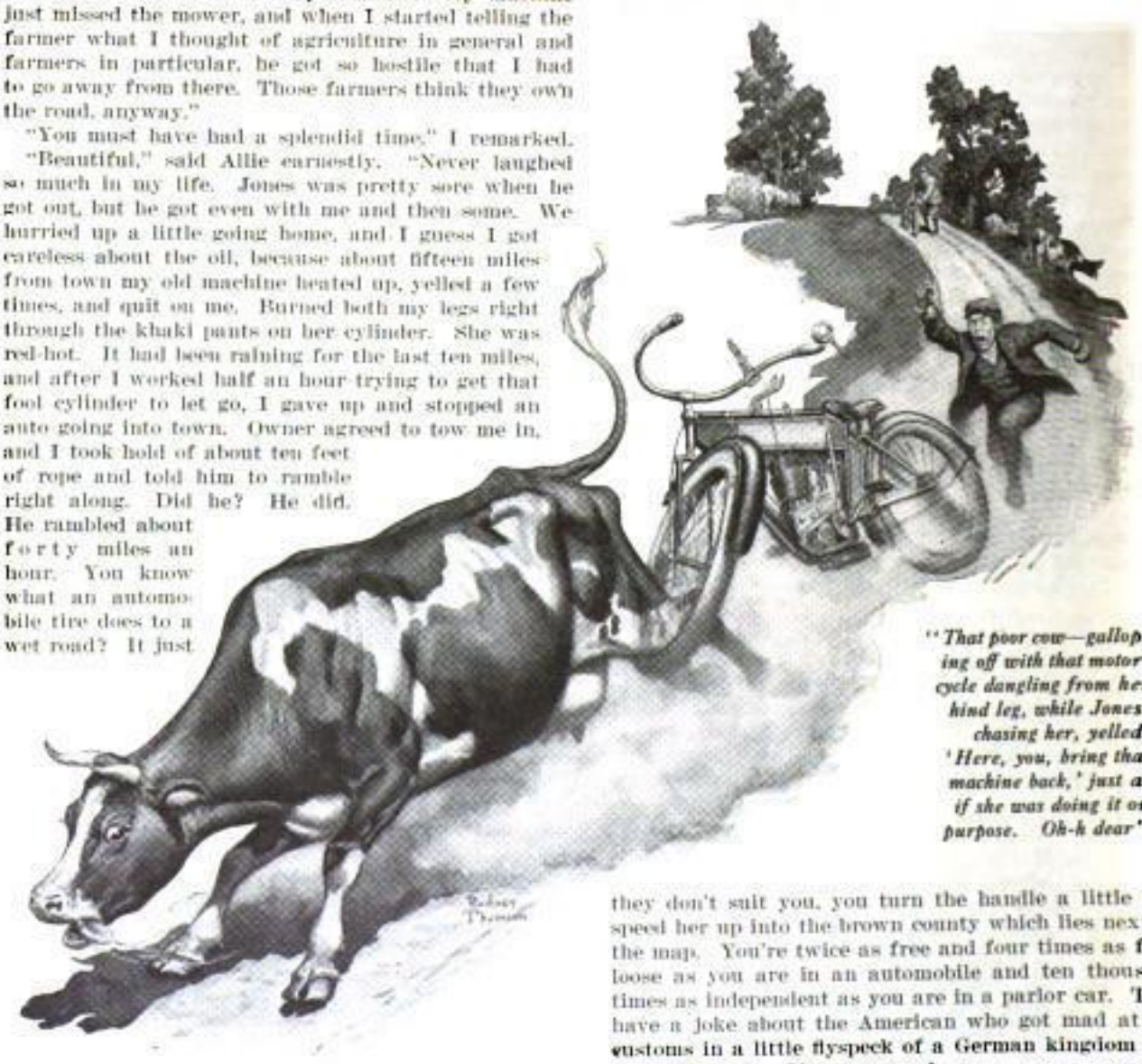
"Beautiful," said Allie earnestly. "Never laughed so much in my life. Jones was pretty sore when he got out, but he got even with me and then some. We hurried up a little going home, and I guess I got careless about the oil, because about fifteen miles from town my old machine heated up, yelled a few times, and quit on me. Burned both my legs right through the khaki pants on her cylinder. She was red-hot. It had been raining for the last ten miles, and after I worked half an hour trying to get that fool cylinder to let go, I gave up and stopped an auto going into town. Owner agreed to tow me in, and I took hold of about ten feet of rope and told him to ramble right along. Did he? He did. He rambled about forty miles an hour. You know what an automobile tire does to a wet road? It just picks it up in sections and throws it over its shoulder. Well, I was behind that shoulder. I stopped all the mud. If I could catch baseballs like I caught that mud, Hans Wagner would be my bat boy. Didn't use my hands either. I held on to that rope with one hand and steered with the other. Could have caught that mud with both hands tied behind me. And Jones, that pitiful parody of mankind, rode behind me and said things all the way in. Told me I was getting handsomer right along. Asked if I was any relation to the Carolina clay eaters. By the time I got to town, I stuck out eighteen inches in front—all mud. Jones wanted to borrow a steam shovel to disinter me, but he compromised on a hoe. There was one comfort. I rode right up Main Street and nobody knew me. I drew a beautiful audience too."

ALLIE went away, and that summer I saw him only occasionally. Usually I was not quick enough to see him. As I walked on the street there would be a dull roar in the distance, increasing in volume to a thunderous, crackling roll. Something wrapped up in a cloud of dust would shriek by, and the next time Allie met me he would say reproachfully: "I passed you the other day. Why didn't you speak?" In August he told me with pride that he was averaging 100 miles a day and that he had just done the twenty miles to Chillicothe in thirty-two minutes. Later on he took a trip to Kentucky and told me about the southern Illinois roads with great feeling on the way back.

"Roads!" he said explosively. "Roads! Why, those people down there have a fortune at their doors and they don't know it. If they would mix those roads with water and barrel them they could monopolize the glue business of the world. It rained one day and I rented a mule to pull my machine to the next town. Halfway there I had to rent another mule to pull that one. Every time those animals pulled a hind leg up it tore up a chunk of Illinois that left a hole in the map big enough to fall into. Down in southern Indiana I played caroms for fifty miles—got so expert I could bounce from stone to stone for hours and not miss the road once. And talk about comfort! Wait until you ride a motorcycle about twenty miles over a railroad whose ties stick out like a cab horse's ribs. When I got done with that stunt I had to have myself wired together."

"Did you really enjoy it?" I asked.

"Enjoy it!" said Allie. "Why, man, I swelled up with pleasure. You don't realize how much fun it is to take a map and browse over it with a motorcycle. The whole State's yours. You don't have to depend on some railroad to haul you where you don't want to go whenever you aren't ready. You don't have to poke along all over the road in a four-wheeled automobile that's as hard to drive as a locomotive. No, sir. You take a gallon of gasoline and make a regular Columbus out of yourself. You discover roads nobody had suspected and towns that had forgotten their own existence. You try the roads in a green county, and if they don't suit you, you turn the handle a little and speed her up into the brown county which lies next on the map. You're twice as free and four times as footloose as you are in an automobile and ten thousand times as independent as you are in a parlor car. They have a joke about the American who got mad at the customs in a little flyspeck of a German kingdom and went around it. Give me a good (Concluded on page 31)



"That poor cow—galloping off with that motorcycle dangling from her hind leg, while Jones, chasing her, yelled: 'Here, you, bring that machine back,' just as if she was doing it on purpose. Oh-h dear"

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The Family Outcast

By Marion Hill



Picking up four stones, he shot them in rapid succession. He felt worlds better

THIS story is a gem—now merry, now moving, and at all times a tip to parents who mistakenly call their human little boys bad little boys.

THE Pariah knew well that his lot was the hardest that ever belonged to mortal boy. For twelve freckled, tow-headed, eventful years he had been the family outcast.

When he looked at bric-à-brac it fell; and when it fell it broke. If he chanced to drink out of a china cup of high value in the eyes of its owner, the handle always grew loose under his touch, like a tooth, and came away in his fingers.

Positively he was not responsible for these things. They happened of themselves. Once, when he had been sent with a quarter of a dollar and the best pitcher to buy five cents' worth of milk, he took the precaution before leaving the store of putting the two dimes into his mouth so that he could guard the pitcher with both hands, and he had not walked ten yards when the whole quart of milk rose up and flowed over his Sunday clothes, breaking the spout of the pitcher as it went. No wonder that the queerness of the thing startled him into swallowing the change. This is just one incident, but it illustrates his whole career where ceramics are concerned.

MANY more things were just as bad. Or worse. At the least movement of his arms or legs, his clothes ripped—the better the clothes the more ghastly the rip. And if he so much as wiggled a finger, the other boy always fell down and got a bump. In this respect his own brother Hugh was more insecure upon his feet than all the rest of them. But why go on? One may cover the whole situation by saying that scarce ever in his life had the Pariah done anything but what he should not have done, nor made a speech but that fell as "impudence" upon the abnormally sensitive ears of his elders.

So used was he to being scolded that he never had a very clear idea of what any particular "row" was about, and so lost much of the benefit of the same.

At the moment of which we are now writing he was being scolded by both parents at once. This made a brisk engagement. The Pariah was quite dazed. Whenever his mother made an accusation so self-evidently true that to deny it would be folly, his father kept insisting: "Answer your mother, sir"; and whenever she made a statement so inaccurate that the Pariah was stung into stammering: "Why, I—why, I—I—why—" his father kept saying: "I forbid you to interrupt your mother, sir"; so, under the circumstances, he felt that there was nothing better for him to do than to melt from the room as imperceptibly as possible; and with this end in view he was squirming a great deal, apparently in contrition, but always toward the door.

HE HAD two more reasons for wanting to be elsewhere. One was that he was most apt to smile when least amused. If this happened, the consequences would be awful. The other reason was that the room was too full.

In one corner sat Hugh, as whited a sepulcher as ever existed. Up to this very moment he had been in the thick of the fun, but now in some strange way he was out of the reckoning, and looked the picture of innocence, with his eyes glued to a book. In another corner sat Angela, the most annoying sister a boy could have, for she never told on you as long as you let her play, but turned state's evidence the minute you put her out of the game. She was now pretending to dress her doll, but the two red spots in her cheeks showed that she had a deeper interest in wanting to find out whether or no the Pariah would be spanked. Not that she wished for this calamity, for she held loud howls in reserve should the sentence fall, but she was human enough to be considerably entertained by the doubt. In the middle of the floor sat the Infant. Too young to know the propriety of disguising her interest, she had dropped all her toys to stare stonily at the Pariah. That evening, at the tea table, when the affair had blown over, she would be ready to bring it all up again by pointing a spoon at him and observing scornfully: "Ah! Bad boy. Go Nassy."

WHY these three never figured unhappily in the final wind-up, although they were always his cheerful partners in what turned out to be crime, was a source of continual wonder to the victim. Hugh had only to make a bluff at manly repentance, Angela to display warm love mingled with tears, the Infant to smile vacuously and gurgle "Goo," and straightway all the three were forgiven, whereas the Pariah's repentance was doubted, his love spurned, his smile prohibited, and his equivalent for "Goo" stigmatized as impertinent.

Forbidden to speak, he was taking much comfort in listening to his inward voice say: "Shut up, shut up, shut up," to each accusation addressed to him; he was also extracting balm from imagining that he had howled over his brother and sisters and incidentally both parents by hurling the globe of goldfish skillfully among them. A boy's mind is his best consoler.

"After all we have done for you!" was a paternal reproach which stabbed his wandering attention.

What had they done for him that he could honestly consider a benefit? Take Jake Haswell, for instance. Jake was allowed to chew, smoke, swear, shoot, go swimming, build bonfires, keep rabbits, and ride on the pound wagon. His were certainly parents of which a boy could be proud. They never went around bragging of what they had done for Jake.

Listening to his further arraignment, he found out to his unfeigned surprise that such outrages as school, music lessons, church, the society of his sisters, and good clothes were reckoned among his great and undeserved advantages. Advantages! Good King, was the world going mad? Quite aroused, he suggested definitely and too loudly for good taste that he would suffer a deprivation of each and all of those particular advantages with no emotion other than the liveliest gratitude, whereupon his mother burst into tears and his father pronounced sentence thus:

"You are not fit to be in the presence of your brother and little sisters. Leave the room. I forbid you to remain another instant."

"Why, who wants to remain?" bellowed the Pariah, indignantly. The inconsistency of these adults was proving too much for him. "Haven't I been trying to get away for the last hour or more, I'd like to know?"

Instead of being calmed by this new view of the case his father made a strenuous movement. The Pariah ducked and slid through the door. The key, catching in his pocket, ripped a three-cornered tear in his blouse, and, mistaking that temporary restraint for the paternal clutch, the Pariah freed himself with such violence that he fell headlong down the hall stairs, never pulling up till he had landed in the vestibule with his feet in the fragments of the hall lamp.

IT DID not take him long to regain his feet and to shoot out through the front door. The garden being all too small an asylum for his large need of privacy, he did not linger there, but raced onward through the green gate and up the hot and dusty lane until he came to the comparative safety of the river road. Along this secluded path he tore madly, so furious at heart that he entirely forgot to remember that the river road was one upon which he was expressly forbidden to set foot.

Blind to his surroundings, he hastened on, shaken by indecision. Should he leave his parents forever? Should he repudiate them and move in their midst a free, untrammeled soul? Or should he die a lingering and painful but beautiful death?

The fresh originality of this last idea appealed strongly to him, but its drawback was the staying dead. There obviously was no use at all in death if the lost one could not return to reap benefits showered upon him by repentant relatives.

Going off for a soldier was difficult in time of peace; running away to sea impracticable in an inland village. The Pariah sighingly concluded that it was his dire fate just to stay and suffer.

Relinquishing his wilder imaginings, he fell into the more dangerous occupation of sanely and mercilessly judging his father and mother. There is nothing more just than a boy's unimpassioned review of his own punishment. He knows to a shade what he deserved, and he knows, too, what others deserved—especially if they did not get it—and he remembers perfectly when the same delinquencies were passed over in silence and thereby tacitly encouraged. Moreover, when a boy finds out that parental severity is a variable quantity dependent upon moods and atmospheres and conditions of body, he feels as insecure from assault as a frontier town.

With many disturbing knowledges rampant in his mind, the Pariah refused longer to be the innocent scapegrace of his brethren, and as he sped furiously along the lonely road he determined then and there that he would hereafter earn his title to the full, even if he had to work overtime at villainy. He would show the world what a bad boy really was.



At this black crisis he caught a sudden and cheering sight—a river nook filled with pond lilies, odorous white ones, radiantly different from the stumpy yellow things to be found nearer the village. The curse left him. He relaxed his muscles and unclenched his teeth. Off flew the megrims like water from a wet dog. He pushed back his cap and began to whistle. The blessed instincts of divine childhood once more took tumultuous possession of him and, picking up four stones, he shot them in rapid succession at a bird. Not to hit it—just to see if he could. He felt worlds better. The pond lilies were forgotten; there was so much else to notice. Though he had stumbled blindly upon this path, he now realized to the full how culpably out of bounds he was, but philosophically aware that the unfortunate had already happened, he determined to find out if there was any "fun" in the vicinity or not. He sauntered onward instead of turning back. He was not dull with anger now, but keenly alive to the witcheries of the new precinct.

A BEND in the road brought him into the very midst of a squatter encampment, and as he strolled by he felt as much an intruder as if he were walking unasked through a strange man's house. He was not so abashed, however, that he could not make good use of his eyes, and he curiously took in the details of the open-air household—the iron pot hanging over a dead fire, the canvas-covered wagon leaning tipsily against some trees, the bony horse tied to a stake, the calico garments spread to dry upon a barberry bush, and the members of the party lolling dejectedly in a clearing made in the underbrush. There were four of them, and they were a listless lot. A red-eyed woman sat indolently upon a log, a man made a half-hearted pretense of patching some dilapidated harness, a very clean baby lay asleep upon a board under a piece of white mosquito netting, and a very dirty, wakeful baby sat under a wild crab-apple tree and fretted dismally for the unripe fruit fallen beyond her reach.

The Pariah marveled at the inactivity of these people, for their kind invariably yelled profane witticisms at passing travelers, and generally relieved little boys of cuff buttons and boots, if they wore them. He passed on all the quicker for the recollection, and was glad when the curving road took him from sight.

Further on he met a little girl, a most slatternly young person, evidently belonging to the people below, for she was red-eyed and listless, too. Moreover, she was red-haired, and wore a red bonnet of a fiercer shade and a red dress of the fiercest yet. She had red legs and feet, too, which did not seem to be hers on account of being so well coated with dust. She seemed to be picking flowers for the sole purpose of throwing them away again. He wondered at her actions, and, reasonably confident of being able to defend his boots against attack, he paused and stared at her. She promptly put out her tongue, but the insult was involuntary and the result of long habit, for she evidently took no comfort in it. Here was grief of some sort.

"What's the matter?" asked the Pariah, chivalrously. He, too, knew sorrow.

"Our baby's dead," said the girl, and grinned widely.

NOT being grown up to uncharitableness, he translated that grin correctly as a wan mixture of misery and embarrassed lack of words. He knew now the reason for the cleanness and stillness of the baby under the mosquito netting.

"I saw it," he whispered. His heart beat painfully with awe. He bent his head and traced patterns in the dust with his boot. She did the same with her big toe. The silence became oppressive. Then:

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"What's your name?" she asked, in the don't-care sing-song belonging to that inquiry.

"Cecil," answered the Pariah, and, for a wonder, truthfully. He invariably told strangers, especially of this sex, that his name was Joe—Joe Wheeler. The fictitious title had a martial ring, whereas Cecil had a sissy flavor very distasteful to him.

"And what's yours?"

"Joe," answered the girl.

He shook his head reproachfully.

"'Tis," she assured him. "Josephine: folks call me Joe."

He let it go at that, and felt a spasm of respect for truth, seeing that it had carried him more safely than falsehood.

"Cecil's a nice name," droned the girl apathetically, eying one of her discarded bouquets.

"Why do you throw them away?" asked the boy, ignoring the foolishness of her spoken words.

"Not purty 'nough. I want 'em to put on baby."

Again the mystery of death awed them into silence and again they traced patterns in the dust. As before, the girl spoke first:

"If I could on'y get some purty 'uns—white 'uns: can't you he'p me find none?"

Incited by the quaver in her voice to peer within her sunbonnet, he saw that she was weeping. "Leaking," he would have called it in a sister. But this was different. There was a quietness about that that was rather awful, and it set his heart to weeping, too, but his brazen little face showed no change.

"Come on," he said, remembering the lilies, "and stop crying."

THE surprise of his life was to find himself holding her hand. Recalling how he and Angela loathed each other even to the clawing point when forced by circumstances (such as a night return from a circus) to take each other's hands, he expected every minute to drop dead with the novelty of his present predicament, but, oddly enough, the clutch of Joe's skinny fingers awakened in him a sensation no less than that of feeling himself to be an important and protecting personage.

Their retracing steps soon brought them again to the encampment. He dared not look at the sleeping baby. The woman never lifted her eyes. The man asked dully:

"Where goin', Joe?"

"Flowers," responded his daughter, passing on. The man again bent over the harness.

"Paw's a-goin' to hitch up to take baby to the buryin' ground this evenin'. Preacher likely's a-goin' to be there," explained she to her escort. He had no words for this subject and let her gabble on unanswered.

"The babies is twins. It's queer twins should take things so different. Now, Luella, she gits along on them appuls fust rate, but Rowena, now, she died."

So the sleeping baby was a twin. That fact seemed to make the tragedy the sadder, though he did not know why. Perhaps it was the mystery of the one being taken and the other left which was tugging at his heartstrings. He was glad when the cheerful host of pond lilies hove into sight.

"Anything the matter with those?" he asked, with a proprietary air.

"Nawthin'," replied she, beamingly. Comfortably accepting the privileges of womanhood, she dropped upon the grassy bank and allowed him to struggle perspiringly for the prizes.

"There!" he panted later, triumphantly staggering up the bank, his arms full of dripping, long-stalked lilies, which he cast in tribute at her feet, "did you ever see anything lovelier?"

Her toes squirmed repugnantly. "They're purty on top; but them stem's mighty like snakes."

TRUST the eternal Eve to find a snake in every paradise; and look for the eternal Adam to be incited thereby to deeds of helpfulness. The lad rose to the occasion. He produced from his pockets much string—kite twine, fish line, and plain, every-day grocery-store string, all hoarded by blind instinct for the needs of the future. Then he opened his knife and was ready for business. What the American boy can do with enough string and a knife puts Robinson Crusoe to the blush. By garroting the lilies and binding them upon sticks he soon produced a solid white cross of no mean beauty.

Bearing it between them, they carried it safely to the camp. Joe's father was stretched flat on his back, his face hidden under his hat. The sleeping baby was no longer in sight, but near the board upon which the netting lay in a heap was a wooden box. The woman sat beside it, and her eyes, redder now than before, overflowed completely when she saw the cross.

"Well, I declare, what be that?" she exclaimed, taking it tremblingly and putting it upon the little box.

"We made it—Cecil an' me," explained Joe, cheerfully. Then she threw herself upon the ground, her various limbs disposed about her like the rays of a starfish, and went to sleep as immediately as if she had been walking in slumber for hours past and had just fallen. The boy gazed at her astounded. It beat even his prowess in the sheep-going way. The woman never noticed her, but looked woefully at the wakeful baby under the crab-apple tree.

"Jes' hark to her!" she cried, frowningly. "Jes' hark to her, will you? Why can't she let up on that fret for a spell? It cl'ar sets me wild!" Then with



He struck some clear notes of such impelling beauty that the father and mother of the dead child involuntarily raised their eyes from earth and fixed them instead upon the friendly sky

no attempt to minister to the living, she crouched again beside the little coffin and hid her face in the cross.

The boy looked thoughtfully at the three prone figures. They had practically given him his dismissal. The perfume of the lilies was getting upon his nerves and bidding him begone, but he did not have the heart to desert the miserable crab-apple baby; so he went over to it. It was squirming and gasping and sobbing and choking and rubbing dirt into its eyes and struggling for apples, and seeming in worlds of trouble generally.

"Hullo," ventured the boy, gently.

"'Lo," responded the baby, staring and sobbing.

"Are you Luella? What's your name?"

"Name," replied the baby, sobbing less, in a comforted degree.

"What are you crying for?"

"'Rying fo'," said Luella, with the hint of a smile, a damp one, and giving a long shiver of exquisite delight at having company.

"Why, you funny little echo," murmured the boy, lovingly; then with vehemence: "Here! Stop that!" for the remaining twin, having captured an apple, particularly rocky, had fastened her few teeth into it. "Those apples aren't to eat. These are only good to make into Rory Bory Alices. Shall I show you how to make a Rory Bory Alice?"

"Roar Boar Als," agreed the baby.

At this permission, he introduced her to a game which he and Hugh had invented along the lines suggested by a rayed manifestation which they had once witnessed in the northern heavens, and which had been labeled Rory Bory Alice by some adults who might be expected to know what they were talking about. He stuck an apple full of short twigs until it bristled like a porcupine, then he put it on the end of a sapling, twirled the latter several times around his head, and finally shot the apple giddily into space, where it careened along upon its rimless spokes, a veritable wheel of magic.

"Oh, Roar Boar Als!" chanted Luella rapturously, making frantic attempts to jab spokes into an Alice of her own. In this fashion he beguiled her into making safe use of the perils surrounding her. While he bestowed upon her, gladly, the wealth of a whole hour's time of sweet summer liberty, he wondered why it was that he felt ready for the grave whenever his mother required him to guard the Infant for ten minutes. The wonder grew as he found himself washing away Luella's grime upon his wet handkerchief and lulling her to sleep upon his encircling arm. When she drifted off to that land so strangely like the one to which Rowena had gone, he put her down into a nest of leaves, and turned his cap inside out to pillow her tiny cheek against the softness of its lining.

Knowing from hard experience that a baby never goes to sleep until it is time for everyone else to wake, he was not in the least surprised to find that the others were now yawning and stretching. "Don't we never eat?" demanded the man. He distributed his sudden anger impartially among the group.

"Mebbe it's done now," said the woman, tardily remembering the stew pot and slouching over to it. "Fire's gone out," she commented, blowing upon the ashes. She sat down and looked about her vaguely. "I ain't got a match," she murmured. Then she propped her chin in her hand and went on brooding. The man mercifully let her alone and made a step toward the pot as if to attend to it himself. Then he, too, grew distraught and helpless.

"Where d'you reckon them matches is?" he asked frowningly of the boy, who stood interestedly close to his elbow.

"In the wagon," answered he promptly. Probabilities were on his side, anyhow. "I'll find them. I'll get dinner, too," he promised, not without another thrill of wonder at his own regeneracy.

AT HOME, when asked to perform so simple a duty as shutting the door, the Pariah always required to know what door, *why* he was to shut it, why *he* was to shut it, who wanted the door shut, and when it was to be opened again, and, satisfied upon these points, he was not inapt to shut the wrong door after all, and with a slam, too. But he poked intelligently among the wagon's motley contents until he had found not only matches but odds and ends of cold vegetables and bread crusts, to add materially to the contents of the stew kettle. Whatever he found he put in, even to a handful of flour for thickening purposes, but as this last refused to mix and sailed around upon the top of the stew in independent white lumps, like swans, it was more decorative than useful.

To say that the Pariah was enjoying himself is to state the case inadequately. He was having the one giddy good time of his life. He even served the stew after cooking it, apportioning it thoughtfully according to the need of the consumer, giving the baby the soaked bread, Joe the vegetables, and the grown people the meat. He took a little himself, and it struck his fastidious palate as the divinest thing in food that had ever come that way.

THE meal over, a general activity broke out in the party. It was time to hitch up. The man began to harness the horse. Joe pulled a garment from the barberry bush and made an unembarrassed and chatty toilet in the open. The woman arrayed Luella and herself in the remaining garments. The Pariah washed the dishes, using a chip of wood and his elbow.

"Well, come on," called the man, gruffly, when the horse was finally hitched and the wagon made decent for its quiet tenant. He put his hands upon the little box.

"Oh, it don't seem right!" wailed the woman, suddenly. "It don't seem kind to take her this way, with no prayers nor nuthin', like she was a bundle! Folks allus sing to a baby's fun'ral. Oh, she's so pretty and little she ought to have some singin' 'fore she's taken from home! She ought to have some singin'!" The mother's former torpor was all swept away, and she was crying and wringing her hands and throwing herself about in wildest grief. The Pariah put his hand upon her arm to catch her attention.

"I can sing. Would you like me to?" he asked.

The climax had come. At any time in the past, had a boy of his size suggested that he would one day volunteer to sing, the traduced (Concluded on page 31)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most conspicuous fact about the present political atmosphere of Washington is the complete ascendancy of President Wilson. The attack of Hearst has fallen flat, and the little groups of reactionary Democrats who had a moment of encouragement have subsided. The President's control of the situation at Washington is without reserve. Next to this, the most noteworthy aspect of Washington is the apathy which has fallen upon the opposition to the Underwood Tariff Bill. Special interests in isolated spots throughout the nation maintain a shrill screeching; but it has come to be felt that the country generally is tired of discussion, and demands not merely tariff revision downward, but this particular bill, not because it is a scientific measure, but because it is honest in intention and is as accurate as any other rough guess in the near future is likely to be.

"What Ailed Us?"

ANYONE who reads the tariff debates must wish that the Congressional Record, clumsy and bulky as it is, were more widely read. There is a great deal of buncombe, to be sure; but there is not anywhere, in contemporary writing or speaking, such an intelligent discussion of public affairs as is included in the speeches of the more able men in Congress. There has not been anywhere a more enlightened discussion of present-day American politics than in the speech of Congressman Gardner of the Essex County (Massachusetts) District. Mr. Gardner's shade of political belief may be described as Republican with Progressive leanings:

From the country's viewpoint there were two sound reasons for dismissing the Republican party from power. In the first place, we stubbornly resisted reasonable reforms. Why we did so it is hard to say. Perhaps the truculent manner in which those reforms were advanced may have had much to do with our course. No man likes to be seized by the throat. No man who is a man will stand being threatened, especially by a reformer. Moreover, he who has been breathing it longest is the poorest judge of the atmosphere of a crowded room. Perhaps, in like manner, we Republicans were so long in power that we ceased to be conscious of the trend of the public thought which enveloped us.

That is a very human admission, after the event, of the existence of the standpat attitude and the error of it. Congressman Gardner, in the beginning, was one of the pioneer agitators of the Insurgent movement to unseat Cannon, but he declined to follow it to the destruction of the Republican party.

The second reason for our dismissal was the fact that the country, I am sorry to say, desires a revision of the tariff much farther reaching than the Payne law.

This is the attitude of the more intelligent men who still remain in the Republican party; they think the people have made clear their wish for real tariff revision downward, and they are not going to be obstructors.

We failed to move with the age. That was the head and front of our offending. The Republican chieftains could not adjust their views to modern schools of thought. They persisted in governing the country in their own way, not in the country's way, and so we all came to grief.

Turning to the present situation, Mr. Gardner advised, for the Republican party, a policy so enlightened that it approaches the best sort of political leadership.

The nation does not want the Payne law, the nation will not have the Payne law. If necessary, the nation would rather elect a Congress of numskulls and charlatans who will administer the elixir which it seeks rather than retain a Congress of Æsculapians who insist on compounding the old formulas, which the nation refuses any longer to swallow. Perhaps the old political physician may in the end prove right. Perhaps the new political physician may turn out to be only another Dr. Cook. But the time for disputation has expired. The nation's wish has been ascertained. The new doctor has been summoned. The hour for him to prescribe has arrived. It behooves us old doctors to refrain from captious interference. We must stand by to assist when necessary.

Radical legislation of all kinds I expect very soon. I see no reason to believe that the Democratic membership in Congress is a gathering of rogues. Far from it. Yet rogues they surely will be accounted if they fail to carry out the program which they have promised. But I believe that they will enact the far-reaching legislation in which they have so often expressed their belief. I predict that this Congress and probably the next will place on the statute books some overdue reforms which will prove beneficial, but even more of those unwholesome innovations of whose success the cloistered snatterer is so certain. I believe that the day has gone by when legislators can safely neglect or even desire to neglect the issues upon which they have been elected. I am glad that it is so. I hope and believe that the next four years will prove to all men that it is so. In that way alone can the confidence of the people in their chosen representatives be restored. That this lack of confidence is unjust I deeply feel. That it is the product of malicious misrepresentation I am sure. Nevertheless, it exists, and to-day like a wraith it haunts representative government.

So by keeping their pledges in letter and in spirit shall the Democrats perform a service to the nation.

The last sentence is especially worth noting. For a Republican leader to urge the Democrats to keep their pledges and impliedly to promise not to obstruct is rare. If the Republicans generally should adopt this attitude, it would help them more than any frenzies of opposition.

The Progressives on the Tariff

FROM a speech of the Progressive leader, Congressman Victor Murdock of Wichita, Kas.:

Mr. MURDOCK—Is not all this discussion proof of the fact that if the plans of the Progressive party were carried out as regards the tariff [laughter], a revision of the tariff one schedule at a time at a session, then we should have a real discussion of the bill.

Unquestionably, this is the better method of tariff revision. And without doubt, after the present rough surgery is completed, and the country is on a basis it approves, any future revision to keep in touch with changing conditions will be done one schedule at a time.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington which will give the record of any member of Congress on important roll calls, or supply information concerning Congress and the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Washington Bureau

Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

The Future of Political Parties

EMERSON, in 1844, said: "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies; America lies beyond." This West has triumphed with Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. In its midst insurgency came into being. From the trans-Mississippi West of 1912 the Progressive party drew most of its inspiration. In 1892, when the mountain and agricultural West experimented with a third party, the trans-Mississippi area cast 94 electoral votes. Twenty years later that region, excluding Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana, cast 136 votes. *The party that has the allegiance of the growing West is the party of the future.*

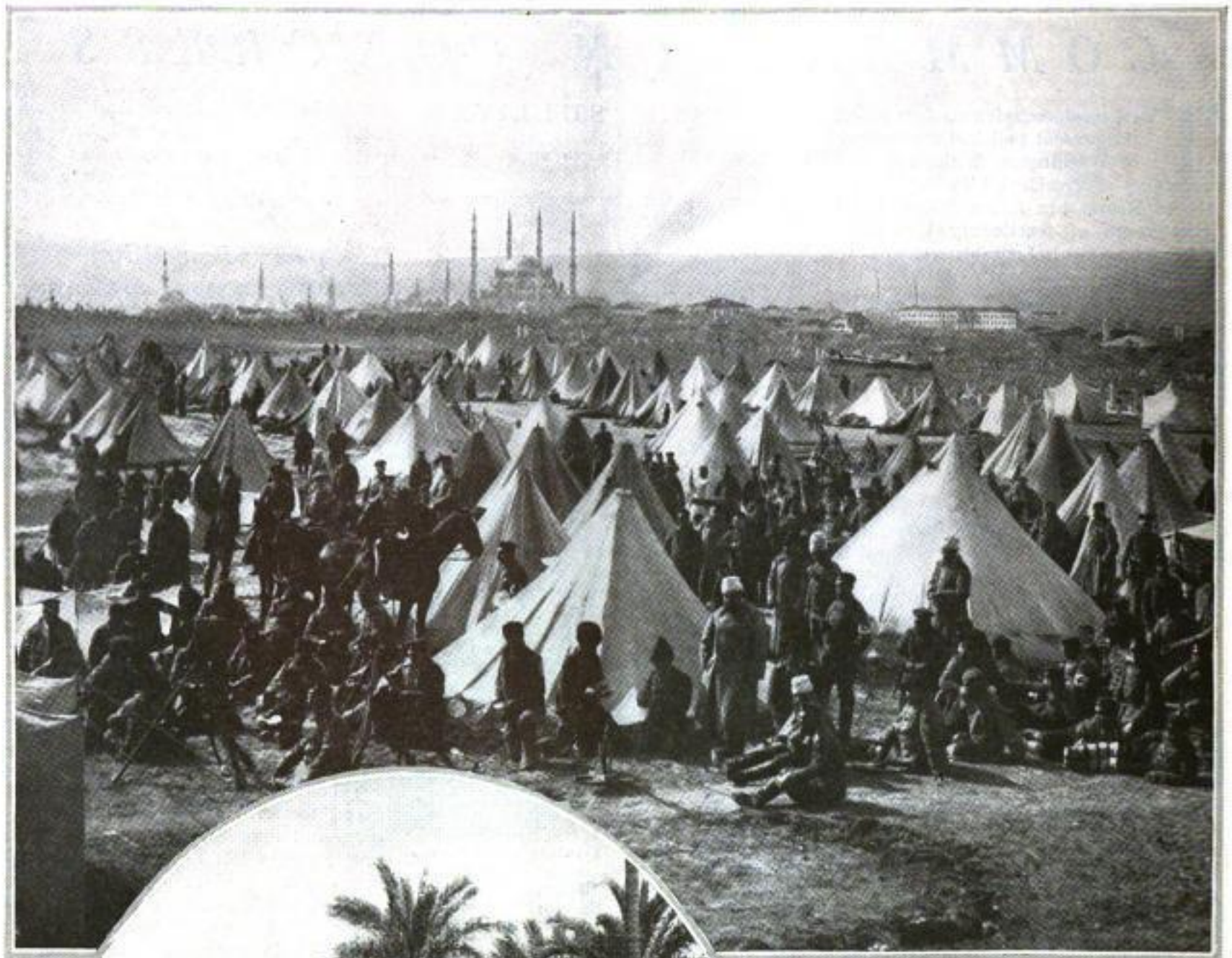
A Sawmill Senator

THERE will be one good immediate result of the success of the constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators: it causes the Senatorship in Maryland to go before the people of that State and, therefore, ought to end the hope of John Walter Smith to succeed himself. The Senate has so changed in the last two or three years by the elimination of undesirable Senators that Mr. Smith is now one of the three or four least desirable Senators left in that body. He regards his position in the Senate not as an opportunity to serve the people, but as a place in which to advance his own personal fortunes. There are few things more discreditable in the Senate in recent years than for this Democrat, elected on a platform which promised free lumber, deliberately to go back on that pledge and repeatedly vote with the Republicans in favor of the tariff on lumber. Not only did he thus directly serve his own business interests and the interests of the entire lumber industry: he voted for the retention of Lorimer, thereby helping out the wishes of Edward Hines, president of the American Lumber Association and lobbyist for Lorimer.

One Bad Spot

WASHINGTON is free from the grosser forms of political scandal. In Congress there is a much higher standard of political morality than in any State Legislature. Direct bribery has become practically an unknown thing, and an ethical standard has arisen which recognizes and condemns indirect bribery in its most innocent-seeming forms. The recent sensational discovery in Germany that the large manufacturers of armament have been paying out money to stimulate the demand for war, and have exercised a corrupt influence upon official matters, suggests the least pleasant aspect of official Washington. Well-informed persons have believed for years that there exists at Washington something which is very near the duplicate of what has recently been discovered in Germany.

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Tableau—The Conquerors Before Adrianople

BEFORE a painter of historical subjects could have laid in his first sketches for a picture to represent the end of the siege of Adrianople, this photographic tableau was in the mails and on its way to America. It shows an encampment of the victorious Bulgarians with the city that has become a prize of war as the background. As safe from fire as if they were encamped in an American circus lot, the Bulgarians and Servians now bivouac upon the fields where their countrymen have been slaughtered by the thousands. Correspondents estimate that in the final series of attacks upon the city the Turkish batteries killed 14,000 Bulgarians and from 4,000 to 5,000 Servians. The city was first attacked by the Balkan allies in October, and had been besieged and under fire for 153 days. Adrianople was as much cherished by the Ottomans for its sentimental associations as for its strategic importance in the war. It was Turkey's capital in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and was regarded as a holy city.

A Turkish Capital Once the World's Greatest City

BUT even the photograph of Adrianople is not so eloquent of the decline of Turkey's power as is this glimpse of Bagdad. The city in which these skin boats, modeled after a doughnut, revolve like lazy merry-go-rounds as they make from shore to shore, was also a Turkish capital, and in its glory, under Harun-al-Rashid, was the wealthiest and most powerful city of the world. This photograph was taken in what is now Bagdad's costliest residence section. Sieges and floods have destroyed every building erected in the ninth century's rule of "Arabian Nights" magnificence. From 2,000,000 population it has declined to 100,000.

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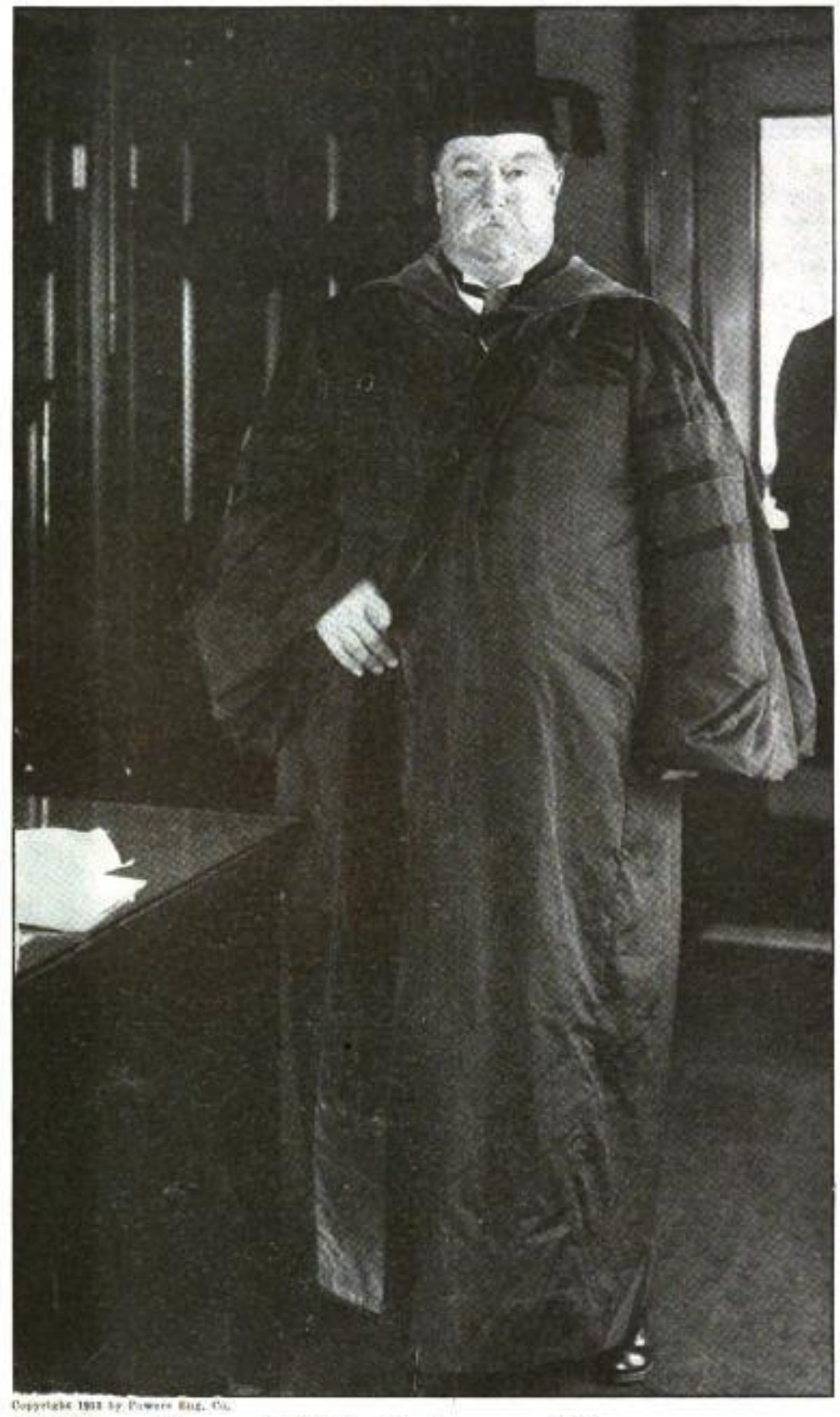


A Wire Armor for Boxing-Glove Jousters

AN INVENTION that makes boxing a safe exercising game for school gymnasiums, and as available for girls as for boys, recently was demonstrated before the Teachers College of Columbia University. It is an armor of steel wire backed with felt pads. It is hinged below the chin and ends at the waistline. Protected from the possibility of injuries, the boxers strike faster and with greater skill, and the contest never becomes unfriendly. The armor is the invention of a physical director in a New Jersey high school. He began to make experiments with various forms of armor because parents of the pupils in his school were fearful of boxing's ugly records of serious injuries and disfigurations.

Pittsburgh School Children March Out on a Strike

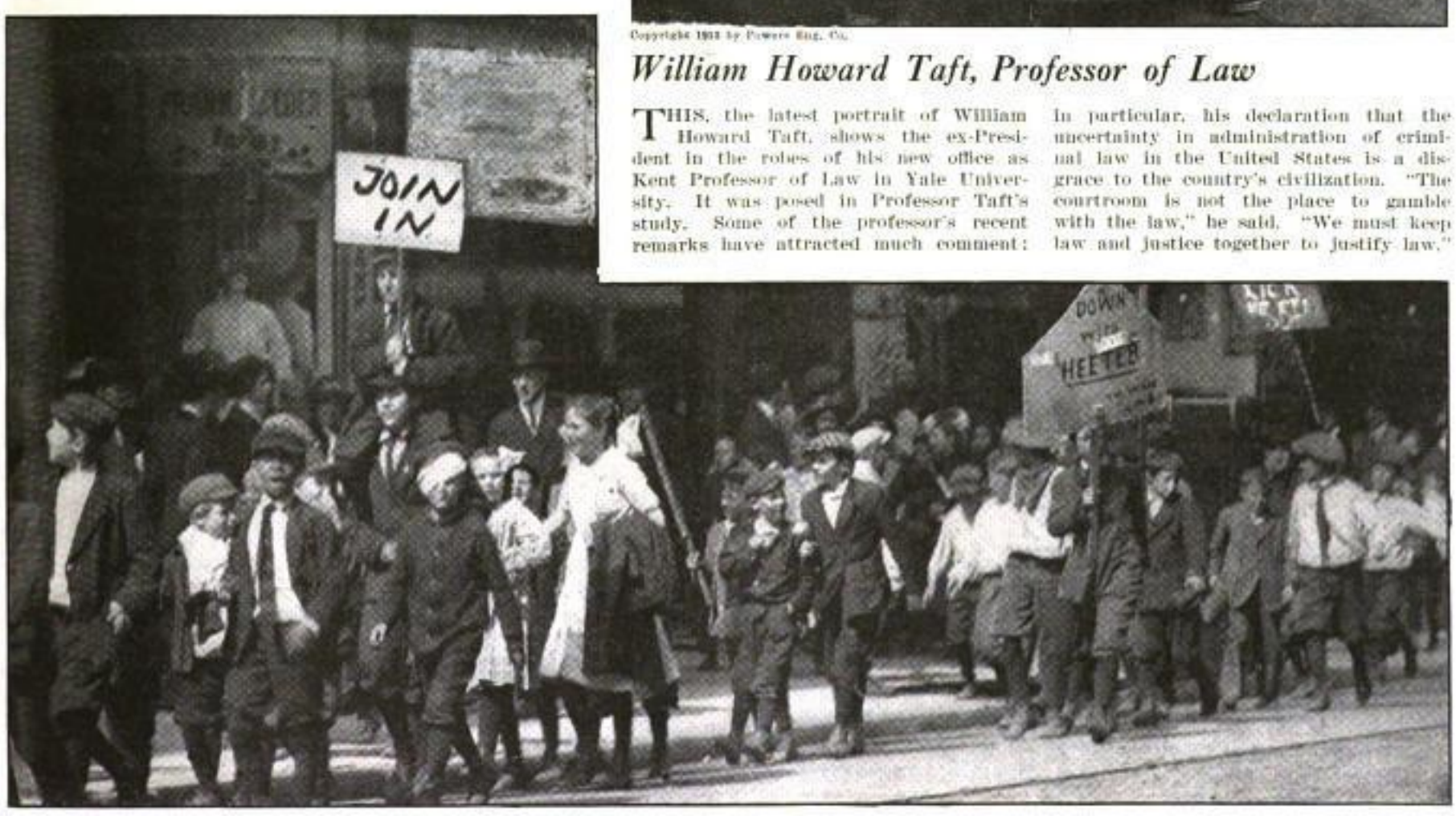
PITTSBURGH'S public-school system temporarily has been paralyzed by a strike of fifty thousand pupils, who demand the removal of their superintendent, Sylvanus L. Heeter. The strike began when a jury rendered a verdict that Mr. Heeter was not guilty of charges brought against him by a housemaid. After the acquittal a company of youngsters, beating dishpans and tooting whistles, serenaded the superintendent's house until dispersed by the police, and another group of small boys burned a straw effigy. Pupils marched in the streets with banners inscribed: "Kick Heeter Out!" and interfered with traffic so much that the reserves had to be called. Our photograph shows a section of one of the pupils' parades in the business section.



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William Howard Taft, Professor of Law

THIS, the latest portrait of William Howard Taft, shows the ex-President in the robes of his new office as Kent Professor of Law in Yale University. It was posed in Professor Taft's study. Some of the professor's recent remarks have attracted much comment: In particular, his declaration that the uncertainty in administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to the country's civilization. "The courtroom is not the place to gamble with the law," he said. "We must keep law and justice together to justify law."



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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

A Portrait of Protection

THE WORDS QUOTED BELOW are taken from a description of Lawrence, Mass., written at the time of the textile strike there a little over a year ago:

The Owners

The stock is closely held by about six hundred stockholders. A few stockholders who are still living bought into the company at a time when the stock was very low—as low as $75 a share—and have seen their property rise in value more than fiftyfold, until to-day the same shares are worth $3,800. . . .

. . . Among them are some of the finest people in New England. Many live in Boston, and are among the most cultured and delightful people in the world. Among them are representatives of some of the strong old families of Massachusetts, such names as Lowell, Lawrence, Lyman, Coolidge, Amory, Ayer. It can almost be said that the aristocracy of Boston is based upon the profits of the textile mills of New England. Many of them are interested in "all good works." I know as a fact that there are no people in the country who have contributed more liberally to the education and uplift of Southern negroes, to missions in Hawaii, and to many other good causes than these men of Boston. But about conditions in the dark alleys of Lawrence, where their own money comes from—apparently they know very little, nor do they want to know. Here, indeed, is an astonishing fact, which I feel like having printed in large letters:

Not a single large stockholder in the Lawrence mills lives in Lawrence. Not one. . . .

A textile working town is not a pleasant place to live in—dirty wooden buildings, dirty streets, unlovely looking people, cheap goods in the store windows, no good society. So the owners live in Boston and elsewhere. Not only this, but there is only one of the important mill managers who lives in Lawrence. The others live in the beautiful, peaceful town of Andover or elsewhere out of the city. Not only this, but many of the well-to-do citizens of the town, the merchants, the bankers, even some of the mill foremen and overseers, have moved out of the city of Lawrence and are residents and voters in Andover or Methuen or elsewhere. Drive out from Lawrence in almost any direction and you will see the fine homes of these people crowning all the hills. And you will find the very people who have deserted Lawrence, where all their property interests are located, excoriating the corrupt political conditions of the city!

The Workers

As I went among the tenements of Lawrence I was struck by the extraordinary absence of old men and old women. Very few of them indeed are brought from Europe. The mills want only strength and health, and when they have milked the cream of youth from humanity the remainder goes to the scrap heap. . . .

No man can support a family on $300 or $400 a year, even though he lives in the meanest way. The result was that the wife also had to go into the mills, followed by one child after another as fast as they arrived at the legal age. This meant living in dark tenements. It meant taking in lodgers to the point of indecent crowding. Some of the tenements of Lawrence are the worst I ever saw. . . . I did not find any cases of actual and immediate starvation, such as were reported in certain newspapers, but it is an undoubted fact that there is an appalling amount of underfeeding. I asked the ages of many young people I met and they looked (and they were) stunted, not fully developed. . . .

Thousands also in this city, which frequently suffers from overproduction of cloth, go underclad. In the crowds of strikers in the streets on those bitter March mornings the number I saw without overcoats and evidently too thinly clad was very great. And in their homes, wherever I went, the tendency was to crowd into the kitchen and save coal by keeping only one room warm.

The result of all this is a high death rate, especially from diseases resulting from exposure and poor sanitary conditions—like pneumonia. Also, the young children die at an appalling rate (169 per 1,000): I thought of the 154 pauper burials in Lawrence in 1910—a higher rate in proportion to the population than that of New York City—and among people where pauper burial is a lasting disgrace to the family that survives.

American workmen with American standards have disappeared from the textile industry, and even the solid English and Scotch workers are now flying before the immigrants from Southern Europe, who can, or will attempt to, exist on lower wages.

The result of this condition has been that Lawrence has for years been governed by saloon keepers, dive owners, and petty grafters.

The tendency of the high protective tariff has been to separate the community into two widely distant classes. We are just coming to see that an economic system which produces this effect is not one which a democracy ought to foster. The end of it will come soon.

Japan and California

THE JAPANESE are a hardy and energetic people. They are confined to a small island and peninsular territory whose resources they have outgrown, and self-preservation leads them to seek to colonize in any country on which they can gain a foothold. They will use every resource of craft and force at their command to get more land, whether as national territory or as individual holdings in foreign countries. They are quite within their rights in so doing. But other nations are equally within their rights in protecting themselves against this gradual seeping in of a foreign and aggrandizing element. The Japanese standard of living is far below that of the native-born American. They have also a skill in intensive farming exceeding ours. If they are allowed to acquire land, it will only be a question of time before these two characteristics will have enabled them to take up, piece by piece, all the farm and garden lands of California. They are now, by national law, ineligible to citizenship. To allow them to acquire land and then make them citizens would be to create a race problem beside which the negro problem would pale, a burden no State should be asked to shoulder. If the Japanese were permitted to buy lands freely in California, they would, in the course of time, become the dominant race. The whites would ultimately divide into two classes: a few very rich persons, much richer than the Japanese, and a large class who would be servants to the dominant Japanese, a condition not to be contemplated. The affair must be conducted with every possible consideration for a sensitive, proud, and warlike people, but what California has set out to do must be done.

Do You Believe in Farming?

LETTERS which have come to COLLIER'S from those who have moved from the city to the farm are convincing on one point. Unless you take to the land a firm faith in its power to heal your harassed spirit, harden your muscles, and supply your table with plain and nourishing food, you had better not make the change. "There is more in the man than the land," a man who has many tenants in southern Georgia quotes. "I find that some of my tenants make money every year, regardless of the seasons, while others make money only in the favorable seasons." On another point agreement is not general: What is the best preliminary training for the man with a family and a capital of $1,000 or less who makes up his mind firmly to go to the farm? It is a point on which we should be glad to have more light. Should the city man work for wages on a farm while he is learning? Should he go to a rented farm for a year or more before investing his capital in farming land? Or should he take the plunge at once, acquire a very small patch of land, plan a budget of living expenses which he can certainly supply for a limited period, and be his own boss from the beginning? What help can he get before he is ready to quit his job in the city? What books and bulletins are worth getting? How can he get them? What colleges and experiment stations can help him to decide upon the location and soil best adapted for the kind of farming he wants to do? Where can he get reliable figures on the price of land? You who believe in farming as a way out of the thicket of rising prices and inelastic wages, help us to answer these questions.

One Young Girl

THERE IS AN ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE which should be avoided by those who do not like to face the grimmer facts of existence. To us the lesson it points is a widely quoted sentence from Mr. ROOSEVELT: "This cannot permanently be a good country for any of us to live in unless it is a fairly good country for all of us." A generation from now ROSALINDA'S last name might perfectly well be yours. Men spend their lives in the hope that they are making *their* families secure by accumulating a certain amount of money. The futility of that method is an old story. It would be more effective for all to unite in making this a country where at least the worst dangers shall not exist for any family.

Sound Reasoning

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PHASES of American government cannot be expressed more effectively than in these sentences from the Kansas City "Star":

In Dayton the old plan of city government has broken down—precisely as it did in Galveston.

In Dayton a commission to run the city has been appointed—following precisely the principle that Galveston adopted.

Could anything prove better the efficiency of commission government and the confidence it inspires?

And are there not daily proofs that the old form of city government, that is no good for an emergency, will not do either for the ordinary needs of the city?

Not only cities, States as well. The commission form is not the best name for it, but it suggests the much more direct and efficient government that is coming.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Think Very Hard About This

ONE OF THE LEADERS of the Progressive party in Ohio is JOHN D. FACKLER, a Cleveland lawyer. Mr. FACKLER's office is in the Williamson Building, and paying rent every month has given a practical application in his own case to an idea which he expresses thus:

> Who made the value upon which the Williamson Building stands? The value of this land, which sold in 1820 for $477, has grown to over $700,000, yielding its owner clear of all tax a net revenue of $28,000 a year.

Mr. FACKLER thinks that increase in value from $477 to over $700,000 wasn't due to any peculiar virtue in Mr. WILLIAMSON (if that is the owner's name), nor to any contribution which Mr. WILLIAMSON made to the public welfare. Mr. FACKLER thinks the increase was made wholly by the people of Cleveland, and he thinks the people in Cleveland, in the future at least, ought to get a portion of that which they make themselves. So he has started a movement to amend the Ohio Constitution to provide for an "increment tax":

> Now the increment tax provision simply says to the landowner: "We will value your land exclusive of improvements on January 1, 1915. If after that date the population of the city grows, and adds more to the value of your land, the community which creates the value is going to insist on a share of the profit which it produces for you."

Farm property, valued at the present time under $200 an acre, is exempted from the provisions of this increment tax.

Every city dweller in the United States who pays rent ought to read this paragraph over again and again until he understands it thoroughly.

In Ohio

OUT OF the jackstraw wreckage will arise new homes and edifices. And every man or woman who is putting his or her shoulder to the wheel and breathing new faith into the future of Ohio will be mulcted in fines by the archaic hodgepodge of taxation. Every father who erects anew his hearthstone will be fined by a tax collector; every business man who still has faith in his city, and who weaves a new fabric of stone and iron over the puddles and wreckage, will be fined by a tax that is the higher by just so much as are his faith and enterprise the greater. *Only the uncreative speculator will be encouraged by exemption.* The man who does not rebuild, who lets his wreckage lie, who sleeps while others labor for the faith that is in them, is the man whom the blandly beneficent State will reward with lower taxation than he who builds. Meantime the labor of others will go on building value into his stagnant puddles, or rather into the land and location upon which they lie. We despoil the energetic and ambitious, and heap privileged indulgences upon the lazy and apathetic, even in times of great social emergency.

Mothers for Teachers

SCHOOL CIRCLES have been very much interested in the recent decision of the Board of Education of New York City, which decreed that a certain Mrs. EDGELL, an efficient instructor in physical culture, should not be allowed a year's leave of absence to bear a child. This means that every teacher must remain either single or childless, or lose her job altogether, or resort to ridiculous subterfuges, such as a plea of ill health. The reasons for this decision reduced themselves to two. One was the impossibility of modifying the red tape in regard to pensions and substitutes, a reason which caused many caustic comments from unsympathetic laymen on the pedagogue's worship of routine. The other reason seemed to be the conviction that maternity would so disorganize a woman's instructive and disciplinary faculties that she would never again make a good teacher. Also, what would happen if all the teachers did the same thing? The whole discussion, aside from its bearing on race suicide, seemed to be founded on two fallacies. One is the assumption that the best teacher is the one who can inculcate into her pupils the greatest amount of routine work and discipline rather than the person who has the maximum of human understanding and guiding wisdom. Which would you rather have for your children's teacher, an efficient machine or an intelligent human? What is more conducive to wisdom than maternity? The other fallacy is that the schools are for the teachers, not the teachers for the schools. Our present dollar diplomacy and consideration for impecunious young ladies has caused the education of the young, boys and girls alike, to fall almost entirely into the hands of young celibate women. And the above incident looks as if the condition were to be fostered by every possible device. It has sometimes occurred to us that if all the young women could be eliminated from the schools, and the teaching be put into the hands of elderly married women whose own children were safely launched, the real educative value of our schools would be increased. And, after all, the schools exist for the children. We should very much like to hear from teachers and superintendents about this, and also about their ideas on the Edgell question.

Popular Whisky Brands—No. 1



"The Life That Cannot Be Refilled"

The Listener

A GIRL was seated playing, and, a few feet from her, HELEN KELLER stood at the piano, her right hand on the instrument. The beautiful sounds flowed through her fingers to her consciousness, and she answered the rhythm in the vibrations with a swaying motion of her body. With her left hand she gestured, beat time, and carved in the air the image of what she heard. As the musician at the keyboard played she watched the face of the girl who is blind and deaf. Responses to the music were there visible, more swift and understanding than the applause of any audience. The sweet face was in pain as brief, troubled phrases of GRIEG reached through. To CYRIL SCOTT she danced, saying she saw children running downhill. Out from her inner life rushed responses more delicate and ready than we with our five senses are able to give. In the half hour of the music she lived the full range of emotion. And when it was ended, with her gentle fingers she felt the face and hair of the player, and kissed the cheek. So she lives her life, always reaching out for love, always winning it.

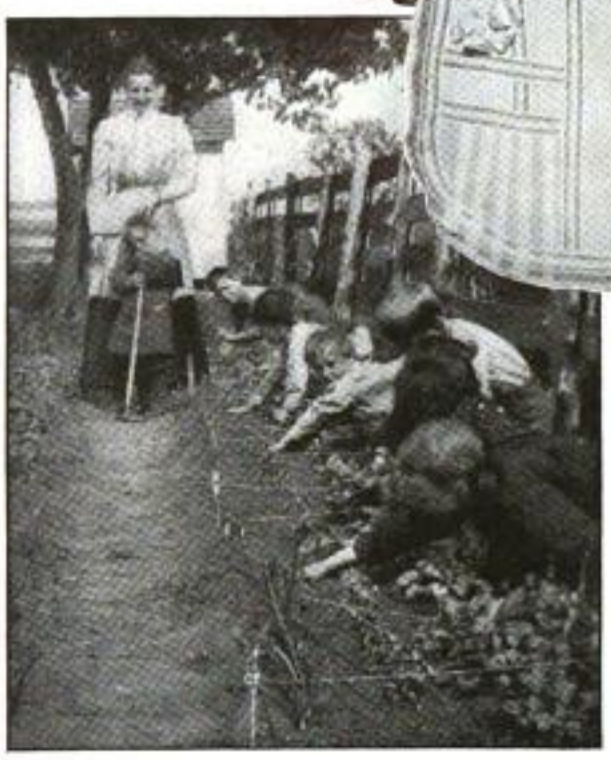
Here's Hoping

THAT DELIGHTFUL and gifted man, GEORGE COHAN, is soon to retire from the night lights, where he ties knots in his legs and wheezes out the zestful lines of his American comedies. Recent years have given us few youths of such happy promise. He has caught a little of the essential truth about national character. He knows it loves to wallow in the exuberance of its patriotism, and then on a sudden to dance a clog in front of the flag for which it wept. He knows how it acts when deeply moved, how it stutters for words and selects the wrong ones. In his "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," a girl reveals the truth of her womanhood, and the astonished man, whose most real emotions have been reached, shouts out that she is "some girl." He means all that a man in love means, all that the poets mean, but his straitened language has the barrenness that comes where there is little emotional richness, where hurry is continuous, and financial success the test of worth.

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A school yard that sets a model of beauty to its community



A lesson in gardening to a one-room school



A class in cooking in a country high school

The apron shown above won a rural schoolgirl a prize as "the best in Iowa"



Making use of cellar space to teach farmer boys advanced lessons in carpentry

Doing Things in Rural Schools

THE rural schools have waked up. Even the most complacent citizen, with only a half-hearted interest in educational matters, cannot come into contact with the rural school movement without becoming enthusiastic about the efforts which these schools are making to get in touch with the needs of their communities.

Though the equipment of a majority of one-room country schools is not what it should be, every effort is being made to turn these plants to all possible educational uses—just as in city schools in recent years. Consolidation of groups of country schools is even providing many districts with almost all of the city's educational equipment.

No one gasps with wonder nowadays to find that the use of a Babcock milk tester is being taught along with the "three R's." The school authorities of Page County, Iowa, came to the conclusion that a milk tester was important enough in education to be made as permanent a part of the schoolhouse equipment as the blackboards.

A Schoolboy at 87

THIS same county offers prizes each year for the best homemade road drag, and for the best stretch of road kept in repair by the schoolboys of the county. When the contest is going forward, the travelers along the Page County roads see large red placards, on which is announced the fact that this boy, or that one, is keeping in repair the stretch of road beginning or ending at this particular point. The road commissioner makes awards.

In Kentucky, where so much vitally important work is being carried forward in the rural schools, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stuart has done wonders with children and parents. Not only do the children grow and can tomatoes, cook, sew, raise prize acres of potatoes, corn, and alfalfa, make ax handles and model farm buildings, and engage in the regular study work of schools; the parents, too, come to the log cabins, young and old alike, to learn reading, writing, and the rudiments of a simple education. Two years ago the oldest pupil in Mrs. Stuart's county was but eighty-four. This year Uncle Martin Sloan, of Tabor Hill, eighty-seven years of age, is proud to be known as "a Rowan County Schoolboy."

Training for Usefulness

THE new rural high schools, which are being established in several progressive States, are not a whit behind the elementary schools in usefulness to their communities. At Lowville in New York there is a high school which has worked wonders in training the boys and girls of the town and outlying districts. In this school there is a general course, an agricultural course, and a course in domestic science. English, chemistry, physics, mechanics, agriculture, and domestic science are all linked intimately together. The students devise mechanisms such as the average farmer would have at his disposal; they work out reenforced concrete; make models of bridges and barns; forge their tools, and learn to use machine tools. The girls who complete the domestic science course have been thoroughly trained in the arts of home making and housekeeping.

SCOTT NEARING.

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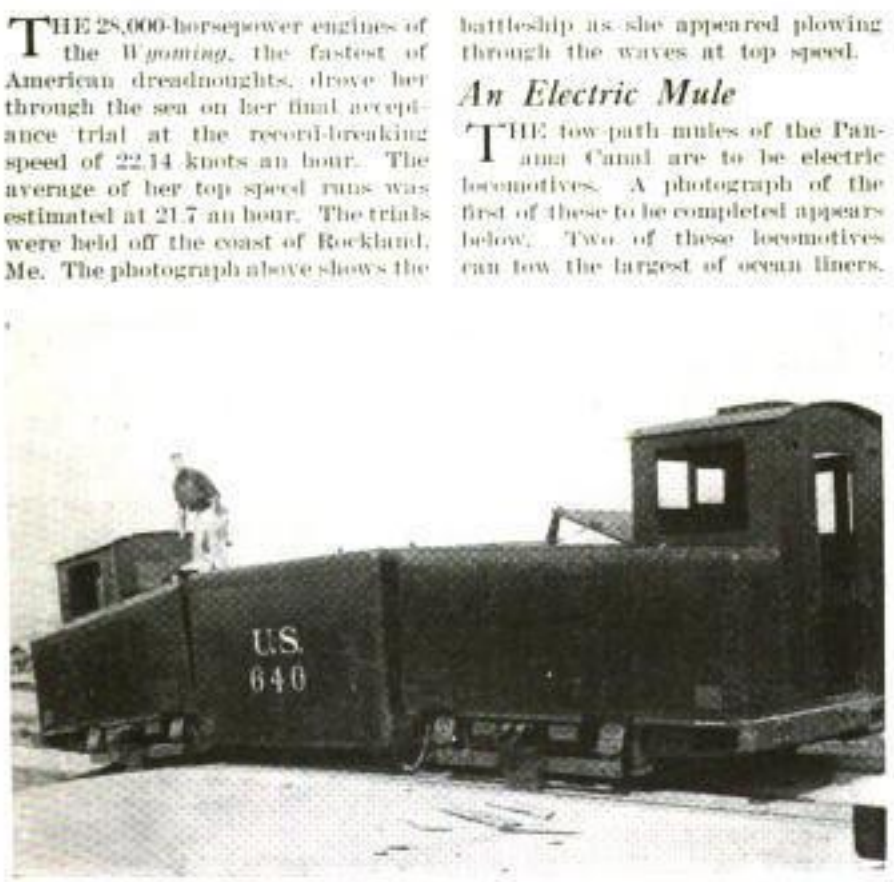


The Dreadnought Wyoming Breaks a Speed Record

THE 28,000-horsepower engines of the *Wyoming*, the fastest of American dreadnoughts, drove her through the sea on her final acceptance trial at the record-breaking speed of 22.14 knots an hour. The average of her top speed runs was estimated at 21.7 an hour. The trials were held off the coast of Rockland, Me. The photograph above shows the battleship as she appeared plowing through the waves at top speed.

An Electric Mule

THE tow-path mules of the Panama Canal are to be electric locomotives. A photograph of the first of these to be completed appears below. Two of these locomotives can tow the largest of ocean liners.





An Invention for Shopping Trips

THAT swift and snorting mount, the motorcycle, has been tamed and domesticated by a woman. A shopper of Chiswick, England, has invented what she describes as a "Mototrip." It is so constructed that it will bear the weight of many purchases on a bargain sale day without the slightest danger of overbalancing; and it may be driven as slowly as a walk. The driver safely may gaze into the shop windows as she passes. By fastening a seat to the handlebars, the cycle may even be made to serve as a baby carriage.

America's Largest Steamship Pier

WHILE New York has been dedicating immense railway terminals, Boston has been building the largest steamship pier. Another year will elapse before the huge dock shown in this photograph will be completed, though one of the sheds is to be put in use this week when the pier's first ocean liner docks. The pier is 1,200 feet long and 400 feet in width and is to be covered with three two-story steel sheds and a head house—a total floor area of twenty acres. This $2,500,000 improvement is only one of a number that Boston has resolved upon. The directors of the port are authorized to spend $9,000,000 on piers, a dry-dock and development of unreclaimed harbor flats. An additional $1,000,000 is to be spent on a wharf for the fishing fleet.



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The Story of Rosalinda

By Arthur Gleason

THIS is the story of one girl's life—accurate in every detail. For obvious reasons the girl's name, those of her family, and her home address have been changed to avoid recognition. All other names and addresses are exactly as they appear in the court records. Other stories just as real, just as absorbing, and just as close to this menacing phase of present-day civilization will follow at intervals. The series is based on scientific investigations by the United States Government and by private authorities.

LAST summer Rosalinda was a sweet and modest girl, one of New York City's Italian community. Her pretty face and gentle demeanor made her friends among the wage-earning people of her neighborhood. She lived in a flat at —— West Sixty—— Street, New York City, with her mother, her younger sister, and her two brothers. She was twenty years old.

She had a girl friend with whom she walked and saw the "movies" and ate ice cream. Florence was a more aggressive sort of girl, and one who easily made acquaintance with men. Rosalinda admired the daring of her companion, and let her do the leading. One of their favorite walking places was Bedford Street, that thoroughfare of Italian pleasures.

One May day, as they were out for an afternoon of fun, a handsome young Italian stepped up and said: "Anything doing, girls?"

The Initial Step

ROSALINDA resented his familiarity and threatened to complain to the police. The young man apologized and said he meant no harm. He had a charm of manner and continued to talk along. He told Rosalinda he owned the near-by moving-picture show, at 33 Bedford Street, and that he also ran a dyeing and cleaning establishment on Carmine Street. In a few minutes he had pictured himself as a successful man, of established position. He invited the girls to visit his theatre. Rosalinda refused, and told him if he wished to know her he must visit her at the home of her mother.

That was the way they met and separated that day. But the young philanderer was not without resources. He knew James Cunito, one of Florence's friends, and through him arranged a series of meetings with Rosalinda. He said his name was Francesco Mariano.

The four of them, James and Florence, Mariano and Rosalinda, went around together to vaudeville shows, moving pictures, and ice-cream saloons. The acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. In ten days Mariano told Rosalinda he wished to marry her. He said he wished to show her how nicely they could live, and he persuaded her to accompany him to what he said were his rooms at 36 Charles Street.

When the quartet reached the address Cunito and Florence remained downstairs. Mariano took Rosalinda one flight up into a four-room apartment. He led her into the tiny kitchen and then into a bedroom, where he hugged and kissed her. She started for the door. Mariano drew a revolver and placed it at her forehead. She screamed. No one came.

Marriage and the Honeymoon

ROSALINDA went home and told her mother. Next day she and her sister, Pompilia, went to the Bedford Street moving-picture theatre—the one which Mariano said he owned—and told him that the mother wished to see him. That night he came to the home, and admitted to the mother and the sister that he had wronged Rosalinda, and that he intended to marry her.

The next day, May 14, 1912, Francesco Mariano married Rosalinda.

Immediately after the marriage she was taken by her husband to a furnished room on Waverly Place near Sixth Avenue, where he asked her how they were to live, as he had no money. She asked him what he meant, and whether he was not making money at his picture show and his dyeing establishment. He informed her he had not told her the truth: both places belonged to his brother, and he had no interest whatever in them and no income from any source.



Nino Sacco, one of the half dozen white slave leaders of Chicago. He purchased Rosalinda from her husband and placed her in his disorderly house, and kept her imprisoned for three months

She then suggested that he secure some employment, saying she would also go to work, and between them they could get along nicely. He objected, and asked her to become a "bad girl," so that they could live easily. She was indignant, and told him she would go home to her mother. He threatened to kill her, and so frightened her that she remained with him.

Making a Professional

FOR five days he continued to entreat and threaten her, flashing a revolver and striking her with his fist. On the Sunday morning after her marriage he told her that now she must come with him to a house of prostitution. He beat her till she ceased to refuse. He took her to 8 James Slip, and on the way he instructed her how to answer questions, to say that she was "experienced." When they entered the house her husband had some talk with the man who was proprietor, which she did not hear, and he then took her upstairs and left her. In a few minutes a man came to her room, saying he had been sent there from downstairs. Afterward he paid her fifty cents, which she gave to one of the two men who appeared to be equal proprietors of the house. In a short while the man whom she had first seen upon entering this house came to her and asked her if she was "experienced."

She said "No," explaining to him she had just been married and her husband had put her in this house.

This proprietor gave her twenty-five cents and told her she must leave, as he would take no chances of incurring trouble with the police on her account. He took her to the door and let her go.

She walked over to the home of a friend on Carmine Street, and in the evening Mariano traced her there and begged her to return to him. She said she was afraid of him and wished to return to her mother to live.

He replied that he was sorry he had placed her in the bad house, and he promised he would treat her well and take care of her. So she went away with him. He had no money, and they spent two nights at the home of a friend of his, Don Ciccio by name.

A Fresh Start

THEN Mariano came to her full of enthusiasm and said he had found a job outside of New York City, and he asked her to go with him to the new life and the fresh start.

She asked to see her mother first, but he said that haste must be made. That night, May 23, he took her to the Grand Central Station. He left her for a moment, stepped over to the Western Union window, and sent this telegram:

MAY 23, 1912.

NINO SACCO, *101 Twenty-first Street, Chicago.*

Parto alle sei p. m., N. Y. Central, arrivo domain 9 p. m. DIMITRE MARINO.

(Translation—Will leave at 6 p. m. N. Y. Central, arrive to-morrow 9 p. m.)

He then took her aboard the train and told her they were on the way to Chicago. When they alighted from the train at La Salle Street, Chicago, they were met by Nino Sacco.

The System at Work

NINO SACCO hung out on the second and third floors of 101 Twenty-first Street—the southwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Armour. The second floor is the notorious café of Joseph Colosimo. The third floor is equipped with the lodgings of Colosimo's associates and some of his employees. Colosimo is a well-known boss in the vice district. His position among certain proprietors and proprietresses of houses of prostitution is similar to that once held by "*Mike the Pike*" Heitler, except that Mike controlled the outlaw houses. Colosimo controls a section of the segregated district itself, dealing mostly with Italians.

Nino Sacco at that time used the third-floor rooms, and was Colosimo's lieutenant of the vice traffic, being one of the half-dozen active general managers of the white-slave trade in Chicago.

Sacco also owns or did own the house of prostitution at 106 Twenty-first Street, just across from the rooms of Colosimo, and Sacco's mistress, Jennie Dorno, was madam of that house. Each night, after business hours, Jennie came over from 106 Twenty-first Street to the Alhambra Hotel, 1930 South State Street, went to Room 67, and turned over to Sacco the earnings made from her girls.

As soon as Rosalinda stepped off the train with her husband this Sacco asked her to become an inmate of his 106 Twenty-first Street house. This was the first she knew of the reason why she had been brought to Chicago. She turned to her husband and upbraided him. She answered Sacco that she would not go. Sacco told her to leave the depot alone. And this she did. He feared that some Government official might see two men with one girl and arrest them as white slavers. She waited outside in the street, and her husband came out. He took her to the Alhambra Hotel—the hotel where Sacco and his woman live.

No Italian girl can be imported, placed, or transferred in the district without approval of the boss. And all girls who are brought in are taken directly to the Alhambra Hotel, where they register with their man, after which the man reports at once to Colosimo's restaurant. They are usually held about one week, sometimes less, at the Alhambra Hotel before they are permitted to enter a house. The theory is the evasion of the Federal laws and the creation of an appearance that the girl has wandered into the city for a visit, and that later she happens to decide to enter a house of prostitution. It illustrates the cleverness with which these organizations operate, as the sojourn at the Alhambra Hotel can be pleaded as evidence of the absence of any intent at the time the girl was transported into the State.

So Mariano took Rosalinda to Room 96 of the Alhambra Hotel on that night of May 24. Sacco came to them in their room and told Mariano to be sure and see that the girl went to 106 on the following day, as Saturday was a good day for custom.

A Surrender to Force

AS SOON as Sacco left the room, Mariano commanded her to enter the life. She continued to refuse, and he knocked her down. She screamed so loudly under the blows that the man and woman in Room 94 beat upon the wall and shouted for order. At 2 a. m. Mariano beat Rosalinda so hard that the other guests sent word to the hotel office, and the clerk came up and ordered less noise, and told Mariano that if he struck her again the two of them would have to leave the hotel. Throughout the night Mariano plied her with entreaty and threat to enter the house of prostitution.

The next morning Sacco telephoned to Mariano to bring the girl to his room, No. 67. And here the two men harried her for several hours. At last, in fear and weariness, she gave her consent, and they took her to 106 Twenty-first Street and handed her over to Madam Jennie Dorno. Here she received the name of Violet Coela, a daughter of joy. She was instructed that officers would come to book her, that she must deny she "had a man," and that she must say she was "old" in the business.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Two Hearts and a Lover's Knot

By Ethel Watts Mumford

THE tattoo man tells a tale of a Reno lady, a middleweight "pug," and the fighting man's betrothed; and, speaking after the manner of the tattoo man, "there is plenty doing," and you find in the bunch plenty of that nature whose one touch makes all bunches kin.

"WELL, Guff," said Kid Breese to me as I met him comin' out of Jim Brady's Athletic Club, "did you hear I'd signed on for the Big Fight?"

"Don't say!" says I. "That's good news; and when is it to be pulled off?"

"Day after to-morrow," says he, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm throwin' up the sponge—it's all fixed!"

"No!" says I, and my face must have fell, for there ain't a squarer, whiter little fighter than Kid Breese. As decent a lad as you'll find among the pugs anywhere. "By golly!" says I, "I'm ashamed of you. You to go into a fixed-up fight, and gas about it, too." Then I fell for my bein' a come-on. "Who's the other one?" says I, suspicious.

"Battlin' Bessie Lewis," says he, and doubles up with the ha! ha! "I'm goin' to be married," says he, "and I want you to give the bride a present of my selection."

"You boob!" says I. "You blessed boob! aren't you through with that foolishness yet? Why, man alive, where's your trainer, to let you do such a fool thing? And Bessie Lewis! Aw, quit your kiddin'!" But Breese slipped his arm through mine and turned downtown toward my dump.

"No," says he, "I'm all signed up, and you know how much I like your work, Guff."

I NODDED. That boy is plumb crazy about tattoo. He was always hangin' around when I was on a nice complicated job, fairly itchin' to have it on himself.

"Well," says he, "I can't have no exhibition on my own person. I'd look pretty, I would, stripped for the step lively, with pictures all over me to dazzle the enemy. But I want you to do a classy little bit on my fi-an-cée. Besides," says he, lookin' sort of wistful and far away, "I think it's good for 'em—sort of keeps you as a constant reminder; they sort of feel you owns 'em more when you've got 'em marked. Now, Bessie sort of needs to be tagged. She's too good a looker to be let loose. I'll bring her down this afternoon, if you can do the trick. Just a couple of hearts with a true-lover's knot, on the inside of the arm, where it don't show up too much."

"Knee's nice for ladies," I suggested.

"No, you don't," says he. "She'd be that determined to show it, she'd be keepin' even her carfare nickels in her stockin'. We'll just stick to the arm, if you please. She'll want the butterfly just as soon as she lamps your sketch books; but steer her off. It's the sentiment I want besides the decoration—and, thanks a lot, old man; there ain't an artist in your trade that can turn out the stuff you do, Guff, and we'll be proud, both of us, to have a sample, we sure will. Will you be in the joint about three? Good! I'll trot her over. Can't stay while you knick the dame, I've got to see Brady about puttin' off my bout with Knockout Burns, and I'll stop by for her later on. S'long."

He left me with a grin and a wave of his hand, and I watched him walk off with his panther-footed step—as prettily built a lightweight as ever stood up, and he had to go and pull off some more of that weddin' stuff. I suppose we all have our loony spots, and the kid took his out in marryin'. Just naturally had the habit. Well, it was none of my business, except to work out my little weddin' present on his girl, and give 'em both my blessin'—whatever that might be worth.

I went up to my room, on the top of the house on account of the light bein' better. I got that light mania from old Nagata, my tattoo master in Yokohama. He wanted the whole side taken out of the house before he'd touch a needle. Can't do that very well in New York; but I did manage to get a good skylight in an old photographer's joint on the Bowery, next door to a movie show.



I found McGirk waitin' for me. He'd gotten a bad scar right through his dragon in some mix-up or other, and wanted me to fill it in; at best a bungling sort of job, so I got him to let me do it like a sword traversin' the dragon, and by a little shadin' and careful outline, I finally made use of that scar, most artistic. But I got to talkin' with him, and forgot all about Kid Breese and the Big Fight, until in he walks with Bessie, just as McGirk left. She was all dolled up; as many plumes on her hat as a Spanish hearse, and her hair marcelled till it looked like a storm in the Yellow Sea. Kid was swellin' around a-spreadin' hisself.

"Here she is!" says he, "and tickled to death with your weddin' present, Guff. Take off your jacket, Bessie, and show the artist your lily arm."

Bessie blushed and smiled, and peeled out of her pony skin, and lo and behold! she had on the waist of a blue satin party dress. What with her checked street skirt cut short to show her white-topped shoes, and the hearse hat, she was some queer-lookin' combine, believe me. She held out her arm, which was big and white and soft as a sofa cushion, and she and Kid argued about the spot. Finally they pretty well decided on the left upper arm near the shoulder, and she wanted to see some pictures of what was to go on it. I showed her my sample books, and sure enough, the minute she seen my Jap and China designs, she was all for butterflies and geisha and goldfish. Then she would have a pair of mandarin ducks, and we couldn't get her back to the heart-sob collection. Finally the Kid got sentimental about it, and begged so hard for the two hearts and true-lover's knot that she gave in. Then the Kid tipped me a wink and went off to his date with Brady.

Bessie looked over my kit and asked one thousand questions, and couldn't see why I had to wash her arm with alcohol, when she'd just rubbed it down with perfumery and white chalk. Then she argued about the color. She wanted the hearts in red and the knot in blue, and Kid had decided for all red as more classy.

We were in the midst of the discussion, when the door opened, and in walks the dizziest dame that ever you saw. She was big and dark, with plenty of teeth and eyes, and if Bessie looked like a poster in her get up, believe me, this new dame looked like a full-sized sheet of the best burlesque paper. She had white-topped shoes, too, and a brass bag as big as a suit-case. The frill on her waist stuck out like a pouter pigeon, and her hat looked like a gardener's almanac. She wore jet earrings that were so long they hit her shoulders every time she turned her head; and her suit, which was black, made up for bein' dark by bein' tight. Lord only knows how she managed to get up the stairs!

"Well," says she, friendlylike, "I'm just from Reno."

WELL, of course, after that the ice was all melted.

"Reno," says Bessie, smilin' all over. "'Pears to me I *have* heard of that burg."

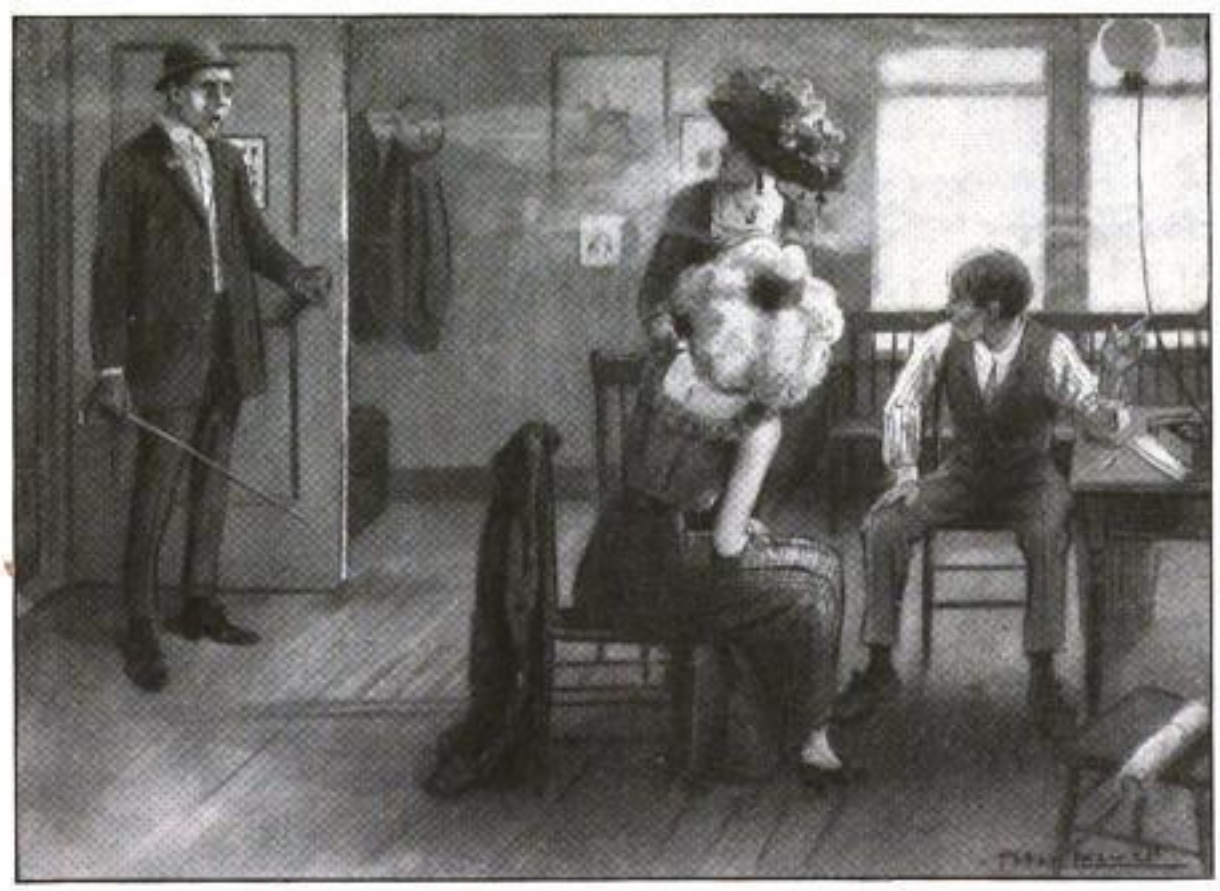
"Well," says the new dame, "you're lucky to get off by just hearin' about it. Believe me, it's no town for a live woman. I didn't realize what I was lettin' myself in for, you see. I'd only been there when the Johnson fight was on, and, of course, then it was a fairly nice place for any lady. But, gee!—I've been takin' the treatment for six months, and I most died—I sure did. But I suppose," she says to me, "you're wonderin' how I happen to be in here. It's this way: A lady friend, who was out there takin' the cure, too—Ruby Hale, you remember her, Ruby Hale?"

"Sure," says I. "I've known her for years. Met her in St. Louis, at Fair time. Is she scrapin' off her Bill?" I asked.

"Surest thing you know," says the dame. "And, she says to me, says Mrs. Hale, 'If you want them tattoo marks taken off your arm, there's just one guy in all the world who can do it painless and proper, or turn it into somethin' neat and different,' and she gave me your name and address, Mister, and here I am."

"Sure I can," says I. "And very nice it is of Ruby to give me the reference. I'll be very glad to do the trick for you. Is it a big job?"

"Oh, no," she says. "I never was for the very conspicuous in dressin' or anything else. It's just a couple of hearts on the upper arm. They never were very well done, anyhow. We was in Seattle when I got married, and there didn't seem to be no first-class artist, though my husbun' rustled around hard to find one. Tattoo was one of his fads."



My golly! I never saw such a look in all my life—and in all his life Kid Breese'll never get a knockout like that one

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They'd forgotten I was anywhere in the world, them two

"Is that so?" says Bessie, lookin' interested.

As for me, the dame had me plumb hypnotized by her talk. She had such a warm sort of wrap-me-up-cuddly way with her.

"Well, well," I said, "the best of friends must part; and after all, a souvenir like that can't be as pleasant as it uster was."

She nodded till all the flowers on her hat woggled. "Certainly not. Oh, he made things hot for me, my husbun' did. Why, when I told the judge all I'd been through, he'd hardly believe it—said so, himself. And when I had lunch with him the day after I got my divorce, he made me tell him all over again; said he'd never heard a tale like that in all his experiences. Why, honest, there was times when I do believe he took me for a punchin' bag. Believe me, these fighters may be all to the merry in the ring—but nix, oh, nix, in the weddin' ring."

WITH that Miss Lewis went sort of white.

"Was you hitched to a champion, too?" she axed with a sort of dangerous quiet.

"Was I?—well, ra-ther! he's licked 'Tough Wilkins' and 'Water-front' Will and Gentleman Kierd. I don't say he wasn't handsome, and I don't say he wasn't a perfect gentleman in lots of ways—but, take it from me, they don't know how to treat a lady. Why, he'd get so jealous of me, for nothin', that I couldn't live at all. If I had a new dress or a new hat, he'd deliberately spoil 'em. He'd raise a ruction if I spoke to a gentleman friend. And every day he'd do his sprintin' so's he could get the mail from the postman on the way. Open mine?—you bet he did, every time. And he was that ugly about me, he'd not let me have a manicure or a face thump, or a marcel. Said I was tryin' to make a bid for attention. And as for my paint can—Gosh!—he threw my vanity case outer the window, and hit a man on the head with it—like to killed him, too; and the wife of the man wouldn't believe he hadn't been up to somethin' or other, when she heard he'd been knocked senseless by a vanity case. These jealous bugs is somethin' fierce! And if ever you strike one of 'em who wants to have sentimental sentiments marked on you for life, beat it, kid, to the tall timber. They're the worst of the whole lot! Why, that man of mine just couldn't stand it till he got this same sign tattooed on me; made him feel he owned me; had a sort of sense of security, like puttin' initials on yer baggage, I guess. Well, it didn't prevent him from feelin' as unmarked as you please. He couldn't have his frame all monogrammed, not he; he'd 'be the laughin' stock of the ring,' unless it was chains and anchors, and such—Oh, no, not for him—but— Well, Mister, there's a brace of hearts comin' *off* my arm, and a good job, too!"

BY THE time the dame had got that far, it wasn't hypnotized I was, it was paralyzed clean through.

I've seen a whole lot of rough work in my life, but the stuff the little ladies will pull is somethin' you can't never count on. Bessie Lewis had fetched me one look that said: "Shut up, you!" So I sat still as a stone Buddha, tryin' to look wise and unconcerned.

"Did he drink at all?" inquired Bessie.

"Drink!" says the dame. "Oh, my! Not when he's in trainin', mind. No, he's honest about his fights, clean through, and as good a man as there is in his class, with a fine jab, and a quick twist, and cat-footed—my eye! But when he was on a vacation, there was no holdin' him. Many's the time me and a couple of his pals would go out after him—he'd be gone, sometimes for a week—and in the darndest places! Once we found him asleep in a church pew. Why, there was nowheres he wouldn't go! Well, I've been restin' now for over six months, and believe me, I needed it!"

"You're lookin' very fit, indeed," says I—thinkin' how about a soft answer turnin' away wrath.

"Oh, yes," she says, "I've got my second wind now, I guess; but when I come up to the next round," she says, "it's me for somethin' at the ribbon counter, or a man milliner. My! how I run on!" she says, with a nice big laugh. "I'm keepin' you from your work. Was you goin' to trim this lady up?"

Bessie looked sort of blue around the gills. "That can wait," she says. But, as they say at the the-atre: 'Little one, your story interests me.' I'd like to hear more. I've got a young man in the profession myself, and what you say sounds like 'advice from mother' to me. Do they get run after much—the champions—by other women?"

"YOU' poor misguided child!" says the dame, and she meant it, too. "Ain't you got no father nor brother to protect you? You tell that fighter of yours to go and enlist. But sure not to get married. '*Run* after,' did you say? It's a procession, that's what it is. A prize fighter's lady has got to be on her guard every minute. When it comes to a top liner, women don't seem to have any feelin's at all. I've had 'em have the gall to come to me cryin', askin' me why he wouldn't pay no attention to 'em. Dearie, you just profit by my experience, and cut it out, cut it *all* out, no matter how it hurts you. Just put all that in the discard. I know how hard it is—don't I, though! But enough is enough, and I'm through. Why, ever since I've been in Reno, until just a couple of months back, my husbun's been writin' to me to come back, and sometimes it was an awful temptation—me way out there in a dead hole, and rememberin' a whole lot of things about the excitement of it all, and the trainin', and when the fights come off—and the men and the hollerin'—and then when it was all over, and the whole town wild, to have him come up all puffed and bloody and drawn about the mouth, where it wasn't smashed, and say: 'Old girl, we pulled that off for fair, didn't we!' Oh, it wasn't so easy to let those letters go unanswered. But's, I said, it ain't worth it, not all the other stuff you have to stand. And, well—here you see me, waitin' my turn to have them souvenirs taken off my arm, and only wishin' there was some wise guy who could take 'em off my heart and memory. No, dearie, don't get into it, and if it's the fist artist you're havin' yourself marked for, just you think twice before you do it—or else you see that you get divorce coupons on your bonds of matrimony."

"And these women," persisted Bessie, "was he careful how he trotted around with 'em? If he cut all the gents off your trail, do y' mean he'd be seen around with a lot of dolls?"

"To beat the band, I tell you. It wasn't the women chasin' him *altogether*, though they did their share. The minute he'd lamp a pretty woman he'd swagger and grin, and the next thing, maybe, I'd find 'em lunchin' or walkin' out calm as you please; and

(Continued on page 32)

"Andaman—Second!"

Fu-Manchu Story VII *By Sax Rohmer*



THIS time, the great detective Nayland Smith is pitted against the superhuman Fu-Manchu in the matter of a stupendous robbery; the robber's bold ingenuity is only matched by the bold ingenuity of the chase. Which is victor, the yellow man or the detective?

IT IS a fact singular, but true, that few Londoners know London. Under the guidance of my friend Nayland Smith, I had learned, since his return from Burma, how there are haunts in the very heart of the metropolis whose existence is unsuspected by all but the few; places unknown even to the ubiquitous copy-hunting newspaper man.

Into a quiet thoroughfare not two minutes' walk from the pulsing life of Leicester Square, Smith led the way. Before a door sandwiched in between two dingy shopfronts he paused, and turned to me.

"Whatever you see or hear," he cautioned, "express no surprise."

A cab had dropped us at the corner. We both wore dark suits and fez caps with black silk tassels. My complexion had been artificially reduced to a shade resembling the deep tan of my friend's. He rang the bell beside the door.

Almost immediately it was opened by a negro woman—gross, hideously ugly.

SMITH muttered something in voluble Arabic. As a linguist his attainments were a constant source of surprise. The jargons of the East, far and near, he spoke like his mother tongue. The woman immediately displayed the utmost servility, ushering us into an ill-lighted passage, with every evidence of profound respect. Following this passage, and passing an inner door, from beyond whence proceeded bursts of discordant music, we entered a little room bare of furniture, with coarse matting for mural decoration and a patternless red carpet on the floor. In a niche burned a common metal lamp.

The negress left us, and close upon her departure entered a very aged man, with a long patriarchal beard, who greeted my friend with dignified courtesy. Following a brief conversation, the aged Arab—for such he appeared to be—drew aside a strip of matting, revealing a dark recess. Placing his finger upon his lips, he silently invited us to enter.

We did so, and the mat was dropped behind us. The sounds of crude music were now much plainer, and as Smith slipped a little shutter aside, I gave a start of surprise.

BEYOND, lay a fairly large apartment, having divans or low seats around three of its walls. These divans were occupied by a motley company of Turks, Egyptians, Greeks, and others; and I noted two Chinese. Most of them smoked cigarettes and some were drinking. A girl was performing a sinuous dance upon the square carpet occupying the center of the floor, accompanied by a young negro woman upon a guitar, and by several members of the assembly, who clapped their hands to the music or hummed a low, monotonous melody.

Shortly after our entrance into the passage, the dance terminated and the dancer fled through a curtained door at the farther end of the room. A buzz of conversation arose.

"It is a sort of combined *Wekâleh* and place of entertainment for a certain class of Orientals resident in, or visiting, London," Smith whispered. "The old gentleman who has just left us is the proprietor, or host. I have been here before on several occasions, but have always drawn blank."

He was peering out eagerly into the strange clubroom.

"Whom do you expect to find here?" I asked.

"It is a recognized meeting place," said Smith in my ear. "It is almost a certainty that some of the Fu-Manchu group use it at times."

Curiously I surveyed all those faces which were visible from the spy hole. My eyes rested particularly upon the two Chinamen.

"Do you recognize anyone?" I whispered.

"*Sssh!*"

Smith was craning his neck so as to command a sight of the doorway. He obstructed my view; and I only by his tense attitude and some subtle wave of excitement which he communicated to me did I know that a new arrival was entering.

The hum of conversation died away and in the ensuing silence I heard the rustle of draperies. The newcomer was a woman, then. Fearful of making any noise, I yet managed to get my eyes to the level of the shutter.



A woman in an elegant flame-colored opera cloak was crossing the floor and coming in the direction of the spot where we were concealed. She wore a soft silk scarf about her head, a fold partly draped across her face. A momentary view I had of her—and wildly incongruous she looked in that place—and she had disappeared from sight, having approached some one invisible who sat upon the divan immediately beneath our point of vantage.

From the way in which the company gazed toward her, I divined that she was no habitué of the place

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but that her presence there was as greatly surprising to those in the room as it was to me.

Whom could she be, this elegant lady who visited such a haunt?—who, it would seem, was so anxious to disguise her identity but who was dressed for a society function rather than for a midnight expedition of so unusual a character.

I BEGAN a whispered question, but Smith tugged at my arm to silence me. His excitement was intense. Had his keener powers enabled him to recognize the unknown?

A faint but most peculiar perfume stole to my nostrils, a perfume which seemed to contain the very soul of Eastern mystery. Only one woman known to me used that perfume—Fu-Manchu's beautiful slave, Kâramanêh!

Then it was she!

At last my friend's vigilance had been rewarded. Eagerly I bent forward. Smith literally quivered in anticipation of a discovery.

Again the strange perfume was wafted to our hiding place; and, glancing neither to right nor left, I saw Kâramanêh—for that it was she I no longer doubted—recross the room and disappear.

"The man she spoke to!" hissed Smith. "We must see him! We must have him!"

He pulled the mat aside and stepped out into the anteroom. It was empty. Down the passage he led, and we were almost at the door of the big room, when it was thrown open and a man came rapidly out, opened the street door before Smith could reach him, and was gone, slamming it fast.

I can swear that we were not four seconds behind him—but when we gained the street it was empty! Our quarry had disappeared as if by magic. A big car was just turning the corner toward Leicester Square.

"That is the girl," rapped Smith; "but where in Heaven's name is the man to whom she brought the message? I would give a hundred pounds to know what business is afoot! To think that we have had such an opportunity and have thrown it away!"

Angry and nonplussed, he stood at the corner, looking in the direction of the crowded thoroughfare into which the car had been driven, tugging at the lobe of his ear, as was his habit in such moments of perplexity, and sharply clicking his teeth together. I, too, was very thoughtful. Clues were few enough in those days of our war with that giant antagonist, Fu-Manchu. The mere thought that our trifling error of judgment to-night in tarrying a moment too long might mean the victory of Fu-Manchu—and of the yellow group which he represented: might mean the turning of the balance which a wise Providence has adjusted between the white and yellow races—was appalling.

TO SMITH and I, who knew something of the secret influences at work to overthrow the Indian Empire, to place, it might be, the whole of Europe and America beneath an Eastern rule, it seemed that a great yellow hand was stretched out over London. With his elaborate organization, his group of assassins, his vast resources of wealth and of genius, Dr. Fu-Manchu was a menace to the civilized world—yet his very existence remained unsuspected by the millions whose fate he sought to command.

"Into what dark scheme have we had a glimpse?" said Smith. "What state secret is to be filched? What faithful servant of the British raj is to be spirited away? Upon whom now has Fu-Manchu set his death seal?"

"Kâramanêh, on this occasion, may not have been acting as an emissary of the doctor's."

"I feel assured that she was, Petrie. Of the many whom this yellow cloud may at any moment envelop, to which one did her message refer? The man's instructions were urgent. Witness his hasty departure. Curse it!" He dashed his right clenched fist into the palm of his left hand. "I never had a glimpse of his face, first to last. To think of the hours I have spent in that place, in anticipation of just such a meeting—only to bungle the opportunity when it arose!"

Scarce heeding what course we followed, we had come, now, to Piccadilly Circus and had walked out into the heart of the night's traffic. I just dragged Smith aside in time to save him from the off front wheel of a big Mercedes. Then the traffic was blocked; and we found ourselves dangerously penned in amid the press of vehicles.

Somehow we extricated ourselves, jeered at by taxi drivers, who naturally took us for two simple Oriental visitors; and just before that impassable barrier, the arm of a London policeman, was lowered, and the stream moved on, a faint breath of perfume became perceptible to me.

The cabs and cars about us were actually beginning to move again, and there was nothing for it but a hasty retreat to the curb. I could not pause to glance behind, but instinctively I knew that some one—some one who used that rare, fragrant essence—was leaning from the window of the car.

"*Andaman—second!*" floated a soft whisper.

We gained the pavement as the pent-up traffic roared upon its way.

Smith had not noticed the perfume worn by the unseen occupant of the car, had not detected the whispered words. But I had no reason to doubt my senses, and I knew beyond question that Fu-Manchu's lovely slave, Kâramanêh, had been within a yard of us, had recognized us, and had uttered those words for our guidance.

ON REGAINING my rooms, we devoted a whole hour to considering what "Andaman—second" could possibly mean.

"Hang it all!" cried Smith. "It might mean anything—the result of a race, for instance!"

He burst into one of his rare laughs, and began to stuff broad-cut mixture into his briar. I could see that he had no intention of turning in.

"I can think of no one—no one of note in London at present upon whom it is likely that Fu-Manchu would make an attempt," he said. "I except ourselves!"

We began methodically to go through the long list of names which we had compiled, and to review our elaborate notes. When, at last, I turned in, the night had given place to a new day. But sleep evaded me, and "Andaman—second" danced like a mocking phantom through my brain.

Then I heard the telephone bell. I heard Smith speaking.

A minute afterward he was in my room, his face very grim.

"I knew as well as if I'd seen it with my own eyes that some black business was afoot last night," he said. "And it was! Within pistol shot of us! Some one has got at Frank Norris West! Inspector Weymouth has just been on the phone!"

"Norris West!" I cried. "The American aviator—and inventor—"

"Of the West aero torpedo—yes! He's been offering it to the English War Office, and they have delayed too long."

I got out of bed.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that its potentialities have attracted the attention of Dr. Fu-Manchu!"



"Andaman—second!" floated a soft whisper

MR. Norris West, whose lean, stoic face had latterly figured so often in the daily press, lay upon the floor in the little entrance hall of his chambers, flat upon his back, with the telephone receiver in his hand.

The outer door had been forced by the police. They had had to remove a piece of the paneling to get at the bolt. A medical man was leaning over the recumbent figure in the striped pajama suit and Detective Inspector Weymouth stood watching him as Smith and I entered.

"He has been heavily drugged," said the doctor, sniffing at West's lips; "but I cannot say what drug has been used. It isn't chloroform or anything of that nature. He can safely be left to sleep it off, I think."

I agreed, after a brief examination.

"It's most extraordinary!" said Weymouth. "He rang up the Yard about an hour ago and said his chambers had been invaded by Chinamen! Then the man at the phone plainly heard him fall. When we got here, his front door was bolted, as you've seen, and the windows are three floors up! Nothing is disturbed—"

"The plans of the aero torpedo?" rapped Smith.

"I take it they are in the safe in his bedroom," replied the detective—"and that is locked all night! I think he must have taken an overdose of something and had illusions! But in case there was anything in what he mumbled (you could hardly understand him) I thought it as well to send for you."

"Quite right," said Smith rapidly. His eyes shone like steel. "Lay him on the bed, Inspector."

It was done; and my friend walked into the bedroom. Save that the bed was disordered, showing that West had been sleeping in it, there were no evidences of the extraordinary invasion mentioned by the drugged man. It was a small room—the chambers were of that kind which are let furnished—and very neat. A safe, with a combination lock, stood in a corner. The window was open about a foot at the top.

SMITH tried the safe, and found it fast. He stood for a moment clicking his teeth together, by which I knew him to be perplexed. He walked over to the window and threw it up. We both looked out.

"You see," came Weymouth's voice, "it is altogether too far from the court below for our cunning Chinese friends to have fixed a ladder with one of their bamboo rod arrangements. And, even if they could get up there, it's too far down from the roof—two more stories—for them to have fixed it from there."

Smith nodded thoughtfully, at the same time trying the strength of an iron bar which ran from side to side of the window sill. Suddenly he stopped, with a sharp exclamation. Bending over his shoulder, I saw what it was that had attracted his attention.

Clearly imprinted upon the dust-coated gray stone of the sill was a confused series of marks—tracks—call them what you will.

Smith straightened himself and turned a wondering look upon me.

"What is it, Petrie?" he said amazedly. "Some kind of bird has been here, and recently."

Inspector Weymouth in turn examined the marks.

"I never saw bird tracks like these, Mr. Smith," he muttered.

Smith was tugging at the lobe of his ear.

"No," he returned reflectively, "come to think of it, neither did I."

(Continued on page 34)



From the way in which the company gazed toward her, I divined that she was no habitue of the place

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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



An Offside Cue

POPULAR beliefs operate by queer trails. The Chinese are considered the greatest race of opium smokers in the world. Yet, looking over the list, we fail to lamp a single case where a Chinaman ever managed a fighter, a wrestler, or a ball club in the spring.

Nor Is That All

When C. J. Cæsar ruled the Game
And Tyruscobbed the Appian Way,
You may recall his smash at fame
And how he packed the park each day—

You may recall how each fan cheered
And whooped it up for him in Rome
When he was there, and rightly geared
To fetch the grand old pennant home.

But when old C. J. lost his smoke
And Time bedulled his Batting Glim,
You know how long it took some bloke
To slip the Big Kibosh to him.

How times have changed across the rout;
When Matty fails, do rooters pan him?
*Do loyal fans yell: "**Take him out?**"*
*You bet they do—and also: "**Can him!**"*

Cobb—Lajoie—Wagner

A pale indigo fringe surrounded baildom's 1913 opening and those who peered within soon found the cause.

Honus Wagner, Pittsburgh's Flying Dutchman, was on the bench with a bad leg and Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the Georgia Typhoon, was holding out for additional kale. No wonder the situation presented a poignant aspect and the National Pastime began to rock to and fro with indigestive pains.

The Game had looked too long upon Cobb, Wagner, and Lajoie as its greatest stars to miss two of them in one fell swoop. For the Game, on beyond, will come and go for many seasons before another such trio dons the harness and flashes such a glint through the smoke of battle.

Their records in the service furnish the answer:

	Years	Runs	Hits	Stolen Bases	Bat. Av.
LAJOIE	17	1326	2736	339	.355
WAGNER	16	1501	2827	636	.343
COBB	7	717	1399	387	.373

The record for duration of service belongs to Lajoie and Wagner—but the high average belongs to Cobb. Cobb has averaged 102 runs a season, Wagner 94, and Lajoie 77. Cobb has averaged 200 hits, Wagner 177, Lajoie 161. Cobb has averaged 55 stolen bases, Wagner 40, Lajoie 20.

Thousands were hoping Cobb would return early, not only to see him play, but to compare his completed record with Lajoie's and Wagner's. Pop Anson, the old Chicago war horse, batted .300 or better for 15 consecutive seasons until Wagner broke his mark in 1912 with a run of 16 campaigns above the .300 mark.

Wagner's record will likely remain. On the other hand, it isn't likely that Lajoie's batting average of .355 for 17 years will ever be touched.

The only man in sight was Cobb, who for his 7 years of play had the greatest average of runs, hits, and stolen bases ever compiled. But Cobb, high-strung, nervous, and slenderly built, never looked to be the type to be pitted for duration against the powerful, easy-going Lajoie and the massive, phlegmatic Teuton from Pittsburgh—built like battleships, geared for an almost endless cruise.

Looking at these averages—the Printed Record plus Popular Opinion—few could deny that Cobb ranks as the most spectacular player the game has ever known.

Any ball player who can average for 7 years more runs, more hits, and more stolen bases than two such premiers from the School of Slug as the renowned Frenchman and the equally renowned German can only be placed at one niche upon the Hall of Fame.

But no one who ever saw the Georgia Ghost, highly geared and keenly temperamental, hurl his slender frame at greyhound speed into the bag ever believed that any system would bear up under such constant punishment for 16 or 17 years.

The Hoylake Carnival

The top of the game to McDermott, McNamara, Brady, Smith, and the rest of the American golf contingent headed for the British Open Championship at Hoylake—

With the realization that bearding the British lion upon his native pot-bunker, where Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and Ray await, is an extremely technical undertaking—if not the essence of a perfect stymie.

The Minimum Wage for Outfielders

When the Cobb hold-out controversy was at its height back in April, Colonel Franklin P. Adams rose up to remark that Ty was probably standing pat upon the theory that the low-wage scale was directly responsible for a low standard of outfielding morality.

Interviewed by our correspondent, Mr. Cobb had the following to say:

"The statement is correct. How can a center fielder hope to live decently and maintain his batting eye upon a paltry $10,000 per? There are exceptional cases, of course, where an outfielder receiving $20,000 would only bat about .211. But he wouldn't receive the $20,000 long. Not very long. Seizing upon my own case, last season I compiled 227 hits, for which I was paid $9,000—a paltry $39 per hit. (The more hits I get the less I draw for each hit.) On the basis of making 200 hits I asked for $15,000, or $75 a hit, which I consider a fair living wage for most center fielders. If $75 a hit looks like a lot of money, suppose you stand up before Walter Johnson or Ed Walsh with a bat in your hand for a while. As for living decently upon $39 a hit, well—ever try it?" But again complications arise. We have seen ball players where a minimum wage scale of $200 a hit would produce starvation in less than a fortnight.

"Up, Lancers!"

(In polo, tennis, golf, and track athletics, America is now facing championship clashes with Great Britain through the greatest international sporting carnival ever known. Hence—)

Where cross-court volleys rake the sod before the racquet's driving prod—
Where mallets swish above the clod as blooded mounts careen—
Where white pills fly against the sky from rolling turf and bunker lie
As brassies flick and mashies click across the ancient green—

Wait—till you see the whites of their eyes
Before you swipe or bat 'em;
And then—as on the missile flies—
Up—Uncle Sam—and at 'em!

Their red line under Devon's sweep has formed across the purling deep—
The yew shank quivers in the steel that flashes through the mist—
But shadowed by the starry spread upon the rippling roll of red,
The phantom of Revere moves on to keep the victor's tryst.

Wait—till you see their helmet tops
Before you swing—dod-drat 'em;
And then, from each well-guarded copse,
Up—Uncle Sam—and at 'em!

The cliffs of Albion to-day—milk-white against a fog of gray—
Look down upon a crimson troop with hearts of English oak;
But still above her warring braves the old Star-Spangled banner waves,
And still the Eagle's searching eye awaits the winning stroke.

Wait—till you see their red plumes sway
Before you clout or bat 'em;
And then—fanged Tiger of the Fray—
Up—Samuel—and at 'em!

Breaking It Gently

Before Prof. Lipton decides to send his 75-footer—measure in at 3 p. m.—against America's 90-footer—weigh in at ringside—he should excavate a trifle more deeply into the dope.

As far as we can figure it, David is the only lightweight in history that ever knocked a heavyweight cold with a punch.

The Rub

The Game is full of stings and clouts—
Of jabs and jolts that cut and hurt;
Of brooding fears and sudden doubts
That take the heart out of the spurt;
But here's the worst of any race
To see, back in the rut assigned,
A pal who couldn't hold the pace—
A good old pal who's left behind.

Sometimes I wonder just what those
Who've reached the crest must think and feel;
Barred, where the Gates of Fate must close,
From those amid the vanquished reel;
To look back, through the flash of fame,
And see across the Trail of Time
A pal who couldn't beat the Game—
A good old pal who couldn't climb.

Evidently a Cubist Bogey

It has been recorded that in a golf competition at Biarritz, Chevalier von Cittern turned in the score of 316 strokes, an average of a trifle over 17 strokes to the hole.

We are glad to know of this performance for two reasons. In the first instance, we have long wished to obtain the name of the original of that ancient wheeze wherein the confession is made that "after taking 9 at the first hole, 11 at the second, and 14 at the third, I then blew up and went all to pieces."

In the second instance, there are times when we, having finished a badly frayed round, can soothe our harassed soul with the thought that the Chevalier was at least 3 strokes worse.

The Golf Widow's Rebuttal

You have kicked in with a scrum for the Great White Plague;
You have uppercut the Typhus on the jaw;
You have copped an anesthetic to relieve the diphtheretic,
And the rest of it you cut out with a saw.
But tell me, gentle doctors, ere the mortal coil is off,
Is there nothing you've discovered in the medicated trough
That may curb the raging fever of this game called "goff"?

"The Keystone King"

Mr. Murphy, owner of the Chicago Cubs, has labeled his manager and crack second baseman "The Keystone King."

As abundantly as we admire the playing ability of the famed Trojan, we feel that Mr. Murphy's list of acquaintances should be extended a trifle.

Mr. Murphy—Mr. Lajoie of Cleveland and Mr. Collins of Philadelphia; Mr. Lajoie and Mr. Collins—Mr. Murphy. You fellows should know each other.

In labeling Evers "The Keystone King," Mr. Murphy probably used the following correct statistics:

Evers—Ten seasons; batting average, .275; fielding average, .950.

Collins—Five seasons; batting average, .340; fielding average, .960.

Lajoie—Seventeen seasons; batting average, .355; fielding average, .955.

The question now is about this: Just what mathematical or geometrical formula did Mr. Murphy employ in obtaining his astonishing result?

Yes, What a Pity!

The succulent statistic shows us that in his career Nap Lajoie has compiled 553 doubles, 156 triples, and 75 home runs for a total of over 1,090 extra bases.

What a pity it is that this Frenchman, with all his other accomplishments, could never hit.

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All the year satisfaction!



There's an all the year around satisfaction in having a home fitted with ideal heating. The sudden cool, raw or damp nights of late Spring or even of mid-Summer are tamed and made "comfy" in a moment. You slip back a small catch on the IDEAL Boiler which dumps the grate of old ashes, then throw in a little kindling and in a few minutes the genial warmth is being evenly radiated all over the house. Instantly ready any time!

AMERICAN & IDEAL
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No matter how sudden, slight or intense the change in the weather, these wonderful outfits with their heat-controlling devices instantly adjust themselves to it, like an automatic servant. When you "tumble out o' bed" your feet strike a warm floor and you make your toilet, don your clothes and breakfast in warm rooms, starting the day master of your home equipment, not its slave!

From IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators you get *clean*, healthful heat—no scorched air—no ash or coal-dust, coal-gases or soot, which come from old-fashioned heating. This means immense saving in household cleaning and care-taking, as well as giving far longer life to home furnishings and decorations. These outfits are made in sizes to fit 3-room cottages to 90-room buildings.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will last as long as the house stands—no repair bills. Buildings thus outfitted bring 10 to 15 per cent higher rental; or you get your "full money back" if you sell. If weary and discouraged with the everlasting blacking, repairing, fire-coaxing, poking, scuttle-heaving, etc., of old-time heating devices, tell us of your complaint; or let us send (free) valuable book "Ideal Heating"—no trouble to us,—no obligation on you. *Prices* are now *most attractive* and at this season you get the services of the *most skilled* Fitters! Write today.



A No. 1-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 184 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $130, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Write also for ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner catalog. Machine is cellar-set, connected by iron suction pipe to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine, and will last as long as the building.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Showrooms in all large cities
Write Department 31 CHICAGO

The Pacific Coast Makes Ready

Changes of Every Sort from Doubled Business for the New Harbors to a New Order of Domestic Servants Are Expected to Follow the Opening of the Panama Canal

By HELEN STARR

THE coast cities are deep in the throes of house cleaning and refurnishing, preparatory to the opening of the Panama Canal. Nothing shall block the path to the home doorstep, and so shallow harbors are being dredged; jetties, sea walls, and breakwaters are rising from the deep, and canals and waterways are being sent far back into the land. The enormity of the work undertaken reminds one of the ambitious Lilliputians of Gulliver fame.

Ambitious realty men have often erected whole cities—platted lots, erected a brick schoolhouse, a village church, a bank, and a hotel—all peopleless and doomed to decay. Seemingly on faith, the coast cities are covering their tide flats with factories and warehouses, the first for future buzzing machinery and the latter for some millions of Wenatchee apples en route to London, cargoes of White River potatoes, California wine, Fresno raisins, Bakersfield oil, and oranges from Redlands. However, the Coast is not planning a wildcat scheme, for the money is in its pocket and the guests are surely going to follow the new water route through the canal if only to attend San Francisco's special party in 1915.

Approximately, the cities of the Coast are together spending $50,000,000 on harbor improvements. Los Angeles, situated some twenty miles from the ocean, is quite as intent on sitting on the proverbial bank and letting her feet hang over as her rivals. And so she is spending $3,000,000, and contemplates spending $7,000,000 more on a breakwater and inner harbor with twenty-one miles of municipal wharfage.

Oakland is spending $2,503,000 for an inner harbor of her own. San Diego and Tacoma will improve their already wonderful natural harbors, and San Francisco plans to invest $9,000,000 in docks and waterways. Portland's program involves an expenditure of $2,500,000 in her attempt to reach ocean waters. Seattle, sprawling over its hills like a fast-growing child, suddenly discovered that for a slight expenditure of $20,000,000 its great fresh-water lakes, a stone's throw from the sound waters, could be transformed into a valuable inner harbor. These lakes are free from tides, will give 100 miles of shore for factories and wharves, and their fresh water will release the destructive barnacles from the hulls of deep-sea vessels. Humboldt Bay, Coos Bay, San Luis Obispo, and Gray's Harbor are also making prodigious plans of their own.

THE OLD DOMESTIC ORDER

JUST now the Pacific Coast housewife inwardly enjoys telling her troubles in the matter of house servants, but isn't it possible that her supposed abuse will be more stinging and pronounced after the canal opens and gives her new brands? She may then go back to the days of memory when she depended entirely on the Oriental and his variegated quality of service.

Ling Chu relieves the housewife of one responsibility because he prefers to take his big basket on his arm, go to market, and do his own catering for the table. If he is devoted to the household he can drive a better bargain than any American. "Me no buy olanges to-day. Velly high. You heap cheat!" he will admonish the shopkeeper, and continue his rounds until he finds the best goods in the cheapest place. This daily repetition of Oriental threats keeps him amused, and gives him a great sense of superiority over the cringing truck farmer.

The good Chinese cook is strict in his duty to his kitchen domicile, and does his work regularly and quietly. He adores company and covers the vegetables with strange carving or twists spirals of frosting flutings about one's cake with "Welcome to our home," or the date of the year over the top. The

(Continued on page 24)



"That Is Nicer Than Darning Hose, Isn't It?"

"Yes Dad, Holeproof Socks and Stockings Are Comforts"

SOFT as down—easy to walk in. No darned places to hurt the feet. And style that no foreign brand surpasses. These are the features of genuine Holeproof—the finest stockings, the neatest sox.

Nothing for travel, or everyday wear, gives such comfort and convenience.

Saves In Cost, Too

Are you wearing hose that are darned every week when Holeproof can be had at no extra expense? Six pairs of these wonderful hose will wear at least six months without holes. That is guaranteed or you get new hose free. Yet they cost just the same as the kind that wear out. With its added wear, Holeproof really costs less.

If you sacrifice nothing in cost, style, comfort—if you gain this convenience—don't you think that you want Holeproof?

1,000,000 People Do

1,000,000 people are wearing Holeproof, and they think there is nothing like it. You'll think the same just as soon as you try it. And that trial will get the whole family to wear it. Holeproof is made for men, women, children and infants.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Why Holeproof Outlasts Others

We pay an average of 74c a pound for the cotton yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn sells for 32c. We pay the top market price for ours. There is no better yarn to be had. It is three-ply—three separate, soft strands, pliable, but strong, because long-fibred. Common yarn is short-fibred, heavy and harsh. There's a vast difference. Try Holeproof and see.

We spend $60,000 a year merely for inspection, to see that each pair is perfectly made. Don't you want quality that is watched like this?

See the Spring Assortment

At all Holeproof Dealers now. All the new colors. All the grades. Ask for the New Mercerized Holeproof Sox at $1.50 for six pairs, the 25c grade with the silky lustre and 22 per cent added strength.

Holeproof in cotton, for men, costs from $1.50 to $3 a box of six pairs. For women and children $2 to $3 a box of six pairs. For infants, $1 a box of four pairs. All the above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men, $2 for three pairs. For women, $3 for three pairs. Three pairs of silk guaranteed three months.

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

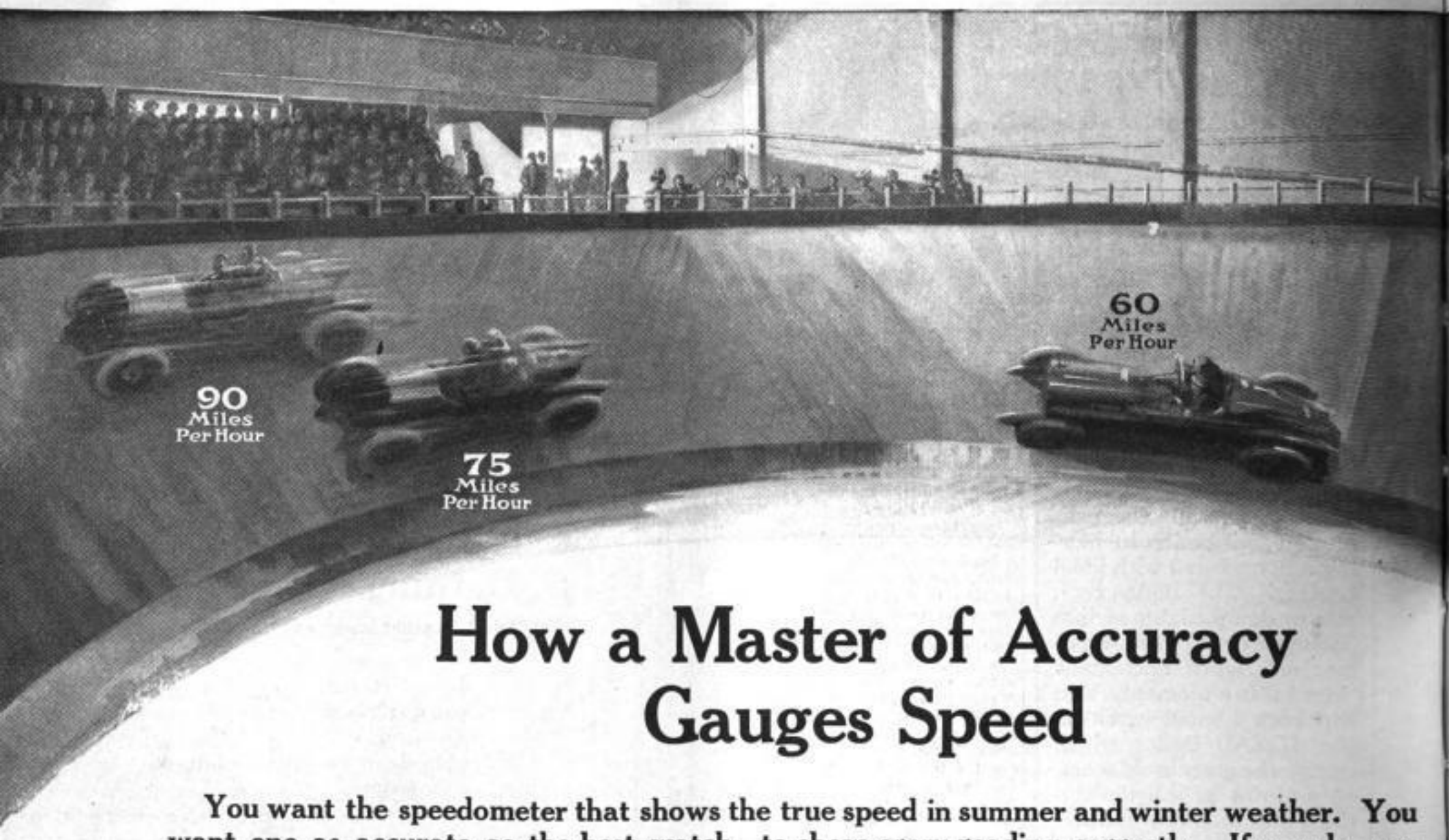
"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and for the name of dealer near you who handles them.

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How a Master of Accuracy Gauges Speed

You want the speedometer that shows the true speed in summer and winter weather. You want one as accurate as the best watch—to show *every* reading correctly. If you do, you want the *Gyroscope Principle* as invented and applied to speedometers by Mr. Jos. W. Jones, the inventor of the first speedometer ever used on a motor car in America.

Accuracy His Hobby

Mr. Jones has spent his life from boyood seeking accurate results in mechanical evice.

He invented the Disc Record for Talking Machines which gave these machines their reat popularity. His record reproduced or the first time the accurate tones of he human voice. Now every inflection, ll the delicate shadings of the great singers' oices are perfectly heard. That is due to his wonderful Disc Record, which is used he world over.

He invented the Autolog, Recording peedometer, which tells every movement motor car makes, how long it was used, he speed it attained, and the time of every top and start.

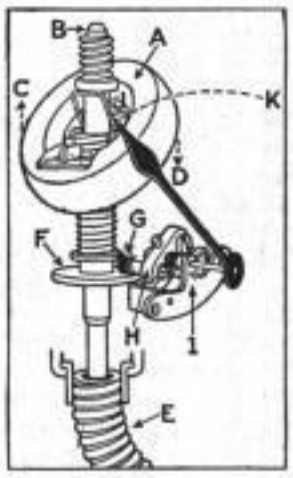
He invented the Live Map, which tells ust where you are and what you are approaching throughout every mile of a motor ar tour.

In all, fifty inventions are to his credit, nd accuracy is the keynote in all of them.

For the past thirteen years he has uilt an instrument to reproduce motor ar speed accurately in summer and winter veather. Don't you think you want Jones Accuracy in the Speedometer on your new notor car?

The Gyroscope Principle

Mr. Jones uses a Gyroscope and centrifugal force to indicate speed. Speed is centrifugal force. There can be no centrifugal force without speed. They are directly related. As speed increases, centrifugal force increases as the direct result. This relation is governed by Natural Laws, and such laws cannot vary.



Note the picture-diagram. A gyroscope (A) revolves on a spindle (B). When motionless the gyroscope rests at the angle shown. When in motion the gyroscope tends to assume the position indicated (C-D). The faster the speed the more nearly horizontal the gyroscope becomes. This gradual change of position is produced by centrifugal force—an invariable force controlled by Nature's Law. The speed that changes its position comes direct from the wheel of the car to which the shaft (E) is directly attached. Thus every impulse is transmitted at once and immediately effects a change in the gyroscope's position.

The Road Moves the Pointer

As the gyroscope changes its position—as the lower edge rises—a spool (F) on the spindle (B) rises uniformly with that edge—exactly the same distance. On the rim of the spool rests a movable pinion (G) which is raised in unison with the spool. The pinion is attached to a crank arm (H) which has its axis at the point marked (I). The indicating hand in the picture moves on the same axis, from point (J) to point (K), according to how high the spool is raised and how far this crank arm is turned.

Thus every speed impulse of the car is shown in the hand immediately, smoothly and accurately. Each speed impulse goes from the road to the hand through direct connection.

There is no other way to show speed more simply. No way, today, to build speedometers with fewer moving parts. Can you think of a way that can be more reliable—a better way to show the speed than to reproduce the speed itself?

This simple construction means great durability, instant speed indication and permanent accuracy.

And No Weather Effect

It means absolute freedom from any effect due to changing weather.

The Jones in competitive temperature tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute and the United States Bureau of Standards won the Accuracy Title by remaining absolutely accurate at all speeds in all variations of temperature. We will send you the records of these tests. See what the figures show.

The Final Authority

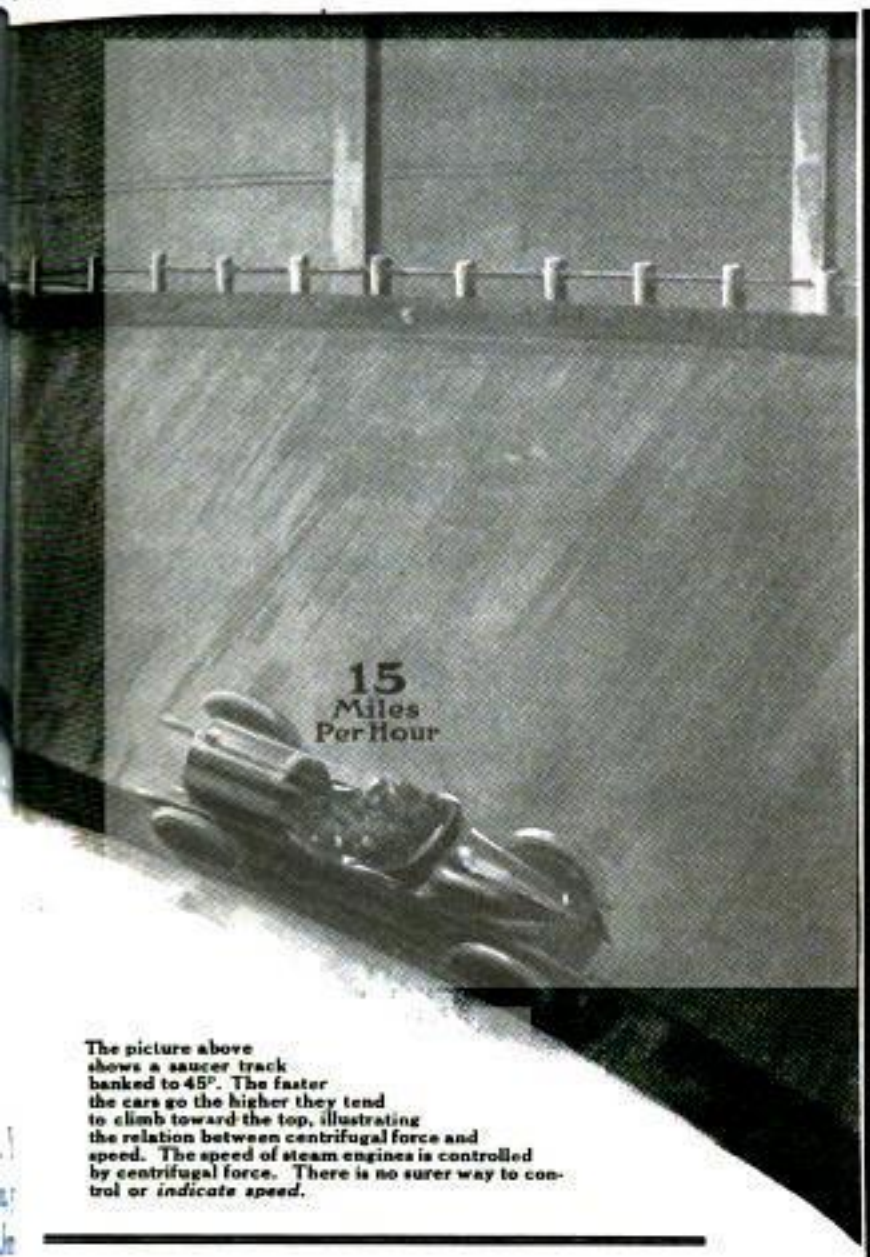
The Jones in a 30-day test in England before the Royal Automobile Club competed with 15 makes of speedometers from America and Europe. Each instrument traveled 2,000 miles to show supremacy in eight different points. The Jones made the only perfect score. It won on all points by wide margins over all the other makes and was awarded the club's gold medal.

This club, in Europe, is considered the World's final authority on motor car matters.

The Jones showed no wear, no inaccuracies, required no adjustments, no attention whatever. The Jones at the end was in perfect condition.

THE NEW JONES SPEE

Absolute Accuracy at all Speeds in Summer a



The picture above shows a saucer track banked to 45°. The faster the cars go the higher they tend to climb toward the top, illustrating the relation between centrifugal force and speed. The speed of steam engines is controlled by centrifugal force. There is no surer way to control or *indicate* speed.

What Owners Know

An owner from whom we have heard recently has used his Jones over 120,000 miles without any adjustment, without any fault. He has it now on its fifth automobile. It has thus outlasted four cars without any attention.

12-year-old Jones are as good today as when they were first purchased. We have this testimony from owners.

Any New Jones today is longer-lived, more durable than these instruments.

Don't you want the speedometer that doesn't give trouble and that shows the exact speed throughout so many years?

The thousands of owners who have used it for years know that it is a wonderful instrument in accuracy and strength.

You may know a Jones owner. Ask him and see. Nine rulers of Europe use the Jones Speedometer on their private cars—those of England, Russia, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Siam. Also the presidents of Switzerland and France.

These men, who can buy the best, use the Jones for the same reasons that Americans do—for accuracy and durability.

Send for All the Facts

Find out all reasons why you should have the New Jones Speedometer on your new car—why we finish parts to the accuracy of one ten-thousandth part of an inch—why each instrument gets 16 tests for perfection—why we use 58 steel balls in the bearings—how we get steadiness, instantaneous indication, and how we maintain the unfailing accuracy that has made the Jones world-famous.

Any motor car maker will put on a New Jones if you specify it plainly, no matter what speedometer he may specify in his catalog as regular equipment.

Some of the pick of American cars carry the New Jones as regular equipment. But you can get it on other cars.

Write for the Jones facts. Get them now. You'll want the New Jones when you know them. Then tell the dealer who sells you your new car to put the New Jones on it. Write for the books to

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER
Broadway at 76th Street New York

OMETER

Winter Weather

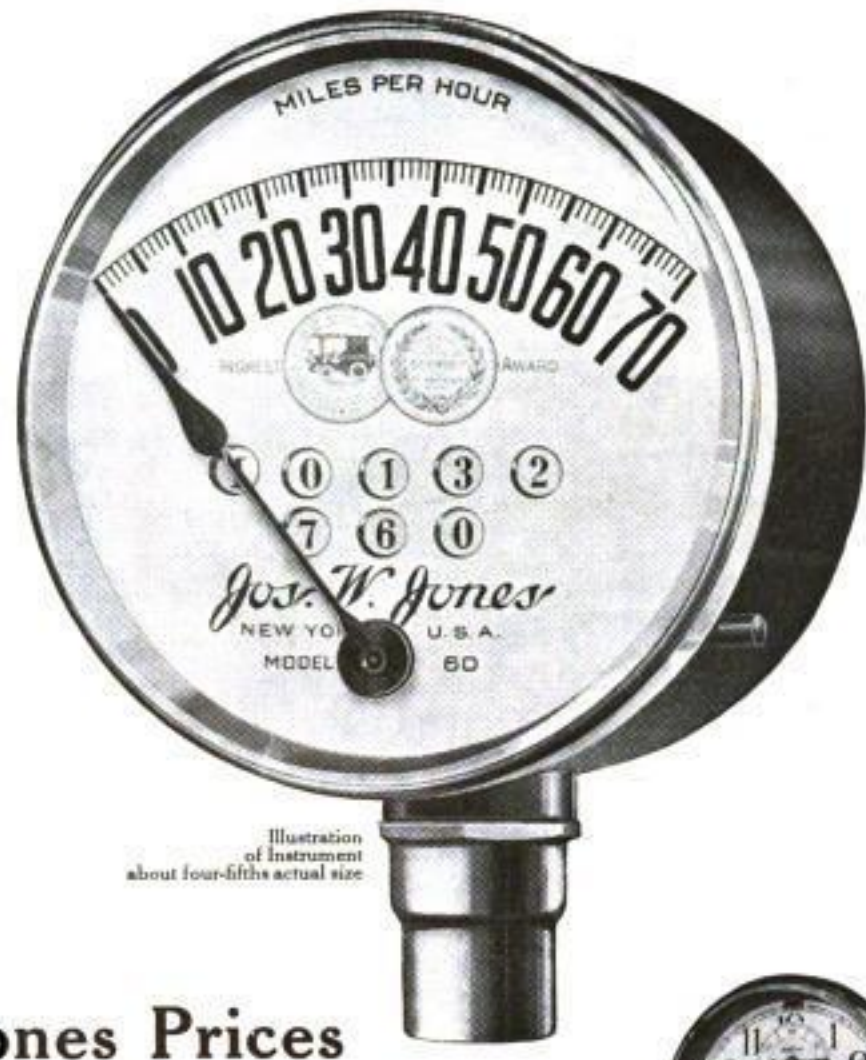


Illustration of Instrument about four-fifths actual size

Jones Prices

Though the New Jones is simple and has few parts, each instrument is nearly six months in the making. Each part, made as Mr. Jones makes it, requires careful work. Innumerable tests and inspections are given these parts to gain perfect finish and fit. Then the parts that fit perfectly are selected by hand for each instrument.

That is why Jones prices are higher than the prices of some other speedometers. The cost is in accurate simplicity, durability and beautiful finish. The New Jones is one of the handsomest instruments ever built for any purpose.

The New Jones Speedometer is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction, and is backed by branch houses in all the principal cities of the world.

Note these features: Larger (and stationary) speed scale. Larger mileage figures. Steady, large, pointer hand, read like a watch in the dark. Instant reset of trip odometer by pushing a button, etc.

The New Jones
Model 60

70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.
Price **$60**

Same with clock and electric light additional. Price **$100**

The New Jones
Model 175

With clock and electric light attachment. 80-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.
Price **$125**

Same, without clock and light. Price **$75**



Model 175

The Jones Autolog

The Recording Speedometer

The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

Your Exchange Opportunity

Write for sample chart, detailed explanation and our exchange proposition by which we make liberal allowance for any make of speedometer in exchange for the Autolog. We'll allow full list price in exchange for any Jones instrument which is new.

The Autolog (Recording Speedometer) is the last word in speed indication, the latest invention of Mr. Jones. Chelsea clock movement of the highest quality in combination with 60-mile-per-hour speed scale and odometer.

Price of the Autolog complete is $125



Illustration about one-third actual size

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It is in Your Hours of Sleep

—when the salivary glands are inactive—that your teeth are exposed to greatest harm.

For this reason thorough cleansing *before retiring* is the first essential of

Good Teethkeeping

Make it your unfailing habit *each night*, as well as each morning, to use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

The standard dentifrice prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

The brush never touches this can



Instantly neutralizes all acid tendencies of the mouth. Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Cleanses by polishing—*the safest way.* A pure, velvety, gritless powder highly pleasant to use. Cannot produce harmful chemical reaction. Teach your children to use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—*especially at night.* The result will be sound, beautiful teeth—and hence better health and better looks.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere



Leading golf clubs throughout the United States, as well as abroad, use

"PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality* Lawn Mowers

because they do the best work with the least labor and expense. They are automatically self-sharpening, easy-running, perfect-cutting, and remarkably durable.

"The new 17-in. ball-bearing, close-cutting Golf Mower supplied this year, I consider one of the cleanest-cutting, sweetest-running machines on the market. I used it on our Greens during the Amateur Championship with satisfactory results.
HUGH HAMILTON,
Green Keeper
The Royal and Ancient Golf Club
St. Andrews, Scotland

Each "Pennsylvania" blade is of crucible tool steel—oil-hardened and water-tempered—an exclusive feature.

This high quality steel, *keeps* the self-sharpening feature effective. A "Pennsylvania" stays keen a dozen years without re-sharpening.

A "Pennsylvania" never runs hard, but is light-running and perfect cutting even after long service.

Another advantage is the long wheel-base which spans ruts and inequalities, making smooth work possible over uneven lawns.

"State the State for *Quality's* Sake."

MAILED FREE: "The Lawn—Its Making and Care," an instructive book by an authority, gladly mailed free.

SUPPLEE HARDWARE COMPANY, BOX 1580, PHILADELPHIA





hostess is never exactly sure what the message of the cake will read, and, not wishing to displease faithful Chu Sun, withholds her curiosity and worry until the fatal moment after salad and before dessert.

The Chinaman does not study or seek world knowledge beyond the pantry. In the evenings he sits quietly for hours smoking a long pipe or gives a poker party in his room for three friends with gambling inclinations. Loud clacks and guttural snatches of argument accompany each new deal. Poker is his besetting vice, and upsets the savings-bank account of weeks of penurious living.

A "bad Chink" is the type of man who makes dire threats with the bread knife and figures largely in cheap literature. His threats are rarely fatal to anyone within hitting distance, and are more a matter of assertion of authority in his own sanctified domain—the kitchen. If he is a villain at heart his plans will be deep-seated and probably result in raids on the larder or a mutual-benefit arrangement with the grocer rather than murder, burglary, or arson. Past ancestral training directs him to secretly kill the favorite black cat, which animal he holds as the root of all evil.

THE JAPANESE IS DIFFERENT

EXPRESSIONS of affection rarely come to the surface in the stolid Chinese, but his right feelings will be discovered when he finds some old photograph of the baby of the house and carefully tacks it on the wall of his room. About forty years ago some one began to teach the Oriental not to expectorate on half-damp clothes before ironing. On the Fourth of July he loves to shoot the festive firecracker, and on New Year's Day he brings lily bulbs, presents of ivory, carved boxes or bags of Chinese nuts and white candy—the latter strongly suggestive of kerosene.

The typical Chinese laundryman may be seen about the streets of Western cities any day, usually driving a yellow wagon behind a weazened white horse. When snow falls he stays behind shop doors, for the humor of the American boy culminates in the act of hitting a Chink with a snowball. Even older men rather delight in playing tricks on some poor old Oriental with a half knowledge of English and a desire for hard work and ultimate riches.

The other type of Coast servant, the Japanese, has essentially different characteristics. He is neat, orderly, and ambitious—always ambitious for greater things. In fifty years it is quite certain that Japan will be composed of a Senate chamber holding one-half of her citizens, while the rest will be divided between the professions of lawyer, divine, doctor, and newspaper editor. To the Japanese youth who enters upon housework the employment is merely a means to an educational end.

"How many people in the house?" he inquires when he looks for a place. When he finds a family of modestly small numbers he engages himself to it. The housekeeper then tells him his duties, and woe to her if she forgets one item which might ever occur in the course of running the home factory. If she does forget, and the occasion arises for an extra duty, her Jap says: "But you not say broom back porch. Previously I are not aware of this necessary duty." Then one must clean said porch oneself or take chances of losing the new help.

LITERAL OBEDIENCE

A SEATTLE lady explained our system of afternoon calls and calling cards to the boy before her day at home. "You see lady will give you cards," she said, going through the scene herself with him, "then you let her in, show her the parlor, and come to me with the cards." He understood perfectly. That afternoon she sat in an upper front window sewing. Two of her intimate friends came up the walk to the house and rang the bell. She heard a short discussion below, then the door closed rather hard, and she was aghast to see the friends going away from the house.

"Why, Metoso," she called, "why didn't you let those ladies come in?"

"They no tickets," he responded with finality. "I ask it. Did you not direct in so a manner?"

Discussions of kindness to the house servant, differences of social caste, and plans for new ways of acquiring working force by glossed charity to cooks, which have occupied the woman's magazines these many years, fall down before



"A Berry Wagon Baby"

On VARNISHES—

Look for this name and trade-mark—And you need look no further

OVER half a century of knowing how is back of every Berry Brothers' product.

Our business is today the largest of its kind in the world simply because we have maintained through all these years, the highest possible standards of manufacture.

No matter how small the job is—if you want it to look well and last well, specify Berry Brothers' varnish—and see that you get it.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

Good dealers everywhere carry a full line of Berry Brothers' varnishes, shellacs and baking Japans. And we shall be glad to send you, *free*, an interesting booklet covering your varnishing problem. Just write and tell us what you want to finish.

BERRY BROTHERS
Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, England.

Write for children's book, illustrated in color by W. W. Denslow, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon"—sent free.



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...VARNISHES—
...for this name and
...e-mark—And you
...look no further

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...ROTHERS'
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...RRY BROTHERS

...RRY BROTHERS CELEBRATED VARNISHES DETROIT

WHY

Capillary Attraction Saves Your Fingers From Ink Stains



WHEN you remove the cap of a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, why are there no ink drops lurking around the writing end of the pen to smear your fingers?

Answer: *Capillary Attraction.*

What is Capillary Attraction? It's that curious force in nature that makes sponges absorb water, lamp wicks draw oil, blotters take up ink, etc. In the Parker Pen Capillary Attraction keeps the feed tube *free of ink drops* after you're through writing.

Now ink drops in the feed tube cause ink-smeared fingers. Because they get forced up and out around the writing end of the pen by *air* in the pen, (See X-Ray) which your body heat—98 degrees—causes to expand.

Briefly: Body heat warms air; air expands, pushes up through feed tube; pushes out lurking ink drops. Result: inky fingers.

Note in the X-Ray that the Parker Lucky Curve *grooved feed tube* touches the barrel wall. Now that touch means Capillary Attraction and Capillary Attraction draws all ink down out of the Parker feed tube before your body heat sends the air up.

Thus do Capillary Attraction and the Lucky Curve save your fingers from ink stains.

You want smooth, easy writing? The Parker 14K gold nibs pointed with hardest iridium give you that. You want a hitch-less, skip-less ink-flow? The Parker Spear Head Ink Controller regulates ink-flow scientifically. You want a clip that slips out of your way when you write? The new Parker Disappearing Clip does this—yet grips like fate when in use. 25c extra on any standard Parker.

Standard style Parkers $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, $10 and up according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PENS

slip into any pocket—in any position—without leaking. Handy as your knife or keys. Carry them in the same pocket. $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

Parkers are sold *on trial* and your money refunded any time within 10 days of purchase, if you can pick one flaw.



Should your regular stationery, drug or department store not sell Parkers write us for handsome free catalog.

Don't wait until you "get around to it"! Get a Parker today.

...ker Pen Company
...Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store New Woolworth Building

X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

PARKER LUCKY CURVE 'OUNTAIN PEN

the case of the Japanese. He feels himself as good as the rest of the family, if not a little superior. One never knows whether he is a globe-trotting prince or a knowledge-thirsty son of an aristocratic family.

Enterprising steamship companies print a book for the use of the ambitious young Japanese coming to Pacific Coast ports. The book is a Japanese Baedeker of the American kitchen. It contains such questions and answers as: "Shall I cook eggs for breakfast?" "Yes, you may cook eggs for breakfast," both in Japanese and English. The mistress points to her line, and the servant reads just below and learns what is wanted. By the use of such a book he finds housework, when he first reaches America, and going to our public schools combines a study of American culinary methods with cultural courses. The scheme of combining the two is more common among the Japanese than any other class of immigrants that come into the United States. The immigrant receives a good home, a free education, and spending money—all for the price of his steamship ticket from the native Japanese port.

WHEN THE NEW CROWD COMES

AS the ratio of his Japanese zest for American learning expands, his ambition for culinary achievement diminishes. He often displays "coon rich" characteristics by leaving suddenly when he has accumulated a little money, living in the Japanese quarter until his money is gone, then finding another tired housewife—for there are always plenty of those. Again he has been caught in a polite lie and reprimanded. He rarely grows angry. "It is my duty to go elsewhere," he will state. "My cousin sick," is an unfailing tribulation. The steamship company's guidebook must somewhere contain that line, for it is an invariable excuse from San Diego to Sitka. And in a few minutes he is packed and gone. If he really likes his place, but wants to assert a little authority, he may go into the basement, sit near the furnace, and, lighting a cigarette, sulk until his mistress comprehends his true value and gives in on the point in question.

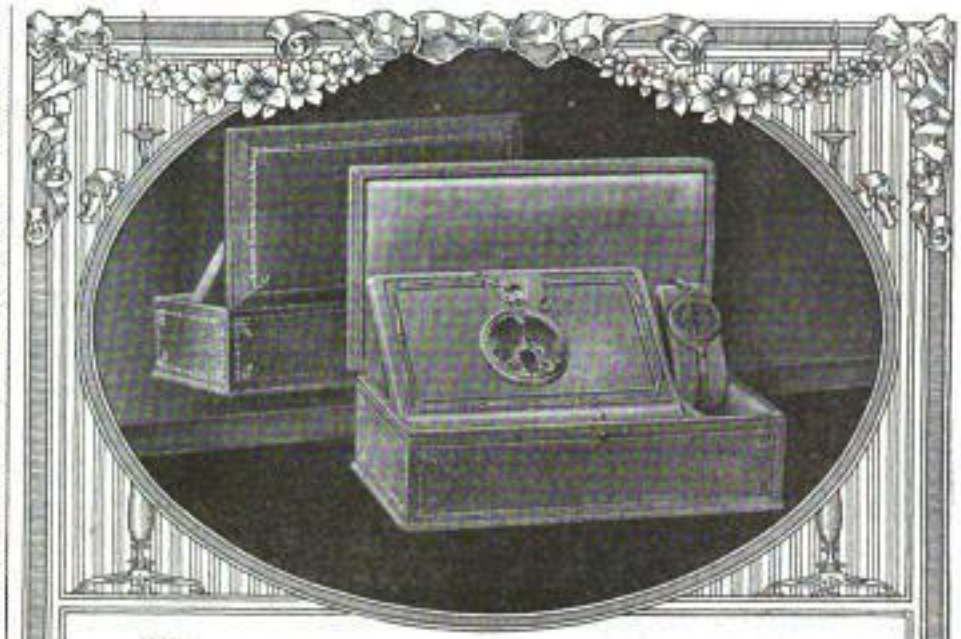
The Japanese boy has been taught to obey in his own home, and has lived among a quiet, forceful people. When he meets the nervous, distracted housewife, which he so often does in this country of high-strung living, he often changes his place again and again until he feels quite suited. He is, almost without exception, honest and does not even have darky propensities for attaching attractive wearing apparel. In San Francisco few Japanese are ever brought to court, and in Seattle no Japanese youth has ever appeared before the juvenile court. He settles his loves, hates, and business feuds in the quiet manner characteristic of his deep hopes and purposes.

The Coast has long been required to look to the East for promotion capital and for new people to help in its growth. The poverty-stricken Asiatic has not been admitted in great numbers owing to his unsuitability. In 1912 only 3,419 immigrants entered San Francisco and 1,836 entered Seattle, as compared to the 637,003 who landed at New York. With the opening of the canal the length of the trip from Europe to the Pacific Coast will about equal the long trip from the Orient to the same coast, and immigration from Europe will be as much of a possibility as immigration from the apparently nearer Asiatic countries.

MAPPING THE POSSIBILITIES

EACH State Legislature is interested in the problem, for each has appointed committees to do all they can for the new horde of peoples to come. They will prepare books in a score of foreign tongues which will explain the agricultural possibilities of different parts of the Coast, and send these broadcast. When the new people actually set foot on the Western shores they will be welcomed by the rival cities, protected until they are in a way adjusted, perhaps given a bit of logged-off land to be purchased on long-time payment, or sent to the part of the country and climate to which they are accustomed. The Germans and Dutch will probably strike for the Northwest and a dairy farm, while the Italian will feel at home in the picturesque California vineyards.

The West will have its chance to show what it can do with the immigration problem.



Waltham Watches
As a Combination Wedding Gift

This Waltham innovation creates a new wedding gift, appealing equally to the Bride and Bridegroom and bestowing on the giver a happy sense of avoiding the commonplace.

These "Bride-and-Groom" sets combine high grade Waltham movements (for ladies and gentlemen) in cases which are identically engraved or enameled. Corresponding spaces are left for the initialing.

Exquisite leather boxes are provided for these combinations as in the photograph above. (The man's watch shown in the illustration is open-face but the back of the case is shown to indicate the engraving.)

We are offering five of these combinations ranging in price from $100 to $400 for the sets complete.

We believe you will agree with us that no gift to the bride and groom could be more true to sentiment or more permanently welcome than these symmetrical watches.

If your jeweler has not yet secured for display these sets kindly write to us and we will arrange for you to see them without any trouble or obligation on your part, and we will also send you the "Bride-and-Groom" booklet which gives complete information.

For a graduation gift do not forget the supremacy of the Waltham (Riverside) Watch

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

ÆTNA-IZED?



A Wrecked Home

After a gas explosion in the middle of the night in which five persons were injured, this is the way one home looked. There are accidents of travel, accidents on the street and in the office—but ten per cent. of all accidents happen in or about the home. Not all of them are so serious as this one, but all of them cause bodily injuries and everybody needs the protection afforded by accident insurance in the ÆTNA LIFE.

The accident policies of the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn., cover liberally all kinds of accidents.

In 22 years it has paid out over ten millions in accident claims, and in 14 years, over one million in health claims. Its 110 millions of assets and its great reputation for prompt and liberal settlements gives the ÆTNA the leading place in the accident insurance business, and it is the largest Company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

Send for information about its policies.

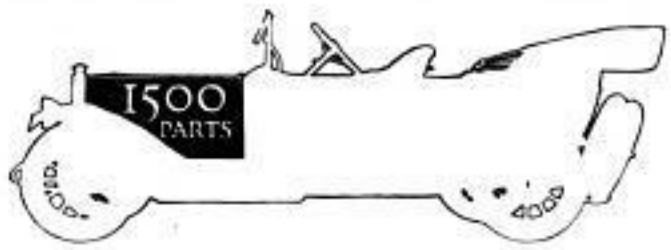
SEND IN THE COUPON TO-DAY

ÆTna Life Insurance Co., (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Tear Off

I am under 60 years of age and in good health. Send me information about Accident and Health Insurance.
My Name, business address and occupation are written below.

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Your oil must reach *all* friction points



The friction-points in a steam engine are reached with lubricants through special mechanical appliances, and separate oil cups.

In the automobile motor, they are all reached through one lubricating system.

Your car, therefore, requires:

An oil whose "body" or thickness is suited to your feed system—an oil that will properly feed to all the friction points.

If you use an oil whose "body" is unsuited to your feed requirements, or whose lubricating qualities will not properly withstand the demands of service, you will get one or more of the following results:

(1) Escape of the compression and explosion past the piston rings.
(2) Unlubricated cylinder walls at the upper end of the piston stroke.
(3) Imperfect lubrication of many of the bearings.
(4) Excess carbon deposit. (Due to the oil working too freely past the piston rings and burning in the combustion chamber.)
(5) Excessive oil and fuel consumption.
(6) Worn wrist pins.
(7) Unduly-rapid deterioration in your motor.
(8) Loose bearings.
(9) Noisy operation.

The average motor has 1500 parts. In different motors, these parts differ both in measurement and construction. No one oil can possibly meet the feed requirements of all motors.

To establish a sound guide to correct lubrication we have therefore taken a step of the utmost importance to the motorist.

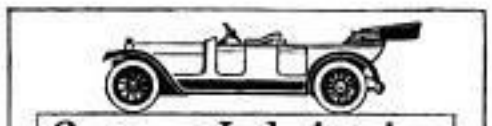
Each season we carefully analyze the motor of each make of car.

Based on this analysis, and on practical experience, we specify in a lubricating chart, printed in part on the right, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil we have found best suited to each of the various models.

This chart represents the professional advice of a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is unquestioned the world over—the Vacuum Oil Company.

If you use oil of less-correct "body" or of lower lubricating quality than that specified for your car, incomplete or inefficient lubrication is certain to follow. Unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage must result.

If your car does not appear in the partial chart on this page, we will mail on request a booklet containing our complete chart together with points on lubrication.



Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Abbott Detroit			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Argonaut (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Avery			A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	B	A								
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carter	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Cont'l	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case					A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Daniels	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Darrin	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
De Dion	B	B	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders			E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc		
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	E	E	E	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont'l	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C.							Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Grant					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant-Lees	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Havers	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hewett (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Hudson			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile "32"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "20"									A	Arc
I. H. C. (air)									B	A
" (water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A		
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jetta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jude	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Kelly Springfield									Arc	Arc
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont'l					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kline Kar			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Keit									A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	Arc	Arc	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Matheson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
" (6 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (D cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Michigan			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Minerva "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige Detroit			E	E	A	Arc	A	E	A	E
Parhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder									A	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont'l					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Rayfield							A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
S. G. V.					B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Service					A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "Knox"									A	Arc
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knox"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E		
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Warren Detroit					A	A	A	A	A	Arc
White (Gas)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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The Workingman in the Cabinet

By M. MICHELSON

WILLIAM B. WILSON, after three days in a Maryland jail, emerged with a point of view that will help to shape the policies of the United States during the next four years.

You see, William B. Wilson is Secretary of Labor in President Wilson's Cabinet. But in 1894 he was a leader of the striking miners in Maryland. In the language of the mine owners, he was something even more reprehensible than that. He was an "agitator," "trouble maker," a fellow sent in from the outside to manufacture discontent and to stir up strife in a body of peaceable, happy workingmen. As a matter of fact, Secretary Wilson doesn't mind being referred to as an "agitator." He realizes that the outsider has little chance to stir up discontent among workingmen unless there is something fundamentally wrong in the conditions of their labor.

HE WAS ABDUCTED ONCE

THE fate of that Maryland strike, as the fate of every strike, depended upon the quality of its leader. "Always get your able leader out of the way and his discouraged followers will beg peace on any terms." The Maryland mine owners had played the game often enough to know this rule. So one fine May morning Mr. Wilson was invited into the coach of a railroad train as the train stood waiting at the station at Lonaconing. When the train got under way, the future Secretary of Labor was placed under arrest and later thrown into jail at Cumberland. He was charged with the conveniently indefinite crime of conspiracy, and it was several days before his friends learned what had become of him. In the meantime a report was circulated among the miners that he had sold out and left the State.

Of course, Secretary of Labor Wilson understands why Strike Leader Wilson was thrown into jail. For the same reason, he understands why his old companion in arms, Mother Jones, was held as a military prisoner in West Virginia. And he takes great pains to see that President Wilson and the members of his Cabinet understand, too, so that, in official Washington, "conspiracy," "inciting to riot," and "unlawful assemblage" are no longer the red rags they once were.

This means that at last American labor has its official spokesman at the council table of the President. That was just what Mr. Wilson intended when, as Congressman from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania district, he drew the bill creating the office of Secretary of Labor.

As I walked into Secretary Wilson's office, the full meaning of this revolution burst upon me. It was as though a skillful cartoonist had visualized the story for me. I had come to Washington fresh from the Paint Creek coal field of West Virginia, where I had stayed with one of the miner's families. Now I looked at the serious, gray-eyed man who sat behind the big mahogany desk. His jaw was strong; his face at once delicate and determined. The black string tie and the white expanse of shirt front showed the simple taste of the workingman rather than the breezy affectation of the Washington politician.

How well William B. Wilson would have fitted into the cottage of that Scotch-American miner on Paint Creek! And how perfectly natural it would have been if the Paint Creek miner had been sitting at the Secretary's desk!

The miner had spoken half-apologetically of his lack of schooling. At the same time he took a certain pride in the fact that he was self-educated. He showed me his bookshelf. Some of his books were good, some bad, and some were bromides, incapable of fostering an idea that was either good or bad. There were, I remember, a couple of paper-back novels, which, judging from their appearance, must have passed through a great many coal-begrimed hands. On the other hand, there also was Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and a little farther on a set of books from a correspondence school which the boys of the house must have studied at night.

Now I listened while the Secretary of Labor, in quiet, unassuming manner, told me his own story. It was the same story, only carried to a more advanced stage of development. "Progress and Poverty" and the "Wealth of Nations" had played their part in his life, as had the old yellow-back novel. He was Scotch by birth, as was the other. He had spent his childhood in the mines, as had the other. He, too, knew the meaning of strikes and lockouts, the "blacklist" and the "short ton," as well as the "pluckme" store and the brutal mine guard. In fact, the chief difference between the two men lay in the fact that one had worked in Pennsylvania and the other in West Virginia, and that the one had the ability and the ambition to lead, while the other had not.

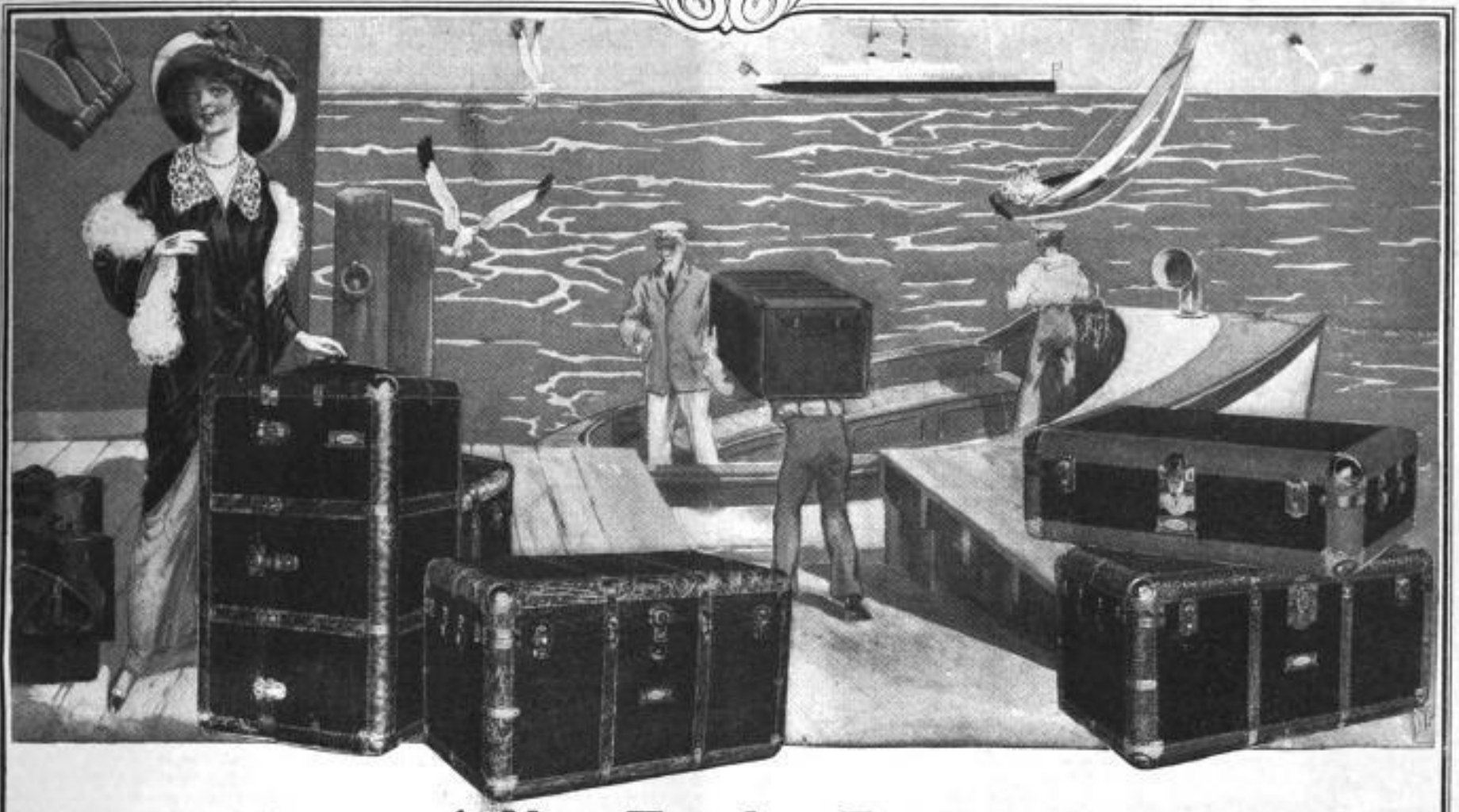
"Yes," said the Cabinet officer in answer to my question, "I know what it means to be evicted. That is one tragic recollection of my boyhood. You see, my father was a coal miner in Scotland before he came to this country. We lived in a row of cottages that belonged to the mining company. There was a strike in 1870. I was then only eight years old. The Scotch constables moved us and our belongings into the road and we had to move into a stable.

"My father left for America, and in the spring of 1870 he got a job in the mines at Arnot, Pa. We, my mother and four children, followed in the fall."

SCHOOL DAYS OVER AT NINE YEARS

THE Wilsons lived in the town of Blossburg, where the Arnot miners had their homes. The new immigrants entered at once into the life of the mining town, and William B. was sent to school. At night he read the "Wealth of Nations" or "Progress and Poverty" with his father. Then the father, a Scotch Presbyterian with an inborn love for an argument, carried his new doctrines to the neighbors and "Willie" along to back up his father.

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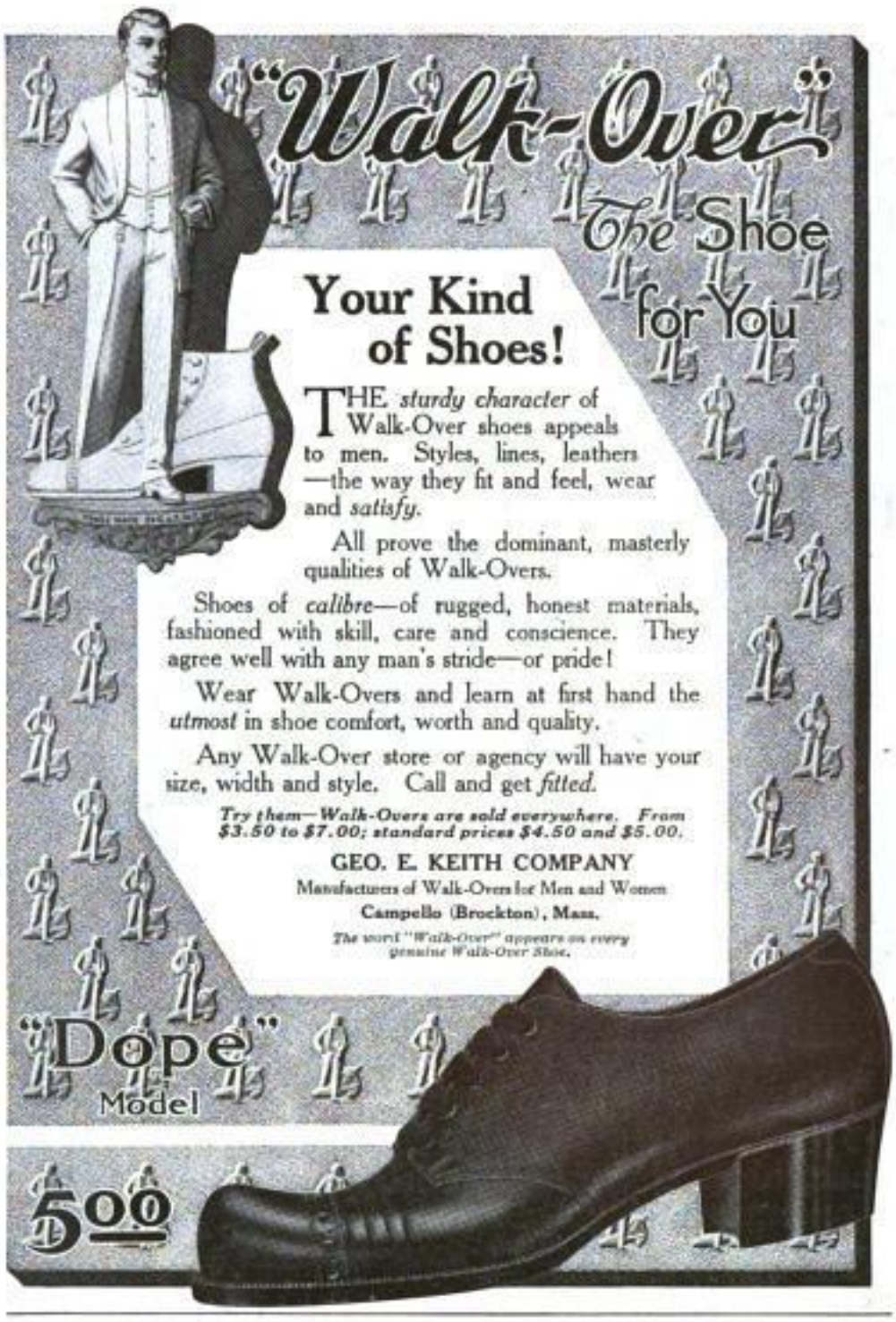
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On April 2, 1871, William B. Wilson was nine years old. He had then been at work in the mines for a month. His school days were over. In fact, during his whole life he only spent one year in school. The elder Wilson had been crippled with rheumatism and could only do the undercutting in the mine. The size of the family meal depended upon the amount of coal this nine-year-old could load in a day.

A FULL-FLEDGED MINER AT SIXTEEN

SOON the entire responsibility of the family fell upon the boy's shoulders. Work was slack in the mines in the early seventies, and when William was thirteen his father went West to hunt for work, leaving him to look after the family. He then held a half-membership card in the miner's union. At sixteen he had become a full-fledged miner and a strong union man. Union men weren't popular among the mine owners, and he was placed upon the blacklist. That meant that the mines were closed against him. He had to find other work. He found it in the printing shop of a Blossburg weekly. In that way he learned the rudiments of composition. The mine operators quite unintentionally were educating the future Cabinet officer.

But there was even a better school than this in the joint conferences of operators and miners where representatives of the two interests met to discuss working conditions. Mr. Wilson did not attend this school until many years after the time we are now discussing, but he is one of its prize graduates.

"In the old days," Mr. Wilson explained, "we used to meet the operators in these conferences, and we had a sort of sentimental feeling that our wages ought to be raised. The operators would tell us that West Virginia miners were getting less than we, and that if they raised our wages, West Virginia would drive them out of business. Then we would go home, feeling that our bosses were really very good men, who would raise our wages if they could, and we were willing to make a little donation to keep them on their feet.

"The next time we met them in convention we would have the facts about wages, and we would go into conference confident that we would get our raise. 'But,' they would meet us, 'we don't get as high a price for our coal as West Virginia does for hers.' The next time you can bet we knew not only about coal prices but freight rates, cost of production, and everything else there was to know about the coal business."

And when Mr. Wilson went to Congress from Blossburg he was recognized as one man who never took the floor in debate unless he was well fortified with facts and could not be tripped up.

The great strike at Arnot, 1899-1900, started Mr. Wilson upon his political career.

"It was the final contest to put me out of the labor movement," said Mr. Wilson. "If it had succeeded it would have discredited me forever with the miners.

"And it had a mighty good chance to succeed, too. We were not strong as a union. We had very little outside help. In fact, our chief source of supply was the farmers who used to send us in what produce they could spare.

"We won by peaceful methods. I sent for Mother Jones to help me. She organized the women and did wonderful work in keeping up the spirit of the men. The strike breakers lived in Blossburg and had to walk to work every morning. We adopted the plan of having a big parade just when they were going to work. But we formed our parade on one side of a big slough while the strike breakers were on the other. The warring forces could exchange compliments across the water, but they were powerless to do damage."

Secretary Wilson does not tell all the story. Instinctively he shrinks from self-glorification. But others have given me the story, and I have set it down here.

Mr. Wilson was offered a bribe of $1,500 to desert the miners' cause. The proposition was not thus bluntly put to him. He was told that it would be an act of human kindness to terminate the long, bitter struggle. All he had to do was to leave the State on urgent business; let events take their own course. The mine owners, you see, were following the old rule to get rid of the able leader. Only the method of getting rid of him was different.

WHY JUNE 18 IS WILSON DAY IN ARNOT

FIFTEEN hundred dollars! That was a great deal of money. There was a mortgage of just fifteen hundred dollars on the Wilson farm. Fifteen hundred dollars, that was equal to the year's salary which he received as president of his union and which he was just then turning into the fund of the striking miners. It would have gone far to provide for his wife and ten children, who were living on brown bread and coffee and who were wearing gunnysacks instead of shoes.

It is needless to add that Mr. Wilson did not accept the offer. Instead he took in the families of four striking miners and shared what he had with them. That is the reason the 18th of June is called "Wilson day" in Arnot, and celebrated as a public holiday by the miners. It is also the reason why he was returned three times to Congress in a district that each time went heavily for the Republican President. And it is the reason why he is now Secretary of Labor.

Returning to the Paint Creek miner. He and I had talked of many things concerning labor: of wages and living conditions, of strikes and of means to avoid strikes.

"You see, I don't like this compulsory arbitration," the miner had said. "I don't know why it is, but we never seem to get anything out of them. They look all right. We come away feeling that we've won some concession, but when it comes to working the thing out, we ain't any better off than when we went in."

HE IS AGAINST COMPULSORY ARBITRATION

I ASKED Secretary Wilson if he believed in compulsory arbitration.

"I hope we will never have it in this country," he answered very positively. "You see, the employer can show by his books the exact dividing line between profit and loss. But there is no dividing line to protect the American workingman in that flexible thing, the American standard of living."

The Story of Rosalinda

(*Continued from page 16*)

So she settled to the life, and for three months was an inmate. Madam Jennie's is a fifty-cent house. Rosalinda earned an average recompense of nearly $80 a week. Over half of this went to Madam Jennie and by her was given to Sacco. The remainder went to Rosalinda, and on Monday, which is pay day, her husband called and took from her the $20 or $30 which was her share of the total $80. Mariano kept an account book of her earnings, and watched closely to see that she kept up to the mark.

At the end of two months Mariano disappeared, but Sacco told her he had instructions to keep her. And he did so. During each moment of the next month, when she went out for a walk she was accompanied by Sacco or by Madam Jennie.

Meanwhile Mariano had returned to New York, had resumed his rightful name of Demetrio Marino (Italian, Dimitre), and had gone back to his own home on Second Avenue and to his lawfully wedded wife. They had been married on April 14, 1908, and have a child. He told Marie he had run away with a girl, but had returned to his home for good. Marie forgave him.

For all the weeks of Rosalinda's absence her two brothers sought for her. They went to a city detective and they went to James B. Reynolds, but always there was delay and no result.

One day in August a man named Nicola Liquori came to Michele, one of the girl's brothers, and said that he would produce the sister within ten days for $100. Michele offered to place the money with any bank in New York, to be paid to the man on the arrival of his sister. Vincenzo Lanza, a druggist and attorney, whose shop is at the corner of McDougal and Bleecker Streets, was chosen, the $100 paid over to him, and a contract drawn for the production of the girl. (*Concluded on page 30*)

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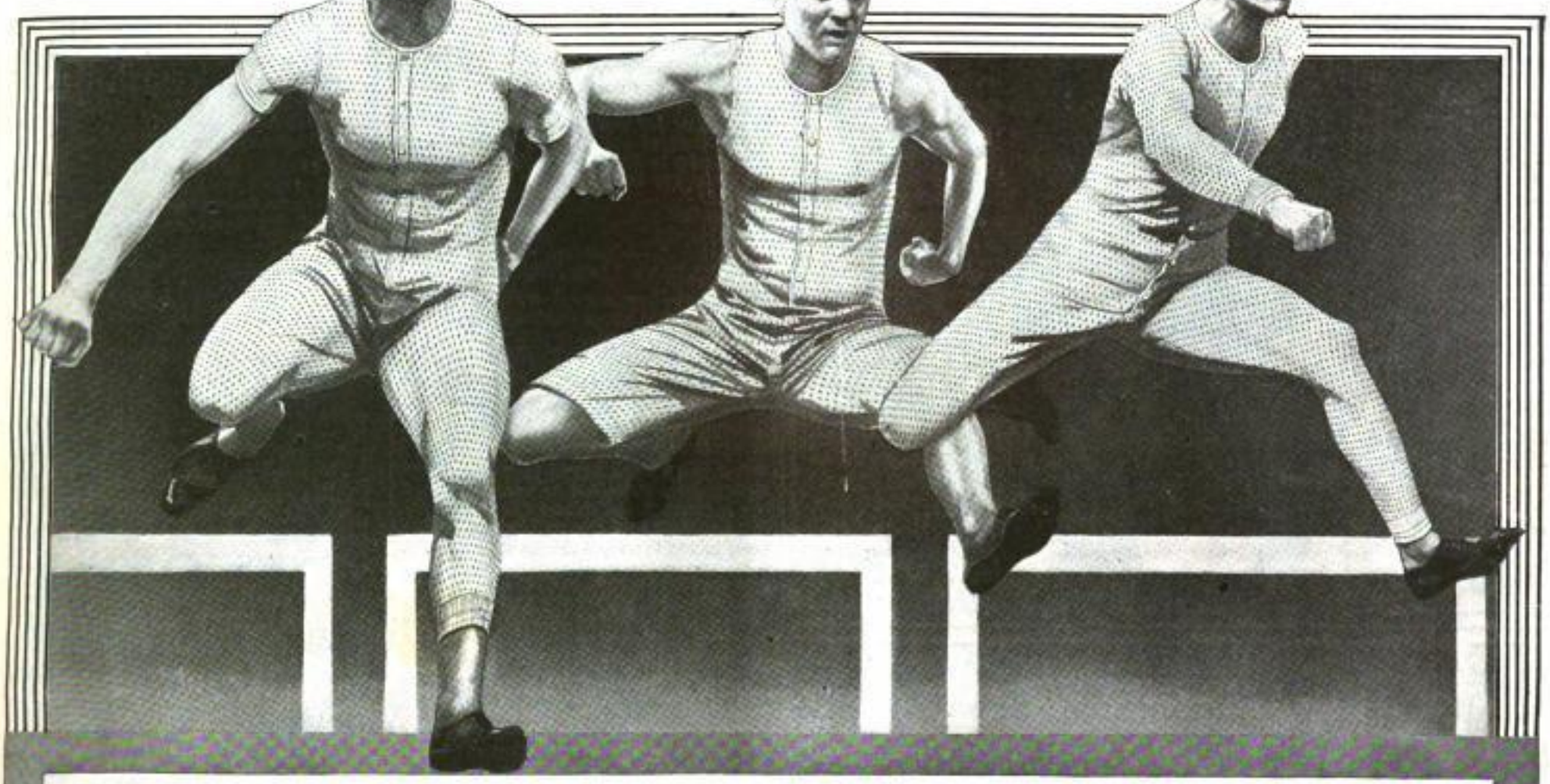
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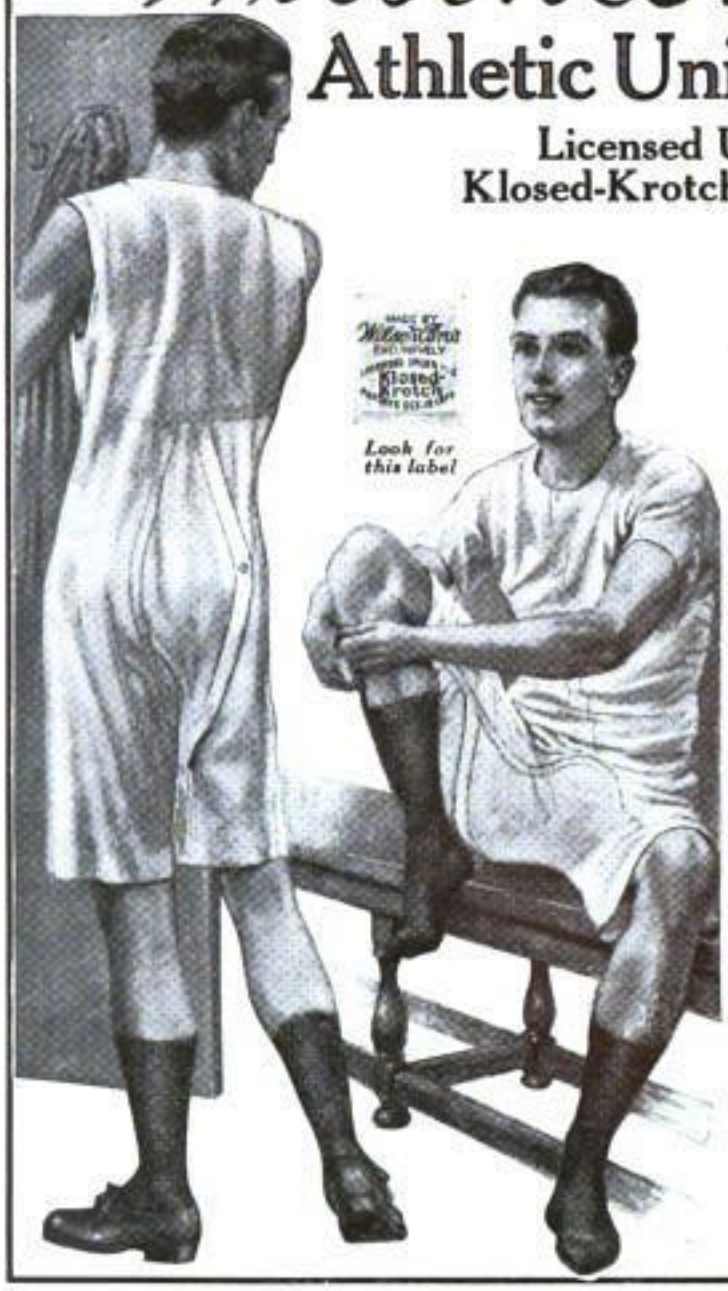
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(Translation of the Contract)

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I, F—— Michele

" Liquori Nicola

who have agreed the following condition

I. Mr. F—— Michele deposit the sum of one hundred dollars in the hand of the said notary public Mr. Vincenzo Lanza, with the obligation to give the said sum of 100 dollars to Mr. Liquori Nicola after that this man have fulfilled his task.

That means that Mr. Liquori Nicola obliges himself to bring in Mr. F—— Michele's home the latter man's sister Rosalinda in the time from one to ten days counting from the date of the present contract; after this established term of time and Mr. Liquori have not fulfilled his promise, Mr. F—— Michele, always if they agree each other, is authorized to withdraw from Mr. Lanza the sum of 100 dollars by him deposited.

The present act is read in loud and plain voice to Mr. F—— and Mr. Liquori who approve because looks true. Signatures of

F. Michele

Nick Liquori

Rocco F—— witness

VINCENZO LANZA, *Notary Public.*

The ten days passed without result. Then followed these telegrams:

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.

NINO SACCO, *101 W. 21.*

Send Violet at once. Telegraph me when she goes. DEMETRIO.

She leaves to-morrow, Wednesday, 2.32 p. m. Meet her at the station. NINO.

Out in Chicago, Sacco took her to the Erie Railroad Station, where he handed her a railroad ticket and $5, telling her to be careful and say nothing of having been in his house of prostitution.

So she came to Hoboken, N. J., and was met by Marino and Nicola Liquori. Marino urged her to say nothing of his having placed her in the brothel. The two men went with her to the corner of McDougal and Bleecker Streets, Marino leaving just before they entered Lanza's drug store. Liquori entered with her. It was early in the morning.

Rocco and Michele F——, the two brothers, were there. Liquori said: "Here's the girl." The $100 was then paid by Lanza to Liquori, who disappeared.

Almost the first thing she told her brothers was of four girls, two in Sacco's house and two next door, who begged her to get them free. They told her they had been taken to Chicago from New York by men from whom they were not able to escape.

BEHOLD, THEN, THE SYSTEM

THAT is the story of Rosalinda, married but not a wife, a public prostitute against her will, as innocent of her own downfall as any other modest girl. She started living quietly at home with the mother, the sister, and the two brothers. She is one of the *few* fortunate ones who have been rescued. There are many more who have not.

But the life had given her the most terrible of all diseases, and she is now in a public hospital.

"I have spoiled my life," she says, "and I have spoiled the life of those who love me."

Marino is in jail for a period of five years.

Sacco has just been captured after a long, hard chase.

Meanwhile this system is operating daily in every large city of the United States.

Marino traps the girl and sells her.

Sacco buys her.

Madam Jennie Dorno exploits her.

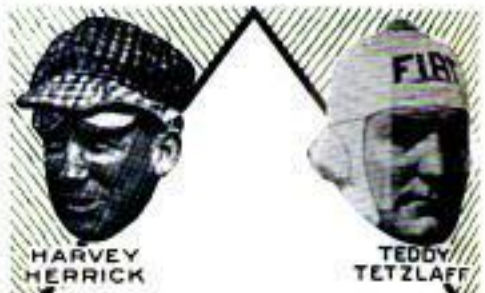
In the coming articles we show that every kind of girl is drawn in by this system—infants, mountain girls, domestics, immigrants.

We shall publish the names of the men owners, the landladies, and the procurers.

We shall show how the girls are exploited and how the houses are run.

We shall give the story of many girls, as told by each girl herself, and later verified.

We shall prove that the traffic is a man-made thing—the customer a man, the owner a man, all the profit makers men—and the girl, the victim.



Speed Kings of Motordom

praise these lubricants

Harvey Herrick: "I am convinced that the high average of speed maintained, the freedom from all kinds of lubricating troubles, was due to the use of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants."

Teddy Tetzlaff: "Would rather pay $5.00 per pound for Dixon's Automobile Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

Bert Dingley: "I thank you for the results and fine lubrication obtained from Dixon's Automobile Lubricants in cars I have operated for speed and road contests."

Bill Endicott: "Car worked perfectly. All parts lubricated with Dixon's Automobile Lubricants in perfect shape after races" (Indianapolis Sweepstakes).

These testimonials establish the high quality of Dixon's Graphite Lubricants.



DIXON'S

Graphite Grease No. 677

(For Transmissions and Differentials)



The wonderfully soft, oily flakes of Dixon's Graphite form over the bearing surfaces a durable, almost frictionless veneer, which prevents metal-to-metal contact. Wear and noise are reduced.

Mort Roberts: "I was able to win the Pabst Blue Ribbon Trophy Race because of the perfect lubricating qualities of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants."

Harry Endicott: "Dixon's Automobile Lubricants are the best ever. I would not be without them under any circumstances."

Dave Lewis: "I am thoroughly convinced of the merits of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants and will both use and recommend them in the future."

Hughie Hughes: "I cannot speak too highly of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants. They not only reduce friction to a minimum, but their lasting qualities are remarkable."

For points on good lubrication, read our book No. 245, "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Established in 1827
Jersey City, New Jersey





Complete the Circuit

Connect up your needs with the right battery by saying the right thing to your dealer

COLUMBIA
The National Battery

It is synonymous with long life and good service the world over.

For every dry battery purpose from your front door-bell to ignition for your motor-car or power-boat.

Convenient Fahnestock spring-clip connections at no extra charge.

National Carbon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.
Nine factories in United States and Canada.



Costs no more; lasts longer.

On Motorcycling

(Concluded from page 6)

two-lunged motorcycle and any decent roads, and if they don't treat me right in any State I'll go around it and not lose much time either. Whenever I'm on my motorcycle I feel as if the Atlantic was at my elbow and the Pacific just about three jumps off. I'm a joyful eagle bird, I am, and the United States is my domain. 'Course I usually don't go farther than Bloomington, but that doesn't count. I could if I wanted to. My motorcycle has made my legs so long that every morning I feel like stepping over to Kansas City and borrowing a match. What's a few hardships when you have feelings like that?"

"There's only one little drawback," Allie said after a pause. "My wife doesn't like it."

"Doesn't she like a joyous eagle bird for a husband?" I asked in surprise.

"She doesn't care for the deserted nest," said Allie. "She says I only come home for arnica and that I change so in appearance each week that she has to learn to love me all over again. To tell the truth, she's complaining a good deal. She doesn't seem to have any love of freedom in her soul. Why, last Sunday she wanted me to give up a 200-mile trip and take her over to the park in the afternoon. Well, so long. I'm due in Springfield at six o'clock and the roads are bad."

Later in the month I saw Allie again. He was quite depressed. "Yes, I'm as crazy about motorcycling as ever," he sighed, "but you never saw anyone so unreasonable as my wife. She's against the whole business. She'll hardly speak to me. Seems to think I ought to report at home every day like a prisoner on parole. I had a little accident on a hill last week and coasted on my face for about a block, and she wouldn't let me in the house until my features grew back. Said she wasn't acquainted with the remains; that she had married a man and not a dilapidated collection of human junk which she had to identify every time it came home by the number tag on its motorcycle. It's gumming things up a good deal at home. I've been getting up at four o'clock for the last two weeks and sneaking in fifty miles or so before breakfast, but even that doesn't go. She's gotten so she sniffs me for signs of gasoline every morning. Says she'd love to believe that I am working in my office when she wakes, but that she can't account for the mud in my ears. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I do," I said quite confidently. "You're going to choose between your motorcycle and Mrs. Allie."

"She's the dearest woman in the world," said Allie gloomily. "But, man, you ought to see that machine of mine run. I can give any man in town an eye full of dust."

HE went away shaking his head. In September I was walking home in the pensive twilight when an automobile drove up beside me with the roar of a car which is being man-handled by a novice. In the driver's seat was Allie, grinning from ear to ear. In the tonneau was Mrs. Allie, wearing the luminous eyes of a woman who has snatched her husband back from a siren's arms and is ineffably content. Draped about her were the three little Allies.

"Jump in," said Allie. I jumped.

"It's a beauty," he said, shifting a gear in a manner which made the machine shriek with agony. "Got it second-hand, but good as new. It'll pull any hill—and look at that back seat! Room for a kindergarten back there. I've only had it three days and we've hit every town for twenty miles around. We're going to Chicago next week. Wife's tickled to death. There's nothing like it, old man. You ought to get one. I've no patience with you clammy-souled men who pile dollars while your wives sit at home and watch the world go by on wheels. Get in the game. I know a bargain that's just yelling for attention."

"Where's your motorcycle?" I asked.

"Sold it," said Allie jubilantly. "Got a hundred for it. It was about all in anyway. And you ought to see it now. Sold it to a man from the country, and the first thing he climbed aboard and started down the Main Street hill. He and the machine disagreed at the turn and they had to unreel him from a telegraph pole. He broke a rib, but I saw him blatting about town on the old ruin yesterday. You can't stop 'em with a broken rib or neck or some trifle like that. They're dippy. What do you think of this little wagon? Some traveler, eh?"



Don't be a slave to your stairs

Up and down, down and up, always on the go—no wonder night finds you all worn out! "That's woman's work," you say. Yes, but you can make it easier—you can do away with nine-tenths of this tiresome stair climbing.

Just get that husband of yours to put in two of these Inter-phones—one upstairs in your bedroom or hall and one in the kitchen or wherever you please.

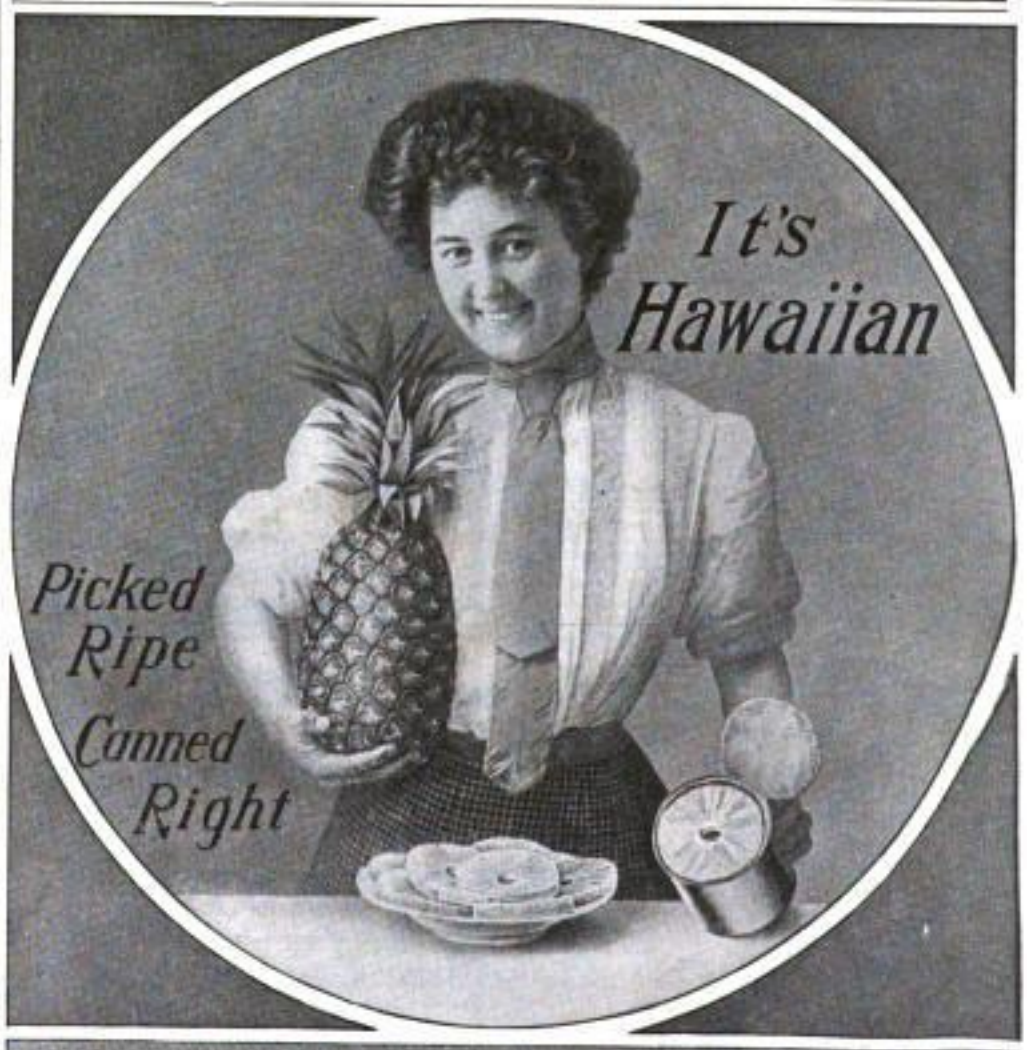
Western-Electric Inter-phones

Then by simply pushing a button, you can Inter-phone your instructions and thus manage your home in the same easy, systematic way that your husband manages his business.

Two Inter-phones like these will cost less than $15, including wire, batteries, etc. As easy to put up as a door bell, and cost no more to use. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

Write for illustrated booklet No. 25-C, "The Way of Convenience," and convince yourself.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 7,000,000 "Bell" Telephones in use
NEW YORK CITY
Offices in All Principal Cities of the United States and Canada



THE FRUIT DELICACY WITHOUT A RIVAL—a tropical fruit in its fullest perfection, ready for American women to serve on their tables ANY DAY IN THE YEAR—

Hawaiian Pineapple

Hawaii is the world's pineapple garden. The fruit grown there has a size, tenderness and flavor which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. This luscious pineapple is canned in Hawaii by the most approved sanitary methods and sent to our home tables in its full deliciousness. You can buy it everywhere—sliced, crushed or grated.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS' ASSOCIATION
HONOLULU, HAWAII

"HOW I LOVE TO 'EVINRUDE'"



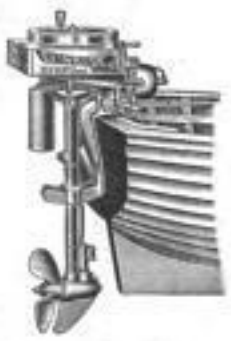
THE BEST OF SUMMER'S PLEASURES

I LOVE to skim up the river in my motor driven rowboat; I glide along in and out of the little nooks and baylets with their over-hanging trees and feel that the best hours of the whole golden Summer are spent with my

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROW-BOAT-MOTOR

It drives my rowboat eight miles an hour and it's so simple I operate it myself.

NO CRANKING—IT STARTS WITH A SWING



of the fly wheel. Its propeller is weedless and when the day's fun is over, Brother John detaches it (in less than one minute) and brings it into the house. It carries like a satchel and when the summer is over we take the motor home with us. It goes wherever we go.

Beautifully Illustrated Catalog on request.

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153 F Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

NEW YORK CITY SHOW ROOMS: Hudson Terminal Building, 30 Church Street, N. Y.
CALIFORNIA SHOW ROOMS: 422 Market Street, San Francisco.
SEATTLE REPRESENTATIVES: Woodhouse Gasoline Engine Co., 60-64 Marion Street.

$1.50 "SPEED 'EM UP" GASOLINE SAVER
Automobile or Motorcycle



Saving gasoline is a serious matter but easily accomplished by the use of "SPEED 'EM UP."

No carburetor gives a perfectly reported mixture, hence the necessity of an auxiliary air supply which is furnished by "SPEED 'EM UP" in just the right quantity at all speeds.

"SPEED 'EM UP" is quickly and inexpensively attached to the manifold above the carburetor. By the addition of this air LESS GASOLINE is required, thus INCREASING THE POWER—REDUCING THE CARBON DEPOSIT AND RUNNING A COOLER engine.

You can't measure the benefits by the price of "SPEED 'EM UP." Its action is so simple and harmless yet so positive that it is a marvelous little attachment to any engine.

We practically give you a FREE TRIAL—For you may return it to us if not in every way satisfactory and get your money back.

$1.50 at any dealers or post paid on receipt of money order or draft—order today.

Hill-Stage Co., Dept. S, Anderson, Indiana

Motor-boatmen! Stop gambling with "smash-ups." Get a Baldridge Reverse Gear and control your boat as you would an automobile. The "Baldridge" is endorsed. Thousands in use. Send for free book.
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Owners of the 1912-1913
Ford, Overland, Buick, E. M. F. and 1913 Studebaker will be saved all kinds of gasoline troubles by installing

The Dependo Gasoline Gauge (Attaches to the Dash) **$7.50** Brass or Nickel Finish

Accurate and dependable under all conditions.

No more dry tanks miles from garage; no more pulling up cushions to use measuring stick. Detects leaky tanks at once. Shows instantly amount of gasoline that goes into tank and amount consumed per mile.

One week's use will prove it a necessity. Full instructions sent for installing.

When ordering state make, model and year of your car.

If for cars not mentioned in this ad, send us name, model and year and we will notify you if we can supply you at once. Not made at present for cars having pressure tanks.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will direct, on receipt of price. Send for catalog No. 5, giving full particulars.

C. F. ROPER & CO., Hopedale, Mass.

The Family Outcast

(*Concluded from page 8*)

would have knocked the traducer flat. To sing! Sickening disappointment! The Pariah scorned the pastime and never indulged in it unless he were one of a crowd, as in school, and consequently secure from individual notice. Whenever the teacher wandered down his way, as she often did, to discover the ownership of his particularly good voice, the lad always obeyed a demoniac suggestion to howl through his nose in another key. And now, instead of evading the ordeal of song, he was inviting it.

THE woman became calm at his offer and accepted it by falling into a devoutly listening attitude. The man did the same.

The Pariah was not in doubt as to what he should sing, for he knew only one song, and had learned it in spite of himself from hearing another boy sing it. One of his schoolmates, Bemis McGuffey, a tadpolish sort of chap, all thin legs and wide collars, used to warble "The Holy City" to represent the melodic value of the class to stray visitors. As visitors were frequent, the room heard "The Holy City" some nine times a week. From constant and contemptuous scrutiny of the self-sacrificing Bemis facing the class from the teacher's platform, the Pariah knew even the muscular attitude that belonged to the song, and he now took it.

Spreading his legs a trifle to insure stability of base, clasping his hands behind his back, scowling earnestly at an invisible point of space above and ahead of him, he lifted up his beautiful young voice in the melody of the enduring hymn.

THE common objects about him became oddly transfigured. The moving leaves, the checkered light and shade in the brush, the afternoon shadows on the road, the breath of the pond lilies, the floating specks of dust, all incorporated themselves into the song to be a part of its sacredness for ever after.

Tone upon tone, verse after verse, the music flowed from him in a golden stream. When he came to the triumphant final phrase, "Hosannah in the Highest!" he struck some clear notes of such impelling beauty, of such tender, solemn promise that the father and mother of the dead child involuntarily raised their eyes from earth and fixed them instead upon the friendly sky.

The song seemed to linger upon the air long after it was finished, and under its quieting influence the man lost his roughness, and in most orderly fashion lifted his children, living and dead, into the wagon which was to take them all to the lonely and distant little burying ground.

"'By, Cecil," called Joe. She was cheerful. A ride's a ride.

Her father wrung the Pariah's hand quite as if the boy were a man. He tried to express gratitude, but all he could muster was: "Young gentleman, you're all right; you're all right."

The lad choked with surprise, not at the idea, for he had held it privately for years, but that anyone would be fair enough to express it.

THE man, climbing to the seat of the wagon, was motioning to his wife to mount.

"Come a-here," she said to the Pariah. Then she pushed back his cap and kissed him upon the forehead—only once, but long and tenderly.

The Pariah neither flushed under the caress nor shrank from it, nor resented it, but took it with that queer thump of the heart which thrills a boy when he looks first upon the dawn, or comes upon grand mountains, or hears the undervoice throbbing from a far-away brass band.

"Git in the wagon along o' me," she said.

"I have to go home," replied the boy.

"Then tell your maw she's got the bes' lad in all the wide world," said the woman as a parting benediction. In a few moments the wagon had wound creakingly out of sight.





Two Hearts and a Lover's Knot

(*Continued from page 18*)

married ones, too, and their husban's afraid to pick a quar'l till they get their wife off alone. Who did you say your young man was, dearie? Perhaps I know him, and, believe me, I've got the dope on most of the boys, naturally, me at all the big fights, you see."

There was the sound of a step outside. The door knob turned.

"I guess that's him now," says Bessie.

THE door swung open, and in stepped the Kid, as dapper as could be. The first thing he saw was the dame. My golly! I never saw such a look in all my life—and in all *his* life Kid Breese'll never get a knockout like that one. His jaw dropped, his eyes bulged, his backbone sort of wilted. He stood there, unable to speak, or move. And as for the dame, she was worse off. She got as white as oleomargarine. All the wind was jammed outer her. And Bessie Lewis, her face was like cast iron.

"So," she says, brittlelike, "Mrs.—Lady-from-Reno, I take it you *have* the dope on my young man. But, believe me, *I have, too, now!* And," she turned like a whirlwind on Breese, "let me tell you, that a feller who opens his wife's letters and fires her vanity box out of the window will never do for me. And the feller who's writin' his wife-once-removed to come back to him, while he's askin' another girl to sign up, is no man for me, either. Lady-from-Reno—Mrs. Kid Breese, that was—I'll take your advice, *and cut it out!*" She was at the door by then, and she turned for one last shot. "Thank you, Mr. Guff," she says in a mincin' voice, "but I won't have to trouble you for a couple of red hearts and a blue lover's knot. Good-by."

The door slammed behind her, and still them two stood starin' at each other.

"Mamie—Mamie!" he said at last.

With that she sat down hard on my best chair, and began to cry.

The Kid seemed to sort of wake out of his trance at that. I guess the noise was familiar.

"Oh—oh!" she sobbed. "How did you ever come here—and what," says she, "is that meringue-haired hussy to you?"

"Mamie," he said, and his voice shook, "why didn't you answer my letters?"

"Why didn't you come yourself?" she snapped, "instead of writin'? *Were* you goin' to marry that girl?"

"Mamie," says the Kid, "I was—I was, because I was so d—— lonely, I couldn't stand it. Mamie, I didn't believe anybody could *be* so lonely. You threw me down, and I just couldn't stand it."

"So," says she, though I could see she'd been just eatin' out her heart to hear the very things he was sayin'—"so, for that reason you go and try to spoil another woman's life. That's just like a man!"

"No," says he, "it wasn't that. Honest, I meant to make her happy. I wanted to treat some woman better than I'd treated you. I wanted to make it up to *some* woman just because you were a woman"—he got sort of tangled in his own words, but he went on doggedly, just the way he fights an up-hill fight in the prize ring. She laughed sort of hysterically.

"Oh, you were marryin' her on *my* account. I wish I could have told the judge that; he'd have laughed himself to death!"

"Yes, it was," he said, serious as could be. "I'd have made her a good husband.

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Franklin Balanced Construction Makes Possible This Powerful, Economical "Little Six"

LOOK where you will in all the highways and byways of the automobile world, you will not find a car that, detail for detail, fact for fact, equals the Franklin "Little Six."

All motor car authorities agree that the six-cylinder engine is the last word on smoothness and flexibility. The Franklin "Little Six" engine runs as smoothly as a top spins. It is as able in every way, in the light Franklin, as the heavy engines in the heavy cars. It will safely and comfortably travel roads at good speeds that the average motorist would like to avoid. These are demonstrable facts.

In size the Franklin "Little Six" fits into a special niche. It is made for those who do not need a big machine, but a small and powerful six cylinder car. It is just large enough. It is just small enough. Your requirements of fine lines, rich upholstery, choice fittings are generously met in every detail.

Franklin Construction is famed for its lightness and strength wherever motor cars and their makers are known. This degree of lightness and strength spells long life, safety and highest efficiency. It commands the highest skill and efficiency in the men who produce it. Franklin cars cost enough to assure us and you of the best.

But with Franklin first cost, the Franklin "Little Six" is the cheapest car in its class to own that travels the road today.

Its lightness, under 3,000 lbs. fully equipped, filled, ready for the road, is not due to a diminished size. It is a comfortable five-passenger car.

Franklin lightness comes from "Balanced Construction," a proportional reduction of weight in every working part, in every riding part. We have effected economies in weight with actual increases in strength that are astounding. For instance, the Franklin direct-cooled engine, the Franklin frame—where others use heavy, unresilient steel, we use a three-ply laminated wood frame. It costs more than steel. It weighs only half as much. Its use with four full elliptical springs adds a buoyancy to the Franklin that multiplies riding ease both for passengers and *for the engine.* This last means increased engine life and a great decrease in engine troubles.

Franklin light weight, in this Little Six, plus the Franklin principle of "right-sized" tires (4½ inches) cuts the cost of tire up-keep *squarely in two.* This is an absolute, demonstrable fact. Franklin owners during 1912 reported an average of 10,764 miles per set of tires.

Franklin light weight plus the Franklin direct-cooled engine cuts the cost of fuel expense *squarely in two.* This is another absolute fact. The Franklin holds the records for fuel economy. We have the actual figures.



Particularly notice the refined forward lines in the Franklin.

Engine Patented July 2, 1908
Other patents pending

Franklin Little Six "30," a light, medium-size 5-passenger car **$2900**

Franklin light weight, riding on four full elliptical springs makes the Franklin the easiest car that you have ever seen. This construction absorbs road shocks that the average motorist accepts as a necessary evil. We *eliminate* the average kind. They do not reach the body of the car nor the engine. The heavy jolts we reduce to almost nothing.

The Franklin Direct-Cooled Engine

Patented July 2, 1908
Other patents pending

What is direct cooling? It is sending a steady stream of fresh air directly over and around the cylinders which does away with the air-cooled water radiator, water pump, jackets, pipe and hose. The Franklin engine is the simplest automobile engine in the world. It has fewest parts, least weight. Into our flywheel is built a sirocco fan. This draws fresh air in at the front of the hood over the cylinders and down through the metal sleeves that surround each cylinder and its radiating fins. When the water in the radiator of a water-cooled motor boils, there is no further check on the heat and the temperature of the cylinders goes up with a rush. The Franklin direct-cooled motor has no water to limit its efficiency. It always has a current of fresh and cooler air rushing over and around the cylinders. The Franklin does not overheat. There is no water to boil or freeze, no leaky pipes. It is quiet and smokeless. It is the only motor engine that can be consistently used with success in hot climates, sandy and mountainous sections. Those who understand it eventually buy the Franklin.

The Fact-Backed Franklin "Little Six" is built especially for the man who wants the highest quality in motor car construction—but who does not want a big heavy machine with its heavy up-keep expenses.

The Fact-Backed Franklin "Little Six" is equipped with the simple efficient Entz Electric Starting and Lighting System. The Entz Starter makes it impossible for the engine to stall.

Does not this array of facts convince you that it will be worth your while to visit the Franklin dealer in your city? If no Franklin dealer is near you, write for our catalog and we will see that you are put in touch with a Franklin dealer at once.

Fact-Backed Franklin Cars are also made as follows:

Franklin Six "38" Touring	$3600
Franklin Six Torpedo Phaeton	3600
Franklin Four "25" Touring	2000
Franklin "18" Runabout	1650

Franklin dealers are prominent in the following cities.

Most Franklin dealers are listed in their local telephone directories under "Franklin." If you cannot find the Franklin agency in the telephone book, most any motorist can direct you.

Abilene, Texas	Marion, Iowa
Akron, O.	Mechanicsville, N. Y.
Albany, N. Y.	Mendota, Ill.
Algonquin, Ill.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Allentown, Pa.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Amboy, Ill.	Montgomery, Ala.
Amityville, L. I.	Montreal, P. Q.
Auburn, N. Y.	Morristown, N. J.
Baltimore, Md.	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Bamberg, S. C.	Mystic, Conn.
Battle Creek, Mich.	Newark, N. J.
Billings, Mont.	New Bedford, Mass.
Binghamton, N. Y.	Newburgh, N. Y.
Bloomfield, Ia.	New Haven, Conn.
Bloomsburg, Pa.	New London, Conn.
Boston, Mass.	New Orleans, La.
Bridgeport, Conn.	New Windsor, Md.
Buffalo, N. Y.	New York City
Butte, Mont.	North Adams, Mass.
Calgary, Alta.	North Platte, Nebr.
Carbondale, Pa.	North Yakima, Wash.
Carthage, Mo.	Norwich, Conn.
Carthage, N. Y.	Oak Park, Ill.
Catskill, N. Y.	Omaha, Nebr.
Chambersburg, Pa.	Ottawa, Ont.
Charlotte, N. C.	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Cherokee, Iowa	Paterson, N. J.
Chicago, Ill.	Patterson, N. Y.
Cincinnati, O.	Pawnee City, Nebr.
Cleveland, O.	Pendleton, Ore.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Peoria, Ill.
Columbia, S. C.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Columbus, O.	Phoenix, Ariz.
Concord, N. H.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Cumberland, Md.	Portland, Ore.
Dallas, Texas	Prince Albert, Sask.
Danville, Ill.	Providence, R. I.
Dayton, O.	Putnam, Conn.
Decatur, Ill.	Queenston, Ont.
Denver, Colo.	Regina, Sask.
East Hampton, L. I.	Ridgway, Pa.
Easton, Md.	Rochester, N. Y.
Easton, Pa.	Rock Island, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.	Roseland, Ill.
Elizabeth, N. J.	Rushville, Ind.
Elmira, N. Y.	Rutland, Vt.
Erie, Pa.	Sacramento, Cal.
Evanston, Ill.	St. Louis, Mo.
Fall River, Mass.	St. Paul, Minn.
Fall River, Wis.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Fort Plain, N. Y.	San Angelo, Tex.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	San Antonio, Tex.
Fort Worth, Tex.	San Diego, Cal.
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too, even if I didn't love her. I've learned my lesson, Mamie, right through the book."

She stood up suddenly, and her big eyes flashed through her tears. "And what did you mean by wantin' her tattooed with two red hearts and a blue true-lover's knot? I suppose that was to show *her* how much you love *me!*"

"It sure was to remind me of you," he said, never flinchin'. "I wanted to think all the time of the mean way I treated you. I wanted every time I saw that mark to say to myself: 'Kid, hearts is hearts. You did a bum job once, but you needn't twice. You didn't live up to the promises you made to Mamie—don't forget it.' That was why I wanted Bessie to wear them two hearts and lover's knot and things, to remind me of you!"

"And I call that not fair to her," says she, weakenin' just the same. Then she pushes up the loose sleeve of her dress, which only just came to her elbow, and there, sure enough, was the rottenest job of tattooin' that ever was made on a pretty arm. She looked at it, twistin' her arm over to get a squint at it, and the big tears kept comin' to her eyes and rollin' down her cheeks one after another. "Do you remember," she says, softlike, "the funny dump we went to in Seattle, where that was done?"

"Yes," says he.

"And the little monkey of a man who did that for us?"

He nodded.

"And do you remember when we came home, how you kissed all around the place, and almost cried because you thought it hurt me?" Her voice choked, and he didn't answer, because he couldn't. "Oh," she sobbed, "it cost me a heap just to make up my mind to have that taken off. But I felt I just *had* to. I couldn't be reminded all the time—it would have killed me. I didn't want ever to see it again."

HE came over to the chair and knelt down to her just like a little boy sayin' his prayers to his mother. They'd forgotten I was anywhere in the world, them two. I might just as well have been a clothes dummy for all they saw or heard of me. So I just sat and took it all in, and wondered at what fools we all is, and envied them, too.

"Then," says he, "let it stay—let it stay there, Mamie, dearie. That mark'll remind me in all the years to come what a beast I've been—just as I said it would, and I promise to be all you wanted me to be when we decided on them two hearts. Don't take it off, Mamie. Take me back, instead. They say a prize fighter can't 'come back'—show 'em they lie, Mamie. Let me do it. And, girlie, I'm signed up to fight Knockout Burns. I can't do it with no heart in me. Mamie, for the sake of the game, give me another chance, and I promise you now, there'll be no side steppin', and you can land me the solar plexus for keeps if ever I go over the ropes. Mamie, old girl, will you?"

Then they clinched. After a while I got tired.

"Time!" I calls, suddenlike. Golly! you should have seen 'em break away. I liked to bust from laughin'. The Kid looked at me sort of dazedlike. Then he giggled.

"We sort of forgot the audience, didn't we, Mamie?" He looked at me and laughed again. "Why, Guff, I'm a Jonah to your business, all right, all right; lost you a job comin' and goin', didn't I?—stopped Bessie from puttin' it on, and Mamie from takin' it off. Well, come along with me and Mamie, and see us buy the license, and we'll blow you."

Andaman—Second

(Continued from page 19)

He twisted around, looking at the man on the bed.

"Do you think it was all an illusion?" asked the detective.

"What about those marks on the window sill?" jerked Smith.

HE began restlessly pacing about the room, sometimes stopping before the locked safe and frequently glancing at Norris West. Suddenly he walked out, and briefly examined the other apartments; only to return again to the bedroom.

"Petrie," he said, "we are losing valuable time. West must be aroused!"

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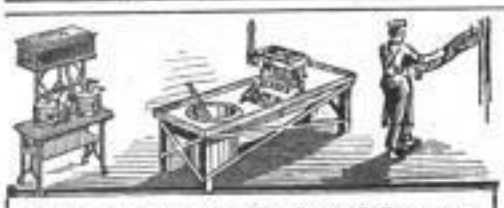
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Inspector Weymouth stared.

Smith turned to me impatiently. The doctor summoned by the police had gone. "Is there no means of arousing him, Petrie?" he said.

"Doubtless," I replied, "he could be revived if one but knew what drug he had taken."

MY friend began his restless pacing again, and suddenly pounced upon a little phial of tabloids which had been hidden behind some books on a shelf near the bed. He uttered a triumphant exclamation.

"See what we have here, Petrie!" he directed, handing the phial to me; "it bears no label."

I crushed one of the tabloids in my palm and applied my tongue to the powder.

"Some preparation of chloral hydrate," I pronounced.

"A sleeping draft?" suggested Smith eagerly.

"We might try," I said, and scribbled a formula upon a leaf of my notebook. I asked Weymouth to send the man who accompanied him to call up the nearest chemist and procure the antidote.

During the man's absence Smith stood contemplating the unconscious inventor, a peculiar expression upon his bronzed face.

"Andaman—second," he muttered. "Shall we find the key to the riddle here, I wonder?"

Inspector Weymouth, who had concluded, I think, that the mysterious telephone call was due to mental aberration on the part of Norris West, was gnawing at his mustache impatiently, when his assistant returned. I administered the powerful restorative, and although, as later transpired, chloral was not responsible for West's condition, the antidote operated successfully.

NORRIS WEST struggled into a sitting position, clutched at his head, and looked about him with haggard eyes.

"The Chinamen! the Chinamen!" he muttered.

He sprang to his feet, glaring wildly at Smith and I; reeled, and almost fell.

"It is all right," I said, supporting him. "I am a doctor. You have been ill."

"Have the police come?" he burst out. "The safe—try the safe!"

"It's all right," said Inspector Weymouth, "the safe is locked—unless some one else knows the combination, there's nothing to worry about."

"No one else knows it," said West, and staggered unsteadily to the safe. Clearly his mind was in a dazed condition, but setting his jaw with a curious expression of grim determination, he collected his thoughts, and opened the safe.

He bent down looking in.

In some way the knowledge came to me that the curtain was about to rise on a new and surprising act in the Fu-Manchu drama.

"God!" he whispered—we could scarcely hear him—"the plans are gone!"

I HAVE never seen a man quite so surprised as Inspector Weymouth.

"This is absolutely incredible!" he said. "There's only one door to your chambers. We found it bolted from the inside—"

"Yes," groaned West, pressing his hand to his forehead, "I bolted it myself at eleven o'clock, when I came in!"

"No human being could climb up or down to your windows. The plans of the aero torpedo were inside the safe—"

"I put them there myself," said West, "on returning from the War Office; and I had occasion to consult them after I had come in and bolted the door. I returned them to the safe and locked it. That it was still locked you saw for yourselves—and no one else in the world knows the combination!"

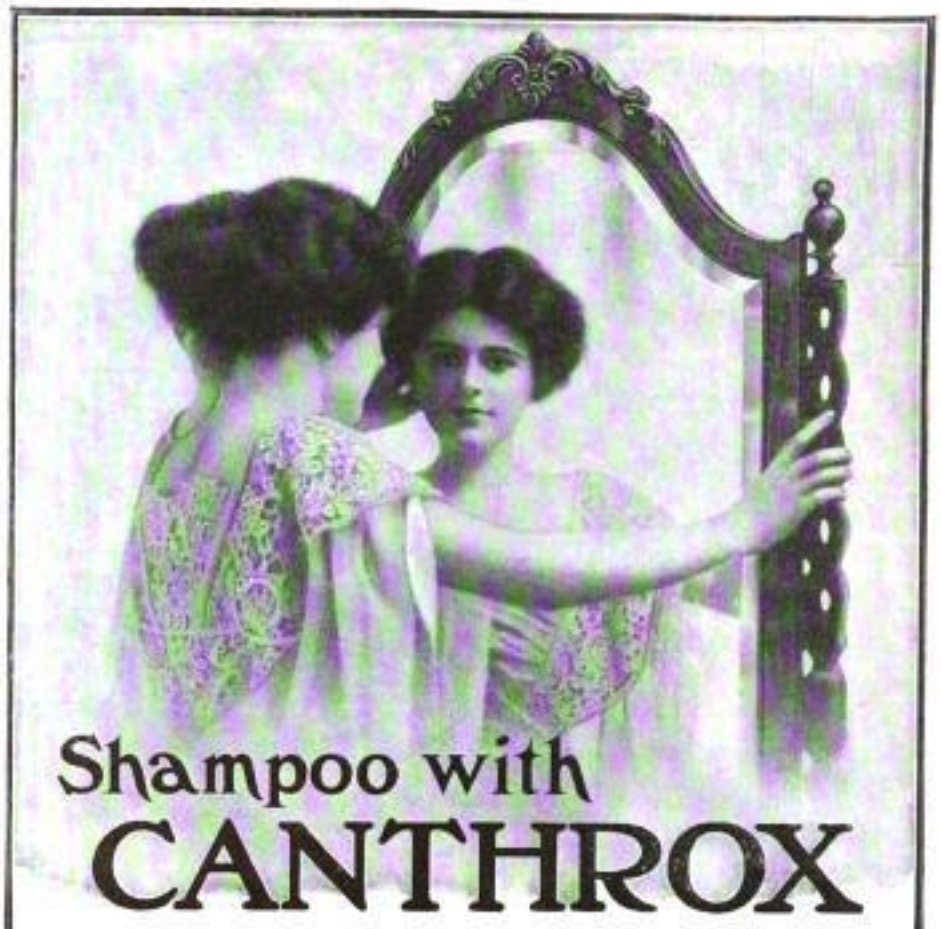
"But the plans have gone!" said Weymouth. "It's magic! How was it done? What happened last night, sir?—what did you mean when you rang us up?"

SMITH, during this colloquy, was pacing rapidly up and down the room. He turned abruptly to the aviator.

"Every fact you can remember, Mr. West, please," he said tersely; "and be as brief as you possibly can."

"I came in as I said," explained West, "about eleven o'clock, and having made some notes relating to an interview arranged for this morning, I locked the plans in the safe and turned in—"

"There was no one hidden anywhere in your chambers?" snapped Smith.



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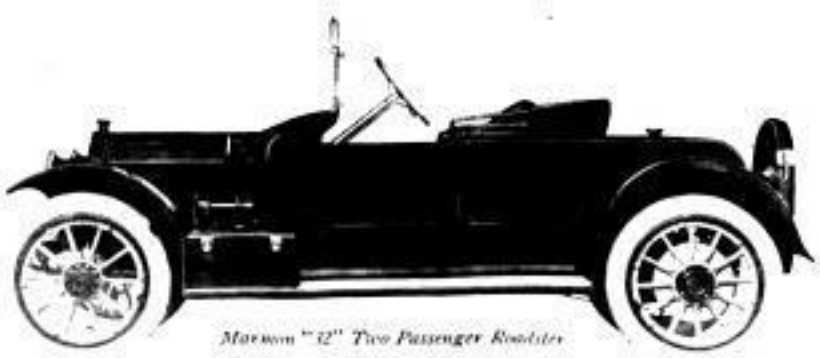
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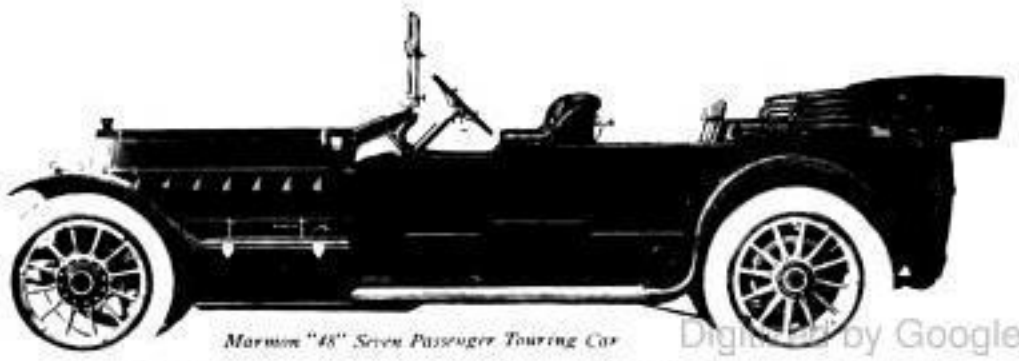
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"There was not," replied West. "I looked. I invariably do. Almost immediately I went to sleep—"

"How many chloral tabloids did you take?" I interrupted.

NORRIS WEST turned to me with a slow smile.

"You're cute, doctor!" he said. "I took two— It's a bad habit, but I can't sleep without them. They are specially made up for me by a firm in Philadelphia.

"How long sleep lasted, when it became filled with uncanny dreams and when those dreams merged into reality, I do not know; shall never know, I suppose. But out of the dreamless void a face came to me—closer—closer—and peered into mine.

"I was in that curious condition wherein one knows that one is dreaming and seeks to awaken—to escape. But a nightmarelike oppression held me. So I must lie and gaze into the seared, yellow face that hung over me; for it would drop so close that I could trace the cicatrized scar running from the left ear to the corner of the mouth and drawing up the lip like the lip of a snarling cur; I could look into the malignant, jaundiced eyes; I could hear the dim whispering of the distorted mouth—whispering that seemed to counsel something—something evil. That whispering intimacy was indescribably repulsive. Then the wicked yellow face would be withdrawn, and would recede until it became as a pin's head in the darkness far above me—almost like a glutinous liquid thing.

"Somehow I got upon my feet, or dreamed I did. God knows where dreaming ended and reality began. Gentlemen, maybe you'll conclude I went mad last night; but as I stood holding on to the bed rail, I heard the blood throbbing through my arteries with a noise like a screw propeller! I started laughing! The laughter issued from my lips with a shrill whistling sound that pierced me with physical pain and seemed to wake the echoes of the whole block! I thought, myself, I was going mad, and I tried to command my will—to break the power of the chloral—for I concluded that I had accidentally taken an overdose.

"Then the walls of my bedroom started to recede—till at last I stood holding on to a bed which had shrunk to the size of a doll's cot, in the middle of a room like Trafalgar Square! That window yonder was such a long way off I could scarcely see it—but I could just detect a Chinaman—the owner of the evil-yellow face—creeping through it. He was followed by another who was enormously tall—so tall that as they came toward me (and it seemed to take them something like half an hour to cross this incredible apartment in my dream) the second Chinaman seemed to tower over me like a cypress tree.

"I looked up to his face—his wicked, hairless face. Mr. Smith, whatever age I live to, I'll never forget that face I saw last night—or did I see it? God knows! The pointed chin, the great dome of a forehead, and the eyes—Heavens above!—the huge, green eyes!"

HE shook like a sick man; and I glanced at Smith significantly. Inspector Weymouth was stroking his mustache, and his mingled expression of incredulity and curiosity was singular to behold.

"The pumping of my blood," continued West, "seemed to be bursting my body; the room kept expanding and contracting. One time the ceiling would be pressing down on my head and the Chinamen (sometimes I thought there were two of them, sometimes twenty) became dwarfs; the next instant it shot up like the roof of a cathedral!

"'Can I be awake?' I whispered; 'or am I dreaming?'

"My whisper went sweeping in windy echoes about the walls, and was lost in the shadowy distances up under the invisible roof.

"'You are dreaming—yes!' (It was the Chinaman with the green eyes who was addressing me, and the words that he uttered appeared to occupy an immeasurable time in the utterance.) 'But at will I can render the subjective objective.' I don't think I can have dreamed those singular words, gentlemen!

"And then he fixed the green eyes upon me—the blazing green eyes. I made no attempt to move. They seemed to be draining me of something vital, blessing me of every drop of mental power. The whole nightmare room grew green and I felt that I was being absorbed into its greenness.

"I can see what you think! And even in my delirium (if it was delirium) I thought the same! Now comes the climax of my experience—my vision—I don't know what to call it. I *saw* some *words* issuing from my own mouth!"

Inspector Weymouth coughed discreetly. Smith whisked around upon him.

"This will be outside your experience, inspector, I know," he said; "but Mr. Norris West's statement does not surprise me in the least. I know to what the experience was due!"

WEYMOUTH stared incredulously; but a dawning perception of the truth had come to me too.

"How I *saw* a *sound* I just won't attempt to explain; I simply tell you I saw it. Somehow I knew I had betrayed myself—given something away."

"You gave away the secret of the lock combination!" rapped Smith.

"Eh!" grunted Weymouth.

But West went on hoarsely:

"Just before the blank came, a name flashed before my eyes. It was 'Bayard Taylor'—"

At that I interrupted West.

"I understand!" I cried. "I understand! Another name has just occurred to me, Mr. West—that of the Frenchman, Moreau!"

"You have solved the mystery," said Smith. "It was natural Mr. West should have thought of the American traveler, Bayard Taylor, though. Moreau's book is purely scientific. He has probably never read it."

"I fought with the stupor that was overcoming me," continued West, "striving to associate that vaguely familiar name with the fantastic things through which I moved. It seemed to me that the room was empty again. I made for the hall—for the telephone. I could scarcely drag my feet along. It seemed to take me half an hour to get there. I remember calling up Scotland Yard—and I remember no more."

THERE was a short, tense interval. In some respects I was nonplussed; but frankly, I think Inspector Weymouth considered West insane. Smith, his hands locked behind his back, stared out of the window.

"Andaman—second," he said, suddenly. "Weymouth, when is the first train to Tilbury?"

"At 5.22 from Fenchurch Street," replied the Scotland Yard man promptly.

"Too late!" rapped my friend. "Jump in a taxi and pick up two good men to leave for China at once! Then go and charter a special to Tilbury to leave in twenty-five minutes. Order another cab to wait outside for me!"

Weymouth was palpably amazed, but Smith's tone was imperative. The inspector departed hastily.

I stared at Smith, not comprehending what prompted this singular course.

"Now that you can think clearly, Mr. West," he said, "of what does your experience remind you? The errors of perception regarding time; the idea of *seeing* a *sound;* the illusion that the room alternately increased and diminished in size; your fit of laughter, and the recollection of the name, Bayard Taylor. Since evidently you are familiar with that author's work ('The Land of the Saracen,' is it not?) these symptoms of the attack should be familiar, I think?"

Norris West pressed his hands to his evidently aching head.

"Bayard Taylor's book," he said dully. "Yes! I know of what my brain sought to remind me—Taylor's account of his experience under hashish! Mr. Smith—some one doped me with hashish!"

SMITH nodded grimly.

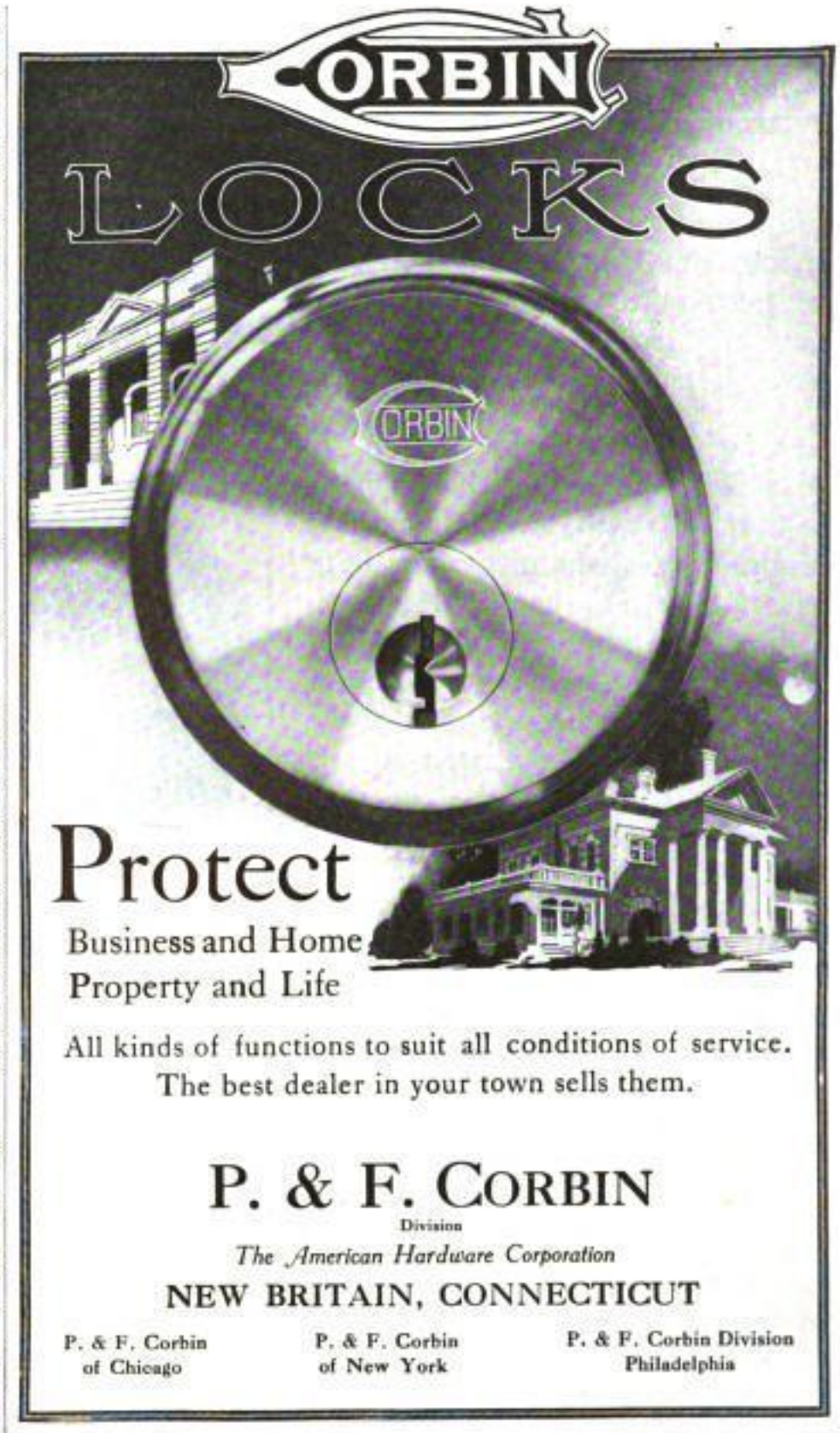
"*Cannabis indica*," I said—"Indian hemp. That is what you were drugged with. I have no doubt that now you experience a feeling of nausea and intense thirst—with aching in the muscles—particularly the deltoid. I think you must have taken at least fifteen grains."

Smith stopped his perambulations immediately in front of West, looking into his dulled eyes.

"Some one visited your chambers last night," he said slowly, "and for your chloral tabloids substituted some containing hashish; or perhaps not pure hashish. Fu-Manchu is a profound chemist."

Norris West started.

"Some one substituted—" he began.



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Preservatives—Safe and Unsafe

Just which drugs, if any, can be harmlessly used in the packing of food products is a question better left to the chemist and doctor. Lay discussion of that subject never gets anywhere.

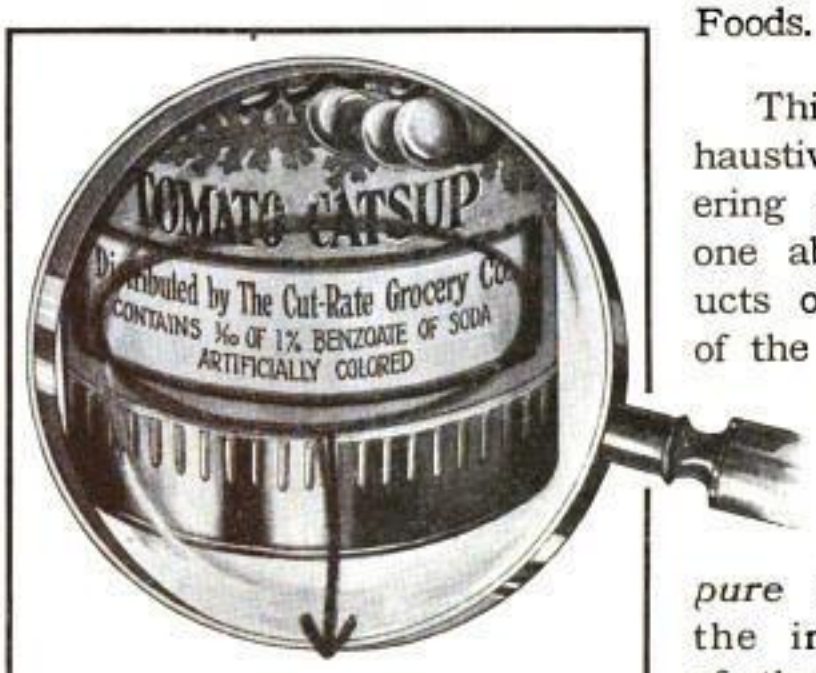
Everybody knows that it *is* possible to put up perishable foods so that they will "keep" in perfect condition, without using anything harmful in the process. A generation ago canning was purely a household art, and most homes still do enough preserving to prove this statement for themselves.

The honest food-packer finds that he can preserve his product by using a cleanly, careful process, fresh materials, decent labor and adequate packages. Sometimes he uses a *harmless* preservative, too,—salt, for instance.

And the food-faker tries to make that an excuse for the use of doubtful or harmful drugs, which permit him to make a profit out of careless processes, spoiled materials, low-grade labor, cheap, imperfect packing.

The ordinary buyer can't distinguish between these two classes of preserved foods. Even if the preserving-agent is clearly mentioned on the label, you and I are usually in doubt.

We can't all learn chemistry and medicine just to protect ourselves, and without that knowledge we can't draw the line where it ought to go.



From American Grocer of February 26, 1913.

"I believe," said Dr. Alsberg, "that it probably will be possible to show food manufacturers of the country through constructive work and practical demonstrations, which I hope that this bureau will be able to promote, that it is not necessary to use benzoate of soda. We shall work to develop better methods of preserving food than through the use of benzoate, and we hope that the bureau will succeed in proving to food product manufacturers the economy of these methods.

"If improved methods in the preparation of foods through sterilization and more careful handling will make it possible for manufacturers to turn out their product more cheaply than by including sodium benzoate as a preservative, I am quite sure that its use will be dropped."

(Dr. Carl L. Alsberg is the new chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry.)

And the distinction is already drawn for us, drawn by utterly impartial, alert experts, in the interest of the uninformed food-buyer, *and nobody else,* drawn so that it can be applied by anyone, instantly, without special knowledge or difficulty. The whole question is answered rightly and safely, by the Westfield Book of Pure Foods.

This book is simply an exhaustive list of pure brands covering all classes of foods, every one absolutely safe. The products on this list were sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health, of Westfield, Mass., *the pure food town,* working in the interests of the citizens of that town, *and of no one else.* The Book does not list every pure food on the market, but it does list so many of them, it gives you such a wide range of choice, that you are almost certain to find at least one of the brands approved under each important classification at any grocery.

Let this book guide you, as to what you buy to eat and drink. Get the book by sending 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. Send for it today.



TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 5-10-13

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Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

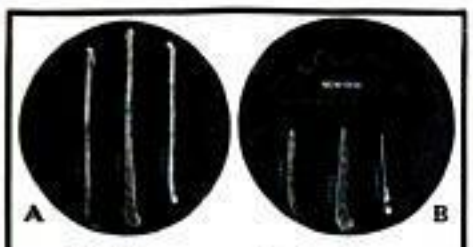
.....

...ou in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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"Exactly," said Smith, looking at him keenly; "some one who was here yesterday. Have you any idea whom it could have been?"

West hesitated. "I had a visitor in the afternoon," he said, seemingly speaking the words unwillingly; "but—"

"A lady?" jerked Smith. "I suggest that it was a lady!"

WEST nodded.

"You're quite right," he admitted. "I don't know how you arrived at the conclusion, but a lady whose acquaintance I made recently—a foreign lady—"

"Kâramanèh!" snapped Smith.

"I don't know what you mean in the least, but she came here—knowing this to be my present address—to ask me to protect her from a mysterious man who had followed her right from Charing Cross. She said he was down in the lobby; and naturally I asked her to wait here while I went and sent him about his business."

He laughed shortly.

"I am overold," he said, "to be fooled by a woman! You spoke just now of some one called Fu-Manchu; is that the crook I'm indebted to for the loss of my plans? I've had attempts made by agents of two European Governments, but a Chinaman is a novelty!"

"This Chinaman," Smith assured him, "is the greatest novelty of his age. You recognize your symptoms now from Bayard Taylor's account?"

"Mr. West's statement," I said, "ran closely parallel with portions of Moreau's book on 'hashish hallucinations.' Only Fu-Manchu, I think, would have thought of employing Indian hemp. I doubt, though, if it was the pure *Cannabis indica*. At any rate it acted as an opiate—"

"And drugged Mr. West," interrupted Smith, "sufficiently to enable Fu-Manchu to enter unobserved."

"While it produced symptoms which rendered him an easy subject for the doctor's influence. It is difficult in this case to separate hallucination from reality; but I think, Mr. West, that Fu-Manchu must have exercised a hypnotic influence upon your drugged brain. We have evidence that he dragged from you the secret of the combination."

"God knows we have!" said West. "But who is this Fu-Manchu and how—how in the name of wonder—did he get into my chambers?"

Smith pulled out his watch. "That," he said rapidly, "I cannot delay to explain if I'm to intercept the man who has the plans! Come along, Petrie—we must be at Tilbury within the hour. There is just a bare chance!"

IT was with my mind in a condition of unique perplexity that I hurried with Nayland Smith into the cab which waited and dashed off through the streets in which the busy life of London just stirred into being. I suppose I need not say that I could penetrate no further into this, Fu-Manchu's latest plot, than the drugging of Norris West with hashish. Of his having been so drugged with Indian hemp—that is, converted temporarily into a maniac—would have been evident to any medical man who had heard his statements and noted the distressing aftereffects which conclusively pointed to Indian-hemp poisoning. Knowing something of the Chinese doctor's powers, I could understand that he might have extracted from West the secret of the combination by sheer force of will while the American was under the influence of the drug. But I could not understand how Fu-Manchu had gained access to locked chambers on the third story of a building.

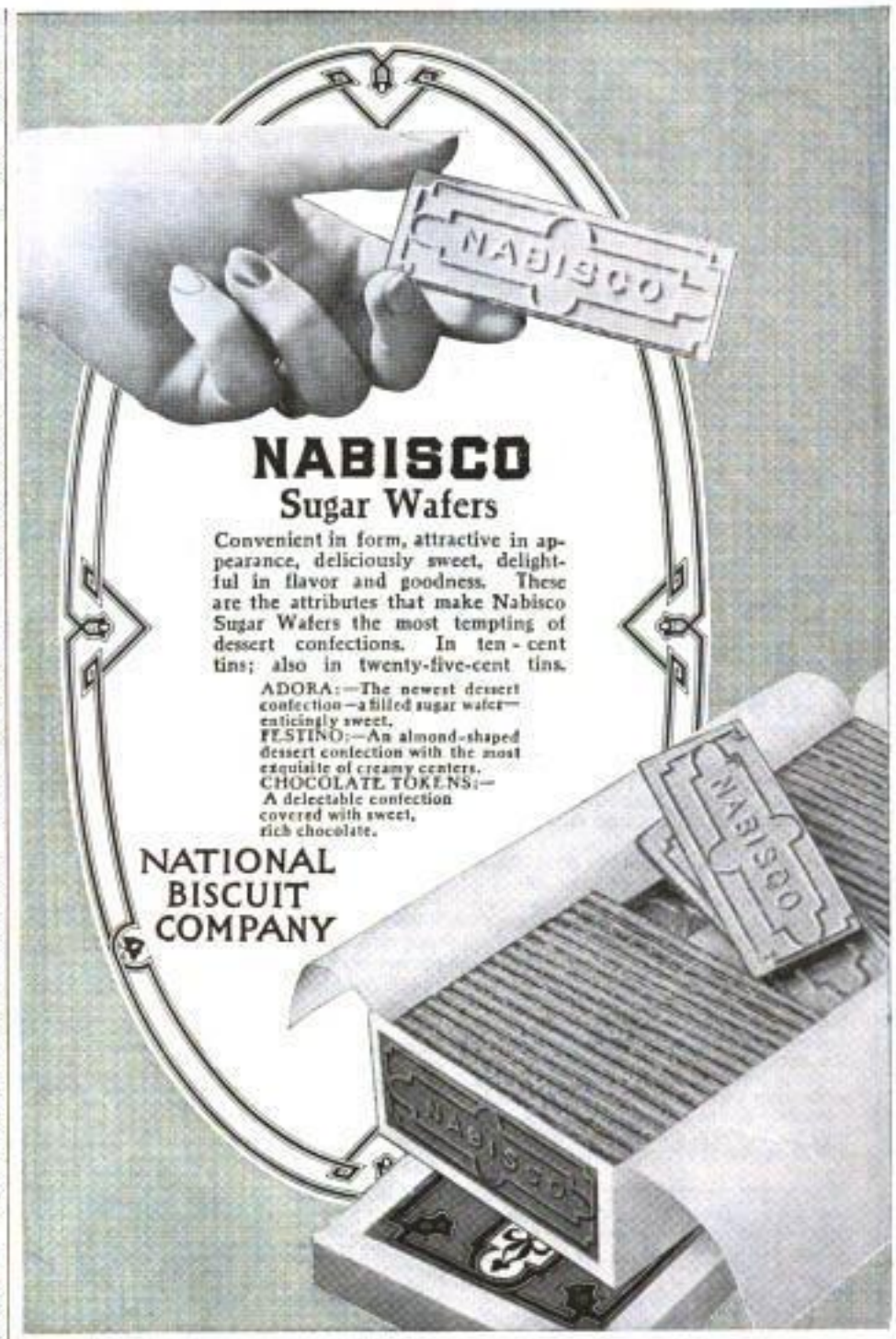
"Smith," I said, "those bird tracks on the window sill—they furnish the key to a mystery which is puzzling me."

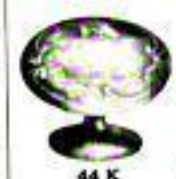
"They do," said Smith, glancing impatiently at his watch. "Consult your memories of Dr. Fu-Manchu's habits—especially your memories of his pets."

I REVIEWED in my mind the creatures gruesome and terrible which surrounded the Chinaman—the scorpions, the bacteria, the noxious things which were the weapons wherewith he visited death upon whomsoever opposed the establishment of a potential yellow Empire. But no one of them could account for the imprints upon the dust of West's window sill.

"You puzzle me, Smith," I confessed. "There is much in this extraordinary case that puzzles me. I can think of nothing to account for the marks."

"Have you thought of Fu-Manchu's marmoset?" asked Smith.




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"The monkey!" I cried.

"They were the footprints of a small ape," my friend continued. "For a moment I was deceived as you were, and believed them to be the tracks of a large bird; but I have seen the footprints of apes before now, and a marmoset, though an American variety I believe, is not unlike some of the apes of Burma."

"I am still in the dark," I said.

"It is pure hypothesis," continued Smith, "but here is the theory (in lieu of a better one it covers the facts). The marmoset—and it is contrary from the character of Fu-Manchu to keep any creature for mere amusement—is trained to perform certain duties.

"You observed the waterspout running up beside the window; you observed the iron bar intended to prevent a window cleaner from falling out? For an ape the climb from the court below to the sill above was a simple one. He carried a cord, probably attached to his body. He climbed onto the sill over the bar and climbed down again. By means of this cord, a rope was pulled up over the bar, by means of the rope one of those ladders of silk and bamboo. One of the doctor's servants ascended—probably to ascertain if the hashish had acted successfully. That was the yellow dream face which West saw bending over him. Then followed the doctor, and to his giant will the drugged brain of West was a pliant instrument which he bent to his own ends. The court would be deserted at that hour of the night, and in any event directly after the ascent the ladder probably was pulled up—only to be lowered again when West had revealed the secret of his own safe and Fu-Manchu had secured the plans! The reclosing of the safe and the removing of the hashish tabloids, leaving no clue beyond the delirious ravings of a drug slave (for so anyone unacquainted with the East must have construed West's story) is particularly characteristic. His own tabloids were returned, of course. The sparing of his life alone is a refinement of art which points to a past master."

"Karamaneh was the decoy again?" I said shortly.

"Certainly! Hers was the task to ascertain West's habits and to substitute the tabloids. She it was who waited in the luxurious car—infinitely less likely to attract attention at that hour in that place than a modest taxi—and received the stolen plans. She did her work well.

"Poor Karamaneh, she had no alternative! I said I would have given a hundred pounds for a sight of the messenger's face—the man to whom she handed them. I would give a thousand now!"

"Andaman—second," I said. "What did she mean?"

"Then it has not dawned upon you?" cried Smith excitedly, as the cab turned into the station. "The *Andaman* of the Oriental Navigation Company's line leaves Tilbury with the next tide for China ports! Our man is a second-class passenger! I am wiring to delay her departure and the special should get us to the docks inside forty minutes!"

VERY vividly I can reconstruct in my mind that dash to the docks through the early autumn morning. My friend was invested with extraordinary powers from the highest authorities, and by Inspector Weymouth's instructions the line had been cleared all the way.

Something of the tremendous importance of Nayland Smith's mission came home to me as we hurried onto the platform escorted by the station master, and the five of us (for Weymouth had two other C. I. D. men with him) took our seats in the special.

Off we went on top speed, roaring through stations where a glimpse might be had of wondering officials upon the platforms—for a special train was a novelty on the line. All ordinary traffic arrangements were held up until we had passed through, and we reached Tilbury in time which, I doubt not, constituted a record.

Then, at the docks, was the great liner, delayed in her passage to the Far East by the will of my royally empowered companion. It was novel, stimulating, and infinitely exciting.

"Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith?" said the captain interrogatively, when we were shown into his room, and looked from one to another and back to the telegraph form which he held in his hand.

"The same, captain," said my friend briskly. "I shall not detain you a mo-

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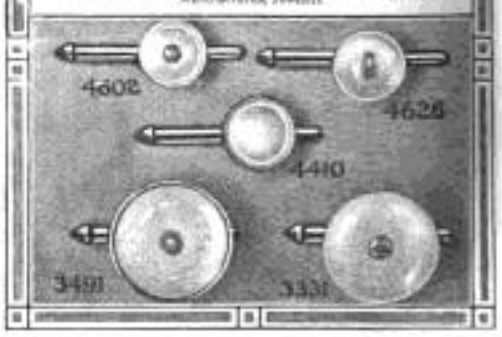
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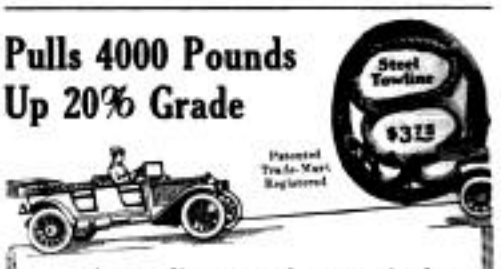
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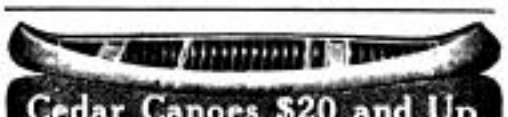
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PATENTS

to pay must fully protect. FREE booklet. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 12 years. 625 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York.
Send for New Helpful Plan for Inventors



Shoe lace satisfaction

Every kind of Nufashond Lace is so strong and durable that we guarantee every pair.

Nufashond

Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

are specially adapted for summer wear. Tubular center for strength; flat ends for beauty.

Guaranteed 3 months

25 cents per pair. All pure silk, in black, tan, white—**men's and women's.** Your dealer has them—if not send 25 cents to us.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dept. B, Reading, Pa.



ment. I am instructing the authorities at all ports east of Suez to apprehend one of your second-class passengers should he leave the ship. He is in possession of plans which practically belong to the British Government."

"Why not arrest him now?" asked the seaman bluntly.

"Because I don't know him! All second-class passengers' baggage will be searched as they land. I am hoping something from that, if all else fails. But I want you privately to instruct your stewards to watch any passenger of Oriental nationality and to cooperate with the two Scotland Yard men who are joining you for the voyage. I look to you to recover these plans, captain!"

"I will do my best," the captain assured him.

THEN, from amid the heterogeneous group on the dock side, we were watching the liner depart, and Nayland Smith's expression was a very singular one. Inspector Weymouth stood with us, a badly puzzled man, when occurred the extraordinary incident which to this day remains inexplicable; for, clearly heard by all three of us, a guttural voice said:

"Another victory for China, Mr. Nayland Smith!"

I turned as though I had been stung. So did Smith. My eyes passed from face to face of the group about us. None was familiar. No one, apparently, had moved away.

But the voice was the voice of *Dr. Fu-Manchu!*

". . . In sight of Shanghai, a clear, dark night. On board the deck of a junk passing close to seaward of the Andaman *a blue flare started up. A minute later there was a cry of 'Man overboard!'*

"Mr. Lewin, the chief officer, who was in charge, stopped the engines. A boat was put out. But no one was recovered. There are sharks in these waters. A fairly heavy sea was running.

"Inquiry showed the missing man to be a James Edwards, second class, booked to Shanghai. I think the name was assumed. The man was some sort of Oriental and we had had him under close observation. . . ."

"That's the end of their report," said Inspector Weymouth.

HE referred to the two C. I. D. men who had joined the *Andaman* at the moment of her departure from Tilbury.

Nayland Smith carefully lighted his pipe.

"*Is* it a victory for China, Petrie?" he said softly.

"Until the great war reveals her secret resources—and I pray that the day be not in my time—we shall never know!" I replied.

COLLIER'S

The National Weekly

VOLUME 51 MAY 10, 1913 NUMBER 8

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Robert J. Collier, *President*
E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*
J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*
Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*
A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*
416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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The Price of Progress

WHEN GRANDPA was a boy—or even when "Dad" was a boy—the folks at Home didn't spend any money for trolley car rides, motion picture shows, telephone service, or electric lights.

The Grocer's bill didn't show such items as clean, crisp crackers in waterproof packages; sugar in convenient, airproof cartons; canned fruit and vegetables, certified "*Pure*" by the Westfield Board of Health; and ready to serve breakfast foods in handy packages.

They had "the finest Buckwheat that ever you tasted", the home-made jam and preserves were a pleasure to the eye and a delight to the palate (although they got many a boy into trouble)—but the groceries came in bulk, were "handled" by the Grocer and his clerks, exposed to the dust, and offered a tempting feast to *flies!*

"Dad" bought a new "Sunday suit" once or twice a year and took the Family off on an annual steamboat excursion, plus an occasional picnic; but he didn't have his "Coney Island", his summer amusement parks, and his theatres to take his money—and give him a real good time in return.

The world has moved a whole lot since "Dad" was a boy, and the one thing that has accelerated its progress, probably more than anything else, is *Advertising.* Were it not for Advertising, this old world would come pretty near standing still; but Advertising has been developed along with the other modern sciences—and that's why things are moving so fast.

If you and I were content to live as they lived fifty or sixty years ago—to ride in horse cars or walk—chop the wood, milk the cow, set the hens, raise our own vegetables, and salt down the pork—and not expect the daily delivery from the butcher, the grocer, and the baker—we could live just as cheaply to-day as "Dad's" folks lived when he was a boy.

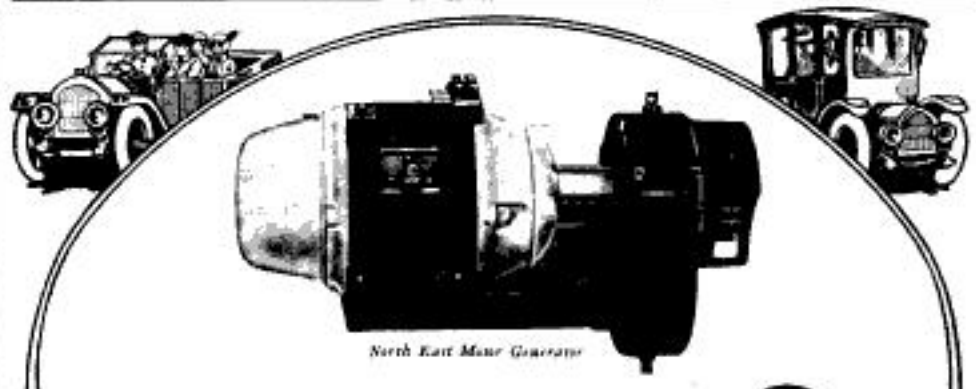
Yes, those were "the good old days"; but, somehow, we have outgrown them. To-day, we want more, we expect more, and we buy more—but don't we really *get* more out of life?

These things and *Service* cost *Money.*

This is "the Price of Progress." I have no desire to go "back." I am willing to "pay the price"—aren't you?

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

No. 117 *Manager Advertising Department*



The Noiseless North East

Electric Starting and Lighting System

for three years has been solving problems whose importance has never been fully appreciated until now.

Last year, the only questions asked were:—

Will it really crank the engine?
How fast will it spin the engine?

There are a number of self-starters now that will crank most engines, but—

Today the important questions are as follows:—

What is the current demand of the system upon the battery?
How near does it approach the critical speed for starting?
Is it free from troublesome complications and noise?
Is it a simple, integral part of the "power plant"?

Why cumber your car with several machines, adding weight, complications and extra expense for upkeep, when the North East System—a simple, single motor-generator all in one—answers every one of these questions more satisfactorily than any other starting and lighting system, and at a minimum of current consumption and expense?

The North East System cannot be installed on cars now in use. You can secure its advantages, however, by specifying

A North East System for Your New Car

THE NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO.
38 Whitney St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



cut down tire bills

RUSTY RIMS ROT YOUR TIRES

And make them hard to change. You can prevent rust and rim cutting—save time, temper and tires with

THOMAS' ANTI-RIM-RUST COATING

Should Be In Every Auto Kit

A new, scientific compound of pure para rubber and graphite for use on rims and rim bolts as a rust preventive and on spring leaves as a perfect lubricant and squeak silencer.

Makes tire changing easier and tire bills smaller. Applied in a minute and dries in five. $1.60 buys a can from your Dealer or direct from us, by Parcels Post—enough to coat eight rims. You need it now—order today.

PREVENT THE RUST PRESERVE THE RUBBER

The Anti-Rust Paint Company
169 South Main St., Akron, Ohio

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

20th Year

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.



ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCE

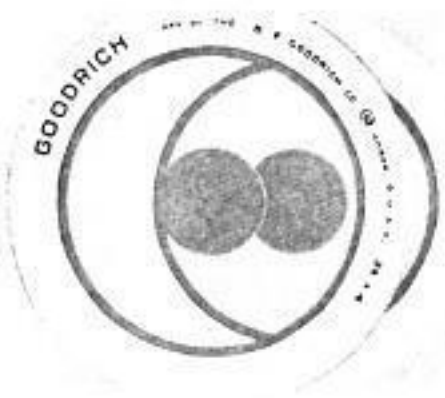
Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds. Write for free catalogue and special offer. Complete line of Farm Fence, Gates, etc.

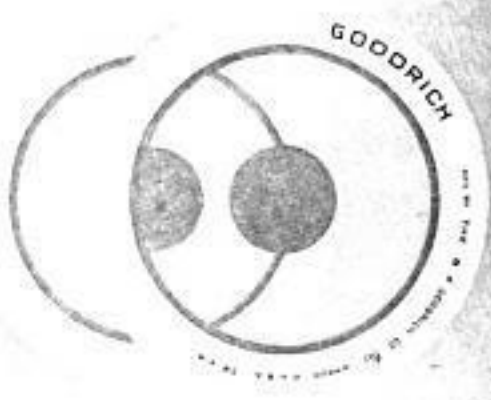
WARD FENCE CO., 201 Main St., Decatur, Ind.

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You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires







THE enthusiastic increase in the already tremendous demand for Goodrich Tires shows what confidence the tire user puts in experience and quality. When not only car owners, but the makers of cars that are pioneers of long established reputation continue to equip with Goodrich Tires it shows conclusively that Goodrich Unit Molding gives value and service that count.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES
BEST IN THE LONG RUN

Goodrich Dealers, Goodrich Branches and Goodrich Service Stations all over the country are alertly ready to satisfy your wants. No matter what car you own or buy, it will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you simply specify them.

Goodrich Unit Molding makes a tire that can't come apart

The Goodrich principle of Unit Molding is what we *learned* in our forty-three years of experience in rubber manufacturing. By this single vulcanization all the layers of the tire, including the thick, tough tread, are literally molded into a unit. The layers disappear and you have a one-piece tire which *must* give you satisfaction.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires selling by hundreds of thousands

This enormous demand for Goodrich Tires has been created solely by the service which their value and quality delivers to the user. The reinforcement of the sides to overcome strains and prevent accidents, and the unifying of the thick, tough tread with the strong, buoyant body insures long, uniform wear—and the treads, naturally, can't strip.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich Tires themselves are Goodrich advertisements. The long history of successful, satisfactory service, with *never* a season when they were anything but the best and highest quality, is to every tire user a most convincing argument why he should use them.



Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

TRADE MARK

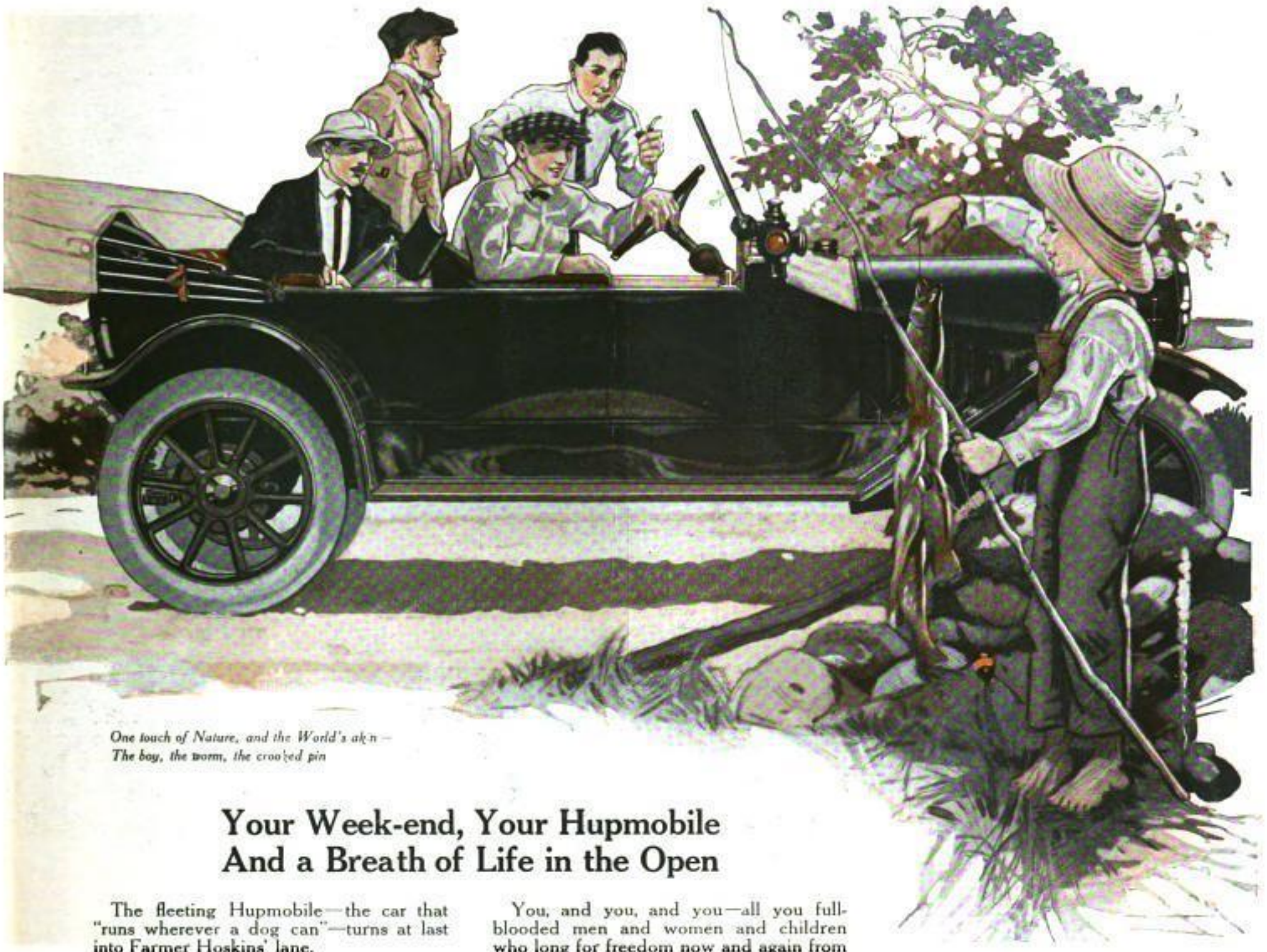
The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branches and Service Stations in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

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One touch of Nature, and the World's akin —
The boy, the worm, the crooked pin

Your Week-end, Your Hupmobile And a Breath of Life in the Open

The fleeting Hupmobile—the car that "runs wherever a dog can"—turns at last into Farmer Hoskins' lane.

You remember that Day—that one Perfect Golden Day. It is given to each of us to Live and Treasure just one such day. Dawn was just breaking—a spring day, the Dawn of a New Summer—when you and Billy and Ned and Steve left the drowsy city streets and streaked for the Open Places.

Of course, you knew *about* where that Lake was. Old Farmer Hoskins had whispered it to you last fall.

And now—the Day—the long-coming, the one Perfect Golden Day—the day of summer wind, rustling new-born leaves and sunlight dancing from ripples to lily pads.

But Hoskins, Junior, has beaten you to it. He grins through his freckles, holds up his string and then leads you off through the hickory grove to the Enchanted Lake of your Dreams.

* * *

Then, when the shadows are slanting through the hickories and the fish stop biting, you pile into the Hupmobile, promising Hoskins, Junior, a stamp-album, a real bass rod and a photograph of Ty Cobb—and wing through the falling evening back to the city—in actual miles very far from the Lake of your Dreams, but in the Hupmobile—very near.

You, and you, and you—all you full-blooded men and women and children who long for freedom now and again from the every-day grind—can have *your* perfect day, too, in a Hupmobile.

And at a cost ridiculously small, as automobile costs are measured nowadays.

You have long known the Hupmobile's reputation for economy. It is founded on nothing but the performance of the car and the experience of thousands of owners.

The Hupmobile is distinctly a car of the American family. It is the car that both millionaire and man of moderate means can approve; for there is no other car with style, stamina, comfort and power that so closely approaches its companions of costlier price.

The prestige of the big car at the cost of a small one—that's what the Hupmobile stands for—and you will find its pleasures and benefits beyond any price.

Build your week-end plans around a Hupmobile: give your loved ones such a Summer as they have never known, with this sturdy Car of the American Family.

Begin right away—write for a catalogue of the Hupmobile and the name of the nearest dealer.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1230 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Hupmobile

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, $1000 f. o. b. Detroit

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke, cast en bloc. Unit power plant.

Selective type transmission, sliding gears.

Irreversible, screw and double nut steering gear.

Full-floating rear axle.

Twelve by two-inch brakes, external contracting and internal expanding.

Wheelbase, 106 inches.

Tires, 32 x 3½ inches.

Equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn.

Finish, black with nickel trimmings.

"32" Six-passenger, fully equipped	$1200
"32" Roadster, fully equipped	$1000
"32" Delivery, fully equipped	$1100
"20" H. P. Runabout	$ 750

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

"32" Touring Car, fully equipped	*$1180*
"32" Six Passenger Touring Car, fully equipped	*$1430*
"32" Roadster, fully equipped	*$1180*
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, without speedometer	*$1300*
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped	*$ 850*

All Prices F. O. B. Windsor, Canada

NEXT MONTH

A Hupmobile week-end on the banks of "that" trout stream.

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"Gee! I'm Glad I Have On B. V. D."

THAT'S what the cool, comfortable, *coated* man is thinking, while the cross, comfortless, *coatless* ones are eyeing him enviously. Don't *you* be caught without B. V. D. when warm days "put you on the griddle." B. V. D. weather is *here*—B. V. D. is sold *everywhere.*



To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label.* On every B. V. D. undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. Label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.



The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

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THE FACT that Firestone tires are seen wherever discriminating car owners gather is significant.

Mileage unequalled, traction that reduces gasoline expense, resiliency that affords comfort and car protection, and road-grip that prevents skid, are the compelling reasons for this choice.

The book "What's What In Tires," by H. S. Firestone gives the building details. Write for it.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio **All Large Cities**

Firestone
NON-SKID TIRES

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No legitimate use to which you can put your car is too severe for Delco Equipment—

Delco Engineers realized in the initial stages of Electrical Cranking and Lighting development that an entirely new type of electrical apparatus was going to be required to meet the extraordinary demands of automobile service.

Electrical appliances made for stationary uses would not do—they were not sturdy enough.

A system of road testing was inaugurated—testing vastly more severe than the use to which any automobile is subjected by its owner.

Every piece of apparatus must stand up under these tests before it is good enough to become a part of Delco Equipment.

Electrical experts were in despair in the early stages of development work—Electrical appliances had never been made that would stand such usage—

The experts declared that Delco standards were too high. That they could not be reached in actual practice.

But they were reached. And they are being maintained.

That is why over 30,000 Delco equipped cars are giving such wonderful service to over 30,000 delighted owners.

The Delco System

Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

Almost anyone can build an electrical starter that will crank or spin an engine and that will do spectacular stunts in exhibitions or in garage demonstrations.

That is simply a matter of coupling up an electric motor and a battery to an engine.

The building of an electrical equipment that will stand up under hard road service, and that will maintain a constant and even charge in the battery under all ordinary operating conditions is quite another problem.

And one of the biggest factors in that problem is the battery.

Apparatus that will stand up is the first big essential.

A fully charged battery under all conditions is the second.

The battery is the heart of the electric starter.

It is the source of power.

But suppose the battery becomes exhausted.

Suppose you are driving your car slowly and are using a good deal of current for lights and frequent cranking.

That means a heavy drain on the battery and very little current being generated to recharge it.

Or suppose you are driving fast and using practically no current except possibly for ignition.

That means an over supply to be taken care of.

How can things be equalized?

How is it possible to generate enough current to keep the battery fully charged when the car is being driven slowly and not over charge the battery under fast driving?

It looked impossible at first.

Expert engineers said it was impossible.

The obvious necessity was a generator with capacity enough to charge the battery at slow speed.

And that entailed a regulator that would effectively prevent overcharging at high speed.

Such a regulator had never been made.

Delco engineers produced it—and the problem was solved.

The Delco generator has a capacity of two or three times as great as other similar apparatus—insuring an ample supply of current at all times—and yet it is not possible ever to over charge a Delco battery.

Does all this give you an idea of Delco quality—and Delco efficiency?

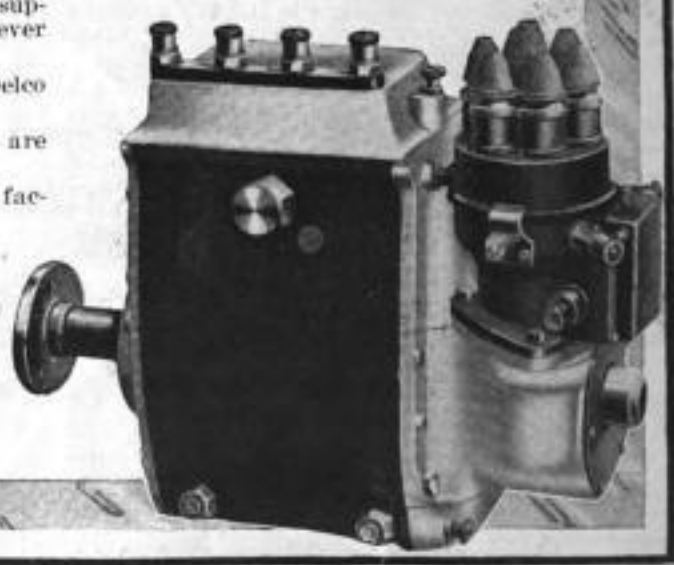
Does it help you to understand why Delco equipped cars are actually at a premium?—

And why it has been necessary to more than double Delco factory capacity since the first of the year?

We have a new book illustrating the recent flood at Dayton—and telling the story from the Delco angle. Shall we send you a copy?

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO. DAYTON, OHIO. STARTING LIGHTING DELCO IGNITION



MAY 13 19



His First Client

By Rupert Hughes



THE lawyer and the girl and the desperado make some new combinations, and if they did not come from Missouri they would need to show us—but, as a fact, the wild comedy in the court room was as natural to the Missouri of that day as the dog kennel in the street. This client adds to the evidence accumulated by Mark Twain and others going to show that Missouri is the most entertaining place on the map.

THAT snub was a complete success. It was meant for just what it accomplished.

The audience—or rather the spectators, for there were no auditors—saw a girl of glowing beauty strolling idly about a front yard and reaching the purple-flamed lilac bushes at the corner just as a young man came along and lifted his hat. They saw the girl stare at him, whirl on her heel, and stand with her back to him till he passed. They saw him drop his hat in evident chagrin, stoop and fumble for it, put it on hindside foremost, and hurry past the house without daring to look toward the mother who stood watching from the porch.

There were two witnesses to the incident: the mother and Mr. Wesley Pennock, son of the most important grocery store in Nineveh, Mo. Wesley was on the opposite side of the street with Nettie Eldred, but Nettie had not seen the great snub. Nettie was too nearsighted, and even her moony spectacles gave her small range of vision.

Wesley exclaimed rather needlessly:

"Well, did you see that?"

It was rather an exclamation than a question, but Nettie took everything literally: "See what? O' course I didn't! I never see anything. What was it?"

WESLEY soothed her with a sweetmeat of gossip: "Why, Audrey Moulton just came almost face to face with Harley Teele and turned her back on him till he got past. He was so flustered he dropped his hat, and now he's traipsin' down the street with his derby wrong end to."

"You don't tell me!" Nettie gasped. "And Harley and her thicker than thieves a few weeks ago!" She sighed with luxurious cynicism: "She's getting stuck-up, I suppose, since Jere Hutter was elected prosecuting attorney."

"Does she like Jere now?" said Wesley with a panicky realization of the shiftiness of the adorable but unreliable sex.

"He's there three evenings a week," said Nettie.

"Poor Harl!" Wesley moaned, wondering when he himself should be shut out of Nettie's little world. "She was crazy about him for years. And now he's been admitted to the bar for six months and hasn't had a case yet. Not going to get any, I guess, either, with Aud's father down on him. If he got one, I bet Judge Moulton wouldn't let him win it. It's a darned shame all the same. It's natural enough for Judge and Mrs. Moulton to mistreat any young fellow that hangs round Aud, but I didn't think Aud would be so dogon shabby. Harl certainly has the worst luck!"

The indignation the snub had aroused across the street hardly equaled the approval it won from the mother on the porch. To her it was the rare and encouraging spectacle of a daughter actually obeying her parents.

Mrs. Moulton had thought kindly enough of Harley Teele when he was a poor young candidate for the bar, reading law in the Judge's office. She had treated him with as much Christian condescension as one could waste on a sort of unpaid office boy, an inkwell filler, a letter filer, whose only salary was the privilege of grazing in the Judge's library till he should be able to pass the examination.

She had supposed that Audrey's interest in him was the same. Audrey often drove the Judge to his office in the buggy, or drove down to bring him back to meals, or to hold him up for shopping money. Mrs. Moulton did not know how often the Judge was out when Audrey arrived, or how frequently she left the horse standing at the curb and waited in the office, or how willing she was for her father to stay away as long as he wanted to or longer.

Mrs. Moulton never dreamed that Audrey's condescension to the young student was the condescension of an angel across the bar of heaven, or that Harley was reading in her eyes laws that are older than the codes of Hammurabi, Moses, or Justinian.

THE explosion came when Harley passed the examination, such as it was in that day and district, and was admitted to the privilege of breaking out a shingle with its gorgeous legend: "Harley Teele, Attorney at Law." The Judge had consid erately made the examination a mere formality, and had slapped the young advocate on the shoulder and wrung his hand.

And then it was announced to the indignant Judge and his horrified wife that the young scoundrel was planning to marry Audrey—not at once, of course, but soon—say, in two or three years. He had been trespassing on her young affections, and now he claimed squatter rights there. Mrs. Moulton had tantrums for days, and the Judge ordered the young reprobate to get out of his office and stay out, also to keep out of his house and off the front porch and the grass, and a good distance from the daughter, under penalty of



The sentinel never saw Audrey encourage Hutter to stay. He saw that her lips moved little in conversation. He saw her yawn more or less candidly, God bless her

getting shot, cowhided, bound over to keep the peace, and locked in jail for contempt of court.

The feud made a sensation in Nineveh. Almost anything except a snore made a sensation in Nineveh, for Nineveh, Mo., as a town, is about as lively as the place it was named after is now. Harley was the best advertised lawyer in the county. But he was advertised too well, and as a man on whom a powerful Judge had scowled. If a guileless old farmer left a sick old cow on the railroad track and sued the litigitous railroad corporation for the wanton destruction of a blue-beribboned thoroughbred, he would hardly put his case in the hands of the Judge's pet aversion. It mattered not what form of litigation amused that Missourian community, nobody was gambler enough to trust his chances to Harley Teele.

Audrey wept and pleaded and stormed and made her home almost intolerable for her parents, but she could not move them to relent, and she did not dare invite Harley to his destruction by braving the wrath of her father, an ex-warrior who still ate fire on occasion and felt that as a man's home was his castle, his revolver was his sword of knightly dignity.

THE parents in self-defense encouraged Jere Hutter to take Audrey off their hands of evenings. Hutter's father had money, and Hutter had a practice. When he was recognized as the favored candidate for son-in-law to Judge Moulton, he got more practice. And the Judge helped him to the post of prosecuting attorney.

That was a long, cold winter for Harley Teele. He was tongue-tied and idle, for he had no cause to plead. He was exiled from the forum of his ambitions and from the fireside of his affections. He had next to no money from his humble parents.

There was not always heat in the old stove in the little office with the tiny bedroom off. Of nights he walked and walked to keep warm and to keep from going mad of loneliness in his cell.

He walked oftenest past the Moulton house, the big four-square, mansard-roofed, central-halled, white-stepped, brick residence of the aristocracy of that sort of town. Harley might have been a sentinel or a private watchman there, so resolutely he paced back and forth, so hauntingly he wore down the snow on his rounds.

It gave him small cheer as he loitered in the dual chill of marrow and soul to see through the half-lowered curtains the prosecuting attorney prosecuting his attentions to Audrey. Jere Hutter sat in the parlor with the family till the family was adroitly withdrawn on various pretexts, bidding Jere Hutter good night but forbidding him to go so early, leaving him flagrantly alone with Audrey.

THE sentinel never saw Audrey encourage Hutter to stay. He saw that her lips moved little in conversation. He saw her yawn more or less candidly, God bless her, when Hutter was evidently most earnest. He saw her shake her head often.

At last he would see Hutter rise, then Harley would duck behind a tree. Audrey would open the front door for Hutter and close it on him without delay. Harley could sometimes see her "Good night" float out on the frosty air, and it seemed to have a polite frost on it, though it came from those so warm and rosy lips.

Harley was partly repaid for his shivers by the rapture of seeing Hutter come down the steps. His head drooped, rebuffed; his very heels thudded dejectedly. Then Harley would pluck up hope and go to his lonely cell whistling with chapped lips roundelays of joy made visible on the wintry air.

BUT the next night he would be afraid that this time Hutter would not come forth defeated. And he would watch again.

The winter was long enough and cold enough, but it could not last forever, and by and by spring came in. It brought violets out of hard soil; it pinned green bibs and tuckers on old trees; it brought from dripping lilac shrubs opulent purple explosions of beauty. It brought hope back home. Surely, if spring could work all these miracles, it could bring a client out of nothingness, even to Harley Teele's wintry office.

The lilacs were never so glorious as the day of the snub. The day was so warm that Audrey had sat at an open window reading a book. It could not have

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been a very fascinating book, because she looked up from it so much, looked up from the book and looked down the street.

Her mother sat crocheting and watching her. After a while Audrey put aside the book, rose, and yawned; it was a very soulless yawn, for she was trembling with sweet hypocrisy. She murmured:

"Aren't the lilacs wonderful this year, mamma? I'll get you a bunch, mamma."

"I'll go with you."

"No, no, the ground is damp—your rheumatism." Audrey made needless haste, it seemed to her mother, who followed to the porch, her suspicions roused by the laborious yawns and the intense tone of indifference. She watched Audrey move lazily from the oleander tub to the peonies, to the little cluster of upward-pleading tulips. She saw her reach the lilac bush, and then Mrs. Moulton quivered with rage, for she saw Harley Teele coming up the street. And next the mother was rejoiced to see the snub.



The treacherous girl had plucked a little spray of lilacs and flicked it over the fence at Harley's feet. Before she turned her back on him she had swept him with a look like a shaft of sunset sunbeams

And such a snub!

The treacherous girl had plucked a little spray of lilacs and flicked it over the fence at Harley's feet before she turned her back on him. Before she turned her back on him she had swept him with a look like a shaft of sunset sunbeams breaking through a cloud. He had lifted his hat, and received the snub in the form of a softly murmured phrase:

"I love you, Harley honey!"

IT WAS then that he dropped his hat—she was so all-fired pretty he could hardly keep his foothold on this swirling planet. He stooped for his hat and for the lilac spray that he valued more, and he sent a shrill whisper through the pickets of the fence:

"I love you, too. And I've got a client!"

"No!"

"Yes. A client at last."

By now he had stuffed the lilacs in his hat and he must march on, not daring to risk another word, for he saw Mrs. Moulton glaring from the porch. He did not lift his hat to her. She would have given him a real snub, and the lilacs would have fallen out.

In view of the perfect smoothness with which this double-eyed villainy was performed, it is not unreasonable to wonder if it had not been practiced. One wonders if, during the long winter with its prayer meetings, sociables, straw rides, and bobsled parties, this Missouri Romeo and Juliet may not have exchanged other messages. A very cynical or very sportive person might even be willing to bet that on some of those cold nights, after Jere Hutter had gone, a girl with a hasty shawl over her head may have tiptoed from that Moulton front door and hastened out to the gate to press those warm, red lips to the cold, white mouth of her sentinel.

And now he had a client! Next to a wedding chime itself, this was the best rewakening of hope. Audrey hid her blushing face in the lilacs, kissed the flowers and told him things they never repeated. She ripped off an armload of fragrance, enough almost to hide her burning cheeks, and she carried them to her mother! And when her mother praised her for not speaking to that Harley Teele, she said she was glad her mother was pleased. The hypocrite! how can men ever trust the creatures!

AUDREY was punished with a blazing curiosity. Who could the client be, and what was the case? Jere Hutter had talked law to her till she had wanted to scream, but he had mentioned no important legal event for weeks.

Nothing, indeed, had happened in town except the burning of the new barn on the Daspin place. But, then, other barns had been burned and nothing legal had happened.

Her curiosity consumed her. Who was the client? He must be rich, he must be wise to select the brilliant luminary whom everybody was trying to hide under a bushel. There would be a lot of money in it, with a retainer and a gorgeous contingent fee. Harley would handle the case wonderfully, and be called to a great practice or a big railroad position in Jefferson City or Moberly or some other metropolis, and she would go with him as his wife. She had her wedding gown all designed before the Judge came home to dinner. She did not drive down for him so often now that Harley's office was on the other side of the square.

Greatly as she was tempted to ask her father about the new lawsuit, she feared to waken suspicions long lulled to slumber. But the Judge appeased her curiosity without the asking.

As he sat down to the table—or as near as he could get to it—and tucked his napkin in his balloonish waistcoat, he began to shake with laughter. He shook a fat finger at Audrey and chuckled:

"Well, honey, your late lamented friend, Harley Teele, do you remember him?"

"Yes, father," most demurely.

"Well, he's got a client."

She was just about to exclaim, "I know he has, and who is he?" but she caught herself and merely tossed her head with indifference. Mrs. Moulton supplied the necessary query: "Oh, he has, has he? And who has been so thick-witted as to give him a case?"

"I did."

"You did?" Mrs. Moulton gasped. "You don't mean to sit there, John Moulton, and look me in the face and tell me that, after all we've endured from that man, you gave him a case?"

"I had to, mother."

"Had to! What nonsense!"

"Now, mother, in the first place, I'm on the bench and I can't allow family prejudices to influence my judicial actions. In the second place, I have no objections whatever to Harley as a man or an attorney at law—it's only as a son-in-law that I don't hanker after him. He's kept away very well from pestering Audrey, and I don't mind helping him."



Mrs. Moulton did not know how often the Judge was out when Audrey arrived

"The idea of you—"

"And in the third place, mother, I gave him the case because nobody else would take it."

"And who was the client?" Mrs. Moulton snapped, and the Judge grinned: "Jed Bolen."

At the mere mention of this name Mrs. Moulton's anger changed to laughter. She laughed so heartily, and her husband joined her so uproariously, that they did not heed the face of Audrey. The girl was fighting down the tears that crept to her eyes, for hope and pride were both crushed under the one bludgeon of that name.

JED BOLEN was the town joke and the town terror. He and his class were products of the Civil War, and, when it ended, it left them sprawling like strange sea monsters flung ashore by a tidal wave.

After the war Missouri reverted almost to chaos for a time. North and South had met and mixed there like the fringes of two rugs. Families, town, churches had been split wide, and remained unreconciled. For years and years afterward even the churches refused to reunite. Little cities where there were not enough Presbyterians or Methodists or Baptists to fill one church had two for each denomination. The milder element in the parishes doubtless half counted on finding a Mason and Dixon's line drawn through heaven about midway. The more vigorous haters among the Northern Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists expected that the Southern Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists would not be in heaven at all, but would hold their prayer meetings much farther south, while the Southerners took the same comfort to themselves, vice versa.

THE bitterness was easy to understand if one understands how the war affected Missouri. Few great battles were fought in the State, but there were incessant skirmishes, lynchings, and outrages for four long years. One of Mrs. Moulton's brothers had been a Union soldier, and another brother a Confederate. Both factions alternately raided her father's property, destroying buildings, driving off cattle and horses, and burning crops.

When peace was declared, ruffians, who hardly deserved the name of guerrilla, came back to the neighborhoods they had harried; and their feelings were hurt, their tempers murderously aroused, if they were not treated as honorable warriors returned from noble strife. But it was against human nature to forgive them, especially as they continued to be a nuisance or a menace.

Among the trouble makers in Nineveh, Mo., was Jed Bolen, a huge bushwhacker, who had been rather a gorilla than a guerrilla. He was a giant of uncouth ferocity and power.

He lived among the good-for-nothing white trash gathered along the river bottom, most of them wretches as lazy, as stupid, as ignorant, and as vicious as the snapping turtles that basked in the mud and the sun. Jed Bolen went barefooted in the warm weather; his beard was continuous along arms and chest, and his poll looked like a straw stack after a cyclone.

He hated the rich, and anybody that owned a pair of shoes was rich. He was suspected of having something or everything to do with a series of incendiary fires that had destroyed several fine stables and some of Missouri's best blooded stock.

ONE day he and another man were passing the homestead of James Daspin, a respectable citizen of means, who had recently built a big stable. Their conversation was overheard:

"That's right smart of a barn," said Jed's companion.

"It would make a right purty fire," said Jed.

Some nights later the barn made a beautiful fire.

There had been a heavy rain the day before, and the town marshal discovered in the mud about the barnyard the tracks of enormous bare feet. Few feet in the neighborhood were so important as Jed's: his remark about the barn was remembered, and he was elected guilty by acclamation.

The marshal called upon him at his shanty and pried him out of it with difficulty. Several deputies received black and blue souvenirs of Jed's theory that a man's shanty is his citadel. Jed used his hands like battle-axes and his feet like a mule's hind legs, but he was persuaded to jail somehow and locked in a white-washed stone cell, with an iron-barred door of even greater strength than his, though Jed was not to be convinced of this.

When the papers for his commitment and trial were drawn, Harley Teele happened to be in court. A young and brieftess attorney, eager for any chance to show his mettle, usually happens to be in court. It was necessary for Jed Bolen to be defended if he were to be prosecuted. None of the established lawyers felt inclined to risk his time and reputation defending such a public nuisance. Judge Moulton twiddled his plump thumbs a while, then caught sight of Harley and appointed him. A roar of laughter went up, and the Judge rolled in his chair. But Harley did not laugh. He thanked the Judge and said he would do his best for the defendant.

(Continued on page 38)

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The Triangle Fire

—*The Story of a "Rotten Risk"*

By Arthur E. McFarlane

THIS *is the insurance story of the Triangle Fire, and it should change the whole fire insurance situation on this continent.*



While the survivors were following the hearses which bore their sisters, preparations were already under way to make profits on the fire

MORE than two years ago, in New York, 146 factory workers, most of them girls, were burned to death on the upper floors of the Asch Building. It will seem that every possible story of that fire has long ago been told. But the insurance story has never been told. And in the end it may be held to be the one vital story. I am going to tell it now.

COLLIER'S has been charged with saying much of fires due to crime and intention, and little of those due to carelessness and negligence. This, then, is the story of a fire which may well have been due to carelessness and negligence. But there are different kinds of carelessness and negligence. If a man can obtain $100,000 of insurance upon a value of $50,000, he will very naturally be careless and negligent. If a fire means not loss but gain to him, what more natural than that he should leave even the most dangerous of conditions uncorrected? And if behind such an insurer we have an insurance system which permits and encourages overinsurance, which feels no obligation to inspect, remove dangers, or to do anything whatever other than make the insurance rate proportionate to the risk, the fire will follow almost as certainly as if kindled with matches and gasoline.

Whatever be the causes of a fire, it is claimed by our American sellers of insurance that they are merely selling a commodity like any other, and that, therefore, no moral responsibility can attach to them. Let their contention be viewed now in the light of the facts in this story—facts, moreover, most of which have been known to the inner world of New York insurance since the day of the Triangle fire itself.

The Perfect Fire Trap

BUT I can best begin with the physical conditions in the Triangle factory—Messrs. Isaac Harris and Max Blanck, proprietors—as they were before the fire.

The 550 girls and the 50 men on the eighth, ninth, and tenth floors of the Asch Building were employed, all of them, at least 100 feet above the street. The floors of their workrooms were covered with wicker baskets, which, like the shelves above them, were filled with the most inflammable of muslin fabrics. On the eighth floor there were two barrels of oil, on the ninth two more. Beneath every sewing machine the floor was soaked with oil. Great bins beneath the cutters' tables were filled with rags. Oil-soaked rags and lint lay about the banks of motors and the high-speed floor-way gearing which supplied the power for the machines. And, so long as they did not do it openly, the men who worked in the Triangle factory were allowed to smoke.

The 550 girls were packed so closely together that their chairs dovetailed. They had the use of only one narrow door on each floor. And they could reach it only through a single circuitous passageway not two feet wide. On each floor one window opened upon a single fire escape. According to the New York Fire Commissioner, it would have taken them three hours to escape by it. "If you could visit one of those twelve- and fourteen-story workshops"—the Triangle factory was only one of hundreds—testified Fire Chief Croker before a New York Insurance Commission three months before the fire, "you would find it very interesting to see all those people with absolutely no protection whatever—without any means of escape of any kind, in case of fire."

The Part Which the New York Fire Insurance Exchange Played in the Burning to Death of the 146

THAT such factories as the Triangle were fire traps was not even a matter of argument. And —I come now to the first part of this story which has never been told before—they were fire traps, largely and first of all because of the power and activities of a certain insurance monopoly known as the New York Fire Insurance Exchange.

Outside of our large cities almost all our great factories have for years been fireproof. They are so because those genuine fire prevention insurance companies, the "Factory Mutuals," offer the owners of such factories insurance at rates so low, if they will make their buildings fireproof, that it is done—by altered construction, safety devices, and above all by the installation of some kind of automatic sprinkler system—as a matter of course. At the first slight blaze or puff of fire in a Brockton shoe factory or a Fall River cotton mill one of a series of nozzlelike "sprinkler heads" opens in the ceiling, the girls hurry "to get out of the rain," and in a few minutes the trouble is over. The average property loss is less than $300, and in none of the thousands of factories which for years have been protected by active sprinkler systems has a worker ever lost her life by fire.

Wherever the stock fire insurance companies, like those insuring the Triangle Waist Company, have felt the competition of the Factory Mutuals, they have had to meet it in the same way, or lose their factory business altogether. The Factory Mutuals do not compete in our large cities because of the "conflagration hazard"; they insure only so far as they know they can pay. But, fifteen years ago, certain owners of factories and mercantile buildings in the center of New York had begun to install sprinklers, and when a reduction in insurance rates was then refused them they had begun to withdraw into "interinsurance" and "reciprocal" insurance associations of their own. And, lest this movement should in its turn result in a heavy loss of business, the stock insurance companies did then grant certain rate reductions on "sprinklered" buildings. The reductions, though in no sense adequate, helped to a certain extent.

The Chance for Safety

IF THE owner of the building was also the owner of the factory, or of one of the factories, which it contained, the combined insurance reduction on both building and factory made it in general profitable to him to install a sprinkler system. And a few enlightened builders began to incorporate sprinkler systems in their plans.

But in the case of the great majority of New York's loft factories, the owner of the building held no interest whatever in the two, or three, or twenty factories housed in it. Neither he nor any single tenant could afford to make this sprinkler "investment in safety" at his own expense. How unite their interests?

Twelve years before the Triangle fire, at least ten New York insurance engineering companies had entered upon the business of uniting such interests. And, in a manner of speaking, these insurance engineers were making New York loft factories safe at no cost to their owners whatever. These insurance engineers possessed brokers' licenses; and therefore they could procure insurance and quote insurance rates. They would accordingly go to a prospective customer, or a group of customers, and offer to install the sprinkler system if—for five years or seven or ten, as the agreement ran—they, the installers, were allowed to keep for themselves the difference between the old, high insurance rates and the new rates now obtainable. At the expiration of the five-, seven-, or ten-year term, the owner of the building, according to this agreement, received full title to the sprinkler system.

There were already hundreds of loft factories in New York, and hundreds more were building. Had this insurance system been permitted to gain a foothold, it is a practical certainty that at least all the largest would have been made fireproof in the end.

Money Placed above Safety

BUT under low rates there are slender premium accounts; and agents' and brokers' commissions are cut almost to nothing. For the $1,647,000 of total insurance represented by the Asch Building, its owner and his eight tenants were paying about $15,000 a year. More than $1,000 went to the brokers alone. A fireproof, "sprinklered" New England or South Carolina cotton mill worth $1,647,000 pays about $1,100 a year; the agent or broker gets less than $40! A third of New York's insurance profits were being paid by its Asch Buildings and Triangle factories; and if the property of the factory owner and the lives of his workers were made safe by this system of installing automatic sprinklers, the income of New York's insurance agents and brokers might be diminished by at least $2,000,000.

In New York, the New York Fire Insurance Exchange is a monopoly which represents, above all, the controlling powers in New York insurance. And, as everywhere in America, the agents and brokers are the controlling powers. Their interests were threatened. The brokerage committee of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange came to the rescue immediately and effectively. And it did it in this way:

It withdrew all brokers' licenses from those who had gone into the business of thus making factories safe. Without brokers' licenses they could, plainly, neither offer any guarantees as to future insurance rates nor obtain any insurance policies in the present! What could have been simpler and more effective? One powerful firm, that of I. Tanenbaum, Son & Co., kept up the fight for years. The others, being weaker, gave up at once. If you wish to read the whole record, you will find it with all documentary proofs and evidence between pages 2604 and 2724, inclusive, of the "Report on Corrupt Practices and Insurance Companies Other than Life; State of New York, 1911."

This is also the first part of the story, not told before, of the burning to death of those 146 workers in the Triangle factory.

The Part Which "The Power to Raise the Rates" Had in the Burning to Death of the 146

THE second reason why those girls were burned to death was this, the payment for their deaths had already been arranged for in advance.

For many months, in spite of all high "unsprinklered rates," shirt-waist factories had been unprofitable to insurance companies; they had had a great deal too many fires. And there was every reason to believe that they would have still more fires in the future. The whole trade had just passed through a disastrous strike. And at the beginning of 1911 the vogue of the "one-piece gown" threatened to end the

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shirt-waist business altogether. By the end of 1910 one large and far-sighted insurance company, with policies outstanding in 1,749 such factories, had cancelled 693 of them. Even so, the 1,056 which it still carried gave it, in 1911, twice as many shirt-waist fires as it had the year before. In 1910, 1,749 shirt-waist factories gave this insurance company 42 fires. In 1911, 1,056 shirt-waist factories gave it 81 fires. According to that high authority, "The Insurance Monitor," such shirt-waist factory fires "were fairly saturated with *moral hazard*." And "moral hazard" fires always give particularly large losses. There were insurance companies which, at the beginning of 1911, canceled every shirt-waist risk they had.

Now when the fires in an entire industry begin thus suddenly to increase, it can help but little for a few insurance companies to cancel outright: the brokers simply distribute most of their risks among the other companies. There are just two real courses which fire insurance as a whole must choose between:

First, by inspecting and appraising, by looking most carefully into the business condition of all who have had fires before, and weeding out every "rotten risk" at once, fire insurance can, if it chooses, *prevent* most of the coming fires. Or, second, it can calculate as carefully as possible what the increase of fires will be, allow them to come, raise insurance rates proportionately, and by keeping the rates up long after the crisis is past, *profit* by those fires.

As always, American insurance took the second course. Many of the largest and most powerful companies were willing to let the fires come. To the brokers, through their silent partnership with the public adjusters, every fire of any size must mean a handsome dividend; therefore they also were willing. The adjusters were still more willing; without fires they could not live. When in 1910 the New York Fire Insurance Exchange took under consideration the question of rates, its decision was a certainty. At the beginning of 1911 the rates were raised and the fires were allowed to come in the shirt-waist industry. The rate committee, during that very month in which the 146 were burned to death, even decided upon the price at which employees should be allowed to smoke in factories like the Triangle.

The whole increase in rates—an increase of about 35 per cent—went into effect in June, some three months later. This, then, is what I mean when I say that the payment for those deaths by fire in March, 1911, had been arranged for in advance.

And this is the second part of the story which has never been told before.

The Part Which the Insurance of Repeaters Played in the Burning to Death of the 146

THIS was not the first fire which had descended on the property of Messrs. Harris & Blanck. They were what is known to insurance as "repeaters." A "repeater" may, with perfect honesty, have a fire a month. To none of Messrs. Harris & Blanck's previous fires, whether originating within or outside their own premises, do I herewith attach intention. According to the New York Fire Marshal's office, and the various "moral hazard" bureaus which from time to time investigated them, all their fire losses originated in some cause unknown.

But for those who have many fires, there is one almost infallible specific, the cutting off of insurance. When a fire means ruin, the most careless and negligent of factory owners becomes the most careful in the world. Few are the cases where his fires do not come to an end at once. Practically nowhere outside of America could Messrs. Harris & Blanck have obtained insurance after their third fire. After this list which I give below they were still able to obtain insurance policies amounting to nearly $200,000.

April 5, 1902, 5.18 *a. m., ninth floor, Asch Building. Cause unknown. Insurance collected,* $19,142.

November 1, 1902, 6.00 *a. m., ninth floor, Asch Building. Cause unknown. Insurance collected,* $12,905.

November 10, 1904, 6.57 *p. m., dwelling of Isaac Harris,* 845 *West End Avenue. Cause, carelessness with matches. Loss small; insurance collected, but amount not ascertainable.*

April 7, 1905, 11 *p. m., factory of Triangle Waist Company,* 49 *West Third Street. Cause of fire unknown; did not originate in loft occupied by Messrs. Harris & Blanck. Insurance collected, but amount not ascertainable.*

December 28, 1906, 7.30 *p. m., factory of Diamond Waist Company, Messrs. Harris & Blanck proprietors,* 119 *Mercer Street. Fire did not originate on premises. Insurance collected, but amount not ascertainable.*

April 12, 1907, 1.15 *a. m., factory of Diamond Waist Company, Messrs. Harris & Blanck proprietors,* 105-7 *Mercer Street. Insurance collected, but amount not ascertainable.*

In 1908 *and* 1909—*exact dates not ascertainable—two trifling fires, probably caused by smoking, occurred on the premises of the Triangle Waist Company. They were discovered and put out at once, and no insurance claim was made.*

April 27, 1910, 7.18 *p. m.,* 187 *Mercer Street, factory of Diamond Waist Company, Messrs. Harris & Blanck, proprietors. Cause unknown. Amount of insurance carried,* $17,000. *Total amount collected, not ascertainable.*[1]

Messrs. Harris & Blanck were able thus to obtain new insurance time after time because they were insured by the great New York brokerage firm of Samuels, Cornwall & Stevens. To refuse such a firm would mean loss to any insurance company in the end. In no such case is any one company asked to provide the total amount of insurance. As each successive company furnishes its $2,000 or $3,000 or $5,000, there is imprinted on the policy a small violet or blood-colored stamp reading "*Other Insurance Permitted*," and the broker goes on down the line to get the next. No company is compelled to "stay on the risk" after the second fire or the third. There are almost one hundred and fifty companies in New York to choose among. And, of the companies which supplied twenty-four policies to Messrs. Harris & Blanck in 1902, the names of only five appear among the thirty-seven companies which provided the insurance for the Triangle fire in 1911. And again there are new names in the list of companies which, two years after the Triangle fire, are now, through Samuels, Cornwall & Stevens, providing the Triangle Waist Company with $100,000 of new insurance.



The door was locked. They beat upon it and threw themselves against it but they never got it open

At the time of the fire in which the 146 were burned to death, on this factory alone Messrs. Harris & Blanck were carrying policies amounting to $190,750; of which they have collected to date about $190,000. And no student of fires, no matter how they are caused, can ever believe that, if it were impossible for such "repeaters" to obtain new insurance, the Triangle fire would ever have occurred.[2]

The Part Which Overinsurance Played in the Burning to Death of the 146

AT A TIME when there was every reason for decreasing insurance on shirt-waist factories, Messrs. Harris & Blanck had been able not merely to hold their insurance: they had been able largely to *increase* it.

It was well known that they had suffered heavily in the great shirt-waist strike. It was first declared in their factory, and their employees had been the last to return to work. But in January, 1910, Messrs. Harris & Blanck had been able to increase their insurance by almost $10,000. In July, 1910, they refused to make any statement of their financial condition to one of the great commercial agencies; and as a result their credit rating was taken from them. They got it back only by presenting a statement in which their whole resources were based, practically, upon the amount of insurance they carried.

In October and November, 1910, they were able to renew $74,750 of insurance which had lapsed. In December they increased their insurance again, this time by $25,000. Before giving it, no company asked for any inventory or any evidence of added value. To have done so would have hurt that company's interests with the great brokerage firm of Samuels, Cornwall & Stevens.

The year 1911 began with the renewal in January of $75,000 of expired insurance. The Triangle Waist Company was then hard pressed for money. Many other things went unpaid for; even this last $75,000 of insurance went unpaid until April 3, ten days after the fire. In the estimate of one firm of chartered accountants, on the day of the fire, Harris & Blanck were overinsured probably by $80,000.

The Picture!

AND, being thus overinsured, when insurance itself had shown the way, when a fire could only be a business blessing, why should they do anything to prevent one? In England's era of the "coffin ship," almost never did the owner of the rotten hulk actually do anything to sink it. As one old coast guard said: "Her'll go down, time enough, wi' the weight of her insurance, an' the things they ha' left undone." What was left undone in the case of the Triangle factory?

The company's rag buyer, Louis Levy, purchased and took away the rags on January 15, 1911. He "does not remember," but thinks he had made his last previous visit on January 8, one week before. But no rags were sold to Louis Levy the week after January 15, nor the week after that, nor the week after that.

On February 11 an inspector from the New York Board of Fire Underwriters walked through the Triangle factory. Nearly nine hundred dozen muslin and lingerie waists were then being made per week. The rags therefrom—lint, every shred of them—had then been accumulating for about a month.

That inspector must have seen them. It would have been difficult not to! Through the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, he represented all the insurance companies involved. In the Asch Building, besides Messrs. Harris & Blanck, and the interest of Joseph J. Asch himself, there were seven other tenants owning property to the value of $1,101,000 which could be destroyed by fire.

In theory that inspector was there to protect both insurer and insured. There is still a wide, popular belief that the insurance business desires only to prevent fires. Here, then, was the very best of chances to prevent one. The New York Board of Fire Underwriters knew that, as a "repeater," the Triangle Waist Company had long been a "rotten risk"—grant, if you will, by no fault whatever of Messrs. Harris & Blanck; but these are the facts. The whole shirt-waist industry was then potentially a "rotten risk." Harris & Blanck had been for months financially a "rotten risk." Because of the lack of all fire protection, the Triangle factory was physically a "rotten risk." And now, by those ever-accumulating rags, this initial and inherent rottenness was plainly being, hour by hour, increased. That inspector must have seen those rags, and he did nothing. But it was not within his province to do anything. For the interests of his companies were guarded in the insurance rate. The moment a match head or a cigarette butt dropped unheeded into one of those great rag bins, what must happen could be averted by no human power. Yet smoking, too, was all a matter of insurance rates.

During the first week in March those linten rags were still piling up about the 146 now so soon to be burned alive. During the second (Continued on page 28

[1] Messrs. Harris & Blanck have had, in addition, three burglary losses on which they have collected insurance. The first occurred in the dwelling of Isaac Harris, in October, 1903. The second took place in the dwelling of Max Blanck, in July, 1911, four months after the last fire. The third, also in the residence of Max Blanck, took place six months later, in February, 1912. On the day of the third burglary the bonding company issuing Mr. Blanck this insurance had cancelled it. But the burglary took place before the cancellation, legally, had time to go into effect. The amounts of insurance collected, in the case of these three burglaries, are not obtainable.

[2] The loss to the fellow tenants of Messrs. Harris & Blanck in the Triangle fire was about $340,000. The amount of loss to their fellow tenants in their previous fires is not obtainable, but would bring the total to $400,000 at the minimum. If to this there be added what they themselves have collected in insurance claims the total becomes approximately $650,000. To make good these Harris & Blanck losses, and to reimburse them for their own, the insurance companies have to date, at schedule rates, collected from New Yorkers about $1,300,000 in insurance premiums. Almost every second holder of a New York fire insurance policy can feel that he has been allowed to contribute. Or since, according to insurance, the losses are really spread throughout the entire country, it may be said that almost half of the policy holders in America have been allowed to do their part toward the support and comfort of Messrs. Harris & Blanck.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE kernel of all that is going on in Washington at this moment can be conveyed to the country by telling the story of a single episode:

The Underwood bill puts a duty of thirty-five cents a box on oranges. When this figure was made known, the following frantic telegram was sent by an organization which calls itself the Florida Citrus Exchange to one of the two Florida Senators, Nathan P. Bryan, at Washington:

> Remember that the welfare of 100,000 Floridians and the safety of $100,000,000 capital in Florida is seriously jeopardized by any reduction in tariff on oranges; and, believing that it is your pleasure as well as your duty to safeguard such vital interests in your State, we beg to notify you that a tariff of one cent a pound on oranges and grapefruit is not protective, but is necessary for the life of the citrus interests of Florida.

Thus far the telegram is not so bad, although impudent enough; but the Florida Citrus Exchange went on to make the invitation to dishonor explicit and hortatory. Considering all the circumstances, some of the phrases in this telegram add much to the joy of nations:

> Louisiana has notified us that their Senators will help us on citrus tariff if you will help their Senators on sugar. *Will you consult with both Louisiana and Mississippi Senators in this matter, and see if such an alliance can be safely arranged?* . . .

These Florida people are asking their Democratic Senator to do *exactly what Senator Aldrich used to do.* And it ought not to take a long Democratic memory to recall the fate that Aldrich's acts brought upon the Republican party. (By the way, observe one word in the Florida Citrus Exchange's telegram, "safely." Does this mean secretly?) The appeal of "100,000 Floridians" ends with this exhortation:

> Our only salvation is in the Senate, as you know, and the Florida citrus and sugar growers look to you for salvation.

It is not too much to say that every Democrat in Washington—Congressmen and Senators—has received from some of his constituents communications which differ only in form and subject from this Macedonian cry of the Florida Citrus Exchange.

What Prevented It

NOW for weeks it was a question whether this attempt of special interests to combine would succeed, or whether it would not. Sometimes the atmosphere of Washington appeared one way—sometimes the other. Probably the biggest factor in the result was the *character* of President Wilson, not that he did any definite thing about it, but his steady stand on high moral ground encouraged others to resist it, and made for a wholesome atmosphere about Washington. Also, the balance was swung in favor of honesty by examples of individual courage on the part of Senators and Members.

What Senator Bryan Did

CONSIDER Senator Bryan's answer to this very demand of the Florida Citrus Exchange. Senator Bryan *might* have made a secret call on the Louisiana Senators in exactly the way the tariff was made in Republican days; he might then have gone to the Democratic Senators from the wool-growing and wool-manufacturing States, and engineered a combination either to intimidate Wilson into concessions or to defeat the bill. (It would have taken only six Democratic Senators.) What Senator Bryan actually did was to write the Florida Citrus Exchange a very frank letter, the point of which is contained in these paragraphs. It is really an admirable little sermon on protection and honesty:

> Florida is Democratic and has indorsed, among other things, the position taken by the Democratic party upon the tariff question. *A very simple method of ascertaining whether a person believes in a principle is whether he will shrink from having it applied to himself.* We ought not to be willing to apply a principle of government to other industries or sections and then refuse to be bound by it ourselves. If we do this on the tariff wherein do we differ from the Republicans in this most vital of all the questions which control men in their party allegiance?
>
> One of the vices of the system of protective tariff has been that one industry will support another in return for protection for itself. Under such a system those industries which do not make trades of this character are left unprotected, while those which do make the trades succeed in securing protection. That this statement is true is illustrated by your telegram, in which you state that Louisiana (meaning thereby, I assume, some organization of business men who undertake to speak for that State) has notified you that the Senators from that State will help Florida on the citrus schedule of the tariff if the Florida Senators will help Louisiana on sugar. Then you request me to consult with the Senators from both Louisiana and Mississippi to find out if such an alliance can be made. I cannot do this. . . . But, suppose the alliance you speak of could be made. If it were my duty to do this, would it not equally be my duty to make similar alliances with any other Senators and agree to support protective tariff schedules in which their States would be interested, in return for their support for such a tariff on citrus fruits as you desire? Does not such a plan as outlined inevitably lead to a tariff made up of trades? And can anybody expect justice or fair treatment to the whole country under such a plan? . . .



The Whole Show
From the "Inquirer" (Philadelphia)

Senator Bryan's letter closes with a really eloquent expression of political integrity. Every politician who, as President Wilson says, "looks to the future"; every young man ambitious to identify himself with the sort of politics that is going to be successful in the future of the United States, might well commit this to memory:

> I have written you thus at length because I do not wish to be misunderstood and because I feel as much interested, I hope, in the success of the people of Florida engaged in that industry as any other citizen of the State. *I had this question to meet when I was a candidate for the Senate and I can only say to you now what I said to the growers themselves then—that I will not vote for a protective tariff on anything, wherever grown, manufactured, or produced.* If I believe I should do that I would not be a Democrat but a Republican instead. Yours very truly,
>
> N. P. BRYAN.

It is the aggregate of just such individual acts of courage and honesty as this that makes up the morality of a political party—and the length of its tenure on the public faith.

Two Florida Newspapers

IT MAKES a good deal of difference to Senator Bryan's future, of course, whether the newspapers of his State indorse his integrity or condemn him for standing by "100,000 Floridians"—and especially for standing by "$100,000,000 of capital." Well, there are two newspapers in Miami. One, the "Metropolis," said this:

> It was written like a man should write a letter and expressed sentiments that every real Democrat must have. "I will not vote for a protective tariff on anything," he says—nor will he. A statement of this nature was, of course, unnecessary from Senator Bryan. His friends in Florida knew when he was elected that he would go to Washington as a Democrat and would remain a Democrat, true to his party pledges. We even wonder at the temerity of any body of men who would offer a suggestion that he trade his vote to the advocates of a protective tariff in another State for protection of Florida's citrus industries.

The other paper is the Miami "Herald." It said this:

> Senator Bryan will probably find that while he may be theoretically correct, the practical working out of his idea in Florida will be to divide the party in this State and retire him to private life.

To put in words the relative qualities of these two papers would deprive our readers of the opportunity for an agreeable bit of intellectual exercise for themselves.

The Point

THE difficulty is the special interests are usually organized, and the people are not. It is easy for a few beneficiaries of a special privilege to get together and call themselves "100,000 Floridians"; but there is no easy way for 100,000 *real* Floridians to make themselves heard.

Questions about the Tariff

Collier's maintains an office at Washington which will be glad to answer questions about the tariff. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Washington Bureau

Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

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A Spectacular Triumph for Suffrage

SO IMPRESSIVE was the annual May parade of woman suffrage in New York City that the cause is enjoying the satisfaction of being able to call its opponents to take the stand as witnesses. One of the most powerful of antisuffrage newspapers, the New York "Times," reports: "It was the greatest spectacular triumph ever won by women in this country in their pursuit of the ballot." And comptometer experts employed by the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage testify that there were 9,613 persons in the parade, and that it was two hours in passing the reviewing stand. In organization and marshaling—all managed entirely by women—the parade was perfect, and was equally remarkable for its color and marching. An impression of how excellent the organization and discipline was is conveyed by this snapshot, taken from the reviewing stand. Nearly 500,000 spectators enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Bryan Argues in Vain

DESPITE a visit from the Secretary of State to plead against arousing the enmity of Japan, California's lawmakers passed an anti-alien land bill which bars the Japanese from acquiring property in that State except in the form of three-year leases. Our photograph shows Mr. Bryan with Governor Johnson in the State Senate chambers.



Ottumwa's Switchman Mayor

AN AGITATION to reopen the saloons in Ottumwa, Iowa, became an issue at the city's recent elections, and, with the support of the "wets," Patrick H. Leeny, a switchman, was chosen Mayor. The new executive declares himself for woman suffrage. As his first official act he removed four men from the Library Board and appointed women in their places.

Completing Woman's Invasion

ALREADY it is possible to count on one's fingers the number of occupations that American women have left to the exclusive use of men, for there are only nine. Even these nine soon may be invaded, for women threaten them by successes in kindred callings. Though barred from the navy, women have become pilots and sailors; though not sought as soldiers, they are serving in uniform as police women; though there are no professional fire women, there are companies of feminine volunteer fire fighters. The census takers discover no feminine telegraph or telephone linemen, but two women are earning their living as steeple jacks. Bridge construction is marked "exclusively masculine," but women are competing with boiler makers, machinists, blacksmiths, and carpenters. The "weaker sex" is engaged not only in occupations that require strength, but also in callings that demand a maximum of courage and endurance. Though women are not numbered among the steel workers on skyscrapers, they are climbing mountains and driving aeroplanes. They are breaking fractious horses, working at the seashore as life guards, training wild animals, and making their living as hunters and trappers. Census records are the evidence.

THE courageous women about whom most is heard are the aviatrices. Miss Harriet Quimby, the first woman to engage in aviation in this country, was killed last summer, but her death did not for a minute deter those then working for pilot's licenses. To-day there is an astonishing number of young women in the aviation schools. Grief stricken but undaunted by the death of her brother, Miss Mathilde Moisant began to fly only after Moisant had given his life to the conquest of the air. She is now in Central America, giving exhibitions of aerial art. Miss Bernetta Adams Miller of Canton, Ohio, is an exhibition flyer more popular than many of the famous birdmen. Miss Ruth Bancroft Law recently was awarded an international license after a demonstration of her skill at Oakland Heights, N. Y. Miss Blanche Stuart Scott has gone so far as to master the hydroaeroplane.

AS A MOUNTAIN climber, Miss Annie Smith Peck would have distinguished herself had she never been known in the world of letters or education. Among other achievements she has scaled the Matterhorn, Popocatapetl, and Mount Sorata in Bolivia. The summit of the latter peak is 20,500 feet above sea level.

THERE are at least two women in the United States who earn their daily bread as steeple jacks. One of these is Mrs. G. W. Searle of Denver, Colo., who has been painting smokestacks, flagpoles, and church steeples since she was a girl in her teens. Mrs. Searle's husband is an invalid, and, although he is able to work along with her, she is making herself proficient in the trade against the day when she will follow it alone. Miss Mayme Pixley of Jeffersonville, Ind., had not intended taking up the work, but when her father was stricken ill, leaving a large contract unfinished, she donned his paint-bespattered overalls and jumper, nimbly mounted the scaffold, and took his brush in hand.

ONLY recently, when automobile delivery wagons were adopted by practically all of her largest customers, Mrs. Alice Griffin of West 127th Street, New York City, closed her blacksmith shop and turned her attention to storekeeping. She had worked at the forge and managed a prosperous business for many years.

THE only woman licensed by the Federal Government to act as pilot in New York Harbor is Mrs. Gustave Gubitz. She is known as "Captain Maud," but just why is not explained, for Maud is not her name. When she took up seamanship she was Miss Amelia Jensen. She followed the trade of her father, who had always been a navigator. When he became ill there was no other breadwinner in the family. Another woman pilot is Captain Klein of the *Island Queen*, which sails the Ohio River. Captain Georgie Orne is at the wheel of the antiquated schooner *Hiram*, which plies between Bangor, Me., and Boston. She is as intrepid as any man who ever captained a ship. Not so very long ago Captain Orne weathered a storm that lasted for four days and nights. She had herself lashed with ropes to the *Hiram's* deck.

MRS. ALICE STEBBINS WELLS of Los Angeles, appointed in 1910, was the first uniformed policewoman in the United States. Since then several cities have emulated Los Angeles. New York City has in its Police Department Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, a detective of no mean ability. New Orleans had in Miss Dorothy Koch the first woman to serve as United States Deputy Marshal, and Miss Edith King is in the employ of the Government as a detective to run down deserters from the army and the navy.

ELIZABETH K. LA HINES.



Mrs. G. W. Searle, steeple jack



Miss Miller, aviatrice



Miss Annie S. Peck, mountain climber, on a peak in Peru



The first uniformed policewoman, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles, as she appears on duty. She received her appointment three years ago



A pioneer in perilous work for women—the animal trainer

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Serving Two Masters

IN ALL THE RECENT DISCUSSION of big business, the phrase "interlocking directorates" has figured largely, and there is now pending in Congress a bill, fathered by Senator CUMMINS of Iowa, to make this institution illegal. The precise moral quality involved in the position of interlocking director was brought out in the New Haven Railroad investigation in the cold clearness which is only possible in the question and answer form of homiletics. One man, Mr. HENRY K. MCHARG, is a director in the New Haven Railroad; he is also a director and president of the Virginia Iron, Coal, and Coke Company. The coal company sells coal to the railroad company—large quantities of coal. The purchasing agent of the railroad—the man who naturally would know all about it—was on the witness stand:

Q.—WAS Mr. MCHARG interested in getting the price for his coal as president of the coal company?

A.—Yes.

Q.—AND not in getting as low a price as possible in his capacity as a New Haven director?

A.—No.

There you have the moral position of every one of those captains of industry and finance who serve as interlocking directors of railroads on the one hand, and on the other hand of banks, coal companies, steel companies, and car-equipment companies which sell coal or cars or rails or money to the railroads. Do they keep faith with the *railroad* stockholders by getting the supplies at the *lowest* possible price? Or do they fulfill their trust to the *coal* company stockholders by getting the *highest* possible price? If Mr. MCHARG'S cook should be found to be a partner in the butcher shop which furnishes the McHarg family with its daily sustenance, we can imagine the odor of moral sanctity with which her tenure in the McHarg kitchen would be terminated. Is this not exactly that particular variety of the talent for acquisition for which the word "graft" was added to the language? And by what curious whim of the divine distribution of vocational aptitudes did it turn out that the son of the New Haven's president, Mr. MELLEN, is not a musician, nor an editor, nor a coffee merchant, but *is* the Eastern sales agent for the Keystone Coal Company, which supplies over 20 per cent of the coal used by the New Haven Railroad?

The Gettysburg Reunion

ON JULY 1, 1913, there will begin one of the most picturesque pageants that this country has ever seen. On the battle field of Gettysburg will meet what remains, after fifty years, of the armies which fought in that great crisis of the Civil War. Only in history and in the memories of the aging does the bitterness of that sad conflict yet remain. The prosperous and growing South joins with the North and West in one national unity. The old soldiers will march toward one another, blue against gray, until they meet, when they will clasp hands in token of friendship. The best good wishes of another generation go with the venerable men in their reunion. Every State ought to see to it that everything is done to make this ceremony as vivid and as picturesque as possible. May the two flags mingle their colors on the fields that so short a time ago were drenched with the blood of the brothers and comrades of these white-haired men!

Jury Baiting

JURY SERVICE, at best, is a distasteful, if essential, civic duty. Hence it behooves the officers of justice to see that it is made as little irksome as possible. An official whose practice does not comport with this view is Federal Judge GEORGE W. RAY of the Northern District of New York, recently cited before the Grievance Committee of the New York State Bar on charges preferred by the Cayuga County Bar Association, specifying, among other things, browbeating and abuse of juries. It is perhaps significant that Judge RAY is himself, both by public record and in other respects, unfit to hold judicial office. The present charges, however, do not go into this phase, but cite instances in which the accused has been guilty of jury baiting. In a trial in Auburn there was a disagreement of the jury, a majority voting for acquittal. Although the men constituting this majority were reputable citizens of good character, RAY, from the bench, denounced them as being unfit for jury duty and ordered their names stricken from the list. This in the face of the fact that a second defendant was about to be tried on the same evidence. The second jury convicted. "What else could we do? You know what that other jury got," said one of the jurors. In another case Judge RAY bitterly attacked an individual juror for a perfectly innocent and open remark, saying to him: "You ought not to show your face in a court of justice again." And again he villified a jury which had failed to agree, declaring a part of them "unfit to be citizens of a decent country." One wonders what the result would be should some juror courageously rise in his place and say to the blackguarding Judge: "I am a sworn officer of this court, doing my duty as I see it, and in threatening and abusing me you are yourself grossly violating the proprieties." Doubtless a fine for contempt of court. Doubtless also prompt remission of the fine, for this species of judge would hardly dare face such an issue were it contested. Indeed RAY has "roared as gently as any sucking dove" since the action of the Cayuga Bar. Not every bar association has the temerity to take such action as this, risking the displeasure of a powerful judge, in defense of the helpless twelve in the box. Yet it is a most sorely needed reform. "Taking one consideration with another," as GILBERT might have sung, "a juror's life is not a happy one." Under a judicial bully of Judge RAY's type, it is superfluously arduous.

Men Jurors and Pretty Girls

A READER who lives in Brooklyn and signs herself "Ladybird of Freedom Soaring" was much interested in our recent paragraph called "Women Jurors and Handsome Men." She sends us clippings from her home paper concerning the trial of a young maid servant accused of setting her employer's house on fire. This conversation occurred before the trial:

"GRACE *will never be convicted," say the court officers. "She is too pretty."*

"There isn't any doubt but what she did it," says Assistant District Attorney WARRASSE, *"but it has become an axiom that you can't obtain a conviction against an exceptionally pretty girl.* She probably is a little defective mentally, and an examination probably would show that her mental growth has been retarded several years."

The result was given in a later paper as follows:

GRACE THURBER, the pretty sixteen-year-old alleged "fire bug," was not convicted. The jury disagreed. *The seasoned court attendants, all shrewd judges of male nature, had predicted that she would not be found guilty, being too pretty.*

Our correspondent says:

I will not imitate the loquacity of your JEREMIAH from Redwood City. In the words of the immortal classic, "nuff sed," and further comment is unnecessary, but the little incident mentioned in the inclosed clippings struck me as being peculiarly appropriate to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

We should like to join our friend the "Ladybird of Freedom Soaring" in asking our friend from Redwood why it is any worse for a jury of women to acquit a handsome boy of horse stealing, of which he is guilty, than for a jury of men to acquit a pretty girl of arson, of which she is guilty. Probably mixed juries will be fairest if they can be brought to agree. We recall that it was three women and nine men who acquitted the boy. If it had been three men and nine women, would they have acquitted the girl? Probably none of these burning problems concerning women jurors can be decided except by experiment. But we should like to hear more from our readers on the subject.

Feeble-Minded Culprits

THERE IS ANOTHER PROBLEM brought out by the above controversy beside which the gender of juries is vastly unimportant. The girl in the second case was, according to newspaper reports, "probably mentally below par." As she was sixteen in actual years, she was probably not more than twelve, possibly ten, in mental development. This opinion is borne out by her own confession, that she set the house on fire "to get some excitement." What a ridiculous farce it is to see twelve full-grown men sitting up and solemnly deciding on the guilt or innocence of a feeble-minded child? Whether or not there are juvenile courts, as, of course, there should be in every self-respecting community, there is no excuse for our stupid way of treating the mentally defective and the deliberately criminal to the same form of "justice." The tests for feeble-mindedness are comparatively simple. If a competent psychologist were connected with the court, these tests could be applied before the elaborate machinery of a jury trial is set in motion. If the person is normal he can be tried in the usual way

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

If he is feeble-minded the question of whether or not he has committed a given crime is unimportant. He should be sent at once to some institution where he can be trained by special care to be in some degree self-supporting and not fall back on the community as a criminal or a prostitute.

The American Infection

TO THE GREEK all the world beside was barbarian; to the Jew all men else were Gentile; to the Roman the rest of humankind was beneath contempt. It is precisely such provincialism, only up to date, when the American citizen, his newspaper before him and his breakfast cup of coffee in hand, blesses himself that he is not as those fatalistic East Indians, who sicken and die so unnecessarily of cholera. Consider, nevertheless, how, from January, 1907, to October, 1911, and including the appalling epidemic of 1910, there occurred in Russia 283,684 cases of Asiatic cholera, while in these enlightened United States during the same period there were (by conservative estimate) 1,250,000 cases of typhoid fever, or more than four such patients for every cholera sufferer in Russia. Yet these two ingestion infections are about equal in virulence and precisely identical in nature; both are contracted only by taking into the mouth food or drink impregnated with either of these germs, and in absolutely no other way. Thus, theoretically at least, the prevention of typhoid fever is one of the simplest things imaginable. It is principally a matter of keeping filth out of the drinking water. Dr. A. J. McLAUGHLIN of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, who recently presented many data such as these before a meeting of life insurance officials, observed on that occasion that 175,000 cases of typhoid fever could be prevented among our people by a campaign of education, with an annual saving of about 16,000 lives. Every typhoid case is due to somebody's ignorance or carelessness or meanness. Typhoid causes us an annual monetary loss of $100,000,000; in fifty of our largest cities its mortality rate has averaged 25 persons per 100,000 population as against 5.6 for thirty-three leading cities in northern Europe; in 1909 there were more cases of typhoid among us than there were plague cases in India, though the population of that venerable peninsula is two and a half times as great as ours. Twenty typhoid deaths per 100,000 probably represent 200 cases of that disease; imagine what would occur should 200 cases of Asiatic cholera suddenly develop in any one of our American cities! Most of our 90,000,000 would be witless from fright; there would be first-page headlines in every paper in the country. Yet we take these 200 cases of typhoid fever and their tragic toll of youth with no more vivid expression of emotion than a fatalistic shrug.

An Indictment

WERE OBJURGATION our editorial habit, we should forthwith rise up and curse the high hat. With peculiar timeliness just now, since it is celebrating its hundredth anniversary. That it should have survived to celebrate even its first impugns the taste of humankind as being lower than that of the animals. It ought never to have been born. Call it what we may, "stovepipe," "beaver," or "plug" (to term it "silk" is an unwarranted aspersion upon a hard-working and worthy worm), it has all the sartorial vices and none of the virtues. It is as uncomfortable as a new shoe and as ugly as a hairpin. It makes short men look squat and tall men spindly. It has an ungovernable temper, ruffling at the slightest touch, however friendly, and permanently refusing to be soothed. In time of wind it is a born aeronaut. It costs $8. And with each recurrent year, at the Ides of March, the conscienceless and hydrophobiac hatter so perverts its style, by some occult twist of brim or bulge of crown, as to render one's previous investment as extinct and prehistoric as the dodo or the chaperone. That so sane a philosopher as the genial Dr. HOLMES could thus have sung it—

> Have a good hat! The secret of your looks
> Lies with the beaver in Canadian brooks.
> Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
> But man and nature shun the shocking hat—

remains the most serious blot upon his fair repute. It has even been suggested by the unregenerate that this is the first example of American advertising poetry. Efforts are now being made by antiquarians to establish the genesis of the capital abomination. There is even talk of erecting a memorial to the unknown inventor who, for a hundred years, has made the human head resemble a mortuary column in black. As a matter of artistic and poetic justice, the monument to him should be subscribed by the newest school of art. He was the pioneer Cubist.

Popular Whisky Brands—No. 2



Last Over the Bars

A Chance to be Consistent

NOT LONG AGO we drew our readers' attention to Boston's placard of *Prepayment Car* on her pay-as-you-enter trolleys. Isn't it almost indelicate to put a text like *Car Full* beside the pompous culture of *Prepayment?* Why not *Car Congested*, or *Car Replete*, or *Car Full-fraught*, or *Car Populated*, or *Car Permeated*, or even *Car Thronged?* A city which spurns "pay-as-you-enter" for "prepayment" ought not to stoop to such a low word as "full." We commend this matter to the attention of the Boston Elevated, the controlling company. With its affiliations ranging from State Street to the State House, the company ought to be too broad-minded to tolerate such an inconsistency.

An Opportunity

WHAT OPPORTUNITIES knock at the door of the religiously inclined young man who seeks a life field in the ministry are indicated by the following "special notice" in the "Western Christian Advocate":

> WANTED—A single young man for Fort Wayne Circuit, North Indiana Conference. Must be well equipped and furnish good references. A fine opportunity to get into a great conference, and advantage of living in the second city in population in the State. Four churches, three of them reached by trolley. Salary, $600; possibly $700. No parsonage.

This may have some bearing on the fact that fathers these days are raising their eldest sons for Wall Street rather than for the Church, and that many choose the easier course between staying home to read the Sunday newspaper and listening to a twelve-dollar-a-week sermon.

Peace

MAN IS WORTHY of a fairer life and destiny than any of his leaders have yet devised. The impulses of his heart are better than anything that finds expression in the angry, overstrained acts of his daily struggle. Some deeper, sweeter tone than the whir of machines and the clamor of the streets will dominate the time to come.

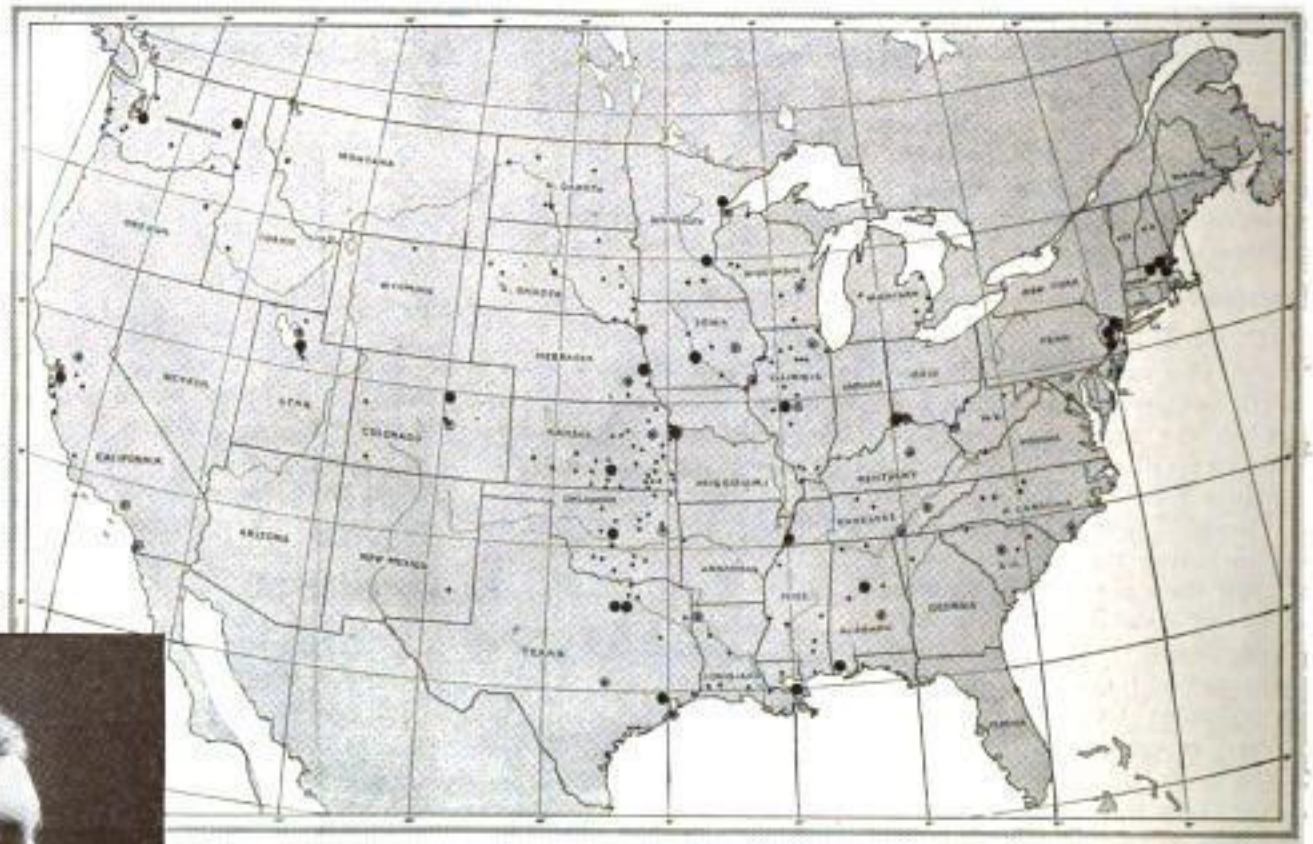
A Wish

TO WORK under constant thwarting, but to work without bitterness; to live each day with kindliness when our own strength is exhausted and there is little sweetness in our lot; to keep hold of sure values when the individual effort has gone awry; to know that we are misplaced, and yet that the eternal order is undisturbed; to know that justice may be delayed for a century and still arrive in ample time.

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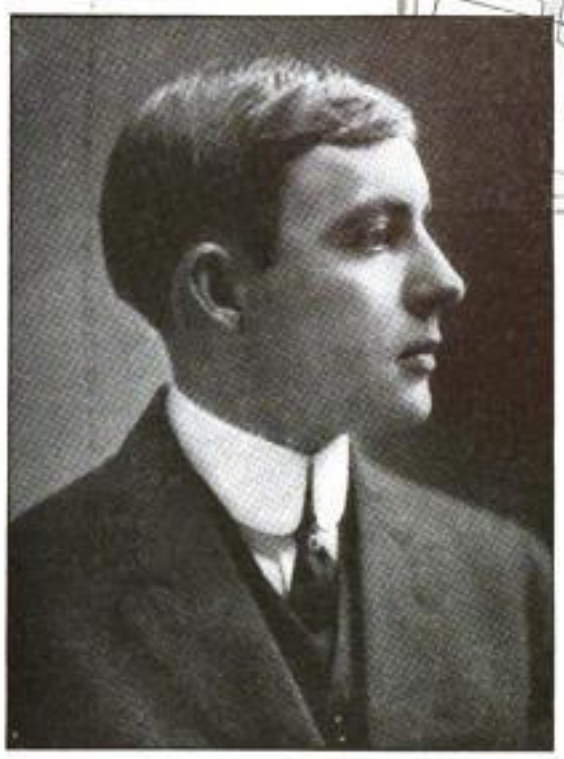
Showing the "Job Holder" to the Door

¶ More than 300 American cities and towns have "fired" their aldermen and mayors and adopted simpler and more businesslike methods of government



Curiously like the course of a storm is the progress of commission government, from its beginning in Galveston, Texas, up the Mississippi Valley and spreading east and west. This map, corrected to April, shows in heavy black spots 27 commission-governed cities of more than 50,000 population; 31 of from 25,000 to 50,000 (circle and dot); and 178 of from 2,000 to 25,000. More than 300 cities and towns are now governed by commissioners

Sumter, S. C., hires Malcom McLean Worthington as its "City Manager"



"NEXT t' a comic opery," observes Abe Martin, "ther hain't anything as funny as a city administration."

It is only fair to add, however, that some of the absurdities of city administration are departing. Unbusinesslike, irresponsible government by big, unwieldy councils of aldermen is rapidly being superseded by saner methods. More than three hundred American cities and towns now are ruled by commissioners. Scarcely a week passes that commission rule does not add at least one new city to its lists.

A significant fact is that these lists now include a number of the larger municipalities. Jersey City, which recently voted in favor of the new rule, is the fourth city having a population of more than 200,000 to adopt it. The largest city in the South, New Orleans, where commission government already is in operation, now heads the roll with a population of 339,000. Jersey City follows with 270,000. St. Paul, where the method is to be put into effect next year, has 214,000, and Denver, now preparing to apply the new rule, has 213,000. Six cities—Oakland, Birmingham, Memphis, Omaha, Lowell, and Spokane—have populations of between 100,000 and 200,000. Sixteen are between 50,000 and 100,000; thirty-one between 25,000 and 50,000.

Every Week Revises the Map

AT present only thirteen States are unrepresented in the list, and in each of them some attempt has been made by at least one city to procure the privilege of voting on the plan. In all of these States (in some of which the agitation has been very strong), the repeated efforts to procure better rule have so far been blocked by the legislatures or by very rigid constitutional provisions.

For that reason, a map showing only the States in which commission government is now in effect, does not truthfully indicate the interest in the movement. Pennsylvania, for example, stands white upon the map, but in Pennsylvania a strong group of third-class cities has been fighting for four years to have a bill passed that would allow them to adopt the new plan of municipal government. In the State of New York, too, determined efforts to obtain enabling legislation have long been unsuccessful.

A City with a "Manager"

IN Sumter, South Carolina, a city of 8,000 population, the commissioners have gone the farthest in the direction of simplicity of control. They have followed Germany's example and hired a "city manager" from another community. They found him by distinctly American methods—they advertised. It was not an expensive method. Their advertisement was handled as news, and was sent from coast to coast. Out of 150 applicants, all of whom were experienced engineers, the commissioners selected Malcom McLean Worthington, a young man of thirty-one, a native of Maryland. The commissioners are a cabinet: the manager their executive. He is chosen by the commissioners.

It will take some time to test this latest plan of city management. The interest it has aroused, however, indicates that the idea will be widely adopted and that eventually it may replace the present forms of commission government. Recently the plan was approved by the charter commission of Youngstown, Ohio, and will be passed on by the people at an election soon. It is quite likely, too, that some of the other Ohio cities may adopt it instead of one of the older forms of commission.

A few of the larger cities, while still holding back from the commission plan, are considering a method that is akin to it. This method, on which the charter commission of Cleveland recently has been at work, is known as the Federal plan. The Federal plan retains the mayor and council, but takes from the ballot the minor administrative offices, and places the appointments to these offices in the hands of the mayor. It also reduces the council from a large, unwieldy body to a small group. The underlying principle of commission government, which is simplicity of popular control and simplicity of administrative organization, already has spread to counties. It has been adopted in Los Angeles County, Cal., and has been agitated widely throughout the country. The principle, furthermore, has rapidly been gaining headway in the field of State government.



"States, as well as cities, should be ruled by commission," says the Governor of Kansas

Eleven governors this spring urged the principle of the short ballot in their annual messages and other significant utterances.

The plan of Governor Hodges of Kansas to consolidate the two Houses of the Legislature is directly in line with this movement. He is proposing that we take measures to free the States as well as the cities from tangles of red tape.

Shortcomings and Virtues

THE purpose of commission government is manifest and simple, and may be stated briefly. It is a plan to take from the hands of the politicians the business of running a city by placing the city's affairs in charge of a mayor and a small board of commissioners, usually four, elected at large. The list of virtues that have been attributed to the plan would more than fill this page. Reduced to the simplest terms, however, the claims made for commission government may be stated thus:

I. *More efficient and direct popular control.* (a) *Fewer officials to elect, making it possible for the voter to focus his attention on the important policy directing officials—the principle of the Short Ballot idea.* (b) *Nonpartisanship in elections. Through this control, the elimination of the city boss.*

II. *More efficient administrative organization. By its plan of organization the minor officials are brought into proper subordination to the responsible governing body.*

A report by Henry Bruere, of New York's Bureau of Municipal Research, relates that in a survey of ten commission-governed cities of the West the most conspicuous shortcomings discovered might be blamed on continued use of old methods by a number of untrained officials.

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A Giant Housefly on a Bread Crumb



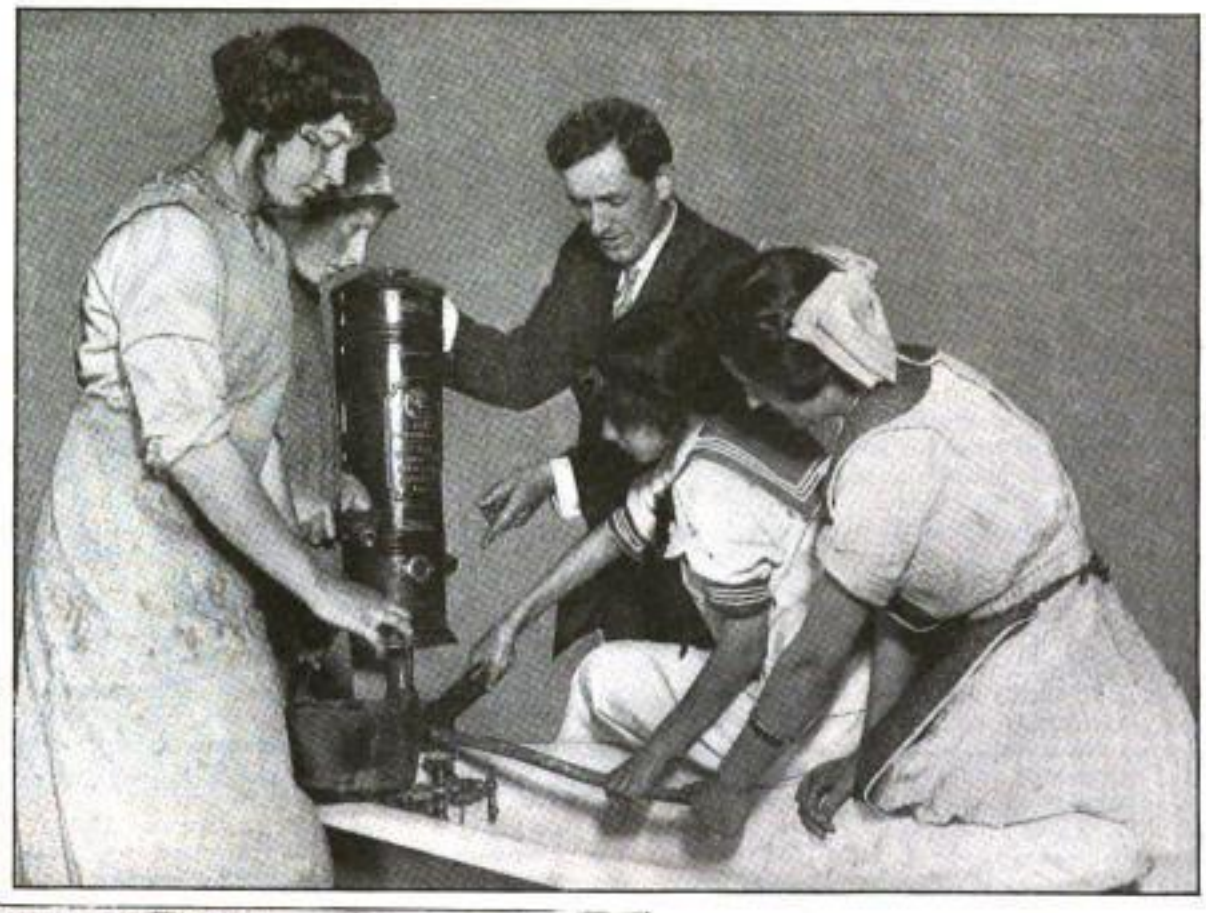
IGNAZ MATAUSCH, preparator, spent nearly a year of painstaking work to model this "Fly on a Crumb of Bread," that was placed on exhibition last month in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The model is 64,000 times as large as a housefly, but is perfect even to the number and color of its 900 hairs and the 1,200 ocelli of its compound eyes. It is attracting much popular attention to the activities of the housefly as a carrier of germs, particularly of the germs of typhoid.

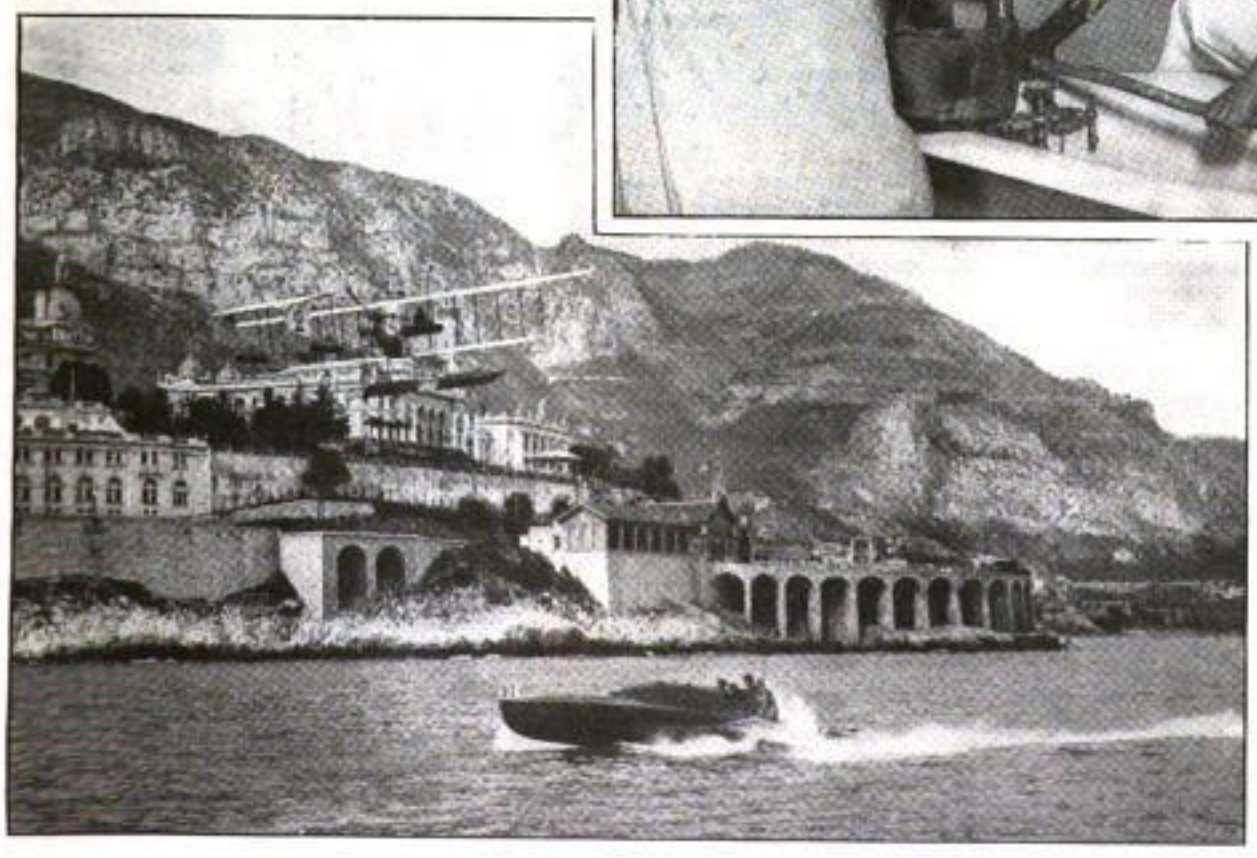
Kentucky's Life Guards

THE efficiency of the river life-saving guards of Louisville, Ky., has never been better appreciated than since they proved in the recent Ohio Valley floods that they could manage their skiff (shown in the picture above) in currents that daunted all other boatmen. Since 1881 the crew has saved the lives of 6,000 persons who have been imperiled in the Ohio's falls at Louisville or in floods or ice floes.

Girls Who Study Plumbing

NOT as a vocation but because of the usefulness of such knowledge to future housewives, plumbing is taught to a class of girls in the Los Angeles high school. The accompanying photograph shows the class at laboratory work with a gas heater. The girls are taught how to make various repairs, what to do in emergencies, and how to read meters.





Monte Carlo Rides in Bird-Boat Taxicabs

THE population of Monte Carlo, where watching pointers spin around a dial is the favorite amusement, has found a new variation on the old theme. The latest dial to watch is on a "taxihydroplane." The photograph at the left shows the taxi on a trial trip. Timing the moment to take this snapshot was as delicate a problem as a photographer ever studied, for the air craft and the water craft were not racing. They were passing in opposite directions, the hydroaeroplane at a speed of from 35 to 55 miles an hour and the boat as fast as the average passenger train. The bird-boat passenger service is conducted in as business-like a manner as the taxicab department of the "Compagnie Générale Transaérienne."

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Geraldine's Education



By Cora Davis

THERE'S a note in this story that will strike a chord in the heart of every motherly woman, and of every man who loves children. But the pathos of misunderstood Geraldine has a relief of humor in the characterization of that powerful real estate dealer, Geraldine's mother. It is Mrs. Davis's first story, although you would not guess it if you were not told.

I SEE by the Mercedes "Herald" that the Citizens' party is going to run Mrs. Helga Abbott, Geraldine Abbott's mother, for county clerk this fall. That will certainly give the members of St. Paul's Guild something to talk about.

The county has never had a woman in the courthouse, but for my part I should be glad to have her get the job.

But not many women in Mercedes will vote for her. And I wonder how Geraldine will take it.

THE sultriest city in southern California is, without doubt, Mercedes. As far as climate goes the place belongs in the Mojave Desert, which indeed shimmers, waste and barren, just beyond the low foothills to the east. And though the town itself is overgrown with palm and pepper trees, with roses and olives and pomegranates, magnolias and grapefruit, the air is thick and still and fearsomely hot. Mexicans and darkies do well, but it is a hard location on a white man. Yet a good many of them live there; in some families this is the third generation—the Truxtun Fishers, for example.

Mrs. Abbott came in the eighties. She weighed only a hundred and sixty then and she was a fine-looking young woman, showing her Norse blood plainly. Abbott was with her and went into the real estate business in a small way.

She is, I firmly believe, the one exception to the rule that white women live a sickly and unhundred existence in Mercedes. She has never been ill a day, and no one dares ask her what she weighs, though it must be fully two hundred and fifty pounds. She scorns feminine fripperies and wears shirt waists that are usually slightly divorced from her ample skirts. She seldom uses a sidewalk unless the street is blocked, and she has a Mexican's indifference to heat.

You have read how Scandinavians once founded a kingdom in Sicily. I understand how that happened since I have known Mrs. Helga Abbott. They, too, I suppose, sucked up vitality and largeness and abandon from the prodigal life about them; and, I suppose, the same inherited chill of blood warded off malaria and all the half-guessed, deadly diseases of the semitropics. And probably the sickly and blue-blooded Sicilians made the same disagreeable comments on their conquerors that Mercedes's white population made and still makes on her. For she now owns at least a sixth of the land in and around town; land wrested by force and northern business methods from the indolent and the gentlemanly—such as the Fishers. She has never understood the art of conciliation; she has never made any attempt to soothe injured feelings about little matters such as foreclosures. Indeed, she has been known to vaunt like the hero of an Anglo-Saxon poem over some especially fortunate deal.

Abbott dropped out many years ago. His departure was as unobtrusive as his life had been; but she erected a fine tombstone—an angel bearing a broken urn—over his grave and keeps the place in notable order to this day.

They had the one child, Geraldine.

GERALDINE and her mother had a great wrangle in the Café San Isidro, and did not care in the least who heard, about Geraldine's going away to school. She was a leggy girl of fifteen at that time, with a mane of thick, yellow hair considerably tarnished by excessive use of the curling iron. Mrs. Abbott has never made any pretense of being domestic, and she and the girl ate around at all sorts of places and roomed now here and now there.

"Aw, gee, ma," came Geraldine's high-pitched protest, "whadder I want to go away to school for? I ain't through here yet."

"Because you are running the streets too much," countered her mother loudly, "and a boarding school is the place where you get class. Some day you'll be big enough to have real beaus and then you want to act right and look right, and what's the matter of a few hundred dollars to me, I want to know?"

Geraldine beckoned the waiter and ordered more canned lobster, but this interruption did not check Mrs. Abbott, who now launched into a lengthy discourse on the subject of her income and its sources. "Hand me them olives," she finally concluded.

All this is vulgar and meaningless enough. But I know now that it was not simply rudeness and lack of filial feeling that caused Geraldine, at this juncture, to push back her chair and shout:

"Hand you nothing. You make me sick. Whudder I got to do as you say for?"

IT WAS the old Norse blood rushing to realization of itself. Yes, even something finer than that: the natural delicacy of youth outraged by vulgarities—only, who would have thought that Geraldine knew what vulgarity was?

"Here, hold on—where you going?" roared Mrs. Abbott, her hard, old face crimson with temper. She arose with as much abruptness as was possible for one of her physique; her chair careened for a moment on one leg and then fell to the floor.

"Ketch hold of her there," she bawled.

For Geraldine—who had always been graceful since she was old enough to walk—was wriggling her way past the crowded tables with an agility impossible for the older woman.

But as the girl neared the entrance she moved more slowly, and at the cashier's desk she stopped and waited, her chin held high, her eyes unseeing. She was making an attempt to save her dignity. The proprietor was agrin, the entire café was staring with more or less comprehension, a waiter was standing, bottle in hand, unmindful of his table, till he should see the outcome of the affair.

He did not have long to wait. Puffing and angry, her little blue eyes agleam, Mrs. Abbott emerged from the throng, her bulk towering over her wayward daughter. With both huge hands she seized the slender shoulders before her, and, lifting the girl, shook her till she was limp, till Geraldine's white face and terrified eyes acknowledged her master. And then, ignoring check and cashier, Mrs. Abbott marched, still gripping the girl, out into the night. A freckle-faced messenger boy, who had been hanging around the entrance, intending to escort Geraldine to a picture show that evening, fled, his soul quailing within him.

THE school Mrs. Abbott chose was St. Gertrude's, down at the coast.

She paid Truxtun Fisher a visit one hot August day some three weeks after the incident in the café, breezing into his downtown office, perspiring and energetic. Fisher removed his hat, for his Southern breeding held even with her, and extended greetings with the amused cordiality that men the world over give Mrs. Abbotts.

She opened the subject near to her heart at once.

"Your Caroline goes down there to St. Gertrude's, don't she? Well, say, look here, you see they don't know me down there and I gotta have some recommendations. Now, of course, any bank in the country'll give them to me all right, but it seems that ain't what they want. They are these blue-blooded kind, and they gotta have some letters from folks that's in the swim up here. Now, Mr. Fisher, I wonder if you don't see your way to help me out? I done you a little favor a year back, maybe you remember, and, besides, you've always known Geraldine. You know there ain't a prettier girl of her age in town—"

If Fisher was not delighted at the opportunity, he was at least willing to comply with the request. A line to the principal would cost him nothing, and it would be the girl's own lookout how she got on after she was once there. But it developed that Mrs. Abbott wanted more. She had to have a note from Mrs. Fisher as well.

TRUXTUN FISHER must have had a bad time of it, indeed, for the next ten days. At any rate, it took him that length of time to persuade his wife to stand social sponsor for Geraldine Abbott. Mrs. Fisher is one of those small, thin, dark women, with proud lines in her face, and a pedigree that scorns American antecedents, winding back through Virginia families to English manors. She had never, by any chance, noticed Mrs. Abbott except once or twice to gaze after her enormous figure and murmur: "How odd!" And her only notice of Geraldine had been to hold her up to Caroline as a good example of all a young lady should not be. For every one knows everyone else in Mercedes, whatever pretenses are made.

And all during this interval Mrs. Abbott was calling on Fisher assiduously. The little favor she had shown him was extending time on money he had borrowed to float his orange lands in the Rio Valley, and the trees would not begin bearing for another year. Toward the last of those days she began to explain to him every few hours that she had a first-class opening for her money and that she was doing herself an injustice by letting such an opportunity go by. She told him she thought he had been swindled on the Rio land anyway.

But at last he got the letter. And Mrs. Fisher im-



Geraldine had wept and laid imploring hands on her mother and wailed: "Come away, ma; they don't want me here. I ain't their kind. Please let's go"

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mediately told six women in the guild what had happened. They agreed unanimously that it was an outrage and that Mrs. Abbott should be ostracized. However, as they had done that long ago, and as that lady never noticed them anyway—she was interested in larger things—nothing particular came of the resolution.

Which one of the six women it was, or which one of the ones they told, who wrote to St. Gertrude's will never be known. There are some people who even suspect that the rector of St. Paul's did it. But the fact remains that some one did write to the school. What was said is likewise unknown. It may have been a full account of Mrs. Abbott's blackmail tactics, or it may have been merely an account of Geraldine's failings—failings which rendered her unfit to become the associate of such girls as Caroline Fisher. But, at any rate, at the last moment notice came that St. Gertrude's was full, that they regretted that they could not take Geraldine, and that doubtless she would be happier in some other school.

"Well, ain't that the deuce an' all?" Mrs. Abbott inquired of the public at large, as she opened the communication and read it at a café table in the Spanish quarter. "Now, ain't it?"

"Oh, mamma, now I don't have to go," cried Geraldine. She had been looking sickly since the school question had come up—rather as if she had a touch of malaria.

"You bet you are going," said her mother, after consideration. "Nothing to it. They've got that Fisher letter, ain't they? There can't be no kick about recommendations. Little one, money can fix up anything. I don't see just what's eating them down there, but you bet a hundred or so will fix it up. Watch me."

Geraldine this time did not attempt a public discussion of the question.

Mrs. Abbott went down to the coast with the girl. A good many people at Mercedes saw them off. Geraldine looked depressed and nervous, but her clothes would have attracted attention anywhere: a fifty-dollar willow plume in a lace hat, slippers with French heels, a white velvet suit with collar and cuffs of lace, a diamond-studded bracelet, a watch, a sunburst, a locket, white kid gloves. Her three trunks were piled ostentatiously and hinted at unrevealed splendors. Caroline Fisher, standing at the opposite end of the platform with her mother, who refused to see the Abbotts at all, looked more sallow than usual in a dark linen coat and a small hat set well down over her ears.

A week later Mrs. Abbott returned to Mercedes, bringing with her a very sick daughter. How could the child enter boarding school when she was so ill? Mrs. Abbott wanted to know.

Gradually the story leaked out. Caroline Fisher wrote home a horrified account of how Mother Abbott had stood at the ornate gateway of the school, shaking

(Continued on page 35)

Privilege of the Hero

By Irma Peixotto

MISS PEIXOTTO *was in her teens when this and other stories of these soldier folks were written, yet it is a sure thing that if no name were given you would never suspect her sex. Her knowledge of the enlisted man is extraordinary, and could result only from an enthusiastic liking for him and a rollicking sense of fun that is close kin to his own.*



Smith fired point blank and the bullet went through the fleshy part of Bill's left forearm

THE sun peeped over the big, sloping slate roof of the riding hall and winked good morning to Fort Hotchkiss. Fort Hotchkiss was quite ready to respond; it had been up and doing for the last half hour and had had plenty of time to rub the sleep out of its eyes. Now the bugles were singing over the post for all who were able to come to the stable, and misty blue lines of men were swinging stableward with noisy, uncadenced trampling.

Just as J troop were taking their currycombs, brushes, and cloths out of the little numbered pigeonholes where they were kept there was a frantic yell, an outburst of agonized oaths, and then a sustained blubbering from Sergeant Bill Sullivan. Startled and sympathetic, the troopers gathered quickly around him to find the reason for his noise. Sobbing, he held up to view a stumpy forefinger from which a small drop of blood was oozing, and explained with much effective gasping for breath how he had jagged it on his horse's hoof hook as he put his hand into the hole.

"Let's have a look at it, hombre," said Whitney kindly, and gravely examined the injury, while the troop began to grin and nudge each other. "Only another of his baby plays," they said. "Thought he really *had* hurt himself this time, though." Bill caught the last remark and whirled around, jerking his arm away from Whitney.

"An' I *am* hurt," he asserted. "You fellers don't know what pain is. Ow!" and he gave a correct imitation of painful writhings. "I'm hurt bad. Ain't I?" he appealed to Whitney.

"Well," quoth that worthy noncommittally, "maybe yo' are—internally; but not on that finger yonder I've been inspectin'."

THE men howled delightedly at that and Bill was furious. Forgetting his finger for the moment he doubled his fist and shook it in Whitney's face. "Oh, you big liar," he roared. "Wait till I'm able to handle yer. Just wait!" He caught sight of Captain Campbell coming through the stable door and made for him with outstretched arm. "Looka here, Cap'en," he whined. "I pretty nigh cut mer finger off. Lemme go ter horspital an' have it dressed."

Shorty gazed, first with interest and then with scorn, upon the scarce-injured digit.

"Go nothin'!" he pronounced. "You stay right here an' get to work at your groomin'. You don't work me *that* easy. Next thing you'll be wantin' me to dress an' undress you an' feed you your chow out of a bottle, you mamma's darling!" and Shorty stumped away over the hard, clay floor with spurs jangling and hands jammed deep into his pockets, leaving Bill Sullivan open-mouthed and speechless with indignation.

"Here," said Stone as the men straggled into the stalls. "Take this handkerchief an' tie up your finger an' quit yappin'. Pick up your things, lead out an' start groomin'."

"But," protested Bill, "but my hand ain't—"

"Never you mind what it is or it isn't. You get to work. Sabe este?" And while Bill, grumbling, collected his things and started toward Jag's stall, Stone rejoined Shorty who was nosing among the feed boxes.

"I had a suspicion," said the captain, "that they'd been sawin' off some sprouty oats on us this last issue. They haven't, though. Well, did Sullivan make any more trouble?"

"No," said Stone, "I settled him—the cry baby. Isn't he the limit? Always makin' such a bloomin' fuss over nothin' an' yet you know yourself he isn't such a bad soldier an' he can be just killin' funny if he feels like playin' the monkey."

"He can be a monkey all right," said Shorty. "But a soldado's got no business raisin' the long yell like that. Golly! I heard him way up by the K troop corral—look here, here's a manger with no rock salt in the box. Tell Busch about that; he's gettin' careless."

THE tour of inspection over, Stone stood in the corral and watched the horses' morning toilet. "I wonder," he mused, "why Bill Sullivan isn't ashamed to kick up such a ruction over somethin' that doesn't put him on the fritz a little bit. Will he ever pan out into a sure-enough man? Quien sabe? I don't.—Cease grooming," he called as he saw the troop putting the finishing touches to their work, and as Bill passed him coming in from the picket line, still grumbling, he admonished him for his soul's good in a sotto voce aside: "Get over your grouch, Bill, or the troop'll be sore on you. They have their opinion of you as it is."

Indeed, Bill was well aware of the temper of the men, and feeling dimly that he had lost caste, changed his grumpy mood for a merry one and soon succeeded in having the troop in roars of laughter.

He decided, however, that though they might laugh at him, something more was needed to reestablish himself, and resolved to try and amuse them so they would forget his morning peccadillos.

There was a new batch of recruits in and Corporal Ryan had four of them out for instruction in front of J quarters a little later that summer morning. It was mostly preliminary instruction, the very kindergarten of tactics, the subjects being the position of the soldier dismounted, the march steps, and the facings. The four rooks presented a dismal contrast to trim, well-set-up Ryan. Taken in the aggregate, they were knock-kneed, bow-legged, sway-backed, and round-shouldered; their hats appeared to be several sizes too large for them and had slipped down half over their ears, while their coats sagged and bagged painfully in the place where the chest ought to be.

IT is a queer and an interesting thing to watch the physical metamorphosis of a recruit. If he has the right stuff in him, in due time he will be filling out every atom of the chest and shoulder space afforded by this same loose-hanging blouse, while the underarms and trousers seams will be taken in so much that the uninitiated observer is in a constant wonder as to how the soldier man ever got inside. But it is the joy and pride of the enlisted man to seam himself up in his best clothes, and though the department has issued an order against the practice, he majestically disregards it. The identical hat, too, that at first appeared to be the one his "father wore many a year ago," soon fits him exactly, not because

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the rook has acquired a swelled head—his squad room and the rest of the troop sees to it pretty thoroughly that he shows no signs of such an abnormal growth, but because he has learned how to wear it and give to it his own individual character. Nothing that a soldier has is so thoroughly imbued with his individual characteristics as his campaign hat. You will not find two alike any more than you will find two faces alike. To casual observers, to be sure, they may appear as faces did to Humpty Dumpty. "Your face is the same as everybody has. Two eyes, so; nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance, or the mouth at the top, that would be some help." But in reality, regulation hats with the identical cord and insignia have the same infinite variety of feature as the prevailing style of eyes-nose-and-mouth face. Take the hats of any troop, battery, or company, and nine out of ten commanding officers would be able to tell you with absolute certainty, and not one mistake, the names of the owners. They, and their first sergeants, will be able to call the roll by hats as accurately as by roster.

THESE J troop recruits were beyond question stupid; they were in earnest though, and tried hard to do right. One of them listened gravely to the corporal's description of the position of the soldier and in all seriousness began twisting and turning, hunting for the seams in his trousers so he could put his little fingers on them as instructed.

"Hanged if *I* ever knew where they were before," he muttered, to the intense delight of Bill Sullivan, who sat on the barrack step watching the performance. Then Ryan began to have trouble with the thin recruit in the center who persisted in making an about face for every command of right or left face. No matter how many times Ryan explained he always whirled all the way around.

"Oh, well!" at last sighed the weary instructor. "If you can't put your mind to learnin' a simple thing like that, I'm goin' to send you to the guardhouse. What's your name anyhow?"

"Turner," quavered the rook.

"Blazes!" said Ryan; "then I don't suppose you could help yourself." And at this Bill Sullivan let out such a horse laugh that Teddy dismissed the squad in disgust and stalked indignantly away, leaving Bill to fraternize with the rooks and fill them full of the yarns for which he was famous.

HERE, he thought, was a way to amuse the troop by stuffing the recruits and perhaps he might win back some of his popularity. Besides this was one of his great and recognized privileges, for recruits were fair game and Bill loved to romance to them for the pure pleasure of seeing how much they would believe. No one of all the liars in J troop could beat him in the gentle art of enlarging on a commonplace subject, and once get him out into the open of a free-for-all, no-speed-limit stretch of the imagination, and all competitors were left at the post. Whitney and Stone were always greatly amused by him, and often tried to best him at his own game, but generally were worsted. To-day, happening to see that he had taken the recruits in hand, they came sauntering out on the porch in time to hear the following remarkable story:

"You fellers better try an' mind what Corporal Ryan tells yer. He ain't the kind ter stand no nonsense an' he ain't afraid ter do anything, he ain't. Onct when him an' me was to the Islands" (neither had ever been west of Frisco), "I seen him put his hand right down into the mouth of a lion what had swallered four clipsful of cartridges of his'n when he had his back turned. He was actin' quartermaster then an' had to have them cartridges ter make the returns come even, so when the lion swallered 'em he never stopped a minute but grabbed right after 'em. But his arm was too short an' they'd gone down too far: so I helped him get 'em."

"How?" questioned a rook.

"Well I warn't a puttin' *my* hand in. Ryan he kep' a holt of the lion so's he wouldn't run back in the woods an' I went ter the doctor an' he give me a e-metic an' I give it ter the lion, an'—we got them



Swaying in the saddle, sick, scorching, and suffering, spurring his staggering pony to a last desperate effort

docked fo' hawses' tails, took the years off two mules, an' cut off the legs of fifteen chickens that were roostin' in a row. An' out in the garden all the radishes an' beets an' ca'ots were a-spinnin' like tops, an' makin' little funnel-shaped holes. Pretty soon the garden was all gone, nothin' left but a big hole, an' soon even *that* blew away. An' a fiel' of frijole beans got blown into a co'nfiel' an' when it was all over we foun' the whole place full of succotash."

"Good boy!" said Stone. "I'm proud of you. That must have been the cornfield our old friend the mule was in. You remember, John?"

John nodded. "Uh-huh," he grunted affirmatively.

"What mule?" inquired Bill, interested.

"Hold your jaw, Bill, it's that old beast, ain't it? Same old tale been goin' round the army for fifteen years." Whitehall who had joined the group was a scoffer.

"But I want to hear about it," piped Turner. "What happened to that mule?"

"That mule," said Stone, "was in a cornfield one day an' it got so bloomin' hot that all the deuce' corn popped an' piled around the field four or five feet high."

"An' the mule?" asked the rook breathless.

"The mule thought it was snow, so he lay down an' froze to death."

"THAT'S all right," quoth a dark-browed individual who had joined the story circle. "I ain't kickin' on Stone's yarns, but if that crazy Bill Sullivan thinks he's goin' ter coddle us up with his fool lies an' make us fergit his baby act this mornin', he's way off his trail."

"Aw, you shut up, Smith," retorted Whitehall, while Stone laid a restraining hand on Bill, who had started up in indignation.

"Yes," echoed Bill, "you better shut up—an' blame quick too er I'll knock yer silly. How do yer know how bad my finger hurt anyhow? Fer two cents, Mex"—he made a threatening step forward—"fer two cents, Mex, I'd—"

"You'd do nothin'," interrupted Smith calmly. "You're always jawin' an' blowin' an' yet you'd be scared ter fight a ten-year-old kid if you thought the kid had any spunk, you great big lummox. You needn't go a-glowerin' at me; you can't scare me any. Why do you let him go on so?" he appealed to the group. "Just because he makes you grin you stand fer all his baby play. Ah, you make me sick!" and he turned on his heel in disgust and went to his squad room. Bill blinked in amazement, much taken aback. "Why—why—why—" he stuttered, "why, bunks, you ain't—you ain't—"

"Buck up, hombre," said Whitney, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Never you mind, ole grouchy Smith. Look where he goes yonder; hombre with a tragic stalk like unto that cayn't affo'd to appreciate a joke. But it would never do fo' you all to quit keepin' the troop amused. We expect it of you."

"Sure!" agreed Whitehall, as Sullivan showed a pleased face and began to feel himself a man again. "Sergeant William Sullivan, head jester, an' master of horseplay, J troop. What would we do without him? Keep on, Bill, keep on!"

"CHOW!" cried Stone, starting up as the notes of the dinner call smote the air. "Do you think, John, that you could possibly eat anything after the stuffing you've had here?"

"Oh, I reckon," said Whitney, "I didn't swallow much, you know." And he trailed into the hall singing at the top of his powerful baritone:

Porky, porky, porky,
And not a bit of lean;
Soupy, soupy, soupy,
And not a single bean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
Meanest ever seen.

"Say, Kid," said Bill, taking a rook aside on the way to the mess hall, "you fellers got yer butter checks?"

"Butter checks? What fer?"

"Ter git butter with, dummy. They don't issue none without a check. You can git 'em off'n the quartermaster sergeant."

So the rooks went in a body to Duffy, the newly appointed quartermaster (vice Hansen), and requested butter checks.

"Butter checks!" exclaimed he. "Where do you think you're at? Delmonico's? This is the United States army. Go to the devil fer ice checks!"

MEANWHILE Bill continued to the mess hall and sat down to his chow in high good humor, the rooks soon following in a crestfallen body. Bill's flow of language, having once begun to get action, was hard to check, and he kept the noncoms' table lively.

"This here is a swell post," he was saying between bites. "Say, I sneaked over ter peep in the winder at the Major's dinner party last night, an' gee! you fellers ought ter see the dog some o' these officers' wives put on. They was fairies!"

"What did they have on?" asked the poetic Ryan.

"I couldn't see under the table, son, but it appeared ter be real low-an'-behold style. A C in front an' a V behind. Yes, seein' them swell ladies an' that good dinner certainly made me feel homesick." (Whitney and Stevens exchanged amused grins, both being familiar with Bill's Bowery origin.) "I believe I'll put in fer mer leaf soon an' go back home an' then I'll walk in an' say: 'Mother, your soldier boy has came home ter die!' An' she'll say: 'No, son, I think yer came home ter eat.' She won't be much off, neither. Gee! Mr. Dope, I'll draw seconds on this beef, an' Bonnetstrings, shove us the spuds. Home's a good place ter eat in, but they ast questions! An' they's always girls hangin' around. I can't get along with them kind o' girls. I 'member las' time I was ter home one of 'em was a settin' there sewin' an' jus' ter make talk I let on I could sew too."

"'What kin yer do?' sez she."

"'Everything,' sez I."

"'Kin yer run?' sez she."

"'I'm first for the hundred-yard dash,' sez I."

"'Kin yer tuck?' sez she."

"'Tuck what?' sez I."

"'Oh, clothes,' sez she."

(Continued on page 31)

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"Corn Club" Smith

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Number Two of "Everyday Americans"

THIS is the second of the dramatic and fascinating life stories of men and women who have done big things—or little things bigly; who have made their neighbors proud and this good old, hard old world a better place to live in. "Corn Club" Smith is from Mississippi; you will want to know him.

Photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer

YOU take this man Smith and you look him over. There are about six feet of him, lithe, lean, and amiable, with pepper-and-salt hair and large blue, thoughtful eyes that laugh easily. His features are prominent but regular, suggesting good blood and a calm kind of strength, coupled with rare tenacity of purpose. The 'coon that waited up a tree for William H. Smith to get tired and go home would wait a long time. If you were going on a hazardous trip—to the North Pole or the moon, for instance—and wished to select companions who would be loyal to the last drop in their veins, who would be cheerful under the most discouraging conditions, and whose strength of character matched their strength of body, why, Smith is one of the men you would take.

That is, you would want to take him, but the people of Mississippi would not permit it.

He is an Asset of the State

THEY dote on Smith down there. In the first place, they love him. In the second place, he is an asset. He is making the State rich. Do you think Oklahoma would give up her oil fields? Or Missouri her lead mines? Certainly not! And neither would Mississippi give up her "Corn Club" Smith.

She spared him to the United States Government the other day, but it was only for two months, and because the Government wanted him to go with Harold W. Foght of Washington and L. L. Friend of West Virginia, at the instance of Dr. P. P. Claxton of the Bureau of Education, to look over the agricultural education system of Denmark.

He is back now, and you may find him jogging in and out and up and down over the red-clay roads anywhere between the great river and the Alabama line, the Gulf of Mexico and the State of Tennessee, for Professor Smith is Supervisor of Rural School Work for Mississippi.

Rural school work! Doesn't sound like much of a job, does it? You have an idea what those schools are like—three-fourths of them a one-teacher institution—just a bare frame of a single-room house, often unpainted, dropped down where the roads fork. I repeat, it doesn't sound like much of a job; yet here is the great State of Mississippi winding affectionate arms about the long form of Smith, and here are all the boys and girls of the State swearing by him, and calling him affectionately "Corn Club," and here is the Government wanting to send him abroad, and here are enthusiastic people nominating him for a place in COLLIER'S "Everyday American" series, so there must be something either in the man himself or the schools themselves, or what the man tells the schools when he gets to them, that makes it worth while to find out about him.

Love for the Toilers of the Soil

THE first thing we are able to discover is that he was born. That happened in Alabama in the year after the war closed. Next, after a long, still hunt, we find that the Mississippi Normal College at Iuka graduated a William H. Smith in 1889, an earnest young fellow who paid his way through college with money earned by teaching in these one-room country schools. By his earnestness and his modest, ever-burning enthusiasm, we know that this is our Smith. Education meant everything to him then, as it does now. He had ambitions. He would have liked to press on to the university, to specialization, and to some brilliant career in the higher professions. But he couldn't, somehow.

Behind him were the fertile red-clay hills with their wonderful timber growth, the cotton lands of the great central valleys that were beginning to wear out, and the butter-fat bottom lands along the river that nothing could wear out; and in all these lands were people—young men like himself, who needed light and emancipation, as he had needed it; who went all day up and down in the hot sun, scratching the surface of the ground, making cotton enough to sell or barter for the few necessities their farms could not produce; raising some scraggly bushels of corn to the acre, shelling it by hand, taking it to the little country mill to be cracked into meal and hominy for the table; getting their meat from the razor-backed hogs that nosed in the woods; buttering their corn bread with the thin homemade sirup from the cane patch; with no literature but the county weekly; with social pleasures the most primitive, and mental life as sparse and shallow as the soil upon a sand bank.



Professor William H. Smith, whose "Corn Club" idea doubled Mississippi's yield of corn

And young Professor William H. Smith wanted to change all this. He knew these people and loved them. He thought they were the best folks in the world. He wanted to enrich and empurple their lives. Having a blind faith in the power of education to do this, he gave up all thought of an outside career, and turned about and attached himself to the soil. The Mississippians, who have a way of their own of knowing a man when he gets up among them, were quick to see the bottom-land qualities in the character of Smith, and put him to work as principal of a high school in one of the large country-environed towns. Here he worked with enthusiasm, getting close to his teachers, and close to his students, the difficult ones in particular, for upon those to whom book learning seemed hardest, and who, therefore, appeared to need it worst, he lavished his attention most lovingly.

Enter Jed and Ruby

WHEN commencement days came with their graduating classes, there was no happier man in Mississippi than Smith. He took so much joy in his finished work that he used to lie awake and chuckle most of the night before. Of course his mind was saddened by the remembrance that the graduates were never more than one-fourth the number of the entrance class, indicating that a full three-quarters of all his pupils fell by the wayside in each four years; however, the Professor remembered the Scripture that "many are called but few are chosen," and went happily on his way, doubting nothing, until he stumbled over the case of Jed and Ruby.

Jed was a handsome but backward boy of twenty, black-eyed, stiff-haired, a stubborn plodder, whose interest in his studies was entirely unillumined. His father was a farmer living seven miles out of town, who, by working pretty steadily from morning to night, and from New Year's Day to Christmas, with every one of the seven children helping at cotton-picking time, managed to have food upon his table and clothing enough for comfort. The farmer had an ambition to make a doctor out of Jed. He had been sending him to school all his life, and Jed, at twenty, had got as far as the second year in the high school, and there he stuck.

Ruby was the daughter of a neighbor of Jed's father. She was seventeen when Jed was twenty, and had brown, roguish eyes, and a creamy complexion. She was as keen in books as Jed was dull, and was, indeed, the bright, particular star of the school. Languages and history were her forte. She could read Cæsar's Commentaries like a primer. Virgil, to her, was as easy as Longfellow. When she recited "The Lay of Virginia," handkerchiefs came out. But her crowning accomplishment was a sweet and beautiful devotion to Jed. Yes, Ruby the brilliant loved Jed the backward, and had been promised to him since childhood; moreover, loyalty was the keynote of Ruby's character.

One day, after the close of school, as Principal Smith sat alone at his desk, Jed came in, carrying his saddlebags. His brow was screwed into a cloudy knot characteristic with him when his mind had balked at a task.

"I allowed, Professor," he observed in his slow, dignified drawl, "that I would tell you all good-by. I am just naturally goin' to back right square out and quit."

"Quit! . . . Oh, Jed!" exclaimed the young principal, in tones of dismay and regret.

"Yes, sir," affirmed Jed, "quit! It ain't a-doin' me no good a-tall. I don't 'low ever to be a doctor like pa's a-hankerin'. I'm goin' to be a farmer. I ain't fitten to be nothin' else. And book learnin' ain't helpin' me none. It's just a waste of time. I got to clear land and work it into a farm. If I was goin' to be a bookkeeper or an engineer, or somethin', what you're teachin' me here might help; but I can't remember that I've ever learned a thing, since I got the hang of how to figure the interest on a mortgage, that'll be any 'count to me on a farm. Most of the boys has got to be farmers like me. You know, Professor, it 'pears to me like these schools for the people ought to be teachin' the children of the people how to make a livin' on the farm—how to make life better an' easier instead just of makin' us plumb disgusted with ourselves."

Professor Smith's round blue eyes burned with a scornful light. The idea of a public school being arraigned because it did not teach a man how to make a living on a farm! What heresy! But seeing from the stubborn gaze of Jed's black eyes that debate was just now useless, the Professor craftily approached the boy on his softest side, asking:

"But what does Ruby say?"

"She's goin' to quit, too; she's got to," was the surprising answer. "I give her a choice between marryin' me an' more education."

This time the Professor was shocked into an attempt at argument.

"Surely," he urged, "if you are going to stop short of a high-school education, it is all the more important that Ruby should have one."

"No," said Jed with an ugly scowl; "no! That's why I don't want her to have any more. It's the same with her as with me. That elocution voice of hers'll be good for callin' the hogs or the cows, and I 'low that's about all. She ain't learnin' things that'll help her to be a success in home-makin' on a farm. She's learnin' to want what she can't get. She's got to stop now before she's plumb ruined, or her and me's got to break."

Searching for the Truth

AGAIN the Professor was shocked into silence.

"Well, so long, Professor," Jed said after a moment. "No hard feelin's. I know what you tried to do for me, and I don't forget it. Stop in when you're passin' some time and have dinner with us or supper or somethin'. Pa and ma thinks a heap of you, and so do I."

Jed put out a strong, awkward hand, and Professor Smith took it in silence. After Jed was gone, Professor Smith sat a while, absently breaking a stick of white crayon into very small bits.

"The very idea!" he exclaimed, at length, flinging the tiny white fragments into the open fireplace.

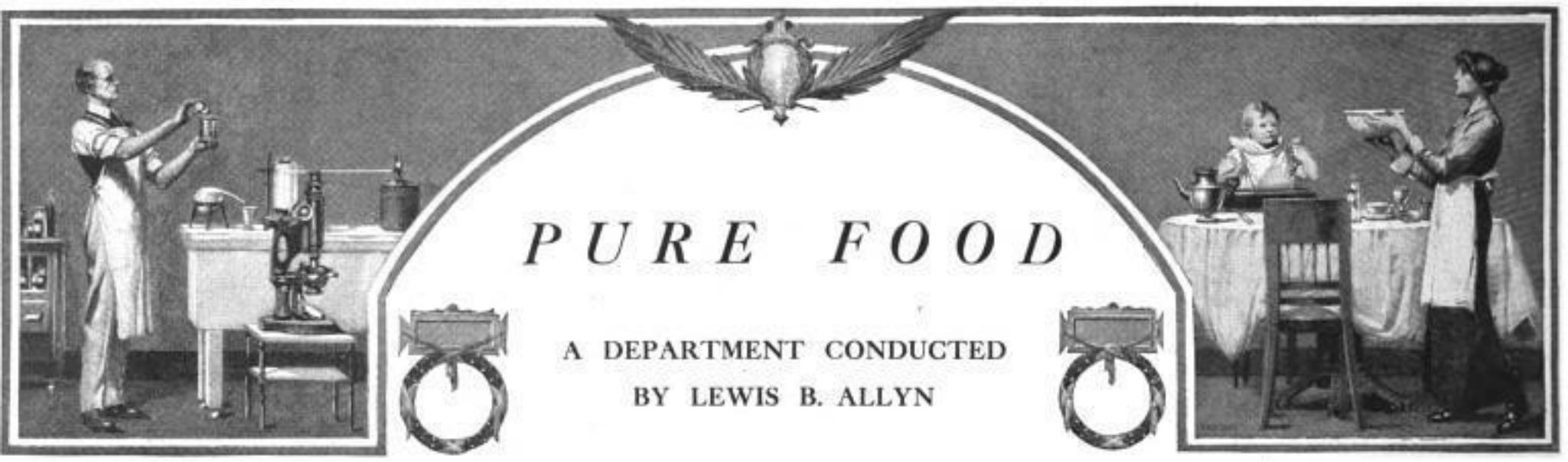
The next day Ruby also came to say good-by.

"I allow that Jed is right," was her only reply to the Professor's earnest protest.

The funny thing about it was that Principal Smith himself, away down inside of him, began to have a faint suspicion that somehow Jed might be right, at least in part. In the next ten years the Professor encountered many other Jeds.

(Continued on page 44)

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PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED
BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

An Appeal to the Housewives

MRS. HEATH *is the founder, organizer, and president of the National Housewives' League. The object of this league is to combine the least organized class of the community—the housewives—into a body sufficiently strong to protect the home from exploitation by unscrupulous manufacturers. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is honorary vice president.*

—Lewis B. Allyn

By MRS. JULIAN HEATH

THE Department of Agriculture stated in a recent report that during the years of 1911 and 1912 unscrupulous manufacturers had found "two hundred ways of cheating the public," and added that during these two years the fakers had been exceptionally active. Following this statement came a long list of the same old poisons and adulterants used in the same old way, and some new poisons used in new ways.

The latest reports of the food commissions and committees of the various States contain accounts of the seizure of formidable lists of fraudulent goods within their States. With but few exceptions, the pure-food situation is far from encouraging.

All this in spite of laws, agitation, and education. Who is to blame?

Mainly the housewives of the country.

At last they recognize this fact, and herein lies a new pure-food story, the fight for pure food from a different angle. This new method of attack has come about because the housewives have become class conscious, and this class consciousness is the result of the "high cost of living." In some ways this great bugaboo has been a "blessing in disguise."

Woman Is the Dispenser

TWO years ago the subject of the high cost of living was paramount to all others. To-day we are not talking so much about it, but we are doing more, and the doing is really bringing about results in which the women can claim the major share.

When we first began to hear about the high cost of living, and moreover began to feel it, we were told it was because of the increased output of gold, on account of the tariff, because of the extortion of the commission man, wholesaler, and the retailer, because the producer did not produce enough and the consumer consumed too much.

Federal, State, municipal, and international commissions were appointed to ascertain the reason for the rise in prices of the necessities of life.

These commissions and committees submitted reports which suggested numerous remedies for the alleviation of the consumer, or, as the popular phrase was, "to reduce the cost of living"; but somehow the housewife, as a factor, was not taken into consideration either as affecting or producing conditions. It remained for the housewife herself to realize that while the academic discussion and research work was of great value, the practical solution of these problems which pertained to the home belonged to her.

Marriage is a contract by which the man becomes the producer of the family income and the woman the dispenser. Statistics tell us that three-quarters of the income of the great middle class and nine-tenths of those with smaller incomes are spent directly by the woman. It is she who must make the weekly budget fit the weekly income, and it is she who, with the power of the spender, can affect and control conditions which pertain to the home.

Women have been struggling with the home problems for centuries, but it has hitherto been an individual struggle. This is no longer so. The class consciousness of the housewife has been aroused. The Housewives' League movement is now sweeping the country. Two years ago the housewife was an economic nonentity. To-day she is a power.

The profession of housekeeping has not heretofore had a square deal. It has been exploited as has no other profession. The housewife has allowed the manufacturers to adulterate and poison foods which have been placed on the family tables until the health of the nation is imperiled. They have allowed exploitations by the use of false weights and measures until the national integrity is at stake. Foods have been handled in a manner so unsanitary that the danger from contamination is as great almost as is the danger from adulteration, for only clean foods are safe foods. There has been exploitation by commercialized home industries, by the manufacturer of fake textiles and the manipulation of the prices of the necessities of life until the American home itself is in danger.

Buy Only Pure Food

MUCH of the progress in the business of to-day is due to combination, but a large percentage of the profit claimed for effective combination is due not to the economy of organization, but to the encroachment upon the rights of the unorganized consumer. Organization has arrogated to itself the power to profit at the expense of a vast army of its scattered patrons. For their own protection the patrons of organized business should oppose to this power a combination of their own, vigilant and alert in the interests of the consumer. Such an organization of buyers against sellers should in nowise interfere with the progress or the legitimate profit of business. Assuming this attitude, the Housewives' League is a new and distinct advance in the profession of housekeeping. It attempts to upset no fair prevailing conditions; it has no enmity to business honestly and fairly conducted. It only seeks to direct conditions such as exist in each locality into channels just to buyer and seller alike.

Food Commissioner Jones of Illinois, at the annual meeting last July of the State and National Food Exhibition at Seattle, Wash., said: "Most women's knowledge of pure food and sanitary cooking is in their clubs. If they would practice one-half of what they talked, we food commissioners would take a holiday." Standing, as I do, at the center of this great housewife movement, I wish to say that the knowledge of pure food and sanitary cooking gained by the women in their clubs is being put into practice and in no uncertain way. Already half a million women in this country are pledged to buy only pure food, and this great army is growing every day.

The discussions at Washington and in the States in regard to "how much" benzoate of soda can be allowed or "how much" coal-tar dye will be permitted in an article does not interest the housewife as much as it did, because she has made up her mind that *she will not buy* ANY *product* that has benzoate of soda or coal-tar dyes in any amount.

Demand Better State Laws

HOW often are we told that the condition of the market depends upon supply and demand. Let us apply this principle to the manufacture of impure foods, and say that if no impure foods are bought none will be manufactured, not forgetting that it is the housewife who creates the demand.

Not long ago a manufacturer said to me: "Mrs. Heath, I do not believe that the women of this country care whether we poison their food or not."

The statement was made because he, a manufacturer dealing only in pure goods, was losing money, while his competitor, who was placing impure goods on the market, was growing wealthy.

One of the serious menaces to the pure-food movement has been the general ignorance of the people concerning the Federal and State laws. It is surprising to find that this confusion still exists. There has been the same confusion because of the guaranty clause, but as this confusion clears away, the women of each State are beginning to demand better State laws, which, as we know, is the only and proper way to control the situation.

Keep Control of Food Preparation

IN SOME States at the present time the use of sulphites of copper is still permitted. It may have been deemed necessary, in order to meet the bitter opposition which was made to the enactment of the National Pure Food Law, to make certain compromises to the opposing interests; but, as we well know, the danger of making these compromises was recognized by both Congressman Hepburn and Dr. Wiley. But at the present time there should be no compromises.

What woman, if she were preparing food for her child, would say: "I will put a 'little' poison in, for I don't think it will harm"? It is absurd to think of it. The mother's whole aim and object in preparing food for the family is to make it pure and wholesome. Is there any reason, then, why she should allow these foods to be prepared outside of her home in any different manner?

We hear much in these days of the drudgery having been removed from the home, and of its having created more leisure for the housewife and more efficient home management. The housewife is beginning to consider this carefully and is beginning to wonder.

Is it "efficiency in home management" to have the pickling and canning done in the factory and returned to the home with poisonous preservatives, or, when the baking is done in the commercial kitchen, to have the bread and cake composed of ingredients almost too disgraceful to mention?

We have allowed the home industries to be commercialized—that is, to be taken from the home into the factory. This condition is often deplored, but the pity is not that we have allowed these things to be taken from the home, but that in letting them go the housewife has not kept control. The organization of the housewife has changed this. The housewife must receive a square deal from those who conduct the home industries, or she will take them back under her own supervision. The manufacturers and those conducting the home industries should take warning.

The Things the Housewife Intends to Know

THE housewife is going to demand more legislation. She wants to know the ingredients of the cake she buys; she wants to know, when she stops to quench her thirst at the soda fountain, that the sirups used are not colored with coal-tar dyes; she wants to know that her child is protected when he buys penny candies. The baker and the dispenser of soft drinks and the candy manufacturer know what labels were on the containers from which they took the ingredients for the finished product, but the housewife who buys has no way of knowing. The industries which dispense food outside of bottles, cans, and packages have become a dumping ground for impure products. Legislation is needed to protect the housewife at the baker's, the confectioner's, and the ice-cream manufacturer's.

There are scores of manufacturers whose products would pass a higher test even than that imposed by the Pure Food Law. They have gone further on the side of purity than the law requires. "Absolute purity" is their motto, and no lower standard will be accepted by them. These manufacturers have found it possible to prepare, can, and bottle foodstuffs without the aid of preservatives. This is one of the most encouraging features of the pure-food fight, and it is

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to these manufacturers that the members of the Housewives' League are now rallying.

People are coming into their rights in regard to the Pure Food Law, but the battle is by no means won. The housewives are standing for no compromise in regard to pure foods. They want absolutely pure foods, and I believe that now, as never before, they are ready to join hands with those manufacturers who also stand for no compromise.

✦ ✦

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 W. Thirteenth St., New York City



Professor Lewis B. Allyn

Correction

IN the March 22 issue of COLLIER'S, page 20, the topical heading "The Poison Menu" was inadvertently inserted. This made it appear, by inference at least, that oleomargarine, cottonseed oil, chicory, and the like were poisonous. Of course these are perfectly harmless substances, and oleomargarine has already been indorsed in this column. The menu was not wholly poisonous, and a better heading would have been: "An Unprotected Menu."

Oleomargarine and Butter

Putting aside the question of comparative cost, is it wise and advisable to use oleomargarine instead of butter? —R. W. S., Bend, Ore.

As already stated, there is practically no difference in food value between oleomargarine and butter. There is no reason why the former should not be used in place of butter if one desires to do so.

Facts Concerning Vinegar

Now that the pickling season will soon be here, I wish to know something about vinegar. Is there any pure vinegar outside of cider vinegar? I buy it every year, but the cost here is almost prohibitive—fifty cents a gallon. I see vinegar for pickling advertised cheap, but I am afraid it is adulterated. Please tell me what the impure vinegars are made of or adulterated with. Also, if there is any practical home test for adulterated vinegar. By answering through COLLIER'S *National Weekly you will confer a lasting favor on*

A. M., Denver, Colo.

Vinegar is a dilute acetic acid solution produced by an organism (*Mycoderma aceti*) acting upon weak alcoholic solutions. In addition, there are present various mineral matters, organic solids, and, if made from apples, malic acid.

Vinegar can be made from many substances capable of being fermented, such as various sugars, molasses, glucose, beer, malt, wine, and dilute alcoholic solutions. Thus we may have cider vinegar, the standard for which demands, among other things, not less than 4 grams of acetic acid and not less than 1.6 grams of apple solids and the like per 100 cubic centimeters.

Wine, grape, vinegar should contain, in the same volume, not less than 4 grams of acetic acid and not less than 1 gram of grape solids.

Malt vinegar is "a product made by the alcoholic and subsequent acetous fermentations without distillation by the infusion of barley malt or cereals whose starch has been converted by malt." The acid is the same as other vinegars with not less than 2 grams of solids per 100 cubic centimeters.

Sugar vinegar is made from the acetous fermentation of sugar sirup, molasses, or refiners' sirup.

Glucose vinegar is the product resulting from the "acetous fermentation of alcoholic solutions of starch, sugar, or glucose."

Spirit, distilled, or grain vinegar is a product "made by the acetous fermentation of dilute distilled alcohol."

It will be noted that the fermented substance is changed into alcohol, and this latter, under the action of the ferment, unites with two parts of oxygen and forms acetic acid.

In this country, unless otherwise stated, vinegar is understood to be made from apple cider. In other countries malt, wine, and glucose vinegars are more common. Any one of these may be pure vinegar, differing from cider vinegar principally in the amount of solids, mineral matter, and flavor.

A product frequently sold as vinegar is often dilute acetic acid colored with caramel or burnt sugar. This latter can be detected by placing an ounce of the sample into a narrow bottle. Add a tablespoonful of Fuller's earth. Cork and shake the mixture thoroughly. Set aside, and when the clay settles the liquid will be decolorized to a greater or less extent if caramel is present. If the color of the vinegar is entirely due to caramel, the liquid will resemble water in appearance.

The same test may be applied for detecting caramel coloring in vanilla extract.

Infrequently coal-tar dye or beet juice is used. Sometimes distilled vinegar is colored and sold as cider vinegar, with the addition of lime to increase its ash, or glucose to increase its body.

Vinegar has been found to consist wholly or in part of dilute sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, artificially colored. This practice does not obtain to-day. The adulteration to-day takes the form of the fraudulent rather than of the injurious type.

There is no simple test to distinguish cider vinegar from other types, and several complicated operations are involved. The color test is frequently the only one necessary to employ for a rough estimate of the origin of the vinegar.

Mutual Trust and Cooperation

I would like to inquire how to get grocers interested in making their stores pure-food groceries. There is need for such a store here in Memphis.— F. A. H., Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Heath's article in this issue shows pretty clearly where a large part of the blame for impure food lies. There is no doubt if you and your friends would kindly and persistently refuse to purchase impure products, and create a demand for a better grade of articles, your grocer would do his part willingly.

If you were a grocer and had a flourishing trade, say, in a chemically drugged, alum-hardened onion sauce, and, so far as you knew, no one had ever been particularly injured by it, would you discontinue the sale simply because one of your customers, perhaps an influential one, thought it would be better to do so? Would you do this? On the other hand, if you were a grocer, dealing in the same article, and many of your best customers were persistently returning it with the request to furnish them with the same article free from drugs or chemicals, would you not get busy with your jobbing house and procure the material for them?

If the grocer can be made to see that foods free from antiseptics and the like are, after all, far better from the standpoint of the health of the consumer, and that there is a real demand for such articles, there should be no difficulty in getting a pure-food store. The campaign should be one of sympathy—free from hysterics or streaks of yellowness. In our estimation there is no better way to mold public opinion along the line of pure foods than to have a public display of articles of this class with well-written signs explaining to all why they are pure, and why they are better than the quality which satisfies the present Federal food law.

Such a collection is educational, and almost every grocer is perfectly willing to cooperate. If one wishes to show by contrast the other side and make a display of foods which, in deference to the Food and Drugs Act, are labeled with all of the score or more chemicals and dyes, the first may appear even better by contrast.

As you say, there is a need for pure-food stores, and the rapidity with which they are springing up all over this country is an inspiration to all interested in the subject of food betterment.



"Six of the Tomato. That's right!

"We'll use them in almost no time."

In fact many sensible housewives always order this favorite Campbell "kind" by the dozen at a time. They are constantly finding new and practical uses for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

A favorite way now-a-days is to prepare it as a bisque-of-tomato, simply by adding milk or cream instead of water. You can vary this in several tempting ways—with croutons, rice, noodles, etc. And when used in its condensed form, this perfect soup makes a delicious seasoning for ragouts, omelettes, rarebits and many other well-known dishes. To some quite ordinary dishes it gives a surprising new zest and flavor.

Our little booklet describes some of these savory recipes. Why not write for it today?



"All aboard!
With one accord
For *Campbell's* spotless plant;
To see how there,
With dainty care,
They can for those who can't."

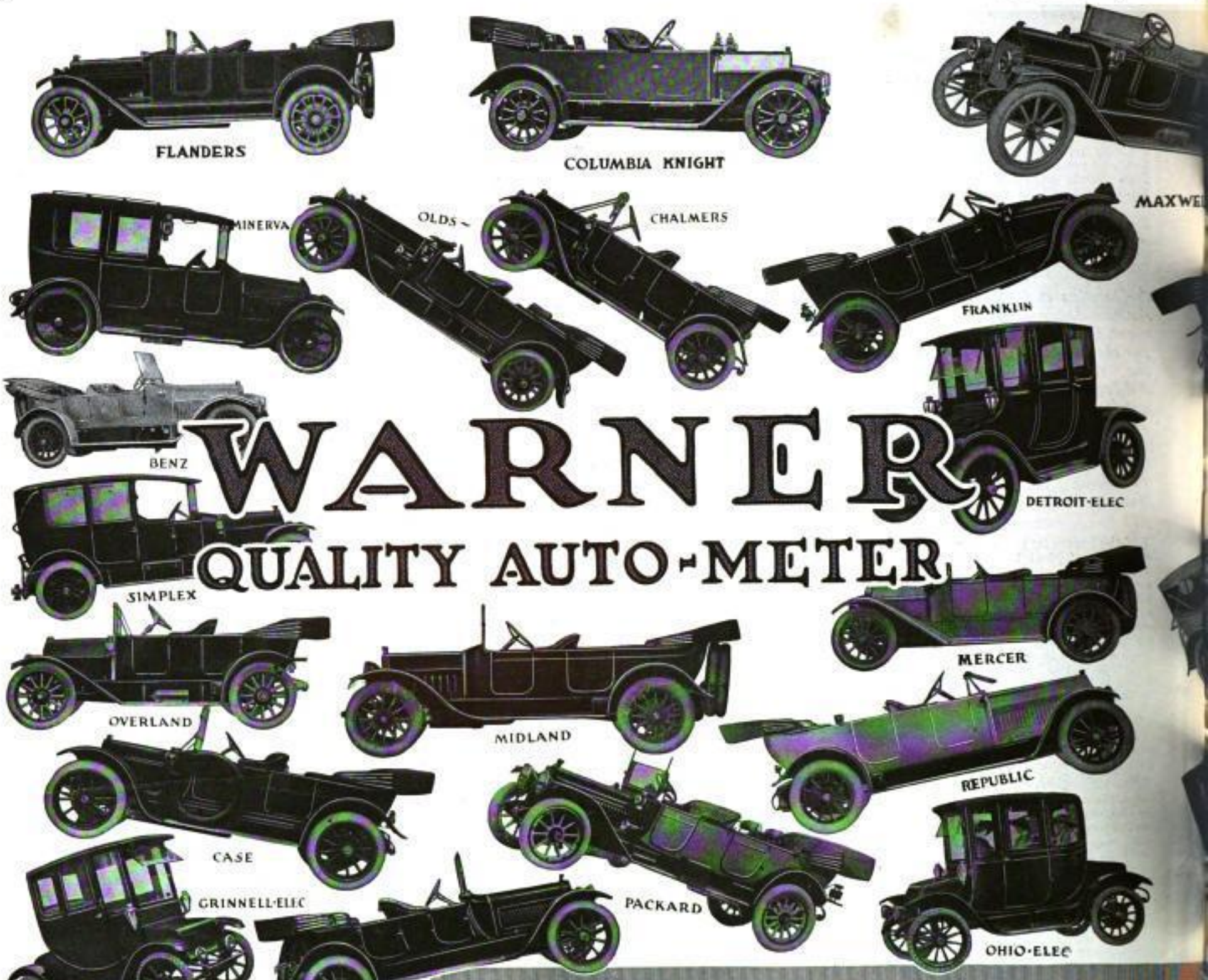
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10c a can

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Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



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THIS custom and invariable rule is now so well established that every 1913 car costing over $3,000 and carrying a full set of standard accessories, is equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter—the world's foremost speed and mileage indicator.

Most manufacturers have such implicit confidence in this instrument that each succeeding year they renew their contracts without even considering or testing any of the other speed indicators. They realize that such tests would be needless because, in their past experience, every test has always proven the magnetic Warner far in advance of every other type made. In fact, these big automobile producers have collectively become a unit in their praise, faith and recognition of the unfailing accuracy and superior workmanship of the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

The men who make these cars are the world's most prominent automobile manufacturers. They all use the Warner—exclusively. The Warner

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mon	Ohio Electric	Peerless	Simplex	Stoddard-Dayton
well	Olds	Pierce-Arrow	Stafford	Stutz
er	Overland	Pilot	Staver	Suburban
and	Packard	Premier	Stearns	Vera
rra	Paterson	Republic	Stevens-Duryea	Winton
onal	Pathfinder	S. G. V.		

o-Meter, measures up to their con-tion of accuracy. For when they ket an automobile they must guar-ee everything on it. They know the Warner stands up and serves xact accordance with their stand-of efficiency. They know it is as dependable and as serviceable as their own cars.

It costs them more to be sure—considerably more. In fact, they pay twice as much for Warners as for others. But these manufacturers are of that type, who consider the best to be none too good. They know, from their own experience, as high-grade manufacturers, that efficiency, reliability, service and high-grade workmanship cost money.

A Warner Auto-Meter on an automobile is an unerring guide to a quality car. Manufacturers of really high-grade automobiles have found that they cannot afford to take any chances with any other but the Warner. See that the car you buy is equipped with a Warner.

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O-METER

e car you buy if you ask for it.

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Save Your Energy

Here's the first lesson in efficiency—

The new science of efficiency is a science of economy. Its first principle is to save energy; to avoid frittering away time and labor on useless effort; to avoid the waste of nervous and physical strain.

The world is growing efficient; to keep step with its progress, you must keep yourself at the tip-top mark of optimism and energy.

When you walk with hard leather heels you waste energy at every step. Every contact between hard heels and hard pavement sends a jar along your spine, the center of the body's delicate nervous mechanism.

No wonder you feel nervous and out of sorts after a day's work; no wonder you have blue streaks and pessimistic spells; no wonder your back aches and your feet hurt.

Save your energy by equipping your shoes with

O'Sullivan's Heels
of New Live Rubber

O'Sullivan Heels make walking easy. They are cushions of live rubber (and that means rubber with the spring in it) that take the place of hard leather heels.

They put wings on your feet, and give you the erect bearing and confident step that goes with health and optimism.



They mean a return to Nature, for they make every footfall like a step on soft, springy grass.

They do for the human body what tires do for an automobile; they absorb the shocks and jolts of locomotion.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost fifty cents a pair (attached); their use is an economy, for they last longer than leather heels, and they help to keep shoes in shape. Made in all sizes —for men, women and children.

At Every Shoemaker's
50c a Pair, Attached

"Corn Club" Smith

(Continued from page 19)





Types of the old one-teacher schools which Professor Smith is combining into new schools with three teachers or more

and Rubys, and each experience robbed him of a little more of his complaisance and planted cold, icicly interrogation marks right in the center of the flame of his enthusiasm. Yet all this time the public-school system of Mississippi was being extended. The whole State, like the whole South, was athirst for education. Professor Smith watched its development with pride — the articulation of the district school with the high school, the high school with the colleges and normals, and these with the universities; but the enormous number of students who "wasted out" of the sluice boxes somewhere between the one-teacher schools and the university doors warned the Professor, just as did the recurring Jeds and Rubys, that something was wrong.

THE IDEA IS BORN

AFTER fifteen years as principal of various high schools, with his misgivings growing taller than ever, Smith was called up higher and became Superintendent of Schools for Holmes County. From the minute he began visiting the country schools and to have the life of the plain people of the hills and bottoms thrust anew before his face, his misgivings began to swallow his enthusiasms completely. He met the ghost of Jed riding a lean horse to mill on every country road—he saw him plowing corn or cotton in many fields, or toiling painfully at the breaking of raw soil in every clearing; and he heard the voice of Ruby calling hogs or cows in every part of the country.

But one day, as he was brooding along the road with a swamp on one side of him and a field of cotton on the other, with a one-room country school just dropping out of sight behind, the great idea came to him.

The roadway had begun to draw in from the edge of the swamp and split off a great slice from the cotton field. On the right of the road, just beyond a turn, the planter's home appeared. There were great trees about and under them the very old house squatted lazily. About it was the usual collection of outbuildings, thrown together with no particular design, the older ones of logs, the newer ones of roughly sawn slabs, some of them with ridge poles sagging or a side bulging awkwardly, some with a corner on the ground where the foundation had rotted out, and others standing straight, vigorous, and thrifty looking, but the whole giving a heterogeneous effect such as could be the result only of several generations of semi-indifferent attempts at provision for present needs only. About the outbuildings, chickens, ducks, and a few pigs scratched, waddled, or rooted, and a single mule, gray with age, his back and shoulders scarred deeply with harness marks, and an air of hopeless decrepitude upon him, posed mournfully before an empty feed rack. Farm machinery of various sorts, a new wagon, a worn-out one, and various parts of wagons, together with what appeared to be the remains of a fine old carriage of sixty years ago, now a roost for chickens, appeared in various nooks and corners of the barnyard.

The blue eyes of the Professor took in all these sordid details of carelessness, contemplatively and with growing disgust, as his horse jogged steadily by. With a final shake of his head, he observed aloud:

"That's what we send them back to."

Right here care must be taken to avoid giving a false impression. Holmes is one of the rich counties of the famous Delta, a county of well-kept and prosperous farms for the most part, and the one just described was by no means typical. There were far fewer such farms in Holmes County than in many other parts of the State, but this single instance was enough to jar the Professor's mind at the moment.

A CERTAINTY

THE cotton fields began again.

"Whoa!"

The Professor had reined up sharply, and was staring at the first acre of cotton which he now encountered. It was startlingly different from the fields he had passed and those which lay beyond. Cotton, be it known to those unfamiliar with its habits, is a most sluggish and slow-growing plant until a foot or more in height, when suddenly it shakes itself and begins to shoot up as if it had decided all at once to become a tree. This acre at which the Professor was looking had reached the shooting stage and was drawing away from the rest of the field like a motor car from a wheelbarrow.

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Professor Smith, as has been intimated, was a thoughtful man. He pushed back his wide straw hat and mopped his brow while he surveyed the phenomenal growth of this single acre of cotton reflectively. Of course he knew what it meant. Up in Washington was that rare genius, Dr. S. A. Knapp, now deceased, to whom agricultural America will some day acknowledge its debt in much greater degree than it has up to the present. Dr. Knapp was head of farm demonstration work in the Bureau of Plant Industry in the Department of Agriculture as his son is to-day. The Bureau of Plant Industry was just beginning its farm demonstration work in Mississippi. The plan was for an agent of the bureau to go into a county and secure from some representative farmer permission to make a personal demonstration of scientific methods of agriculture upon a plot of ground on his farm. It was at one of Dr. Knapp's little demonstration plots of cotton that the Professor sat looking. Suddenly he straightened up with a start, jerked at the lines, slapped the old mare on the back with them, and began to urge her forward nervously.

The Professor had his idea! As the mare moved forward at a spirited trot, that little Mississippi world looked not one whit altered. There was the same crow cawing on the edge of the swamp; there was the same buzzard sweeping in lazy circles over the roadway and the fields, there was the same heat in the down-streaming rays of the June sun, and the same squeak in the thills of the buggy; but—the Professor had his idea—his tanned brow was nearly bursting with it. And no wonder! In that year, 1906, Mississippi's yield of corn was about thirty million bushels. In the next five years it doubled. That was why Smith was hurrying the mare. He was on the way to double the corn crop of Mississippi. That was why his temples throbbed. Thirty million bushels of corn were shooting and popping inside of them, to say nothing of a lot of other farm produce.

A BOY AND AN ACRE OF GROUND

FOR ten years Professor Smith had been coming to Jed's position. *It was the duty of the public-school system of Mississippi to teach the children of Mississippi how to make a living out of the soil of Mississippi*—to teach the boys how to produce more cotton and more corn and better pigs and cattle; to teach the girls how to sew and bake bread and raise chickens and make clothes—to make the public-school system serviceable to the common people in the very things which the common people needed most.

And now, all in a flash, while he looked at Dr. Knapp's demonstration plot, he had seen *how* to do it—how to lay hold upon the great stores of knowledge of plant growth being gathered and disseminated by the Agricultural Department at Washington and the various colleges devoted to such studies, and filter this through the rural schools directly into the minds of the boys and girls themselves, in the form of practical, usable instructions immediately applicable to life conditions.

Professor Smith decided to start with one staple—corn. That autumn instructions went to every teacher in Holmes County to announce that a County Corn Club was going to be organized to teach the boys how to grow corn. The plan was this: each boy who would join the club must agree to take an acre of ground, prepare the soil and select his seed according to instructions, plant it and cultivate it right through to harvest, keeping a careful record of all his operations, including the yield, figures for which were to be duly attested by reputable persons. At the end of the year there was to be an exhibit and the awarding of prizes. There was also to be a girl's club with instructions in cooking, sewing, and other important domestic accomplishments. The idea took like vaccine, and the first meeting of the clubs was held in thirty days at the courthouse, with 250 boys and 200 girls attending.

THE LEAVEN WORKS

REPRESENTATIVES of the agricultural colleges and industrial institutions were there to talk to these young club members on the work they were undertaking. Afterward, from time to time, these instructions were followed up with bulletins, and literature of various kinds from the State institutions and the Department of Agriculture at Washington. These went out to the teachers in the schools scattered over the county, and were by them carefully conned, after which the information was passed on to the students. Sometimes there would only be one club member in a school, and sometimes fifteen or twenty; but the teacher, with more or less enthusiasm, gave the instruction so that all had a chance to absorb it if they would.

Of course there was opposition. One old farmer exclaimed scornfully:

"What? You propose to teach our boys how to farm? I can teach my boy more farming in a day than you can in a month."

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

AT the close of the first year, this farmer came with his exhibit of corn, and insisted upon having it put up to be judged, to show that the Corn Club boys didn't know how to grow corn. When the figures were all in, it appeared that one boy had produced 125 bushels on a single acre, and the old fellow's jaw dropped. He made some inquiry of the successful boy's father, and the next spring himself started a demonstration plot. At the second annual exhibit he was present and asked permission to make a talk.

"Boys," he said, "I have thrown away forty years of my life. You have taught me that there is no need to work a whole county to make corn enough to feed two mules and make bread for a family. If you will just give me a little time I think I can make on five acres what I have been making on twenty, and I can turn the balance of my land into meadows and pastures."

The first Corn Club exhibit held in Lexington, the county seat of Holmes County, attracted great attention. The town was crowded. The results seemed marvelous. Grizzled old farmers walked about, fingering the exhibits, asking questions, listening with mouths agape—sometimes shaking stubborn heads, sometimes stroking gray beards thoughtfully. No one was happier than the merchants who had been induced to offer the prizes for which the boys contested. They saw the prospect for sudden increase in crop values, and they knew what it meant—more money for the farmers, therefore more comforts and some luxuries, all of which meant more trade for themselves who must ship the increased product out and the increased consumption in, taking a profit both ways. Here was the all but despised country school suddenly becoming the basis for a new and greatly increased prosperity for the whole county. Who had ever thought that books could so fertilize the soil!

And the girls must not be forgotten. Their achievements, while never bulking so large as those of the boys, were equally remarkable, and in some ways more interesting. The products of their Home Science Club, as it was called, were a startling index to the good things of life which the soil and surroundings of a Mississippi farm held for any woman who knew how to get them for herself and her husband and children. Ruby was emancipated as well as Jed.

OVER THE WHOLE STATE

THE local, district, and State agents of the Agricultural Department took the greatest interest in Professor Smith's experiment, keeping in touch with him, and in some instances visiting the boys to give personal instructions, while Dr. Knapp himself took pains to meet this progressive county superintendent and to write him frequent letters of encouragement and suggestion.

Other counties, too, were quick to see the value of the Corn Club idea, and Professor Smith found himself called here and there to tell them how to work it.

The third year, the idea went over the whole State and Dr. Knapp made it part of his farm demonstration work, and began to spread it throughout the South. Indeed, there was already a Corn Club movement up and going in Georgia in 1905, a year before it started in Mississippi. But Professor Smith is undeniably the father of the Mississippi movement, and worked his idea out independently before he knew of the Georgia enterprise.

A beautiful feature of the plan was that it not only gave the schools a utilitarian value not hitherto possessed, but had an immediate and remarkable effect upon the character of the students and the quality of their work in the regular



We admit it.

We didn't know NEARLY all the good things about Stag.

We knew about its exquisite FRAGRANCE.

We knew it TASTED as good as it smelled.

We knew the idea of buying HALF as much at a time, and having it ALWAYS FRESH, was an INSPIRATION.

But Stag smokers have been throwing some NEW bouquets. For instance:

The five cent tin slips into any pocket without crowding.

No strings to come loose and let the tobacco spill into the pocket.

It's much more convenient when filling the pipe.

And there's MAGIC in that 5 Cent price.

Buy it anywhere.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

STAG

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

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Bent Bones

Are *Your* Shoes Made For Real Feet?

FEET whose bones are bound and bent and twisted by narrow shoes as shown in this X-Ray photo, have ceased to be *real* feet.

And they have corns or bunions or callouses or ingrowing nails or fallen arches or some other of the ills that keep feet from giving the service Nature intended them to give you—keep them from being real feet.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is a handsome, aristocratic shoe built in the outlines of the real, natural foot, giving plenty of room for all five toes, without any extra looseness. And since it is built for real feet it can never cause corns, bunions, etc.

Put *your* feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and learn what it means to forget you have feet—to be able to get the same shoe season after season in the same handsome shape, without the discomfort of "breaking in" new shoes.

Made for men, women and children. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

If your dealer doesn't keep genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators with EDUCATOR branded on the sole, send us his name and we'll mail you complete catalog and tell you how to get a pair.

Do you want feet that are willing, and free from ills, and handsome to look at—in fact, *real* feet? Then, go to the dealer's and try on a pair of Rice & Hutchins Educators *today*.

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EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"



Child's Educator

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

school curriculum. I asked Professor Smith to describe this for me, and here is his answer:

"Let us take," said he, "a boy who is what I call *hand-minded*. He thinks with his hands, he is a genius at anything that involves manual dexterity, whether work or games, but with no interest in mental processes as such. He comes to school because his mother and father require it, but having no taste for books, his lessons are poorly prepared, and he feels grumpy and ill-disposed because he knows he is making a show of himself. He becomes utterly disgusted, his disposition is spoiled, and he will go back to the soil feeling a hatred for all things intellectual, and drop into the uninteresting round of agricultural life, where his hardest work brings no more than a living.

"This boy clutches eagerly at the Corn Club idea. Here is something that interests him, something that he likes to do. He goes about the whole task with enthusiasm. Because the soil is properly prepared and the right kind of seed has been used, his corn begins to grow much more rapidly than his father's corn right adjoining. In a few weeks it is taller and looking much more promising. The boy begins to feel proud of himself and of his accomplishment in beating his father growing corn. He combs his hair better, and washes his face and hands cleaner. The neighborhood begins to talk about his corn. It is the center of attraction. He begins to feel his importance and says to himself: 'Here, I cannot afford to be at the foot of my class.' He catches a new inspiration, and directly is solving problems, and analyzing sentences better than any other pupil in school. He cannot afford to misbehave and get the censure of the teacher.

"Finally he begins to feel himself a factor in the community life, and to see some possibility of money making in the soil. He begins to dream of the home he is to build, to plan the way he is to run his fences, make his pastures and fields. In other words, he wakes up, he gets ideals and objectives. The Corn Club has increased the yield of manhood in Mississippi greatly."

THE ROAD OF DUTY

FROM corn the idea quickly spread to other farm industries. There were Cotton Clubs, Pig Clubs, Oats Clubs, Poultry Clubs, Canning Clubs, and for all I know, Patching Clubs and Darning Clubs. Moreover, all Mississippi was now calling for "Corn Club" Smith. Such a genius could not be permitted to waste his energies on a single district; so Holmes County gave him up reluctantly but proudly, and Mississippi made him Supervisor of Elementary Rural Schools. This new position not only enabled Professor Smith to multiply his personal influence, but greatly lengthened the arm of his authority. He could now get all the county superintendents, and through them all the teachers in the State harnessed up to this one great and growing idea of teaching Mississippians how to make Mississippi rich. But the one-room country schools bothered him. There isn't much inspiration in a one-room, one-teacher school; so the Professor went at the idea of consolidating them, bringing two or three and sometimes four or five together. This raised the problem of transportation for the children. The Mississippi Legislature, quick to see the value of the idea, and anxious to do its part, passed a law authorizing the use of funds for this purpose, and now wagons scour the country mornings for these scattered school children and set them down at the doors of the combined school.

But the time came when even this promising rural school work seemed too small a field for Smith. The State of Mississippi was crowning one feature of its school system with a fine new normal college at Hattiesburg. It wanted the best available man in the State for its president—and so it called Smith. It offered him honor and opportunity, a ten-thousand-dollar home and a generous salary. It was a merited promotion. It meant the comfort of sleeping night after night beneath his own roof, after twenty-five strenuous years, during the last ten of which he had traveled almost constantly, exposed to heat and cold, to sudden storms and the steaming heat of a sub-tropical sun. And Professor Smith accepted without a thought that it was not the right as well as the natural thing to do; but while he was supervising the completion of the college buildings and before a successor had been chosen, county superintendents began to come and lay a brotherly arm upon his shoulders while they talked out their unsolved problems; and lonely, struggling teachers, far down in the swamps or out in the red hills, fighting bravely for the better ideal in the midst of an unkempt life, let him see how much they were going to miss his strong, patient, cheering leadership. From the boys and girls themselves in every corner of the State, insistent as the strident brooding murmur of the whippoorwill, came a call that "Corn Club" Smith should not desert them. All these things got upon the nerves and the heart of the newly elected president of the newly built Normal College. One night he rose from his dinner table with an abstracted air. He asked the lady at the other end of the table to go for a little walk with him—a lady who had walked with him for many years. They understood each other well. The lady leaned proudly on his arm as they swung out into the night, where the stars looked down through the trees and the soft Southern breeze swayed long streamers of Spanish moss above their heads. As they walked they talked of many things they were not thinking about, and not a word of the one thing they both were thinking about, which is a way that sympathetic lovers often have. When they came in the Professor's mind was made up. He was going back to his rural schools.

Behind every tree he had seen the figure of Jed.

Above every voice of the night, he had heard the voice of Ruby calling the hogs. The next day he resigned his college and his comforts, and took the road again that led to his rural schools and his rural teachers, to his country boys and his country girls who were really all of Mississippi to him.

Wherefore, William H. is not President Smith, but "Corn Club" Smith; and wherefore, too, Mississippi does not merely honor "Corn Club," but loves him.

His last words to me were:

"The people must learn how to do their work so skillfully and intelligently that out of the labor of their hands they can get their prosperity and their happiness. The fundamental problem is a prosperous farmer in the agricultural South; following that is a good home; following that an efficient community school. Going along with that will be good roads, good churches, and well-paid preachers, for in the South the most of us feel that religion is a fundamental element in civilization and, therefore, in life and in happiness."

From which I conclude that William H. Smith is more than a teacher—he is a statesman!

Basebalderdash: a Pantoum

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

"THINK *that the Gi'nts 'll repeat?*"
"Class is the word, bo; you said it."
"Well, they got Pittsburgh to beat—"
"Wagner's a wolf—give him credit."

"Class is the word, bo; you said it."
"Tinker's some manager, too."
"Wagner's a wolf—give him credit."
"Who said that guy was all through?"

"Tinker's some manager, too."
"Evers 'll make 'em all hurry."
"Who said that *guy was all through?"*
"Brooklyn might slip 'em a worry."

"Evers 'll make 'em all hurry."
"Yes, but St. Louis is there."
"Brooklyn might slip 'em a worry."
"Say, Philadelphia's a bear."

"Yes, but St. Louis is there."
"Some little team—that goes double."
"Say, Philadelphia's a bear."
"Those guys are apt to make trouble."

"Some little team—that goes double."
"Well, they got Pittsburgh to beat—
"Those guys are apt to make trouble."
"Think that the Gi'nts 'll repeat?"



Strawberry short-cake, better than ever. More economical too!

Strawberry Short Cake made even *more* delicious, much more *digestible*, and at less expense. And just at present strawberries are apt to be better for short cake than for serving by themselves.

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening For Cake Making

There are three reasons for using Crisco for short cake, and in your other baking as well.

It makes a more delicious cake, as rich as if made with butter. It is delightfully tender.

It is better for you, for Crisco digests with readiness, while lard does not.

It costs less, for Crisco costs half as much as butter, and requires no refrigeration to keep it pure and fresh.

Try this recipe. It is simply a sweet biscuit dough, made richer and more digestible by Crisco:

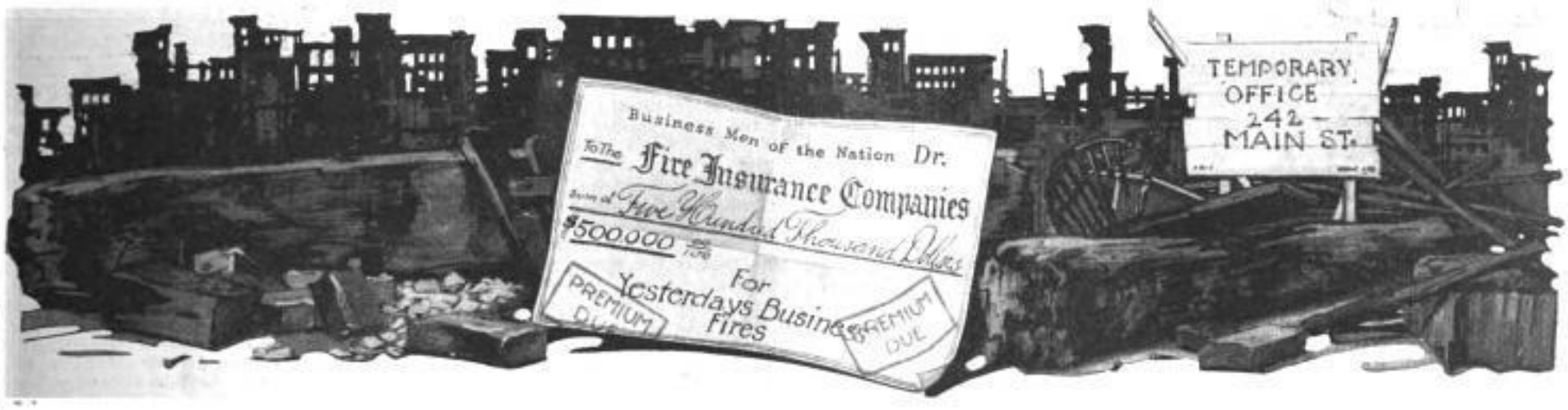
2 cupfuls flour
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
2 teaspoonfuls sugar
¾ cupful milk
¼ cupful Crisco
(Use level measurements)

Mix dry ingredients, work in Crisco with tips of fingers, and add milk gradually. Toss on floured board and divide in two parts for top and bottom. Pat, roll out and spread both with Crisco to obtain crust and to keep the two from sticking. Place one on top of the other and bake twelve minutes in a hot oven, in a round layer cake tin. Separate and spread with crushed strawberries that have been sweetened to taste.

Attractive Cook Book, Free

This dainty little volume tells more about cakes, pastry, and all cooking. Contains 100 carefully tested recipes and some interesting facts about Crisco. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 3, Cincinnati.





How 15,000 Merchants And Manufacturers Make An Extra $22,000,000 Per Year

They All Thank the Fire Insurance Companies for Adding This to Their Net Profits

FIFTEEN thousand men make $22,160,000 a year without assuming any risk whatever; virtually, as you will learn, without investing a dollar. This money, this extra profit, comes to them because the fire insurance companies exempt them from paying for insurance at the rate others must pay.

This extra profit, in individual cases, frequently amounts to ten and even twenty-five per cent. of their net earnings from regular business operations. This obvious advantage over their fellow business men is a fact so serious to those outside this group of 15,000 that

It Challenges Closest Scrutiny

These 15,000 men are protected from fire by Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers. Somewhere, every few hours, a Grinnell puts out a dangerous fire. Every fire thus nipped in the bud saves the insurance companies thousands of dollars. The total saving to the companies is so great that they can make a large enough exemption in premium to the owner of a Grinnell equipment to soon pay for the system and thereafter pay him a big additional sum each year merely for protecting himself. This seems impossible. Yet thoughtful consideration of the facts will make it perfectly clear.

The Facts in the Case

First: The amount of business property being destroyed by fire is enormous. The business world would realize how great this loss is if the insurance companies rendered a bill for it every morning, rubber stamped, "Premium due — $500,000 — for yesterday's business burned up." They don't, but nevertheless the business world in the course of a year pays in premiums $182,500,000—pays this sum into a joint contribution fund to help the victims of fire. The fire insurance companies are in business to collect and distribute the fund.

Second: The amount of property saved from destruction by the Grinnell method is enormous. Owners of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers are not called on to contribute to this fire victim fund as others are, because they don't burn up and therefore don't make drafts on the fire insurance companies as others do. If they burned up as others do it would cost the insurance companies about thirty-one millions yearly.

A mechanical invention keeps them from burning.

Their buildings are equipped with a system of ceiling piping on which Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler "heads" are placed at intervals. The heads are set to operate at 155° of heat, and at that heat they automatically open and release a drenching spray of water under high pressure. Instantly an alarm of fire rings out at various points in the building and on the street.

Why Insurance Companies Pay For Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers

Third: The fire insurance companies pay for Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers through reduced premiums. This clear gain continues long after the system is fully paid for—as long as the owner is in business and wants insurance.

They do this because they know that in a building so protected every fire *attracts to itself* the water which puts it out; that *"every fire commits suicide"*; that building, contents and life are thereby saved. Their records show that this very thing has happened in 16,349 fires, with an average loss by both fire and water of *only $265.* Whereas without automatic sprinklers the average loss by fire and water, according to the best published records for 1912, is $33,425.

Such an astounding record of success has caused the insurance companies to use the greatest lever within their power—low insurance rates—to induce business men to safeguard their property in this way.

A Twofold Result

1. Billions of insured business wealth of the nation is today safeguarded against fire by over eighteen million automatic sprinkler heads installed by the General Fire Extinguisher Company.

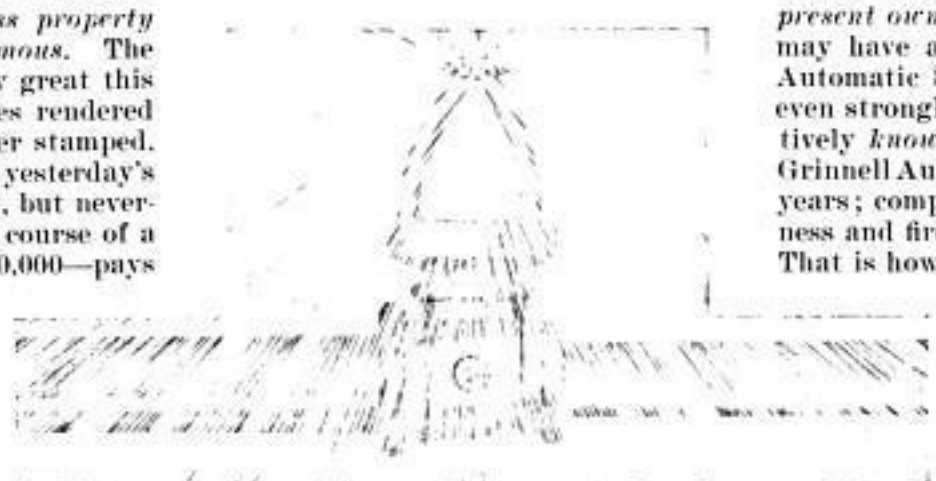
2. 15,000 men have gained altogether $425,700,000. Insurance statisticians estimate that these men have saved another $400,000,000 because their businesses have not been interrupted and disrupted by fire and their trade *invaded by competitors* as a result of fires. They are rather the invaders of burned competitors.

We Can Tell You If You Can Be Exempt

Every one who gets Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler protection will, of course, make a big saving in insurance. But how can each man *know* whether he will get one on the same terms and reap the same profits as the *present owners?* Your own insurance agent may have a general idea of what Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers will do for you—may even strongly recommend them; but we positively *know.* We have *classified records* of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers for thirty-five years; complete tabulations of burning business and fire hazards in all lines of business. That is how we are best able to tell you just where you stand, rightfully *inside* or *outside the exempted class.* If you belong inside, and want to get inside, we will see that you get inside without paying a fee for expert advice.

Without any obligation on your part we will send you the *Grinnell Exemption Blank.* It makes the road for you clear, easy and certain. It is the key to our Statistical Records.

It is the key which has exempted many business men from paying the heavy premiums they once paid, and safeguarded from fire the lives of their employees as well as their property. Write for it *today.*



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AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS



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We make no other type of fire extinguishers except automatic sprinklers.



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HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES

HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES Are the Product of ONE Company Whose Sole Effort, Since the Advent of the Automobile, Has Been to Produce the BEST Pneumatic Tire

From the beginning the Fisk Rubber Company has had but one policy—that is, to produce the BEST pneumatic tire. No pressure has been strong enough to change this policy, and every suggestion pointing to a reduction in quality has been instantly dismissed.

The Fisk factory, always in the process of enlargement to meet the demand for Fisk Products, is devoted solely to the manufacture of tires, with no side lines to divert attention from the one objective goal—to produce ***Greatest Tire Service.*** Reports from Fisk users everywhere show that this concentrated effort has been crowned with success.

FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE Construction is the result of this continued effort to attain tire perfection. It offers users uniform quality and ***Greatest Service*** in all Fisk Tires. A special rubber cushion minimizes the disastrous effect of road shocks, an extra breaker strip and heavier tread lessen the possibility of puncture and specially re-inforced side walls are provided to prevent rim cutting.

One Quality Only

Heavy Car Type Fisk Tires are a One Quality product, the same quality for the manufacturer as for the dealer and consumer, never varying from one year's end to another.



Time to Re-Tire

Small Car Ideal

Small sizes possess the great strength that Heavy Car Type Construction makes possible in the large sizes. Fisk is thus the most economical tire for the small car owner.

Write Dept. P for Latest Fisk Booklet

The Fisk Rubber Company

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

DISTRIBUTORS
THE FISK RUBBER CO. OF N. Y.
BRANCHES IN 41 CITIES

Fisk Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for air, or attached to any other rims than those specified this guarantee is withdrawn.

The Triangle Fire

(*Continued from page 8*)

week those rags still piled up, and during the third.

If you will look back over the record of the preceding nine years you will see how many times Messrs. Harris & Blanck had sufferesl from fires in April. If such things were a matter of interest to the stock fire insurance business, you would think that in the weeks preceding April they would have sent to see if there were no conditions discoverable in the factory of Messrs. Harris & Blanck which might in some way make for April fires. But no one was sent to acquire such information. The rags were there, but the match head or the cigarette butt had not been dropped.

During all the ten weeks between January 15 and March 25 those rags were never collected. And for the date of March 25 there are two things to chronicle: In the morning there was held a provisional meeting of the creditors of Messrs. Harris & Blanck. And in the afternoon the match was dropped.

No one can believe that that match was dropped intentionally. At the moment the two children of Max Blanck were with him in his office. And, to be callously blunt, people do not burn factories when surrounded by hundreds of eye-witnesses. The exact origin of the fire was never learned. It started in a rag bin near the cutters, the men who smoked. When discovered it was already spreading. But no one has ever said that he saw it start.

Enough that the match had been dropped, and what must follow had now begun.

THE PART OF THE STORY WHICH HAS BEEN TOLD BEFORE, BUT WHICH NOW HAS A NEW MEANING

WHEN Chief Croker said that there would be no escape whatever, he had exaggerated little. There was no escape for nearly one hundred and fifty of those workers. At first, too, it seemed that all chances of escape had been cut off for nearly fifty more. But, by varying miracles, these did get out. And afterward they told their stories.

On the eighth floor there were two doors to the stairways. One was locked. Beside the other stretched the great blazing rag bins. And before half the girls had fought their way through the narrow match-board passageway which led to it, here, too, all chance of escape was ended. In the beginning some of the girls tried to fight the fire with the water pails. "But," says Anna Gullo, "when I threw the water on, the flames only seemed to jump up higher."

At first, too, for all their terror, the girls did what they could to protect each other. But once their clothes had begun to catch fire, and there was no water left, those who were not on fire could only keep away from those who were. "We started to run all around," says Yetta Lubitz, "and the flames came out all around."

"We ran first to the elevator," says Natie Weiner, who was on the ninth floor, "but it was not up." They broke the heavy glass of the elevator door with their hands, and got it open. And later nineteen of them leaped down upon the cage, 100 feet below. Natie Weiner ran back to the door which should have opened on the stairway.

"It was locked, and there was no key there," says Natie Weiner. "I tried to break it open, and I couldn't. There was a woman forty years old there who was burned—Mary Herman—and Bessie Bischofsky, and there was others, and they was next to me and with me at the door; and I said to the woman: 'You try. You may be stronger.' And she said: 'I can't.' So then I said: 'Let us all go at it.' And we did." But they never got it open. For a time one of the elevators on the other side of the building continued to run. But at last so many crowded in that the elevator boy could hardly start his car. "They were jumping in on top of me," he says; "they were holding my hands and jabbing at my face. The door would not close, and all the glass came down on me." That was when the girls began to jump down the elevator well. They jumped until their bodies so wedged themselves between car and shaft that the car could no longer run.

Yet even here they were still trying to help each other. Some were attempting to slide down the elevator cables. And one girl named Lavantina gave up the center cable to another "because it would be easier."

A COFFIN SHIP OF FIRE

MANY girls fled into the cloakrooms. And some tried to get out, others to help each other there.

There was no reason whatever why at the first small flash of fire cooling streams should not everywhere have been pouring down upon them from the ceiling; no reason why that fire should have been anything but a harmless smudge, save that such fires mean small "premium accounts" and insurance commissions cut to nothing.

On the ninth floor fifty-eight girls crawled into a kind of little corridor, and there were burned to death. "I saw them *piled*," testifies Fireman Jacob Wohl, one of the first to enter and begin carrying out the bodies. "They had their faces toward a little window." Some of the bigger girls had plainly been trying to shelter the little ones with their arms and skirts. How foolish of them to believe that any power of saving life could lie with them!

Meanwhile, among the agonizing mob still surging to and fro in the workrooms, other girls had begun to break the windows which looked upon the street, and to fight their way out to the cornices and to jump from there. From two windows alone so many girls jumped that the impact of their bodies broke great holes through the glass and concrete sidewalk "lights"; and their burning clothes started new fires in the basement. I tell as little of it as I can. But this is the story of the end of one of our coffin ships of the land—they go down in fire instead of sea, that is the only difference—and you cannot tell such a story and leave all horrors out.

Few girls jumped in any blindness of panic. Few, indeed, jumped until they were on fire. "The smoke and flames was terrible—my mouth was full of smoke," says Natie Weiner. "I wanted to get on a table and jump. But the windows was too crowded, and I seen so many bodies laying dead on the ground that I thought I would be dead too. But some of the girls said it was better to be smashed than burned, and they wanted to be identified." "They didn't want to jump," says little Rosie Yusum. "They was afraid. They was saying their prayers first, and putting rags over their eyes so they should not see."

Up on the tenth floor they were jumping too. "Her name was Clotilda," says an Irish girl, Anna Dorrity: "she was an Italian. She said: 'You jump first.' But when she had said her prayers she said: 'No, let me jump now.'"

On the Washington Place side a Jewish girl, Sallie Weintraub, was the last to get out upon the cornice. "For a moment," says an eyewitness, "she held her arms rigid, her face upward, looking toward the sky." The fire was coming nearer to her. But before she jumped "she began to raise her arms and make gestures, as if she were addressing a crowd above her." What was she saying? One can only guess.

But all this is what has been told many times before. I began with the *insurance* story of the Triangle fire. And there is more of it.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE INSURANCE STORY

WHILE the survivors of that fire were still following the endless lines of hearses which held their sisters, and dragging themselves through the rain-sodden streets in processions of protest to heaven, there is every evidence that certain business gentlemen had already got together in some inner office to consider how best to make that fire yield the largest possible profit. And there is every evidence that in the end it was made to yield one of the largest insurance profits in the history of New York.

But, before telling of the settlement of the loss, there are certain facts which must be set down first:

Although, previously, Messrs. Harris & Blanck had done practically no newspaper advertising of any sort, beginning immediately after the fire and continuing for three months until the loss was settled, Messrs. Harris & Blanck sent

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checks, with advertising contracts, to fifteen New York newspapers and press associations, as follows:

Mar.	31	New York American	$100.00
"	"	The Globe	100.00
Apr.	3	New York Tribune	100.00
"	"	New York Tribune	200.00
Apr.	4	The Sun	300.00
"	"	New York American	200.00
"	"	The Globe	200.00
"	"	Evening Mail	300.00
"	"	New York Commercial	250.00
"	"	L'Araldo Italiano	250.00
"	"	New York Morning Telegraph	250.00
"	"	Commercial and Financial World	200.00
"	"	Jewish Morning Journal	250.00
"	6	Catholic News Co.	100.00
"	"	Il Telegrafo Italiano	300.00
"	"	Il Corriera della Sera	300.00
"	8	Tammany Times	250.00
"	19	L'Araldo Italiano	250.50
"	25	The Globe	100.00
"	29	New York Press Club	400.00
May	25	Il Telegrafo	50.00
"	"	Il Corriera della Sera	50.00
July	13	Il Telegrafo	150.50
"	"	Il Corriera della Sera	150.50

On April 6 a check, with an advertising contract, was also offered to the "Call." This newspaper had the check photographed, published an account of the transaction, and then returned the check. The "Sun" and the "Catholic News" likewise returned the checks sent to them. The New York "American," on January 14, 1912, nine months after the fire, published an advertisement in the form of an affidavit from Messrs. Harris & Blanck to the effect that the door of their factory had not been locked. The three Italian papers published the same affidavit. The "Globe," on July 27, 1912, published an advertisement of a patent fire escape which, at the time, Messrs. Harris & Blanck claimed to be promoting. The "Jewish Morning Journal" states that it published an advertisement of some kind in July, 1911, but that in a fire on its own premises all its files and records have been destroyed. The "Tribune" and the "Evening Mail" published advertisements. The New York "Commercial" states that it published an advertisement. The "Tammany Times" makes no statement. The "Commercial and Financial World" "can only say that the transaction was strictly personal." The "Morning Telegraph" states that its check was for advertising, but that none was ever published. The Press Club states that in its case the check was for advertising to be published in an annual games program, but that these games have not as yet been held.

THE MISSING INVENTORY BOOK

IT is perfectly legitimate that any firm should suddenly desire to spend large sums in advertising. During the same weeks, however, other payments were made by Messrs. Harris & Blanck of a kind far different. The purposes for which they were made will repay the fullest investigation. But until that investigation has been made there are reasons why COLLIER'S cannot make these details public.

I come now to the actual adjustment and settlement of the loss.

Messrs. Harris & Blanck employed as their public adjusters the firm of Goldstein & Co. of 93 William Street, New York. And for whatever services were rendered by them Goldstein & Co. received from Harris & Blanck on July 20, 1911, a check for $5,000, and on July 24, 1911, a second check for $3,500. Why Messrs. Goldstein & Co. should have been paid these large amounts is not discoverable. For there are two reasons why no public adjuster could, apparently, have been of more than formal service in the settlement of the loss.

First—As was not disputed by any insurance company concerned, the goods of Messrs. Harris & Blanck had been totally destroyed in the fire.

Second—The *inventory book*, the permanent record kept by all merchants of any standing for the noting of their own business condition, the scrutiny of the mercantile agencies, and the satisfaction of their insurance companies in case of fire, was nonexistent.

THE COMPANY WHICH DEMANDED AN INVESTIGATION

MESSRS. HARRIS & BLANCK first created the impression that this inventory book had been destroyed in the fire, and then later declared that they had kept no such book, their inventories having been made, they asserted, on slips of paper, the said slips of paper not even being kept in the office safe, but in an office desk which, as they asserted, was completely destroyed in the fire.

In the absence of any such inventory book, to accept as sufficient the "proofs of loss" submitted by their public adjusters for Messrs. Harris & Blanck, it is necessary to believe that at a time when they were presumably far overstocked with goods, they were constantly buying more; and that when crippled by the shirt-waist strike of the preceding year they were earning three times what they had been earning previously.

Of the thirty-seven companies concerned, one, the Royal, pointed to the circumstances surrounding the fire, called for a thorough investigation, and gave notice that it would not pay until such an investigation had been made. To its high honor, though to its hurt in the insurance business, it has not paid to this day.[3]

To examine the remaining books of Messrs. Harris & Blanck, the insurance companies involved employed as chartered accountants the firm of Barrow, Wade, Guthrie & Co. These chartered accountants could not find that at the time of the fire there was any good reason to believe the stock destroyed was, at the outside, worth more than $134,075.

There was, on the other hand, very good reason to believe that its value did not amount to within $80,000 of the total of the insurance carried—$174,750 on stock and $25,000 on furniture and fixtures.

WHAT WAS COVERED UP

IN spite of this, one George R. Branson, the head of the adjusting committee employed to protect the interests of the companies and the public in the settlement, wrote to Max Steuer, the attorney for Messrs. Harris & Blanck, assuring him that there should be little difficulty in the matter. And, though there was blood on every policy, the insurance companies, with the exception of the Royal, paid the loss practically in full as demanded.

After the so-called "proofs of loss" had been submitted, the settlement was, indeed, made with a rapidity which in a case of such magnitude was almost without precedent. And there is every reason to believe that, following a fire the mere memory of which still makes the soul sick, the proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company collected in insurance money more than $70,000 in excess of any claim for which they could furnish a legal or convincing proof of loss. Why was that settlement made? And what cause or compulsion was behind it?

Now this article is not written merely for the purpose of obtaining a full investigation of a single New York fire. The Triangle fire—and, if the situation remains the same, we shall have more Triangle fires—is simply the natural product of the conditions now maintaining in American insurance. For months this magazine has gradually been forcing American insurance, as conducted to-day, into the open. In preceding articles New York fire insurance in particular has been challenged time and again to explain certain things which must be explained, and to make public certain matters upon which the millions who provide the money for the fire insurance business have every right to the fullest knowledge. Stock fire insurance is the one great public utility which we still allow to carry on its business in secrecy. The readers of this magazine are herewith given an opportunity of knowing what such secrecy may cover. In America fire insurance is to-day the one great and necessary business which is still able to defy all governmental restraint. The time has come for the people of this country to ask themselves how long such defiance of restraint shall be allowed to continue.

[3] Lest it be thought that this company is a company which makes a practice of contesting losses, it is only fair to say that after the great San Francisco fire, when many companies desired to take refuge behind technicalities and pay only seventy-five cents on the dollar, it was the Royal Insurance Company which stood up and announced that it intended to pay one hundred cents on the dollar; and by so doing it compelled almost every other company of importance to do the same thing.

FEDERAL

The Truck Triumphant

1000 Federal Owners Have a Message for You

WE have the detailed story of every Federal truck that ever left the Federal factory—the story of the man who bought it and the story of the man who drives it.

We have a detailed report of the hauls, of the cost of upkeep—for we build character and integrity into the Federal truck.

We have a detailed report of the efficiency, of the economy of transportation effected by the Federal—for that is Federal service.

We will give you the reports, the unbiased testimony of these one thousand business men and manufacturers who have bought Federal trucks and repeated their orders to improve their own service and to save their own money.

That was our purpose in perfecting this system of tabulated reports from one thousand Federal Owners. We offer you Federal evidence before we offer you Federal Trucks.

These are a few of the one thousand representative firms who have bought and are reordering Federal trucks and, through us, will tell you why.

Seattle Taxicab & Transfer Co.,	Seattle, Wash.
Searchlight Gas Company,	New York, N. Y.
" " "	Chicago, Ills.
" " "	Detroit, Mich.
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.,	San Francisco, Cal.
Swift & Company,	St. Louis, Mo.
" "	Newport, R. I.
" "	Los Angeles, Cal.
" "	San Diego, Cal.
Tripure Water Co.,	Ottawa, Canada
Detroit United Railway,	Detroit, Mich.
Meier & Frank,	Portland, Ore.
Breuner Furniture Co.,	San Francisco, Cal.
" " "	Sacramento, Cal.
" " "	Oakland, Cal.
American Bank Note Co.,	New York, N. Y.
Detroit Stove Works,	Detroit, Mich.
Emmons Draying Co.,	San Francisco, Cal.

The Federal today has national distribution and national appreciation. It is a national institution. The Federal is today, just as the name implies and its service demonstrates, the national standard of Truck-Efficiency, Truck-Reliability and Truck-Economy.

Price includes chassis, lamps, tools, etc. **$1800** *Body extra—built to meet individual requirements.*

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
Dept. O, DETROIT, MICH.



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Fits-U Eyeglasses

A mounting so inconspicuous, so comfortable and yet so secure, must be made of the finest material and in the most painstaking way in order to be serviceable. That is why you should be sure to get Fits-U Eyeglasses. Your optician can give you this mounting.

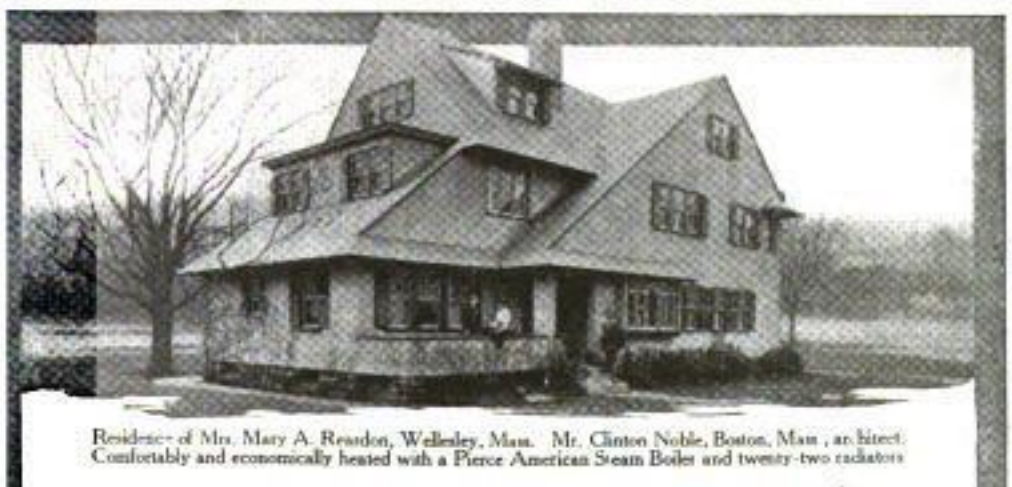
The genuine Fits-U has

this mark on the bridge.

Write for "The Glass of Fashion." Address Dept. L.

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world



Residence of Mrs. Mary A. Reardon, Wellesley, Mass. Mr. Clinton Noble, Boston, Mass., architect. Comfortably and economically heated with a Pierce American Steam Boiler and twenty-two radiators

You pay for a Pierce Heating Equipment but once. But what you pay buys—

—a big yearly fuel saving
—clean, uniform, adequate heat
—freedom from constant attendance and repairs



The Pierce American
A steam boiler of the sectional type. Also built for hot water.

Two hundred thousand installations of

Pierce Boilers and Radiators

in all parts of the country, in all kinds of buildings, support these statements. Pierce Boilers are made in so many styles and sizes that every heating problem may be efficiently and economically met. Ask any competent steamfitter to tell you about Pierce Boilers and give you the cost to install the size and style your house requires.



Send for this Heat Primer
A book for all who were cold last winter, as well as those who paid too much for their heat. It's free.

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO.

268 James St.
Syracuse, New York

Branches in all Principal Cities

A Lesson to Village Cut-Ups

By CH. GATCHELL

CUSTOM, which allows the village cut-up to practice his drolleries upon his fellow townsmen, makes of him but one demand—that he shall not pester women. Let him skirt so near the line of danger as the wedding feast, and so long as he confines his persecution to the hapless groom he is safe. One step further, indulgence vanishes and punishment awaits him, whether from a well-directed garden hose, the scalding contents of a boiling teakettle, a stoutly gripped shotgun, or the more dignified process of the law, depending, of course, upon the temper and temperament of the victim.

Had this simple truth been carefully considered by the three councilmen of Hunnewell, Kas., whose careers as village cut-ups were recently checked by the State Supreme Court, the farce in which they created the comic rôles never would have been acted.

HUNNEWELL, it will be remembered, attained sudden prominence two years ago by electing a woman, Mrs. Ella Wilson, as Mayor. This was a stroke of civic progress that brought joy to the women of Hunnewell and to the telegraph editors of daily papers, and turmoil to the opposing faction.

Concerning Mrs. Wilson, the newspaper fraternity, in one of the dispatches which they flashed to Kansas City, described her as a "large woman with large blue eyes, which seem to be laughing all the time, even when she is discussing affairs of state in the most serious manner."

This searchlight of publicity could discover no weakness in Mrs. Wilson's record as a housewife: "Her cottage shows its mistress's scouring brush on every hand. No German housewife could do more." A large woman, she stood the more firmly upon her campaign platform, battling for such issues as:

DOWN WITH THE BOOTLEGGERS!
OUR BOYS SHALL NOT PLAY POOL!
or
HUNNEWELL—SANE, SOBER, SANITARY!

Upon her induction to office, Mrs. Wilson set about to make good her campaign pledges. But, unfortunately, with her had been elected a council of men who appeared to regard platforms merely as deft contrivances for capturing offices. From the very first they attempted to make a joke of her administration. Every appointment she made was opposed. Every measure she favored was defeated.

Nor was this all. The wags of the council humorously decided to further embarrass the Mayoress by refusing to meet with her. The law was quoted to them with no effect. It was too good a joke to be dropped by these cut-ups.

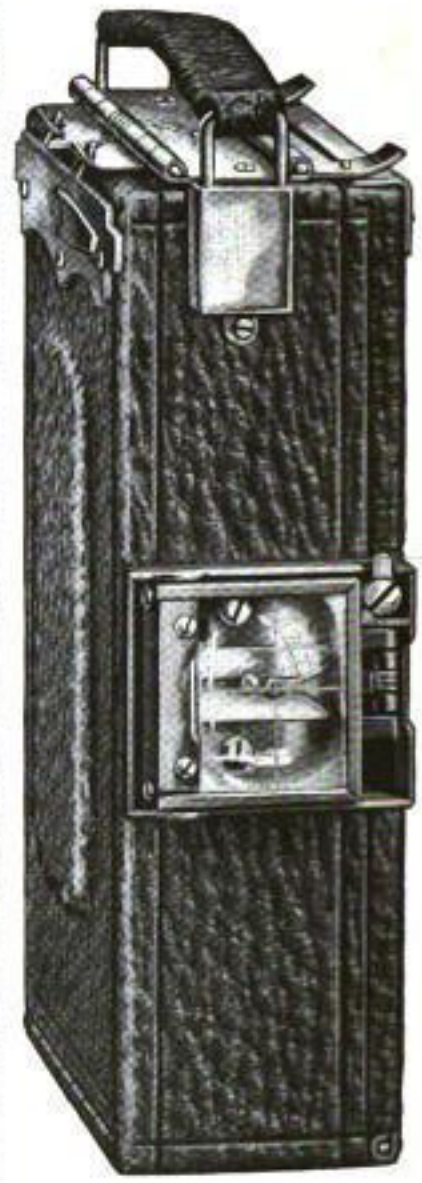
But the Mayoress went quietly to work. She filed charges and brought ouster proceedings in the courts. The action was not without its effect, for two of the councilmen saw the light and resigned. One was the local agent for the Santa Fe Railway, and it was reported at the time that his resignation was hastened by the railroad, which was said to have notified him either to "quit railroading or quit trying to make a monkey out of the woman Mayor."

BUT the other three kept up the joke. For more than a year the case dragged along, and when at last it was brought to the Supreme Court they had the extreme delight of trying to convince the court that they were doing their duty according to their oaths.

But the court decided differently, and ordered them to stop their fooling and to help the Mayoress give the decent town a decent government. Again they refused. Mrs. Wilson made a further showing before the court, and the Attorney General was asked to investigate. On the day in March on which the report was filed the court not only ousted the councilmen but ordered them to pay the costs of the suit, of about $400 each.

The order came rather late to be of much assistance to Mrs. Wilson's first term, which had but a month to run. It should, however, be a lesson to all village cut-ups that it does not pay to provoke a woman.

It makes good pictures, it costs but $5.00—and this is its actual size



Premoette Jr.

Beautifully finished and fitted with tested meniscus lens and Ball Bearing automatic shutter of great accuracy.

Loads in daylight with 12 exposure Premo Film Packs and is so simple to use that you can start right in and make good pictures without any previous experience.

An excellent camera for your vacation — amply efficient for all-around, every day work.

The illustration shows the Premoette Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. There is also a similar camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures — the Premoette Jr. No. 1A. Price, $8.00.

Get the New Premo Catalogue

It describes these and many other Premos, as well as the Premo Film Pack and tank developing system. Free at the dealer's, or postpaid to any address on request.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

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PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Unless you are the exceptional case, the acids in your mouth are causing the decay of your teeth. (Dentists say that 9 people out of 10 suffer from "acid-mouth.") But it is also known that Pebeco Tooth Paste overcomes these acids and preserves the teeth. By protecting the hard tooth-enamel from the attacks of the mouth-acids, Pebeco prevents the decay-germs from penetrating to the softer interior "dentine," and thus scientifically saves the tooth from decay.

Send for FREE 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and *prove* the above. You will also enjoy Pebeco's delightfully refreshing sensation, its property of purifying the breath, and the way in which it cleans, whitens and polishes the teeth as well as saves them.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold the world over in extra-large economical tubes.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists
104 William St. New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

SAVES THE TEETH



Let the Kiddies Eat Them

The youthful craving for "sweets" is agreeably satisfied by Necco and Hub Wafers. Let your children eat them. A whole package of these dainty disks won't hurt you. Being made in the cleanest candy kitchens in the country.

Necco and Hub Wafers

are pure, wholesome and fresh. The good old-fashioned flavors—Peppermint, Wintergreen, Chocolate, Sassafras, Clove, Cinnamon, Licorice, Lime and Lemon—are just the kind to suit every youngster's taste.

Look for the seal of "Necco Sweets" A guarantee of Quality.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

Federal Liquor Licenses

FRESNO, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

EDITORIALS that have been appearing with encouraging regularity in your columns lately on "The Man Who Makes Money Out of It," and other influences of the liquor business so entwined with business and politics of this nation, if continued, are going to "start something."

The thing that our "Uncle Sam" needs to do, and ought to do, is to stop issuing federal licenses in territory where the people have voted out the liquor business, then our States need to follow the lead of the Webb law, and prohibit interstate shipment from wet to dry territory. When such conditions are brought about, then the brewers and distillers cannot use every device for the violation of the law in dry territory; and then hold up, as an example, such violation to other communities who desire to do away with the liquor traffic as proof that laws against the liquor traffic are not effective.

And if COLLIER'S can bring about the stiffening of the backbone of the leading newspapers and business men of this country who recognize this great injustice, and yet who are afraid for business reasons to take a stand in the matter, then COLLIER'S will have accomplished the greatest single reform this country has ever experienced. J. M. CRAWFORD.

The Hero

(Continued from page 38)

"'Sure,' sez I. 'I tucks in mer bedclothes every mornin'.' She giggles a little an' sez: 'What else kin yer do? Kin yer gather? Tell me how ter gather.'

"'Sure,' I sez: 'That's dead easy. You tighten your legs an' feel the horse's mouth.' An' what you s'pose? She let on she was insulted, but I ast anybody, ain't that the way ter gather?"

"It is sure," said Whitney. "It's a cold day when you aren't Johnny on the spot, Bill."

"Now," Bill went on, encouraged by this applause, rounding up the last remnants on his plate and walking over to the other table, "I want you rooks ter come along of me now. I'm goin' ter learn yer some more drill. Hike now," said he, herding them into the hall. "Hike, an' put on your cartridge belts an' git your saber ammunition."

"Please, we ain't been issued none."

"Yer ain't! Well go out an' ast Duffy fer it."

"Saber ammunition!" quoth the irate quartermaster. "Get out o' here, you sons o' guns, an' tell Bill Sullivan to quit his foolin'!"

SERGEANT SULLIVAN, enjoying himself immensely, aligned the squad of recruits at the foot of the steps and started them off down the street. In front of the Battery he stopped suddenly as if he had forgotten something.

"Well!" he said. "If here I ain't come off without the keys ter the parade ground. Turner, yer run back an' ast the first sergeant fer 'em." Back went Turner.

"Sergeant Stone, Sergeant Sullivan wants the keys ter the parade ground so we can drill."

"Haven't got 'em," said Stone, tumbling instantly, "but I think the captain has. See him there going into the Post Exchange? Run and you'll catch him." Off sped Turner, breathlessly catching Captain Campbell at the door of the gymnasium.

"What!" said Shorty. "Keys to the parade? Why Stone must have been mistaken. I haven't got 'em. You'll have to go to the quartermaster."

"Where'll I find him, sir?"

"Probably at his quarters at lunch," rejoined Shorty solemnly, and the recruit betook himself to officers' row and sent in his request by a giggling maid. The quartermaster came to the door himself:

"Who sent you here?" he demanded.

"Captain Campbell, sir. He said you kep' them keys."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well I used to but I don't any more. The Commissary, Captain Horn, has 'em now. Three doors further down."

Three houses down went Turner and again proffered his request.

"You're just too late," said Captain



There is the happiest touch of added cheer to your hospitality when you serve Welch's.

The fine fruity flavor of this juice of the choicest Concord grapes grown appeals most temptingly, and the superior quality of Welch's is always satisfying.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

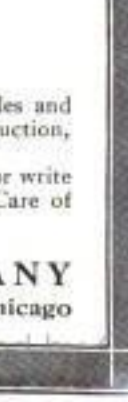
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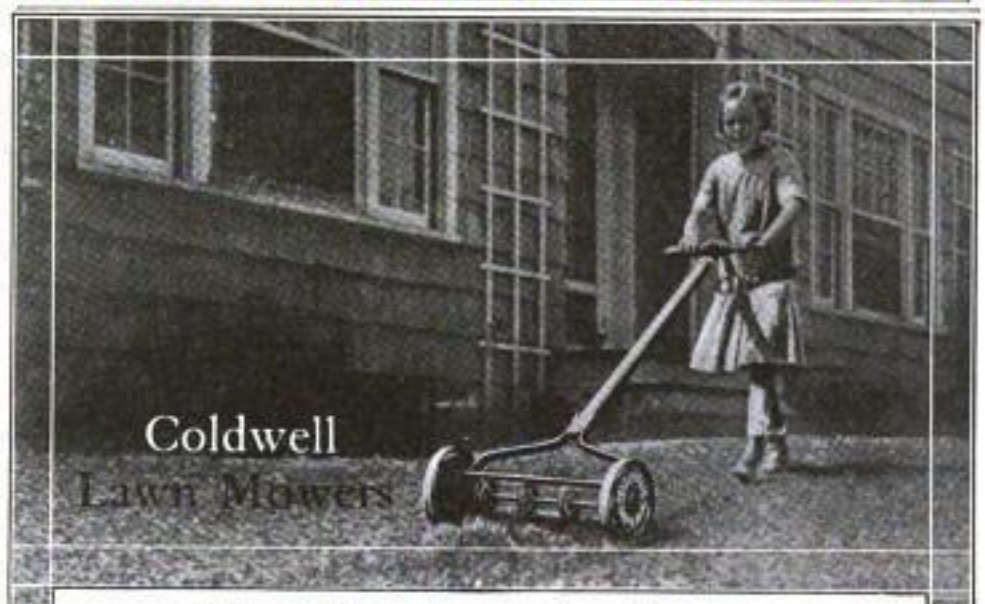
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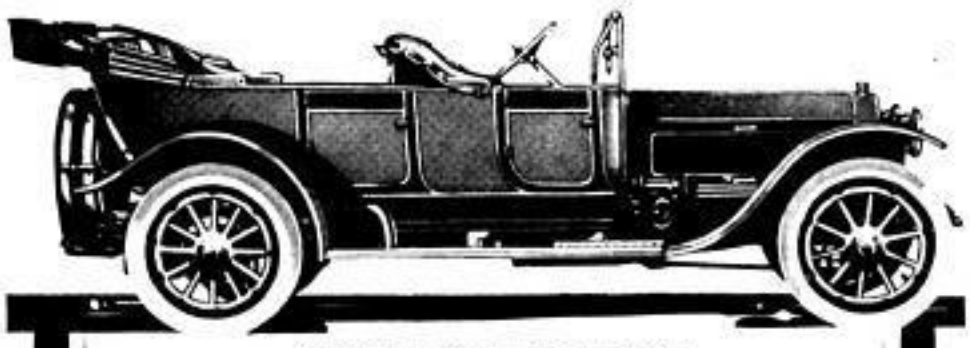
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Horn sorrowfully. "I turned 'em over to the adjutant this morning. You'll find him at the Administration Building." So the rook, beginning to be very weary of his job, hiked to the other end of the post and sought out the adjutant.

"Parade keys?" said that worthy, grinning. "Why I gave 'em to the Major at first sergeant's call. He's back in the office there." In went Turner, timidly and in great awe of his squadron commander, and asked for the keys to the parade ground. The Major looked up from his desk and pulled his grizzled mustache.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Private Turner, sir, J troop."

"Who sent you for these keys?"

"Sergeant Sullivan, sir. He wants ter take us out ter drill an' sent me to the first sergeant for 'em an' the first sergeant he sent me to the captain, an'—" and so Turner went on with his House that Jack Built till he reached his final "an' the adjutant sent me in here."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Major, and pulled his mustache again.

"I ADMIRE your persistence, young man, but—" and here the Major's blue eyes twinkled with merriment. "I am sorry it is not in my power to grant your request. The keys are now in the possession of the Colonel, who is at present at his quarters. If you wish you may apply to him for them and tell him that I sent you. And—ah—Private Turner," as the recruit turned to go, "you will give Sergeant Sullivan my compliments, and say to him that the next time he wishes the keys to the parade to apply for them in person."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," and the recruit made his exit and pointed for the C. O.'s only to be overtaken on the way and dragged back to barracks by the perturbed Bill Sullivan, who had had no idea his little joke would go so far and was beginning to be frightened for the consequences.

"Gee!" said he, depositing the struggling rook amid a group of interested spectators on the porch. "I just grabbed him in time. The locoed kid was goin' to the old War Eagle's." (Such was the regiment's pet name for its Colonel, and he did look like one, too, with his piercing eye, lean jaws, and hooked nose.)

"Leggo me. Next time you run yer arrands yerself," fumed the recruit. "The Major he sez ter me, he sez: 'Compliment me ter Sergeant Sullivan, an' the next time he wants them keys he kin come git 'em,'" and the angry Turner stormed away amid a chorus of delighted yells, leaving Bill Sullivan half sheepish, half jubilant over the astonishing success of his scheme.

"Say!" said Bill apologetically. "I ain't never felt so cheap but onct before in mer life, an' that was when I was a newsy sellin' poipers in N' York. I must 'a' been about ten year old then, an' one day I was dead out o' luck an' hadn't sold nothin', an' I sees a gent with eyeglasses an' teeth comin' along an' I sez: 'Hey, mister, I'm stuck, kin yer help a feller out?' 'Sure,' sez he an' hands me out somepin' what looks like a new penny. 'I'll give yer this fer the lot.' 'Back ter the woods, mister!' sez I. 'This bunch of poipers is worth mor'n a cent.' An' come ter find out that was a two-dollar gol' piece an' the man was Teddy Roseyfelt."

"Ah, dismount!" said Whitehall, "if you were two years old he was a kid too."

"Kid nit! He was a growed man I tel yer. I seen him often after that an' he used ter tell me ter go into the army when I grew up."

Whitney laughed at Whitehall's face. "No use, hombre," he said, "you can't get ahead of Bill Sullivan."

"Isn't he the biggest ever?" he said afterward to Stone. "He's so heap much chin-chin I wonder if it ever came to a pinch if he'd have the right stuff in him?"

"Don't know, think not," replied Stone. "He makes such a fuss over little things—all same baby. But you never can tell. I'm no prophet, the only yellow streak about him *might* be the one on his trousers."

But J troop was soon to learn what sort of stuff it had in its big sergeant, and this was the way of it:

THERE was in the troop a certain dark, silent man who had enlisted under the noncommittal name of Smith—the same who had so objected to Sullivan's stories. Rumor had it that he was a horse thief who had escaped from a lynching.

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though some contended that he was an engineer who had wrecked his train and fled from the consequences of his act. Of course no J trooper ever dared to ask questions, it would have been a dangerous precedent, for too many soldiers were in the same boat. But the horse-thief rumor gained color from the fact that Smith was singularly sensitive to any reference to a hanging. For instance, when Whitney would lugubriously drone out the weird notes of "They're 'Angin' Danny Deever in the Mornin'," or some one in the troop would strike up the more cheerful melody of "Swing High, Swing Low," or "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," he would make an about face and quit the vicinity in double time. Stone, however, always contended that he left because the music was so bloomin' bad, but the fact remained that if anyone called him Jeff Davis, it would put him in a towering rage. Stevens once pinned on him a sign that read: "I have troubles of my own. Don't mention yours," and it was a very good description of his habitual manner.

About two weeks after the incident of the keys, Sergeant Sullivan was in charge of quarters. It was an intolerably hot morning; so hot that Bill declared that some hens belonging to the color sergeant's wife were laying hard-boiled eggs, also that when he had sat down for a minute on the sun-warmed step he had scorched a hole in his trousers. He offered to exhibit the hole to prove his statement. Anyhow it was one of the hottest days Fort Hotchkiss had ever experienced, and when the troop came back from pistol practice at 9.30, they were completely done up. That is, all but Captain Campbell, the indefatigable. Shorty, covered with dust and perspiring at every pore, was still as fresh as paint, and he requested Stone and Whitney (who groaned inwardly) to ride out with him and see some hurdles he was having put up for the troop to practice high jumping.

AFTER the three had clattered off, the troop made one grand scramble to get rid of pistols, belts, blue chambray shirts, leggings, everything in fact but the absolute essentials, and in a good many cases even these were dispensed with. Smith, however, walked straight to his bunk and lay there face downward. His face was blood red and he began to have queer sharp pains shooting through his head. The hot sun had been too much for him and a deadly nausea crept over him. He sprawled flat in a half stupor, one arm wide flung, the other crooked and resting on the holster at his hip. So had he lain one torrid noon under a stunted bit of sage brush, sole shade on the brassy prairie, and heard, ear to ground, the far-off drumming of eager, pursuing hoof beats. Then there had been the moving dot grayly silhouetted on the sky line that changed to a bunch of horsemen, tiny in the wide perspective, and galloping furiously with a churning cloud of dun dust in their wake, then his frenzied awakening to the consciousness of his danger, and the frantic scramble to mount and ride—ride wildly, blindly, swaying in the saddle, sick, scorching, and suffering, spurring his staggering pony to a last desperate effort. What a terrible thing, what a fearsome thing that pursuit was! The nightmare of it gripped him anew, the cold sweat of fear broke out on him and he began to babble incoherently of "F-lazy-Y. Dot-circle-2, Bar-C."

The recruit Turner, who had learned a good deal in two weeks and began to think himself a veteran, happened to pass just then by Smith's bunk, and being proud of his new-won knowledge sang out derisively: "Hello, Jeff Davis, what're yer mumblin' 'bout?"

Quick as a flash of lightning Smith was up from his bunk, had drawn his pistol, and made after the terrified recruit. As they tore down the hall, Duffy came out of his room and instantly realized the situation. "My God!" he yelled. "Smith's gone loco with a loaded pistol; there'll be murder done."

SMITH fired twice at Turner, but the shots went wild, and the recruit, mad with fear, dashed into the orderly room. Big Bill had been in the basement when Duffy's yell and the noise of the shots sent him racing up. When he arrived upon the scene Smith had got the white-faced Turner in the corner where the guidons stood and was shrilly shrieking: "I'm go'n ter kill yer! I'm go'n ter kill yer! I'm go'n ter kill yer!" He shot a

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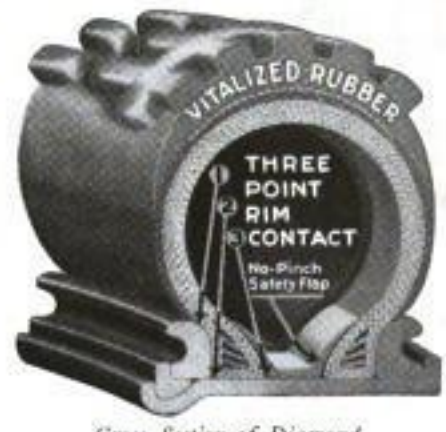
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third time, but his hand was shaking, and the bullet embedded itself harmlessly in the plaster. "Quit that!" cried Sullivan. The whole troop was aroused by now, and, while most had fled in fear, some few had gathered at the orderly room door. At Sullivan's cry Smith whirled around and stared at the group with bloodshot eyes.

"Any man who comes in that door gets killed," he said. "First, though, I'm goin' ter kill *him*," nodding his head toward the trembling Turner. And he flourished his .38 wildly. "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" he cried.

"Be damned if you do!" said Big Bill, and made a leap for the man. Smith fired point blank, and the bullet went through the fleshy part of Bill's left forearm, carrying with it the face of the blue lady on the green bicycle that was tattooed there. But Bill wrenched away the revolver, and Duffy and Hansen, springing to his assistance, soon downed the crazy man and kept him there.

Now that the danger was all over, a crowd had gathered at the orderly room door. Pushing and jostling in the narrow space, they gasped in breathless admiration of Sullivan as he stood dazed and holding out his bleeding arm. "Bill!" was all they could murmur. "Bill done it!" for even hardy soldiers are human and admit of a fearsome sinking of the heart and a desire to flee the place when a loosed man runs amuck with a loaded pistol. Smith, a limp mass, had utterly collapsed and lay unconscious; beyond a curious glance or two, the troop did not notice him, their gaze was centered on the erstwhile buffoon now turned hero. But even though Sergeant Sullivan's face was drawn with the pain of his first gun shot wound, he lived up to his reputation, and falteringly began:

"Gee! This ain't a patch on what happened out ter Leavenworth onct."

"Oh, shut up, you big fool!" cried Stevens in admiration. "Look at your arm bleeding over everything! You come over to the hospital and have it dressed." So thither went Bill in the midst of an enthusiastic triumphal escort; the same Bill who had howled at a pin scratch a day or two before, and thither also went Smith to lay many weary weeks raving with brain fever.

But after that, if Sergeant Sullivan drew largely on his imagination, as was his wont, and anyone remarked, "What an awful liar Bill is," some J trooper would be sure to respond:

"Aw, let him lie if he likes! *He's* all right."

Geraldine's Education

(*Continued from page 17*)

a white-gloved fist and calling down vengeance on the principal—actually, the principal—after a lengthy interview. How that dignified lady had had a narrow escape from assault, though Geraldine had wept and laid imploring hands on her mother and wailed so that the girls heard her: "Come away, ma; they don't want me here. I ain't their kind. Please let's go."

SHE was not their kind; that had been borne home to Geraldine in a way that a girl can never forget.

I don't care especially about recording what comes next, for it makes me feel kind of worm-eaten yet when I think about it. She was such a gritty little mortal, that Geraldine; and she had to play the game strictly alone. You see, as soon as she got well, she went to work to make herself over, to make herself into what she understood was a "nice" girl. All Mercedes stared.

She ceased mutilating her hair with the curling iron and wound her long braids smoothly about her head. She bought some new and simple clothes, refusing her mother's advice in their selection. She declined all offers of escort to the picture shows. When she walked downtown she did not glance once at the many youths who sought favors of smiles and glances as of old. And she spent lonely hours reading in her close little room. Few people read history in Mercedes, but Geraldine began Gibbon.

Mrs. Abbott openly deplored the change.

"Your nice hair done in a pigtail," she used to upbraid her daughter publicly. "And you'll git the fever again, moping by yourself. Why don't you git out with the boys once in a while?"

IF this tale were fiction, I suppose the thing to invent at this time would be how Mrs. Helga Abbott laid her plans to ruin Truxtun Fisher. Strangely enough, that is exactly what she did, as nearly as can be ascertained (though I hesitate to palm off such a well-worn situation on a much-read public). For she suspected him of having sent the second letter to the school.

I am rather at a loss to tell what really happened. Mrs. Abbott's private papers have certainly never been furnished me nor anyone else, nor have Truxtun Fisher's, nor the Mercedes Water Company's, nor the Mercedes First National Bank's. The only detail that belongs to a gossiper like me is that in about three months people began saying, with an air of having known it all along: "Well, I guess Fisher is going to the wall."

They added comments, of course, to the effect that he had never been a business man; that it was a mistake to buy Rio land; that Mrs. Fisher wouldn't hold her head so high; that Truxtun was the listless son of a distinguished father.

Then the fact became public that Mrs. Abbott was going to foreclose on the Rio land. This had the effect of swinging public favor promptly to his side, for the town always felt keenly the unfairness of a woman, a Mrs. Abbott at that, getting so much of the worldly goods of Mercedes. "Ain't she the old hawg?" they asked each other and commiserated Fisher. That lady, impervious as usual to criticisms, went bustling about in the heat, wearing a tense, preoccupied look, for she never triumphed till she actually had the checks cashed and in the bank.

But before the crisis came for Fisher, a crisis occurred in her own life. Geraldine left her.

WHAT happened to Geraldine must have been one of those lightning-swift revulsions that befall youth. Inexplicable, caused by fires that the girl herself understands the least of anyone. At any rate, one morning Geraldine was seen downtown moving quietly about her affairs, her hair smugly bound, her dress modest, her bearing inconspicuous. That night at the Liberty Theatre—it was amateur night—she danced, her hair a whorl of glory, her dress (a pink silk from her ill-fated school wardrobe) reaching barely to the knees. And her whirling, graceful, girlish form, the flash of her white stockings, the staccato of her patent-leather slippers, brought forth unstinted applause. She was called and recalled until she danced herself to exhaustion.

I fancy it was the dance of her exuberance at being free from the restrictions she had made for herself.

A week later she had signed up with a small company and was on the road.

There were tear stains on Mrs. Abbott's large and ruddy face for weeks. She would burst out crying in the most unexpected places, when collecting her rent money, while waiting for a street car, when crumbling crackers in her soup. She stopped all sorts of people and told them of her daughter's desertion: timid women who rented from her, street-car conductors, the men at the Board of Trade rooms, the Salvation Army captain, the dog catcher, colored ladies. Openly as a Homeric hero she wept her grief. She made no effort to control herself. She might be signing a check when she would suddenly burst into audible sobs and weep in abandon.

"She was all I had," was the burden of her grief. "She was all I had."

Almost everyone sympathized with her. But the women of St. Paul's said that Geraldine Abbott had found her level at last.

THE day before the ax was to fall on Fisher, Mrs. Fisher sought Mrs. Abbott in the latter's office.

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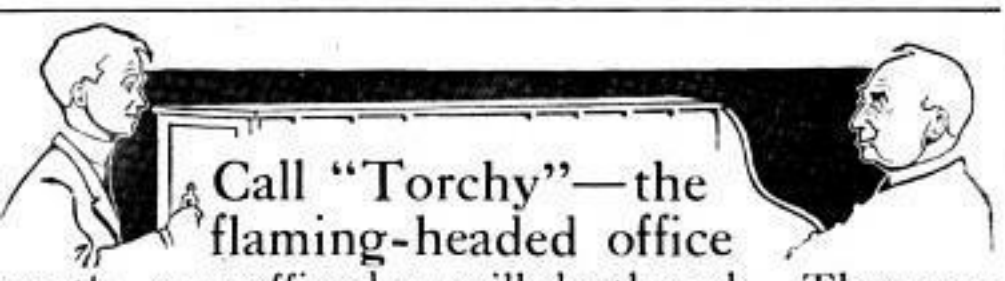
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tooth with the end of her fountain pen, her Viking eyes fixed on nothingness. A very crafty look came into those eyes when she at last looked around and recognized her visitor.

MRS. FISHER had never been in a place like that before. She came from an atmosphere of small rooms and exquisite old furniture, of dusty southern gardens, of magnolias and orange blossoms. She looked withered and lathe-like as she stood there in her black dress, her heavy black veil pushed aside from her small face. But she had come to fight for her own, and she would not be overawed by this—this show.

"Mrs. Abbott, I presume," hating herself meanwhile for the courtesy she had to infuse into her tones. "May I see you—alone?"

"I'm alone," retorted Mrs. Abbott. Mrs. Fisher raised her eyebrows and shrugged one shoulder delicately to indicate Mrs. Abbott's stenographer who sat at a small desk in one corner. "Aw, she's doing all right," announced Ma capriciously. "What can I do for you?"

First blood for Mrs. Abbott; Mrs. Fisher's chin quivered, but she had herself in hand. Truxtun had told her exactly how things were and she had the situation well in mind. Names, dates, and sums were at her tongue's end. And it all amounted to the little plea, would Mrs. Abbott, out of the goodness of her heart and to save them from ruin, grant Truxtun six months more time?

"You let me take that pore little girl down there and git her kicked out. It almost broke her heart"



William Van Bryck

Surely it could make little difference to a woman of Mrs. Abbott's wealth; but it meant everything to the Fishers—the home of their old age, their daughter's education, everything. Mrs. Fisher knew that if Mrs. Abbott once understood she would be merciful.

"What call have I to be that?" asked Mrs. Abbott sharply. Her mouth was shut in a hard line, her back was humped, her eyes, a shade lighter than usual, were looking into space.

It would be out of sheer goodness of heart was Mrs. Fisher's timid reiteration, Mrs. Abbott considered.

"Nothing doing," came her verdict at last. "What call have I to do you a favor that way? And, believe me, it would make a lot of difference to me to change all my plans at this day. *You* never done *me* nothing but dirt."

"When," cried Mrs. Fisher, "when have I done anything to you—good or bad? I have never known you, I have never— Why, I even gave your daughter a recommendation to St. Gertrude's—"

(The stenographer was present and heard it all; she says it was just like a play.)

"Yes, and, darn you, then you took it back."

"I did not. What can you mean?"

"I mean what I'm sayin'. You let me take that pore little girl down there and git her kicked out. *I* didn't care a snap of my fingers for 'em, but it almost broke her heart. She was sick for a month afterward. And it almost broke her nerve too. I thought she was going into consumption on me. And then when she got well enough she couldn't stay in this fool two-by-four town. You made it too hot for her; and she run away, and lef' me—and she was all I had—"

Before such blazing, righteous fury Mrs. Fisher wilted; she began to shake with tearless sobs.

"I—I didn't know—understand—" she mumbled.

"It's lucky for you I got some grip on myself, else I'd be wringing your skinny neck as you stand there, you little sawed-off—" Mrs. Abbott caught her breath in a hysterical gasp, and began sobbing aloud. It was another of the hysterical attacks which had befallen her regularly since Geraldine's departure.

"Oh, my pore, little girl, you was all I had—"

Mrs. Fisher, choking, begged forgiveness.

"Forgive me. I understand. It was only for Caroline's sake that I came at all. I—I—" Pressing a lace handkerchief to her cheeks she fled from the room, stumbling over the panther skin as she went.

MRS. ABBOTT'S gasps at last subsided to sobs and then to sighs as was her wont. She mopped her face and fell to staring again.

"What does this Caroline Fisher look like?" she at last demanded of the stenographer. And then before the girl could answer: "Yes, I've seen her, a little sawed-off black like her mother—"

The best part of an hour passed away. Mrs. Abbott only spoke once during that time, but her solitary remark was as lucid as though she had delivered a lecture. She said:

"Well, I suppose, she is all old-hen Fisher's got."

Just before noon Mrs. Abbott gave a last tremendous sigh and heave.

"Get me the Fisher papers from the files," she said, "—and then get ready to take a letter. I guess we gotta fix it up so he can have a show for his life. There's nothing wrong with the securities."

THIS year Geraldine inherited Broadway, and the years of her eclipse—years on the road, years of work, study, disillusion—are forgotten. The Eastern magazines run her pictures now, and San Francisco claims that that city discovered her first.

The Truxtun Fishers, who were in New York in February, saw her dancing there. They said she was barefooted, and was hung with yards of imitation pearls. They said she danced like a cross between a fury and a flame of light. But though they fell down and did homage before her genius, all they could think of as they watched her was that somehow it was Mrs. Abbott who was doing the act. As Truxtun said:

"It was Ma's ginger but not her weight; she looks like a glorified Ma."

But that is hard for us to understand. You see Ma is still with us, and Geraldine looks so beautiful in her photographs.

Yes, Ma is still with us—and if Mrs. Truxtun Fisher doesn't go of her own accord to vote at the coming election I shall turn electioneer and take her to the polls myself.

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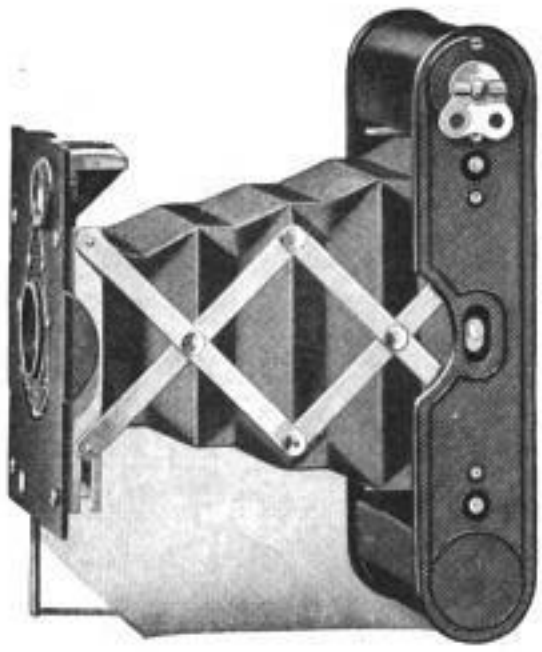


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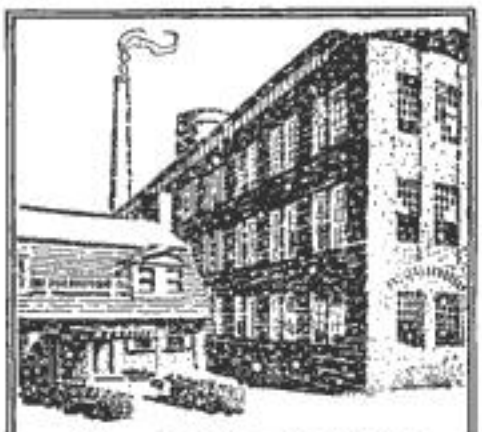
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His First Client

(*Continued from page 6*)

The fee was hardly large enough to be called "merely nominal." But it was a case!

Harley was in a hurry to visit his brand-new client, but he was in a greater hurry to let Audrey know. So he made a grand detour on his way to the jail, and received the delicious snub and the surreptitious spray of lilacs.

When he entered the jail he wore a lilac nosegay in his lapel. He found Jed gripping the iron bars and snarling through them like an infuriated ape; also he was trying to bend or break them with his hands. He was so ferocious that it seemed quite possible for him to succeed if he would only save the strength he wasted in yelling like a circus steam calliope:

"I want out! I want out. I tell you! Lea' me outen here, or I'll nach'ly bust this old jail to pieces."

When Harley introduced himself as Jed's protector, Jed welcomed him with a storm of contemptuous abuse and demanded instant release. He was rendered all the more impatient by Harley's soothing reassurance:

"I'll have you out of there in a jiffy, sir. If I can't find bail, I'll get a writ of habeas corpus!"

Jed was not soothed even by the unwonted term of "sir." He shouted defiance and demanded instant release.

Thrilled with the powers of attorney at law, Harley made out his papers and hastened to the Judge for their execution. And the Judge said with an amused kindliness:

"Now, Harley, I advise you to leave your client right where he is. From the talk I hear round town, the minute Jed puts his ugly head out in the street, he'll be lynched—and lynched unanimous. It's more than likely that some of our best people won't wait for him to come out. They'll go and get him. Of course, I don't know this officially, but folks are so tired of barn burning they're getting peevish. They never liked Jed anyhow. And as a friend, not as a judge, my boy, it's my opinion that if you want to keep that client of yours, you'll keep him in the calaboose as long as ever you can. If you let him loose you'll lose him sure. We haven't had a lynchin' here in so long that folks are afraid they'll get out of practice."

The young counsel was dejected, but he took the advice with the gratitude it deserved, and returned to tell his client how kind and thoughtful the Judge was.

Jed proceeded to call the Judge every name a practiced guerrilla and occasional steamboat roustabout could find in his kit. He committed contempt of court in every way he could think of. He yelled the names so loud that it was almost impossible to hear them. And when his anxious attorney ordered him to keep still he shot his great hand through the bars like a grappling hook.

A quick leap backward saved the legal débutant from finding his last client in his first. It was far from his precious dreams of his first consultation.

JED danced and plunged and threatened. "You come here to me," he roared; "come just close enough for me to lay one finger on you, and I'll break you up into kindlin' wood. You call yourself a lawyer, do you, well I call you a—"

It is not practical to report this verbatim. Later Jed went on: "I'll git outen here some way ef I have to bite these here bars in two. And when I'm loose I'm going to kill you fust off. And next I'm goin' to kill the prosecutin' attorney. You go tell Jere Hutter that. Him and you and that Judge are a gang of black-livered conspirators, and I'm goin' to kill you—all three of you. Do you hear me? I ain't killed anybody sence the war, and I'm just hongry and thusty for blood. Hear?"

There was no doubt that Jed was making himself heard. There was no doubt that he meant what he shouted. Harley, as a loyal advocate, tried to quiet him and promise him justice, mercy, and all the rights the law allowed. But Jed trusted nobody, and he added to his threats the final cruelty of demanding a new lawyer—a real lawyer, not a long-legged, lop-eared, et cetera.

But Jed meant more to Harley than his ugly, worthless self. He meant a future, a wife, a beginning of a career, the hope of a wife. Harley declined to resign, even at the client's request. He endured the laughter of the townspeople and denied the prayers of those who begged him to withdraw lest his own client murder him.



"He's got me scared, mother. When a young cub like that has the nerve to take a revolver to his own client, the Lord knows what he'll take to me if I cross him"

There were pitiful interviews with Audrey on several nights by the moonlit lilacs. She whispered her prayers that he give up the case. But he kissed her with tight lips and begged her not to rob him of his first chance to fight.

Meanwhile Jed raved about his cell, as open to reason and advice as a hyena in a cage. He never quite succeeded in breaking his bars, and he never ceased to hope that they would bend the next time. His uproar kept his guards in a state of insomnia and vigilance.

When the day of his trial arrived a new problem presented itself. How were they to get the grizzly bear to court without giving him the opportunities he had been howling for? He refused to put his hands out for the handcuffs, and none of the guards was so indifferent to life and the pursuit of happiness as to be willing to enter the cell to put them on him.

The court was kept waiting, and Harley hurried over to the jail to beg his client not to prejudice the jury further against him by keeping them waiting. He found the prisoner in a state of triumphant hydrophobia. Harley was so infuriated that he seized a crowbar and, going to the cell door, whaled away at the bars a few times to show Jed the quality of his bludgeon. Then he announced in a convincing tone that he was coming in to knock Jed senseless unless he put his hands out instanter. Yet he begged Jed not to do it, because he said he was aching to bash Jed's skull in. Jed was sufficiently impressed for a moment to push out his hands. His arms were as big as ordinary legs, and the handcuffs would barely meet around his wrists. But at last they were locked in.

JED drew his coupled hands inside and waited impatiently for the cell door to be thrown open.

"He can still run," said the hesitating jailer.

"Worse'n that, he can still kick," said the sheriff.

So Harley called for a stout rope and hobbled him with it, leaving one end free as a sort of ankle bridle. He turned this over to the sheriff and hastened to the court room, and sat at the counsel table, trying his best to look like a lawyer.

It was not easy with his youth and inexperience and the grins and audible whispers of the big crowd. Everybody in Nineveh, it seemed, was there. Even Mrs. Moulton had brought Audrey. She had felt that it would be a splendid chance to contrast the clever and victorious prosecuting attorney, Hutter, representing the outraged dignity of the people, with the gawky lawyer for the hopeless, the ridiculous defense.

Audrey's eyes and Harley's met once or twice. He saw in her look devoted terror and pity. She knew he was doomed to fail, but she loved him. She was afraid for his life, but she wanted to be near his danger.

There was a long and irritating delay while Jed Bolen was conducted in his hobble skirt of rope across the square to the courthouse like a huge bear held in leash by a trainer and escorted by a bodyguard of club men.

HE climbed the stairs quietly enough and entered the court room with a proper humility. And then he caught sight of the prosecuting attorney. His bloodthirst overcame him. He let out a nerve-shivering war whoop and charged.



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Prosecuting Attorney Hutter made for an open window.

He would have broken his neck to save his life had the clerk of the court not caught him by his heel and restrained him from taking the dive until he could look back and see that Jed had been brought up short by the anchor rope. The monster was hopping about on one foot while the guards pulled the other backward, and Jere Hutter also was held by one foot. The courthouse shook with thunders of rural joy.

EVENTUALLY Jed was quieted down and led to a chair. Jere Hutter returned to his place with uneasy and reluctant steps. And then Jed glanced across the table and saw his own attorney sitting there all prepared to plead for him. Forth came another Cyclops yell. He raised his fettered arms like a huge war club and made a lionlike leap at Harley, who once more made good his alibi. He had been prepared for this, and simply stepped nimbly aside, lifted his chair away, and watched.

He stood at a safe distance while the deputies rammed Jed back into his seat and restored the table to its legs. Then the Judge leaned over his desk and said to him with a merciful smile:

"Mr. Teele, I reckon I better relieve you from your embarrassing position. I reckon you don't really want to appear for that man!"

"Oh, yes, I do, if your Honor pleases," Harley answered stoutly; "and I'm going to clear him if I don't have to kill him."

The spectators quit laughing and stared at Harley with a sudden respect. But Jed answered with a snort of rage and another torrent of abuse and further swinging of his flail arms.

And now the young lawyer produced from his hip pocket the first of his equipment for the defense—a large revolver. He leaned across the table, pushed the muzzle into Jed's beard, and addressed him in language which was certainly unusual from a lawyer to a client in the presence of judge and jury.

"Look here, Jed," he said, "I'm your lawyer, and I'm going to do my best for you. But if you call me any more names or so much as crook your finger at me I'll put every one of these six bullets into you. Do you hear?"

JED BOLEN'S answer was an eloquent silence. His eyes gaped and his chest caved. His whiskers quivered till the muzzle was removed from their midst and laid on the table, handy.

It was characteristic of the community that the Judge only smiled and the jurymen only took an added interest in the case. They were willing to forego even the pleasure of finding Jed Bolen guilty of anything he was charged with for the rare privilege of seeing an attorney execute his own client. For this act of sanity Harley would probably have been sentenced to a vote of thanks.

As it was he received a salvo of applause, which the Judge silenced in a leisurely fashion. He could not silence Audrey's heart, rolling like a small drum.

To the acute disappointment of the spectators, Jed made no further outbreak, and the six-shooter lay unused on the table. But Harley used other weapons: eloquence like a sword and fervor like a fire. The prosecutor was heavily handicapped by the fact that whenever he waxed ferocious in his language everybody recalled the tableau of his trying to dive from the window. He heard constant detonations of giggle and snicker from the audience, and in the jury's eyes he saw always a disheartening grin.

So shrewdly did Harley cross-examine and confuse the witnesses for the prosecution that he started a reaction in Jed's favor. He brought out the fact that in the footprints in the mud the toe of the right foot was missing. When Jed was escorted to the stand by his anxious retinue he was asked to expose those two great feet, and he revealed ten of the largest toes in existence, all intact.

APPARENTLY Jed was already acquitted. But a stubborn witness, called in rebuttal by the prosecuting attorney, insisted that Jed had tied his big toe back with a string in order to divert suspicion from himself.

This fascinating possibility interested some of the jurymen to such an extent that they refused to join the majority in a verdict of not guilty on the first ballot. The twelve peers took off their coats,

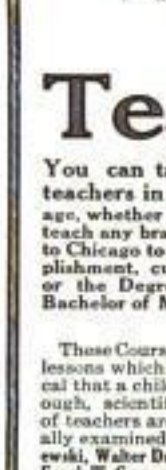


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lighted their pipes, and settled down for a big of war.

Long before the jury had filed out, Mrs. Moulton had repented her technical error in bringing Audrey to see the despised suitor win the affection of the town. She dragged her home, and the girl endured agonies of suspense. Her father came in late to supper with the news that the jury was still bickering.

Now Audrey did not fight back her tears. She let them gush from her big young heart and her great longing eyes. She poured out in Harley's defense a speech as eloquent and as ardent as the one he had squandered on Jed Bolen.

HER jury of two sat silent till she dashed from the room. And this jury also disagreed. Mrs. Judge was bitterer than ever, but the Judge groaned comfortably:

"He's got me scared, mother. When a young cub like that has the nerve to take a revolver to his own client, the Lord knows what he'll take to me if I cross him. And if he once decides to be our son-in-law I don't know what on earth is going to stop him."

Harley's young heart beat furiously up and down on a seesaw of hope and fear. But his hand was much squeezed as he left the court room. He was informed by many people that they had always known he was made of the right stuff and needed only a chance. One or two people said that their next cases should be put in his hands; since the man that could put up such a fight for Jed Bolen could have got an acquittal for Benedict Arnold. Also, the superstition that Judge Moulton was a bar to Harley's success was dissipated by the meekness with which the Judge had permitted him to keep his client and to discipline him with a Colt's .45.

The greatest amazement was to come to Harley when he sought out his client in spite of himself. Jed had been profoundly impressed by the solemnity of court procedure. He had been astounded by the eulogy Harley pronounced upon him in his closing address—probably the first words of flattery Jed had ever heard. He was now convinced that he had found in Harley not only a great lawyer, but also that unknown luxury, a great admirer.

The Judge finished his supper and a long cigar, and sauntered back to the courthouse to lock up the jury for the night. Audrey, dreading the double strain of suspense and her mother's angry chatter, pleaded a headache and went to her room. She sat in the dark by the open window and looked forth into the stars.

THEY seemed like cottage lights on a lotus island of contentment that she could never reach. And then a shooting star drew a dotted line across the sky and seemed to say: "If you cannot come to the stars, a star or two may come to you."

The moonlight and the Milky Way light blended on the lilacs swaying their heads as if they gossiped together. And then she saw a blur coming up the street; the blur paused by the lilacs and beckoned with tremendous eagerness.

She was so excited that she dared to attempt an escapade she had not tried since she was a little girl. She crept out of her window to the tin roof of the ell and trod its thunderous surface with all stealth. She let herself down to a rain barrel, and caught her skirt on a nail and tore it; put one foot in the water, and almost fell, but saved herself, and ran across the drenched grass to Harley, who vaulted the fence and caught her in his arms, and told her in a whisper of deafening importance:

"They acquitted him! They acquitted him!"

He never heard what she had to say, for he crushed her to him with a smothering ferocity. He brought her a triumph, and he had a right to celebrate. When finally he permitted her to speak, she demanded, already taking a domestic command of the purse:

"And what did Jed Bolen give you?"

"A kiss!"

He could almost hear her stare as he explained how the client had executed a bear dance of joy, seized his attorney in his huge arms, almost crushed him in his embrace, and—kissed him!

"Is that all?" she sighed, thinking of the fee.

"Once was enough!" said the lawyer. "I never dreamed he would, or I'd have had my revolver with me. But it's the only fee he'll ever pay me, and I've scoured my cheek with pumice stone."



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"The only fee you'll ever get?" she scoffed. "Turn me the other cheek."

Before she could pay this retainer she heard a well-known step on the walk, and dragged the victor ignominiously into the shelter of the lilacs while the Judge walked past to the gate. The Judge took the news of the verdict home with him. He knew how it would please Audrey, and he wanted to hear her song of joy. She was not to be seen. Her mother said she had gone to her room with a headache.

"Call her. This will cure her headache."

The mother went up the steps and rapped gently. She had no answer and was more than willing to postpone the scene of her own discomfiture.

She came back to say: "Audrey's asleep, I reckon, and I reckon the news will wait."

The Judge understood. He smiled dolefully and groaned:

"I suppose that young cub will be coming round here to call on Audrey one of these evenings."

"I suppose so," sighed Mrs. Moulton.

"I don't suppose we can exactly turn him out any more; do you, mother?"

"I don't suppose so," sighed mother.

THE lilacs under the moonlight were beautiful and fragrant beyond belief. And yet they seemed but poor things compared to the dimly radiant face of the girl who said to the attorney:

"Do you think Jed Bolen was really innocent?"

"Oh, I don't suppose so!" said the attorney.

"Not innocent! And you defended him!"

"It was my duty as his lawyer to defend him to the best of my ability."

She stared at him a moment, and then the daughter of an old lawyer surrendered her own logic into the keeping of the new lawyer. She sighed with tyrannical meekness: "Your best is mighty good."

Fulfillment

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I THOUGHT the summer days
would never come;
But now —the riot of bold beauty
on the hills!
Lord, Lord, my spirit is dumb
With the great fragrance now
On every opulent bough,
And the loud surging of a thousand rills.

So, when Love's big fulfillment at
last appears,
We know it—by our tears;
So, when Love's crowning moment
comes at last,
We are dumb, we are dumb with
joy—
Yesterday, maid and boy,
Now man and woman, and April's
promise past.

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416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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The Price of Speed—Yesterday and Today

ONCE UPON A TIME—and it really wasn't so *very* many years ago—when the young brave, Hiawatha, made his journey from the shores "of the shining Big-Sea-Water"—

"To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;"

to take unto himself the fair and beautiful Minnehaha and bring her back to the wigwam of old Nokomis, he made the long and weary journey on foot—

"Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

"With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured:
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence."

That was only *Yesterday*—in the days of slow and inexpensive travel—in those days of the romantic past, when the "cost of living" was very, very low.

Today—we pick up a modern newspaper, bristling with the news of the whole world and teeming with *Honest Advertising*, and we read this—

"'Over thirty sleeps' was the term used by the Indians in designating the distance now covered while the traveler enjoys one sleep on the world famous '20th Century Limited' to Chicago. 'Water level Route'—You can sleep."

Hand-in-hand with all this marvelous Progress of Civilization is the mighty force of *Honest Advertising*.

Comfort, Convenience, and Service cost *Money;* and they add to our "Cost of Living"—but aren't they worth it?

You and I can travel between New York and Chicago just as cheaply *Today* as the Red Men traveled *Yesterday* if we want to do so.

But I prefer to pay "the Price of Speed" and travel on the "20th Century Limited," the "Broadway Limited," or any one of the many modern 24-hour trains. Don't you?



A. C. G. Hammesfahr.
Manager Advertising Department
No. 118

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On a day like this

or indoors like this





Outdoors on bright days you can make pictures like this with exposure as short as 1-1000th of a second, if you wish. And there is no uncertainty. You don't have to guess how far you are from the subject, as there is no focusing scale on the Graflex. Neither is there a "finder." With the Graflex you see the image right side up, the size it will appear in the finished picture, up to the instant of exposure.

Our new Graflex Book tells all about Graflex Cameras, and how they work. May we send you a copy?

THE GRAFLEX

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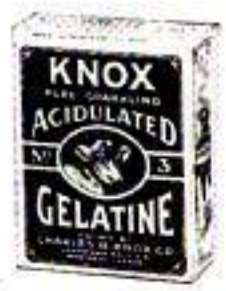
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The National Pure Food Law has no teeth

IT *forbids* adulteration and misbranding, but when disobeyed the punishment is so pitifully inadequate that the worst offenders usually plead guilty, pay their petty fines, *and do it again!*

Look at this page and see what happened to the man who sold mineral water warranted to cure all human ills. He pleaded guilty and paid $10.00! The man who put arsenic into candy pleaded guilty and paid $25.00! The packer of "putrid vegetable substance" labeled "Catsup" pleaded guilty, with the same result! One dollar is all it costs another man to bleach raisins with sulphur and lie about it on his label! Twenty-five dollars atones for putting up a chemical mixture under the name of "vanilla extract"! And these are typical cases.

Adulteration of the product was alleged in the information for the reason that it contained as one of its ingredients a certain mineral and poisonous substance, to wit, two parts per million of arsenic, and that said mineral and poisonous substance formed a constituent part of the product, and rendered and made it deleterious and detrimental to health. It will be noted that while the information alleged that the product contained two parts per million of arsenic, the analysis showed that it contained four parts or in excess of four parts per million.

On August 6, 1912, the defendant company entered a plea of guilty to the information and the court imposed a fine of $25.

W. M. HAYS,
Acting Secretary of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 12, 1912.*

Analysis of a sample of the product by the Bureau of Chemistry of this Department showed the following results: Total sulphurous acid, 41.7 mg per kilo. Misbranding was alleged in the information for the reason that the product was packed in package form, to wit, in cartons, which cartons were labeled as set forth above, which said labels would lead the purchaser to believe that the product was the natural product of the vine, cured in the sun, without the use of chemicals, whereas, in truth and in fact, the product was bleached with sulphur.

On May 6, 1912, the defendant company entered a plea of guilty to the information and the court imposed a fine of $1.

W. M. HAYS,
Acting Secretary of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *November 13, 1912.*

article. Misbranding was alleged for the reason that the product was so labeled and branded as to deceive and mislead, being labeled "Catsup," thereby purporting to be catsup; whereas, in truth and in fact, it was catsup and benzoate of soda.

On August 29, 1912, the defendant company entered a plea of guilty to the information and the court imposed a fine of $25, with costs taxed at $22.65.

WILLIS L. MOORE,
Acting Secretary of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 26, 1912.*

ation of the product was alleged in the information for the reason that it consisted wholly or in part of a filthy, decomposed, or putrid vegetable substance.

On October 19, 1912, the defendant company entered a plea of guilty to the information and the court imposed a fine of $10 and costs.

"mineral" water

W. M. HAYS,

polluted. Adulteration was alleged in the information for the reason that the product contained and consisted in large part of filthy, decomposed, and putrid animal and vegetable substances, to wit, an excessive number of organisms, including bacteria of the *B. coli* group.

On May 28, 1912, the defendant company entered a plea of guilty to the information and the court imposed a fine of $10 and costs.

W. M. HAYS,
Acting Secretary of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *November 14, 1912.*

No doubt this law could and should be improved so as to protect you more than it does, but so long as you rely upon some outside force to do what you ought to do yourself, you will never be fully protected, and you do not deserve to be.

Don't be cheated into eating vicious mixtures of drugs and bad materials disguised as foods. The food faker fools you simply because you don't care enough about what you eat.

Within your easy reach is a simple, sure means of distinguishing infallibly between the food that is fit to eat and the counterfeit which isn't; you can absolutely protect yourself against the cleverest food faker in the business if you will get and use The Westfield Book of Pure Foods.

This Book gives you a long list of the pure brands of food products, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the able, impartial chemists of the Westfield Board of Health, working in the interests of the food-buyer, and nobody else. It gives you this list in handy, indexed form, so that a single glance tells you the names of a number of pure brands of any kind of food you choose.

The Book does not list *all* the pure brands on the market, for not all products have as yet been analyzed, but it does list so many of them, it gives such a wide variety of choice, that you are almost certain to find at least one of the brands approved under each important classification at any grocery.

You can trust this Book implicitly. No product is mentioned in it unless analysis has proved it to conform in all respects to a high standard of merit. No product has been refused admittance to the list after analysis except by reason of failure to conform to these standards. The Book was prepared for the citizens of Westfield, Mass., the Pure Food Town, but has been reprinted for general distribution.

Send for a copy to-day. 10c in silver or stamps to cover the costs will bring it.

Tear Off The Corner Of This Page

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS.
Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....
Street .....
Post Office .....
State .....

Who's Your Grocer?





















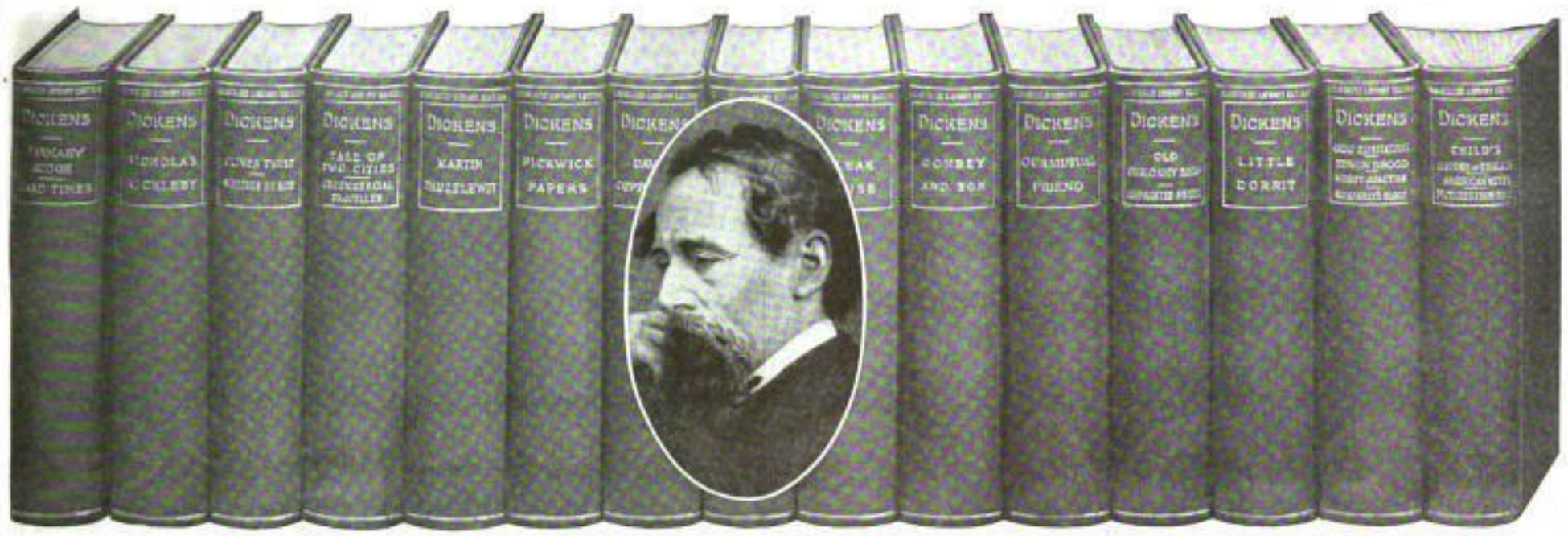




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Dickens Anniversary Sale

To *Collier's Weekly* readers who mail coupon below at once we will send this handsome 15-volume "Library Edition" of Dickens' Complete Works, for seven days' examination, without one cent in advance—**but you must be quick.**



THE year 1912 being the 100th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the magazines and newspapers have printed many interesting articles on the life and works of this most charming writer. As a result, hundreds of our customers have written to inquire if we could furnish Dickens' Complete Works in a Popular Edition less expensive than our regular $45 "Library Edition." We had no other edition to offer, but as a special courtesy to our customers, and in order to add more names to our mailing list of book-buyers, we decided to sell a limited number of sets of our standard "Library Edition," on easy terms, at just about the cost of manufacture. This low-priced offer is now open to you, but in order to take advantage of it, **coupon must be mailed at once.**

Dickens' Complete Works

CHARLES DICKENS is the greatest master of story-telling the world ever knew. His delicious humor, his command of pathos and keen perception of character, coupled with his quaint originality of thought and expression, lend a fascination to all his writings which appeals alike to old and young. Breathlessly we follow the fortunes of David Copperfield, laugh at the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and let fall a tear for Little Nell. Dickens' characters are famous the world over. Quoted as they are in literature, used constantly in conversation and referred to in a thousand ways—he is indeed unfortunate who is unacquainted with Sam Weller, the Cheeryble Brothers, Mr. Turveydrop, Captain Cuttle, Sairy Gamp and Tom Pinch. Dickens' Christmas Stories are, beyond comparison, the rarest, the sweetest and the tenderest in all the world. No other writer in the history of literature ever exerted so powerful an influence for the betterment of the social conditions of his day and the uplift of humanity as did Charles Dickens.

When you read his wonderful books the hours are charmed away, and you read on and on from page to page and from chapter to chapter unmindful of time and surroundings. Charles Dickens has won his place in every heart, and his complete works should be in every home.

Examine These Books in Your Own Home—You are to be the Judge

WE will send you the entire set for your inspection and approval. We do not want you to send us any money until after you have thoroughly satisfied yourself that you want to keep the books. Our plan is to do away with descriptive "booklets" altogether and instead send the *Complete Set* on approval. In this way you have an opportunity to examine the books before making any payment or obligating yourself in any way. All you have to do is to tear off and mail the coupon at the right and we will ship you the entire set to look over at your leisure. Then, if you do not wish to keep the books, notify us and we will send you shipping instructions and you may return the set at our expense.

This handsome Library Edition consists of 15 volumes, measuring 8¼ x5¾ x1⅝ inches. The volumes are bound in a beautiful deep blue, imported, genuine Library Cloth, with gold stamping, gold dust-proof tops, head bands, and deckled edges. The set contains 12,000 pages and embraces **everything that Dickens ever wrote.** There are photogravure frontispieces and reproductions of famous sketches by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, Cattermole, Maclise and Greene. It is not a small print pocket edition nor a flimsy abridged set, but is a handsome Library edition and contains **Dickens' full and complete works.**

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WE do not ask for any deposit or any guarantee. Just tear off and mail coupon at the right and we will ship you the complete set for seven days' examination in your own home. You can then examine each volume carefully and if satisfactory and you wish to keep the books, send us $1 as first payment and $2 per month thereafter until the special price of $23.50 is paid. In asking us to send you the books to look over, you run no risk whatever, for if you conclude you do not wish to keep them, then all you have to do is to notify us and we will send you shipping instructions for their return at our expense. Remember, this "Special Sale" is good for a short time only, so do not lay this announcement aside without *mailing* the coupon. This is a rare opportunity—one that you must not miss. Mail coupon today — *now* — before you forget it.

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(5-13)

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Send me, for seven days' examination, one set of Dickens' Complete Works in 15 volumes, Library Edition. If I am satisfied with the books and wish to keep them, I will send you $1 as first payment and $2 per month thereafter until the special sale price of $23.50 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you in seven days and the books are then to be returned at your expense, as offered *Collier's Weekly* readers.

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—and their reasonable prices—make you keep on buying them year after year.

The size of our present factory shows the vast number of homes into which Colgate brings added comfort. The century of experience guarantees complete satisfaction.

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Pleasing to use because we have given to each article the attractive appearance that makes it an ornament to your toilet table or washstand.

You can use a dozen or more of the Colgate Comforts. If your home knows but one, you are missing the advantage of the wide Colgate Variety, including Toilet Soaps, Dentifrices, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Shaving Soaps, Cold Cream, Sachet and Talc Powders.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Back to Life

The Pipe Dream

The Ghost that Got the Button

The Golden Flask

"Is it to Eat You Live?"

Pickups & Putts



DRAWN BY ALONZO KIMBALL

5¢ *a copy*

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO 10

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MAY 24 1913

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"Don't Light Up!—That's Five Cigars Today

If You Chew

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

between each smoke, you will enjoy smoking more and prevent all bad effects."



It's wonderful how the refreshing mint juice keeps you in trim — your mouth, your throat, your teeth, your digestion, your appetite.

It's the pleasantest and least expensive habit of all, although it is so good for you. Heartburn, flatulence and that full feeling after eating immediately disappear when you roll this delicious morsel under your tongue.

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Buy It By the Box

Of Twenty Packages

IT COSTS LESS—OF ANY DEALER—AND STAYS FRESH UNTIL USED

Look for the Spear **Avoid Imitations**

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They cut down tire bills

Just what kind of a tire do you want?

Pick out the features you want to find in the tires you buy. You want generous mileage, full rated size, flexibility, protection against rim cutting, ease of manipulation and security of fastening.

Measure up this ideal tire against every other tire on the market and then compare it with a United States Tire.

You will find United States Tires combine all these identical features of your ideal tire in a way that no other tire on the market approaches.

We believe that every tire maker in the country has been making the very best tires that his facilities would permit.

Some of these tires have been greatly strengthened at one or two points—some at others.

But it is a matter of general comment among dealers, car owners and car manufacturers, that never has any tire combined *all* these special points of superiority as do

United States Tires

In the matter of mileage—the most accurate tests have proven that United States Tires today yield on an average from 25 to 50 per cent. more mileage than was ever given by any make of tire previous to the organization of the United States Tire Company.

No tire has ever been made with a larger average size or a larger average air capacity than the United States Dunlop.

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This is the first and only tire that has ever been *absolutely guaranteed* against rim-cutting.

It is by long odds the easiest tire in the world to put on or take off—yet it can't possibly come off the rim until you are ready to take it off.

In fact if you were to have a tire built to your order it would be difficult for you to specify a single desirable feature that you can't get today in a United States Tire.

If this is the kind of a tire that you want to use, United States Tires ought to be the exclusive equipment on your car this season.

They are made in Plain, Chain and Nobby treads and in three styles of fastening, including the famous Dunlop (straight side).



Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

"Tires-by Satisfied"

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for air or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is withdrawn.

United States Tire Company
New York

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WE have used the same care in the designing and tailoring of these special Summertime garments as characterizes everything we make.

You'll find them as pleasant to work in as to play in—fact is, they're critic-proof in every particular—quality, style and price.

Inspect them personally at the store of our representative.

Send for our book, "Styles for Men." It will interest you.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO



Back to Life

By John E. Lathrop

MR. LATHROP thrills us when he calls this article "The Story of My Victory Over Tuberculosis." Hundreds of thousands who have been under the shadow of the great modern plague, either through their own afflictions or those of their friends, will hang eagerly upon the simple but eloquent narrative.

I AM cured of tuberculosis! To-morrow I board a train in this Adirondack Mountain village—Saranac Lake—bound for my home city. Six months has sufficed to cure me. Yet six months ago I was condemned by my friends to die eventually of the dread malady.

I shall not plunge back into excesses of work or social dissipations, and thus not sustain risk of a recurrence of the illness. But I am assured by competent specialists that, with reasonable care, I may pursue my avocations and, probably, outlive most of those who six months ago condemned me to an early death.

Hope for Others

WHAT I have done thousands could do; many of whom, not doing it, must inevitably waste away in misery and despair. It is to help those thousands that I write this narrative. What I here write down is fact—fact sometimes stated with emphasis—because, from a careful study of this tuberculous scourge as a layman and as a possible victim of it, I know it is time the American people learned some truths regarding it; and time thousands of accredited physicians across the land radically modified their diagnoses and methods of treatment. Otherwise we shall never stamp it out.

I did what I did largely because I owed it to society as a mass that I remove all danger from my disease. The knowledge that I had responded promptly to this duty lightened immensely the awful burden that was laid on me.

In all autopsies and dissections, of all classes in the United States, rich and poor, urban and suburban, old and young, North, South, East, West, more than 80 per cent of bodies show that at some time there has been a touch of tuberculosis. The percentage in the German army is approximately the same. The scope of the scourge may be judged from such figures.

Tuberculosis is communicable. It is not hereditary, but is spread by the dissemination of germs from one victim to other persons.

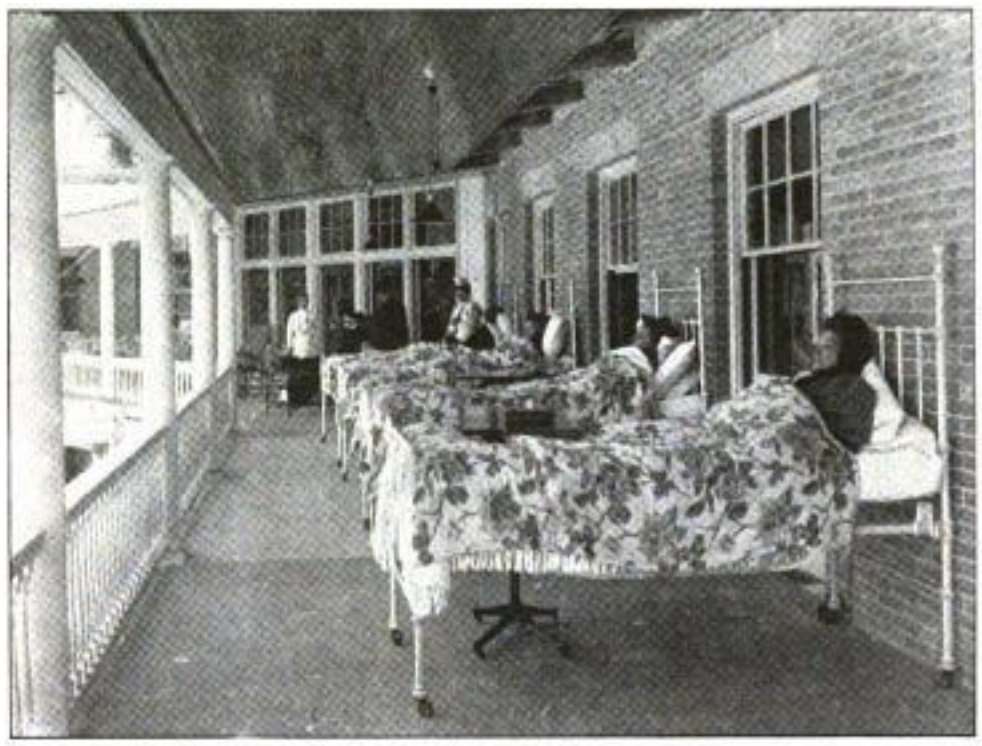
No Specific Yet

THERE is yet no specific for tuberculosis. Vaccines and serums have been devised that sometimes assist a cure. Scientists the world over are working in their laboratories to develop a positive specific that will do for tuberculosis what certain antitoxins have done for other maladies. But the medical world to-day recognizes the truth that so far nothing has been developed that will directly cure tuberculosis.

The Way to Be Cured

YET thousands of persons who are ill with tuberculosis may be cured, taken from the nonproducing class, and returned to those who produce as much at least as they consume. The regimen is simple. Great specialists, of course, could probably do more than novices in its application. Yet any physician endowed with common sense and up-to-date information can outline the proper regimen. Although it were better that patients go to some such place as the Adirondacks in the East, or to the mountain regions in the West, yet, if that be impossible, the simple methods employed here may be applied with as good results in a thousand localities in the United States.

It should not be expected that any person whose lungs have been attacked by tubercle bacilli, and wasted away in part thereby, can have those lungs or that lung made as good as new. Perhaps that person will be short of breath simply because he is compelled to go through life with part of his breathing apparatus out of commission. This is one reason why every erstwhile tubercular sufferer must always be careful, for always he must ask his healed lungs to do their work with a reduced equipment.



A large cottage, on the porches of which patients sleep at night, even in the cold of midwinter. At first they remain in bed all day. Later they sit on the porches in comfortable chairs

Eight months before the day on which I write this I was one of the army of professional men of this country who go upon the theory that their physiques are practically indestructible. I was working with feverish energy. I was not wasting my vital forces in undue dissipation—that is, I was not given to drinking or other vices, except perhaps too much smoking. I was probably typical of the American man who by hard work has attained a measure of success. I was and am happily married, maintained a home which to me was ideal, and was engaged in a profession which I loved.

A period of unusually heavy labors was ending. I was tired out, so I told my wife and my friends: I thought I needed a vacation. I casually mentioned it to a physician friend who was dining with us.

"Come down to my office to-morrow," he said, "and let me examine you thoroughly. Let's see what is the matter with you."

I did so. He pounded me and thumped me and questioned me, and finally said:

"You need to go out into the country and rough it, or go to the mountains. You should drop all work, get into rough clothing, forget the remainder of the world, let newspapers alone, and get new muscle in the out of doors. Were I you I would go at once, and I would walk from five to twenty miles a day, or climb a mountain every day, or do at least half a man's work on a farm. Get tired. Get so tired that you drop asleep every night the moment you hit the pillow. In a month you will be all right. You don't need any medicine."

It had been my dream for years to do some such thing; with my wife I had often sat by our fireside and built, not castles in Spain, but vacations on a farm and roughing-it trips to the mountains. My physician friend's counsel, therefore, appealed to me. It appealed to my wife, too. Of course it was hard to see just how I could get away from my work. It always is hard. But I saw that I really needed a change, and the counsel of the physician seemed worth following.

The Wrong Treatment

SO, with plans to go away soon to some roughing-it place, I began preparations. Meanwhile I adopted the prescribed regimen at home. Each day I walked and walked, and dug in our garden, until I felt that my bones would drop apart; and I certainly acquired that weariness which my physician friend had regarded as my best medicine just then.

But the cure did not work as I expected. Instead of dropping asleep after those days of strenuous acquisition of weariness, I soon found that every night I awoke with the perspiration starting forth from every pore of my body. Because summer was advancing I attributed it to the warm weather, and continued my walks and physical exertions of other kinds. But those were night sweats; and if you have them, know that they are regarded as a symptom of tuberculosis. Consulting with my physician friend, I was told that when I got out into the country I would be all right. I was not to worry; roughing it would make me over into an entirely new man.

So I trusted and kept on my energetic campaign for health, and was soon about ready to go away.

Instinct told me something was wrong; yet what was wrong I did not guess, for the thought of tuberculosis was as far from my mind as the South Pole.

Then one night, when our final packing was all but done, I awoke at about eleven o'clock at night, terrified with a sensation I never had experienced before. The inclination to cough was strong; instinct commanded me not to yield if it lay within my human power to resist successfully. As the moments passed, and I fought that terrible fight, it came over me

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Further progress toward the final cure—more exercise permitted. This patient is climbing a mountain of about 2,000 feet altitude via the wagon road. She has her snow-shoes with her

swiftly, yet surely, that I was threatened with a pulmonary hemorrhage. Ignorant as I was, I nevertheless reasoned that, if possible, I should prevent that cough from agitating my frame. So I summoned every whit of will power: held myself rigid, controlled my throat muscles, breathed with enough inspiration to bring just a trifle of air into my lungs, and fought, fought, fought as the precious moments fled. My wife's room was next to mine, yet I dared not call, although I realized that, could she only know, her experience with sickness and quick discernment would enable her to help me.

Under the Shadow

I HESITATE not to add that as I lay there in the darkness of the night, alone, weak, sweating from every pore of my body, threatened with something that it seemed to me might have been warded off had proper counsel been given, the problem of tuberculosis arose before my mind and assumed proportions that were colossal; and were I brutally faithful in my record, I would also add that I saw at the time the awful defect in my physician friend's advice.

But it was not in human power to withhold longer, unaided. And against my most extreme resistance, a slight cough shook me and a very small hemorrhage followed. A physician was called, examined me casually, and left me until morning, when he made what he regarded as a complete examination, and declared that the hemorrhage came from the nasal passages, and that I need remain in bed only until noon, when I might safely arise and that night take the train for a distant city, where I had an engagement for the following morning.

The rebound from despair to utter relief that came from that second dose of unwise advice can be slightly understood by those whose imagination is active. But it can be appreciated only by those who, like me, have been plunged into hopelessness, then raised to the pinnacle of brightest faith and almost certainty. I was obedient and remained abed until noon; then, feeling better, I walked with my wife in the garden during the afternoon.

We were a merry pair—the two of us—as we walked and chummed and rejoiced that our terrible fears of the night before were unfounded and that we could proceed with our plans just about as though nothing had happened.

My bag was packed, ready for the night train; and that evening, as we sat down to dine, the relieved feelings of both of us transformed the meal into a banquet. I shall never forget the happy face of my wife at that dinner; it was soon to be overcast with clouds, dimmed with tears, strained with suffering.

Later we sat on the porch. The impulse came to me, from I know not where, not to go to that distant city. I could not define the cause; I only know that I suddenly turned to my wife and said:

"I shall not go to-night."

Then took place another of those strange demonstrations of telepathic influence, for, as I turned and spoke, she answered that she had felt an impulse to beg me not to go, and was about to frame her entreaty when I anticipated her.

We thought, however, this change of plan was only an extra precaution; we feared nothing for that night. But again, at about eleven o'clock, the sensation of the night before recurred. This time I had a bell with which to call my wife. But another hemorrhage!

The Doctor Who Knew

QUICK as telephone and automobile could, they brought another physician, a man reputed to be great among his medical brethren. One glance, a question or two of my wife, and these commands:

"He has had two slight hemorrhages. They may be pulmonary; they may be something else. We cannot safely examine him now. But we must proceed on the theory that it is the worst. He must lie absolutely still, flat on his back, with ice bags on his chest; he must not even turn his head if the hemorrhages recur. *He must not talk.*"

And watching for an hour, he left, sending a skilled nurse for day and another for night, with orders that were positive, based on the possibility that the worst had come, and there must be preparation therefor.

For two weeks those hemorrhages were almost daily repeated, while temperature ran upward and my nerves went to pieces. The household waited with bated breath, expecting death at any time. From 170 pounds weight I went down to 138.

One month longer I was kept in that city; but I was removed to the open porch at the first possible moment.

Consultations between eminent physicians and examinations most searching resulted in the order to go to Saranac Lake.

Visions of roughing it had come to me when I heard them talking of the Adirondack Mountains as our destination. Lying on that porch down there in that home city, I saw across the land the big North woods; saw the trout streams; the country roads, fit for tramping; the game in the forests. Somewhere, I believed, there would be a log cabin, just suited for my wife and me, where, clad in woodsmen's garments, away for the time from the artificialities of civilization, we could enjoy that great, big out of doors, and drink deep the ozone of the Northland.

We conjured up pictures of our camp life, foresaw my gradual regaining of strength under the healthy exercise of the cabin life.

The journey from the city was taken carefully, under orders from the doctors. Our dreams of a primitive camp life began to fade.

Once in Saranac Lake, we took two days to look around before calling on the great specialist and other physicians to whom we had been recommended.

We walked a good deal, and unwisely took a room one place and table board elsewhere, that we might get exercise before breakfast.

Then we went to see the specialist. We had heard before coming here that Saranac Lake tuberculosis specialists were financiers of high ability, and that only the wealthy might engage their services. Hence it was with trepidation that we approached the man whose name has traveled across the seas as a world authority.

First the question of the fee to be charged was broached apologetically, because we were not in a position to engage him if his fees were to be too large.

Right here I want to dispose of the tales told of the Adirondack specialists' exorbitant charges. Indeed, we found it here exactly as we have found it the world over—the medical men devoted, first, to their science and to the amelioration of the woes of men and women; second, anxious to find that finality—a specific vaccine or other certain quick cure for tuberculosis. As to money, our mountain doctors seemed to worry about money revenues less than their brethren in the cities, it being conceded as to those others elsewhere that no other profession among men exhibits less avariciousness and more concrete love for their fellows.

Rest, Rest, Rest, and More Rest!

AS AMONG physicians everywhere, so here were ever-recurring instances of service invaluable and kindness complete.

"Go find a house or boarding house for the winter; go to bed, young man, for at least a month, perhaps two months. Sleep on an open porch every night; sit on it all day long, or at least nine hours in each twenty-four. Climb no stairs. Read little at first, and let what you read be light and no tax on your mental powers. You must rest, rest, rest, and then rest some more.

"Eat heartily. Take three good meals a day, and between times from six to eight fresh eggs and from six to eight glasses of milk daily—don't forget to put a teaspoonful of lime water in each glass of milk. Keep up this very hearty eating until you have gone to a little above your normal weight, then resume normal eating, and continue it just so long as you keep your usual flesh and strength.

"There is a lot of nonsense abroad in the land regarding stuffing consumptives. The motor car is a good illustration to use. That chauffeur who can operate the car with the least gasoline is the best driver I can get. It is better for the car; there is less combustion and less mechanical exertion in disposing of the wastes from the fuel. It is cheaper, too: not a small consideration in these days of high cost of living and the cost of high living.

"Your body should not have to do a whit more labor in supplying the power; not a whit more in consuming and changing the food into blood and muscle and bone than is absolutely necessary. And the stomach will last longer under that regimen.

"The stuffing process is foolish. The rational way is the medically proper way.

"That is to be your regimen—just rest, plenty of good food, and the open air. Lie down every afternoon for two hours at least. Move slowly; don't worry; forget you ever worked; get lazy if you can: although I judge that you are of a type that will find it hard to attain the temporary yet absolute laziness which will make for your quickest recovery.

"Take no medicine. Stay away from drug stores. Use simple remedies for other troubles and other ills. Salt is just about all you need, for instance, for washing out the throat and nasal passages, if there be need for that.

At the heel of the winter—the cure accomplished. Winter sports, if not too violent, are suggested for patients who have obeyed orders, and are nearly well. So coasting is a popular sport



"Now go and rest, eat and sit in the open air for a week, and then come here—ride here, don't walk—and let me look you over."

Those were the orders.

"But, doctor," I protested, "cannot I have a bit of exercise?"

"Not a step that you by any possibility can avoid. Let me illustrate," he said. "Assume that your finger has been cut. What do you do? Do you wiggle it and use it when you can avoid such exercise for the injured member? Of course you do not. You wrap it in aseptic coverings and keep it still as possible.

Overwork and Worry a Killing Pair

"NOW, your lung is virtually in the same condition. You didn't cut it, but something tore something loose. You have got to let that torn place heal.

"First, you got into a run-down condition. Some time in the past your lung was infected. It was a weak spot. Yet, had you kept your vitality up to normal, that weak spot would have been strong enough to withstand even the most violent exercise. You might have played baseball, tennis, or rowed in a varsity eight, and had no bad results.

"But you got run down, and the tissue weakened. You passed through a period of very strenuous exertion: intense nerve strain, work far into the night-time, worry over other matters, until finally—snap went some of the tissue; a little blood came in the first hemorrhage; you didn't lie right down and keep still. You got up, under bad advice. You walked in your garden. You moved about much as usual. The intervening hours after your first hemorrhage nature summoned every member of her wrecking crew and set them to work to repair the broken part. Every resource of nature was requisitioned to save that lung from further leaking of blood after that first slight attack that night.

"But you thwarted nature. You failed even to let her alone and let her do the work. You exercised; you talked; you did everything you could to defeat her in her object—the repairing of your broken lung and the salvation of your health.

"You have come up to these big North woods, not yet to hunt, fish, and climb mountains; not to tramp the country lanes; not yet to cut firewood. You came to rest, eat, and live on an open porch every hour you can keep there, regardless of the weather."

"Do you mean, doctor, that I shall sleep on that open porch all winter and during the cold nights?" I asked in amazement.

"I mean just that," he answered, and was human enough to sympathize with me. For in this country, after winter really sets in, the temperature for days at a time runs from ten degrees Fahrenheit above in the daytime, to from ten to twenty below at night; at times it reaches thirty, and even forty below.

"But," I shivered as I continued my protest, "a fellow will freeze to death, won't he?"

"The truth is," he answered, "on the coldest nights it is all right to move your bed indoors, for there is no virtue, no therapeutic value, in the excessive cold. You want fresh air chiefly, and the contiguity of others who are 'taking the cure.' The climate is fine here, one of the best in the world. But the principal benefit here is that you see many others going through the regimen; you are not peculiar in this community; you have the help of knowing that almost 'everyone else is doing it.'

Restlessness Delays Recovery

"THE philosophy here, as with all other treatments, is to suit the general conditions to the individuality of the patient. It is foolish to ask all patients to endure the same conditions of cold or the same severity of regimen as to keeping absolutely still. There are people whose nervous systems simply make it impossible for them to be as quiet as is desirable on general principles, yet their recovery will be delayed by their restlessness.

"A dozen idiosyncrasies must be taken into account. This person takes to the sleeping out of doors in coldest weather; likes it; thrives on it. That person uses up too much vitality in resisting the extreme cold: hence he should not sleep out of doors in the severest weather.

(Continued on page 32)

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The Pipe Dream

By Mary Brecht Pulver

FAR islands of the sea, shipwrecks, an old love, and an island girl—these are proper matters to make the hero feel he is pipe dreaming; yet for us Mrs. Pulver gives them all an effect of reality as well as romance.

THE last thing Shepard remembered was the blackness and thickness of many waters closing over his head, and, against it all, a girl's face—white skinned and gray eyed under her crown of light hair.

It was natural that he should visualize that far-off face; it belonged to the girl he was going to marry—or had been going to marry when the yacht broke up and went down.

Now that he was dead, and all memory a blur, he wondered why the face should have changed so greatly. It was odd that it should have altered its coloring and grown so dark. Eileen's hair had never been black, nor her cheeks warmly bronze. He muttered to himself complainingly, and with the first sound realized that this was not death, but something else. There was a veil between him and reality, but he knew. He was moving! He was in a boat, a queer, narrow affair, lying flat, and some one was rowing.

IT was this some one at whose face he had been looking all the time. It was not Eileen's face at all, but another woman's.

He tried to say a word. The word was "Rescued," but his salt-burned lips failed him. Evidently, though, the woman noticed him, for there was a slight movement, and her face vanished. Then it appeared again, blotting out the sun, very close to his, and he made a motion as if to sit up while he looked up into her eyes.

They were very startling eyes to meet in their dark setting, for they were blue—a dark, curious blue, like lapis lazuli, with thick silky lashes surrounding them. Even through the veil Shepard saw that.

"Shut up!" said the face, bending over him, and Shepard lay still with a curious sense of shock. The words were rough, but the voice soft, soothing, almost maternal.

The girl—she was only that—stooped to something at her feet. It was a hollowed gourd, which she held against his lips, and he tasted a peculiar pungent medicinal beverage that seemed to bring new life to him and burn away the haze that held before his eyes.

"I—I think," asked Shepard weakly, "that I've been drowned, haven't I?"

THE girl picked up her paddles and poised them for a stroke before she answered.

"I found you in the sea," she answered indirectly. It seemed to him there was awe in her voice.

She was a strange figure in her short, sun-faded skirt and shapeless jacket. Her brown arms and legs were bare, save for the copper bracelets on her wrists. Her thick black hair was bound tightly round her head. He looked at her silently, trying to collect himself. He saw everything now very clearly. The boat was floating gently in a little lagoonlike sea inside the barrier reef—that reef on which last night the *Helvetia*— Before him showed a pretty little palm-filled island like a painted back drop in a musical comedy, and the boat—the girl was pulling steadily—was riding in very smoothly and swiftly.

"There—there was—no one else?" he asked presently.

"No one—nothing," she shook her head; "the reef takes everything."

He shivered. He forgot to marvel at the fact of her English—an English flavored with a peculiar, indefinite accent.

"And where are you taking me?" he asked; "what is that island?"

"I live there," she said simply, "and I am taking you home. I am going to marry you."

Her dark blue eyes met his, calm and unembarrassed; and Shepard dropped back, limp and half dismayed.

A moment later the boat nosed the golden sand, and the girl leaped out, slim bare feet splashing the shallow water, and drew it up on the beach.

"Now," she said, and Shepard rose shakily to follow her. Before them stood a thatched hut, in whose open doorway a man sat smoking. He was a very huge, very dirty, old man, his stained white beard lying untidily over his bare neck. He was in American clothes and sitting on an American rocker, but he had an effect indescribably barbaric.

"It is my grandpapa," explained the girl; "he is of the States, but has been here long—many, many years with the natives. He trades in the pearls and the copra; we live together here—alone. And I go nowhere—nowhere—only sometimes to the Ladu Island—to the missionary school. I go to be educated. I speak three languages—the French and Portuguese also—and I read the needle. But not like the mis one comes. Only the traders from and I learn to use it is dull. I do sionaries. And no the natives and outside the reef. And they drink—they and grandpapa. They are not nice. And it is lonely; God, God, God, how lonely! And grandpapa keeps telling me to wait. The sea will send me some one. Ah, but yes," her face grew suddenly alight, "it is true. For I have found you. At first I feared you might be old, but you are young and tall and beautiful, and you shall be my husband."

She looked up at him with a sudden childish confidence.

"You are glad it is to be so?" she asked, and there was the first hint of shyness in her manner.

Weak as he was, the blood surged into Shepard's face. He would have given much to firmly explain just why it was impossible for him to oblige her—but he was too worn and faint, he told himself, and so with some mumbled monosyllables he found himself facing the fat, dirty ancient in the rocking chair.

"He is of the wreck," explained the girl. "I found him near the reef. You have told me the truth—the sea has given me a husband."

There was a spark of amusement in the little shrewd eyes that met Shepard's under the heavy white brows, but the mass in the rocker did not move.

"Welcome," he croaked, "welcome to Corbin's Island—whisky you'll find inside, and clothes and a bunk." And he went on with the solitaire he was playing with a pack of filthy cards.

THERE was a bunk indeed within, a wretched affair, with a sad-looking blanket, but the whisky was unimpeachable, and Shepard heartened himself with trembling fingers. The girl had slipped away, but she came back presently with another covering—a blanket as spotless and beautifully fine and white as the other was foul and coarse.

"From one of the wrecks," she explained, "the reef sends us many gifts—I have kept *this* for *you*."

She covered him, as he lay in the motley garments he had found, with gentle hands, and stood looking at him a moment.

"Presently—when you have slept, you shall eat. And to-night around the fire we shall tell each other the story—but you shall rest now—only rest."

She went to the door but returned hesitatingly.

"Perhaps"—she seemed to falter slightly—"perhaps you will—like me to kiss you? I know how—my mother was an islander—but I have been taught. A missionary kissed me—I did not like. But *you* are different—Shall I kiss you?"

Again Shepard's heart made feeble protest and bade him deny her. But a second later the girl's warm lips pressed his a brief moment, as she bent warm and glowing and close to him—and yes, *clean*, beautifully, exquisitely clean, for all her savagery.

AFTER all he was in her debt. Hadn't she saved his life? One kiss! He kissed her in return.

"You are—you are beautiful," he murmured, then cursed himself for saying the wrong thing. But she was calm.

"Yes," she said, "I am very beautiful—they call me 'Old Corbin's Pearl,' the traders, and I am rich. I will show them to you—the pearls. Some day it is all *mine*—this island. Mine and *yours*."

She smiled and nodded. Then with her finger to her lips she left him softly.

"It's too crazy to be true—too crazy," said Shepard to himself, "it's a lunatic's pipe dream."

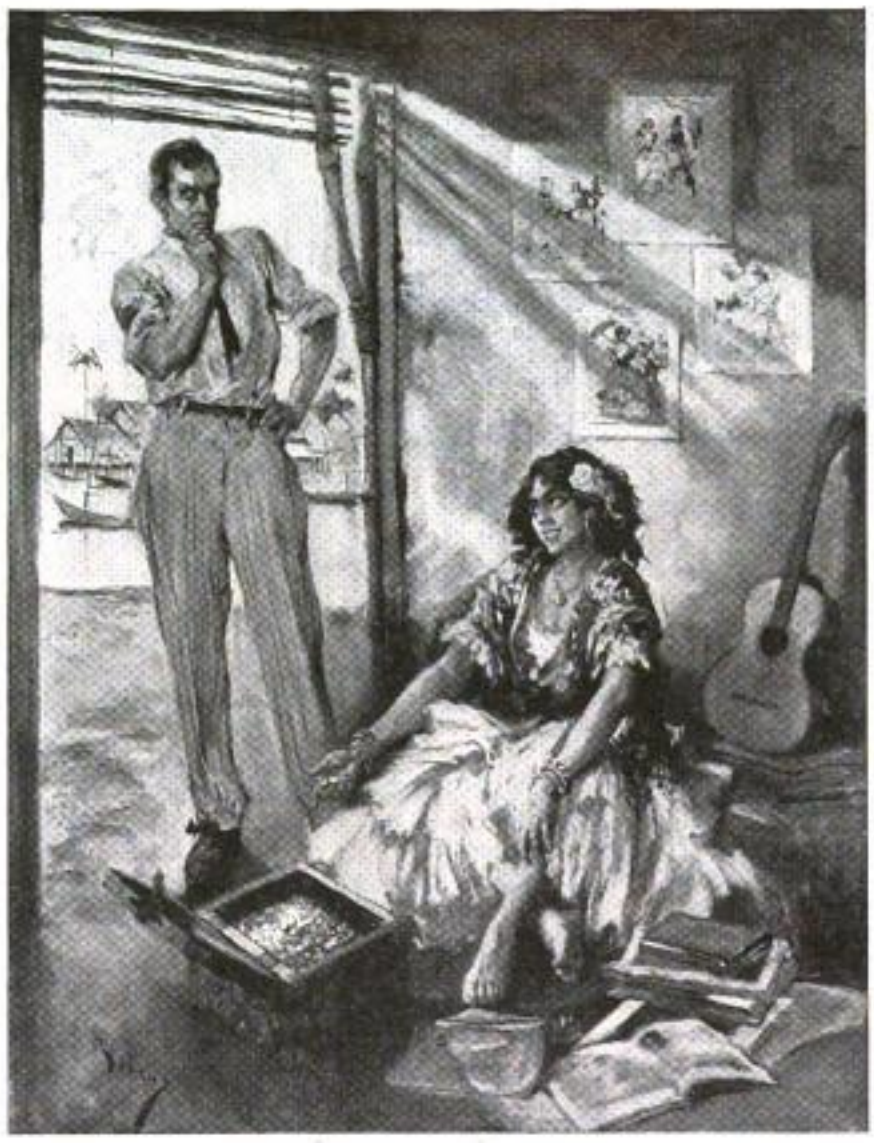
Then snuggling close under the thistle-down blanket, he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke it was dark—the velvet dark of a tropic night. On the sand a low fire was burning. A native Islander watched a pot boiling on the embers. Old Corbin on his rocker sat near by, a bottle of whisky on a little table near him.

There seemed to be no one else, but as Shepard stepped through the door, the "Pearl" came out of the shadows of the palms. And Shepard stared in mingled mirth and amazement.

She had dressed herself for dinner—doubtless in his honor—but the gown was thirty years behind the times—a queer, ridiculous thing of heavy silks and laces, bouffant and high shouldered; if you are old enough you remember the style. And beneath the edge of the clumsy, pompous gown her feet, small and shapely as a child's, showed brown and naked!

She caught his amused eyes on them and colored.



"They are safe," she said quietly. "No one sees them—only you. Once a man, very bad, came into my house to seek them—and they threw him into the lagoon"

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"Shoes—I do not like. I have a great number, but they hurt me. If you wish, though—" she looked at him wistfully.

"No, no," he cried hastily.

She came nearer the glow of the fire and caught the light on her smooth, bare arms and neck; in her eyes; on her white teeth.

OLD CORBIN motioned him to a camp chair, and as Shepard sat down the "Pearl" slipped quietly to the ground at his feet, her head close to his knee. She had thrust a queer orange-hued tropic flower into her black hair and Shepard watched it as he sat—that and the ridiculous old-fashioned sleeves of her gown.

"You're from the States?" croaked old Corbin, offering the hospitality of his bottle.

Shepard said yes. In five minutes he had told all he cared to tell. Of his cruise in Strangway's yacht with the two others—and the events leading up to the wreck. It was only when he touched slightly on his identity—and the States—and New York that the slim shape at his feet stirred.

"New York—you live there?" she asked. "I have read of it in my book." She looked dreamily into the fire. "'The ladies of New York,'" she said softly, "'are wearing a great deal of lace this season.' That is in my book. It came ashore after a wreck, in a box of things—long before I was born. This dress was in the box. My mother kept it for me," and she smoothed her rustling silk lovingly. "I think," she sighed, "I would like to see the ladies of New York. I have never known any ladies." Shepard's heart contracted with an odd pang of pity.

The native now approached with bowls of savory stew. He spilt a little on Shepard's wrist and the "Pearl's" mood changed swiftly. She cursed him with a string of French and English oaths that a longshoreman might have been proud of.

She seized Shepard's hand and the while dabbed up the drops with her soft hair.

SHEPARD freed his hand roughly.

"Don't," he winced, "don't use such words. You mustn't talk like that. The ladies of New York never say such things."

She paled and dropped. Two bright tears sparkled on her lashes.

"I know—I forgot," she whispered; "the missionaries told me it was wrong—only evil folks use such words." She looked over at her grandfather defiantly. He was shaking with silent amusement. "I will never forget again," she cried passionately.

Impatiently Shepard asked the old man about the passing steamers. They were few he learned. The traders would not put in for several months. Until then it seemed unlikely there would be anyone but themselves. It was like that sometimes.

Old Corbin was uncommunicative as well as incurious, and Shepard guessed that his business would bear little daylight. Living here on his uncharted thumb-size atoll in the midst of the pearling seas with his half-wild granddaughter and a handful of natives, Shepard felt he was quite likely a power among the smugglers of the China Sea. He had heard of such holdings here and there, ruled by men of consummate brutality and unscrupulous cunning. This fat old rascal looked the part. Doubtless he was as anxious to be rid of his guest as Shepard was to go. To-morrow—

He got up now restively and strolled toward the beach. It lay at his feet silver white under the rising moon, down to the very edge of the purple-black lagoon. Beyond this still sinister stretch of water was the reef—Shepard imagined he could hear the waves beating upon it—where the *Helvetia* and the crew and his friends were being ground to nothing.

The horror of it all came upon him again, blotting out the fair softness of the night—and he thought he wished he might have died with them, then he thought of New York—of the girl he loved waiting for him there—and he thanked God he lived!

HE whispered her name to himself—and summoned her image—clever, sweet Eileen with her coquetry—and even as he thrilled at her memory a warm little hand slipped itself into his and the "Pearl" was at his side.

"I followed," she whispered, looking up at him, "you grieve for your friends—is it so, my husband?"

"I am not your husband," he said gravely, and he freed his hand gently.

"Soon," she smiled, "to-morrow night we will have the feasts and the marriage fire, because that my mother was an islander—but, next day shall my grandpapa have a missionary brought from Ladu Island—for that you are American, and I the daughter of one—and I shall be truly your wife."

He could have groaned looking at the guileless, lovely face upturned to his so confidently. Should he utter the words that would strike her like a blow? And, also, it flashed into his mind, would it be wise—alone as he was in old Corbin's hands? for with all his suggestion of deviltry, there was affection in his eyes when they rested on his grandchild.

Shepard took refuge in craft.

"You forget," he said, "that we have seen each other for the first time to-day. We do not do things that way in the States. There is—er—the courtship, you know."

"The courtship!" she echoed.

HE explained as best he could.

"It is not so in the China Sea," she demurred; "if one wants—one takes."

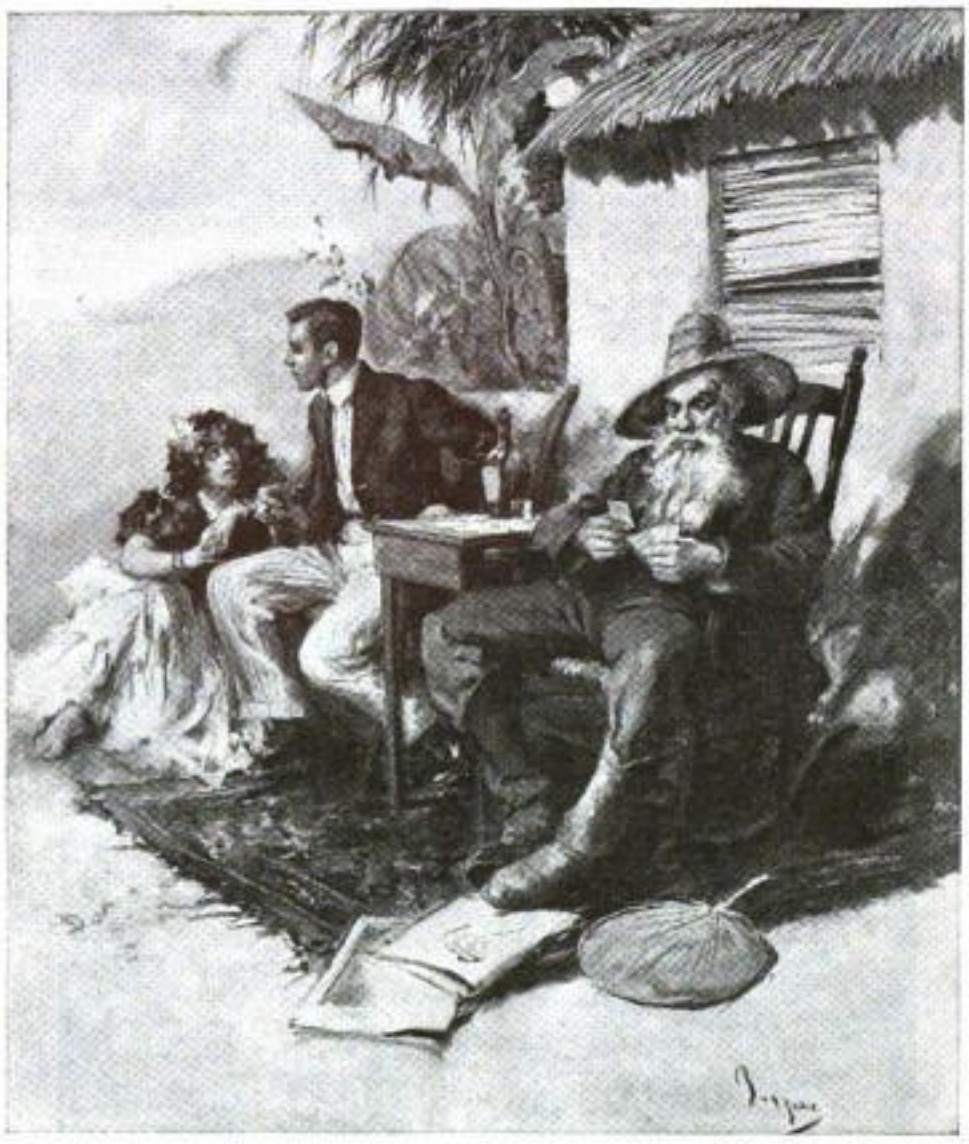
"I am of the States," said Shepard firmly, then with sudden intuition, "it is the New York way."

"How long?" asked the girl, "how long is this courtship?" He thought of the six months' dance Eileen had led him and doubled it. There would be plenty of ships before that time.

"A year," he said gravely.

"A *year*," said the girl piteously, and suddenly two bright drops fell on her cheeks. "I do not like the New York way."

"Come," said Shepard, "it's the best way—you shall see. Every day we shall see each other—get to know each other—perhaps—like each other much *better*. Now—we are almost strangers—won't you be willing to please *me*?"



"I think," she sighed, "I would like to see the ladies of New York. I have never known any ladies." Shepard's heart contracted with an odd pang of pity

HE SMILED down at her.

"To please *you*," she breathed, looking into his eyes, "*to please you!*"

And before her velvet glance and the soft trembling mouth, Shepard must struggle to be adamantine.

"Come," he said, "let's sit down in the sand and tell each other everything."

He made the girl begin, but she had little to tell. Life, as she had said, must needs be a lonely affair here on the island—only the rough revelry of newly come traders or infrequent trips to Ladu for change, and Ladu a miserable enough place from her description.

Once she had fought with a devilfish in the lagoon—she showed him a little scar on her arm—and once or twice men had made violent love to her—to call it no worse—to be fended off only by physical force, or—a last resort—by old Corbin himself, but on the whole it was tame.

She did not like the mission school. Except herself, the pupils were full-blooded Malays—and they all had to work very hard at menial tasks.

The women of the mission—there were never more than two—were gray, colorless, conventional souls. Beyond taking her to task for staying with her grandfather—they had showed scant interest in her.

"But I learned many things," she said softly. "I learned to read in my books—and to repeat verses. Also I made a little white apron, very neat, very nice—though I do not wear aprons. And hymns—a great many.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

Very reverently, in a childish little voice, she repeated the words, and Shepard could but remember her language earlier!

"Texts I learned too—many. 'The Lord is my shepherd'—and 'God is love.' He who taught me that was the one who kissed me. His wife was out of the room when he did it. He said he loved me—and that God is love and it was all right." She shrugged slightly. "I think it was not God's kind of love." She looked up at the moon. "Until you came I had only God—" she said wistfully. And the loneliness of her touched Shepard strangely.

He told her presently odds and ends from his own life. New York! She wanted to hear of that, and he made her eyes grow round with wonder as he told of the tubes, the great tall buildings, the mighty sweep of traffic and Broadway with its lights. She had never heard of a telephone nor an automobile, and there were ceaseless wonders to unfold to her.

BUT most of all she wanted to hear of the "ladies of New York." How did they dress, and how did they look, and how did they spend their time?

This was a theme to his fancy—and he lost himself for a while living over his last months in New York. Oh, he could tell her what they did, and what they wore, and how they looked! His blood warmed to the subject and he grew fairly eloquent.

When he had finished there was a pregnant silence; then turning gravely to him, she asked:

"Those ladies of New York—they are *all* tall and white with very golden hair."

He flushed.

"No," he said, "they are of many kinds—all kinds."

"My kind?" she asked.

"There is only one 'Pearl,'" he evaded.

She looked at him silently a moment, then said quietly:

"It is late," and turned back toward the dying embers. Her little hut, low and thatched, stood a slight distance from her grandfather's.

"I say 'good night,'" she said.

"Good night, Nada," said Shepard.

She had told him her name.

"Good night, Richard." She pronounced it "Reechard," and it sounded new and sweet to him.

She waited a moment, looking at him wistfully, but Shepard ignored the opportunity; it was well to be firm in the beginning.

IN THE morning he parleyed with old Corbin. It seemed it was wisest to wait for the first trading vessel—nothing would be gained by making Ladu in an open boat; few ships ever put in there. Old Corbin sprang another subject; this nonsense of the "Pearl's"—it must mean nothing. Young maids had fancies—the minx was full of them. But if the New Yorker wanted to make the States safely she must come to no harm—here the eyes under the white brows glowed fiery, then softened.

"She may play if she likes—I'll watch out for her, but she's all I've got—and I mean to keep her—for her husband."

He looked at Shepard questioningly, and Shepard reassured him hastily.

Out in the sun Nada was waiting for him.

There was much that he must see—the grotto with its jewellike rocks, the cool spring, the native settlement farther in, the *safe* place in the lagoon to bathe—there were sharks sometimes, especially after a wreck—and last, quite naïvely, her little house of one room, exquisitely kept, with its floor of snowy sand and its furnishing of wreckage flotsam and jetsam.

She brought him her books, a queer tatterdemalion group. Half a dozen unspeakable French novels, a little old geography of many years before, a tattered spelling book, two or three ships' logs (unhappy ships!), a New Testament, and various other ill-assembled volumes. Last but not least was the book that beguiled her most—the one which told of the "ladies of New York"—

(Continued on page 30)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

BECAUSE it has seemed the most important aspect of affairs at Washington, this paper has recently given large attention to the cases of Democratic Senators who have been honest and courageous enough to resist appeals made by special interests in their States to oppose Mr. Wilson and his tariff program. The two already mentioned at length have been Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona and Senator Nathan P. Bryan of Florida. Some others belong in the same class:

Arkansas is a rice-growing State. As soon as it was known that the tariff bill proposes a reduction in the duty on rice, various rice-growing interests in Arkansas demanded that Senator Joe T. Robinson of that State should repudiate the Democratic platform and work for protection for rice. Senator Robinson's reply to this demand read as follows:

FRED D. GIBSON, Stuttgart, Ark.

DEAR SIR: I am just in receipt of your telegram asking that I commit myself to the policy of reducing [*sic*] the present tariff rates on rice. I regret that I am not in a position to do so. I was elected to the Senate as a Democrat and feel that in good faith I am compelled to recognize the Democratic policy of materially reducing the tariff. I will vote for the reduction of the tariff on rice along with other commodities.

Very truly, (Signed) JOE T. ROBINSON.

This letter was made public, and a printed copy of it was sent to COLLIER'S by a member of the Arkansas Legislature, Clarence P. Newton of England, Lonoke County, who aptly remarks: "You see, rice occupies the center of the stage in Arkansas in recent years, and it takes courage to buck the organized rice men. God speed you in your patriotic service to our nation."

Sheppard of Texas

COMES now the case of the Farmers' Union, a very powerful organization in Texas and the Southwest, and Senator Morris Sheppard. The telegram from his constituents read:

In behalf of the Farmers' Union of Texas we urgently request that you not attend or become a party to any caucus or binding conference on the tariff, so as to afford us ample opportunity to present data concerning the welfare of cotton and other farm products.

R. D. BOWEN, J. W. BAILEY.

This telegram, of course, is much less barefaced than the one from the Florida Citrus Exchange, quoted last week, which demanded that Senator Bryan should "see" the sugar Senators from Louisiana and unite with them in opposing President Wilson's tariff program. This present telegram puts it in the shape of staying out of the party caucus, but the intention was the same—to embarrass Wilson's effort to get the tariff reduced. One insidious fact that does not appear in the telegram is that the Farmers' Union in other States was attempting at the same time to bring pressure on other Senators, so as to get united action in opposition to President Wilson's program. Senator Sheppard's answer read:

I am in receipt of the telegram stating that the members of the Farmers' Union of Texas urgently request me not to participate in any caucus on the tariff question. Being a Democrat and having been elected to the Senate by the Democratic party of Texas, I feel it my duty to attend every caucus of the Democratic party in the Senate and to abide by its rules and decisions.

The Montana Case

MONTANA has two Democratic Senators, Henry L. Myers and Thomas J. Walsh, and few men have been under such persistent pressure on the part of protected Democrats back home. Both Senators will probably vote for the Democratic bill; but in the efforts that have been made to procure changes, Senator Walsh has given aid and comfort to the protected interests, and Senator Myers has sturdily resisted the demands of those interests that he help to embarrass President Wilson. Some parts of a public statement which Senator Myers issued is really statesmanlike in quality, and noteworthy in its incisiveness:

Tariff reform, like charity, should begin at home. Let us first strip our own protected interests of special privilege. Then we will be in a position to require the same of other sections. . . .

I see no reason why the half million people of Montana *who do not grow wool* should longer pay tribute to the *few* hundred *who do*. I believe in the greatest good to the greatest number.

Thompson of Kansas

IT WOULD be a pleasure to add the name of the Hon. William Howard Thompson of Garden City, United States Senator from Kansas, to the list of Senators whose names have been printed on this page for resisting importunities from special interests back home and standing by Wilson in his tariff program. A friend of this paper, who lives in Senera, writes us as follows:

There is good stuff in Thompson, but he seems to be obsessed to the effect that Garden City is the United States. In short, if you can kindly bring him into the open and induce him to say whether a duty on sugar is for the benefit of the country or for a comparatively few individuals, it might help him to throw off the hypnosis with which he is smothered. Incidentally, to come out as a Democrat and resist the sugar interests would help Thompson individually, and this would be worth while because he is tireless, energetic, resourceful, and never whipped, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Faced in the right direction, he is no negligible quantity.

The Right Attitude

WHEN some Republicans on the floor intimated that Leader Underwood was interested in the iron and steel industries of his district, and charged that, in framing the tariff, he had used his influence to protect, he replied:

So far as the Birmingham district is concerned, its great iron supply has been put upon the free list for the benefit of the country generally. The coal that it produces has gone to the free list. The greatest manufacturing plant in the district is a steel rail mill, and rails have gone to the free list, because that industry is controlled by a monopoly. . . .

I do not mean to say that I would have advocated putting these articles on the free list if I thought that they ought to bear a tax revenue. The item in this bill that I am more interested in than any other is pig iron, and . . . in this bill we cut the rate from $2.50 specific to 8 per cent ad valorem, which for $15 pig iron would mean $1.20 a ton, or a cut of 50 per cent.

Then Mr. Underwood went on to state that if he had regarded himself as a special pleader for his own district he "would be unworthy to bear a commission from the great Democratic party of this country." *This is the exact opposite of the position taken by the Republicans.* They regard themselves as representing primarily the interests of their districts, as being in Congress to get tariff favors for their own industries, regardless of the tax on the country as a whole.

By the Way

IF THE Democrats will now take the same attitude with regard to river and harbor appropriations and Federal building sites as their present attitude on the tariff, one of the perennial scandals of Congress will end.

An Obligation

THE country and the Democratic party is really under great obligations to these and such other Senators as have followed or will follow their course. It is just the individual acts described on this page that have made the difference between the "party perfidy and dishonor" of 1893 (to use Cleveland's historic phrase) which sent the Democrats into twenty years of disrepute and exile—and the other thing. Any time during the past three months the balance might have swung one way as well as another. The Democrats have but six majority in the Senate. A combination of four of them could duplicate the Gorman-Smith-Brice performance of twenty years ago.

A Different Kind of Democrat

CONTRAST this present attitude of fidelity to party promises with one that was fairly common among the Democrats four years ago. Frank Clark of Gainesville was, and still is, one of the three Congressmen from Florida. During the 1909 session, when the Republicans were making the Payne bill, Clark left his party, voted against the Democrats on some schedules, and held out this invitation to the Republicans:

If you put what my people want in the bill, if you give them protection against Cuba on pineapples and give them protection against the pauper labor of Egypt on long staple cotton and take care of their lumber and all these things, then you may put what you please in it. . . . That is where I stand. You may call it swag or what you please.

Later, when the Florida Legislature censured him for this and other utterances, Clark became still more defiant:

You know whether it is worth while to build up the material interests of this State or whether it is best to follow a sickening fanatic sentiment or not. We have been following a fatuous light. We have been traveling through the desert and eating the husks, while our brethren above the divide have been living on the fat of the land.

The official reports show that in the month of June, 1909, these sentiments from a Democratic Congressman were received by other Democrats with "tremendous applause." It would hardly happen now. Mr. Clark will come before the people of Florida for reelection within a year. Wouldn't it be well for them to conclude that a Congressman who entertains these sentiments belongs in the past?

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An American Athens Presents a Greek Pageant



Mr. Louis Sperry, Jr. as the shepherd



Mrs. Benton McMillin, as Pallas Athene



The shepherd tending his flock. The pageant opens when he enters driving the flock across the greensward





THE city that is known as "the Athens of the South" now merits its distinction more than ever. With Centennial Park and a wonderful reproduction of the Parthenon for stage and scenery, Nashville presented, at this year's spring festival, a stupendous production of a Greek pageant play. The author, Sydney M. Hirsch, and the cast of 600 were Nashville talent. The pageant was given under the auspices of the city's Story Tellers' League, Art Association, Park Commissioners, and Retail Merchants' Association; and the business men guaranteed $20,000 to cover the cost of a purely classical production. The pageant included impressive spectacular and musical features, a chorus of 500 voices, and a chariot race, and among the properties a flock of 500 doves and a drove of 300 sheep.

The temple before which the pageant was given is itself an inspiration, for it is the only accurate reproduction of the Parthenon to be found to-day in the whole world. It is built on a gentle rise of ground, which slopes away and spreads out in a wide, tree-dotted plain. Across this broad greensward wandered a shepherd fluting on his reed pipes and leading his flock. Here little dryads and wood nymphs, finding it empty, stole out to play until they were frightened back into the shelter of the thicket. Here chanting priests and priestesses erected smoking altars and performed the ancient temple rites; and runners from the Olympic games contested. It was perhaps the most artistic and ambitious spectacle ever given in the South. Four performances were given, all before large audiences.

Like all pageant plays, "the Fire Regained" is exceedingly simple in plot. Briefly told, it centers around the sacred fire believed of old to have been kindled in the temple by the gods themselves. When the high priest discovers that this flame has died out, he holds it as an omen that one of the vestal virgins has been untrue to her vows. A blast upon the ram's horn calls out a great assembly of priests, priestesses, and temple followers, to whom the calamity is made known. Amid the general bewailing, the sudden, sharp cry of despair that breaks from the lips of one of the vestals fixes suspicion on her. As she flees she is captured by two of the white-robed priests, who lead her back before the altar.

The throng, to determine whether she is innocent or guilty, resorts to a spectacular series of the omens and auguries by which the ancients believed that they could interpret the minds of the gods—by the flight of doves, by smoke, and by races. A chariot race is the most exciting episode of the pageant. A white-robed vestal driving four white horses and a black-robed priest driving four black horses race for the maiden's life. Black wins; the gods have spoken; she is pronounced guilty and sentenced to die the traditional death of being gored by a sacred bull. She is bound to a stake to await death; but at the last minute the goddess Athene appears and frees her innocent handmaiden by directing the rekindling of the flame.

EDITH SHOW.



Nashville's Parthenon furnished an impressive background for the pageant. The photograph at the top of the page shows the choral dancers before the portico; the lower picture, Athene and the High Priest

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Two Agitators Who Fight with Modern Weapons

SOME of sociology's experts point to such snapshots as this of Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and "Big Bill" Haywood as evidence that the modern social agitator is learning to use one of his deadliest weapons—sympathy. The photograph was taken when some of the children of the destitute weavers and dyers, who have been on strike in Paterson, N. J., for three months, were being escorted to the railway station on their way to temporary homes in New York.

Miss Flynn emphatically denies that the children are being taken away to arouse sympathy. She argues that hardships endured at the scene of the strike and the horrors of dispossession by the landlord would make a stronger appeal to the sympathetic than the sight of young exiles marching to homes where they are sure to find good food.

Both Miss Flynn and Haywood are facing trial in Paterson on a charge of inciting the strikers to riot. The city's Mayor has appointed an investigation committee of twenty-five citizens in the hope that mediation soon will be possible. In a bulletin he declares that "the strike has cost the city millions of dollars" and will retard Paterson's industrial growth "for many years to come."

September Morn Invokes a Pure Nude Law

TO AVOID all possibility of an argument with Sergeant Jeremiah O'Connor, Chicago's official picture censor, or with his friend, the city's postmaster, we present Governor Carranza in full length and reduce "September Morn" to a portrait head. Albeit the general is no Adonis and a few readers may express disappointment, this is the safest policy for a Journal with a large Chicago circulation.

Under Chicago's new Pure Nude Laws, Miss Morn stands in peril of being proved an offender against public morals. In fact it was a print of her, displayed in an art store window, that stirred Chicago to such emotion a few weeks ago that the City Council passed a law which brackets nude art with indecent cabaret music and forbids them both under a penalty of from $25 to $100 for each offense.

The art dealer arrested by Sergeant O'Connor for showing the print pleaded Miss Morn's innocence and demanded a jury trial. After less than an hour's deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Following this, the new law was drafted and passed. Next came Postmaster Campbell, forbidding the publication of the picture in the catalogue of a Chicago printing house.

"September Morn" is a painting by Paul Chabas. It won a gold medal in the 1912 Paris salon and attracted much favorable criticism. The figure, slender and nude, stands ankle deep in a mountain lake. The background shows a rose-tinted haze of autumn and patches of morning sky.

A Governor Who Snubs His President

THE unconcerned way in which Don Venustiano Carranza asks, "Huerta? Who is Huerta?" is a snub that takes all the dignity out of the Mexican Provisional Government. In his native State, Coahuila, Don Carranza serenely goes to work every morning as Governor, heedless of word from Mexico City that he's fired. The people elected him Constitutional Governor, so Don Carranza, loyal to both the job and the Constitution, refuses to worry over correspondence from upstart presidents. He is superintending the operation of Coahuila's railways and an excellent postal system and policing and defending the State with an experienced and well-equipped army. Governor Carranza was Secretary of War in Madero's first provisional Cabinet in Juarez.

A Commencement Note on Scholar Lym

IN CAP and gown appropriate to his calling, Arthur Foakym Lym, the first Chinese graduate of the Curtiss Aviation School of San Diego, Cal., posed the other day for his photograph before sailing for China. He is to engage in exhibition flying and instruct the aerial corps of the Celestial army. His predecessor in this field, Fong Yee, was killed by a fall. Lym is twenty-one years old.

New Portraits in Strife's Family Album



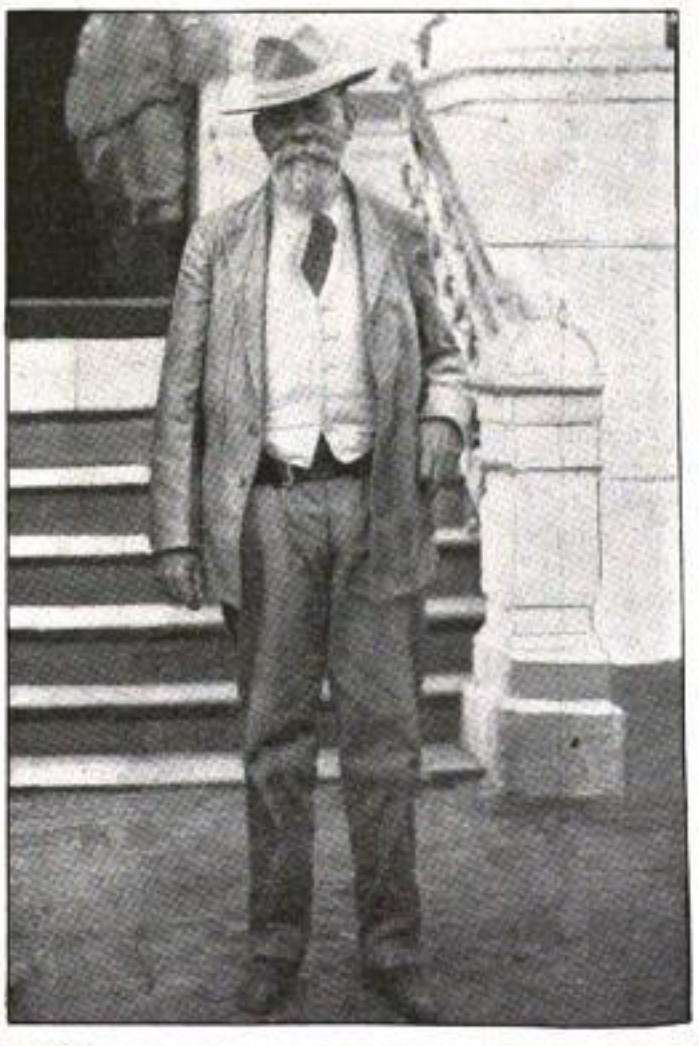
Scholar Lym



September Morn



In agitated Paterson



Don Carranza

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

The Income Tax

LET US SUPPOSE that Congress should say: "We shall select one man out of each twenty in the community, and upon him shall be placed the burden of paying the six or seven hundred million dollars which it takes to run our national Government. The other nineteen-twentieths of the population shall go tax free." Most fair-minded people would be shocked by such a proposal. Yet that is precisely the principle underlying the proposed income tax with its exemption of all incomes under $4,000 a year. It would be difficult to show that the average income of each family in the United States exceeds $1,000. Quite possibly it does not exceed $900. Certainly the average wage earner's income does not; and this means at least 80, if not 90, per cent of the population. All over the world there is a general uniformity, or law, as to the distribution of incomes; and, according to this, it is easy to compute that if the average family income is as we have stated it, the number of those whose income exceeds $4,000 cannot exceed one in twenty. It is improbable that there are 1,000,000 persons in the United States whose annual income reaches this sum. (The Ways and Means Committee estimates only 426,000, but this figure is manifestly absurd.) The proposed income tax, therefore, is in effect precisely as we have described it: the taxation of 5 per cent of the community for the supposed benefit of the other 95 per cent. This is hardly a system of taxation for Democrats to be proud of. It is to be excused upon one ground only: that is, that the bulk of our Federal taxation is now indirect and falls largely upon the consumer; and that thereby the wealthier portion of the community escapes its just share. This is on the bungling principle that somehow two blundering wrongs may make a right. However our present situation may excuse it, it is still a sad sort of statesmanship.

Lest We Forget

THE SOUNDEST OBJECTION, upon economic grounds, against an income tax has, within the last thirty years in this country, been largely removed: the inability to collect an equable tax. To-day two-thirds of our national wealth is represented by $90,000,000,000 of stocks and bonds. The larger part of the remaining third is in the form of real estate. The holder of every bond, of every share, and of every foot of real estate is registered and known. A tax measure based upon these three items alone would probably reach more than 90 per cent of all incomes exceeding $1,000. The collection of this tax would be simple, cheap, and rigidly impartial. Why should we not abolish all, or the larger part of all, indirect Federal taxation, and assess each citizen according to the measure of his ability to pay? This would work an incalculable gain. The greatest value of the income tax would be the bringing home to the average man of the riotous extravagance of our Federal expenditure. Since its beginning the Federal Government has collected the colossal sum of over $24,000,000,000. Of this about $18,000,000,000, or a full three-quarters, has been in preparing for, in making, and in paying for war. By far the larger part of this has been done since the Civil War, in which period a single struggle, lasting a few months, took place. And since this one struggle, the Spanish War, our expenditures for the War Department have more than doubled, and for the navy have gone up over 400 per cent. With an income tax impartially levied, and covering the whole of the annual expenditure for these purposes, this folly would be minimized, and a vast number of contracts and jobs would be vacated. It is little realized that in the United States the total of all forms of taxation—Federal, State, and local—eats up one-tenth of the national income. This means that one family in ten, on the average, is now supported by governmental expenditure directly, and probably three times this number indirectly. No nation is rich enough to meet such a drain. Under the present system of indirect taxation the average man gives no heed. An income tax exempting nineteen-twentieths of the population will only make him cynically indifferent to this unreckoning waste.

The Turtle

THE GERMANS refer to us as the "Land of Unlimited Possibilities." We surely are. An obscure German physician, after failing to be credited in his own country, has been able to come to this and work a very successful game of high finance. Thanks to the unlimited advertising he has had from our newspapers, Dr. FRIEDRICH FRANZ FRIEDMANN is reported to have sold his alleged serum "cure" for $1,925,000. It is a tidy sum. To evade the Federal law, there are to be thirty-six separate companies to exploit the "cure" in as many States. And note that one year ago FRIEDRICH FRANZ was a small, if not modest, practitioner in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, with neither fame nor scientific reputation. His sole contribution to medical literature, so far as we can find, concerned a similar "discovery" about 1904. This was that strains of tubercle germs from turtles were harmless for man and were a curative vaccine. The method was tested and dropped. What he now has, Dr. FRIEDMANN has so far refused to disclose. It apparently involves the injection of living germs into the system, of supposedly attenuated bacilli—a process which PASTEUR and many others found extremely dangerous. And it has been flatly asserted that these are the same old turtle strains. We prefer to hope that Dr. FRIEDMANN'S "cure" is simply turtle soup. We say this without levity, first, because it is the best soup we know of, and, secondly, because an abundance of rich, palatable food, combined with rest and twenty-four hours a day in the open air, has so far proved the only known remedy against this much-dreaded disease.

The Real Hope

THE ONE WELL-ESTABLISHED FACT in the midst of much that is obscure regarding tuberculosis is that it is the most curable of diseases. One reason why "treatments" flourish is that apparently complete cures are a familiar thing in the course of ordinary tuberculosis, and that nothing seems to start these seeming cures more than some great hope. It is now known that practically every child reaching the age of twelve has or has had some form of tuberculosis. How the disease is acquired is at present a complete mystery, but it is almost certainly acquired in infancy. It is equally obscure as to why ten or twenty years later these tuberculitic "hearths," as physicians call them, should flare up into a virulent attack. But what is known is that less than one out of ten die of this disease, therefore that nine out of ten tuberculosis cases get well. What is yet more hopeful is that probably within fifty years the death rate from tuberculosis has been cut in half. Provided it is caught in time, this world-wide plague presents relatively little danger. That is why every person up to the age of thirty ought to be carefully examined for tuberculosis at least once in six months. It seems fairly clear that it is in no sense a hereditary disease; and if, as many careful workers now believe, the main mode of contagion is from the mother or father to the infant after birth, complete control of tuberculosis would then become merely a matter of sanitary organization. The tests for tuberculosis are simple and clear; they ought to be taught in the public schools. Then we should have little need of sanatoria, and still less of German physicians with secret nostrums.

The Fruits of Their Labor?

UNCLE JOE CANNON, from his Danville retreat, sounds a lone timbrel over Egypt's dark sea. In the "Saturday Evening Post," lately, he dissertates on the evils of progress. He draws a picture of past prosperity, attributes it all to the Republican party, and insists that we should turn our backs on the future and continue to gaze gratefully on this portrait. He forgets that while we are descendants of the past we are also parents of the future. Tammany has ruled New York City for a century. During that time New York has become the second city of the world. According to Uncle JOE'S philosophy we should erect monuments to RICHARD CROKER, under whose reign New York made its most rapid strides. Mr. CANNON pays a deserved tribute to the pioneers of the West. How many of these pioneers have tasted the fruits of the prosperity Uncle JOE so eloquently pictures? PARKMAN, in his "Oregon Trail," describes an old Indian character:

> The "Hog" was his name. The old man was not a chief: he never had ambition enough to become one: he was not a warrior nor a hunter, for he was too fat and lazy; but he was the richest man in the Indian village.

There is an awful similarity between this product of barbarism and some of the products of Uncle JOE'S Republicanism, though the names are not so aptly chosen. We should like to make a bet with Uncle JOE that if the good old pioneers were alive to-day they would be the very ones who would be found, not among the Old Guard, but foremost in the ranks of the reformers whose deeds their ghosts are called upon to execrate. Some of their children are.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Poor Man's Club

THE POOR MAN'S CLUB is a genial place—if the poor man has the price; there's a balmy smile on the barkeep's face, and bottles of goods on ice; the poor man's club is a place designed to brighten our darkened lives, and send us home, when we're halfway blind, in humor to beat our wives. So hey for the wicker demijohn, and the free-lunch brand of grub! We'll wassail hold till the break of dawn, we friends of the poor man's club! It's here we barter our bits of news in our sweat-stained hand-me-downs; it's here we swallow the children's shoes, and the housewives' hats and gowns. It's here we mortgage the house and lot, the horse and the muley cow; the poor man's club is a cheerful spot, so open a bottle now! From brimming glasses we'll blow the foam till the midnight hour arrives, when we'll gayly journey the long way home and merrily beat our wives. We earn our dimes like the horse or ox, we toil like the fabled steer, and then we journey a dozen blocks to blow in the dimes for beer. While the women work at the washing tub to add to our scanty hoard, we happily meet at the poor man's club, where never a soul is bored. We recklessly squander our minted brawn, and the clubhouse owner thrives; and we'll homeward go at the break of dawn and joyously beat our wives. WALT MASON.

Forests and Floods

THERE is no doubt in the minds of most people that cutting away forests has increased spring floods and summer's low water. This seems common sense. The popular theory is disputed, nevertheless, with a considerable air of authority, by many Government engineers and Weather Bureau experts. Professor J. WARREN SMITH, chief of the Weather Bureau at Columbus, Ohio, is one of these nonconformists. From an elaborate digest of the rainfall figures of the Ohio watershed and the stream-flow figures at Cincinnati for the past fifty years, Professor SMITH concludes that there has been a slight *decrease* in flood days in recent years with the *same* rainfall, and a better flow of water during the low-water period than formerly. The number of "low-water days was 14 per cent less during the past twenty-five years than during the preceding twenty-five, calculating for the same rainfall."

There were only 64 days from 1901 to 1910 when the river was between five and ten feet during the month of July, as compared with 179 days from 1861 to 1870. In October there were only 96 days from 1901 to 1910 when the river was below five feet, as compared with 177 days from 1871 to 1880.

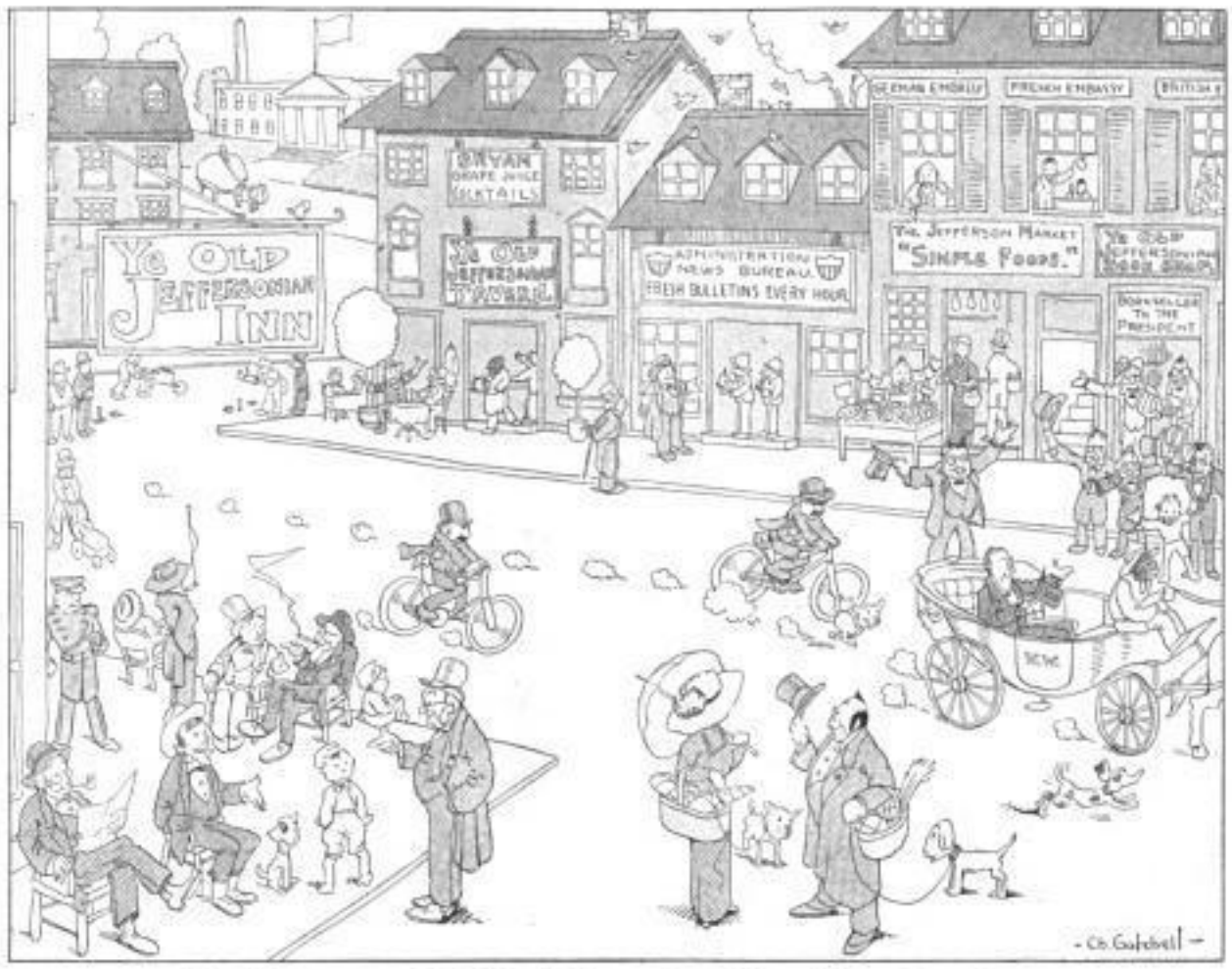
The explanation of those who dispute the popular flood theory is this: that a forest holds rain just as a piece of blotting paper laid on an inclined board holds water—to the saturation point. Beyond this point rain flows off as fast as it would off cleared land. A flood is produced only by an *abnormal* rain, and the difference between the amount of *such* a rain held back by a forest and by cleared land is not important.

An Explanation

THE STORY in COLLIER'S for May 10, entitled "The Family Outcast," under another title and in a different form, had already been published twelve years ago in a periodical which has since ceased to exist. This fact was unknown to us, of course, at the time we bought and printed the manuscript. It should be added that the incident occurred without any intention upon the part of the author, and wholly through the innocent blunder of an intermediate agency from which the manuscript was purchased.

We Talk to Ourselves

OUR WRITERS would do well to read Latin prose or that French prose which still keeps alive the Latin tradition. Some of them do, no doubt, read French and Latin too; and they are gainers thereby in a quality rare in our style, lucidity. "If it isn't clear, it isn't French," runs an old adage. One can't say as much for SHAKESPEARE'S language. True, our masters of thought and action, our William Jameses and Woodrow Wilsons, have excelled in the art of saying what they mean, disregarding the false definition of words as devices for concealing thought. We prefer the Japanese artist's metaphor: "Words are the leaves of the trunk called Idea." In poetry, of course, and in prose of poetic intent, like WILLIAM SHARP'S and LAFCADIO HEARN'S, vagueness too has its charm; but every reticence should convey its implication. Empty shadows are shams, in writing and painting alike. American journalism has its faults, and many of them. At least it maintains ideals of clarity. In spite of the yellow press, in spite of the charlatans, in spite of the "lunatic fringe" which Mr. ROOSEVELT finds a feature of every progressive movement, the typical American journalist tries to live up to the principle of being lucid even when he can't be lambent.

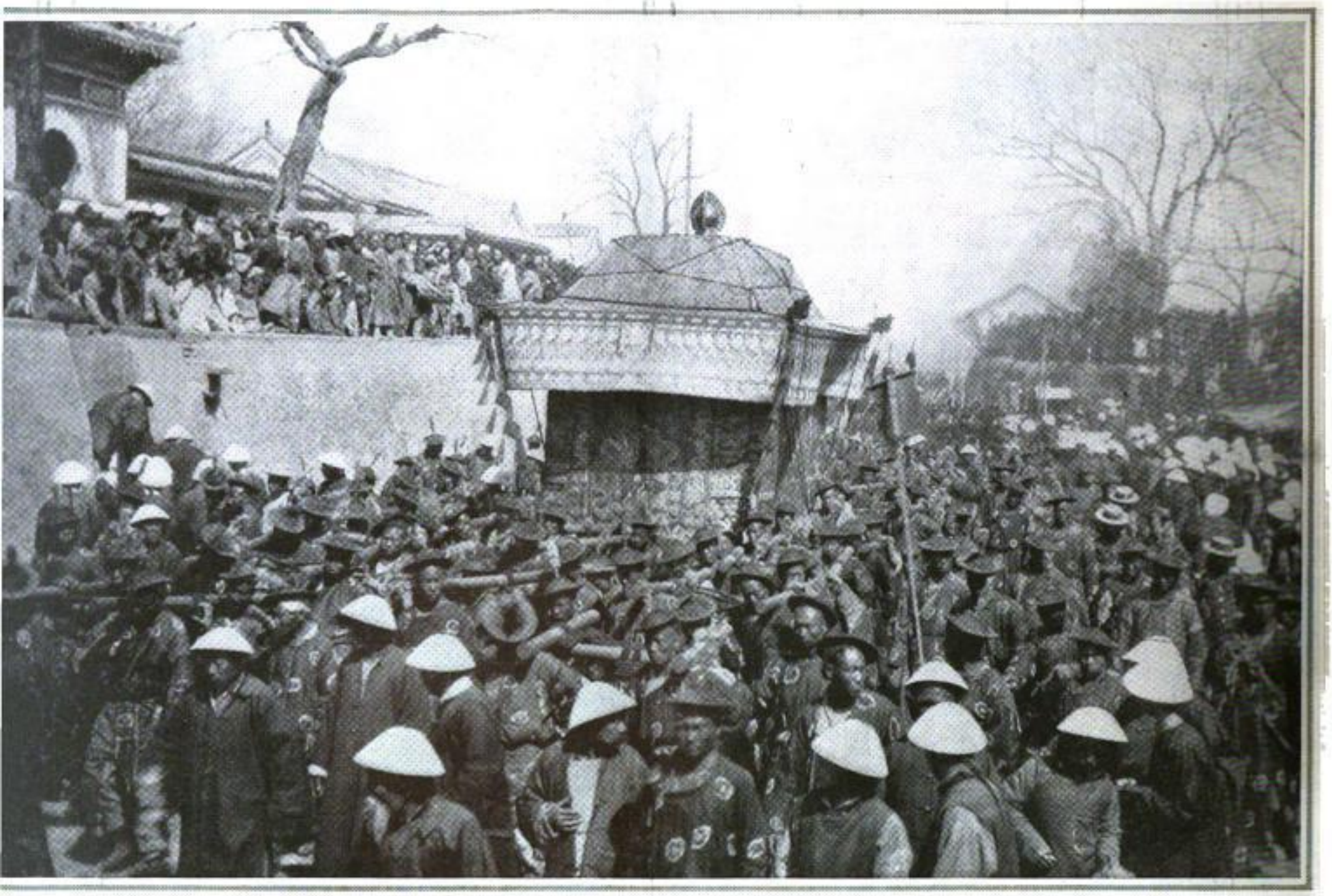


Washington—If This Jeffersonian Simplicity Continues

Canals

IF YOU cannot win through to the great woods where the trails are green, there is nothing else one-half so good as a towpath for the walker who loves coolness and silence. No motor cars tear up a towpath and drive the swirling dust down the nostrils of the panting traveler. Nothing unseemly, nothing modern, invades that quiet bank. What a river used to be, a canal now is. It is the gently winding home of dreams. Untroubled by traffic, unfretted by nervous, hectic speed launches, it spreads its calm length along, under the shadows of old willow trees. And yet, with all its pool-like placidity, it achieves its purpose and leads somewhere. It is as surely on the march as if it churned with motion. It teaches us in our heat and frenzy that much may be accomplished by calmness. By contenting our soul and abiding, we come to the hidden source or the bright city as certainly as if we pressed forward in haste and toil. Just as the self-contained man pauses on the moving staircase, and lets it carry him up and up to another level of life with fresh experiences, so the canal rests in its own length, ample enough to stretch from its source to its goal. Why should it flow and chatter when, motionless, it spans its origin and destiny? On its bosom are borne the great squat canal boats, laden with coal and with families of peaceful folk, who smoke and knit as their craft goes gliding toward a port. Sinewy, clever canoeists, a few a day, go down its gentle course, leaving the silence of air and water unbroken as they found it. Every few miles a lonely fisherman thrusts out his pole and holds it level with the scanty depths. These men never weary of the quietness, touched with that flicker of hope which rests like a star on the tip of their rod. Twice or three times in the twenty miles you will come upon groups of boy bathers, who strip as swiftly as a sword slips out of sheath and who dive as neatly as the sword slips back into place.

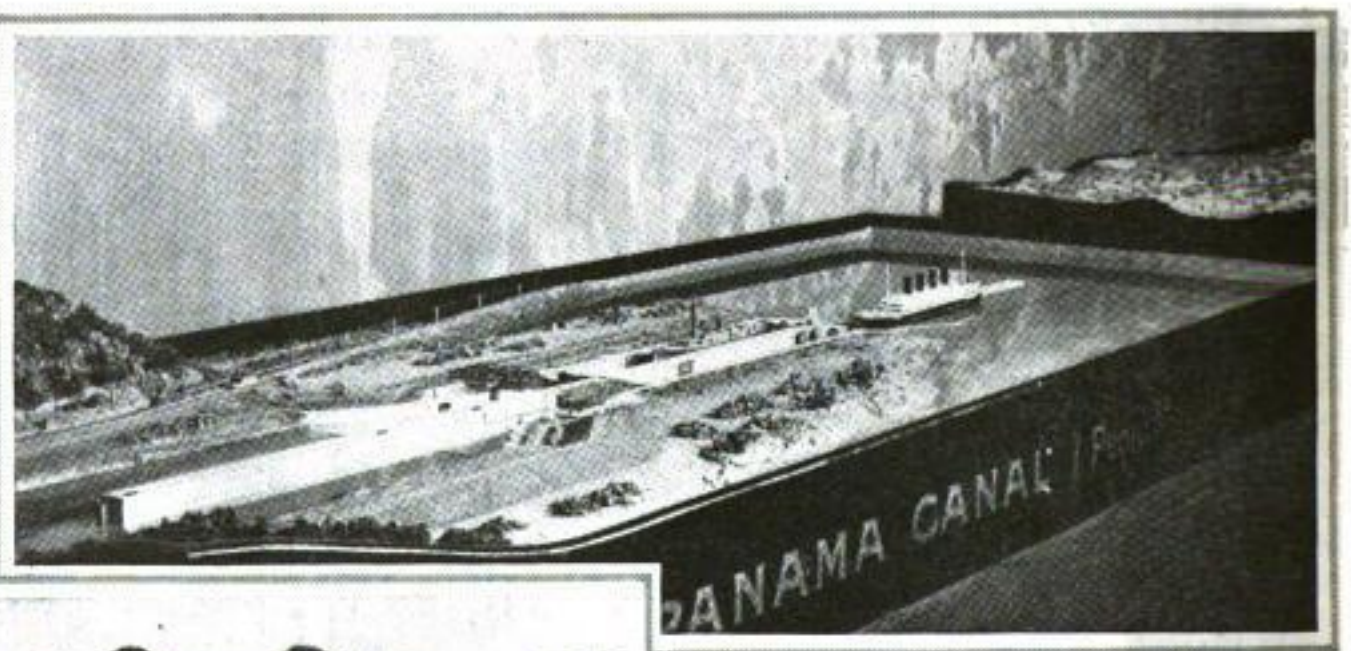
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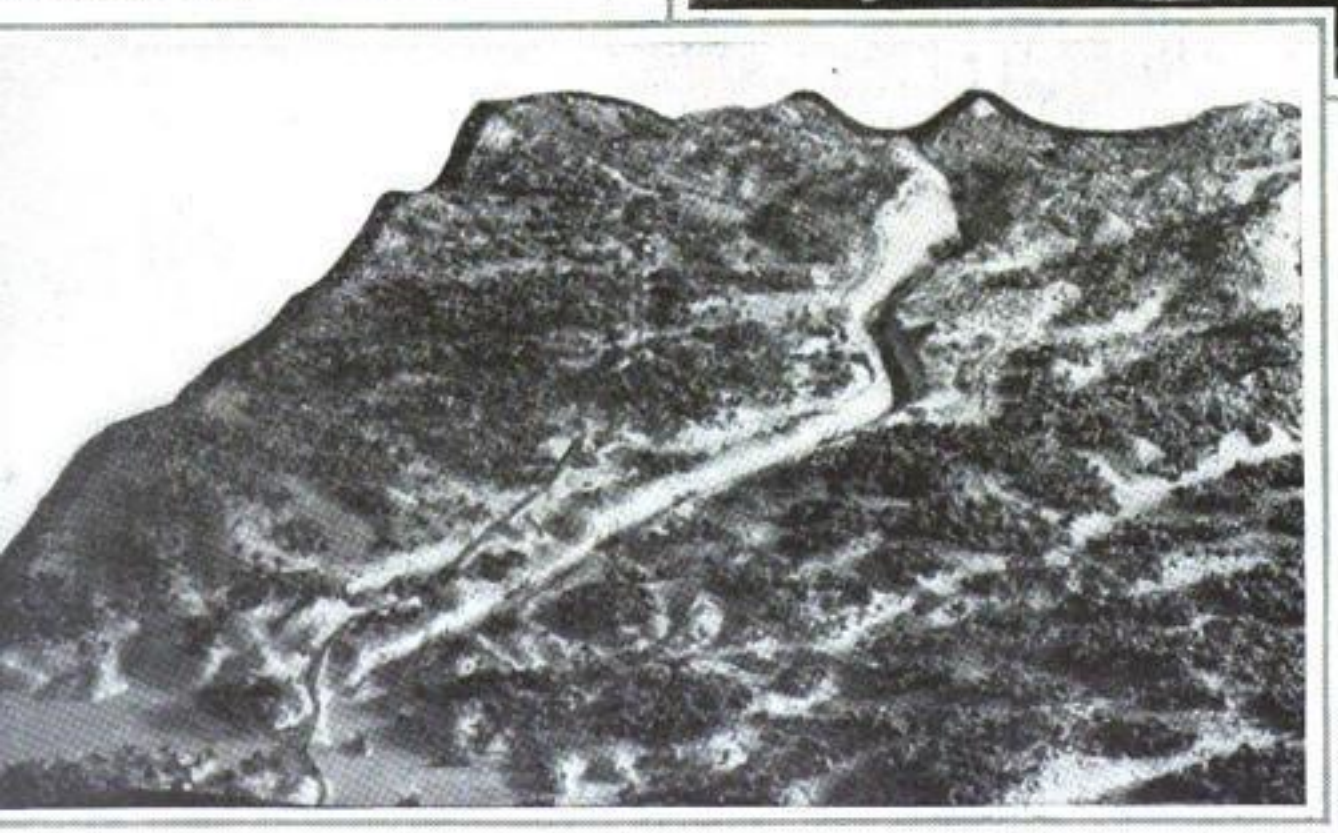


The gorgeous yellow bier of the Empress Dowager being borne through Peking's streets by eighty-four coolies. The Republican Government supervised the funeral, and the dead Queen was eulogized as "founder" of the new order

China's Republic Honors the Passing Dynasty

WITH pomp worthy of a place in "Arabian Nights," Peking last month buried the Empress Dowager. e Republican Government supervised the funeral. nchu troops, in a eulogy worthy of a land of conlictions, honored her as the "founder" of the Reblic: "She introduced a republican institution for e ages to come, but before she could witness its inded blessings to the Five Races, she was taken to e realms on high." Veterans who had been members the Imperial Guards led a procession full of consts: lamas in silks beside soldiers in khaki. The rgeous yellow bier, topped with a gold ball, was rne by eighty-four coolies. A railway train conveyed e coffin to the western hills. Forty white Mongolian nies in the parade and a double file of shaggy nels, bearing camping equipment, were reminders of time when the journey would have required five days.





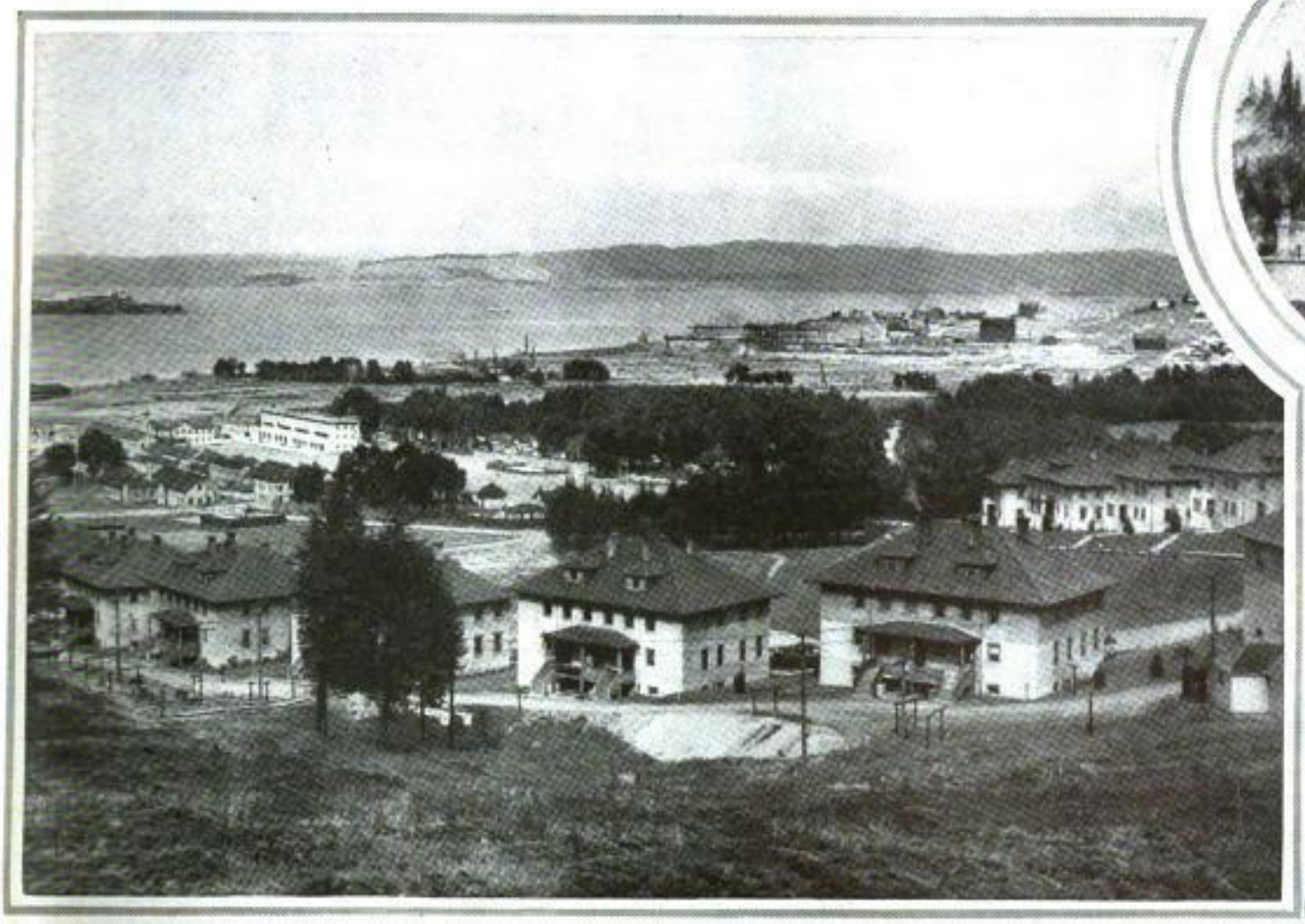
Upper picture: The model shows (in operation) how an ocean liner will pass through Pedro Miguel locks. Lower picture: A section reproducing the topography of Culebra Cut shows the steep slopes where the land is sliding

A Panama Canal for Stay-at-Homes

IT IS permissible to speak of the model of the Panama Canal that recently was exhibited at the Real Estate Show in New York City as a "miniature," though the model covers more area than many a city block. Its dimensions are 75x40 feet. The 41½ miles from shore to shore at Panama is reduced in the copy to 60 feet; and miniature ships require only a few minutes to traverse the same sort of course that ocean liners will sail for ten to twelve hours. The model is true in detail to the original in every particular but one. At the request of the War Department it indicates none of the sites of fortifications. In every other detail the miniature is so accurate that Colonel Goethals has certified it and praised its educational value. Even the machinery of the locks is reproduced, and as the toy ships sail through the canal the gates open and shut by the power of small electric motors. United States army engineers gave expert advice upon some of the technical features of the copy. The model shows in its minute fidelity even the tracks along the banks, the breakwaters, lighthouses, and emergency dams. One of its latest services is to indicate where Culebra Cut's serious landslides occur.

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At Work on San Francisco's Fair





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THE FINE ARTS BUILDING *is to be circular, with an outside circumference of 1,100 feet. The exposition's directors plan to assemble here a collection of the world's greatest paintings. The old masters, though they are to be well represented, are not to crowd out contemporary artists. Large awards are to be offered to attract exhibitors of the newer schools of European and American painting and sculpture. How attractive this circular building will be is apparent even in the first designs. The photograph reproduced above is from the architect's sketch in water colors to show the appearance of the huge dome of the palace*

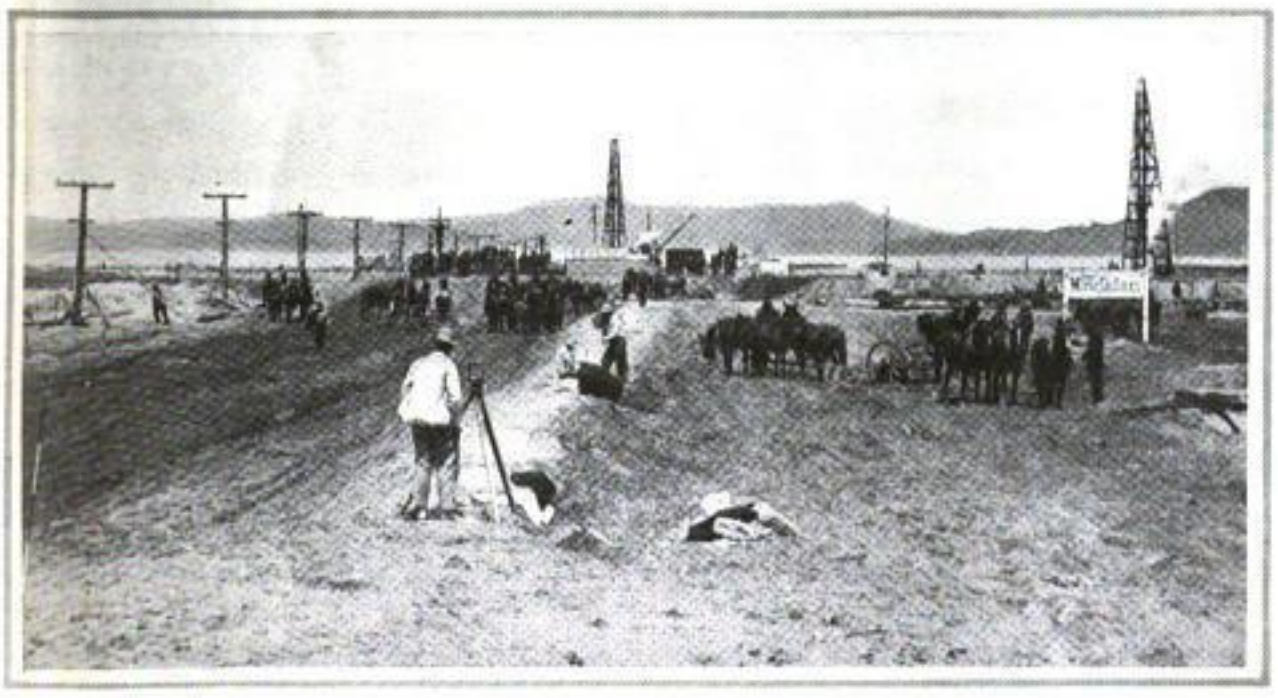


The fair's first completed structure—the Service Building. It is occupied by the exposition's engineers and architects. It was not designed to be a show structure, though it fits well into the architectural scheme. This frame and white stucco construction has been in service for three months

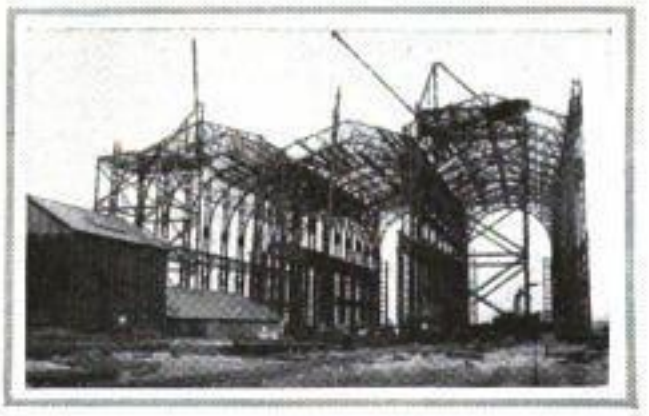
THIS GENERAL VIEW *of the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, taken from the Presidio slopes, shows that work on the fair's largest building is well under way, and that one structure—the Service Building—is completed. The latter shows in this view gleaming white above the line of trees at the upper right. The framework halfway between this site and the shore of the bay is that of the Machinery Palace. Some of the landscape work is progressing rapidly, though this is not so evident in the photographs. The exposition grounds will be like a huge garden. Hundreds of thousands of semitropical trees and shrubs have been ordered for fields that are now being covered with loam. Along the south boundary a wall 60 feet high is to shelter a plot 1,700 feet long, gorgeous with blossoming flowers*



Enthusiasm was spontaneous when Kentucky located a site for its State Building on the Avenue of Commonwealths. All of the chief exhibition buildings are to be under construction when autumn arrives. All are to be completed within the coming thirteen months



WHERE THE SURVEYOR *has set his tripod in this scene is the center of the exhibition site. Eight of the fourteen largest exhibition palaces will be grouped with interconnecting walls to form a single architectural composition. "This central group," one description promises, "will seem from afar one colossal structure, a great Oriental city with walls as high as the average six-story city block, and with golden domes, towers, and tower gateways rising to heights of 150, 270, and 400 feet." Instead of white, the prevailing tint of the buildings is to be "a faint ivory buff." This, "harmonizing by day with red tiled roofs, green domes, and flashes of gold and blue," will become at night "even more mystical and marvelous." Diffusion of light to make clear reflections in the lagoons, and concealed lighting to illuminate paintings on the walls will create effects different from any obtained in previous expositions. A more spectacular feature of the evenings is to be illumination by a battery of thirty-six 24-inch colored searchlights turned upon the domes and towers of the exposition city from the harbor*



A closer view of the framework of the Machinery Palace shows the three vaulted naves 122 feet high that will run throughout its length. This, the exhibition's largest building, is 367 x 967 feet. So far as is practicable, all of the exhibits in this building are to be shown in motion. The work upon the building is being timed almost to the minute. The contractors were allowed 248 days to have it ready for tenants. Contracts for the other buildings were made with equally definite time limits. The exposition's gates are to be opened February 20, 1915

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"Is It to Eat You Live—Yes?"



By Grace M. Sissons

THIS is a little bit of life seen at first hand. It shows its authenticity by the grip these girls get on your laughter and your tears.

"HI, there, Sahra Molewisky, is it to eat you live—yes?" demanded the Class Boss in scathing contempt.

Miss Spencer did not hear the reply, but the storm of hisses which greeted it caused her to hurry up the stairs two steps at a time. Room 33—the fifth grade in a Boston night school—was sometimes subject to riots.

As she neared the door, Josie Gaultier, the Class Boss, again raised her voice above the commotion: "Youse in favor say I!"

The din of unanimous approval subsided into a soft-voiced chorus: "Good evening, Miss Spencer," as the teacher opened the door. And straightway fifty excited girls bent studiously over their books. Fifteen-year-old foreigners, these, who worked all day in a candy factory and studied "United States" in the evening.

"Do not trouble, Lady Teescher, we camed early our lessons to study," explained Josie softly as Miss Spencer glanced uneasily around the room.

BUT, despite the orderly attempts made that evening to speak "swell United States," it was very evident to Miss Spencer's pedagogic sense that her pupils did not have their minds on the lesson—and the heavy, chocolate-laden air fairly tingled with mystery.

"Girls, what's the secret?" demanded the teacher finally.

For an instant there was the silence of consternation.

"What is it?" she repeated sharply.

"It is—" "We wish—"

"Da Lady Teacher—" began a number of girls all at once.

"Shut up, you!" ordered Josie Gaultier, springing to her feet. Turning to the teacher, she added gently: "It is, Miss Spencer, that we desire to celebrate da glorious St. Valentine Day."

"Wir haf ein grosse box, un' in it die valentines drop—"

"Ze Mademoiselle gives zem out—"

"Ah, it will be joyful," murmured Cecelia Cotillo, "when da Lady Teacher reads her own—"

"You study Boston spelling and bother no more da Lady Teescher," interrupted the Class Boss authoritatively. "Is it not a week yet before time?"

Josie Gaultier, being an officer in the Candy Makers' Union, was accustomed to command. And she exercised her disciplinary prerogative in the schoolroom as a matter of course. Since her edicts were generally beneficial to the decorum of Room 33, and the girls obeyed without question, Miss Spencer rarely interfered with her rulings.

That evening after dismissal, when Josie stayed behind to help put away the books—according to her nightly custom—Miss Spencer remarked doubtfully: "I don't know whether I ought to let the girls go to the expense of celebrating St. Valentine's Day. Don't they have to give all their wages to their parents?"

"Pooh," said the Boss easily, "we gota plenty of money. Ain't our mothers give us thirty cents a week to buy dinners with?"

"Five cents a dinner!" gasped the teacher; "why, child, how can you think of spending money for valentines?"

"Is it to eat we live—yes?" demanded Josie loftily. "Don't you worry, Lady Teescher," she added caressingly, "we get elegant valentines for a cent."

Miss Spencer gazed at the ardent disciple of hearts and cupids in tender—reverent—wonderment.

"Come, Josie," she said a few minutes later as she gathered up her spelling papers, "let's hurry home."

"Ain't it to count da histories to-night?" inquired the helper lingeringly.

"Why do you manage to remember things so?" laughed Miss Spencer, half impatiently, half fondly—the night was cold and dismal, and she was anxious to get home.

"Ah," whispered the Class Boss softly, "da lights and da warms make it lak sunny Italy here; and da Lady Teescher make it lak heaven."



And all that week it seemed to her that a halo pervaded the gaudy, valentine-bedecked shop windows. Even the fat, naked cupids took on a spirituelle air

And when they had finished the fifty histories they went over the arithmetics, too, though this was not their night to be counted.

AS THEY passed down the schoolhouse steps an icy sleet was falling. "Are you cold, Josie?" Miss Spencer inquired anxiously, tucking the slender, shivering figure under her umbrella. And the Italian girl, snuggling up close, murmured happily: "It ain't no times to be cold now." And she coaxed wistfully to go her usual piece home with the teacher.

"It's only," she declared stoutly, with a happy gesture toward the frozen slush, "lak walking through grass in sunny Italy."



But when they came to the street where their ways parted, Miss Spencer said firmly: "Now, Josie, I can't allow you to go a step farther. You must run straight home and drink something hot, so you won't catch cold and have to miss school."

"Ho, don't you worry; maybe I have bean soup for supper."

"Child, haven't you had your supper yet?"

"Sure not—is it that we come late to school?"

"Is it possible," asked the teacher weakly, "that you girls do not have your suppers until after night school?"

"Oh, you Lady Teescher," the little Boss regarded her indulgently, "what time is it to go home from da factory before school—yes?"

MISS SPENCER watched the slender, bareheaded figure speeding down the street—now hidden in the dark shadows of tall buildings, now fleeing through the lurid glare of open saloon door or dance hall—and thought of the sacrifice even a penny would mean to the girls of Room 33.

"I'm thinking," she whispered to herself, "my candy makers will change the giddy old saint's festival into a sacred rite."

And all that week it seemed to her that a halo pervaded the gaudy, valentine-bedecked shop windows. Even the fat, naked cupids took on a spirituelle air.

In Room 33 there was much secret whispering, accompanied by gleeful clasping of hands and shrugging of shoulders, during the short recesses. And the warm, sickish air thrilled with jubilant mystery.

The Class Boss talked of nothing but the coming celebration while she helped put away the books after dismissal.

"Da blessed saint," she exclaimed one evening, catching the teacher's hand to her breast, "to help us show our friends how we love them!" And Miss Spencer, looking down into the drawn, pinched face—that had recently grown more drawn and pinched than usual—exclaimed sharply:

"Child, you ought not to spend half a penny for valentines; you need it for food!"

Thereafter the nightly program was reversed; instead of the Class Boss going a ways with the teacher, the teacher now walked a few blocks with the Boss.

Miss Spencer went to school unusually early St. Valentine's night. But the Class Boss and several other girls were there ahead of her. On her desk stood a large, pasteboard box, with a long slit in the lid, through which the girls hastily dropped their valentines as they entered the room.

Books were put away that evening half an hour before closing time. And Miss Spencer, having made a little speech concerning the pleasure of "showing our friends how we love them," took off the lid and proceeded to give out the valentines.

TO HER surprise the first envelope she picked up was addressed to "Miss Spencer, from your affekshunative scolar, Angelina Terravechia." The candy makers, noting the teacher's bewilderment, exclaimed gleefully:

"Why, Miss Spencer, is it you have a valentine—yes? Ah, read it! Read it!"

And the teacher, carefully unfolding a gorgeous paper tulip, read:

You're pretty
And you're good,
And if I only could
I'd send you
Half a hundred
Valentines!

"You bet I would," nodded Angelina fervently.

"You bet we all would," seconded the others.

"But, Angelina," protested Miss Spencer, a little catch coming into her voice as she saw the price mark in the corner—three cents—this makes me so happy I'd certainly go distracted if I had half a hundred."

And then she picked up a second envelope. "To my dear Teescher, from Lucino Di Martino." Room 33 fairly bubbled over at the teacher's blank astonishment. "Read it! Read it!" they shouted hilariously. And from among the heels of frolicking lambkins Miss Spencer picked out gilded letters which ran:

I wish you aye along life's way,
Good luck, good luck,
All through.

"Thank you, Lucino, thank you—"

"That's all right, Miss Spencer, just keep the change," interrupted the sprightly Lucino, flipping two shining tears from her beady black eyes.

The third envelope also came to Miss Spencer. "Mit ein kindish heart, from Rebecca Cohen." A languorous maiden, reclining upon a (Concluded on page 34)

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The Golden Flask

Fu-Manchu — VIII

By Sax Rohmer



FU-MANCHU again. Here we come up against the most stupendous of Eastern secrets — one that has baffled the West always. Lord Southery is dead and then he is alive, but we grow to feel that that is a less matter than whether or not the terrible Fu-Manchu is at last trapped.

FEW OF those who read this record will have forgotten the extraordinary series of tragedies which, commencing with the death of Sir Crichton Davey, came to something of a dramatic climax in the events following that of Lord Southery. Other and later events there were, which might be said to have capped the climax, but so far as public interest was concerned, the circumstances attendant upon the death of Lord Southery marked the close of the series.

So carefully had my friend Nayland Smith excluded the matter from the press that while public interest was much engaged with some of the events in the skein of mystery which he had come from Burma to unravel, outside the Secret Service and the special department of Scotland Yard few people recognized that the several murders, robberies, and disappearances formed each a link in a chain; fewer still were aware that a baneful presence was in our midst, that a past master of the evil arts lay concealed somewhere in the metropolis; searched for by the keenest wits which the authorities could direct to the task, but eluding all—triumphant, contemptuous.

One link in that chain, Smith himself for long failed to recognize. Yet it was a big and important link.

"Petrie," he said to me one morning, "whose name stands now at the head of our danger list?"

He referred to a list which we had compiled of the notable men intervening between the evil genius who secretly had invaded London and the triumph of his cause, the triumph of the yellow races.

I glanced at our notes.

"Lord Southery," I replied.

Smith tossed the morning paper across to me.

"Look," he said shortly; "he's dead!"

I read the account of the peer's death and glanced at the long obituary notice; but no more than glanced at it. He had but recently returned from the East and now after a short illness had died from some affection of the heart. There had been no intimation that his illness was of a serious nature, and even Smith, who watched over his flock (the flock threatened by the wolf Fu-Manchu) with jealous zeal, had not suspected that the end was so near.

"Do you think he died a natural death, Smith?" I asked.

MY FRIEND reached across the table and rested the tip of a long finger upon one of the subheadings to the account:

Sir Frank Narcombe summoned too late.

"You see," said Smith, "Southery died during the night, but Sir Frank Narcombe, arriving a few minutes later, unhesitatingly pronounced death to be due to syncope and seems to have noticed nothing suspicious."

I looked at him thoughtfully.

"Sir Frank is a great physician," I said slowly; "but we must remember he would be looking for nothing suspicious."

"We must remember," rapped Smith, "that if Dr. Fu-Manchu is responsible for Southery's death, except to the eye of an expert there would be nothing suspicious to see. Fu-Manchu leaves no clues."

"Are you going around?" I asked.

Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I think, no," he replied. "Either a greater One than Fu-Manchu has taken Lord Southery or the yellow doctor has done his work so well that no trace remains of his presence in the matter."

Leaving his breakfast untasted, he wandered aimlessly about the room, littering the hearth with matches as he constantly relighted his pipe, which went out every few minutes.

"It's no good, Petrie," he burst out suddenly; "it cannot be a coincidence. We must go around and see him."

An hour later we stood in the silent room with its drawn blinds and its deathful atmosphere, looking down at the pale, intellectual face of Henry Stradwick, Lord Southery, the greatest engineer of his day. The mind that lay behind that splendid brow had planned the construction of the railway for which Russia had paid so great a price, had conceived the scheme for the canal which in the near future was to bring two great continents a full week's journey nearer one to the other. But now it would plan no more.

"He had latterly developed symptoms of angina pectoris," explained the family physician; "but I had not anticipated a fatal termination so soon. I was called about two o'clock this morning and found Lord Southery in a dangerously exhausted condition. I did all that was possible, and Sir Frank Narcombe was sent for. But shortly before his arrival the patient expired."

"I understand, doctor, that you had been treating Lord Southery for angina pectoris?" I said.

"Yes," was the reply, "for some months."

"You regard the circumstances of his end as entirely consistent with a death from that cause?"

"Certainly. Do you observe anything unusual yourself? Sir Frank Narcombe quite agrees with me. There is surely no room for doubt?"

"NO," said Smith, tugging reflectively at the lobe of his left ear. "We do not question the accuracy of your diagnosis in any way, sir."

"But am I not right in supposing that you are connected with the police?" asked the physician, curiously.

"Neither Dr. Petrie nor myself are in any way connected with the police," answered Smith. "But nevertheless, I look to you to regard our recent questions as confidential?"

As we were leaving the house, hushed awesomely in deference to the unseen visitor who had touched Lord Southery with gray, cold fingers, Smith paused, detaining a black-coated man who passed us on the stairs.

"You were Lord Southery's valet?"

The man bowed.

"Were you in the room at the moment of his fatal seizure?"

"I was, sir."

"Did you see or hear anything unusual—anything unaccountable?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"No strange sounds outside the house, for instance?"

The man shook his head; and Smith, taking my arm, passed out into the street.

"Perhaps this business is making me imaginative," he said; "but there seems to be something tainting the air in yonder—something peculiar to houses whose doors bear the invisible death mark of Fu-Manchu."

"You are right, Smith!" I cried. "I hesitated to mention the matter, but I, too, have developed some other sense which warns me of the doctor's presence. Although there is not a scrap of confirmatory evidence, I am sure that he has brought about Lord Southery's death as if I had seen him strike the blow!"

In the growing dark of an evening shortly following, I stood idly turning over some of the works exposed for sale outside a second-hand bookseller's in New Oxford Street. One dealing with the secret societies of China struck me as being likely to prove instructive, and I was about to call the shopman, when I was startled to feel a hand clutch my arm.

I turned around rapidly—and was looking into the darkly beautiful eyes of Kâramanêh, Dr. Fu-Manchu's confidential emissary! She—whom I had seen in so many guises—was dressed in a perfectly fitting walking habit and had much of her wonderful hair concealed beneath a fashionable hat.

She glanced about her apprehensively.

"Quick! come around the corner. I must speak to you!" she said, her musical voice thrilling with excitement.

I never was quite master of myself in her presence. He must have been a man of ice who could have been, I think; for her beauty had all the bouquet of rarity; she was a mystery—and mystery adds charm to a woman. Probably she should have been under arrest, but I know I would have risked much to save her from it.

AS WE turned into a quiet thoroughfare she stopped and said:

"I am in distress. You have often asked me to enable you to capture Dr. Fu-Manchu. I am prepared to do so!"

I could scarcely believe that I heard aright. It was true that we had asked Kâramanêh to betray her master; it was true that for long we had been unable to understand what bound the Oriental girl to the monstrous Chinaman. She was cultured and used to the ways of Western civilization and, though it was possible that she might be a slave as she averred, must have been well aware that her bondage ceased directly she entered England. At last we had obtained a clue to the mystery, when Kâramanêh had told me of her brother, the boy whom Fu-Manchu held in his power. This it was which sealed her lips; this was the hold that the Chinaman had over her. She was a slave indeed; for the price of disobedience



As I watched, all but breathless, the dead came to life! The glow of health crept upon the olive cheek — the boy moved

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would have been the life of the boy. It was an arrangement truly characteristic of Fu-Manchu's callous cunning.

"Your brother—" I began.

She seized my arm entreatingly, looking into my eyes.

"You are a doctor," she said. "I want you to come and see him—now!"

"What! He is in London?"

"He is at the house of Dr. Fu-Manchu!"

"And you would have me—"

"Accompany me there, yes!"

Nayland Smith, I doubted not, would have counseled against my trusting my life in the hands of this girl with the pleading eyes. Yet I did so, and with little hesitation; for shortly we were traveling eastward in a closed cab. Kâramanêh was very silent, but always when I turned to her I found her big eyes fixed upon me with an expression in which there was pleading, in which there was sorrow, in which there was something else, something indefinable yet strangely disturbing. The cabman she had directed to drive to the lower end of the Commercial Road, the neighborhood of the great docks, and the scene of one of our early adventures with Dr. Fu-Manchu. The mantle of dusk had closed about the squalid activity of the East End streets as we neared our destination. Aliens of every shade of color were about us now, emerging from burrowlike alleys into the glare of the lamps upon the main road. In the short space of the drive we had passed from the bright world of the West into the dubious underworld of the East.

I DO not know that Kâramanêh moved; but in sympathy as we neared the aisle of the sinister Chinaman she crept nearer to me; and when the cab was discharged and together we walked down a narrow turning leading riverward, she clung to me fearfully, hesitated, and even seemed upon the point of turning back. But overcoming her fear or repugnance, she led on, through a maze of alleyways and courts wherein I hopelessly lost my bearings, so that it came home to me how I was wholly in the hands of this girl whose history was so full of shadows, whose real character was so inscrutable, whose beauty, whose charm, truly might mask the cunning of a serpent.

I spoke to her.

"*Sah!*" She laid her hand upon my arm, enjoining me to silence.

The high, drab brick wall of what looked like some part of a dock building loomed above us in the darkness. The indescribable stenches of the lower Thames were borne to my nostrils through a gloomy tunnel-like opening beyond which whispered the river. The muffled clangor of waterside activity was about us. I heard a key grate in a lock, and Kâramanêh drew me into the shadow of an open door, entered, and closed it behind her.

For the first time I perceived, in contrast to the odors of the court without, the fragrance of the peculiar perfume which now I had come to associate with her.

Absolute darkness was about us, and by this perfume alone I knew that she was near to me, until her hand touched mine and I was led along an uncarpeted passage and up an uncarpeted stair. A second door was unlocked, and I found myself in an exquisitely furnished room, illuminated by the soft light of a shaded lamp which stood upon a low, inlaid table amid a perfect ocean of silken cushions strewn upon a Persian carpet, whose yellow richness was lost in the shadows beyond the circle of light.

Kâramanêh raised a curtain draped before a doorway and stood listening intently for a moment.

The silence was unbroken.

Then something stirred amid the wilderness of cushions, and two tiny bright eyes looked up at me. Peering closely, I succeeded in distinguishing, crouched in that soft luxuriance, a little ape. It was Dr. Fu-Manchu's marmoset.

"This way!" whispered Kâramanêh.

NEVER, I thought, was a staid medical man committed to a more unwise enterprise, but so far I had gone and no consideration of prudence could now avail.

The corridor beyond was thickly carpeted. Following the direction of a faint light which gleamed ahead, it proved to extend as a balcony across one end of a spacious apartment. Together we stood high up there in the shadows and looked down upon such a scene as I never could have imagined to exist within many a mile of that district.

The place below was even more richly appointed than the room into which first we had come. Here, as there, piles of cushions formed splashes of gaudy color about the floor. Three lamps hung by chains from the ceiling, their light softened by rich silk shades. One wall was almost entirely occupied by glass cases containing chemical apparatus, tubes, retorts, and other less orthodox indications of Dr. Fu-Manchu's pursuits; while close against another lay the most extraordinary object of a sufficiently extraordinary room: a low couch upon which was extended the motionless form of a boy. In the light of a lamp which hung directly above him, his olive face showed an almost startling resemblance to that of Kâramanêh—save that the girl's coloring was more delicate. He had black, curly hair which stood out prominently against the white covering upon which he lay, his hands crossed upon his breast.

Transfixed with astonishment, I stood looking down upon him. The wonders of the "Arabian Nights" were wonders no more; for here, in East End London, was a true magician's palace, lacking not its beautiful slave, lacking not its enchanted prince!

"It is Aziz, my brother," said Kâramanêh.

We passed down a stairway onto the floor of the apartment. Kâramanêh knelt and bent over the boy, stroking his hair and whispering to him lovingly. I, too, bent over him: and I shall never forget the anxiety in the girl's eyes as she watched me eagerly while I made a brief examination.

BRIEF indeed; for even ere I had touched him I knew that the comely shell held no spark of life.

But Kâramanêh fondled the cold hands and spoke softly in that Arabic tongue which long before I had divined must be her native language.

Then, as I remained silent, she turned and looked at me—read the truth in my eyes and rose from her knees; stood rigidly upright; and clutched me, tremblingly.

"He is not dead—he is *not* dead!" she whispered, and shook me as a child might, seeking to arouse me to a proper understanding. "Oh, tell me he is not."

"I cannot," I replied gently; "for indeed he is."

"No!" she said, wild-eyed and raising her hands to her face as though half distraught. "You do not understand—yet you are a doctor. You do not understand—"



Something flashed toward him as the light was extinguished. I saw him duck and heard the knife ring upon the floor

SHE stopped, moaning to herself and looking from the handsome face of the boy to me. It was pitiful; it was uncanny. But sorrow for the girl predominated in my mind.

Then from somewhere I heard a sound which I had heard before in houses occupied by Dr. Fu-Manchu—that of a muffled gong.

"Quick!" Kâramanêh had me by the arm. "Up! he has returned!"

She fled up the stairs to the balcony, I close at her heels. The shadows veiled us, the thick carpet deadened the sound of our tread, or certainly we must have been detected by the man who entered the room we just had quitted.

It was Dr. Fu-Manchu!

Yellow-robed, immobile, the inhuman green eyes glittering catlike, even, it seemed, before the light struck them, he threaded his way through the archipelago of cushions and bent over the couch of Aziz.

Kâramanêh dragged me down onto my knees.

"Watch!" she whispered. "Watch!"

Dr. Fu-Manchu felt for the pulse of the boy whom a moment since I had pronounced dead, and stepping to the tall glass case took out a long-necked flask of chased gold and from it into a graduated glass he poured some drops of an amber liquid wholly unfamiliar to me. I watched him with all my eyes and noted how high the liquid rose in the measure. He charged a needle syringe, and bending again over Aziz made an injection.

Then all the wonders I had heard of this man became possible; and with an awe which any other physician who had examined Aziz must have felt, I admitted him a miracle worker. For as I watched, all but breathless, the dead came to life! The glow of health crept upon the olive cheek—the boy moved—he raised his hands above his head—he sat up, supported by the Chinese doctor!

Fu-Manchu touched some hidden bell. A hideous yellow man with a scarred face entered carrying a tray, upon which were a bowl containing some steaming fluid, apparently soup, what looked like oaten cakes, and a flask of red wine.

As the boy, exhibiting no more unusual symptoms than if he had just awakened from a normal sleep, commenced his repast, Kâramanêh drew me gently along the passage into the room which we had first entered. My heart leaped wildly as the marmoset bounded past us to drop hand over hand to the lower apartment in search of its master.

"You see," said Kâramanêh, her voice a-thrill, "he is not dead! But without Fu-Manchu he is dead to me! How can I leave him when he holds the life of Aziz in his hands?"

"You must get me that flask, or some of its contents," I directed rapidly. "But tell me, how does Fu-Manchu produce the appearance of death?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied. "I do not know. It is something in the wine. In another hour, Aziz will be again as you saw him. But see!" And opening a little ebony box she produced a phial half filled with the amber liquid.

"Good!" I said, and slipped it into my pocket. "When will be the best time to seize Fu-Manchu and to restore your brother?"

"I will let you know," she whispered, and opening the door pushed me hurriedly from the room. "He is going away to-night, to the north; but you must not come to-night. Quick! quick! along the passage! He may call me at any moment."

SO, with the phial in my pocket containing a potent preparation unknown to Western science and with a last long look into the eyes of Kâramanêh, I passed out into the narrow alley, out from the fragrant perfumes of that mystery house into the place of Thames-side stenches.

"We must arrange for the house to be raided without delay," said Smith. "This time we are sure of our ally—"

"But we must keep our promise to her!" I interrupted.

"You can look after that, Petrie," my friend said. "I will devote the whole of my attention to Dr. Fu-Manchu!" he added grimly.

Up and down the room he paced, gripping the blackened briar between his teeth so that the muscles stood out squarely upon his lean jaws. The bronze which spoke of the Burmese sun enhanced the brightness of his gray eyes.

"What have I all along maintained?" he jerked, looking back at me across his shoulder—"that, although Kâramanêh was one of the strongest weapons in the doctor's armory, she was one which some day would be turned against him! That day has dawned!"

"We must await word from her."

"Quite so."

He knocked out his pipe on the grate. Then:

"Have you any idea of the nature of the fluid in the phial?"

"Not the slightest! And I have none to spare for analytical purposes."

(Continued on page 39)

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The Ghost That Got the Button



By Irma Peixotto

ANOTHER army story, by the author of the one we all liked so well last week, "Privilege of the Hero."

ONE autumn evening, when the days were shortening and the darkness fell early on Hotchkiss and the frost was beginning to adorn with its fine glistening lace the carbine barrels of the night sentries as they walked post, Sergeants Hansen and Whitney and Corporal Whitehall had come to Stone's room after supper, feeling the need common to all men in the first cold nights of the year for a cozy room, a good smoke, and congenial companionship.

The steam heat, newly turned on, wheezed and whined through the radiator: the air was blue and dense with tobacco smoke; the three sergeants reposed in restful, if inelegant, attitudes, and Whitehall, his feet on the window sill and his wooden chair tilted back, was holding forth between puffs at a very battered pipe about an old colored woman who kept a little saloon in town.

"So she got mad at those K troop men," he said. "An' nex' day when Turner stopped there for a drink she says: 'You git outer yere! You men fum de Arsenic wid de crossbones on you caps, I ain't lettin' you in; but de Medical Corpses an' de Noneffichent Officers, dey may come.'"

THE laugh that followed was interrupted by the approach of a raucous, shrieking noise that rose and fell in lugubrious cadence. "What the deuce!" exclaimed Whitehall, starting up.

"That's Bill," explained Stone. "Bill Sullivan. He thinks he's singin'. Funny you never heard him before, Kid, but then he's not often taken that way, thank the Lord."

"Come in, Bill," he called, "an' tell us what's the matter. Feel sick? Where's the pain?" he asked as big Bill appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, hombre, an' rest yo'self," invited Whitney, and hospitably handed over his tobacco pouch. "What was that tune yo'all were singin' out yonder?"

"Thanks," responded Bill, settling down. "That there tune was 'I Wonder Where You Are To-night, My Love.'"

"Sounded like 'Sister's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc,'" commented Whitney.

"Or 'Lookin' Through the Knot Hole in Papa's Wooden Leg,'" said Whitehall.

"Or 'He Won't Buy the Ashman a Manicure Set,'" added Stone.

"No," reiterated Bill solemnly. "It was like I told yer: 'I Wonder Where You Are To-night, My Love,' and it's a corker, too! I seen a feller an' a goil sing it in Kelly's Voddyville Palace out ter Cheyenne onct. Foist he'd sing one voise an' then she'd sing the nex'. He was dressed like a soldier, an' while he sang they was showin' tabloids of what the goil was a-doin' behind him; an' then when she sang her voise he'd be in the tabloid, an' when it got ter the last voise, an' he was dyin' on a stretcher in a ambulance, everybody in the house was a-cryin' so yer could hardly hear her. It was great! My!" continued Bill, spreading out his great paws over the radiator, "ain't this the snappy evenin'? Real cold. Somehow it 'minds me of the cold we had in China that time of the Boxers, after we'd got ter the Legations; the nights was cold just like this is."

"Why, Bill," said Whitney, "I never knew yo'all were there then. Why did yo' never tell us befo'? What were yo' with?"

"Fourteenth Infantry," responded Bill proudly. "It's a great ol' regiment—don't care if they *are* doughboys."

"What company was you in?" inquired Hansen, ponderously taking his pipe from his mouth and breaking silence for the first time.

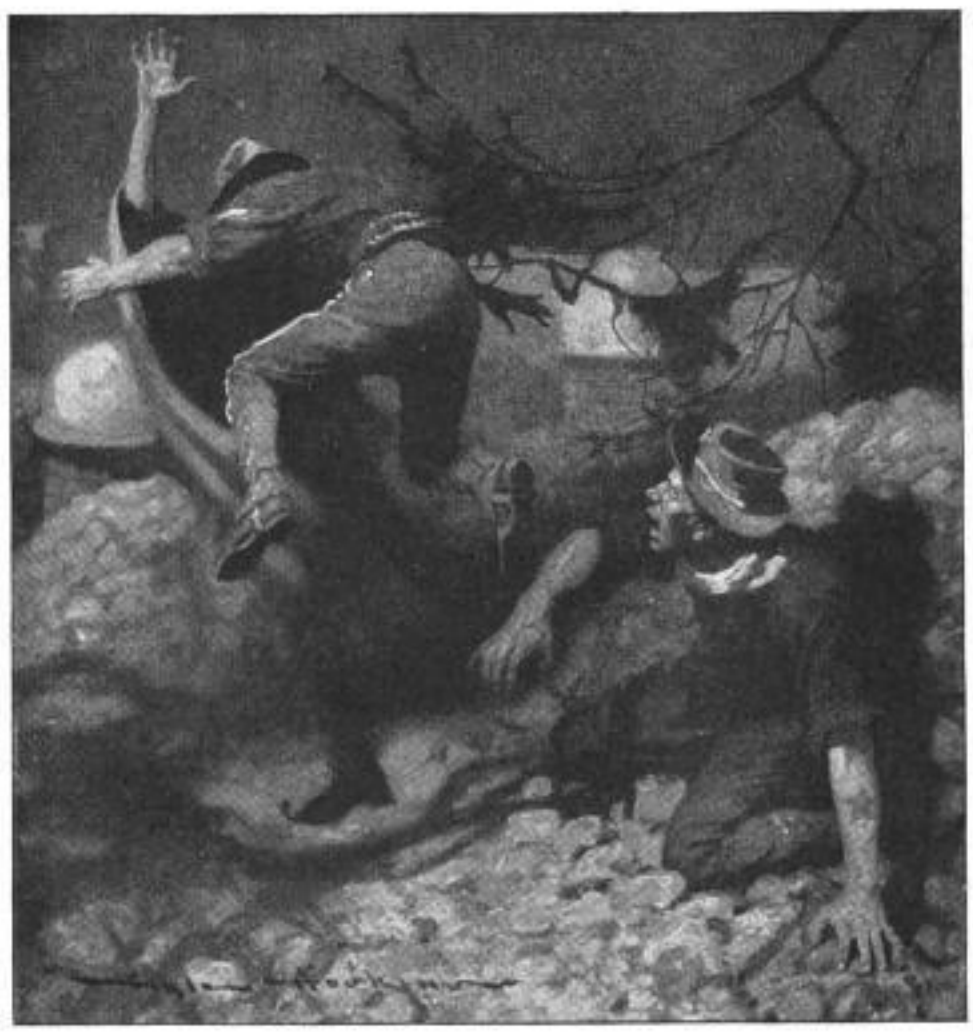
"J Company, same as this."

AT THIS reply Stone opened his mouth abruptly to say something, but thought better of it and shut up again.

"It was blame cold them nights a week or so after we was camped in the Temple of Agriculture (that's what they called it—I dunno why), but say! the heat comin' up from Tientsin was fryin'! It was jus' boilin', bakin', an' bubblin'—worse a heap than anythin' we'd had in the islands. We chucked away mos' every last thing on that hike but canteens an' rifles. It was a darn fool thing ter do—the chuckin' was, o' course—but it come out all right, 'cause extree supplies followed us up on the Pie-ho in junks. Ain't that a funny name fer a river? Pie-ho? Every time I got homesick I'd say that river, an' then I'd see Hogan's Dairy Lunch fer Ladies an' Gents on the ol' Bowery an' hear the kid Mick Hogan yellin': 'Draw one in the dark! White wings—let her flop! Pie ho!' an' it helped me a heap." Bill settled himself and stretched.

"But what I really wanted to tell youse about," said he, "was somepin' that happened one o' these here cold nights. It gits almighty cold there in September, an' it was sure the spookiest show I ever seen. Even Marm Haggerty's table rappin's in Hester Street never come up to it.

"There was three of us fellers who ran in a bunch them days: me an' Buck Dugan, my bunkie, from the Bowery like me (he was a corporal), an' Ranch Fields—we called him that 'cause he alway's woiked on a ranch before he come into the Fourteenth. They was great fellers, Buck an' Ranch was. Buck, now—yer couldn't phase him, yer couldn't never phase him, no matter what sort o' job yer put him up against he'd slide through slick as a greased rat. The Cap'n, he knew it, too. Onct when we was fightin' an' hadn't no men to spare, he lef' Buck on guard over about twenty-five Boxer prisoners in a courtyard an' tells him he dassent let one escape. But Buck wants ter git into the fight with the rest of the boys, an' when he finds that if he leaves them Chinos loose in the yard alone they'll git out plenty quick, what does he do but tie 'em tight up by their pigtails to some posts. He knows they can't undo them tight knots backwards, an' no Chink would cut his pigtail if he *did* have a knife—he'd die foist—an' so Buck skidoos off to the fight, an', sure enough, when the Cap'n wants them Boxers, they're ready, tied up an' waitin'. That was his sort, an', gee, but he was smart!



"All of a suddent Buck he jumps up an' makes a dash an' a leap at the spook, an' there's a terrible yellin' an' they both comes down crash at the foot of a rock pile"

"WE was all right int'rested in them Allies, o' course, an' watched 'em clost; but, 'Bill,' says Buck ter me one night, 'it's been woikin' in me nut that these here fellers ain't so different from what we know a'ready. Excep' fer their uniform an' outfits, we've met 'em all before but the Japs. Why, look a-here,' says he, 'foist, there's the white men—the English—ain't they jus' like us excep' that they're thicker an' we're longer? An' their Injun niggers—ain't we seen their clothes in the comic op'ras an' them without their clothes in the monkey cage at Central Park? An' their Mongkong China Regiment an' all the other Chinos is jus' the same as yer meet in the pipe joints in Mott Street. Then,' says he, 'come all the Dagos. These leather necks of Macaroni Dagos we've seen a-swarmin' all over Mulberry Bend an' Five Points; the Sauerkraut Dagos looks fer all the woild like they was goin' ter a Schützenfest up by High Bridge; the Froggie Dagos you'll find packed in them Frenchy restaraws in the Thirties—where yer git blue wine—and them Vodki Dagos only needs a pushcart ter make yer think yer in Baxter Street.'

"Buck, he could sure talk, but Ranch, he wasn't much on chin-chin. Little an' dark an' quiet he was, an' jus' crazy fer dogs. Any old mutt'd do fer him—jus' so's it was in the shape of a pup. He was fair wild fer 'em. He picked up a yeller cur out there the day after the Yangtsin fight, an' that there no-account, mangy, flea-bitten mutt had ter stay with us the whole time. If the pup didn't stand in with me an' Buck an' Ranch, he swore he'd quit too, so we had to let him come, an' he messed an' bunked with our outfit right along. Ranch named him Daggett, after the Colonel, which was right hard on the C. O., but I bet Ranch thought he was complimentin' him. Why, Ranch considered himself honored if any of the pup's fleas hopped off on him. The pup he kep' along with us right through everythin'; Ranch watchin' him like the apple of his eye, an' he hardly ever was out of our sight, till one night about a week after we quartered in the temple he didn't turn up fer supper. He was always so reg'lar at his chow that Ranch he begin ter git the squirms an' when come taps an' Daggett hadn't reported, Ranch had the razzle-dazzles.

"NEX' mornin' the foist thing he must go hunt that pup, an' went a-scoutin' all day, me an' Buck helpin' him—but nary pup; an' come another supper without that miser'ble mutt, an' Ranch was up an alley all right, all right. He was all wore out, an' I made him hit the bunk early an' try ter sleep; but, Lord! No sooner he'd drop off'n he git ter twitchin' an' hitchin' an' wake up a-yelpin' fer Daggett. 'Long about taps, Buck, who's been out on a private reconnoissance, comes back an' whispers ter me: 'Ssst, Bill! The cur's found! Don't tell Ranch; the bloke'd die of heart failure. I struck his trail an' follered it—an' say, Bill, what'n thunder do yer think?

Continued on page 98

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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



Ballade of Big Leaguers

(After noting that nearly six hundred ex-major leaguers are now in the minors; subscribed with any apologies the ghost of W. E. Henley may demand)

WHERE *are the Batting Eyes that swayed*
The raging millions—blow by blow?
The magic stops their mitts essayed
For cheering stands to see and know?
Bill Bradley's scoop and Rusie's throw?
Tim Jordan's crash against the ball?
The brave—the bright—the fast—the slow?
Into the Bush go one and all.

Young gods that led the old parade—
Chesbro and Anson—Tenney—Louce—
On sweeps the regal cavalcade—
The pomp—the pride—the princely show—
Hail—warriors—in battle glow!—
No answer echoes to our call,
Save on the far wind's undertow,
"Into the Bush go one and all."

The curtain swings—the play is made—
Far whirls the cheering—to and fro—
Fame stalks across the Open Glade
For stalwarts forming—row on row;
To-day they reign—to-morrow, lo!
The Long Trail beckons from the thrall;
From New York on to Kokomo,
Into the Bush go one and all.

ENVOY

Those whom we cheered long, long ago—
Those who to-day still crown the stall;
Ty, Hans, and Rube—Tris, Hal, and Joe—
Into the Bush go one and all.

The Stripling of Destiny

A YEAR ago this waning May day the most victorious manager of the decade sat upon the bench directing his old machine. Out at short his field lieutenant, still in his prime—a brainy, wonderful ball player—led the assault and defense.

Over at second a gaunt, thin streak of nerves and temperament, who had broken in rout the year before, was attempting to come back. Of the three, his future alone seemed to be fringed with the gathering cloud of doubt.

Their names, palpitating reader, were Frank Chance, Joe Tinker, and Johnny Evers.

At the end of that season Evers had compiled the greatest record of his career, and beyond that had moved into his leader's job as manager of the Cubs, assuming in the same grip Tinker's duty as field lieutenant.

Events slipped along, and spring found Chance at the head of the New York Americans, Tinker leading the Cincinnati Reds, and Evers directing the Cubs. Once more the fanfare and the hip-hip were with Chance and Tinker, with the spectral talons of impending disaster reaching again for the temperamental Trojan. And once again Fate stuck with the stripling of Destiny. For a month Chance hurled all the versatility and ability of a great leader at a wrecked machine, only to find that not even a De Palma or an Oldfield could drive a one-horse shay at record speed.

While the dazed audience of some ten million noncombatants was gazing at this catastrophe, a loud roar from behind indicated abruptly that some one was exceeding the speed limit, and that it was high time for all parties to dive for shelter. The diving was both immediate and noteworthy, and, as the space cleared, who should come tearing through the broken field but the same temperamental Trojan who had tightened his grip in May, 1913, just as he did in May, 1912. The answer being obvious, we refrain from a reply.

There could be no criticism for the vain battle which Chance and Tinker led so valiantly against the Fates of the Game and the Fortunes of War.

On the other hand, there could be no withholding of admiration for the nerve-racked splinter in human form who twice within two years had beaten his ebullient temperament to the ground—had closed with an iron grip upon the situation, and had driven once more to the front fighting line.

In place of being thrown from the game by some outraged umpire, the first eviction came when Evers took himself out to let a right-hander bat against a left-hander in the box.

It isn't likely that even a friendly destiny can carry the Trojan down September's stretch in front of the powerful machine piloted by McGraw; but after what has happened, no man can arise and proclaim just where the next miracle will pop out with the Human Splinter rampant against a startled horizon.

Welcome Home

"WELL, Frank," remarked a friend to Manager Chance, "I see the American League gave you a fine welcome. I notice where they slipped you a carload of flowers in almost every town."

"Yes," replied Chance, "they slipped me a carload of flowers, and ten minutes later they slipped me Johnson, Walsh, Wood, Plank, and Gregg. 'Warm welcome' isn't the name for it."

The International Carnival

AND now we come to the case of the American Eagle *vs.* the British Lion, which is slated for the June docket.

The jury will be composed exclusively of polo, golf, and tennis players, and, whatever the verdict, the field within the next few weeks is quite likely to be ankle deep in eagle feathers and leonine fur.

American success in the past has stirred J. Bull into a creamy froth—a froth so highly charged that the bubbles have begun popping like champagne corks. The mane of the Lion is bristling now like the quivering quills of a prodded porcupine, which experts announce as the last phrase in the peppery art of bristling. And in this early summer charge old Doc Leo is fairly sure to put everything he has into one smashing lunge.

England is fairly safe in golf, with the edge in tennis, through playing at home. Of the three fields, the polo carnival gives promise of being the most spectacular in the clash of two brilliant teams trained and wrought to the final bead.

Beating 'Em to It

YES, *pal, I know just how it was—you should have won a mile;*
You had him trimmed ten ways on form and twenty ways on style;
You had him stewed into a trance—you had him strung until
You went and blew a ten-inch putt where something tipped the pill;
A putt you wouldn't miss again the whole blank summer long—
A pop-eyed pipe to anchor—am I right or am I wrong?

I get you, pal—don't say a word—he wasn't in your class;
You had no less than twelve bad kicks that plunked you in the grass;
While you were straight upon the pin, he foozled every shot,
But somehow skidded on the green and gathered in the pot;
No, not a word; I know, old top—your case is nothing new—
I know, because each time I lose they beat me that way, too.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was an Amateur who refused to accept one paltry kopeck, yen, or sesterce beyond his bare expenses.

Although quite a performer and a drawing card of repute, he completed the season with no semblance of a bulge in his financial system.

Moral—A Fable in our dictionary is defined as "a short, fictitious narrative; an idle story or a falsehood." We trust you get us without further buzzing.



The Refrain Incarnate

(. . . *"and Murray was doubled at the plate on a quick relay from Dolan to Doolan to Dooin, cinching the game for the Phillies"*)

RAUS *mit your "Tinker to Evers to Chance"—*
Smeared to the essence of humicubation;
Raus mit the rollicking, frolicking dance,
However rhythmic the dulcification;
Can it or bury it—take it away—
Chased by the terse titillation ensuin'—
Blurred by the spasm that rings in the play—
"Doubled from Dolan to Doolan to Dooin!"

Once I could sleep with an unwearied brain—
Once I could master my pedal elation;
Once I was haunted by no mad refrain,
Churning my rest in a vociferation;
Now on the trail of the nocturnal pawn,
Even the cats in the alley are mewin'
Ever eternally this to the dawn—
"Doubled from Dolan to Doolan to Dooin!"

If you are snagged with the Turkey-Trot craze—
(Granted you care for such drab volitation)
And, there is no one around you who plays
Melody yielding the proper gyration,
Here is a tip that is worthy a slant:
Any home evening when Terpsy comes wooin',
Have the cook stand in the hallway and chant
"Doubled from Dolan to Doolan to Dooin!"

The Reign of Mathewson

DENTON TECUMSEH YOUNG, better known as Cyrus the First, carried twenty-two seasons through the Major Realm, and at the age of forty-four retired with a record of 507 victories. His reign extended from 1890 through 1911.

When Cyrus passed on, the whisper ran afield that his record would stand for all time, that no pitcher under the driving smear of the Game to-day would ever last twenty seasons in Big League harness or wrest 500 victories from Big League batting eyes.

Cy left no open trail, but stalking down the road in his wake, although still far back, come Christy Mathewson of the Giants and Ed Plank of the Athletics, each with twelve completed seasons of wonderful achievement and each still master of the clubbing clan.

Plank, thirty-eight years of age, has no show to grapple with Young's amazing record. Mathewson has.

The Giant premier started his thirteenth campaign in 1913 with a record of 313 victories already stacked aside, which is crowding the thirteen stuff about as far as it can be safely pushed.

To equal Young's record of time and victory—to reach the twenty-two-year mark and the 500 conquests—Mathewson must pound the pitching trail through ten more seasons. He needed, back at this season's start, 187 more victories to reach the 500 total and 195 victories to slip by Young.

Can he make it? John J. McGraw, his manager, answers "Yes." The floor to McGraw:

"Mathewson is now in his thirty-third year and his thirteenth season. He has looked better through this spring than for many seasons past. No pitcher in the game works as easily or expends less energy. No pitcher that ever lived knew as well how to make the brain carry a big part of the arm's burden.

"Where other slabmen average from 110 to 135 pitched balls through each game, Mathewson's average has been under 100. In 515 games up through 1912 he had yielded but 775 passes—less than two to the battle.

"I watched him closely this spring in his opening starts, and it seemed to me that he looked younger and more elastic than any year since 1908. There was no sign of any tightening from shoulder to wrist. Under these conditions, now that I have discovered worthy aides in Marquard, Tesreau, and Demaree to help lift the old relief burden from him, there seems to be no reason why at forty-three—ten years from now—Mathewson shouldn't still be wearing the harness. The luck of the game may cut him down through accident or sickness, but without bad luck I expect to be banking upon the man around whom I built my club ten years ago for ten years more."

In other words, Mathewson's pitching is still in its infancy. The fellow has only begun to warm up.

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Thomas J. Tynan—Man Builder

By CAESAR A. ROBERTS



SOME four years ago those who could look closely into the thoughts of Colorado's Governor could have framed the following advertisement:

WANTED

A man who can compel men to rise on the stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.

J. F. SHAFROTH,
Governor.

The first man of the State had need of a strong man; the Executive wanted an old-world problem solved by a new-world man. There was at Canon City, where the great, gray plains rise into the Rocky Mountains, the grimness of the State prison, the sudden, shuddering reminder to the joyous traveler through the land of sunshine and opportunity that crime was still dealt with in a medieval manner. In the brief time of one generation a new State had condemned over seven thousand men, and the loss in manhood was too great. Over seven hundred men were then waiting in idleness for the lapse of time as measured by the calendar. The need was imperative; the need of a man, not a place holder.

The traveling men, men who learn by observation and a broad perspective; who hide a deep knowledge of human nature from casual curiosity under a playful story, put forward Tynan. There was something about him, this broad-shouldered, clear-eyed man, resolute in the strength of youth added to the firmness of manhood, a man built for a battle, that foretold success.

"The State has a need," said the Executive, "and you are the man who answers the call."

THE REMEDY OF WORK

"I WILL do it," was all he said. He knew, though, that there is no remedy for human ills except bread earned in the sweat of the face, with a hope at the end of the labor. He knew the evils of convict labor, turning out shoddy goods to the enrichment of the contractor and the demoralization of the workman; he knew that the rejected could never come back to manhood through occupations that increased the tendencies for which society had condemned them. He knew there must be no competition with free labor, for the man who has broken the laws must not come into the field of the man who is working to keep them. But he believed there was a way through which men could be built up into health and self-respect and the way to an independent livelihood, and, with this, the man of battle went to Canon City.

A thrill went through the prison. A man, a clean, strong man, had given up a prosperous business to come to them, the outcasts and the abandoned. They felt that there would be protection when they obeyed, but the punishment of disobedience would be grim and relentless, as primal disobedience was the cause of their undoing. Rule by sentiment? Never. The law had sentenced these men; the man never questioned the correctness of the conviction; there was to be no substitution of his judgment for the sentence of the law; they were to remain—according to law—at hard labor.

Two biennial periods have passed. The first shows 50 miles of wonderful roadway, 20 miles of it through solid rock, built at a cost to the counties of $56,700, as against a contract cost of $212,160, saving to the State $155,460. On a leased acreage the men produced, in addition to their own consumption, farm products of a value of $38,125; they laid 42,775 feet of cement walks; they built a hospital, with sunny wards and a sunshine porch and every modern method of sanitation at a cost of $16,059.45; it was designed by a life termer, a man who learned architecture and drawing in the prison, and the contract price at $75,000 would have been reasonable. During the period the men earned a total of $317,221 and received an appropriation from the State of but $225,000.

There was a moral uplift, equally great, in the housing and care of the men for themselves; a duplicate light system to forestall accidents; a willing improvement made in prison that held them; the screening of the doors; the planting of ivy in the space between the walks and the walls; of vines and flowers. And not least of all a change in the clothing. Stripes were abolished, except as a punishment, so that a square man could go through his term and truly say that he had never worn stripes, the badge of humiliation and hate, a humiliation so great that it actually changes the moral fiber of a man, once they enclose him. During the second period the number of prisoners increased from 724 to 768; over 50 per cent worked outside the walls, but the escapes went down from 1.25 per cent to 1.20 per cent, and they built 157 miles of roadway at an actual cost of $298.12 per mile, which by contract would have cost $270,285, making a saving to the State of $223,480.16, without a dollar's worth of competition against free labor. The cash earnings during this period were $21,017.23. With no appropriation for buildings, they constructed buildings and improvements to the value of $76,320.36, so that the total earnings in cash, labor, and improvements were $353,961.37 with an appropriation of but $227,000. A garden tract of 20 acres was asked for, but money for it denied. But they secured a water right and the right to waste land on the creek. They built a mile of retaining wall to protect their garden, and the first year reclaimed 13 acres of the tract, and it is now sufficient to raise all the farm products needed. There is also a greenhouse to mature plants; a park of 7 acres, with young trees and a fountain; there is a factory which makes 800 mattresses; the knowledge of the tinsmiths was utilized to the amount of $3,090.96; hogs sold to the value of $8,816.39, the poultry produced 3,454 dozens of eggs, and they raised 80 geese and about 170 turkeys. An industrial community sufficient in itself has arisen, and the men go out of prison without prison pallor, and in good health and with a knowledge that is salable in the industrial markets of society.

Amusements have been found the best aids to discipline. The only guard for the outside prisoner has been his word of honor, and he has kept nearly 99 per cent true. The worst punishment is not the cooler, the solitary confinement; the most effective punishment is to deprive these grown-up boys of the right to witness the moving-picture exhibitions, for so rapidly does the world move that the lifers and long termers are out of touch with it, except as it is brought back in the picture show.

There is a shadow comes into the eyes of the man, sometimes. He can discharge his prisoner as a healthy man, with new ideas of the dignity of labor, with a new sense of the value of regularity and certainty, but without capital; an industrial unit but no field to use it. Did the statutes permit it, under such management the prison could be self-sustaining; there would be a surplus of individual earnings to be apportioned, first to the cost of maintenance of the individual in prison; second, to the wants of his family, and third, a fund for the prisoner to start life anew.

Asked for his secret, the man says you are merely to take men as men; discipline them, educate them, and point out a certain future to them. He himself is the exemplification of the recent words of a writer: "Character is at the head of all other acquisitions; we hope in it as the sole power strong enough to keep the balance in our world; to clear, to soften, and to justify the judgment of men, so that they may go on, without destroying each other."



His father's *Elgin*

—a Lord Elgin

The most valued possession of many a man to-day is the Elgin Watch his father carried and passed on to him.

There is no finer heirloom—no greater inspiration to punctuality, faithfulness and trustworthiness—for the Elgin typifies all these things in the highest degree.

Lord Elgin

As a watch of enduring service, the Lord Elgin is justly famed. There is a pride—a *conscience*—in its making which puts *extra* quality and *extra* care into it to give it *remarkably* long life.

As a watch of wonderful accuracy, the Lord Elgin is in highest favor with men to whom time is of vital importance—men who split a minute into sixty seconds. The thinnest watch made in America with an enamel dial.

You can afford this fine, true watch. Consult your Elgineer—your local jeweler. He *knows* watches and you trust *him.* Go and examine the Lord Elgin.

LORD ELGIN



Elgin National Watch Co.

Elgin, Illinois

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Overland

$985

F. O. B. TOLEDO

Completely Equipped

WE HAVE continually pointed out the fact that the $985 Overland is the equal in construction, power, size, design, comfort, style and equipment of the average $1200 car.

Some, unfamiliar with modern manufacturing methods, doubt this statement. As a matter of fact it is conservative.

Manufacturing 40,000 cars a year permits us to operate on such a large scale, that we not only make every part of every Overland in our own plants, but practically every part is made by automatic machinery, *and that is what brings the cost down.*

Several years ago, when our annual production was much less, the manufacturing cost of each Overland was considerably higher—and in consequence it cost you more. We had to make, finish and fit some parts by hand, and, what was most expensive, buy such parts as transmissions, crank cases, etc., from outside sources.

Today we make our own crank cases and save 200% per crank case.

We make our own transmissions and save $8 per transmission.

These are but two typical examples but they illustrate and prove our point—the enormous economy of big production. And such actual economies as these have made possible the 1913 Overland for $985.

Why pay more than $985 when $985 buys you about as much as $1200?

The Overland can be examined in any city or town in any part of the world.

Literature on request. Address Dept. 6

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL

we not only make every part of every Overland in our own plants, but practically every part is made by automatic machinery, *and that is what brings the cost down.*

Several years ago, when our annual production was much less, the manufacturing cost of each Overland was considerably higher—and in consequence it cost you more. We had to make, finish and fit some parts by hand, and, what was most expensive, use costly forgings. Now we stamp them out by the thousand. We have saved you considerable money.

Those who examine the $985 Overland in an intelligent manner will find in it most of the identical specifications that describe the average $1200 car.

Why pay more than $985 when $985 buys you about as much as $1200?

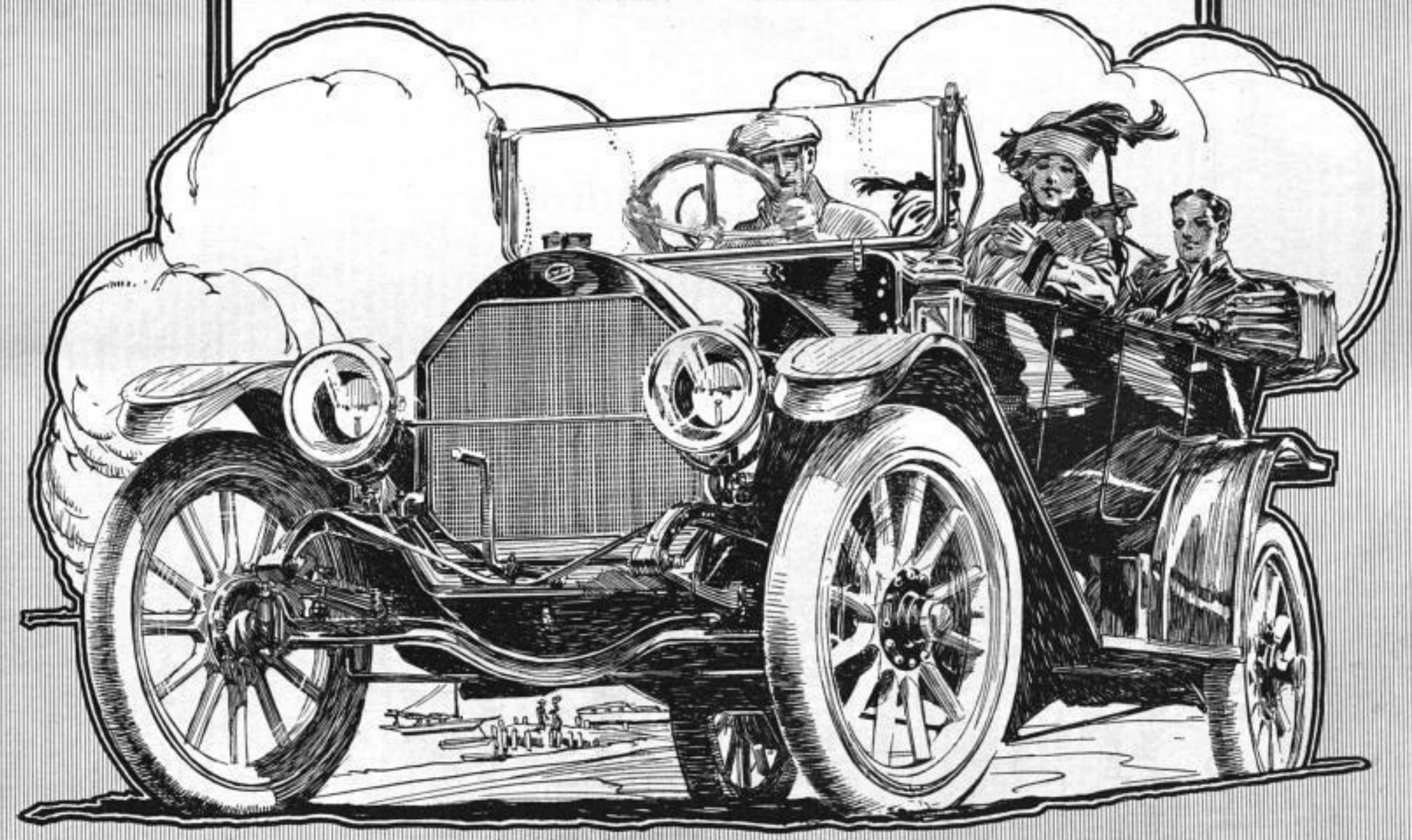
The Overland can be examined in any city or town in any part of the world.

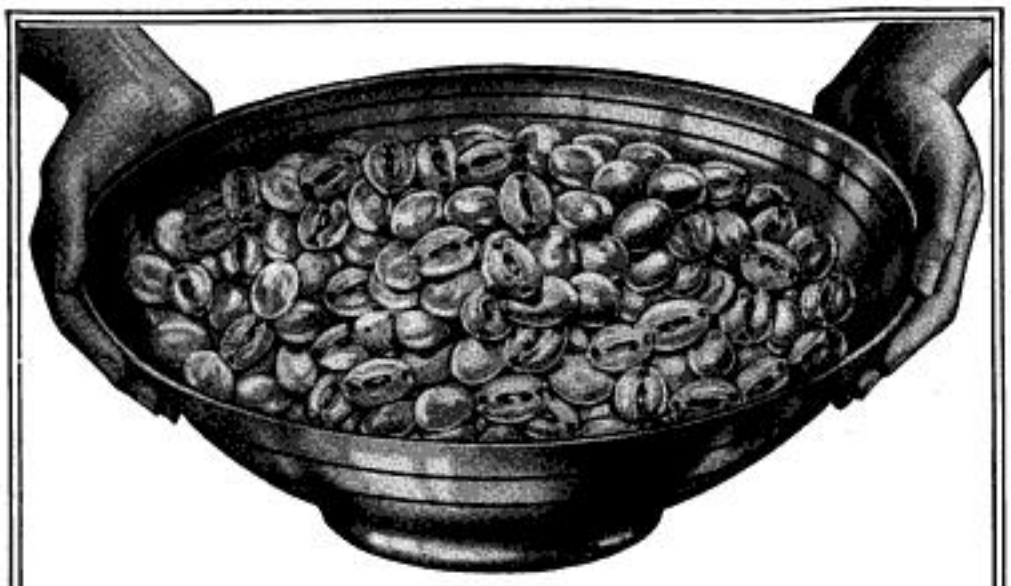
Literature on request. Address Dept. 6

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Model 69

Self-starter	110-inch Wheel Base	Remy Magneto	Clear Vision, Rain
30 Horsepower	Timken Bearings	Warner Speedometer	Vision Wind-Shield
5-Passenger Touring Car	Center Control	Mohair Top and Boot	Prest-O-Lite Tank





One Man

Solved an Age-Old Problem in These Foods

These fascinating foods, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—we don't want to make them too scientific.

Eat them for sheer enjoyment.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. Float in bowls of milk.

Use them like nut-meats in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream.

These are thin, airy wafers. Each grain is puffed to eight times normal size.

Each has countless cells, surrounded by crisp, toasted walls. And those walls crush, at a touch of the teeth, into almond-flavored granules.

Eat them because wheat or rice in no other form was ever half so delicious.

That's what millions do.

But it's also pleasant to know that, in other ways, these are the most desirable foods men know. So let us briefly tell you the scientific side.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

The Scientific Side

The age-old problem in cereal foods has been, how to break up the food granules.

That's essential to digestion.

Cooking, baking and toasting broke part of them. And for centuries that had to suffice. But the dream was to break all of them—to make whole-grain wholly digestible.

Prof. A. P. Anderson made that dream come true.

He does it by steam explosion—by some 125,000,000 explosions inside every kernel—one for every starch granule.

He does it by applying to the sealed-up grains 550 degrees of heat. Thus the trifle of moisture within each granule is turned to super-heated steam.

Then comes the explosion, and every granule is literally blasted to pieces. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Think of this when you eat them. By no other process can these great cereals be made anywhere near so digestible.

That means you get all the nutrition. And they do not tax the stomach.

For a supper dish—for a bed-time dish—think what it means to have such crisp, brown wafers to serve in bowls of milk.

And the taste is like toasted nuts.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(414)

The Farm, the Thousand, and the "Ifs"

Points the City Man Must Keep in Mind When He Retreats to the Country

By JOHN M. OSKISON

IF YOU are city worker, with a family, and you have acquired by hard plugging a capital of $1,000, can you afford to listen to the siren voices of those who beg you to go to a farm and win independence and a better living?

In effect, this question has been asked by COLLIER'S of all its readers who felt themselves competent to answer it out of their experience.

What follows is a summary of the points raised by one group of letter writers. Very practical advice is contained in their letters—the tables of expenses and of probable income are the evidences offered by successful men who have the figures.

Throughout, a note of warning is sounded—the city man with his thousand must not go to a farm expecting to be fed on honey dew and uplifted from dawn to dusk by bird song. He'll get tastes of the one, and his ear will catch fragments of the other, but his real successes will be founded only on hard work, intelligently directed, and a sense of the market values of farm produce.

An answer, under four "If" subheads, has come from a man in Connecticut, who was born on a farm, left it at twenty-three, and came back to the soil at forty-three with less than $1,000 of capital. At forty-three, in the city, he was making $1,400 a year—on a salary—but every year since he has made more than that.

His own experience agrees with the experience of one of his friends in Connecticut, a city doctor who broke down, nervously and mentally, and went to the country and paid $50 for ten acres of hillside pasture. That pasture he converted into a market garden, fruit farm, and nursery, following the advice of the best authorities he could find in the books. In the twenty years the doctor kept his little place in the country, he made a good living off it, and made it into property which would sell for $20,000.

Are these two cases exceptional? No, says the Connecticut writer. Almost any city worker can do as well, *if:*

1. He is capable of doing hard physical work, doesn't hate it, and will actually do it;
2. He has education and sense enough to lay out a plan, following the trail of those who have gone ahead, at least until he can prove that he has found a better way;
3. His family are of one mind with him, and will all do their part in making the experiment a success;
4. He is a salesman as well as a producer, for more farmers fail because they can not market their stuff well than because they fall down on production.

"I can," says this man, "place two men to-day, with families and $1,000 each, in the way to do what I did, if they can meet the tests I suggest."

A CIVIL ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCE

HERE is a letter from a man who was educated to be a civil engineer, who lived in New York City four years after leaving the technical school, and who then went to the farm without ever having lived on one before. He says:

"I started with only $500, and, of course, I couldn't buy land. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't advise the beginner with only $1,000 to buy a farm—a better plan is to rent one on shares.

"I plan to have something to sell off my farm at all seasons of the year, practically every day in the year. For instance, my dairy cows will bring in something all the time, and my profit from them I figure will just about take care of the farm's running expenses.

"The beginner ought to have at least two cows, and he will be wise to increase the number to five just as soon as he can, especially if he locates near a creamery. What he gets for the calves dropped every year by his cows will go into his profit fund.

"He should buy only mares for work stock, and raise mule colts from them, as mules always have a ready sale at a good price. These colts should pay for the grain bought for the mares, and with the dairy cows to pay the farm's running expenses, his crops should yield a good profit.

"Hogs pay well, too; and, personally, I like to keep a few sheep, for I find that they take care of certain items of waste which escape the hogs. It is all right for the city man to develop hobbies—some of them will work out into good profit producers if he studies them with the markets always in mind.

"I'm willing to back the city man who goes to the farm with a small capital and a willingness to work and take advice. He has this advantage, too, over his farmer neighbor—he's not apt to go to doing a thing in a wrong way just because his father before him did it that way."

There is in New York City an organization bearing the title of "The Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society," and its aim is to get the Jews away from the crowded tenements and sweatshops into the cleaner air of the country. It grants loans to those—storekeepers, tailors, peddlers, painters, carpenters, etc.—who show a serious desire to undertake farming, and it gets jobs on the farm for those Jews who want to go to work on the land.

This society has been at work for thirteen years, and in that time the number of loans granted has risen from 39 to 390 in the year, and the total sum loaned has gone up from $14,425 in 1900 to $238,323 in 1912. Its manager has watched with a critical eye the spread of the Jewish farmers, and he has submitted some extremely valuable data to show that men of small capital, or none, who have gone from city to farm with a strong determination to win have very seldom failed to make good.

TENEMENT TO FARM

ONE of the manager's cases he describes in this way:

"M. T. was born in a tenement house in New York. In 1903, when he was sixteen, his father bought a farm near Lakeport, Onondaga County, New York, sixteen miles from Syracuse. The farm contained twenty acres and cost $1,700. He paid $350 down, and bought a horse and two cows with what little money he had left. The father was not well, and all of the work devolved upon the son, as they could not afford to hire help. Twice a week the mother used to drive to Syracuse to sell the products of the farm to customers she had found.

"Since that time, the strides made by this city-bred boy have been remarkable. In 1908, he was able to buy an adjoining farm of sixty acres. At present (the end of 1911) his stock consists of ten cows, two horses, a good bull, and some young stock. From the dairy alone, his yearly income is more than $1,000. He also sells hay, oats, potatoes, fruit, eggs, and poultry. In every respect, he is an up-to-date, progressive farmer, a reader of the best agricultural papers. His farm is worth at least $6,000."

Another Jewish farmer who was given a paragraph in the manager's report came to this country from Russia in 1903 and began to work at his trade (he was an iron worker). By 1907, he had saved $700. With his brother who also had $700, he applied to the Society for a farm. He and his brother were sold a farm in New Jersey for $2,200, and they paid $300 down on it. They were utterly inexperienced, and they made a good many costly mistakes. Some of the stock they bought was not worth keeping, for example; but they took their losses and tried to reduce the number of their farming blunders by reading agricultural papers, Government bulletins, and other farming literature, as well as by seeking advice among their successful neighbors.

In 1909, the brothers dissolved partnership, and the former ironworker took title alone to the farm. The manager reported that at the end of 1911 he had made the farm worth over $4,000, and the only encumbrance on it was the Society's mortgage of $1,400.

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The "new grape juice with the better flavor" has arrived—at your dealers', at your fountain. Now you can enjoy the new combination of flavor and quality, the true grapy flavor which is richer and mellower and the increased drinking pleasure and healthfulness—in

RED WING GRAPE JUICE

We use the finest grapes grown in the great Concord Belt. And we take only the first crush of fruity juice—the juice from the heart of the grape—not the final squeezings from tissues and skin.

This is the juice of higher flavor, richer, crystal-clear, free from sediment, of a beautiful deep ruby hue—Red Wing Grape Juice. In new sterilized bottles with the new top easily removed without an opener.

Ask for "Red Wing Grape Juice"—then you're sure of the better flavor.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Missouri River, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

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Fredonia, N. Y.

The Business of Arson

The Fire Insurance Press Admits that Conditions Warrant a Public Inquiry into the Charges Made by Arthur E. McFarlane in Collier's

Would Welcome a Remedy

THE fire underwriters themselves are well enough acquainted with the existing troubles and would welcome eagerly any consistent and practical remedy.—*Rough Notes.*

Furl Your Tails and Do Some Thinking

NO man has the right to gamble with another man's money. This is the exact situation from the underwriters' standpoint, and . . . it differs little from that described by Mr. McFarlane. . . . To other insurance journals which are still furious: Now, you little doggies that have been barking your heads off, what can be done to save the situation? Shut up, furl your tails, and do some thinking.
—*The Adjuster.*

The One Preeminent Topic

THE outbreak on arson means that some action will be taken to mend the conditions which everyone knows exist. . . . This is the one preeminent topic wherever fire insurance men gather, and the question has been often asked: "Why have not the companies themselves done something before this to meet the conditions?" Most underwriters have to confess that the amount of public work that has been done by fire insurance men is rather limited.
—*The Eastern Underwriter.*

There Can Be No Denial

THERE can be no denial of the figures which the author presents, and which he makes the basis of his arguments and conclusions that the fire insurance companies are conniving with the fire bugs in their business of arson. They are figures with which all insurance men and all fire preventionists are familiar, and which have engaged the attention of thoughtful men among them with increasing force in recent years. But the wisdom of their presentation to the ignorant and the thoughtless in the form in which COLLIER'S is using them is doubtful.—*Fire Protection.*

The Real Duty of Fire Insurance

THE idea is beginning to diffuse itself through the community that the one great means at hand for reducing our fire loss, and hence the burden of our fire insurance premiums, is fire insurance itself. The conception is slowly taking shape that fire insurance has inherent in it a duty beyond that of meeting the financial claims upon it, a duty of efficiently protecting the community from the distribution over all the insured of fire losses that are due to carelessness, recklessness, or fraud. We hear more and more business men saying that the fire insurance companies are very much mistaken if they think they are merely selling a commodity like any other. . . . The opinion is beginning to formulate itself that there is an essential police element in the proper conduct of fire insurance: that efficient policing on the part of the fire insurance companies through trained, conscientious, and effectively disciplined agents would do more than all other means to bring about a reduction of our fire loss. . . . We believe that the managers of our fire insurance must be prepared in the next few years to meet the public squarely on this ground.
—*The Market World and Chronicle.*

Information Exceedingly Stale to Underwriters

COLLIER'S contains a lot of information which may be new to the public, but is exceedingly stale to experienced underwriters.—*The Insurance Monitor.*

Has His Facts All Right

MR. McFARLANE has got his facts all right, as every underwriter can testify.—*The Insurance Field.*

Latest Magazine—All About Van Camp's



Every Month, Millions Read This Story

For years and years, folks have read in this magazine the story of Van Camp's.

Perhaps most readers have said, at one time or another, "I shall try those beans."

And many of them did.

But many of you haven't tried them. So we tell you again this inviting story. But the best of the story can't be told until you serve your first meal of Van Camp's.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

This is the Story

For 51 years we have worked to create a superlative dish—to make these kitchens famous.

We have searched for the ablest chefs. Skill, time and cost have been lavished on this dish. All to insure that those who bought it got the utmost in baked beans.

The beans we use—picked out by hand—cost three times what some beans cost.

The tomato sauce costs five times what lesser sauce would cost.

The baking is done with super-heated steam, kept from contact with the beans. Thus the beans are baked in high heat for hours, and baked without crisping, without bursting the beans.

Van Camp's come to you nut-like, mealy and whole, yet easy to digest. And they come with the fresh oven flavor.

This dish is our pride, our one claim to supremacy. It has brought us nation-wide fame.

It will bring to you, as it has to millions, a new delight in baked beans.

A few meals of Van Camp's will prove this to you in an unforgetable way. Don't you think it will pay to know it?

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by
Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.
Established 1861

(247)



"Gee! I'm Glad I Have On B. V. D."

THAT'S what the cool, comfortable, *coated* man is thinking, while the cross, comfortless, *coatless* ones are eyeing him enviously. Don't *you* be caught without B. V. D. when warm days "put you on the griddle." B. V. D. weather is *here*—B. V. D. is sold *everywhere*.

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label*. On every B. V. D. undergarment is sewed



This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.*)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

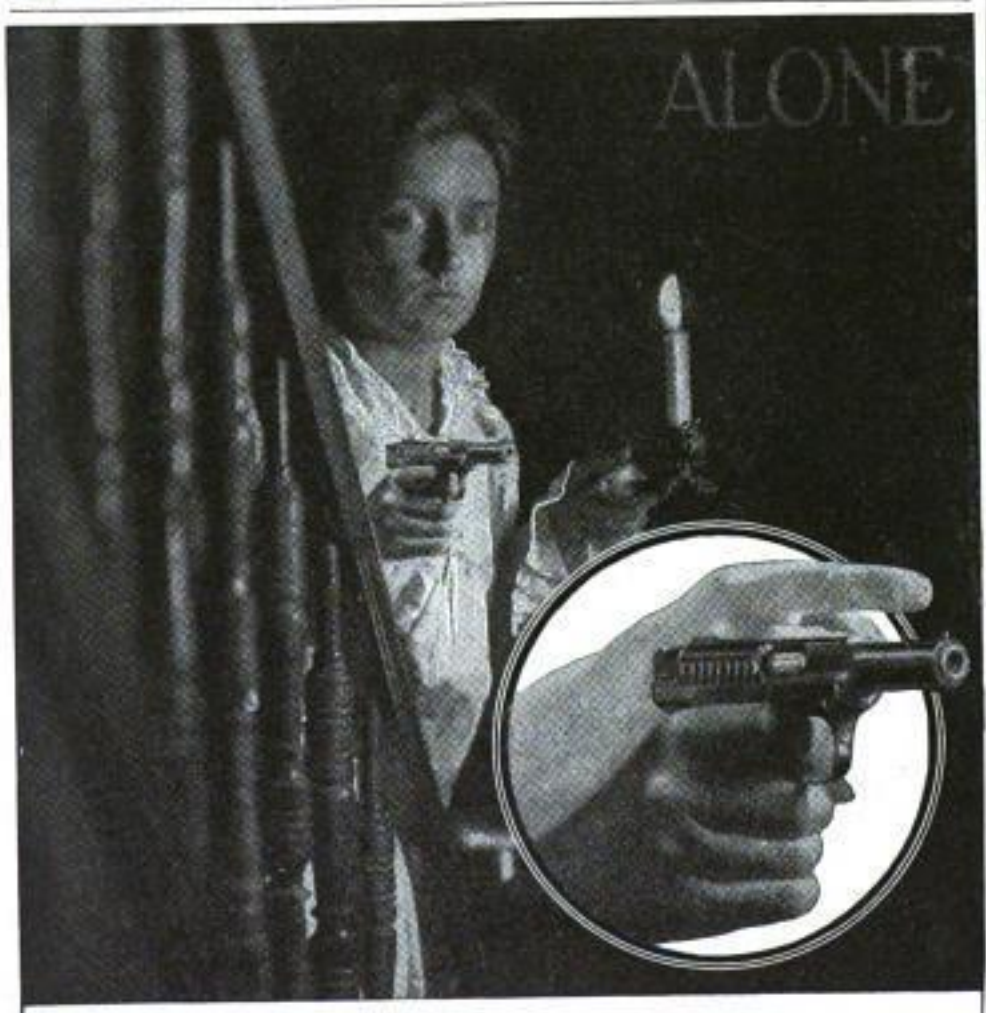
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The B. V. D. Company, New York.

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THE burglar has *no earthly* show against the Savage Automatic—even in the hands of a lone, frightened woman.

Why? Because this pistol—the only ten-shot .32 automatic—aims as easily as pointing your finger, and shoots straight instinctively—even in the dark—one shot to each trigger pull, as fast or slowly as you please. Because an automatic indicator shows positively at a glance or a touch whether it is loaded. You can't say you "didn't know the SAVAGE was loaded."

Send six cents in stamps for advice from detective and police authorities on how to handle burglars with the Savage.

THE 10 Shots Quick SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Savage Arms Company, 825 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Savage rifles

Brickbats & Bouquets

LANCASTER, PA.

FOR many years I have taken your journal. I shall take it no longer. Your advocacy of free-trade principles that will ruin our country, as has been the case in all past history, is most disgusting. Beware what you are about. We will see the same terrible times as in the last term of Grover. Coxey armies will march again. I trust that when the people have been driven to desperation by the Calhoun free traders, they hang them or drown them in the sea. Mr. Hearst is a patriot, a real American. You are an English free trader.

L. G. SHERMAN.

✤

EL PASO, TEX.

This paper is very valuable to me on account of its honesty and fearlessness. I like to see it land on the kidney pills and other patent-medicine fakes appealing to laboring men, and shall feel very sore and deeply offended if I am not notified of the lapse of my subscription in ample time to renew the same without missing a single copy. I shall do all in my power to influence my friends in its favor.

H. C. TEAS.

✤

GASTONIA, N. C.

I have noticed during the last few years your paper seems to have treated the South and its institutions with such fairness as ought to commend it to the admiration of the Southern people.

A. G. MANGUM.

✤

If Congress were to vote on who the meanest man in all the world was, the count would show a landslide for Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. He is a mean man. He reads the Congressional Record clear through from beginning to end. He looks up the business connections of members of Congress. He examines bills for "jokers" and special privileges. And then he publishes his discoveries in his mean old periodical.

—Toledo (Ohio) *Blade*.

✤

CRAWFORD COUNTY HOSPITAL, OHIO.

For the past month I have not been receiving my copy of your Weekly. I have had no renewal notice, nor have any of your men called, so I do not think my subscription has expired. Never take my name off your list but send a bill when you want my money. I can't get along without COLLIER'S WEEKLY, not because I think you are right most of the time, but because when you are wrong you are so damned sincere about it.

DR. W. C. GATES,
Resident Surgeon.

✤

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HAWAII.

In our humble opinion, Mr. Carnegie would do far more good to the great mass of humanity if he would send in about ten thousand subscriptions for COLLIER'S to be divided equally among the States. There is more information on vital questions, more sincerity and truth in one copy of COLLIER'S than I have been able to exhaust from a very extensive library.

AN ADMIRER.

✤

HOW COLLIER'S WEEKLY will howl when it learns that our Senators and Representatives in Congress have reached down in the brine of the pork barrel and hooked us up a $175,000 building.

—Malden (Mass.) *News*.

✤

So COLLIER'S can tear its hair till doomsday. If the President can have a private floral conservatory maintained from public funds, why can't Sundance, Wyo., have a Federal building for its delectation?

—Leadville (Colo.) *Democrat*.

✤

ESPANOLA, N. M.

To COLLIER'S we owe our thanks for a vigorous presentation of many things which, without your clear-cut Weekly, would never reach the public.

CLARA D. TRUE.

✤

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

The article "The Heart of the Question," which appeared in two of your recent issues, is the simplest, most direct, and, therefore, the most efficient exposition of one of the principal causes of American deterioration, which is producing the unrest in our manufacturing cities, and would be of immense benefit in conveying a clear understanding of the economic condition, if it could be placed in the hands of several million of our people at a small price per copy.

W. A. MCDUFFEE.

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY would alleviate the pangs of curiosity in many of its readers if the author of those cubists editorials it prints occasionally would sign them.

—Concord (N. H.) *Monitor*.

✤

TAMPA, FLA.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has done more good for the masses and for good government than all the other papers, periodicals, and magazines put together.

E. W. MONROE.

✤

COLLIER'S deserves all the success it has, and all that may come to it, for it is one of the most useful as well as one of the most interesting publications in the world.—Emporia (Kans.) *Gazette*.

✤

CODY, WYO.

If there were nothing inside the covers of COLLIER'S but the editorials it should still be more than welcome in my home.

T. J. OWEN.

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the leading journal of its kind in the United States. . . .

—Piqua (Ohio) *Dispatch*.

✤

UNDERWOOD, WASH.

COLLIER'S should have the support of every decency-loving American.

HARRY F. STICKNEY.

✤

CHICAGO, ILL.

Just keep on editing The National Weekly as at present. It's unbeatable, no matter what the thoughts of those on whose guilty toes you tread. You are doing much good for the present and for the future.

An old admirer,
W. D. RUSSELL.

✤

KEOKUK, IOWA.

I have grown to rely on COLLIER'S for good, clean, moral, and political information as I rely on my professional journals for reliable scientific information.

EDWARD M. HANSON, M. D.

✤

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

Your constant fight for honest men and honest measures and civic decency leads us to advise you of the achievement here. East St. Louis has broken every record in Illinois politics by electing State Senator John M. Chamberlin Mayor by the greatest majority in the history of the city, and inasmuch as the issue was neither political nor personal, but a fair, square fight for clean manhood and womanhood and a decent town to live and work in, we respectfully bring it to your attention.

C. B. COX,
President East St. Louis Industrial League.

✤

Mr. Sullivan always writes as a patriot, not as a politician. He does not study politics to find arguments supporting this or that political belief, as most political writers do, but solely to learn the truth and give it to the country through the great magazine with which he is associated. No one can read his weekly articles regularly without realizing this fact.

—Higginsville (Mo.) *Jeffersonian*.

✤

As a rule one does not turn to a popular publication like COLLIER'S for economic inspiration, but an editorial in that periodical dealing with the expanding cost of living, and inversely or otherwise, as we look at the subject from the standpoint of cause and effect, the shrinking purchasing power of the dollar, centers attention anew on a subject that sooner or later must be cleared up, not only because beneficial results may follow, but also because popular opinion is demanding light on what appears to be an economic mystery.

—New York (N. Y.) *Financier*.

✤

COLLIER'S, a magazine that watches the trend of the popular mind with admirable perspicacity. . . .

—Nebraska City (Neb.) *Press*.

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You and your guests will enjoy your car more if equipped with Diamond Tires

You bought a car to enjoy. You selected an engine that you knew was reliable—a transmission system that would not waste your power—a roomy tonneau that would accommodate you and your friends.

But in buying your car, possibly you did not realize that it is your tires upon which all of these other things depend for their efficiency, as well as your easy riding comfort and safety.

To enjoy motoring you must have absolute mind-comfort—must be free from annoying, irritating tire troubles and tire tinkerings.

The man who is going to travel most miles this season—with the least amount of trouble—is the tire-wise man who uses foresight in selecting

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

made of Vitalized Rubber

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage"



We have taken care of your tire troubles in advance by building all Diamond Tires of Vitalized Rubber. And let us tell you right here just what Vitalized Rubber is.

To start with, there is a foundation of pure, young, lusty rubber.

Then our chemists toughen this pure rubber by a Diamond vitalizing process—a process which imparts a flint-like wearing quality to the rubber and, at the same time, retaining all the virtue and elasticity of the pure gum.

This is why Diamond Tires will give the greatest mileage in wet as well as dry weather—will plow through sand and dust—stand the friction of the road and the pull of the engine—will adapt themselves from one end of the thermometer to the other—and from high speed to low—and under all these conditions you, at the wheel, are riding with mind-comfort and free from possible tire worries.

No more fear of rim troubles when you ride on Diamond Tires

When you ride on Diamond Tires you need have no fear of rim troubles.



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires are built with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact that fit and hold the rim with a vise-like grip. This perfect balance means that the tire is fighting the *road*, not the *rim*—insuring immunity from all forms of rim troubles, including cutting and breaking above the bead.

The annealed steel cabled wires imbedded in the bead form a rigid ring of support that holds in every emergency, permits proper inflation and positively prevents the tire from creeping or slipping off the rim.

In addition you get more air-room in Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires—and it's the extra air-room that does the work.

The more air-room—the more resiliency with less racking and jolting of your engine and car—which, in turn, means more comfort for you and your guests—*more service from your tires.*

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

Careworn?

Well, Gibbon, the historian, said he had never known a trouble he could not forget over a book and that he would not barter his love of reading for the wealth of the Indies. Why not try it? We publish a number of sets that are much more interesting than the present day novels and are literature as well. We have been established forty years and our books have been given a long series of medals at many international expositions. Here are a few of them:



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Sparkling dialogue. First complete and unabridged translations of these novels by Balzac's only rival. Acknowledged the greatest woman writer that ever lived. Twenty volumes, beautiful photogravures. $45, payable $2 monthly. "The most remarkable woman of her age."—HENRY JAMES. Pamphlet on request.



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Infinitely more interesting than the best modern novels. Unabridged, fourteen pocket volumes, imported Bible paper, exquisite etchings. $28, payable $2 monthly. "The only version that contains all that is in the original."—*N. Y. Sun*. Send $2 and get a set on approval. Refunded if set returned. Pamphlet on request.



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The Ghost That Got the Button

(*Continued from page 19*)

Them heathen Chinos has *et him!*' Lord, now, wouldn't that jolt youse? Them Chinos a-eatin' Daggett! It give me an awful jar, an' Buck he felt it, too. That there mutt had acted right decent, an' we knew Ranch would have bats in the belfry fer fair if he hold tell o' the pup's finish; so says Buck: 'Let's not tell him, 'cause he's takin' on now like he'd lost mother an' father an' best goil an' all, an' if he knew Daggett was providin' chow fer Chinos he'd go clean bug house an' we'd have ter ship him home ter St. Elizabeth.'

"I SAYS O. K. ter that, an' we made it up not ter let on ter Ranch; an' now here comes the spook part yer been a-waitin' fer.

"Four or five nights later I was on guard, an' my post was the farthest out we had on the north. There was an ol' road out over that way, an' I'd hold tell it led ter a ol' graveyard, but I hadn't never been there myself an' hadn't thought much about it till 'long between two an' three o'clock, as I was a-hikin' up an' down, when somepin' comes a-zigzin' down the road hell-fer-leather on to me, a-yellin' somepin' fierce. Gee, but I was skeered! I made sure it was a spook, an' there wasn't a bit o' breath left in me. I was all to the bad that time fer sure. Before I had time ter think even, that screamin', streakin' thing was on me an' a-grabbin' roun' my knees; an' then I see it was one o' them near-Christian Chinos, an' he's skeered more'n me even. His eyes had popped clean out'n their slits, an' his tongue was hangin' out by the roots, he was that locoed. I raised the long yell fer corporal of the guard, which happened, by good luck, ter be Buck, an' when he come a-runnin', thinkin' from the whoops I give we was bein' rushed by the whole push of Boxers, the two of us began proddin' at the Chink ter find out what was doin'. Took us some time, too, with him bein' in such a flutter an' hardly able ter even hand out his darn ol' pigeon English, that sounds like language comin' out of a sausage machine. When we did savvy his line of chop-suey talk, we found out he'd seen a ghost in the graveyard, an' not only seen it but he knew who the spook was an' all about him. We was gittin' some serious ourselves an' made him tell us.

"SEEMS it was a mandarin—that's a sort o' Chink police-court judge (till I got ter Tientsin I always thought they was little oranges), an' this tangerine's—I mean mandarin's—name was Wu Ti Ming, an' he'd been a high mucky-muckraker in his day, which was two or three hundred years back. But the Emprer caught him deep in some sort o' graft an' *took away his button* an' all o' his dough.

"'Lord!' says Buck when we come ter this, 'don't that prove what heathens Chinks is? Only one button ter keep on their clothes with, an' the Emprer he kin take it away! What did this here Judge Ming do then, John? Use string or pins?' This here John didn't seem ter savvy, but he said that the mandarin took on so fer his button an' his loss of pull in the ward that it was sure sad ter see, an' by an' by the Emprer got busy again with him an' had him finished up fer keeps; had him die the 'death of a thousand cuts,' says John. It sounded fierce ter me, but Buck he says:

"'Pshaw! Anybody who's been shaved reg'lar by them lady barbers on Fourth Avenyer would 'a' give the Emprer the merry ha-ha—'

"After Ming was cut up they took the remains of his corpse an' planted him in this here graveyard up the road; but he wouldn't stay planted an' began doin' stunts at night, 'topside walkee-walkee' an' a-huntin' fer his lost button. He'd used ter have the whole country scared up, but fer the last twenty years he'd kep' right quiet an' had hardly ever come out; but now sence the foreign devils come (ain't that a sweet name fer us?) he's up an' at it again worse than ever, an' the heathens is on their ear. Fer four nights now they'd seen him, wrapped in a blue robe, wailin' an' a-huntin' behind tombstones an' walkin' round an' round the graveyard like a six days' race fer the belt at Madison Square. John had jus' seen him on the wall, an' that was why he come chargin' down the road like forty cats.

"'Will Mr. Ming's sperrit walk till he gits that button back?' Buck asts. John says: 'Sure.'

"'Well,' says Buck, 'why don't yer give him one?'

"'No can give. Only Emplor, only Son of Heaven give.'

"'Well, look here,' says Buck, 'we sand rabbits ain't no sons of Heaven, but I'll be darned if we couldn't spare a button ter lay the ghost of a pore busted police-court judge, who's lost his job an' his tin, if *that's* all he wants back. What time does he come out at, John? Could we see him ter-morrer night?' 'Sure could we,' says John; 'he'll show us the way, but he won't wait with us; he's bad enough fer his.'

"So Buck takes John an' goes back ter the guard shack, as it's most time fer relief, an' after I got back we told John ter git the hook, an' we talked things over, an' Buck he was just wild ter see if he couldn't lay that Chino ghost. His talents was achin' ter git action on him; anythin' like that got up his spunk. Says I:

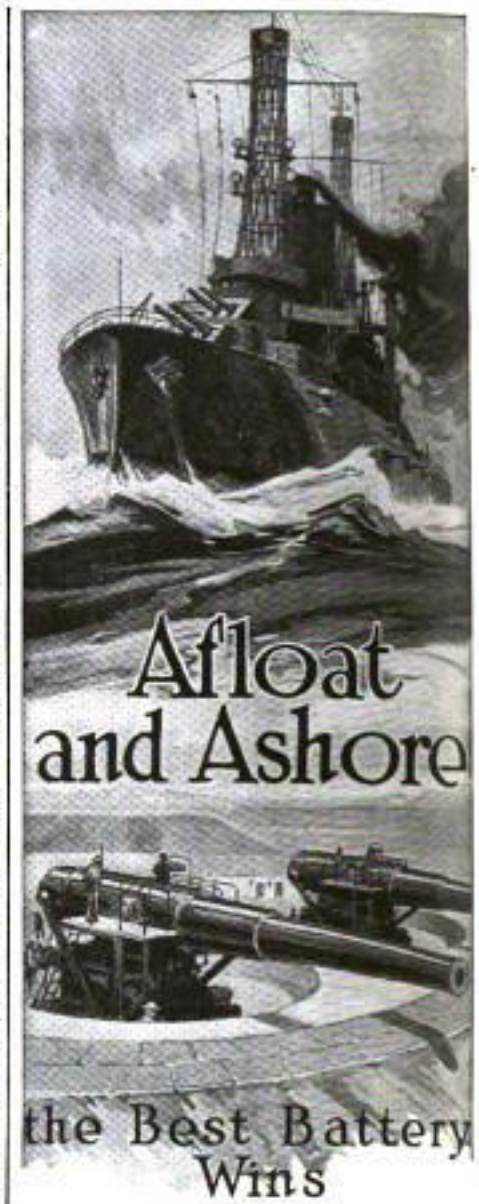
"'Maybe Ranch kin help. We'll tell him ter-morrer after guard mount. It'll take his mind off Daggett.'

"'No, yer don't,' says Buck. 'Don't yer dare tell him. He's nervous as a cat over the pup as it is, an' this spook business is awful skeery; I'm feelin' woozy over it meself. I'm all off when it comes ter ghosts—that is, if it's a real ghost. And things here in Pekin' is so funny the odds is all in favor of its bein' the sure thing. I ain't afeard o' no kinds o' people, but I sure git cold feet when I'm up against a ghost. Wouldn't that jar youse? An' me a soldier; when it's a soldier's whole business not ter *git* cold feet. But I'm bound I'll have a show at that ol' spook even if it *does* skeer me out o' my growth. Only don't yer dare tell Ranch.

"NEX' night, right after eleven o'clock rounds, me an' Buck slipped outer our blankets, sneaked out past the guard, an' met John, who was waitin' fer us in the road jus' beyond where the last sentry wouldn't seen him. It was cold as git out. Jus' the same kind o' early cold as to-night, an' John's teeth was chatterin' like peas in a box—he was some loco with skeer, too, you bet.

"'Which way?' says Buck, an' John spouts a lot o' dope-joint lingo an' takes us up a side alley, where there's a whole bunch o' Chinos waitin' fer us, an' they begun a kowtowin' an' goin' on like we was the whole cheese. Turned out that John had jollied 'em that the Melican soldier mans was big medicine an' would make Judge Ming quit the midnight hike an' cut out scarin' 'em blue. That jus' suited Buck; he was all there when it come ter play commander in chief. He swelled up an' give 'em a bundle o' talk that John put in Chino fer 'em, an' then finished up by showin' 'em a button—a ol' United States Army brass button he'd cut off his blue blouse—an' tol' 'em he was goin' ter bury it in Ming's grave so as ter keep him bedded down.

"AN' them simple idiots was pleased ter death, an' the whole outfit escorted us over ter the graveyard, but they shied at the gate (Lord, I hated ter see 'em go—even if they *was* heathens!), an' let John take us in an' show us where ter wait. He put us in behind a pile o' little rocks in about the middle o' the place near where Judge Ming hung out, an' then retired on the main body at the double, leavin' us two on outpost alone there together. I hadn't never been ter a Chino buryin' ground before, an' nighttime wasn't extree pleasant fer a foist introduce. There was a new moon that night—a little shavin' of a thing that hardly gave no light, an' from where we was there was a twisty pine tree branch that struck out right acrost it like a picture card—two fer five. The graveyard was all dark an' quiet, with little piles o' rocks an' stone tables ter mark the graves, an' a four- or five-foot wall runnin' all round it; an' somehow, without nothin' stirrin' at all, the whole blame place seemed chock full o' movin' shadders. There wasn't a sound neither; not the least little thing; jus' them shadders; an' the harder yous'd look at 'em the more they seemed ter move. It was cold, too, like I told yer—bitin' cold—an' me an' Buck squatted there tight together an' mos' friz. We waited, an' we waited, an' *we waited*, an' we got skeerder, an' skeerder, an'



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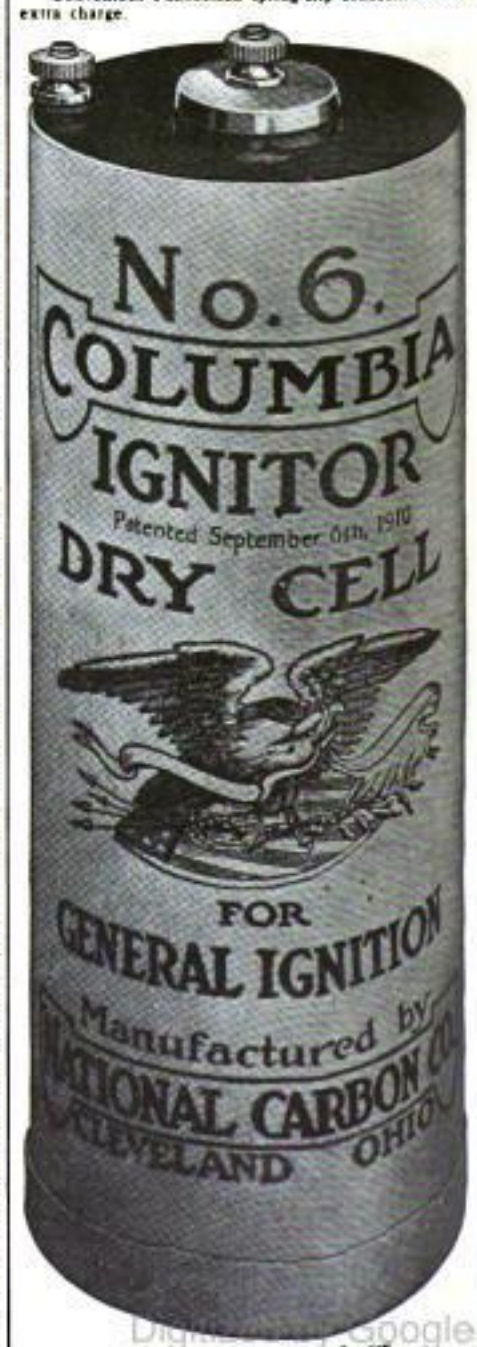
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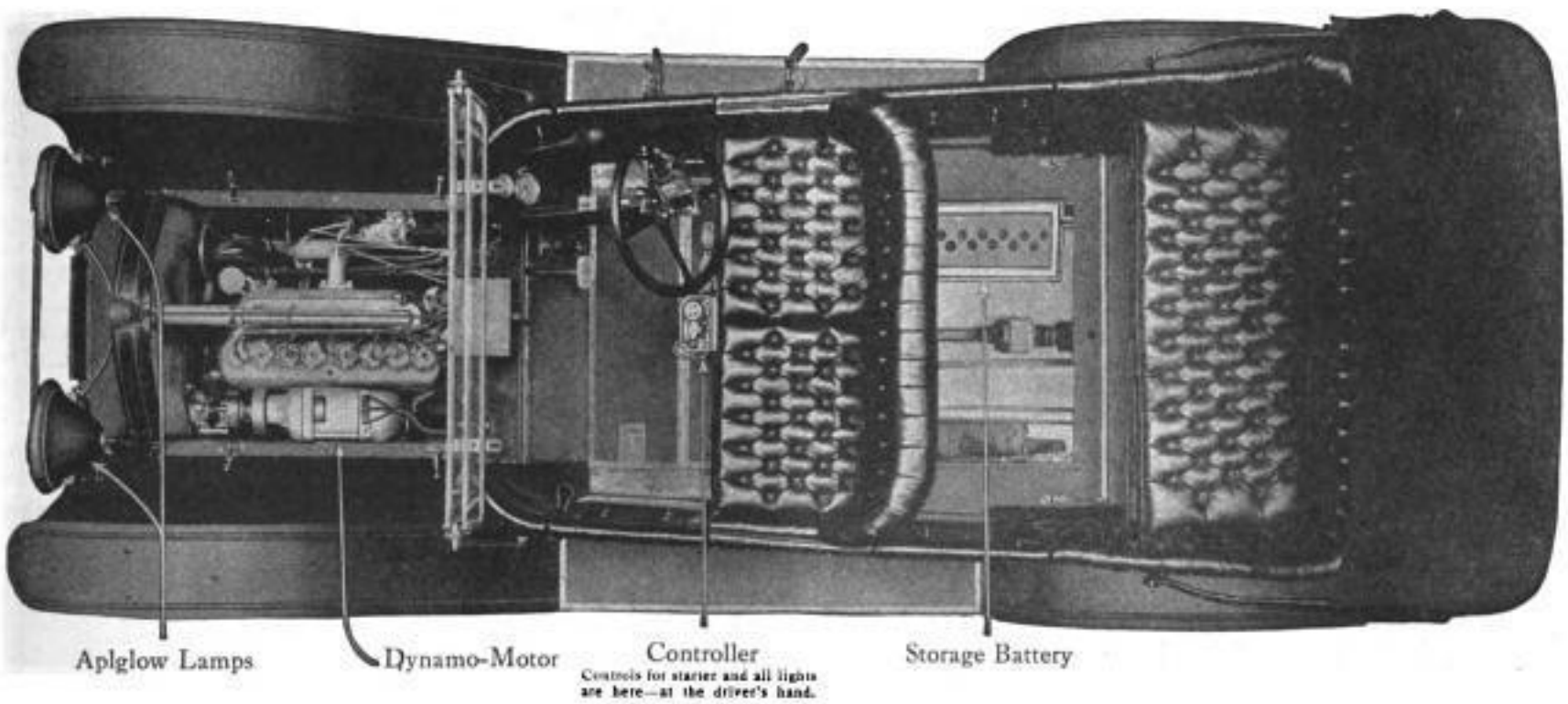
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skeerder, an', gee! how we shivered! Every minute we thought we'd see Judge Ming, but a long time went by an' he didn't come an' he *didn't* come. There we set, strung up tight an' ready ter snap like a banjo string, but nothin' ter see but the shakin' shadders an' nothin' ter hear—nothin' but jus' dead, dead silence.

"All of a suddent Buck (he kin hear a pin drop a mile away) nearly nips a piece out'n my arm as he grips me. 'Listen!' says he.

"I LISTENED an' listened, but I didn't hear nothin', an' I told him so.

"'Yes, yer do, yer bloke yer,' he whispers. 'Listen. Strain your years.'

"Then way off I did begin ter hear somepin'. It was a long, funny, waily cry, sort o' like the way cats holler at each other at night. 'Oh-oo-oo, oh-oo-oo!' like that, an' it come nearer an' nearer. Then all of a suddent somepin' popped up on the graveyard wall about a hundred yards away—somepin' all blue-gray against the hook o' the moon—an' begun walkin' up an' down an' hollerin'. I knew it was sayin' words, but I was so far to the bad I didn't know nothin' an' couldn't make it out. I never thought a feller's heart could bang so hard against his ribs without bustin' out, an' me hair riz so high me campaign hat was three inches off'n me head. I hope ter the Lord I'll never be so frightened again in all my livin' days. I set there in a transom from fear an' friz ter the spot. I don't know nothin' o' what Buck was doin', as my lamps was glued ter the spook. It jumped down from the wall, cullin' an' whistlin' an' begin runnin' round the little stone heaps. I seen it was comin' our way, but I couldn't move or make a sound; I jus' set. All of a suddent Buck he jumps up an' makes a dash an' a leap at the spook, an' there's a terrible yellin' an' they both comes down crash at the foot of a rock pile, rollin' on the little pebbles; but Buck is on top an' the spook underneath an' lettin' off the most awful screeches. Gosh, they jus' ripped the air, them spook's yells did, an' they turned my spell loose an' I howled fer all I was worth. Then Buck, he commenced a-yawpin' too, but me an' the spook we was both raisin' so much noise I didn't savvy what he said fer some time. Then I found he was cussin' me out.

"'Come here, you fersaken —— ——,' he howls. 'Quit yellin'! I say *quit yellin'!* Don't yer see who this is? Come here an' help me.'

"'You think I'm goin' ter tech that Ming spook?' I shrieks.

"'You miser'ble loony,' he yells back, 'can't yer see it ain't no Ming? It's Ranch!'

"WELL, so it was. It was Ranch skeered stiff an' hollerin' fer dear life at bein' jumped on an' waked up in the middle of a graveyard that-a-way. Pore ol' feller had had Daggett on his mind, an' went sleepwalkin' an' huntin' wrapped in his blanket.

"'An',' says Buck ter me, 'if youse hadn't been in such a dope dream with skeer, you'd 'a' sensed what he was a-yellin'. He was callin': "Oh-oo-oo, oh-oo-oo, here, Daggett! Here, boy!" an' then he'd whistle an' call again: "Here, Daggett! Here, Daggett!" That's how I knew it was Ranch; an', besides, he told me onct that he sleepwalked when he got worried. But *you*, you white-livered—' an' then he cussed me out some more.

"'Smarty,' I says, 'if yer knew so blame well it was Ranch, why did yer give him the flyin' tackle like yer done an' git him all wolked up like this?'

"'Well,' says Buck sort o' sheepy, 'I was some wolked up meself, an' time he come along I give him the spook's tackle without thinkin'; I was too skeered ter think. Hush, Ranch. Hush, old boy. It's jus' me'n Bill. Nobody shan't holt yer.'

"We comforted pore ol' Ranch an' fixed him up, an' then when he felt better told him about things—all but how Daggett was et—an' I wrapped his blanket around him an' took him back ter quarters while Buck went a-lookin' fer John an' his gang.

"HE found 'em about half a mile off, in front of a Mott Street joss house, all prayin' an' burnin' punk an' huddled together, skeered green from the yellin's they'd heard. Buck, he give 'em a long chin-chin about layin' the ghost, an' how Judge Ming wouldn't never come back no more; an' then he dragged 'em all

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back (they pullin' at the halter shanks with years laid back an' eyes rollin'), ter see him bury his United States button on Ming's rock pile. He dropped it in solemn, an' said what the Chinks took ter be a prayer; but it was really the oath he said. Buck havin' onct been a recruitin' sergeant, knew it by heart all the way from 'I do solemnly swear' ter 'so help me, Gawd.' Buck says I oughter seen them grateful Chinos then: they'd 'a' give him the whole Chino Empire if they could. They got down an' squirmed an' kissed his hands an' his feet an' his sleeve. They wanted ter escort him back ter camp, but he backed at that, an' said no, as he was out without pass an' not itchin' fer his arrival ter be noticed none.

"After that we took toins watchin' Ranch at night, an' got him another mutt ter love, an' he didn't wander any more, so Judge Ming seemed satisfied with his United States button, an' kep' quiet. But them Chinks was the gratefulest gang yer ever seen. They brought us presents; things ter eat—fruit, poultry, eggs, an' all sorts of chow, some of it mighty funny lookin', but it tasted all right; we lived high, we three. The other fellers was wild ter know how we woiked it. An' I tell yer I ain't never been skeered o' ghosts sence—that is, not ter speak of—*much*."

BILL paused, drew a long breath, and looked at the clock. "Gee!" said he, "most nine o'clock. I got ter go over ter K troop ter see Sergeant Keefe a minute—I promised him. Adios, fellers. Thanks fer the smokin'."

"Keep the change, hombre. Thanks for yo' tale," shouted Whitney after him as he disappeared down the hall.

"Well!!" said Stone, and looked at Hansen.

"Well!!!" responded Hansen. The big Swede shook with laughter. "Iss he not the finest liar! Yess? I wass in the Fourteenth myselluf. That wass my company—Chay. He wass not even the army in then—in nineteen hund'erd."

"Yes," said Stone, "I knew, but I wasn't goin' to spoil his bloomin' yarn. I happened to see his enlistment card only this mornin', and the only thing he was ever in before was the Twenty-third Infantry after they came back from the islands. He's never even been out of the States."

"But where did he get it from?" asked Whitney. "His imagination is equal to most anything but gettin' so many facts straight. Of co'se I noticed things yere an' there—but the most of it was O. K."

"I tell you," said Hansen, grinning, "he got it from an old Fourteenth man—Dan Powerss—at practice camp last Chuly. He an' I wass often talking of China. He wass in my old company an' wass then telling me how he an' the other fellerss all that extra chow got. I tank Bill he hass a goot memory."

"But the nerve of him!" cried Whitehall, "tryin' ter pass that off on us with Hansen sittin' right there."

"It iss one thing he may have forgot," smiled Hansen.

"WELL, who cares anyway?" said Stone. "It was a blame good story. An' now clear out, all of you. I want to hit the bunk. Reveille does seem to come so early these cold mornin's. Gee! I wish I knew of some kind of button that would keep me lyin' down when Shorty wants me to get up an' call the roll."

Kind Words from an Old Friend

THE first number of COLLIER'S under the 5-cent price now is on the news stands, and a bigger or better nickel's worth never was offered in any country. The publishers aim at a circulation of a million copies in the near future, and it should have twice that. COLLIER'S occupies a field of its own, a field it created for itself. It is the most aggressive publication in this country, yet it never runs amuck, or becomes abusive. It is no militant suffragette. All its crusades are carefully planned, and when it knows it is right it goes ahead. And when it goes ahead it gets results. Every man who admires an absolutely fearless journal should read COLLIER'S.

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The Franklin Six "38" is the product of Franklin "Balanced Construction." This has produced a car 1200 pounds lighter than any other car of equal class and this lightness results immediately in a big saving in up-keep expense.

Light weight is saving Franklin users big tire bills. Franklin users in 1912 reported an average of *10,746 miles per set of tires.* The average for other cars of equal size is around 3500 to 4000 miles. This is cutting tire expense below the middle.

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Where others use a rigid steel frame we use a laminated wood frame, more costly than steel, one-half as heavy. It is resilient and shock absorbing. We eliminate the radiator, water jackets, fans, water-pump, pipes and the water, considerable weight, considerable trouble.

The Franklin engine is the simplest and lightest six-cylinder engine in use in cars of equal size. Eliminating excess weight permits us to use four full elliptical springs. This increases ease of riding and saves passengers and engine alike from jars and jolts.

The Franklin Six "38" is equipped with "right-sized" tires. The Franklin principle of light weight, suspended on resilient springs that absorb the blows, riding on 4½-inch and 5-inch tires, doubles tire life and eliminates fatigue.

Franklin users can tour 300 miles a day and feel less fatigued than other motorists traveling half that distance.

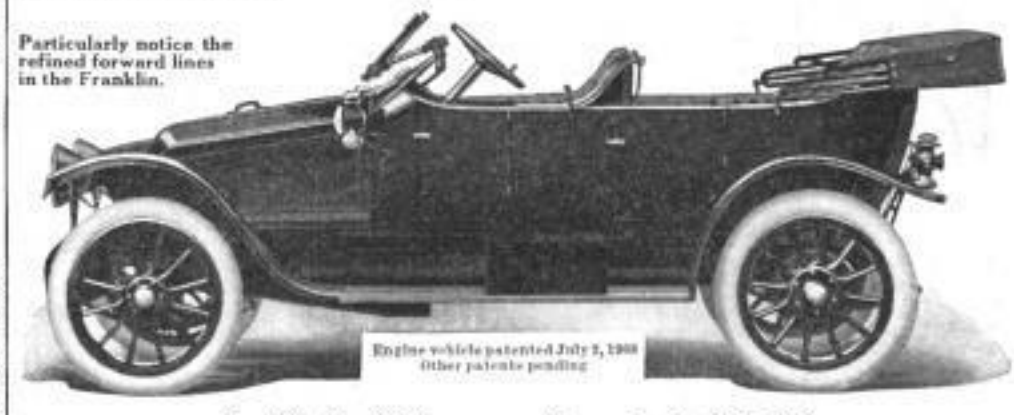
Light weight means less work for the engine to do, whether going up hill or along the level. Less work means less fuel. The Franklin holds the record for most miles per gallon of gasoline. Franklin users report averages of twice as far per gallon as other cars of equal power and size.

Mr. Motorist, for comfort, for elimination of trouble, the Franklin Six "38" will interest you.

Mr. Business Man, you do not need to be told that tire bills and fuel bills make the pleasure of running a high-powered car expensive. Cutting these bills in two means twice as much use of your car for the same expense or the same use at half the expense.

Will you not see the Franklin dealer in your town and see this Six "38" demonstrated? If no Franklin dealer is near you, write for our catalog and full information.

Particularly notice the refined forward lines in the Franklin.



Engine vehicle patented July 2, 1901 Other patents pending

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All Franklin 6-cylinder cars are equipped with the efficient, powerful Entz Electric Starter and Lighting System. Simple to operate; engine cannot possibly stall.

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Franklin Four "25"	2000
Franklin Six "38"—7-passenger Touring	3850

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"Around the World on a Berry Wagon," charmingly illustrated in color by W. W. Denslow, the famous artist of children, sent free on request. The kiddies will enjoy it.

Back to Life

[*Continued from page 6*]

"Exactly as in other maladies, so in this, the personal quantity must be taken into account. But the value of the fresh, dry air is demonstrated and is universal. Hence our injunction to keep in the open air—sit there, sleep there, live in it as much as possible, for each moment you are in that life-giving element you are traveling the roadway toward your goal—good health."

So I began a life in the open air. It was early autumn when we arrived at Saranac Lake. To sleep out on an open porch then was a delight. And to sit on the porch in the daytime, too, was pleasant and toning.

An appetite developed that seemed to be insatiable. I took on flesh rapidly, rising 175 pounds weight in ten weeks. By that time, although I stuck to the porch by day and night, I felt able to go about my business.

LEARNING THE LESSON

EVERY child learns some time that too much candy sickens him. One would not want to live in a picture gallery. He would not relish living and sleeping where he always must hear the rumble of a grand pipe organ.

The mountain aspect was grand and inspiring. The out-of-doors living was tonic and revivifying. But after a while it became monotonous. I began to wish that Mother Nature would move that mountain over to another region, and bring a new one for me to look at.

I called myself to account for childishness; but it was a fight, a real fight. The reaction finally was serious. It all had gotten on my nerves. I hated the town, the people, the whole proposition. I got so overstrained and nervous that I was convinced I would get no benefit from staying longer.

Finally I concluded I knew a few things about myself, and that I might as well as not walk a little every day. I insisted on stealing a trifle of exercise daily.

I began to lose flesh and to feel again an awful lassitude. Then one night, out there alone on that open porch, came the threat of another hemorrhage.

I won out, and at last dropped asleep, thankful that my indiscretion had not brought back all my troubles.

How faithfully thereafter I followed the rules!

I arise at half-past seven in the morning, take a cold sponge, break my fast at eight, and by nine or before am sitting on my porch, wrapped for the cold. I have attached to my big Adirondack chair a reading rack, and what an opportunity for reading is here!

The numbing dullness of the monotony has passed away. I have become reconciled to my winter's fate. I "take the cure" with faith toward my wife, my physician, and myself.

All around, hundreds of others are doing the same. They are in all sorts of houses, with all sorts of porches, and clad in all sorts of garments.

They are in all stages of advancement—from earliest incipiency to the wasted and emaciated. Some will recover, some will hang on a while, only to succumb in the near future.

But no matter what be the stage to which it has progressed, it might have been warded off had proper precautions been taken at the beginning: if symptoms now known by science to point toward danger of tuberculosis had been wisely diagnosed; if medicine had been poured into the sewer, and the only successful treatment yet developed been given—fresh air, good food, and rest, rest, rest.

Not much doubt remains that had I gone to my home when I learned of my weakened condition, ensconced myself on my own open porch, with summer reading aplenty, rested absolutely, and walked only as much as I had to, slept as long as possible every night, eaten plainly and regularly, and rested, rested, rested, I would have emerged safely from the situation without necessarily going a mile from my own hearthstone.

FIVE MINUTES FOR EXERCISE

BUT at last the physician tells me I can have five minutes of exercise daily, increasing it a minute a day unless, upon further examination, he discovers that the walking is not agreeing with me.

I hold the watch on him; petulantly object when my wife, delaying a slight fraction of a minute to lock the door, might thereby cause me to lose a few precious seconds of that long-waited-for freedom to walk again.

Of course, when I began that exercise, I was a soft, puttylike individual, milk-fed, flabby, weak. Exercise naturally took off some flesh. But that worried me one who understood. I had been literally fed up like a prize at a country fair, and was far above my normal weight.

The point was that I was almost cured. All I needed to do now was to persist some time longer and make assurance doubly sure. There must be no lingering doubt. When I bought my one-way ticket I must be cured, safe for myself and to society. So the regimen, only slightly altered, was continued—resting days on the porch, sleeping there nights, and eating three quadrangular meals, plus six eggs and as many glasses of lime-watered milk daily.

It worked, too. It cured me. That's what it did for me; that's what it would do for hundreds of thousands of others. The disease is usually contracted in youth; and in youth it can almost certainly in every instance, whether pulmonary, intestinal, joint, or glandular, be absolutely cured.

Is my case typical of the average case in this country? So far as I can determine it is. I probably was in better circumstances than the average person who contracts the disease; I assume that were my friends to be asked they would say that I should be possessed of more knowledge of life and the needs of life than the average. But so far as overwork is concerned, the disregarding of what should have been plain signs that I was in danger of falling victim to tuberculosis, and the reception of bad medical advice, my experiences are typical.

POSSIBILITIES OF INFECTION

HOW did I get infected? It is impossible positively to answer that question. But so vital are these matters, and so intimately do they concern society, that it is worth while right here to set down the possible occasions of my infection.

First—Every day I was accustomed to go to a place where members of my profession assemble in the performance of their regular duties. About two hundred of us go there, not everyone every day, but most of us every day. There we use appliances in common, read newspapers that our mates have read, and mingle in close association for most of a short working day.

During the past few years several of our fellows have gone away, either to die with tuberculosis or to seek return of health in some resort. From any one of those it was easily possible that some of us would get the infection. The germs might have been communicated in any one of a dozen ways—by use of towels, washbowls, pens, in telephone booths, on couches that were in the rooms, and were used by all.

How easy; a tubercular person lies on a couch; he leaves germs by coughing or sneezing. Another person lies on that couch. It would seem to be almost a certainty that the latter would get some of those germs on his clothing or flesh. If he be not vitally reduced, he will throw off these germs. If he be "run down" he is likely to be infected.

I distinctly remember that some of the fellows coughed for weeks before going away. *Now anyone who stood as more than six feet from the person who coughed, stood in peril of being infected by the projection through the air of sputum from those tubercular lips.* Yet for a thousand times some of us were close to such persons when they coughed, close at writing tables or in elevators or elsewhere.

DANGER FROM DIRTY CARS

SECOND—These micro-organisms have no repugnance for street cars. Dust is stirred; the dust may carry germs attached to the tiny particles. You must breathe this dust into your lungs. I would say that it is a crime against society that street cars or subway or elevated cars are not cleaned with a vacuum cleaner every day or oftener. That would minimize the peril, which in these public conveyances is ever present and constantly menacing.

Third—A sleeping car is a source of danger. What can be done to minimize danger there? It is easy and simple. Let the State and Federal establishments see that every sleeping car is fumigated *every* trip it takes. This is done to all sleeping cars leaving Saranac Lake.

In Saranac Lake every time it [illegible]

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is vacated, the Board of Health requires that it be notified, under penalty for failure, and a man is sent to fumigate it according to the latest and most approved method. The rule is unequivocal, and it is enforced. When a house is vacated it must be fumigated as a whole.

HOTEL PERILS

FOURTH—Hotels should delight the heart of any tubercular bacillus; hotel days should be gala days for them. It would be hard to enforce a rule that every room vacated in a hostelry must be fumigated. It would be better were that possible. But at least antiseptic measures could be resorted to—carbolic waters used to wash points of contact by former occupants; the linen and bed clothing carefully changed. The linen not yet used need not be rewashed. But all linen used in a hotel could be put into a simple, inexpensive sterilizer, such as I saw in a Saranac Lake barber shop, and which insures absolute death to all germs that may have been on the towels and face cloths.

Fifth—Theatres should be treated daily with vacuum cleaners, the plush or other kinds of seats thus being brought to approximate sanitation. Of course the floors should have the same attention.

Sixth—Churches. A vacuum cleaner costs about $60. Any church can afford to buy one, and should buy one, and see that it is used faithfully. It would be quite as good God service to save mankind from the misery of tuberculosis as from the one-time-believed-in blistering from brimstone.

Seventh—Public laundries. The danger of infection from goods washed in public laundries probably is popularly magnified. The truth is that good soap or washing materials, and the heat of the boiling water or steam, constitute one of the best methods of sterilization known.

But, nevertheless, there should be extreme care in all laundries to see that plenty of soap and sufficient heat are applied to assure death of the germs that may be collected on the goods sent to be washed.

Especially is this true as to handkerchiefs and linen whereon there may be sputum, for let it be remembered that it is from the sputum of persons actively tubercular that infection *always* comes.

Eighth—Factories. What worlds of opportunities here for either woe or weal to mankind! Because the products of these factories are to go upon the bodies of men and women, and, most important, of little children; or on their beds; or (think of it!) into their very stomachs!

Cigars, cigarettes, chewing tobaccos, canned fish, canned vegetables, canned fruits, and a hundred and one other things that enter into commerce to-day, come from factories. What need for strict care against infection here!

But before all others as the most probable cause of my own physical downfall must be written—*overwork or overstrain of nerves.*

The too tired person is susceptible to infection. He is subnormal in vitality.

The nervous person is susceptible to infection. His deranged nerves testify to reduced vitality, failure to sustain the strain that has been placed on the system.

Probably the Baltimore Democratic National Convention did the bad work for me. There was no ventilation, and it was in the hot summer time in Baltimore! Twenty thousand persons, with taut nerves, in an unventilated room for more than a week!

NOT ALONE I

ONE'S lungs must have been soaked with vileness when those awful days and nights ended. There must have been an assortment of germs that ranged all the way through the list of communicable diseases in every pair of lungs. And, too, the lungs must have been fearfully reduced in vitality, in resistance to the attacks of the germs.

The nerves must have been—every one of them—like fiddle strings, for there was enough excitement to supply a normal man for a lifetime.

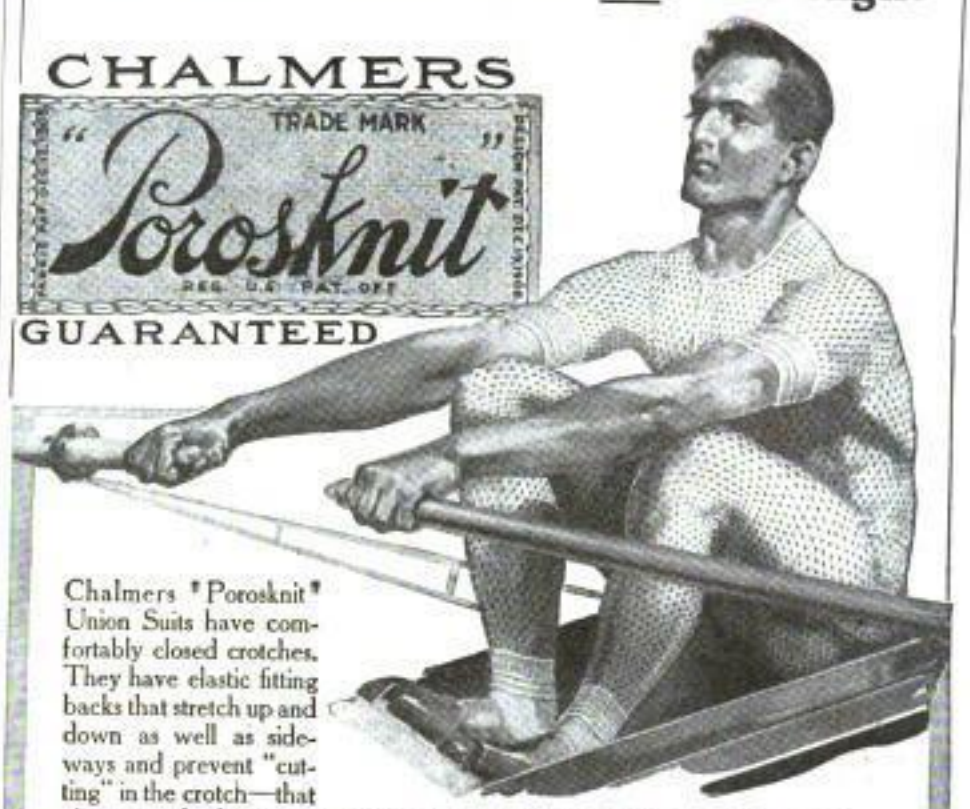
What wonder I fell?

And it was not alone I. The list of persons who died directly as a result of the vile conditions in that convention hall will never be known in full; but it is known that it was long and dire.

Of course every such gathering has its victims. But the conditions that obtained in that Baltimore Convention, and that obtain in national conventions in

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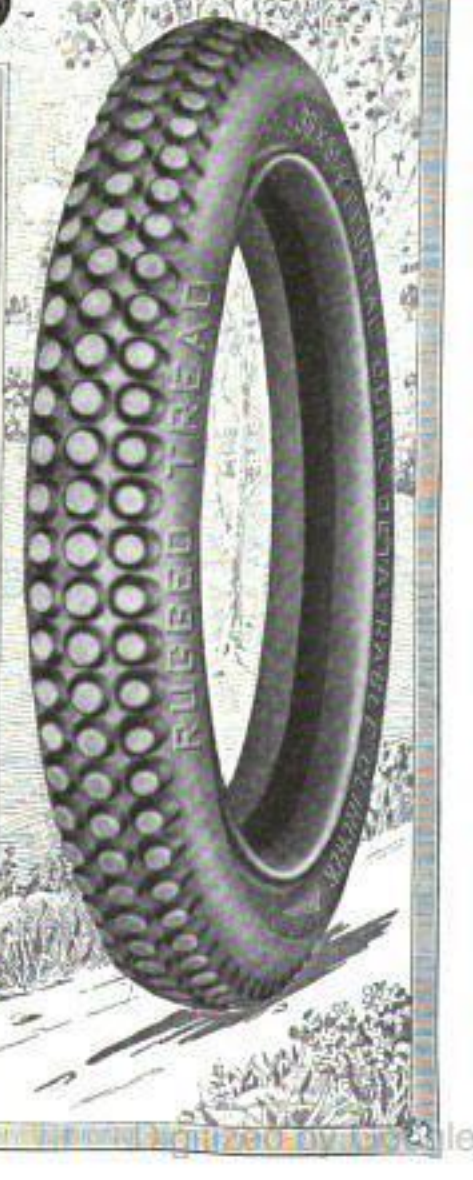
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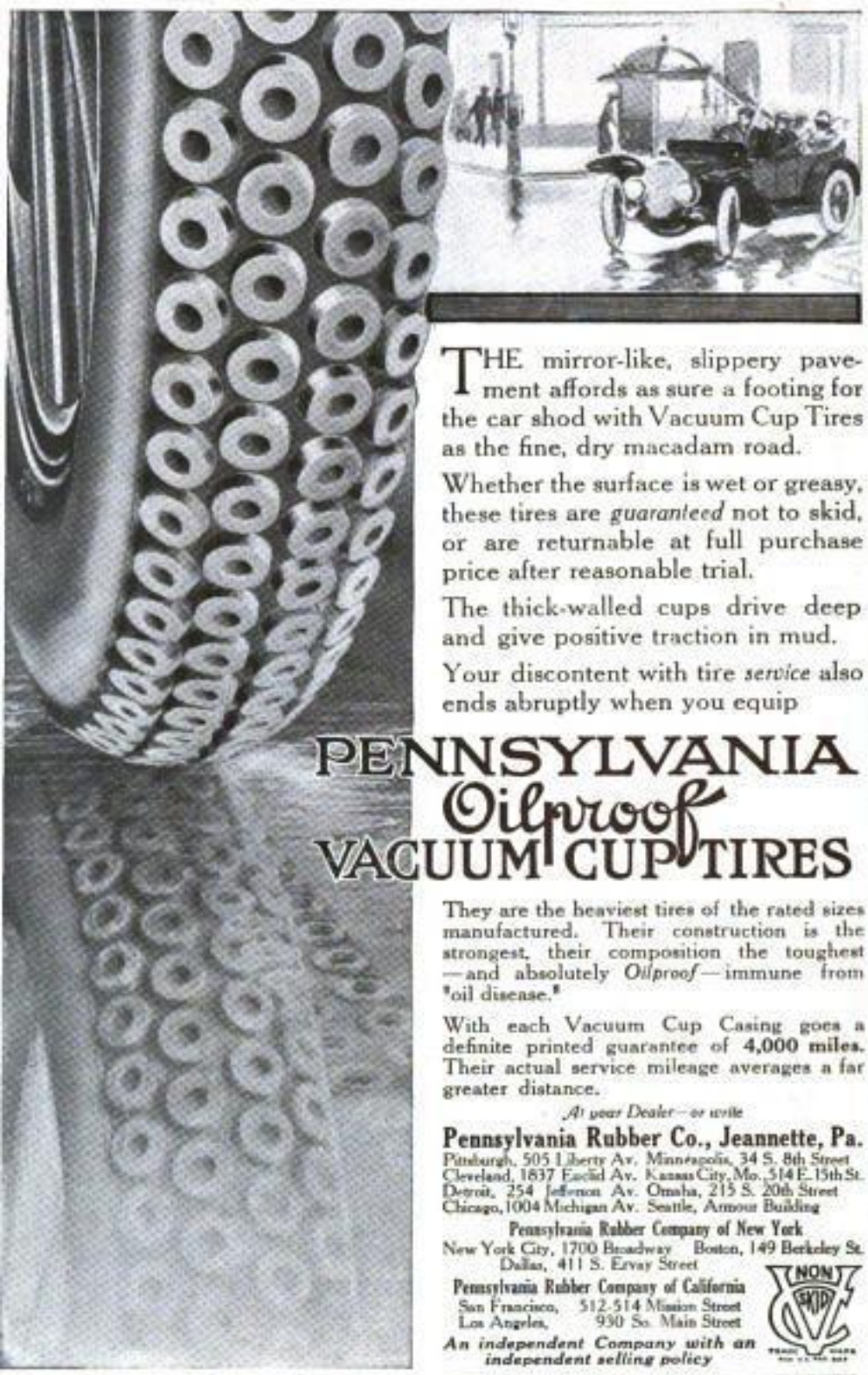
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OUR CRUDE CIVILIZATION

UNDERFEEDING, overworking, worry, and ultranervous strains of all kinds conduce to tubercular infection. Indeed, the whole problem may perhaps be expressed in those few words as correctly as in any other, using the everyday language of the layman; and it is to laymen in a layman's vernacular that I write.

The elements of the problem we see are intermixed and interwoven with the whole problem of social advancement—child labor, employment of women in factories, factory sanitation, limited hours of employment, sufficient compensation for wage earners, sanitation measures for cities, homes, and public buildings, and all the other things that go to make up the sociologist's subjects of investigation and reform.

My infection was not solely my own fault—it was largely a fault of society! The burden of tuberculosis is a social burden. The conditions that force possible infection upon a person, regardless of what his own carefulness may be to provide against it, are brought to pass, not by himself but by the national neglect that has permitted their development.

We are recognizing, nationally now, that that workman who falls victim to an accident in the prosecution of his trade or business, on railroad, in factory or mine, should not have to bear his own burden solely; but that society should see to it that that industry with which he has been connected in productive labors must provide for his compensation, charging the cost to the product of that industry, so that all of the people may thus be made to carry the burden.

SOCIETY'S DUTY

HOW in principle does the accident of having tubercular infection befall one, through no whole fault of one's own, differ from that accident to the workingman? All of society is to carry that workingman's accident; and it is a glorious victory for humanity that we as a people have at last come to see the other principle and to begin to interweave it into the warp and woof of our national industrial system.

Yet, as to the accident of tubercular infection, society sits by, negligently ignoring its own responsibility; permitting men and women and little children to incur daily, momentary, perils, and making small provision for the care of those who fall.

Cannot this great nation at least address itself to the preventive measures that must be adopted if the scourge of the white plague ever is to be eradicated?

What is the cardinal principle of this complex involvement? *Isolation of all actively tubercular persons so far as that may be possible.*

This measure is hedged about with a multitude of difficulties. It cannot be fully achieved at once. It must be approached as a consummation devoutly to be wished and to be approximated now.

I have not treated the financial phases of this problem. They alone would justify a separate article. The cost to this nation annually from tuberculosis, in expenses of patients and loss of productive power by sickness and death, runs into a sum that staggers one—something from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000.

APPALLING, USELESS WASTE

BUT sadder than that, more heartrending, are the misery, the suffering, the despair, the shattered plans and blasted hopes, the weary days and nights, the lonesome hours of isolation, the feeling that, as one lies ill and helpless, the great big world is rushing onward, ignoring you, crushing still other persons by its colossal neglects, adding daily to the cruelly long list of wounded soldiers fallen prostrate along the way!

The losses by accidents on railways appall us. Yet the nation loses ten, yes, twenty, times as much from the scourge of tuberculosis, and in the last analysis one may say nearly all this disease is preventable; as the State has stamped out smallpox, it can stamp out tuberculosis.

"Is It to Eat You Live—Yes?"

(Concluded from page 16)

precarious bed of water lilies, made ardent vows:

More fixed than the land, and more deep than the sea,
Are my thoughts, my good wishes, and my love to thee.

"Oh, lovely, lovely," murmured the girls rapturously.

"I hunt ein, zwei, drei shops," whispered Rebecca with shining eyes.

The teacher went bravely on, though if she hadn't known her own name so well she never could have read the addresses at all, so blurry and misty did everything seem.

The girls in the back of the room, slipping out of their seats, stole up front and, clustering about the teacher's desk, whispered happy comments upon "da stylish Yankee poetry."

The bell for dismissal rang unnoticed. Room 33 had no thought for macaroni and bean soup to-night.

Only once was there a discord. Miss Spencer picked up a small, undersized envelope, and the happy murmur suddenly ceased. A very tiny, unpretentious valentine this—teacher noticed that the price mark was the lowest yet. The sentiment, rather weak and indefinite, was greeted with a storm of hisses.

"Un' is it so your heart speaks, Sahra Molewisky?" exclaimed Rebecca Cohen scornfully.

"They didn't to have nicer words for a cent," explained Sahra sheepishly.

"Is it to eat you live—yes?" demanded the Class Boss with withering wrath. But the outbreak quickly subsided again as the teacher hastily unfolded a magnificent four-cent creation.

At the very bottom of the box Miss Spencer came upon Josie Gaultier's valentine. The address read: "To da Teescher of my heart, with forever love." It was a bit larger than any of the others, and had more tinsel and paper lace draped about its hearts. Also the sentiment swept heights of devotion unattained by any of the rest. Room 33 received it with a united gasp of ecstatic bliss.

"Where is it to find such words from the heart?" implored Rebecca.

"It is on the swell streets you find them," explained the Class Boss proudly.

At that moment Miss Spencer spied the price mark, five cents—the price of a whole dinner! And she just gathered the little candy makers into her arms and cried on their shoulders—to the speechless felicity of Room 33.

IT took longer than usual to count the histories that evening after dismissal, for Miss Spencer did it by herself. The Class Boss seemed all of a tremor, though her eyes were so bright and her cheeks so scarlet. And the teacher said she must sit up close to the register and toast her feet, for all Josie explained so gayly that "it ain't no Americano grip, but just some shivers of glad."

After the books were counted and put away, Miss Spencer took her assistant over to a drug store, where they had a wonderful egg-and-milk shake. And then—bliss upon bliss!—she escorted the little candy maker all the way home!

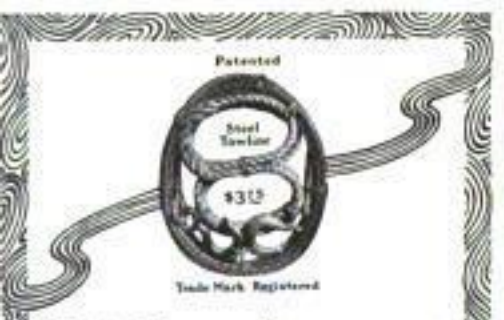
As the Boss said good night she hastily crammed a big white envelope into Miss Spencer's valentine box. "The other didn't to tell you all," she whispered, vanishing up the tenement stairs.

When Miss Spencer, alone in her room, opened the big white envelope, she was fairly dazzled by the array of angels, lambs, butterflies, doves, and naked, dimpling cupids—all sprinkled over with a strange glittering dew. The shining host were holding up to view a crimson, heart-shaped scroll, bearing the plaintive plea:

What happiness
Would fill my breast
If you would put
My love to
Test!

"Oh, Josie, darling," sobbed Miss Spencer, her heart suddenly understanding why the Boss's face had grown so drawn and pinched during the last week. "Surely your dear love has been tested." Unsteadily she sought for the price mark. It had been carefully erased, but by holding the valentine up to the light, Miss Spencer could dimly distinguish the numbers,

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Tow Home Insurance for $3.75

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It's 25 feet of flexible steel wire towline. Weighs only 5 pounds but can pull a 4000 lb. car up a 20% grade. You're not equipped unless you have neat, compact Autowline always ready for the emergency that is bound to come. At your dealer's, $3.75.

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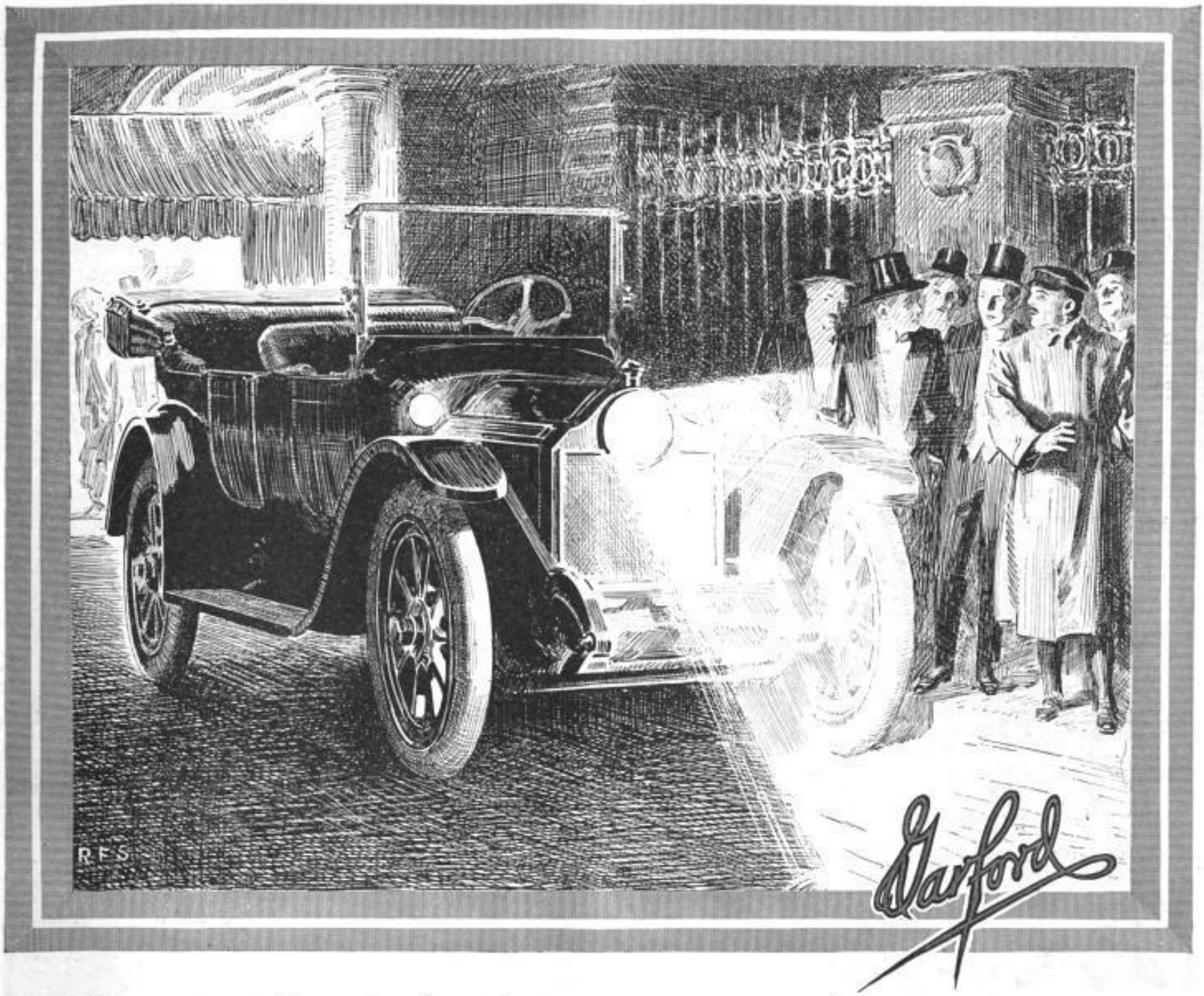
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The Pipe Dream

(*Continued from page 8*)

it was worn and yellow with age—a "Godey's Ladies' Book"—of thirty odd years before.

"Grandpapa never buys me books," she told him; "he says they'll make me mischief—but these are wreckage. I learn many things from them."

"I should say so," said Shepard.

BEFORE he went she showed him something else, a teakwood box curiously carved.

When she laid it at his feet and opened it, his heart contracted; it was nearly filled with pearls.

"The savings of many years—they will be mine some day—" she told him.

"And you keep them here—in that frail box—?"

"They are safe," she said quietly. "No one sees them—only *you*. Once a man—an Englishman, very bad, came into my house to seek them. He had heard—but my grandfather knew—and they threw him into the lagoon."

"But he could not get anywhere—"

"Oh—he did not care to go anywhere," she shrugged, and Shepard guessed grimly old Corbin's vigilance over his island and his girl.

Now began a new life for him, long golden days of delightful idling.

In the mornings there was swimming and rowing in the lagoon. In the afternoons there was the siesta in the shadow of the palms—in the evenings the moon on the beach, with Nada and the grandfather listening to tales of the States.

At first, every night Shepard counted the days he had passed away from New York and Eileen. Her golden-bright image was always before him. Gradually, however, it grew slightly dimmer. As one lazy day trailed after another and a month—six weeks—slipped by, a species of dolce far niente seized him. He began to wonder idly whether it might not be pleasant to stay here the rest of his life.

HE was like a man with "Japan fever." All the island, the fairy-like palms, the blue lagoon—even the fat old grandfather—took on an alluring color.

As for Nada, his eyes sought hers more and more often—those strange blue eyes that melted under his. He fought down regrets for the strictures he had laid on her first ventures of affection. Even if it were impossible that he should avail himself, was it necessary she should be so docile a pupil?

Under his tuition she was learning many things—swiftly. She knew what it was to blush, to falter, to *wait*. She had learned reserve. And Shepard was both pleased and discontented with her.

The untrained impetuous charm of that first day had had its own strange sweetness. He began to find fault with himself for having been so captious. This island made its own standards—why should he interfere?

"Little Old New York" and Eileen had receded very far indeed one night when he had been there two months. They were alone for a little under the moon, and suddenly leaning close to her upturned face, Shepard said:

"Nada—I believe you are tired of me—"

It was a very foolish thing to say, but just at the moment his "Japan fever" was a little stronger than usual—the girl had an enchanted loveliness under the soft night sky.

She looked at him, her eyes big and soft.

"You want me to be not tired—Reechard?"

There was something appealing, childish in her voice, and Shepard forgot everything for a little.

"Nada—I want *you*—Nada—kiss me—the way you did—"

HE would have taken her in his arms but that she slipped from him elusive as a moonbeam, and left him on the white beach alone.

He looked up at the moon shakily.

"I must be crazy—*crazy* . . . Lord, if a ship would only come!"

Next morning when he came out on the beach he saw a strange sight—an open boat with Chinese and Malays in it coming in over the lagoon.

Old Corbin gave him the tidings; a vessel making Shanghai lay outside; he might take it at nightfall if he liked—it was as well to go quietly. The girl need not know.

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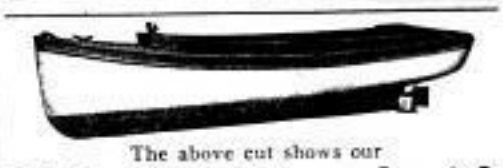
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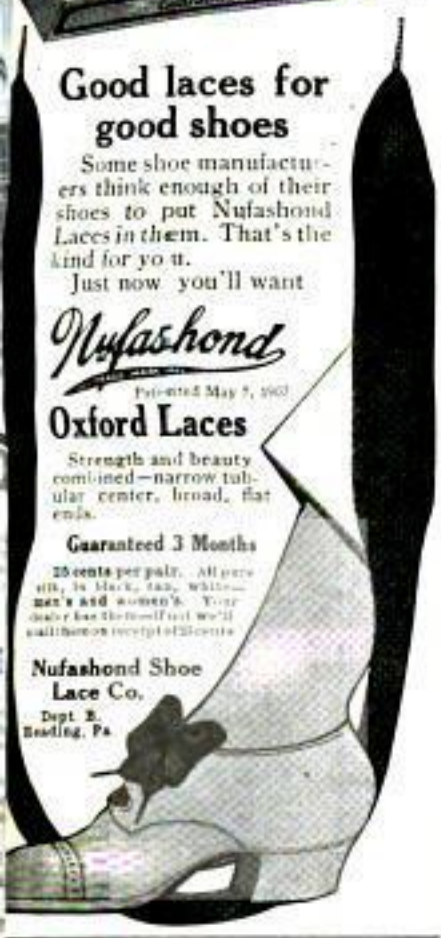
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To-morrow?

Oh, to-morrow— She would get over it. A little time. The grandfather shrugged.

ALL day a dirty white trader communed with Old Corbin in his hut and all day a fever of anxiety burned in Shepard's heart.

Off and away at nightfall! And to-morrow pointing eastward and then westward. It meant home—and everything to be glad for. He could scarcely wait, and yet! All day he seemed to seek in Nada's face—what? To-morrow! That was it—when to-morrow came with its freedom and homeward route for him—how would it find her? To-day, contented, unsuspecting—in the morning what? He had an uncomfortable fear of her future. Impulsive, passionate, barbaric, she might feed herself to the sharks; might drown in the swift reef water.

There was no vanity in this fear of Shepard's—only a sincere anxiety for her.

Though the memory of these dream months might fade, Nada's image must always be with him. And suddenly he felt that he could not sneak away. It was too despicable—he owed her honesty at least.

So he walked with her to the little grotto and tried to tell her.

"Nada," he said, "we have been good friends and comrades these months—I am fond of you. But now there is something that I must tell you—" He paused, hunting for the gentlest way.

"I know," she said in a low voice, "you are going away—Reechard."

"Yes," he said, "I am going to-night—I could not go by stealth, I wanted you to know."

"I knew," she said softly, "I knew it without words—when the boat came in." And suddenly she put her face in her hands and sobbed quietly.

"Don't," he said, "Nada—don't, dear. I must go. I—who knows?—I'll be back some day—maybe soon—think of that."

She smiled at him, the tears still on her cheeks.

"You will never come," she said, "because—that you go to those ladies of New York—who are tall and fair and golden haired."

She tried to smile bravely but her lips trembled.

"I have known it long—since that first night, without the words, also."

He could not answer, and they walked back to the beach silently.

HE did not see her until nightfall. Almost he thought she would not come to say good-by. But at the last moment she slipped from under the palms and stood beside him. She looked pathetically young and forlorn.

"Nada," he said, "there's nothing for you here. If you could come away—I'd get you to New York—to friends, *safely*. I—I can't bear to leave you here." A strange pain tugged at his heart.

"There would be nothing," she said wistfully, "*nothing* for me."

"But the loneliness here—"

She smiled up at him with tear-wet eyes.

"I will remember—you," she whispered.

Then she put a tiny silk bag into his hand—and he guessed at the lustrous pearls it held.

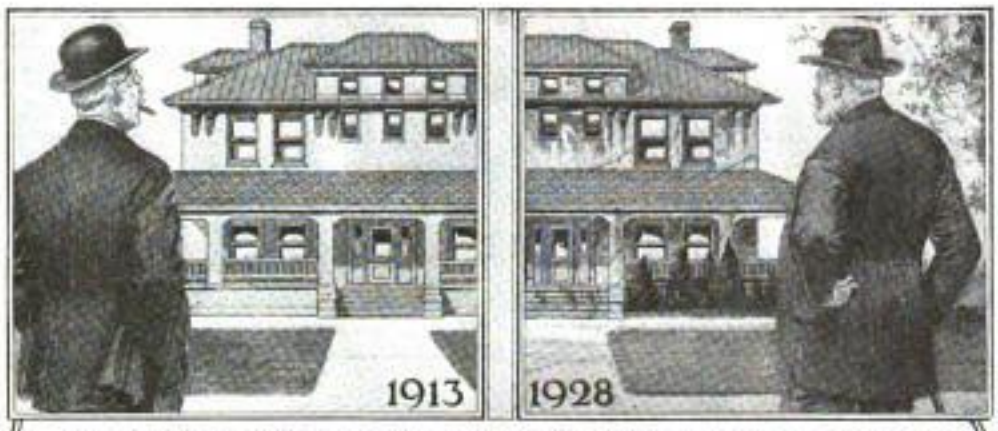
"It is for—*her*," she whispered, "that *other* one—my gift."

As they made off she stood on the beach to watch. As long as he could see he turned to look at her—a dark slim blur over the white sand. After that they moved swiftly, and almost at once it seemed to Shepard he could hear the sea moaning on the reef. It made a queer, mournful, sobbing sound like a woman crying.

"It's—it's just a pipe dream," he whispered, and firmly fixed his inward vision on a white-and-gold lady waiting for him in his own land; how the thought of civilization lured him! The white-and-gold lady's power was reinforced by its every memory—from grand opera to the subway, yea, even the subway!

WHEN Shepard stepped from the eighteen-hour Chicago flyer at New York, he fell into the embrace of his old friend Herron. In ten minutes they were sliding into Broadway as fast as a taxi could take them. The noise of New York crashed on his ears—was it always so strident?

"You're the lucky dog to get picked up that way," Herron mused presently when Shepard had told much and reserved



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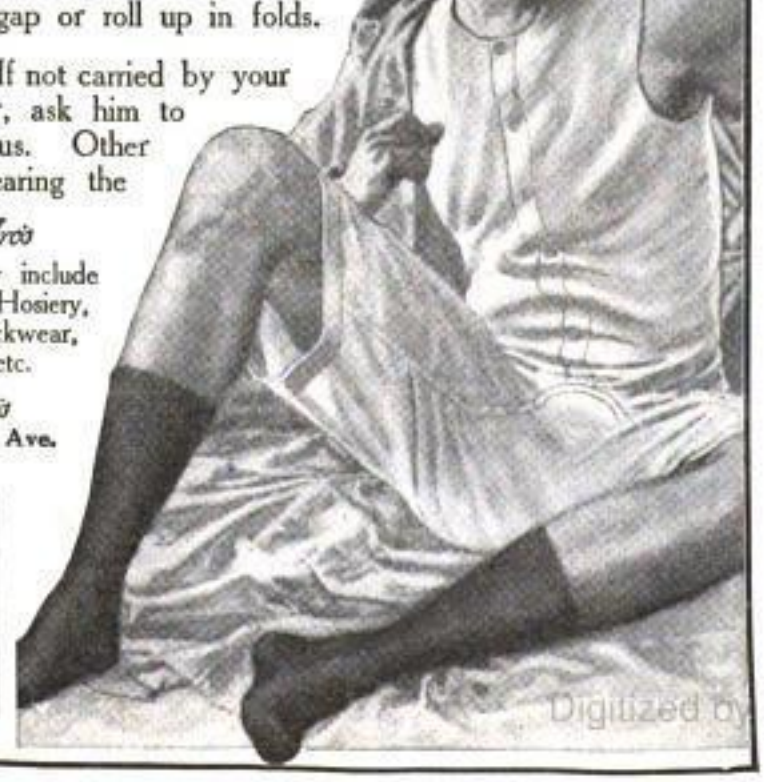
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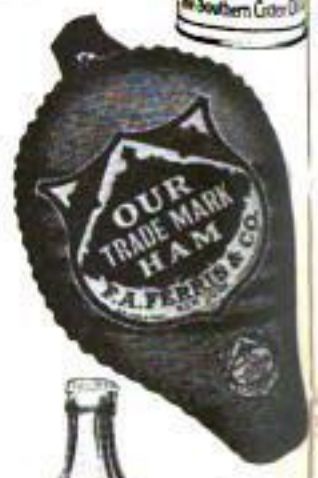












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more, 'poor Crayshaw—of course we couldn't know for a long time. I wonder—"

"What?" asked Shepard carelessly. His eyes were on the busy street.

"Perhaps you know already—Eileen Henshaw was married last week to young Rodgers."

It struck him full in the face, and yet— Their taxi had stopped a moment in the traffic and he looked out silently. Directly opposite was the window of an Oriental importer; it was filled with embroideries, jades, carved ivories, and teakwood.

Suddenly looking at these symbols of the East, New York faded and he saw again a palm-fringed Eastern island, wistful blue eyes, *tear wet*—looking into his and he felt strangely happy for a jilted man—the East, the mystery, the freedom, the beauty, the adventure of it, pulled with the memory of the Eastern *woman!* Difficulties, solutions—compromises, such fiddle-faddle could only trouble the fiddle-faddling! He looked at Herron and his smile was both quizzical and dreamy.

"Why," he said, "that's rather a blow, isn't it? I suppose I ought to eat my heart out at woman's unfaith—but the fact is I won't have the time. You see—I've got to go back again shortly—"

"Go back," cried Herron, "to the Orient?"

"Yes," said Shepard, and he smiled again. "I left something of mine out there."

The Golden Flask

(*Continued from page 18*)

Nayland Smith began stuffing tobacco into the hot pipe bowl and dropping an almost equal quantity.

"I cannot rest, Petrie," he said; "I am mad to get to work! Yet—a false move, and—"

He lighted his pipe and stood staring from the window.

"I shall of course take a needle syringe with me," I explained.

Smith made no reply.

"If I but knew the composition of the drug which produced the semblance of death," I continued, "my fame would long survive my ashes!"

My friend did not turn. But:

"She said it was something he put in the wine?" he jerked.

"In the wine, yes."

SILENCE fell. My thoughts reverted to Karamaneh, whom Dr. Fu-Manchu held in bonds stronger than any slave chains. For with Aziz, her brother, suspended between life and death, what could she do, save obey the cunning Chinaman? What perverted genius was his! If that treasury of obscure wisdom which he, perhaps alone of living men, had rifled, could but be thrown open to the sick and the suffering, the name of Dr. Fu-Manchu would rank with the golden ones in the history of healing!

Nayland Smith suddenly turned, and the expression upon his face amazed me.

"Look up the next train to L——!" he rapped.

"To L——! What—"

"There's the Bradshaw! We haven't a minute to waste!"

In his voice was the imperative note I knew so well; in his eyes was the light which told of an urgent need for action—a portentous truth suddenly grasped.

"One in half an hour—the last."

"We must catch it!"

No further word of explanation he vouchsafed, but darted off to dress; for he had spent the afternoon pacing the room, in his dressing gown, and smoking without intermission.

Out and to the corner we hurried and leaped into the first taxi upon the rank. Smith enjoined the man to hasten, and we were off—all in that whirl of feverish activity which characterized my friend's movements in times of important action.

He sat glancing impatiently from the window and twitching at the lobe of his ear.

"I know you will forgive me, old man," he said, "but there is a little problem which I am trying to work out in my mind. Did you bring the things I mentioned?"

"Yes."

CONVERSATION lapsed until, just as the cab turned into the station, Smith said:

"Should you consider Lord Southery to have been the first constructive engineer of his time, Petrie?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

"Greater than Von Homber of Berlin?"

"Possibly not. But Von Homber has been dead for three years."

"Three years, is it?"

"Roughly."

"Ah!"

We reached the station in time to secure a noncorridor compartment to ourselves and to allow Smith leisure to inspect carefully the occupants of all the others, from the engine to the guard's van. He was muffled up to the eyes, and he warned me to keep out of sight in the corner of the compartment. In fact, his behavior had me bursting with curiosity.

"Don't imagine, Petrie," said Smith, "that I am trying to lead you blindfolded in order later to dazzle you with my perspicacity. I am simply afraid that this may be a wild-goose chase. The idea upon which I am acting does not seem to have struck you. I wish it had. The fact would argue in favor of its being sound."

"I am hopelessly mystified."

"Well, then, I will not bias you toward my view. But just study the situation and see if you can arrive at the reason for this sudden journey. I shall be distinctly encouraged if you succeed."

But I did not succeed; and since Smith obviously was unwilling to enlighten me, I pressed him no more. The train stopped at Rugby, where he was engaged with the station master in making some mysterious arrangement. At L——, however, their object became plain; for a high-power car was awaiting us and into this we hurried, and ere the greater number of passengers had reached the platform, were being driven off at headlong speed along the moon-bathed roads.

Twenty minutes' rapid traveling, and a white mansion leaped into the line of sight, standing out vividly against its woody background.

"Stradwick Hall," said Smith, "the home of Lord Southery! We are first . . . but Dr. Fu-Manchu was on the train!"

Then the truth dawned upon the gloom of my perplexity.

"YOUR extraordinary proposal fills me with horror, Mr. Smith!"

The sleek little man in the dress suit, who looked like a head waiter (but was the trusted legal adviser of the house of Southery) puffed at his cigar incessantly. Nayland Smith, whose restless pacing had led him to the far end of the library, turned, a remote, but virile figure—and looked back to where I stood by the open hearth with the solicitor.

"I am in your hands, Mr. Henderson," he said, and advanced upon the latter, his gray eyes ablaze. "Save for the heir, who is abroad upon foreign service, you say, there is no kin of Lord Southery to consider. The word rests with you. If I am wrong, and you agree to my proposal, there is none whose susceptibilities will suffer—"

"My own, sir!"

"If I am right, and you prevent me from acting, you become a murderer, Mr. Henderson!"

The lawyer started, staring nervously up at Smith, who now towered over him, cowingly.

"Lord Southery was a lonely man," continued my friend. "If I could have placed my proposition before one of his blood, I do not doubt what my answer would have been. Why do you hesitate? Why do you experience this feeling of horror?"

Mr. Henderson stared down into the fire. His constitutionally ruddy face was pale.

"It is entirely irregular, Mr. Smith! We have not the necessary powers—"

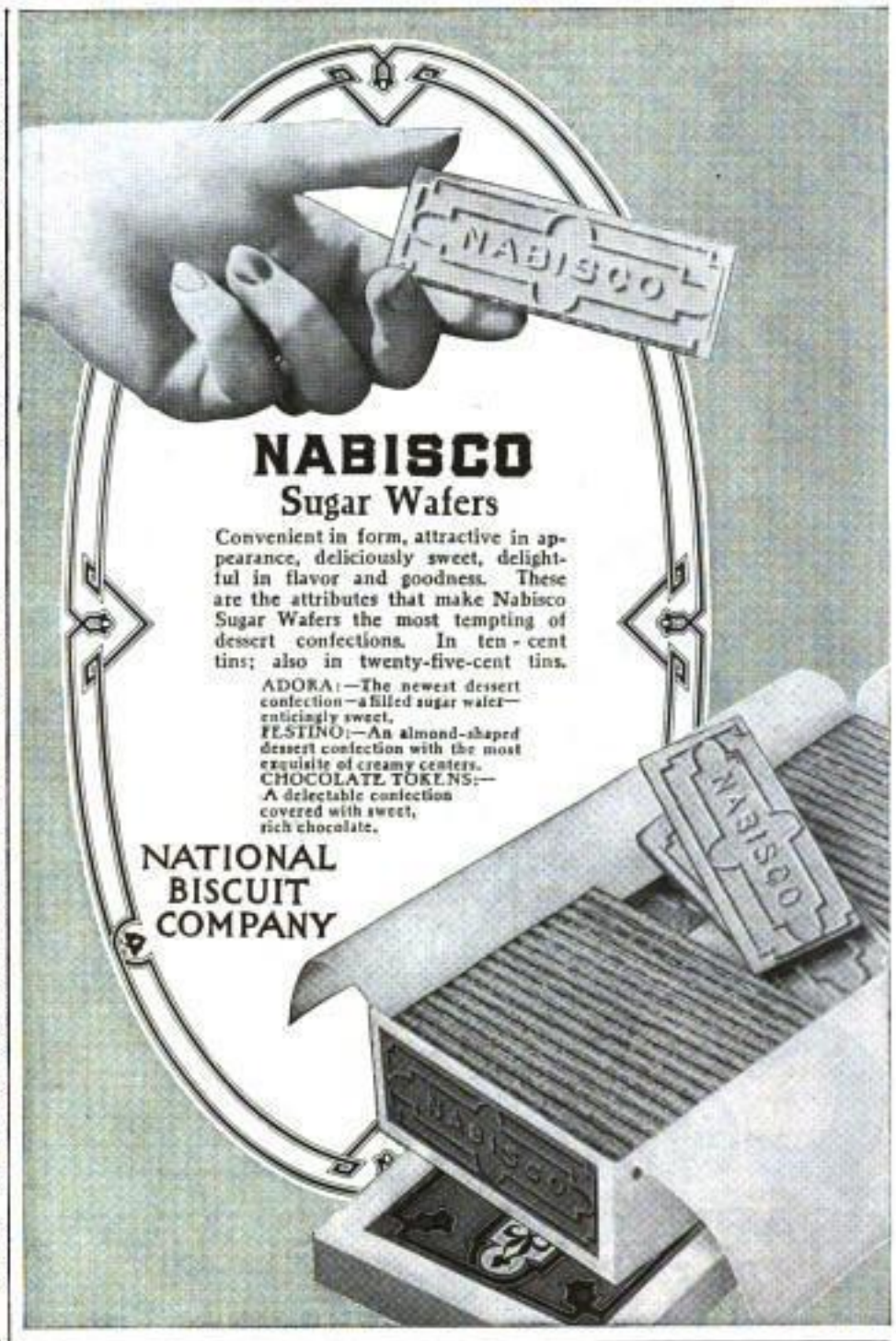
SMITH snapped his teeth together impatiently, snatching his watch from his pocket and glancing at it.

"I am vested with the necessary powers! I will give you a written order, sir!"

"The proceeding savors of paganism! Such a course might be admissible in China, in Burma—"

"Do you weigh a life against such quibbles? Do you suppose that, granting *my* irresponsibility, Dr. Petrie would countenance such a thing if he doubted the necessity?"

Mr. Henderson looked at me with pathetic hesitance.



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"There are guests in the house—mourners who attended the ceremony today. They—"

"Will never know, if we are in error!" interrupted Smith. "Good God! why do you delay!"

"You wish it to be kept secret?"

"You and I, Mr. Henderson, and Dr. Petrie, will go now. We require no other witnesses! We are answerable only to our consciences."

The lawyer passed his hand across his damp brow.

"I have never in my life been called upon to come to so momentous a decision in so short a time," he confessed.

BUT, aided by Smith's indomitable will, he made his decision; and we three, looking and feeling like conspirators, hurried across the park beneath a moon whose placidity was a rebuke to the turbulent passions which reared their strangle growth in the garden of England. Not a breath of wind stirred amid the leaves. The calm of perfect night soothed everything to slumber. Yet, if Smith were right (and I did not doubt him) the green eyes of Dr. Fu-Manchu had looked upon the scene; and I found myself marveling that its beauty had not wilted up. Even now, the dread Chinaman must be near.

As Mr. Henderson unlocked the ancient iron gates he turned to Nayland Smith. His face twitched oddly.

"Witness that I do this unwillingly," he said; "most unwillingly."

"Mine be the responsibility," was the reply.

Smith's voice quavered, responsive to the nervous vitality pent up within that lean frame. He stood motionless, listening—and I knew for whom he listened. He peered to right and left—and I knew whom he expected but dreaded to see.

Above us, now, the trees looked down with a solemnity different from the aspect of the monarchs of the park; and the nearer we came to our journey's end the more somber and lowering bent the verdant arch—or so it seemed.

By that path, patched now with pools of moonlight, Lord Southery had passed, upon his bier, with the sun to light his going—by that path several generations of Stradwicks had gone to their last resting place.

To the doors of the vault the moon rays found free access. No branch, no leaf, intervened. Mr. Henderson's face looked ghastly. The keys which he carried rattled in his hand.

"Light the lantern," he said unsteadily.

Nayland Smith, who again had been peering suspiciously into the shadows, struck a match and lighted the lantern which he carried. He turned to the solicitor.

"Be calm, Mr. Henderson," he said sternly. "It is your plain duty to your client."

"God be my witness that I doubt it," replied Henderson, and opened the door.

WE descended the steps. The air beneath was damp and chill. It touched us as with clammy fingers; and the sensation was not wholly physical.

Before the narrow mansion which now sufficed Lord Southery, the great engineer whom kings had honored, Henderson reeled and clutched at me for support. Smith and I had looked to him for no aid in our uncanny task, and rightly.

With averted eyes, he stood over by the steps of the tomb, while my friend and myself set to work. In the pursuit of my profession I had undertaken labors as unpleasant, but never amid an environment such as this. It seemed that generations of Stradwicks listened to each turn of every screw.

At last it was done, and the pallid face of Lord Southery questioned the intruding light. Nayland Smith's hand was as steady as a rigid bar when he raised the lantern.

That my own hand was steady I ascribed to one thing solely—professional zeal.

For, under conditions which in the event of failure and exposure must have led to an unpleasant inquiry by the British Medical Association, I was about to attempt an experiment never before essayed by a physician of the white race.

Though I failed, though I succeeded, that it ever came before the B. M. A. or any other council was improbable; in the former event, all but impossible. But the knowledge that I was about to practice charlatanary, or what any one of my fellow practitioners must have designated as such, was with me. Yet I was glad that it had fallen to my lot to take one step—though blindly—into the *future* of medical science!

So far as my skill bore me, Lord Southery was dead. Unhesitatingly, I would have given a death certificate, save for two considerations. The first: Although his latest scheme ran contrary to the interests of Dr. Fu-Manchu, his genius, diverted into other channels, would serve the yellow group better than his death. The second: I had seen the boy Aziz raised from a state as like death as this.

From the phial of amber-hued liquid which I had with me I charged a needle syringe. I made the injection—and waited.

"If he is really dead!" whispered Smith. "It seems incredible that he can have survived for three days without food. Yet I have known a fakir to go for a week!"

Mr. Henderson groaned.

Watch in hand, I stood observing the gray face.

A second passed; another; a third. In the fourth the miracle began. Over the seemingly cold clay crept the hue of pulsing life! It came in wares—in waves which corresponded to the throbbing of the awakened heart—which swept fuller and stronger—which filled and quickened the chill body!

As we rapidly freed the living man from the trappings of the dead one, Lord Southery, uttering a stifled scream, sat up, looked about him with half-glazed eyes, and fell back.

"My God!" cried Smith.

"It is all right," I said, and had time to note how my voice had assumed a professional tone. "A little brandy from my flask is all that is necessary, now."

"You have two patients, doctor," rapped my friend.

Mr. Henderson had fallen in a swoon to the floor of the vault.

"QUIET!" whispered Smith. "*He* is here!"

He extinguished the light.

I supported Lord Southery. "What has happened!" he kept moaning. "Where am I? O, God! what has happened!"

I strove to reassure him, in a whisper, and placed my traveling coat about him. The door at the top of the mausoleum steps we had reclosed but not relocked. Now, as I upheld the man whom literally we had rescued from the grave, I heard the door reopen. To aid Henderson I could make no move.

Through the Memphian dark of the tomb cut a spear of light, touching the last stone of the stairway.

A guttural voice spoke some words rapidly—and I knew that Dr. Fu-Manchu stood at the head of the stairs. Although I could not see my friend I became aware that Nayland Smith had his revolver in his hand; and I reached into my pocket for mine.

At last the cunning Chinaman was about to fall into a trap. It would require all his genius, I thought, to save him to-night. Unless his suspicions were aroused by the unlocked door, his capture was imminent.

Some one was descending the steps!

In my right hand I held my revolver in readiness, and, with my left arm about Lord Southery, I waited through ten such seconds of suspense as I have rarely known.

The spear of light plunged into the well of darkness again.

LORD SOUTHERY, Smith, and myself were hidden by the angle of the wall; but full upon the purplish face of Mr. Henderson the beam shone. In some way it penetrated to the murk in his mind; and he awakened from his swoon with a hoarse cry—struggled to his feet and stood looking up the stair in a sort of frozen horror.

Smith was past him at a bound. Something flashed toward him as the light was extinguished. I saw him duck—and heard the knife ring upon the floor.

I managed to move sufficiently to see at the top, as I fired up the stairs, the yellow face of Dr. Fu-Manchu; to see the gleaming, eyes—greenly terrible, as they sought to pierce the gloom. A flying figure was racing up, three steps at a time (that of a brown man scantily clad). He stumbled, and fell—by which I knew that he was hit—but went on again, Smith hard on his heels.

"Mr. Henderson!" I cried; "relight the lantern and take charge of Lord Southery. Here is my flask on the floor. I rely upon you!"

Smith's revolver spoke again as I was bounding up the stair. Black against the square of moonlight, I saw him stand

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I saw him fall. As he fell, for the third time I heard the crack of his revolver.

Instantly, I was at his side. Somewhere along the black aisle beneath the trees receding footsteps pattered.

"Are you hurt, Smith?" I cried anxiously.

HE got upon his feet.

"He has a dacoit with him," he replied, and showed me the long curved knife which he held in his hand, a full inch of the blade bloodstained. "A near thing for me, Petrie!"

I heard the whir of a motor.

"We have lost him!" said Smith.

"But we have saved Lord Southery," I said. "Fu-Manchu will credit us with a skill as great as his own!"

"We must get to the car," Smith muttered, "and try to overtake them. Ugh! my left arm is useless!"

"It would be mere waste of time to attempt to overtake them," I argued, "for we have no idea in which direction they will proceed."

"I have a very good idea," snapped Smith. "Stradwick Hall is less than ten miles from the coast. There is only one practicable means of conveying an unconscious man secretly from here to London."

"You think he meant to take him from here to London?"

"Prior to shipping him to China, I think so. His clearing house is probably on the Thames."

"A boat?"

"A yacht, presumably, is lying off the coast in readiness. Fu-Manchu may even have designed to ship him direct to China."

Lord Southery, a bizarre figure, my traveling coat wrapped about him and supported by his solicitor, who was almost as pale as himself, emerged from the vault into the moonlight.

"This is a triumph for you, Smith!" I said.

The throb of Fu-Manchu's car died into faintness and was lost in the night's silence.

"Only half a triumph," he replied. "But we still have another chance—the raid on his house. When will the word come from Kâramaneh?"

Lord Southery spoke, in a weak voice. "Gentlemen," he said, "it seems I am raised from the dead!"

"Yes," replied Smith slowly: "and spared from the fate of Heaven alone knows how many men of genius! The yellow society lacks a Southery—but that Dr. Fu-Manchu was in Germany three years ago I have reason to believe; so that even without visiting the grave of your great Teutonic rival, who suddenly died at about that time, I venture to predict that they have a Von Hember! And the futurist group in China knows how to *make* men work!"

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Robert J. Collier, *President*
E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*
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A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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The Price of Efficiency



CLOSE YOUR EYES and picture your city with gas and electricity suddenly cut off for twenty-four hours!

Trolley cars and elevators are stopped; and telephones are silent. Men and women are *walking*, climbing stairs, hurrying here and there, personally, instead of projecting their voices over wires. The ordinary work of an hour or two consumes the whole day; and at night the streets, the stores, and the houses are in darkness, save for an occasional kerosene oil lamp, and a few tallow candles.

What do you think about it?

Only *Yesterday*, people *walked* when they wanted the doctor, when they wanted something from the drug store or the grocer's, when they wanted to talk business with other people. *Today*, they *telephone* and they save time and energy and worry and bother.

The telephone, as well as Service of any other kind, costs money and adds to our "cost of living," but it increases our comfort, our happiness, and our efficiency.

We are moving fast; and each day's progress is a tribute to the Honest Advertising that tells us about things and makes us want them. When we buy, we are merely paying the price of civilization and of progress.



You and I could exist without telephones, electric lights, trolley cars, gas stoves, and the thousands of other comforts and conveniences of modern civilization—but do we want to?

We could "save money" if we wanted to live as they lived *Yesterday;* but you and I prefer to pay "the Price of Efficiency" and live as we live *Today.*

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

No. 119 *Manager Advertising Department*

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO



10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
one pound glass
humidor jars

"How did you ever get the thing perfected?" "Oh! just sitting around here and puffing on Velvet the smoothest tobacco. It helps!"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

About Tire Prices

Past, Present and Future—Our 11% Reduction

On April first, prices on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires were reduced 11 per cent on the average.

It was a startling reduction—by far the largest discount offered when the rubber market dropped.

But it doesn't mean a price-war. There is no room for that. It simply accords with the Goodyear policy of keeping profits close to 8½ per cent.

The Rubber Market

Cultivated rubber, now enormously produced, has brought the cost of Para down to very modest figures.

Our average cost, for the 12 months ending March 31, was $1.088 per pound. On March 31, the price of rubber was .88 per pound. It is our opinion that rubber for the next 12 months will average lower than for the past 12 months.

Against this, fabrics have advanced about 15 per cent in the same time. Other costs, including labor, have materially advanced.

So the lower cost of rubber only could not warrant our 11 per cent reduction. Some makers claim it warrants no reduction, in view of the other advances.

Our Other Factors

But the Goodyear plant, in late years, has multiplied its output. The demand for these tires has doubled over and over, until they outsell all others.

In 1912 we sold nearly ten times as many tires as we sold in 1909. Last year's sales by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

To meet this demand, we have built new factories of modern type construction. We've equipped them with the latest machinery.

In these new factories we have built as high as 8,000 tires in a single day—pneumatic motor tires only. Next month we hope to bring this up to 10,000 tires in a day.

Thus factory cost and selling cost have been reduced to record figures in the Goodyear tire. That is the reason for more than half the reduction we made in No-Rim-Cut tires.

Policy on Profit

We have brought factory cost to the minimum. Now our policy is to keep our profits so small that no equal tires can be sold at our prices.

To assure you of this, at the end of each year we advertise our profits. In times past this profit has averaged around 8½ per cent, out of which must come the interest on millions of capital invested.

We believe the reduction made April first will keep this year's profits well within our limit.

You see we are taking you into our confidence. We know we are right, and to let you know it we want you to have the facts.

Lower-Price Tires

There always have been—always will be—tires which cost less than Goodyears. But none that cost less per mile.

One can build tires, by using cheap composition, to meet almost any price you want. But you don't in such tires get value even proportionate to cost. For a dealer always has extra-profit reasons for selling tires not standard.

All we offer—all we claim to offer—is the lowest cost per mile. We shall never, under any name, build a lesser tire.

The demand for poor tires grows smaller and smaller as men find them out. The demand for Goodyears doubles over and over as men spread the facts about them.

No Extra Price

The best news of all is this:

Since April first, No-Rim-Cut tires cost you no more than any standard make of clinchers. So the savings are entirely clear.

It costs you nothing extra now to get these oversize tires, these tires that can't rim-cut. And this is what they mean:

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all old-type tires become rim-cut. Our new-type tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—wipe out this loss completely.

And No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent larger—have 10 per cent greater air capacity—than the same rated size in clinchers. That 10 per cent oversize, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

(The actual average oversize, compared with six leading makes of clinchers, is 16.7 per cent.)

Now you get these advantages, in the best tire men know how to make, at no extra price. And these things, remember, won for Goodyear tires the topmost place in Tiredom.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book — 14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(1114)

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A Safe, Sane Real Estate Investment Plan That Will Interest YOU

IF you have been following our advertisements in Collier's, you are acquainted with our great Northwest city lot offer—five lots situated in five different, young, vigorous cities for $500 payable in four years. We thought, and hundreds of investors have agreed with us, that such terms for such a wonderful offer were unusually generous, and they bought.

We Now Make the Most Remarkable Real Estate Proposition Ever Offered

Our President, Mr. Bailey, has just returned from a three months' careful survey of all our properties in the great Northwest. He has paid particular attention to business conditions in this great inland empire. He has investigated facts about the big railroad plans and movements. He has gone carefully over the local conditions that prevail in every one of the busy, building young cities in which we have invested our faith and our capital.

The first thing Mr. Bailey did on his return was to call a meeting of the directors of this company and what he said in substance is this:

'Gentlemen—We have the greatest business opportunity in the United States today. The Northwest is a treasure chamber full to bursting with wealth. The railroads have tapped some of the richest veins of this wealth. They are rapidly extending their lines into others. Our properties lie in the most direct line of development. Settlers are pouring into this country in thousands.

"Our cities are growing with a good, healthy, sturdy growth. The future is brilliant beyond compute. We have been offering our 5-lot contracts at $25 down and $10 a month till paid for.

"I propose that we smash all precedent and throw this proposition wide open, so that every man and woman in this country may take advantage of the wonderful opportunity that our plan of investing in the most vigorous of our young Northwest cities offers.

"I propose that our terms be changed to read as follows:

"One lot in each of five different towns for $625, payable $10 down and $5 a month, without interest on deferred payments."

This plan and these terms were adopted. This will give our patrons

The little pictures on the right are examples of developing wealth that necessitates more and bigger cities in the great Northwest. The pictures on the left are examples of these cities in the bud.

Ten Years in Which to Pay

Here are the details:

We have choice building lots averaging 40 ft. x 140 ft. in these following Northwest cities, each city being selected by us for sound reasons that point to a brilliant future:

Mobridge, S. D.	**Roundup, Mont.**
McLaughlin, S. D.	**Three Forks, Mont.**
McIntosh, S. D.	**Vale, Ore.**
Lemmon, N. D.	**Prineville, Ore.**
Redmond, Ore.	**Paisley, Ore.**
Bend, Ore.	**Deer Lodge, Mont.**
Burns, Ore.	**St. Maries, Idaho**
Hettinger, N. D.	**Coeur d'Alene, Idaho**
Reeder, N. D.	**Madras, Ore.**

Select Your Own Five Cities

On receipt of your first $10 and selection of cities, we will select the best unsold lot in each of those cities and we will *execute the deeds to you* for these five lots. These deeds will be placed in escrow by us with the Merchant's Trust Company of Camden, N. J., *or any bank or trust company you may prefer*, and will be held by this bank *for you* until your final payment is made to us.

The lots are yours from the start. You are at liberty to sell them at any time. We are glad to assist in re-sales and our representatives in each of our towns always report inquiries and real estate demands to us. Some of our clients have re-sold property through us at a big advance on which they had paid next to nothing.

We pay all school, county and state taxes for the first five years (but not local assessments).

Money Back

If before final payment is made, you decide you would rather draw out your money, we will, after final payment is made, providing you give us six months' notice of such intention before last payment is made, take back the lots and refund *all your money*—the increased value of these lots reverting to us.

After you have paid in $300 you may, if you so desire, have delivered to you two of the deeds held in escrow. On completion of payments you may have the remaining three deeds or your money.

Life Insurance Feature

Should any investor die after paying half the purchase price, $312.50, we will deliver the deeds for his or her five lots to his or her heirs or assigns free from further payments. We believe this is the broadest, safest real estate investment plan ever devised!

The Northwest is such a wonderfully rich country the future increase of values is absolutely certain. We are willing to wait ten years for our money—or accept back the lots *at their increased value* if investor wants to withdraw.

The terms of this plan are so easy—*twenty cents a day*—that anyone can afford to come in. The investor is protected from every possible angle.

You select your own cities. You select the bank to hold your deeds. You own the five lots outright from the first ten dollars deposited with us. The insurance feature is worth this amount of money alone. The *Divided Risk* plan of five lots—1 in each of 5 separate cities—multiplies the chance of success by five and divides the chance of failure by five.

To receive the best allotment of lots send your deposit money now. A concern strong enough financially to deed away nve separate pieces of property in 5 different cities, in several different states, on receipt of a $10 payment doesn't need much investigation.

Write for our literature telling about the Northwest and our towns by first mail. Use the coupon below. Send your first deposit with the coupon. First come, first choice.

Remember Denver, Seattle, Spokane. They were young north and west cities once just like our cities. Plant some of your dollars in this Great Northwest where they are destined to grow.

Invest now, sit tight, and your money will grow with these cities.

We desire a few high-class, experienced salesmen.

The Northwest Townsite Co., 308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Substantial Buildings are Multiplying
Vale, Ore.



A $30,000 Schoolhouse where Six Years Ago it was a Wilderness
Vale, Ore.



A Drug Store that Would Be a Credit to New York
Roundup, Mont.



Millions of Feet of Prime Timber



The One-horse Plow Civilized the East and the Central States.
The Gang Plow is Conquering the Great Northwest



Part of a 7000-head Herd in Central Oregon

WE PRINT THIS COUPON FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

Northwest Townsite Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Collier's 5-24-13.

Date_____

Enclosed please find $10 (money order or check), to be applied as a first payment on one of your 5-lot contracts. { Cross this out if you do not send money. (Currency sent at your risk.)

Please send me at once full particulars about your Northwest cities so that I can select the five cities in which I wish to purchase lots.

Name_____

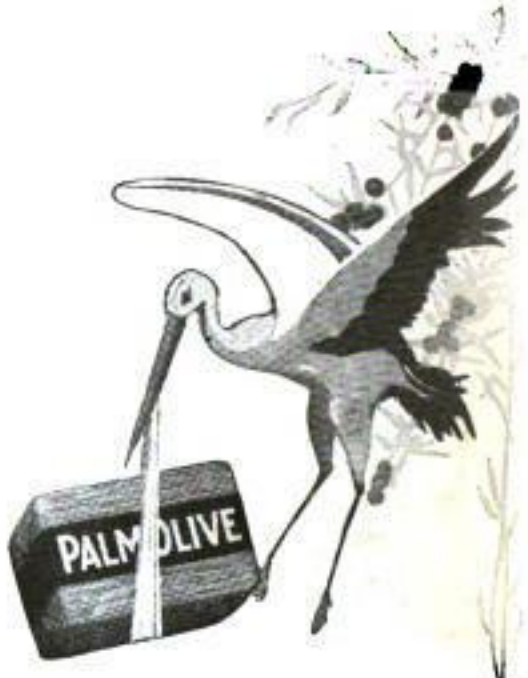
No._____ Street_____

County_____ State_____ P.O._____

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Baby's First Bath

In a famous hospital, three babes are born daily. The care of these infants has become an exact science.

The nurses use nothing but soft tepid water and pure olive oil for baby's bath the first week of its life.

After that Palmolive naturally follows.

* * * * *

Baby's first soap and water bath should be always a Palmolive bath—smooth, soft, creamy suds, of warm fresh water and Palmolive Soap.

Many physicians recommend Palmolive as the perfect soap for a Baby's delicate skin, because it is made of the two necessary palm and olive oils.

And because it does not contain free alkali, or anything that can injure the tenderest skin.

Palmolive Soap refreshes and invigorates the skin, preventing redness, irritation or chafing.

Its delicate green color is the natural hue of the pure materials from which it is made. Its faint perfume is dainty and refreshing.

Since Palmolive Soap is best for the tender skins of children, it certainly is best for grown women and men.

Palmolive Soap is *unlike* any other toilet soap—because of the soothing, cleansing, softening effects of the wonderful palm and olive oils. That is why more Palmolive is used than any other high-grade toilet soap. Price, 15cts. per cake.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is delightfully cleansing. It stimulates the hair to healthful lustre and luxuriant growth. Price, 50 cts.

PALMOLIVE CREAM is pure and delightful. It whitens and nourishes the skin, and imparts a soft and delicate refinement to a woman's toilet. Price, 50 cts.



Send two 2-cent stamps for sample cake of Palmolive Soap and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"

PALMOLIVE is sold by all good dealers

Made by B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY

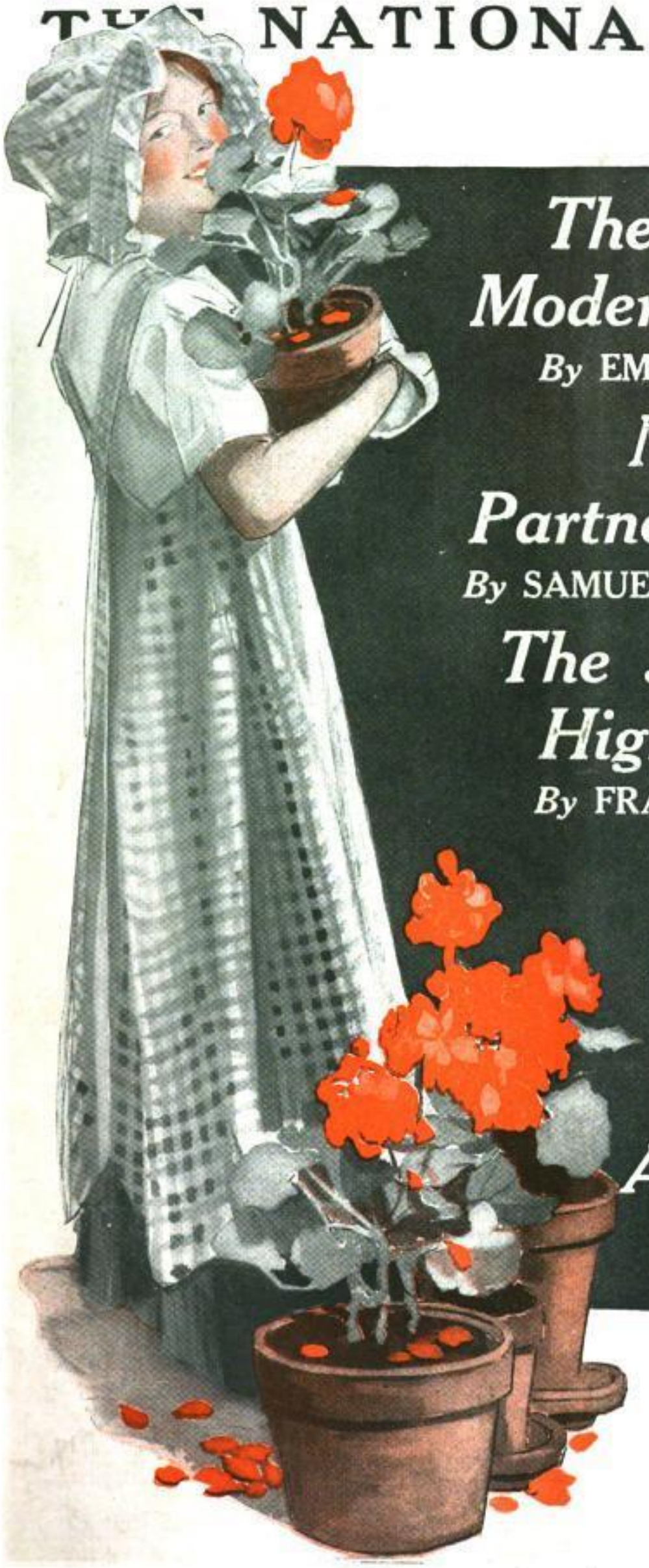
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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By EMILY CALVIN BLAKE

My Business Partner—"Gym."
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The Joke on the High Constable
By FRANCIS G. BURROWS

Sending a Boy to Mill
By C. O. SHEPARD

His Last Argument
By H. H. HERR

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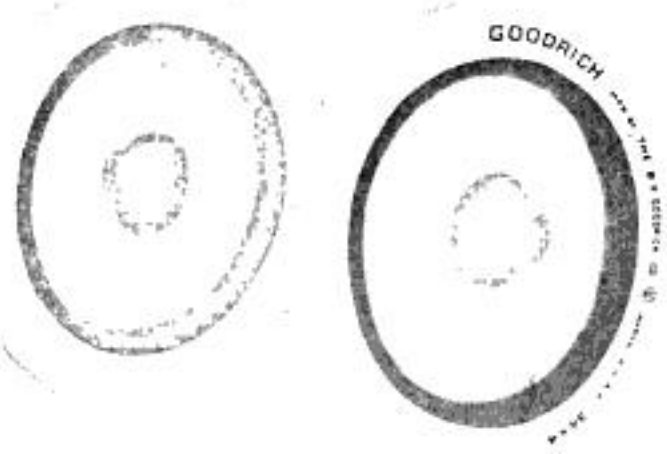
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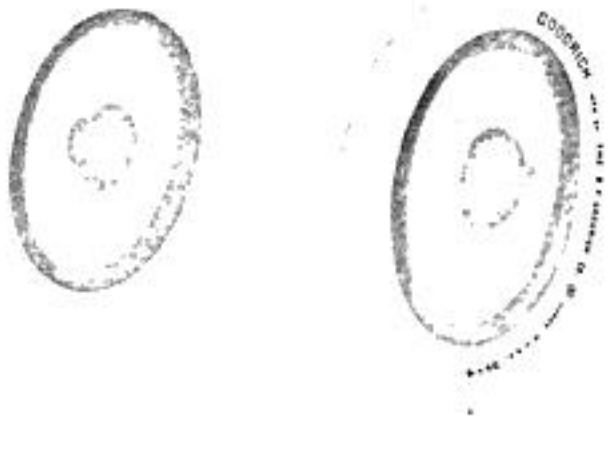
VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 11 MAY 31 1913

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You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires







Goodrich Tires are not only an advantage but an added value to your car.

Makers of long-established, reputable automobiles recognize this when they continue equipping their output year after year with Goodrich Tires. The fact that the makers of 175,000 of the new cars for the 1913 market contracted for Goodrich Tires before the first of this year demonstrates how they have proved their service-value.

No matter what car you own or buy it will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you simply specify them.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

It is the Unit Molding of Goodrich Tires—the Goodrich process which embodies our forty-three years of successful experience in rubber compounding and manufacture—which keeps in the tire the qualities of resistance and resilience which nature puts in the best rubber.

Tread and body are one piece in all Goodrich Tires

The Goodrich single vulcanization actually molds into one piece the layers of fine, stout fabric, pure rubber, side strips, bead and thick tough tread. The tread cannot strip from the body nor can the layers separate, because there *are no* layers.

This Unit Molding gives the money-saving uniform wear

Extra strips of pure rubber are built in and unit-molded on the sides of Goodrich Tires, where the heavy strains come. The whole tire wears uniformly—it all works for you as one, and it wears long and slowly, giving the buoyant riding you want.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

We extend the service of Goodrich Tires by our supplemental advertising—our free folders telling you how to get the longest and best wear from any tires, our route books for tours, and other literature, and our Goodrich Guide Posts which mark thirty thousand miles and more of highways. All Goodrich dealers, branches and service stations are at your command for information, advice and *service*.



Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branch Houses and Service Stations in All Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

TRADE MARK

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—and now the *gear lever is gone!*

Gear control on steering wheel enables one to select *any* speed by *merely moving the thumb*

The trend of automobile invention is rapidly toward EASE OF OPERATION. You saw the quick detachable rim replaced by the *demountable.* You saw the slow, old "one-at-a-time" method of lighting give way to the *dash-board switch.* You saw the starting crank thrown into the junk pile—replaced by the magic *starter button.*

Now comes ANOTHER revolutionary advance—the mightiest of all.

—gear shifting accomplished by the mere movement of the thumb. For the gear control is on the steering wheel. Compare the ordinary gear-shift where the driver leans over and yanks at a lever with might and main—perhaps 100 times a day—with this new "thumb-operated" Gear-Shift. *Now* you drive without moving your body; without taking your eyes off the road; *like the expert pianist performs without looking at the keyboard.*



Note the Absence of Levers

Think what this means—no more reaching for levers, no more levers to take up space. And *safety*—safety to *driver* and *occupants;* safety to *passing motorists* and *pedestrians; safety to your car.*

The beginner or the most timid woman now handles the biggest gas car without fear or difficulty.



The Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift interferes in no way with the spark and gas throttle.

How It Works

FIRST—Set the indicator on the wheel for "first speed." Then make one full stroke of clutch pedal. This accomplishes (a) The disengagement of the clutch. (b) The automatic stopping of the transmission shaft. (c) The automatic movement of all gears to neutral position immediately upon the stoppage of the transmission shaft. (d) The opening of the air valve that forces the selected gear into engagement. The return stroke of the pedal engages the clutch and starts car.

SECOND—The indicator is then placed for "second speed," and the clutch pedal depressed, whereupon the same operations take place as indicated for first speed.

THIRD—While in second speed indicate "third," and again make a complete stroke of the clutch pedal. (The four speed control can be had if wanted.)

A lock latch on the indicator obviates the danger of selecting the reverse position when car is moving forward.

Before passing from one speed to another the gears assume neutral position.

The GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift

Approved by Experts

The practicability of the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift has been rigorously proven.

It has had countless factory tests.

And we have invited every conceivable road test. One car carrying this equipment, was driven 25,000 miles without repair of gear-shift. Being used for demonstration purposes, the gears on this particular car have been shifted ten to twenty times as often as you will ever shift your gears.

One user is a girl of 14. She handles her father's 40-Horsepower Touring Car with the ease of a veteran.

Two hundred expert drivers have operated the "Gray Pneumatic," and they to a man approve it.

Nine leading automobile makers recently witnessed its successful performance. As a result, the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift will be found on thousands of leading 1914 cars.

"Anticipating" Your Speeds

You may be ascending a hill at high speed and at the same time *indicate* "second." The very moment you hit the steep incline you go into "second" by depressing your clutch pedal.

Or, on a busy street, when the advance signal is given, a quick depression of clutch pedal engages first speed. The next moment you are *indicating* "second," and you take it when you depress clutch pedal again. *The selection of any speed is accomplished as fast as the clutch pedal can be pressed down and released.*

The emergency brake is attached to the service brake pedal, which is locked whenever desired. Thus the brake lever as well as gear lever is discarded.

By merely removing the air-valve handle, the car is securely locked, preventing theft.

Also a Self-Starter

While we term it a Pneumatic *Gear-Shift*, this is a *self-starter*, too—a *dependable* self-starter—the only successful one we know which can be applied to a *completed* car. This starter is the popular "high-speed" type, the kind that revolves the motor rapidly and insures a quick, sure start. Operated by a push button.

With this *pneumatic* equipment one can *shift gears, start the car, jack up the car, inflate tires, clean the car and lock it.*

The Price

Our price, though it varies according to the car to be equipped, is very reasonable.

Nor does it cost much to install the apparatus. Any man who can afford a motor car, CAN'T afford to be without the GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

Goes on Any Car

To equip your car with the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift, go to your garage dealer. He will not only get it for you but will also put it on *in short order.*

To get it on your new, 1914 car, instruct the agent, from whom you buy, to have the maker put on the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

Correspondence Invited

We will be glad to write YOU a detailed explanation of the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift; to quote you prices; and to tell you where and how you can get this wonderful equipment. Send your communication by *letter, postal* or *coupon* below. If you write today, you will get a reply by return mail.

Leading 1914 Cars will carry this Equipment



This Brings Illustrated Book

RESEARCH COMPANY,
Dept. B—122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen—Please send me your illustrated book and full information.

Name .....

Address .....

What Car do you Drive? .....

What Car are you about to Buy? .....

Who is your Local Garage Man? .....

Research Company

Dept. B—122 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Factory—Plano, Ill.

(1)

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The Old Keys

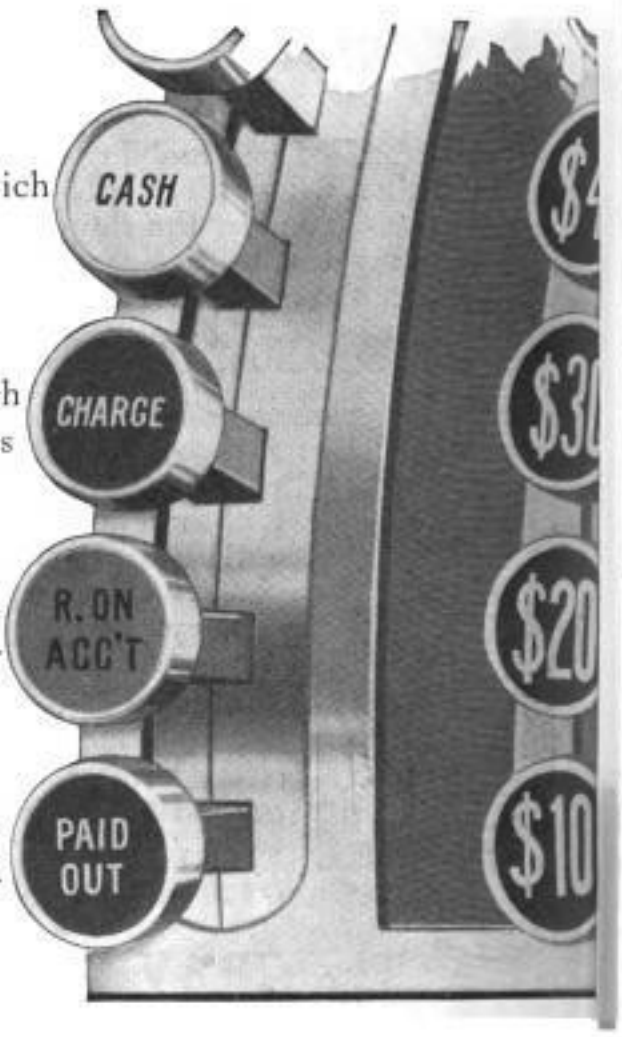
These were the keys upon which men had to rely to protect their money until the invention of the National Cash Register



These keys could be used or duplicated without detection because they left no record behind

The Modern Keys

Today over 1,200,000 merchants protect themselves, their customers and their employees with keys such as these



This is the key which safeguards cash sales

This is the key which safeguards credit sales

This is the key which safeguards money received on account

This is the key which records money paid out

These keys cannot be used without a duplicate unchangeable record being left inside of the National Cash Register of which they are a part

There is a kind and size of National Cash Register built to fit the requirements of every line of business

Write for more information

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

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The Story of a Modern Marriage

By Emily Calvin Blake

DOES the modern woman make a success of marriage? Can she combine the pursuit of a profession and the rearing of children? Must she choose between work and matrimony? One woman solved the problem. Her account of the way she did it will interest both women and men.

LIKE many another modern woman, I did not marry till I was nearly thirty. I was an artist, and after years of endeavor and sacrifice I had gained some recognition as an illustrator for books and magazines. I shared a studio with three other women: a violin teacher, a writer, and a miniaturist. We had different hours, though the writer and I often worked together. Some day I expected to do big things, though, of course, I had my times of discouragement, but above all moods I held an unquenchable conviction that I should not fail of ultimate success, since I loved my work and gave to it my best. Then I met the man I married, Robert Stevens.

Robert's instincts were rather primitive when it came to the question of my being self-supporting after marriage. I wished to be, since there seemed no good reason why my husband should buy my clothes when I felt perfectly able to buy my own. It took me some time to break down Robert's prejudice against my spending my own money for dresses. But at last, when he realized my absolute stand, he yielded.

For some months after our marriage we boarded.

But home making was thrust upon us when we knew we were to have a child. We took stock of our means and found that together we could manage a house, probably in a suburb across the river where my two friends, the musician and the artist, had settled. In face of the responsibility coming to us, Robert yielded all his old prejudices and allowed me to share the expenses of the home, the payment of the first installment and the furniture amounting to $1,000.

AND then when for the first time we stood together in our home I knew a glorified moment. "What a happy woman I am," I said to my husband. "I have you, our home, the promise of the child, and my work!"

When our little son was born and I was able to be about again, I realized that I should have to have a servant. We could not afford to pay big wages, so I asked for a substantial middle-aged woman, one with whom I could trust the child during the hours that I worked at my board. Eliza was plain—very plain—in features and in attainments. She could not wait on table, nor could she open the door to a visitor without bringing the shamed color to my cheeks by her familiar, untrained manner. She totally lacked any initiative, and she was economical, a trait that at first I deemed admirable, after all the woeful tales I had heard of extravagant servants. But after some weeks of Eliza I grew to regard economy as anything but a virtue. Often I have stood beside her tearfully pleading that she peel enough potatoes to feed expected guests. But she always knew before even seeing a visitor his capacity for food, and she would solemnly assure me that "he wouldn't eat more than one potato." But, most aggravating of all, she was wont to think her questions the most important in the world. Just when I had put the baby to sleep and had settled to my drawing, Eliza would pant up the stairs, charge down the hall to my room, open the door, and ask me how much ice she should order. If, falling from a great height, I told her to order fifty pounds, she would stand stupidly regarding me, before pouring out a picturesque assortment of words that finally I discovered meant to convey to me that she believed twenty-five pounds of ice would answer, thus saving ten cents, the greatest virtue in the world to Eliza. And Should we have warmed rice pudding for lunch? and Did I want her to wash the baby's flannels with ammonia? and on and on and on, till the precious time during which the baby slept had fled and I had nothing to show for its flight.

WELL, I soon came to the conclusion that loyalty and willingness really weighed little against stupidity and slovenliness and unbelievable slowness. I found myself listening for that shambling step on the stairs. Often I could do nothing but conjecture as to the question Eliza was about to ask me, though a moment before my mind had been full of a picture I wished to create. Though I might warn her a thousand times not to disturb me, yet she would each day assail me with a question that must to her mind be answered immediately.

Slowly I developed a bad case of "nerves." I felt eventually as if I were behind myself, pushing a lagging, dazed self along to some hazy attainment.

So it came at last to the necessity for parting with Eliza, if only to save my mind. I secured an intelligent woman to whom we paid $6 a week. She would do no laundry work, she told me, and I recognized in her some element of the specialist. So I found a good laundress, and then I tried to breathe easier, though the thought of our rising expenses appalled me.

Of course I had the entire charge of little Robert. I bathed and dressed him in the morning; fed him, played with him a little, and put him to sleep. Then I went to my room and worked until noon, till he awoke. Fortunately, he was a healthy child, and for the first year before he began to grow into his individuality his responses to my care were somewhat like those of a well-regulated machine.

Frances, my new maid, would sometimes take him out in his carriage in the afternoon. But she did this with such an ill grace that I dreaded ever asking her to do it. Still, after Eliza's awful reign, I managed to stand a great deal from Frances, since she could answer the telephone, she did know how much ice to order, and she could, if she wished to do so, cook a plain dinner, though, of course, she really knew nothing of the importance of cooking. And almost greatest of all, we lived in the suburbs, and she seemed willing to stay with us.

BUT when she realized that another child was coming, she began to put on airs and to drop from her daily round one task after another. So in despair I hired a man to beat the rugs and to wash the windows. And if ever the thought of resting from my work came to me I put it away. Orders for illustrations came to me—many of them—and I never refused an order. Often I had to read books and short stories, and concentrate closely in order to pick out the best situation for the illustrations. Looking back now, I wonder that I accomplished so much under such fearful strain.

One night my nerves were raw after a day of countless irritations such as only a woman's day holds. I jumped at the least sound, and when Robert noticed my condition, I told him all that bothered me. Before I had protected him. Some primal instinct forced me always to have things pleasant for him when he returned home in the evening. He was the man of the house, going out every day to work! It was written that he should be soothed and comforted when that day's work was finished.

But when he spoke solicitously I told him how matters stood. He had the answer ready at once: "You need more help—a nurse for the boy."

I really was too tired to combat this idea, so next morning I telephoned the agency for a nurse. I wanted an intelligent woman with excellent references, and when I found her I agreed to pay her what she asked, $8 a week, with an increase when the second baby came.

She asked for $10 when our little girl was born, and I gave it to her. Miss Wilmer, as she insisted upon being called, was a cold, formal sort of person. When

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I shared a studio with three other women: a violin teacher, a writer, and a miniaturist

little Robert told her a story he considered funny, she rewarded him with an icy dab at his collar and told him to throw his shoulders back. But I soon learned that the children were absolutely safe in her care, which, of course, was a comfort to me.

She had been with me a month when she came to me one morning with the complaint that her room was not kept clean, whereupon tremblingly I spoke to Frances. Frances replied indignantly that Miss Wilmer required her rug to be shaken every day and her mattress to be left in the sun till noon.

"Just plain notions," concluded Frances, "and I'm not here to wait on her. That never was in the bargain."

I returned to Miss Wilmer: "Couldn't you forego having your rug beaten every day?" I said. "Frances will throw your windows wide and sweep with wet salt every day, and the man thoroughly beats the rugs every Friday."

"Just as you please, Mrs. G——," Miss Wilmer returned; "I am accustomed to being in very sanitary households."

After which snub I meekly subsided. On my way upstairs Frances approached me—rather, waylaid me.

"If there's to be any thought of being under her thumb, I'll give notice at once," she told me.

"You may sweep her rug after opening the windows in her room wide," I said, and went on to my working room. On my board stood a half finished picture. I looked at it woodenly. All the delicate fancies, the fine uplifting atmosphere, I had dreamed of putting upon the canvas were gone, swept away by the deadly materiality of a day in my home.

I CRIED as I realized that with each additional person added to my staff my work only increased. I could see no light, no possible solution to my problem.

The next morning, when my husband was leaving, fresh and eager to be at his work, the words were forced from me:

"How I envy you!"

He turned quickly. "Envy! Why?"

"Because when you arrive at your office with a free mind you will start your work. You don't first have to see that the janitor has properly cleaned your office. It is so clean, so neat that its very spic-and-spanness fails to impress you. You don't have to stop an important business transaction to settle a petty dispute between the office boy and the stenographer. You don't finally return to your business with every nerve tingling."

I would still have rushed on, but his hurt expression stopped me.

"You don't know the worries in a man's day," he said.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "But I contend they don't compare with those in my day."

He did not answer, and we parted in silence.

When that night my husband sat down to his paper, he did not at once begin to read. Instead he looked over at me, and said: "I've been thinking a great deal of your words this morning. Haven't you enough help in the house?"

I answered briefly: "A sufficient number of persons, yes."

He said: "I believe you need a complete rest. That course is about the only one I can suggest, since you don't seem to be fortunate in the servants."

His speech fired me beyond the point of caring for his feelings. I felt I didn't wish to shield them.

"And if I'm not fortunate," I flung out, "it is not as you insinuate b e c a u s e I can't m a n a g e my servants. It is because I have to put into the hands of uninterested, totally untrained a l i e n s the most vital interests of my life and yours. And I have learned that I can't leave anything to their discretion or to their intelligence, since they haven't any discretion or intelligence. Just now a feud has been declared between Frances and Miss Wilmer, in consequence of which I am made the umpire, a very unwilling and fearful umpire, lest any decision I may make should cause one or the other to leave me in a hurry."

He did not answer, and I said very distinctly: "And I, too, have a profession at which I work and earn money. Is it fair?"

"Well, isn't that what you wanted—economic independence?" he asked. "It's true," he went on, "that when we entered into our agreement, we didn't realize what a difference in our lives children would make."

I LOOKED keenly at him.

"Things are hard for you," said Robert, and then he prepared to take up his paper. But when I was at the door Robert spoke again. "One way suggests itself to me," he said. "Let your work go for a few years, till the children are well along, and let us all depend entirely upon my income. Surely if we live simply it will be sufficient, and some time when the company is on a secure footing that income will be increased." He looked closely at me. "What do you think of the idea?"

I was tired, and Robert's suggestion did bear a strong appeal at the moment. "We could rent this house and take a small flat so the work wouldn't be so hard and you could simply rest," he continued.

Of course, early the next morning, before the day's routine had me in its grasp, I mentally rejected Robert's plan. To let my profession go for a few years would mean eventually nearly as hard a struggle for recognition as I had faced in the beginning. And when the children were both able to go to school, thus leaving me a few hours a day for myself, I should be very well along toward forty. But keenest of all was my sense of injustice that I should be compelled to give up entirely my work because I had a home and children. Robert had both, and he could follow his work, too, since he was not crippled, bound by the mere machinery of living.

I was still pondering the question when one day shortly after my talk with Robert, I was on my way from the kitchen to my own room. The nursery door stood ajar and I peeped in. Miss Wilmer sat at the window with her back to me. Young Robert stood near, watching her, while the little girl lay asleep on the bed.

"When are we going out?" asked Robert.

Miss Wilmer did not look up from her task. She answered, however, shortly: "Not now."

Silence. Then from Robert: "I want to go out now. I want to do something."

"Robert, I must request you to be quiet. Or is that an impossible request for you to obey?"

Robert murmured something. He picked up an article from a small table and twirled it in his fingers. Miss Wilmer didn't even look around, but she evidently went on the policy that a child is always doing what he shouldn't do, so she said: "Please stop that, Robert. Try to be quiet. You will never be a gentleman if you don't learn repose."

I should have smiled then, if Robert hadn't been my own child, at the idea of asking an active, growing boy to learn repose! But I didn't smile.

Robert wandered aimlessly about the room. "Can't I take my sleigh down in the yard?" he asked. "I'll stay there and you can watch me from the window."

Miss Wilmer spoke sharply: "You cannot leave the nursery, Robert, until your sister wakens from her nap and I am ready to dress you both for the street; then we will go for a walk."

Robert murmured something and Miss Wilmer demanded to know what he was "muttering beneath his breath."

So Robert told her. "I hate you," he said very distinctly. "I hate you clear down to my heart."

Astounded, Miss Wilmer rose to her full height. "I shall complain at once to your mother," she said with great dignity. "I am entitled to respect from you."

But I ran away as fast as I could—ran to my own room and shut and locked the door. She should never get at me to complain! I covered my eyes to shut out the vision of that little mutinous face. I shut down on my consciousness that I might not think of all the little laddie was daily being deprived of. The fine, constructive freedom I had once dreamed of giving to my children he did not know. Instead he was held down, turned aside, recommended to have poise!

MY BOARD stood ready for me. A letter from an editor urging the immediate completion of important work stared up at me from my desk. But I couldn't bring myself to take my pencil in hand. I walked away to the window, utter discouragement filling me.

I don't yield easily. I fight for my own way of life, but at that moment I felt beaten. At length I walked to the window and stood there for a long space of time. I saw Miss Wilmer emerge with the two children. Frances stood on the steps directing the man of all work, and as Miss Wilmer and the children passed her, she elevated her nose in a very unmistakable manner and in return for the courtesy Miss Wilmer managed subtly to convey her scorn for one of such low social status.

I remembered just then the words of a little writer friend when I confided my domestic worries to her. "Be glad, my dear, that your nurse and maid are enemies. That's rather better than when they enter into a conspiracy against you. I've had both situations under my roof, and I know whereof I speak." But I got small comfort from the memory.

I was still at the window when Miss Wilmer returned with the children in proper tow, and I had only arrived at a belief, not a solution, the belief that being a woman I had to pay the piper for being a producer. Since I wished to be finely independent, I had to put into the hands of untrained servants vital interests, the cooking of food, and the partial care of my children. I thought of Frances's bewilderment should I ask her to prepare "a well-balanced meal," though largely by their food those dependent on her services were kept up to or below a high point of efficiency. And Miss Wilmer regarded children as little beasts who must be kept in their places, who must be trained out of all initiative, and reduced as much as possible

(Continued on page 8)



"I've enough work to do as it is. Now, Robert, if you show temper I shall punish you"

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The Joke on the High Constable

By Francis G. Burrows

MAYBE you think it has become so that all Christmas stories, Thanksgiving stories, Decoration Day stories, etc., are bores, but the High Constable will show you your mistake. He is not waxworks made for the occasion; you will like him while you laugh at him, and love him when you stop laughing, and at last get warmed up to forget what you ought to forget on Decoration Day, and to remember what should be remembered.

CAPTAIN KAZER stood in Memorial Park, awaiting the approach of the Grand Army. You see he did not belong to the Grand Army. Over him towered the monument erected to the memory of Colonel Prettyleaf and the gallant regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers that fought under him in the Civil War. On either side, as far as he could see, the street was lined with spectators.

A crash of music sounded from a marching band, and the crowds struggled and craned their necks.

"Ye'd think," the Captain remarked contemptuously to Sergeant Smithers, who stood beside him, "that the people of this here town never seen a parade before."

"Who's that marching ahead?" he suddenly demanded, peering down the street with dim, blue eyes.

"Chief of Police Bixler."

"That good-for-nothing?" he ejaculated incredulously.

"Bixler's the only regelar policemann in town, and police leads parades everywheres."

"I know it," said Kazer testily. "I used to lead 'em myself."

"So ye did, Cap'n, when ye was High Constable."

"Them was parades as was parades."

FOR an instant he lived in the past. At the head of Georgetown's veterans down this same street he came, with head erect and eyes set straight before him, but conscious, nevertheless, of the crowds of cheering, sympathetic friends that lined the way. Oh, the glory of those days! Would that he could live them over again!

"They don't pay much attention to the High Constable nowadays," remarked Smithers.

"No office would amount to anything with Lenk Gottshall in it."

"Lenk ought to stick to selling fish. That's more in his line."

"As High Constable he's a disgrace to the borough. I can't see why they elected him."

"I heard they done it fer a joke."

"They hadn't ought to joke with the highest office in the borough."

"Here comes the Chief Burgess on a hoss," observed the Sergeant.

"It's lucky he don't have to go no faster'n a walk," replied Kazer, "or he'd fall off."

The Chief Burgess was his near neighbor; the Captain's home was not a peaceful one, and he accredited to Chief Burgess Prettyleaf much of the notoriety that attended his domestic infelicities.

"If he knew what a figger he cuts in the saddle," said the Sergeant with a touch of scorn, "he wouldn't think so much of hisself."

"When you think of the Colonel at Gettysburg," mused the Captain, "fighting hand to hand afore he went down, ye wouldn't think it possible fer him to have a son like this narrer-chested Burgess of our'n."

"He's more proud of belonging to the Sons of Veterans than his old man was of commanding the finest regiment that ever marched out of Pennsylvania."

"He's lived all his life on his old man's reputation. It's a wonder to me the Colonel don't bow his head in shame up there on his monnyment when the Burgess rides by."

"Who's the fellers in the big wagon?" asked Smithers.

"Them is the Borough Council."

"Rather young, ain't they, to be running the borough?"

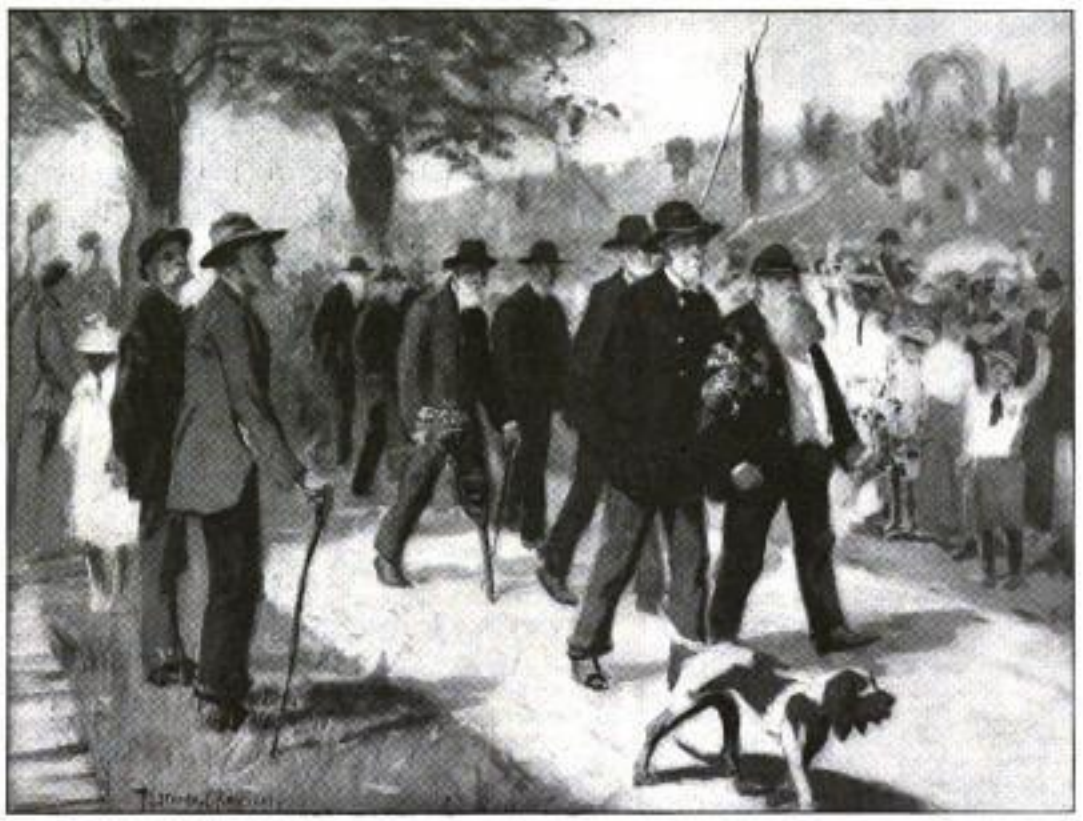
"Old ones, what has any reputation to lose, won't take the job."

The thin wavering column of veterans passed. Each old soldier carried a small bouquet to lay on the grave of a comrade in the borough cemetery.

"I wonder," said the Sergeant wistfully, "if they'll remember us when we're gone?"

"It makes no difference to me," said the Captain quite savagely, "whether they do or not. The shame's their own if they fergit how a man fit fer his country jest because he don't belong to the Grand Army."

THE passing Color Sergeant staggered bravely beneath the weight of the post's silken flag. Kazer, with his thin mouth set in a grim line, and his beard thrust forward at an impressive angle, straightened his bent back and brought his hand stiffly to a salute. Smithers, who always followed the example of his superior officer, did likewise.



The thin, wavering column of veterans passed. Each old soldier carried a small bouquet to lay on the grave of a comrade in the borough cemetery. "I wonder," said the Sergeant wistfully, "if they'll remember us when we're gone?"

Recognition came to them from a few lowly comrades in the rear.

"Howdy, Cap'n; howdy, Sergeant," they cried in high, tremulous voices, with a friendly wave of their fluttering hands.

From the head of the column, Dr. Andrews, post secretary, looked back and frowned at this breach of discipline. Kazer, unbending in his military attitude, gazed contemptuously at the spectators, who viewed the veterans almost with veneration.

"These people wouldn't know a real soldier if they did see one. Anybody as marches nowadays is a hero."

"Some of the fellers never seen the war."

"The men what marched behind me when I was High Constable was the ones what done the fighting. Now, every feller whatever enlisted calls hisself a veteran. Doc Andrews didn't jine the army until the Confederate army started up the State and his folks' property was liable to git burned. He got jist close enough to Gettysburg to hear the cannon booming. Then he got out a Bible and started to read it. Him that had never been inside a church in his life! He wanted to git religion afore it was too late. It was the joke of the town fer years. But now people thinks he must 'a' been a turrible fighter because he runs the post."

"Major Cummings is post commander."

"He's only a figgerhead. They does everything as Andrews wants it."

THE volunteer fire department now came along. A host they seemed in their uniforms of red shirts and black trousers.

"Fire companies is popular," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a wonder a fire ever gits a chance to git started with all these fellers ready to outen it."

"They don't belong to fire companies fer fire fighting," said Kazer sardonically. "Parading's more in their line. And if it wasn't fer free licker in their cellars they couldn't git enough members to pull a hose truck."

Kazer had never affiliated himself with any organization simply because he never had money sufficient to pay membership fees and dues. His nonmembership in the Georgetown Post gave him no concern, but his neglect, years ago, of an opportunity to join the Rescue Hose Company he now regarded as a grave error of judgment.

The last rank of firemen passed, and the crowds, immediately forgetting the solemn memorial ceremonies, overflowed the street, in pursuit of the pleasures of a holiday.

The two veterans looked about blankly, quite at a loss which way to turn. For them the great event of the day was over.

"We might as well go down to the hotel," suggested the Captain.

IN its day, the American House, toward which they bent their steps, was Georgetown's leading hotel, and in its lobby the Captain never lacked an interested audience of distinguished citizens to entertain with thrilling tales of adventure, hardship, and battle. Never in their company was he allowed to go thirsty. Of more practical benefit was their influence in securing his election as High Constable for several terms. The work was not burdensome and the emoluments were considerable. The job, in fact, was well suited to his taste.

But time had wrought sad changes. His friends, whose generosity had sowed in him the seeds of habitual drinking, had died or drifted away. On the death of his wife, whose earnings as a seamstress had largely contributed to the support of the household, his daughter had come to live with him, and he was reduced to the ignominy of paying board in his own home. His pension now was utterly inadequate to meet the demands of his thirst. In truth, the twilight of his life was clouded with adversity.

He entertained occasionally a forlorn hope of improving his condition. Deep in his heart he cherished

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a secret ambition to again hold office as High Constable. At one stroke he would thereby recruit his depleted finances, become again a useful member of society, and enjoy the prestige which the office rightfully carried with it.

On their arrival at the American House, the Captain and Sergeant, purely from force of habit, proceeded directly to the bar. The bartender produced a decanter but withheld it in sudden suspicion.

"Who's this on?" he asked.

"Pay you next week," muttered the Captain.

"How about your friend?"

"Pay you on pension day," suggested the Sergeant.

"Then you both can wait till pension day for your liquor."

"Since when," demanded the Captain ferociously, "ain't my credit good at the American House?"

"You kin search me," replied the bartender indifferently.

"Young man," said Kazer savagely, "I drank in this here hotel afore you was born."

"Shouldn't be surprised if you did."

"That was when this hotel was a hotel. Fresh 'uns like you didn't grow around Georgetown them days."

"If you don't like it here, why don't you go somewhere else?"

"Go call your boss," ordered the Captain imperiously, "and we'll see if we can't have a drink."

"I'm the boss just now."

KAZER seemed doomed to ignoble defeat when suddenly the doors were thrown open violently, and a boisterous crowd of red-shirted firemen trooped noisily to the bar.

"Gentlemen," cried a tall young man, standing on the bar rail, "Mr. Schwartz is buying a drink."

The firemen drained their glasses with gusto, and sang, with a heartiness which compensated for melodious imperfections, a ballad, which, by a slight change of text, fits any similar occasion.

"Here's to Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Schwartz-z, Mr. Schwartz-z-z." And Mr. Schwartz, Georgetown's noted brewer, smiled until his round, red, jovial face radiated his pleasure. He nodded to his spokesman, who thereupon rose again upon the rail, and shouted above the din: "Gentlemen, Mr. Schwartz is buying another drink."

The youth looked about the room. His eyes rested upon the two old men.

"Ain't the Captain and Sergeant in on this?" he whispered.

"Sure ting," said the brewer cordially. "Gif 'em all a drink."

KAZER glared at the bartender with intense satisfaction as he drained his glass.

"I say, Cap'n," demanded the tall youth, "weren't you in the war?"

"Sure he was," cried a voice from the crowd, "else why do they call him 'Cap'n'?"

"That don't signify nothing," said another scornfully. "Nowadays any old fossil that has a beard and hobbles along with a cane is called 'Cap'n' sorter as a mark of respect."

Kazer ignored the interruption. "I fit in yer granddad Prettyleaf's own regiment," he said.

"I bet the Cap'n was more spry then than he is now," observed a fireman, "else he wouldn't 'a' survived some of them retreats we read about."

"Then how's it come," asked the Colonel's grandson, "that you're not in the parade?"

"It ain't everybody that fit as has to show off on Decoration Day. Them that likes to parade the most sometimes done the least fighting."

"The Cap'n mayn't be in the Grand Army," insinuated another, "but I bet he's right on the job every pension day."

"I don't git no more'n I'm entitled to," growled the badgered old warrior, "which is more'n some kin say."

"Of course not. Yer rheumatiz is enough for a pension if nothing else. There's some gitting money from the Government for lesser'n that."

"Never had the rheumatiz in my life," said Kazer shortly.

"Then what makes you limp?"

"None o' yer business."

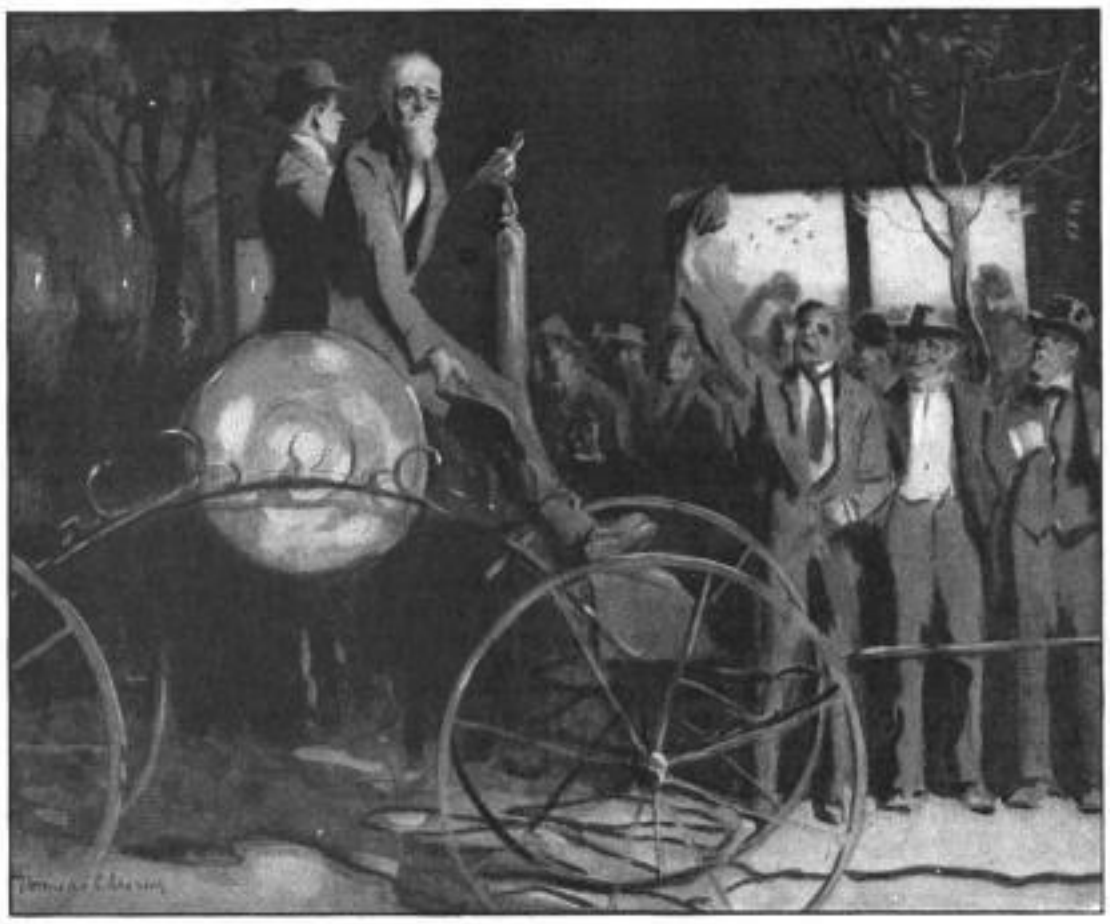
"Come, come, shentlemen," cried the alarmed brewer, who above all things disliked a barroom brawl. "Vy shouldt ve spend our time quarreling?"

Turning to the bartender he said peremptorily: "Fill 'em up again."

The afternoon waned and the firemen drifted away, but the two veterans clung close to the bar. Young Prettyleaf also remained, partly because it was too early for him to go home unobserved, and partly because, in his present environment, he was safe from parental scrutiny. Indeed, he patronized the American House because his father, the Chief Burgess, did not.

AN occasional smile illumined the Captain's grim features. He told his favorite war stories, and even essayed a few war-time melodies in a quavering falsetto voice. He shed a few tears on recalling the hardships of the Civil War.

"Ye're a chip off the old block," he said confidentially to young Prettyleaf. "Yer granddad, I mean, not yer father—although I ain't got nothing agin him. He allus had it in fer me because the Colonel give me my home fer a little favor I once done him.



The Captain bowed gravely, right and left, as General Grant had done, on an occasion, never to be forgotten, when he visited Georgetown many years before

"The Colonel was open-handed, he was. Right at this here bar he used to stand, and no one else could spend a cent. The boys all lost a good friend when he died."

Kazer's cane was of material assistance in steadying his steps when he left the hotel late in the evening.

"Want me to go along?" ventured the Sergeant as they paused at the corner.

"Better look after yourself," said the Captain coldly.

"It was a big day," commented Smithers cheerfully, "even if we don't belong to the Grand Army."

"We'd both be better off," said Kazer bitterly, "if we'd 'a' died when we amounted to something."

Whereupon he hobbled off, leaving the Sergeant standing on the corner in perplexity.

TWILIGHT was shading into darkness when Chief Burgess Prettyleaf, on his way to a meeting of Republican borough leaders, stopped in Memorial Park, where Major Cummings and Dr. Andrews were lowering the colors from the Grand Army's staff.

"A right nice turnout we had to-day," said Andrews.

"We have so few left," replied Cummings, "that our parades are becoming sadder each year."

"We would have more," said the secretary with asperity, "if all the men eligible for membership in the post would join. Kazer and Smithers were in the park as usual, watching the rest of us drag along in the hot sun."

"I think they would join the post if they could afford to."

"They get all the liquor they want—more than is good for them—and liquor is the only thing you can't get on credit."

"Kazer has been acting right decently of late," interposed Mr. Prettyleaf. "His daughter makes him toe the mark, although his wife never could do much with him. That poor woman had a hard time of it and it didn't help her temper. We could hear her across the lot berating him whenever he was a little under the weather.

"I found him one night on the lawn after he had dropped from a second-story window. 'Pon my word he wasn't hurt, although he would have been killed if he had been sober. We never found out whether he naturally fell out or was forcibly ejected."

"His case is unfortunate," said Major Cummings. "But, doctor, we must remember that everybody drank heavily in our day."

"That precious pair of old men," said the secretary with emphasis, "are a splendid example to the young men of to-day of what not to be."

Late that night the Chief Burgess hurried home through a drizzling rain. At the Kazer residence he stopped in astonishment on beholding the grizzled Captain asleep on the doorstep, entirely oblivious of the rain and his saturated clothing. He aroused the veteran and piloted him to his own residence, where the Captain spent the night on a couch.

"Cap'n," said Mr. Prettyleaf meditatively, on the following morning, "how would you like to be High Constable?"

Kazer was quite dumfounded. He had thought his dissipation the night before was utterly ruinous to his political aspirations.

"Do you think," he asked humbly, "that I would be all right fer the job?"

"You're just the man," said the Chief Burgess heartily. "We need a candidate to fill out the ticket. What do you say?"

The Captain accepted without undue haste, the deal was closed, and he was duly scheduled to head the Republican borough ticket at the fall election.

BY special invitation, the Captain received the election returns at the Rescue Hose House. He placidly rocked in a comfortable chair and smoked his pipe, as one ward after another was found to have given him an unprecedented majority over Gottshall, the fishmonger. But beneath his outward calm his heart was filled with gladness, tempered only with chivalrous pity for his vanquished rival.

A great crowd of firemen was patronizing the bar in the cellar when the news of the Captain's landslide reached them. With a shout they poured from the basement and drew forth the red and gold hose wagon, which was carefully preserved for parades and other festive occasions. Kazer was lifted aboard and Chief Burgess Prettyleaf was persuaded to sit beside him. A hundred men seized the hand ropes. An impromptu drum corps, with instruments filched from the rooms of the company's band, headed the procession. Recruits joined them, with tin horns, whistles, and circular saws from a neighboring mill.

Torches of red fire illumined the way. Dust, scented with the odor of fallen leaves, rose from the tread of marching feet. In the luminous cloud the Captain was conspicuous on his high seat. Attracted by the noise, a great crowd of spectators gathered along the line of march and cheered him mightily.

"Take off your hat, Cap'n," urged the Chief Burgess, "don't you hear them cheering you?"

The Captain did so, and the light was reflected brilliantly from his polished, bald pate. He bowed gravely, right and left, as General Grant had done, on an occasion, never to be forgotten, when he visited Georgetown many years before. True, the General had worn a high hat and rode in a carriage, while the Captain wore a slouch hat and rode on a hose truck, but with all due respect to the General, the Captain felt that the reception accorded him by his fellow townsmen was just as enthusiastic.

Kazer started home at last with as great dignity and precision as were compatible with the toasts to which he had been compelled to respond upon his return to the Rescue Hose House. He paused to look curiously at the City Hall, a dingy old building, which, in the near future, was to be his official headquarters. Prior to its acquisition by the borough it had been the first home of the the Rescue Company, and in the darkness he could see the grotesque outlines of the hose tower which still stood in the rear.

A solemn mood came over him as he resumed his way. The weight of a new responsibility now rested upon his shoulders. He hoped that he would bear it worthily.

FROM a cedar chest in the attic of his home the Captain took a blue coat adorned with brass buttons and a hat which bore in brass letters the title, "High Constable."

(Continued on page 30)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THERE are in the United States Senate seven men who, as Republicans four years ago, broke away from their party and voted against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. They are:

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, Kansas.
MOSES E. CLAPP, Minnesota.
COE I. CRAWFORD, South Dakota
ALBERT B. CUMMINS, Iowa
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Wisconsin.
KNUTE NELSON, Minnesota.
MILES POINDEXTER, Washington.

These compose the Senators who are left of the original Insurgents. Their vote against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill in 1909 elevated them high in public esteem. One of the most interesting problems of the present moment is whether in the year 1913 they will vote for or against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. The problem before them cannot be stated otherwise. The final vote in the present tariff session will be either to perpetuate the Payne-Aldrich Bill or to substitute another.

The Present Need

AT THIS writing it is entirely conceivable that President Wilson may need the support of some Progressives or progressive Republicans to pass his tariff bill. If four Democratic Senators should oppose the bill that would be enough to negative the party's majority. It is known certainly that the two Democratic Senators from Louisiana will vote against the bill. The one avowed Progressive Senator, Poindexter of Washington, is expected to vote for the bill. Senator La Follette has been ostentatious in public avowals of his purpose to aid President Wilson in every way, but he has not said whether or not he will vote for the tariff bill, and in preliminary skirmishes he has aided Penrose and opposed the Democrats. It is hard to conceive a time when President Wilson shall need Senator La Follette's aid so much as right now.

Simmons and Penrose

SENATOR SIMMONS, by virtue of his position as chairman of the Finance Committee, is leading the tariff fight in the Senate for the Democrats. For the Republicans the fight is being led by Senator Penrose, assisted by Senator La Follette. Between the two leaders a very delightful bit of dialogue took place:

MR. PENROSE—The Senator . . . referred to the utter lack of necessity for long speeches. He certainly does not remember that brilliant and prolonged effort of his own four years ago when he held the rapt attention of the Senate for four days in advocating a duty on lumber.

MR. SIMMONS—Mr. President, I voted for a duty of 7 cents on lumber, and I did it because the bill then under consideration—the Payne-Aldrich, of which the lumber schedule was a part—carried duties of from about 45 to 50 per cent upon everything that entered into the manufacture of lumber and constituted a part of the cost of its production. I said in that speech if you will take those excessive and burdensome duties, which the lumberman had to pay, off the machinery and other things that entered so largely into the cost of his product, I would vote to put lumber on the free list. I was against putting it on the free list while these heavy Payne-Aldrich rates, which constituted such a heavy charge against his product, were retained.

MR. PENROSE—Mr. President—

THE VICE PRESIDENT—Does the Senator from North Carolina yield to the Senator from Pennsylvania?

MR. SIMMONS—Certainly.

MR. PENROSE—The energy of the Senator now recalls his energy during that speech on lumber.

MR. SIMMONS—I did not catch what the Senator said.

MR. PENROSE—It was a polite reference to the Senator's recent statement. But I should like to ask the Senator whether he still advocates the rates which he then advocated on lumber when he called the attention of the Senate to the desolation which would prevail in different States of the South if Canadian lumber was permitted to pass over the American border free?

MR. SIMMONS—This bill does the very thing that I then said if it were done I would be in favor of free lumber. We have greatly reduced or put on the free list the duties of the Payne-Aldrich law upon the things that enter into the cost of the manufactures of lumber, and I shall with pleasure vote for free lumber.

Senator Penrose's sarcasm has a gentle lightness that is very unlike his bulky frame. Of course he had the best of this argument. Twice during the past four years Senator Simmons has fought bitterly against his party in the Senate and against the party platform—once against a reduction in the tariff on lumber and once against reciprocity. It is fair to say, however, that Senator Simmons is now leading the fight for tariff reduction with energy and ability. But it is also true that he is not the best man to heap shame upon Senator Ransdell of Louisiana for opposing the Democratic reduction of the tariff on sugar. North Carolina would have helped the Democratic party more by keeping Senator Simmons at home.

A Century-Old Infant

SENATOR RANSDELL of Louisiana, arguing for the retention of a duty on sugar, said that since the year 1789 there has never been a day when there was not a duty on sugar, except for a period when that commodity had something better than a duty, a bounty of two cents a pound. Thereupon Senator Myers of Montana said:

I should like to ask my friend, the Senator from Louisiana, if this industry has been protected for 100 years and is still an infant industry that needs protection, how long it will take it to become a matured industry and to be grown so that it will not need protection as an infant?

An Unworthy Argument

EBENEZER J. HILL was for eighteen years, prior to the present session, a Representative in Congress from the two western counties of Connecticut. In the Democratic landslide of last fall he lost his seat. This was a pity, for, although a thoroughgoing protectionist, he was sincere, honest, and a very clear thinker—so long as he stuck to economic subjects. Recently he made a speech which was incorporated in the Congressional Record by James R. Mann, the Republican leader. In the preamble to the speech, these two sentences occur:

The outcome is an Administration with not a New England man in it for the first time in our nation's history.

It is said that for the first time in fifty years there has not been a Union soldier on the Republican side and but one on the Democratic side.

It was not worthy of Mr. Hill to intimate that the tariff is being revised on sectional lines. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Southerners in Congress have been under the strongest pressure from special interests in their communities, and, except for the Louisiana Senators, the pressure has been resisted with admirable manliness.

The Democratic Weakness

MR. HILL and all the Republicans are on much safer ground when they stand on this assertion which was made in ex-Congressman Hill's speech:

The last Congress with sixty-three Democratic majority . . . spent $87,000,000 more than any Republican Congress ever appropriated.

This was done by a Democratic Congress which was elected on a platform of economy, in a campaign in which all the Democratic candidates denounced Republican extravagance. This record will plague the the Democrats at the next election.

Protecting American Wealth

ONE of the stock phrases of the stand-pat Republicans is "protecting American labor." Of course it is American *wealth* that is really protected. The protection is for commodities, not labor. The fallacy inherent in this slogan has never been so well expressed as in this extract from a letter from Mr. Joseph McDonald of Providence, R. I.:

Workmen have their labor to sell and they must sell it in a free trade market. *The only protection which American laborers have against foreign laborers is the price of a ticket from foreign countries here.* The foreign "pauper" labor which our workmen need to fear is the pauper labor which stands at our mill gates and competes with the labor already in said mills.

Abolish These Committees

BOTH in the Democratic and in the Republican parties there are contests in which the reform element is trying to wrest control of the party Congressional committees from the Old Guard. Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts has formally announced his candidacy for Republican chairmanship. These committees should be abolished. There is no excuse for a national organization to look after the local Congressional fights. No candidate for Congress should receive financial aid from outside his own district. The fight should be conducted wholly within the boundaries of the district. The Republican committee in the past has been a source of scandal.

The Congressional Record

DURING the tariff session the Congressional Record, in spite of its unwieldy padding, is well worth reading. Every thoughtful person in the country could find profit and enjoyment in it. It is not widely enough known that the Record is available to anyone who wishes to get it at a price of $1.50 per month, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be addressed to Samuel B. Donnelly, Public Printer, Washington, D. C.

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William Jennings Bryan, Proud Grandfather

MEMORY is so tricky that it can't be trusted upon such points as this; but surely some of us have a feeling that it was only a few years ago that the newspapers were referring to William Jennings Bryan as "The Boy Orator of the Platte." Yet here he is to-day posing before the camera man with two grandchildren, one of them three years old! The photograph was taken while the Secretary of State was visiting in Los Angeles. It might be interesting to add, now that visiting has been mentioned, that Secretary Bryan is the District of Columbia's champion traveler; and, though he is a grandfather, asks no odds from the younger men of the Administration. At this writing he has covered nearly 12,000 miles by train since March 4 and more than 200 miles by motor car. Whether the Commoner aspires to break Professor Taft's record is a subject of interesting speculation. The Taft record for four years was estimated as approximately 125,000 miles, or "five times the distance around the earth at the equator."



King Nicholas the Comforter

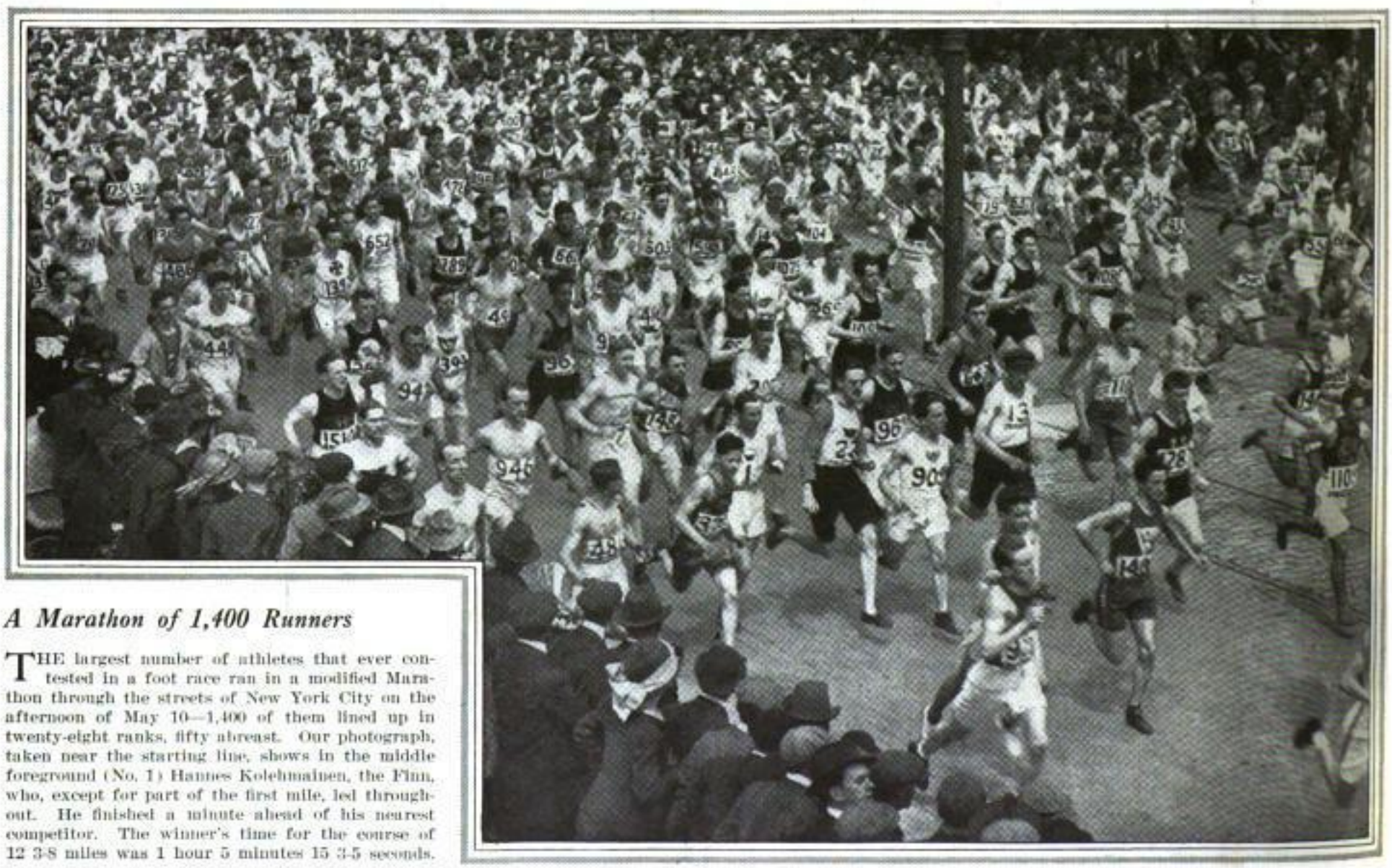
AN ACCIDENT of light and pose in this late photograph of Nicholas of Montenegro makes him look like a double of the late J. P. Morgan. The picture was taken while Nicholas was talking to some children who were made orphans by the war. The task of comforting his people is taking a large share of the King's time.

"The Public" Takes Its Turn at Bond Buying

HALF of a new issue of Philadelphia city bonds was offered to "the public" this month. The City Treasurer took his stand behind a grating in the City Hall and literally sold the bonds "across the counter." In a week the city's small investors took up $4,002,000 of the issue—$500,000 more than Mayor Blankenburg had asked to have offered to them. Our photograph shows the City Treasurer and some of the bond buyers who were in the line the first day. On this first day, 250 subscriptions were received, amounting to $999,800. The Mayor himself set an example by purchasing $10,000 worth.

The Treasurer found that the subscriptions came from neighboring towns as well as from Philadelphia and observed that "the denominations and condition of the money paid in indicated that a draft had been made on the old teapot, the oven, and the proverbial old stocking, where it is reported some very cautious persons keep their bank account."

An elderly woman paid for $1,000 worth of bonds with bright $10 and $20 gold pieces, coined early in the eighties. They never had been banked.



A Marathon of 1,400 Runners

THE largest number of athletes that ever contested in a foot race ran in a modified Marathon through the streets of New York City on the afternoon of May 10—1,400 of them lined up in twenty-eight ranks, fifty abreast. Our photograph, taken near the starting line, shows in the middle foreground (No. 1) Hannes Kolehmainen, the Finn, who, except for part of the first mile, led throughout. He finished a minute ahead of his nearest competitor. The winner's time for the course of 12 3-8 miles was 1 hour 5 minutes 15 3-5 seconds.

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"Some New Experiments"

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts.
— Byron



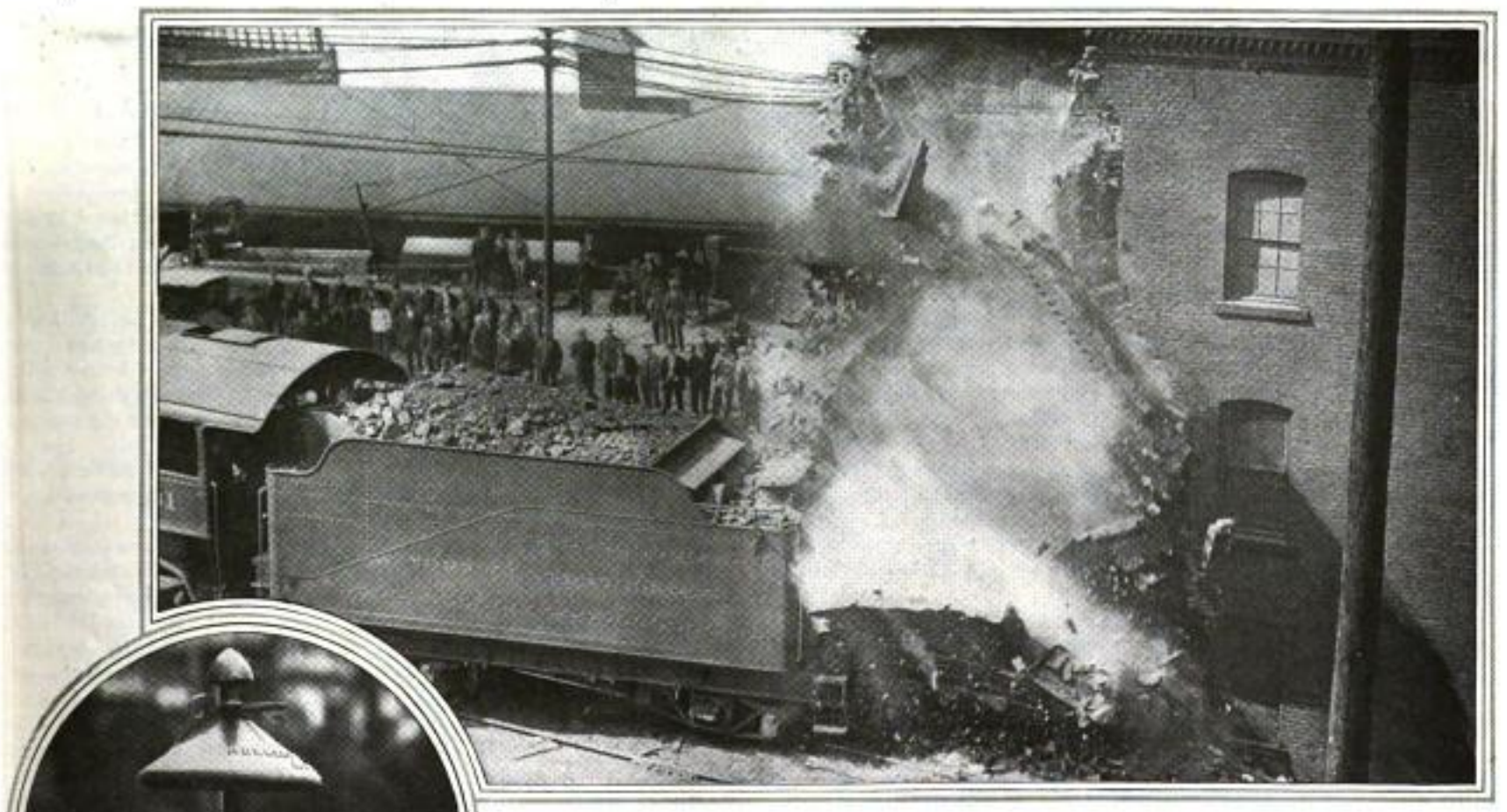


A Garden Note from Mr. Houston's Own Pupils

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE, please note: An effective way to rid a large lawn of dandelions is reported from Washington University, where in the course of a voting contest, 10,250 roots, each counting as a ballot, were dug by young gentlemen of the freshmen class in a single afternoon. The sizzling issue was: "Who is the most popular young lady in the class?" Thus the university improves its campus and at the same time pays an artistic compliment to David F. Houston, formerly its chancellor.

Where a Blunder Would Cost $300,000

THE three-story, 8,000-ton building of the High School of Commerce in San Francisco is being treated to a two months' journey. When it arrives at its new site, it will have traveled a little more than two blocks. Five miles of steel cable, three donkey engines, 2,000 steel rollers, and 100,000 cedar shingles (for use in delicate leveling work) are essential pieces of traveling equipment. A miscalculation of strains or a failure to start and stop the engines simultaneously would cost the contractor $300,000—the price of a new building—if the damage proved serious. If he delivers the 8,000 tons in perfect condition, he receives $151,000. The removal is necessary to clear space for the city's new civic center group.





A Suffragette Alarm Gun

THE iron toadstool in the picture at the left is the newest decoration for the lawns of English country clubs, cricket grounds, and golf courses. Since the militant suffragettes have turned their attention to the demoralization of country life, the toadstool alarm gun has been put into service to foil them. The canopy of the toadstool is a weight which drops on a cartridge when any of a mesh of wires is touched. Tunbridge Wells, which recently lost its cricket ground pavilion by fire, is protecting the bowling club by this system.

An Engine Raids a Saloon

THE locomotive in this photograph taken in Cleveland is withdrawing its support from the saloon, not trying to butt its way in. At four o'clock in the morning, however, it had been less prudent, and after jumping the track had rammed the brick building with such force that the side wall was driven four feet off its base. The jar aroused the neighborhood and drove frightened families into the street in their night clothes, but no one was injured. Later, the locomotive was pulled away and the building crumpled.

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COLLIER'S

The World's Most Menacing Problem

THE QUESTION INVOLVED in the California Anti-Alien Land Law is not for to-day alone. It is for generations to come. It is not a Japanese question alone. It is a Chinese question, a Hindu question, a Korean question, a Syrian and Armenian question. It is not a matter of the United States alone. It is a Canadian question, an Australian question, a South American question, a Mexican question, a South African question, a New Zealand question.

It is a world question. It is a problem for all time.

It is the local outcropping of the greatest of world problems—the riddle of the intermingling of races.

It cannot be settled on the narrow basis of any treaty with Japan, nor on the local basis of opinion in California, nor the feelings of the people of all the States on the Pacific Coast.

It ought not to be adjusted by the people of the United States in ignorance, nor prejudice, nor with reference to political platforms, nor the demand for cheap labor.

It cannot be lightly slighted off. It is an irrepressible struggle. It will persist for ages. Its complexities and its menace are bound to become nearer and more menacing as every invention in transportation and every advance in commerce brings white men and brown men and yellow men into closer and closer contact with each other.

There are certain principles of right and wrong which enter into it. These must be studied. They should be canvassed in Washington, Tokyo, Peking, Calcutta, Delhi, Melbourne, Sydney, Cape Town, Johannesburg, New York, London. The final adjustment, if one can be arrived at, must be made with reference to these principles of right and wrong.

1—THE WRONG WAY TO APPROACH THE QUESTION

LET US CONSIDER the attitude of Japan in the premises. The Japanese are a fine and strong people. They are very proud, just as we are very proud. They have just as much reason to be proud as we have. They have a very ancient and splendid civilization. They are poets and artists and scientists. They have a fine system of ethics, and some virtues which they can teach us. In patriotism, in enterprise, in efficiency, all along the line of modern life, they compare favorably with all other peoples. They are not inferior to us—let that be admitted at the outset. So long as we act with reference to them on the theory that they are inferior, we shall be in the wrong. They think themselves superior to us. We think ourselves superior to them. That is the natural attitude of the mass of the people of every land. But in the last analysis the Japanese will be entitled to the verdict that they are just as able, just as efficient, and just as good as we are.

2—THE NECESSITY FOR HOMOGENEITY IN A DEMOCRACY

WHAT REASON can we find, then, for making laws which will tend to keep the Japanese out? Let us see what our destiny is and how it must be worked out, determine what our problems are, and see what effect the incoming of the Orientals would have on our affairs:

We of the great Caucasian nations, especially the English-speaking nations, have unreservedly committed ourselves to the theory of democracy. We are more and more accepting democracy as the natural order of things. We have very dreadful problems to work out through the instrument of the ballot. The ballot rests on equality of rights, of more or less common views and common interests among the people. Voting is a species of conference. Minds meet and settle questions in elections no less than in town meetings.

A democracy is a people who reason together and express their decisions by their votes. If they do not speak the same language, if there exists a great body of matters on which they cannot come to a mutual understanding, if the mental gap between great factions among them is too great to be bridged, if for any reason there exists any irreconcilable antagonism among them, if great bodies of them are in economic warfare, the democracy cannot exist.

That is why we are already in such deep difficulties with our democracy. We have many antagonistic classes. We have trying times ahead. It is sure to be hard for us to weather the storms which these problems will generate. The labor question, the trust question, the growing problem of farm tenantry, the amalgamation of the millions of European immigrants, the redemption of our backward population in the Appalachian Mountains—all these are hard things to solve.

But the people of our own antagonistic classes look alike and feel alike toward each other under like circumstances. They can and do mix. Remove the reasons for enmity, and the enmity vanishes. Nobody can tell a Northerner from a Southerner, or a Bohemian from a Scotchman, or the progeny of an old New York anti-renter from the descendant of a patroon, or a whisky insurrectionist's progeny from the descendant of a soldier sent to put down the insurrection, so far as looks are concerned. After all, our contending forces, except for the negro, belong to the same basic race, and are unable to tell each other apart in a few years after any struggle takes place. They have more intellectual and spiritual similarities than they have of any sort of differences. They mix.

3—THE PRESENCE OF THE JAP IS INCONSISTENT WITH DEMOCRACY

IT IS DIFFERENT with the Oriental. His color sets him off from the rest of us so far as to make of him a marked man. It may be urged that this ought not to make any difference, that a man is a man, no matter what the tint of his skin. Granted—but this is a democracy, and people must be taken as they are. We cannot fraternize with colored peoples as we do with each other. They feel just as we do about it. We cannot do the business of a democracy with people so strongly set off from us in racial character. Their presence among us in great numbers raises the most explosive questions—questions of sex, marriage, school life, church life, business life, traveling problems, questions of all sorts of mingling. Perhaps these questions ought not to come up, but to urge *that* is silly—they *will* come up.

The nation—every nation—must keep out peoples whose presence will complicate this matter of democratic solidarity. They must be kept out, not because they are inferior, but in many cases because they are so different. For these reasons California is right in her effort to keep out the Japanese. For similar reasons the Japanese are right in all the laws they may have enacted, or may enact, to prevent the domestication of large numbers of Americans there. They can vote us out of their club with perfect propriety. We can and must vote them out of our club. They are not clubbable with the great masses of the greatest Caucasian club in the world, the United States.

4—WE MUST EXCLUDE ANY RACE WHICH WE CANNOT ASSIMILATE

THE JAPANESE are not pioneers. If they were they could find a great deal of new land in the northern island of their own Empire, in Sakhalin, and in Manchuria. But they are not pioneers. They prefer tense competition with men in settled countries to the competition with nature in new lands. So they like to emigrate to established societies, like that of California. In these societies they can compete successfully with anyone. Their presence here, therefore, sets up an economic strife which is emphasized and embittered by their racial dissimilarity to us. If they came here only as they became enamored of the American people, the American flag, and the Caucasian civilization, we might say to all: "Welcome!"

But they do not so come. They do not like us any better than we like them. They do not understand us any better than we understand them. They cling to whatever differences there may be between their moral standards and ours. They see the many respects in which they are our superiors, and fail to understand or appreciate the many respects in which we are their superiors. They do not mix. They are hurled into our midst like javelins by the expulsive force of their poverty. This is as fundamental an objection to their domestication among us as their marked difference in looks.

Their presence among us in large numbers would raise a race issue far worse than the negro problem. For while the negro and the white have failed to cooperate in working out our problem of democracy, while we have great difficulty in being just to the negro, and while the negro problem is recognized as our greatest one, it would be worse if the negroes were Japanese. For the negroes have no home government to which they can appeal—a government armed and inspired with the fine race pride of the Japanese. If Santo Domingo and Hayti contained fifty millions of well-organized negroes, our present race question would be one of war.

We must not have war with Japan or China or a freed and independent Hindustan. *Therefore we must settle this matter now before it is too late. We must settle it now on the basis of our right to exclude any peoples whom we do not think we can take into our work of perfecting democracy.* We must settle it before an alien nation is established in our midst—a nation of marked people, proud of their race, and ready to appeal to their ancient and powerful empire for aid in every quarrel with us. Half a million Japanese in this country would embroil us in war with Japan within half a decade. Let us stop the influx while the numbers are small and their interests still capable of being adjusted.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Near-Republican Party?

A FEW PUBLIC MEN whose status hovers upon the border line between the Republican and Progressive parties lately held a meeting in Chicago to consider means of reorganizing the old Republican party. Upon this proceeding, the most pertinent comment we can find is not in the daily or periodical press, but in a solid book of facts and information, "The World Almanac." In that sound repository of official information we find this:

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE—Chairman, CHARLES D. HILLES; secretary, JAMES R. REYNOLDS; treasurer, GEORGE R. SHELDON.

And in the list of members officially representing the various States:

New York, WILLIAM BARNES, JR.; Colorado, SIMON GUGGENHEIM; Massachusetts, W. MURRAY CRANE; Utah, REED SMOOT; Illinois, ROY O. WEST.

HILLES is the same chairman who was the respectable "front" for Mr. BARNES during all that happened last summer. REYNOLDS is the same henchman of Senator LODGE who was the secretary throughout the convention. SHELDON is the same fat fryer that the party has had for many years. BARNES, GUGGENHEIM, CRANE, SMOOT—but why go on? These men are at once the Board of Directors and the stockholders of the Republican party. All the conferences in the world can't change that. These men *are* the Republican party. They are going to stay the Republican party. If BARNES didn't run from all that was said about him last summer, it isn't likely that he is going to abdicate now in favor of such gentle doves of near-Republicanism as Senator CUMMINS and Senator KENYON. If any apparent abdication should transpire, it will be safe to look for a nigger in the woodpile. It won't help their political futures if Senators CUMMINS and KENYON should one day find themselves, without intention on their part, of course, in the position of stalking horses for BARNES, PENROSE, CRANE, and the rest of the Old Guard. BARNES and the others aren't the kind to become political eunuchs or dowager empresses. They are always going to have a political party, and the Republican party is going to be that party. There isn't going to be any denatured Republican party. This would be seen more clearly by the gentlemen who took part in the resurrection conference if their judgment was not clouded by pressing problems of their own political futures.

What Is the Answer?

ABOUT THE GRIMMEST possible affirmation of "the viewpoint of the insurance man"—whether fire or marine—may be found in a review of marine insurance for 1912 in the "Journal of Commerce":

Unusual interest attaches to the first year's settlement on the 1912 account owing to the loss of the *Titanic* and a number of quite formidable disasters. The public hears much of heavy losses, but naturally it does not hear so much of the steady inflow of premiums to meet them. With the increase in the size of ships and the rise in price of commodities, the cost of shipping disasters is likely steadily to increase. *The true underwriter does not regret them, for he recognizes that by them he lives;* he merely sets to work to try to insure that the premiums shall be commensurate with the risk.

Is there any possibility that this point of view will ever change so long as the man who does the insuring makes money out of it?

Arma Virumque

THE SYMPATHY of all good citizens will go out to Attorney MARSHALL HIGGINBOTHAM of Charleston, W. Va., who, fired with a praiseworthy ambition to add to the gayety of nations, announces in the public prints his application for a license to bear sundry arms; to wit, "a cannon and a corn cutter." Under the "pistol-toting" law of the State, any citizen desiring to go "heeled" must advertise his intention of procuring a license. Several justices of the peace and a large number of lawyers having made such application, Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM, in a spirit of caution for which the most captious could hardly criticize him, feels it due to himself to keep his armament up to par. "What chance would an ordinary lawyer have," he pertinently inquires in support of his notice, "if both the judge and opposing counsel are armed?" Then, resolving himself into the editorial plural, he continues: "We, therefore, make the foregoing application, not from any desire on our part to be burdened with artillery, but as a matter of simple justice to our clients. We merely desire to be fully equipped." Conducted upon these principles, legal procedure holds out golden prospects to the imagination. The court reporter of the immediate future will presumably enliven the pages of his newspaper with some such daily history as this:

CHARLESTON, W. VA., June 1. (From our Special Correspondent's Bombproof Headquarters at the Courthouse.)—The case of JOHN SMITH, indicted for the larceny of a hog, came up for trial to-day. Every strategic shelter in the court room was occupied when Judge FYRETER took his seat on the bench and the eloquent prosecuting attorney, Colonel MCBENG, opened his case with a fusillade from a Colt .45. For the defense, Congressman SWASHBUCK replied spiritedly with a blunderbuss. Refusing the request of the prosecution to charge the jury with a bayonet, the Judge summed up with distinguished fairness and a raking fire from a Gatling gun. The jury then retired on stretchers. After three hours of consedentious consideration of the evidence, all knives more than a foot long being barred, the survivor announced a verdict for the prisoner, who had meantime been removed to the morgue. Judge FYRETER expressed the conviction, in his ante-mortem statement, that the ends of justice had been substantially conserved and the majesty of the law upheld.

West Virginia's record in the immediate past has been far from uneventful, what with martial law, armed camps, and guerrilla warfare at the coal mines. With the future of legal practice as implied in Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM's appeal, it will be some time, one may hazard the guess, ere the white-winged dove of peace will set up a permanent establishment in the soft-coal State.

Politics and Business

LATELY WE POINTED OUT that in the recent Congress, out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships, twenty-eight were held by Southerners. (Roughly, the same will be true of the present House.) In further proof of the present ascendancy of the South in American politics, we pointed out that:

In the Senate the chairman of the Finance Committee is from North Carolina. Practically all the other important committee chairmanships have fallen to the same section. The President, five members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court are Southerners.

Our comment on these facts was that the South being less fond of money than that portion of the North which supplied the bosses of the Republican party, we should expect a rather better and more wholesome spirit of government from the present régime. Now, of all possible persons who might disagree with this view, here comes Mr. WATTERSON. He says that our faith might have been well founded on the South of the past, but that now commercialism has eaten into honor:

The "Courier-Journal" wishes with all its heart that it could coincide . . . and cry "bravo" to [this] self-congratulatory optimism.

That which Senator HOAR said of the antediluvian public men of the South was true enough. They passed bucolic lives. They lived apart. Far from the madding crowd, they were but remotely touched, where touched at all, by the lowering influence of the centers of population.

In the South electoral bribery was unknown. So were large professional incomes. It cost a man nothing to run for Congress, and the pay of a Congressman was about as much as the average lawyer or doctor could earn in his practice.

Alas for human frailty, the same infirmities that coursed through Northern veins courses [now] through Southern veins. . . . One word tells the whole story, "commercialism." . . .

Politics may not be quite as bad yet in the South as in the still more populous North, but it is on the way. The spirit of the age is not only gain, but dishonest gain—to get something for nothing.

But the corrupt use of money is not the worst of it; the worst of it is the lack of chivalry, of conviction, of generosity—of high, manly spirit—in a strife of which the rule has become every man for himself and devil take the hindmost.

We cannot follow this. We think that this mellow and lovable old Kentuckian has had a moment of pessimistic gloom, most unusual for him, and for that we should be more sorry than for most of the rumors of disaster which fill the morning headlines.

One Effect of Commercialism as Now Organized

A VERY WISE British statesman, privately, advised an American statesman to postpone a conflict with Japan, if possible, for some years, "until modern industrialism shall have eaten into that nation."

Apologia

A FRIEND in Florida chastises us in language that might have been more urbane:

Why don't you study the English grammar? Why do you use, in SAX ROHMER'S "Fu-Manchu" story, such a grotesque phrase as: "To Smith and I"?

Because, dear brother, our average of errors runs about the same as that of most human institutions. There isn't any other explanation. The same fact accounts for our sentence: "The precise moral quality . . . was brought out in the cold clearness which is *only possible* in the question and answer form of homiletics." "*Possible only*" would have been better. Also, we wish to acknowledge to Mr. KEMP MALONE of Cuthbert, Ga., that he is right in charging that we used "complaisance" where it would have been slightly more exact to have said "complacence"; and, still worse, used the word "student" as if it and "pupil" were interchangeable. We ought not to have done these things. Precision in the use of words, like beauty, is worth while for its own sake; moreover, we happen to entertain the prejudice that slovenly language indicates lack of clear thinking, and that lack of correct processes of thought accounts for some cases of bad ethics.

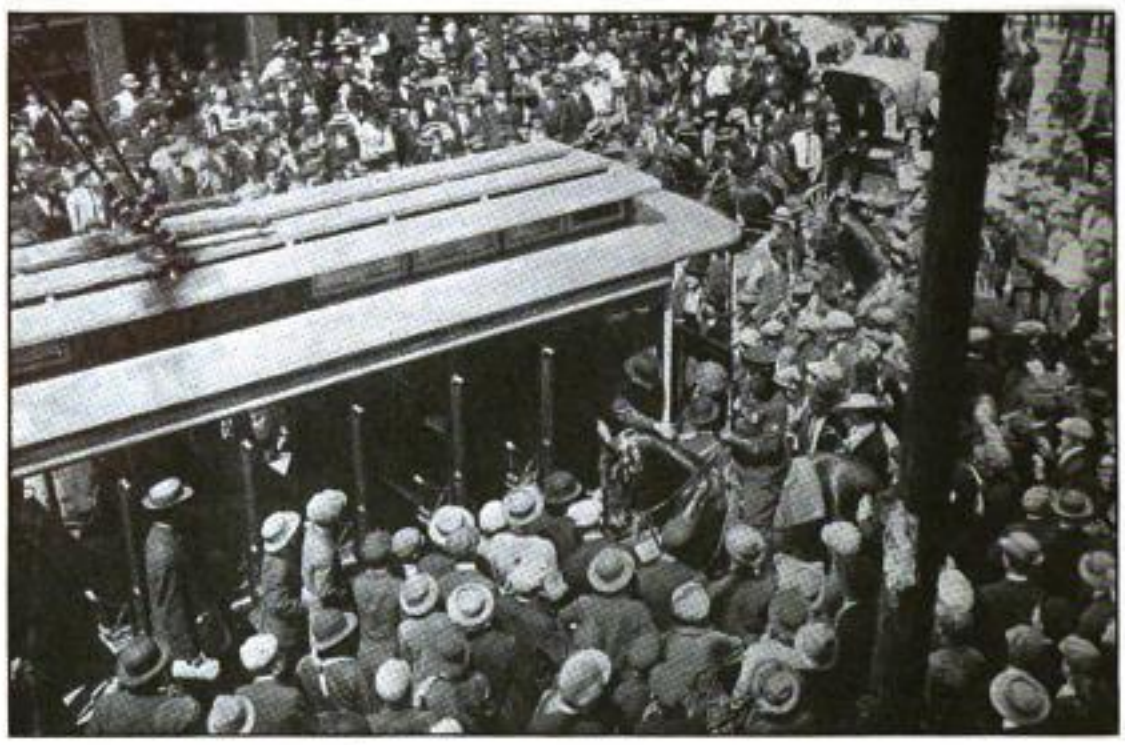
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New York's East Side entered more than 200 babies in a baby health contest conducted by the workers of the University Settlement. To the surprise of some of the sociologists and the delight of the tenements, 14 of these scored 995 points out of a possible 1,000. Our gallery of these includes Mollie Pallas (sixth from the left), a Turkish miss who was adjudged nearest to perfection among babies aged six months to a year



Criticism of the artistic qualities of the National "Maine" Monument, which is to be unveiled in New York City on Memorial Day, has been so bitter that there is a possibility that the shaft may be altered or removed. It was built by national subscription at a cost of $182,000



A strike of Cincinnati street-car employees for higher pay, better hours, and recognition of their union was comparatively peaceful for a week, then developed into a series of riots. The car men were able to terrorize the strike breakers, and for several days not a car was run and strap hangers had to walk to work

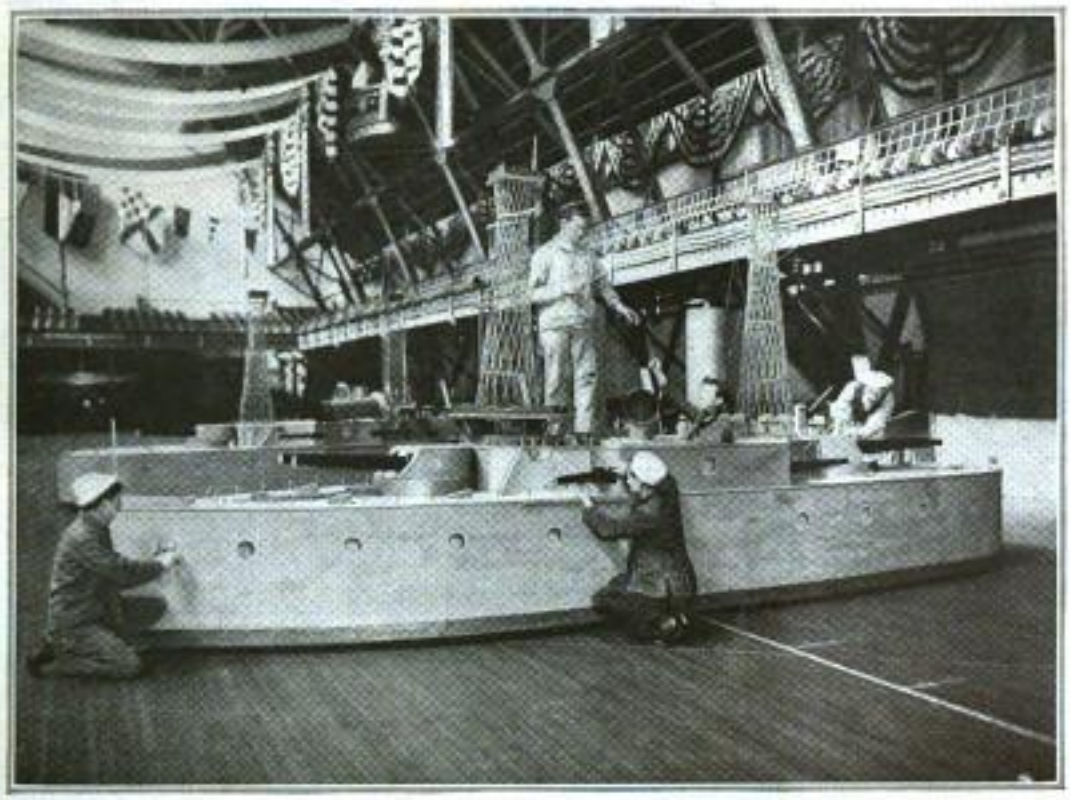


As an argument against the adoption of initiative and referendum, Representative King of Galesburg exhibited in the Illinois Legislature a sample ballot which stretched from the clerk's desk out into the rotunda. He tried to frighten his colleagues by predicting that if they approved the proposed reforms, the puzzled voter would find himself confronted by ballots thirty yards long



Unsympathetic audiences have been increasing the troubles of the English militants. This photograph shows a crowd pulling a speaker down from a stand on the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square

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Miniature battleships on wheels permit of "indoor maneuvers"



Heaving the lead

Citizen Sailors in Training

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

MEN with sporting blood and instincts founded the naval militia—such yachtsmen as Butler Duncan, Zerega, and Nicholson Kane—and it was up and doing with no fancy touches. The Spanish War saw rich men scrub decks and man the ash whip and the coast patrol. Kane of the Yacht Club navigated the *St. Paul* under Sigsbee; the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee* was practically manned by naval militiamen; and King, the automobile man, stood as chief machinist at the throttle of the *Yosemite's* engines. Though Captain Brownson of the *Yankee* said that he was "tired of having letters of introduction to his own crew," he found that the "millionaire" tars had the makings of real sailormen.

It is not all beer and skittles for the naval militiaman, but mostly hard work. Not only does he work when the sun is high and summer in the air: the photographs on this page, taken in the armory of the Second New York Battalion in Brooklyn, stand as evidence that he trains the year round. From a bateau he learns how to heave the lead before the gunboat is put into commission in the spring; on the floor of an armory he learns the sea's traffic rules before he boards a launch; and he perfects himself in signal work and small-arms practice before the approach of the cruising season.

Before learning the sea's "rules of the road" the man of the naval militia must know how to name the points of the compass in correct succession—in sea lingo, to "box" it. A quartermaster, as in our photograph, teaches the recruits to understand that north by east is quite another story from east by north.

To teach the rules of the road and represent actual conditions in an interesting way, Lieutenant Commander Martin of the Second Battalion of the New York Militia hit upon the use of self-propelled miniature battleships, which, maneuvered on the armory floor, simulate the movements of real ships. These little vessels are equipped with regulation running lights. Thus the naval militiaman learns practically the old slogan:

"Green to green or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead!"

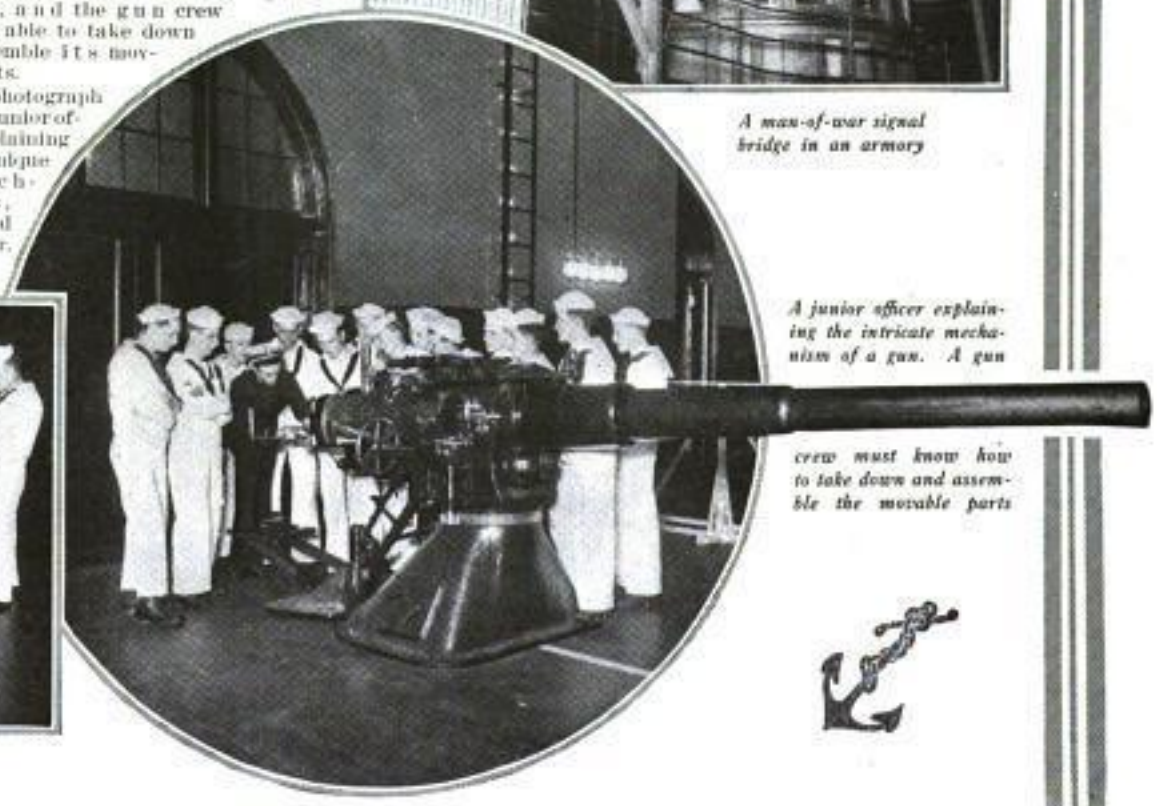
Another photograph shows the signal bridge on the armory floor, built like a man-of-war's and fully equipped. Here the signal gang, a fraternity by itself, learn their p's and q's, whether spelled by hunting or lights.

The mechanism of a modern gun is intricate, and the gun crew must be able to take down and assemble its movable parts.

One photograph shows a junior officer explaining the technique of breech-blocks, sights and other gear.



A man-of-war signal bridge in an armory



A junior officer explaining the intricate mechanism of a gun. A gun crew must know how to take down and assemble the movable parts



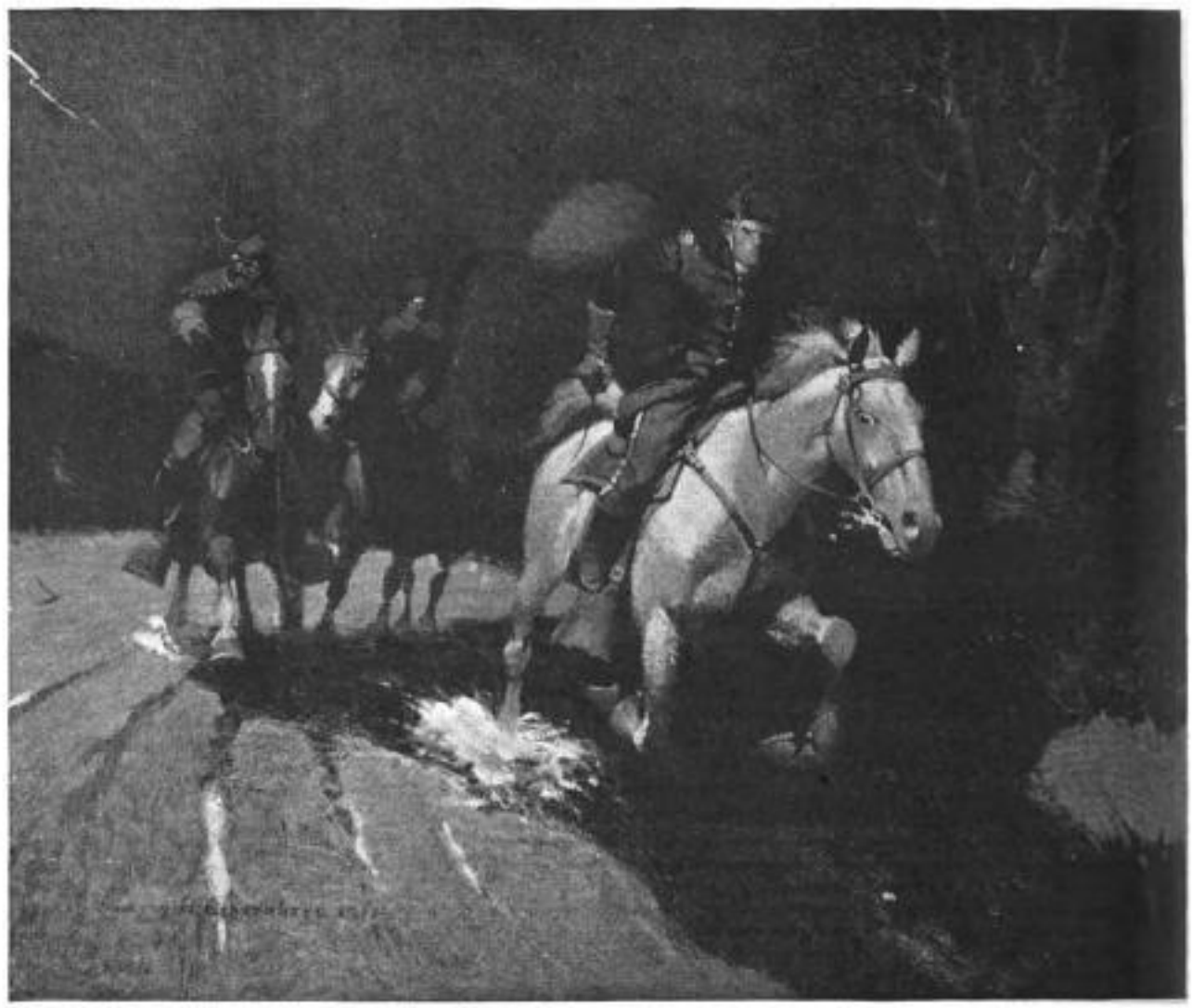
Learning to box the compass

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Sending a Boy to Mill

By C. O. Shepard

SOME happenings are such essentially good stories that everybody who hears of them tells them again, and they get handed down in families. "Sending a Boy to Mill" is just one of these: a story, but not "fiction"; a happening, not dressed up and filled out, but told as the members of the Loyal Legion tell such heart-warming good jokes to one another.



The rain came down in straight lines. All day the cavalry and infantry had been marching over the road and had reduced it to the consistency of mortar

EVERY man, woman, and child in the United States should understand the significance of the little red, white, and blue rosette which is seen in the buttonholes of a few white-haired men whose numbers are, alas, too rapidly decreasing.

That rosette is the emblem of the Military and Naval Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and is evidence that the wearer was a commissioned officer—a veteran of the Civil War.

To perpetuate the fraternity and its traditions, the oldest son of a veteran, or a descendant of the oldest son, is admitted to the order, but is given a rosette of a different combination of colors. The veteran wears red, white, and blue; the descendant, only red and blue.

I was a kiddish kid when I enlisted in May, 1861, and although a first lieutenant when the war closed, it was still unnecessary for me to shave—but I did it, all the same, just to assure myself of my manhood. Those who wish to flatter me or borrow money say I kept my youthful looks well into the forties, and General John Gibbon once expressed that opinion under circumstances which it may not be uninteresting to relate.

Swinging in a hammock of a sultry afternoon, a few years ago, I received the following telegram:

BROOKLYN, June 16, 1895.

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS:

Come to New York and join a lot of old-timers who are en route for the meeting of the Army of the Potomac at New London. We are going up the Sound and the best part of the boat is reserved for us.

HORATIO C. KING.

I ARRIVED at New York early in the day, but the heat drove me quickly to the steamer. The melting hours of the afternoon of June 17 passed slowly as I lolled upon the deck awaiting the arrival of the "old-timers." By half-past four they began to reach the dock. First appeared the stalwart form of General Webb.

General Parke soon followed, and in his wake colonels and captains galore.

I knew the majority of the swells, but had held too small a rank myself for them to know me.

When grand old Gibbon hove in sight, I smiled to myself and inwardly remarked: "I *would* like to remind the old gentleman of an incident, but what's the use—he wouldn't remember it."

Finally the only people of the party I knew reported—General King and his charming wife. I was of course introduced all around, but felt the more insignificant, because no one afterward gave me a thought. I was seemingly considered a "no 'count" civilian, for the talk was all among themselves, about themselves. Presently the boat started and we "shook down." Reminiscences were exchanged and a jolly good time all around followed—for every one but me.



I had my amusement, however, in the fact that while really of them, I was not counted as one of them, and my sinister thoughts served me until dinner time.

The herd having been served, our repast was spread in the afterpart of the boat. When it was announced, General Gibbon gave Mrs. King his arm. As they passed she plucked me by the sleeve and said in an undertone—out of compassion, I presume—"Come with me."

Perhaps thirty people sat down and the din was considerable. Mrs. King sat between General Gibbon and me. Soup and fish passed, and meanwhile I noticed that the General's gaze was frequently directed to my neck or that region.

I thought something must be wrong with my toilet, and I stealthily put up my hand to reassure myself.

I could discover nothing, but still the scrutiny continued. I was thoroughly uncomfortable, and was about to ask Mrs. King what was awry, when the old gentleman inclined toward me and said:

"Mr. Davis, I am sure you will pardon a liberty from an old man, but we vets are a little jealous of our order. I see that you wear a rosette of the first class, though, as a matter of fact, sons of veterans are restricted to one of a different combination of colors."

Mrs. King, who had overheard, was about to answer him, but a signal from me stopped her. I assured General Gibbon of my regret that any mistake should have occurred, declaring I would not knowingly sail under false colors, but that I had obtained the button at Legion Headquarters and supposed they had given me what I was entitled to.

Suiting the action to the word, I snatched the rosette from my coat and put it into my pocket.

"Oh! don't misunderstand," said the General; "I am sure you would not wittingly offend, and it was mostly on your account that I referred to the matter. It might be awkward for you some time. It's all right, and easily remedied." Then, noticing that the eyes of the entire table were upon us, he added: "I didn't mean to draw such general attention to so trivial a matter. We are delighted to have all you sons in the order, as you should be."

"Don't mention it, General," I replied. "I am only too thankful that you have referred to the matter. Perhaps, however, if you will answer me a few questions and let me explain, you will be inclined to condone my offense."

"Oh, certainly. I hope I have not hurt your feelings; anything to atone."

With a warning look at General King, I proceeded:

"General Gibbon, I made a pretty close student of the movements of the Army of the Potomac. About the other armies I am a little misty, but with the Army of the Potomac I tried to make myself acquainted. I think I can even outline your honorable service in it. I believe, General, that you were chief of artillery to General McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run; that you commanded a brigade in the First Corps at Antietam and until late in 1862, when you took a division in the same corps. Subsequently, you commanded the Second and then the Twenty-fourth Corps?"

"Yes, that is true," was the answer.

"The march of both the Union and the Confederate armies after leaving Harper's Ferry, November 7, 1862, was a sort of race down their respective sides of the Bull Run Mountains, was it not? The Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley, and our army on the eastern side, each hoping to get through one of the gaps first, in order to turn the other's flank and cut it off from Washington or Richmond, as the case might be?"

"That was about it," the General replied with a wondering look, "but how—"

"Pardon me, General, for one moment. If I have read history correctly, your division, one cold, rainy November night, arrived at Snicker's Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, where you received from Corps Commander General Reynolds an order to hold the Gap at all hazards and against all comers, as it was feared that the Confederates might try to get through."

"That is a fact; but I should like to know—"

"One moment more, please. You were without artillery, I believe, General, and you told the Corps Commander that you must have it."

"Exactly. I told him that otherwise I would not be held responsible."

"I think he then gave you an order for any artillery that could be found?"

"He did."

"And your staff was so busily engaged that you asked General Benton to lend you an aide?"

"Well, I don't remember about that."

"You did, General Gibbon—at least, so I have read—and when that aide reported, you looked him over from head to foot and said, rather impatiently: 'I can't send a boy to mill?'"

With a laugh, General Gibbon disclaimed any recollection of the circumstance, but I persisted:

"You did, General, at least so history says. That aide was young, small, and smooth-faced, but as a

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first lieutenant he had a great idea of his own importance, and drawing himself up to his full five feet and four inches, he replied, with a salute, but rather warmly: 'General Gibbon, I may be young and I may be small, but if you will give me the order, I'll get there, sir.'"

"Well, well, you have the best of me on details," responded the General.

"You hesitated a moment, General, eyed the youngster again, and finally exclaiming: 'Egad! I think you will,' placed the order in his hands. Did you get your artillery, sir?"

"Why, yes; I got it some time in the night. At all events, I remember I was ready for anything in the morning."

"Yes, General, you got the battery at about twelve o'clock, midnight."

"Probably I did, since you say so, for you seem to have details that I have forgotten and never saw recorded. It's very mysterious. What is the meaning of all this?"

"Simply, General Gibbon, that you hurt my feelings very much when you told me you couldn't 'send a boy to mill.' You angered me; you put me on my mettle, and I rode that night as I never rode before or since."

"What! Do you mean to say that you are the boy I sent to mill?"

"I am the boy, sir."

THE General's head fell upon his bosom and for a space he was silent, while a pin might have been heard to drop. The moisture welled up in his eyes. Finally he straightened himself, arose, came around behind me, and putting his arms about my neck, in broken voice asked:

"Where is that button?"

"Oh, General," I laughed, "I can't sail under false colors. Sons of veterans are only entitled to a rosette of a different combination of colors, you know."

He found the rosette in my pocket, however, and without a word restored it to its place. The denouement was affecting, and eyes unaccustomed to tears yielded to the heart's emotion.

By this time the company had become interested, and all joined in a request for details. The General, having regained his self-possession, added his mandate, and I proceeded:

"It was past five o'clock, sir, when, with two orderlies, I started upon my mission.

"You armed me with that order of General Reynolds and a requisition upon any quartermaster for all horses that I might need. I was to spare neither man nor beast. I was to get a battery and P. D. Q. too. You told me to keep to the Harper's Ferry Road, which order I soon found was easier issued than complied with. The rain came down in straight lines. All day the cavalry and infantry had been marching over the road and had reduced it to the consistency of mortar. The mud was deep but the darkness was deeper. Fences there were none. They had long before gone up in smoke to boil the coffee and warm the bodies of both the contending armies.

"Into ditches and over our horses' heads we went time and again, but the soaked ground offered but little injurious resistance.

A camp fire sometimes gave us a moment's helpful light, but, more frequently, it lured us to grief in the form of logs and tent guys which the glare made invisible.

"You know, sir, that nothing is more demoralizing to horse or rider then a maze of crossed tent guys.

(Concluded on page 38)

His Last Argument

By Horace Howard Herr

GIVEN a determined man and a burning cause—when words have failed to win a victory, what form will argument take next? Will he rely on action or on illustration? Or will it be on both? Bradford of the "Morning Chronicle" simply had to win with his last argument. You will like his choice.

THE dead line for the bulldog edition but an hour away, the confusion in the local room of the "Morning Chronicle" office would have been sufficiently realistic for Bradford without the metallic clatter of two telephone bells which, on the table just behind the city editor's desk, seemed to be engaged in some kind of a noise contest.

Bradford drew a final black line through an offending paragraph of the copy before him, wrote an "inside" order on the upper left corner, and tossed the much-disfigured manuscript into the copy basket. In the moment he debated as to which jingling phone should be favored by his attention, he declared with some asperity that he would like to see both of them installed in Hades as a means of communication between the furnace room and the coal yard.

"Hello-hello," he snapped as he took down the nearer receiver. The two words held a more insinuative accusation than could have been crowded into a thousand maledictions by an irate sailor; a judicious use of accent gave the words a lack of orthodoxy approaching the profane.

For the next minute the other telephone rendered a nervous solo to an indifferent audience. Bradford drew a pad of copy paper to a convenient place on his desk and began to reproduce the design which makes a Chinese laundry ticket unique among contemporary literary enigmas. Occasionally he interrupted this devotion to Oriental art long enough to ask a question or give a command. Questions and commands were rare specimens of brevity.

"Spell it," he ordered. "G for George, Z for Zebra. I got you. Go ahead."

During the pause which followed, the other telephone became so active that Bradford extended his pencil hand, took down the receiver, only to leave it unanswered on the table.

"Where does she live?" he asked the reporter on the other end of the wire. "Where, Argentine—and the number?—All right, Smith, camp right there at the station. The minute they arrest the doctor, telephone me. We can't use his name until the police have him. Now, Smith, you know we publish a paper up here every morning."

The telephone receiver went up with a click, and Bradford looked down the long room where a half-dozen reporters were contributing their respective shares to the publication and the confusion.

TO THE city editor there was always a crying need for just one more man. The need was so apparent that Bradford gave it emphatic expression as Pendergraff, by virtue of his corpulency and ownership the biggest man about the "Chronicle," came up. While the publisher recited his set speech about the necessity of economy in the present and the possibilities of prodigal liberality in the future, the city editor considered; future liberality would not round up the story in question.

There was Hucker, just the man, but his typewriter was reeling out the lead on the street-car accident; Jackson's smile was an infallible sign that he was writing one of those weird feature stories which Bradford had grown to consider one of the necessities of life. Cregg—the local room could not operate without Cregg.

There was Miss Brown, who, when she had applied for a place, admitted that she was a journalist; just for a moment Bradford was tempted to send her. The unholy thought that she might never return from the hills and hollows of the most inaccessible suburb was promptly throttled.

"Anybody usin' this phone?" yelled the office boy, discovering the neglected receiver on the table behind the city desk.

"See who it is," ordered Bradford without turning around.

"'S Havens."

The office boy's announcement brought Bradford's swivel chair about with unprecedented alacrity, and terminated Pendergraff's discourse on the wages of the future.

"Havens, where are you?" asked the city editor. "Union depot.—Well, you know Argentine pretty well, get this name and address. James Zarboe—No, no, Z, last letter in the alphabet. Yes, that's it. Fournaught-four-one, Bridge Street.—That's it. Listen, Havens, this looks like a real story for us. Rona Zarboe, a high-school girl, was arrested over here an hour ago, in a raid on Kim Tong's chop-suey joint. Dr. Godfrey was with her, but the police let him get away. Family doesn't know about it. You get out there and break the news. Just wait a minute, now. Some one must break the news. Her father is a railroad conductor and gets in from his run at one-thirty; you meet him and be sure to get a good story on what he says and does. For Heaven's sake, Havens, whip up a little, we're running a daily paper up here, you know. City edition dead line at three o'clock. Sure, get a taxi if you need it; anything, just so you get the story by press time."



Besides having more money and flesh than any other man in Bend City, Martin Pendergraff had acquired the conviction that he was a newspaper genius

Besides having more money and flesh than any other man in Bend City, Martin Pendergraff had acquired the conviction that he was a newspaper genius. His early training for a newspaper career had been peddling papers on the streets. He had come from the station of a newsboy to that of sole owner of a metropolitan daily by way of an unexpected and moderate inheritance, successful theatricals, and municipal contracts.

He was an exceptional man, in weight, in money, and in ideas, and he knew it.

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"Sounds like a good story," said Pendergraff as Bradford hung up the receiver and turned to his copy-littered desk.

If there was a real calamity, in Bradford's opinion, it was to have Pendergraff's 280 pounds of corpulency in the office when a story broke. Strawbridge, the managing editor who had but recently been graduated from the advertising department of a patent-medicine house, seemed to have a very real horror of being found in the office after midnight. Bradford would have been satisfied if Pendergraff had emulated this behavior.

"Sounds like a corking good yarn," said Pendergraff, his first expression of interest having been met by a long silence.

"We've argued that point so often," replied the city editor, bearing down on the big black pencil so hard that the point went off with a snap. "I've nothing new to offer. If marking a girl for life for a very natural indiscretion is a good story, then this is a corking good yarn."

PENDERGRAFF liked Bradford. The fact that the latter got out a very creditable paper in spite of Strawbridge and the owner may have had something to do with Pendergraff's feeling toward him. Work! Bradford was always working, and while taking no note that he made two trips to Bradford for every one made to Strawbridge, Pendergraff had not missed the fact that even Strawbridge always visited the city editor before expressing an opinion on any question which even remotely suggested a technical knowledge of newspaper organization or production.

"You take the job too serious," said Pendergraff in a tone meant to be pacifying. "Entirely too serious. You know we're not here to educate or uplift; we're here to entertain and give the people what they want. These risqué little stories, a picture and red ink, you know, Bradford, that's what makes 'em sit up and take notice. Scandal is just as palatable to the rich as it is to the poor."

"Yes," replied Bradford. "I've heard the whole argument. We've thrashed it out so often that there is nothing more to say. Some day we will venture so far that we'll be barred from the mails."

"No danger of that as long as you're on this desk," laughed Pendergraff. "That's a good story. Play it up, give it a good position on the front page, and get a little of that sob stuff in it; you know what I mean. They'll eat it up."

The owner of the "Chronicle" succeeded in swinging himself about and getting into motion toward his private office in the rear of the big room. He had traveled half of the distance when he stopped and called to Bradford—it was a habit with him, there was something theatrical in it. It was his way of letting the force know who was the master.

"Bradford, be sure to give that story big type and red ink. Now don't forget. I want it on the first page. I'll drop in again at three o'clock to see how you're getting on."

"Why don't he hire a hall?" muttered Hucker as he slipped another sheet of copy paper into his machine.

"They say he never uses a telephone on a long-distance call," replied Cregg. "Just sticks his head out the window and talks in an ordinary tone."

About all of Pendergraff's admonition lingering with the city editor was the reference to the visit at three o'clock.

"I'm going to have my last argument with Martin Pendergraff at three o'clock," muttered Bradford.

"What'd you say?" asked the office boy as he looked up from a comic supplement.

"Get me the proofs," was the order which awarded his unusual attention.

IN STRAWBRIDGE'S absence the "Chronicle" organization recognized Bradford's authority. After the bulldog edition, published for the benefit of the country subscribers, had gone to press and the energies of the institution were being assembled for the production of the city edition, Bradford began to use that authority in a manner that made the composing-room foreman loquacious and the copy-desk men profane.

Proofs on stories which, by the "Chronicle" standard, were "hot stuff" came down the chute marked "kill." The copy readers repeatedly were asked to rewrite a three-column, thirty-six-point head, that it might be reset in a single column, in modest letters. Bradford volunteered no explanation, and there was no one who considered it pertinent to ask for one.

There was nothing to indicate that Bradford's mind was not on his work; there was the usual terseness and intelligence in each assignment, the same mechanical precision in his desk work. Apparently he had the situation, to its last detail, in his mind. As a matter of fact, he was working much as an engine runs after the steam has been shut off. His mind was marshaling the events of the past year.

PENDERGRAFF had owned the "Chronicle" for a year. It had been a losing proposition when he bought it, and it was still a losing proposition. Bradford was sure that he knew why. He had given the corpulent owner the benefit of this knowledge on



"You take the job too serious," said Pendergraff, "entirely too serious. We're not here to educate or uplift"

several occasions, but he had made the fatal mistake of telling the truth without decking it out in diplomacy.

"You're throwing money away as long as you follow this policy of insulting the public," said Bradford. Immediately Pendergraff was sure that his city editor was a good worker, under proper direction and guidance.

"You're getting out a bully paper, too good in fact; the people don't appreciate it," said Strawbridge. Immediately Pendergraff threw out his chest and expressed the conviction that his managing editor was a man of discrimination and judgment.

NO LOGIC could counteract that effect of cunning cajolery; Pendergraff had too much money to be seriously impressed by an economy argument.

But a last argument had come to Bradford. A week back it had been revealed to him by Pendergraff's most human attachment, Loretta Mannering.

Pendergraff's sister, having married the proprietor of a corner grocery, had no great fortune and consequently had found time for children. Pendergraff's wealth had occupied his time to the exclusion of matrimony, but he had become strangely attached to Loretta, his sister's oldest daughter. By the time the girl was nineteen years old, her uncle's attachment had grown into a pagan religion.

The one thing Pendergraff worshiped, the one person with whom he was truth and uprightness personified, was Loretta; he would have forsworn his wealth rather than cause her pain, and he would have burned the "Chronicle" office before even thinking of holding up her indiscretions for the entertainment of "Chronicle" readers.

Bradford knew all this. Also he was aware that but three days ago Loretta had been coaxed into an attempted elopement by Pendergraff's chauffeur. The couple had been caught in a little village less than fifty miles away, and the whole affair had been promptly suppressed; just how, Pendergraff knew better than anyone else.

It was near two o'clock when Havens came in from his trip to Argentine. He was in a mood anything but angelic, and evidently was not particular who knew it.

"Bradford," he began rather curtly as he stopped at the city desk, "there must be a limit to how far this sheet will go. This is a hell of a story—that's just what I mean. I don't want to write it, and I'll take my pay check before I work up another one like this."

The city editor felt the impulse to admit that the story was just as Havens described it. Instead, with the deliberation necessary to sustain his editorial dignity, he looked up and smiled.

"No occasion for excitement or profanity," he said. "If I had thought for a minute that you were so hardened that the story wouldn't appeal to you, I wouldn't have sent you out on it. I believe you're almost human. The people will be interested in your impressions, and you're just the man to write it. Run on now and do your little best—it's getting along toward that time."

"That time" in Havens's mind was the dead line on the city edition; in Bradford's mind it was the hour in which he was to have something unusual to say to the power that signed his pay check.

Havens withdrew to a desk far down the long room, and was presently absorbed in the gentle art of beating a typewriter as if literary merit depended upon the amount of muscular energy applied at the keyboard. Bradford settled down over a large pad of copy paper and began to write by hand.

THIRTY minutes later Havens placed his copy on his chief's desk.

"That's thirty for me," he said.

"Good night," replied Bradford without looking up.

"That story may not suit you," Havens suggested.

"Good night," repeated Bradford, and continued writing.

Five minutes after Havens left the office Bradford gathered up a dozen pages of hand-written copy, reviewed it hastily, and passed it over to the solitary copy reader who yet remained on the desk as protection on the "dogwatch."

"Give it a three-column spread, first page, must," ordered the chief. "I have another story to play the same way opposite it."

Bradford took Havens's typewritten pages and began to read, making a mark here or there to correct the vagaries of an overworked typewriter. He added a paragraph to the story and rewrote several lines of the lead before he sent it on to the copy desk.

"Here's the chop-suey-raid yarn," he remarked as he finally dropped the copy in the basket. "Get the meat in the head. Play it three columns to match that elopement story, and shoot it down as quick as you can. I'm going to the composing room."

It was just three o'clock in the morning when the first page of the "Chronicle," always last to go in, was sent back to the stereotypers. Fritz Crowley, the make-up foreman, thought it was a very good-looking page with a three-column sensation on either side. Bradford had insisted on having a proof made of the page after the form had been locked. This unusual procedure had worried Crowley, but as the chief expressed himself satisfied with the proof, the foreman was ready to forgive him the order which had made extra work.

With the last page on the steam table, Crowley started toward the wash room, knowing that he could catch the owl car, which passed the office in ten minutes, if he lost no time. He had reached the door when Bradford called him back.

"Crowley, pull back the first page," and the city editor dropped his voice so that no one could hear his words but Crowley. There was an argument and gestures, and finally the foreman smiled and Bradford started upstairs to the editorial rooms, the proof sheet of the first page in his hand.

PENDERGRAFF was as punctual as one could expect a 280-pound man to be. He often insisted that if he had no more weight to carry than the average man he would always be on time. As it was he started on time but arrived from five to fifty minutes late. It was fifteen minutes after three when the biggest man in the "Chronicle" organization, Martin Pendergraff, editor and publisher, came into the editorial department.

He walked into his little private office, lighted a cigar, and unlocked his desk. He had just pushed up the roll top when Bradford stepped in, holding a page proof.

"Well, Brad"—it was always "Brad" when Pendergraff wanted to show that he was in an amiable mood—"did we get our story on the front page?"

"We did that," replied Bradford, (Concluded on page 34)

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My Business Partner — "Gym."

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

IF A MAN is going to preach a sermon, he'd better be frank about it. This is a sermon. It is the experience of one who has recently found his way to business and physical salvation, and, like most people who have been "saved," yearns to go out proselytizing in the highways and byways and bring others into the fold. As I was an interested eyewitness and, to a minor extent, a participant in the cult whereby he profited, he preached his sermon to me, with the understanding that I was to write it out and thus propagate his gospel. Here, then, it is, plain and unvarnished:

THREE years ago I was making ten thousand dollars a year in a city of medium size. Two years ago, I fell off a little in earning power. At the end of last year I awoke to the fact that I had cleared less than eight thousand dollars, and that the insurance company of which I am one of the important agents was as ill satisfied with my showing as I myself was. Taking stock of myself I decided that I was becoming less fertile in ideas, and generally less efficient. Also I discovered that my interest in life had waned perceptibly. Amusements didn't enliven as much, sleep didn't refresh as thoroughly, food didn't taste as good, and drink tasted better. Now, I've always been that kind of drinker who calls himself "moderate" because he doesn't get drunk. For years I had been accustomed to hear my friends say to me, or myself say to my friends, on meeting: "Let's have a cocktail." Now I began to hear myself say to myself: "Let's have a cocktail," without a friendly meeting to furnish the excuse. Was drink getting a hold on me? On the theory that it was, I cut it out. Immediately my nerves held a mass meeting of protest and indignation. My stomach went on a sympathetic strike and I began to suspect things of my lungs and liver.

Then I went to a doctor. He was a young, direct, emphatic doctor named Wright. At first he did not strike me favorably. My symptoms, as I detailed them with great care, seemed to bore him. He even advised me to forget them. Then, after he had been all over me, he opened up:

"How old are you?"

"Forty."

"How long have you felt fifty?"

I began to have a sort of alarmed respect for his powers of observation. "About three years, I guess."

"Ever exercise?"

"I used to when I was young."

"But not now?"

"I haven't the time."

"No, I suppose not. Well, you've lasted remarkably well, considering."

"Considering what?" I asked, liking neither the matter nor manner of this communication.

"Considering that you're suffering from a flabby degeneration of your whole system. Still, you *may* last several years yet."

This last was a wholly unscientific implication, as Dr. Wright afterward admitted. His excuse was that nothing but a severe jar would have stirred my lethargy. When I had stopped blinking, he proceeded to hand out this simple prescription:



"Regular exercise," said he.

"I walk every fair day."

"Exercise," he repeated firmly. "The sweating kind. One hour a day; six days a week."

"That means two hours away from the office, counting dressing and undressing. What about my business?"

"What about your business, anyway?" asked the doctor keenly. "It calls for mental alertness and brain and nerve force, doesn't it?"

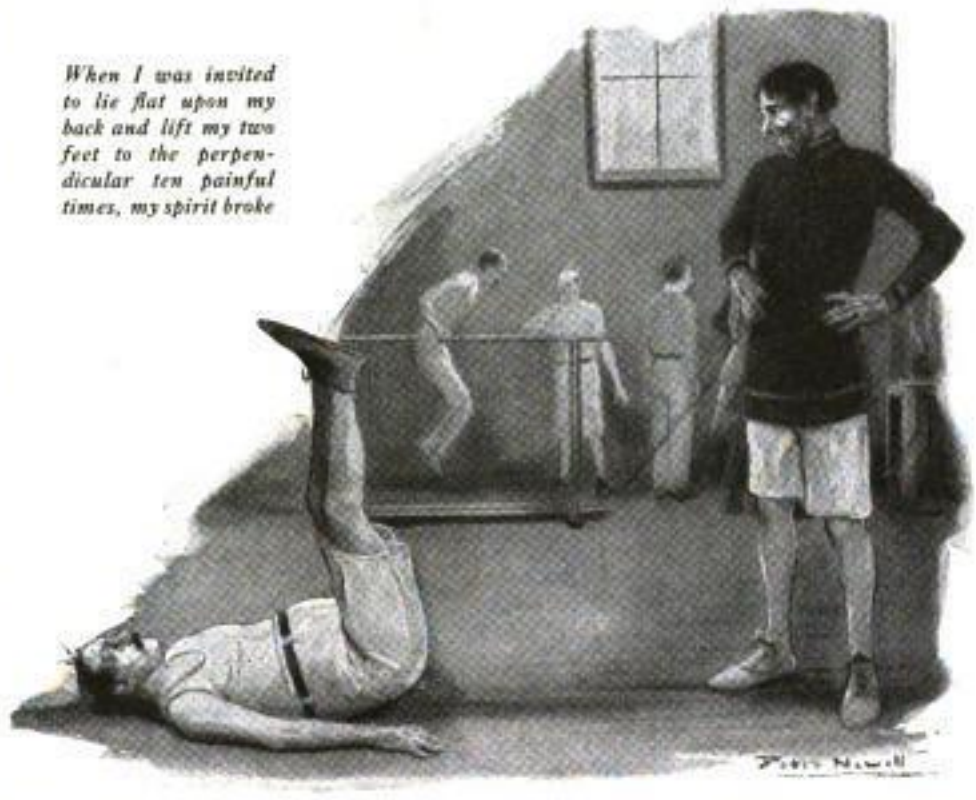
"It certainly does."

"Has it prospered for the last few years?"

At that I told him the truth.

"I'm going to give you a business partner, the gymnasium," he announced. "You start in next week with the regulars."

THUS it was that on a chill November day I lumbered through slush to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, squirmed into a sleeveless shirt, and a scratchy sweater, tied a pair of tights around the too-obvious convexity of my waist, and went up to join the "business man's class," with much the same sensations as those of a new boy on the opening day of school. They looked disheartenigngly young and lithe and nonchalant, those "business men," with the exception of two, both of whom appeared well over fifty; and those two only added to my discouragement by the ease with which they performed the various stunts of dumb-bell practice, and bodily contortion constituting the opening of the hour. Even the simplest of calisthenics left me gasping, and when I was invited, by inference and example, to lie flat upon my back and lift my two feet to the perpendicular ten painful times, my spirit broke. There was little left of ambition for the closing exercise of volley ball. This consists of two teams knocking and returning



When I was invited to lie flat upon my back and lift my two feet to the perpendicular ten painful times, my spirit broke

a large inflated ball across a very high net, the general principle being that of tennis. I could see that the game itself was interesting, but my portion was pure humiliation. Then and there I became known as the Human Handicap. When I tottered out upon the street, I was so exhausted that my usual cocktail did me no good. I took a second, which didn't help, either. Thoroughly disgusted with life, I went home, ate almost nothing, crawled into bed and slept ill, by reason of developing lameness.

AT four o'clock on the following day in came Dr. Wright.

"How do you like my ally, Gym., as partner?" he asked.

"I put in most of last night hating him and you, too. Besides he's too ghastly expensive. I've got to have an extra clerk if I take two hours a day. Look at this estimate."

And I held out a tabulation which I had carefully made up as follows:

Yearly salary of clerk	$1,000
Estimated loss by absence, two hours per day, at $5 per hour	3,000
Gymnasium expenses	60
Liniments, embrocations and medicines (estimated)	300
Total	$4,360

He looked it over carefully. "Maybe it won't be as bad as that," said he. "Come, it's time to go down."

"No class this afternoon," I growled. "Every other day."

"There's a little game called handball," he returned cheerfully. "I'll teach it to you myself."

Only the fear of self-conviction as a "quitter" moved my congested muscles and creaking joints gymnasiumward that day. Handball proved to be a guileless-appearing game consisting in batting a rubber ball against a board surface with the hand. The inner purpose was, as I subsequently discovered, to search out and torture every undeveloped muscle and sinew that hadn't been agonized by the previous day's outrages. I was no more brilliant at handball than I had been at volley ball. But at one thing I was a superb success, and that was perspiration. I emerged from the floor fairly dripping and with a gigantic thirst. And, logically, as soon as I was dressed I made for the saloon, taking the doctor with me. Force of habit brought the word "cocktail" to my lips. The doctor ordered a tall glass of draught ale.

"And now," said he when the drinks were served, "how will you trade?"

IT WAS suddenly borne in upon me that I wanted nothing in the world so much as that tall, cool ale.

Without a word, I pushed my short and biting drink away, seized the doctor's beaker and engulfed it. He emptied the cocktail into a cuspidor.

"So endeth the first lesson," he observed.

Then and there my cocktail habit died an almost painless death. Sometimes, after the hard sweat I drank ale, more often sarsaparilla or water; but no hard liquor. The more powerful craving of thirst had supplanted the desire for stimulation.

The misery of the first week, however, was severe. Not only did my soft muscles ache, and my soft flesh bruise; but my whole physical being seemed to protest against the strain. I drowsed at my desk. My brain was lethargic. Dictating letters was difficult, and as for planning out new lines of business, I was worse than useless. The second week there was a mental improvement. But the gymnasium itself, now that the novelty was wearing off, was a bore beyond expression. I looked forward to it with loathing. At the end of the fortnight, I compiled this reckoning of business under the partnership with "Gym.":

Clerk's salary	$ 1,000
Estimated loss by absence	3,000
Decreased efficiency	3,000
Misery, suffering, and degradation	10,000
Gymnasium expenses	60
Liniments, etc	1
Total	$17,061

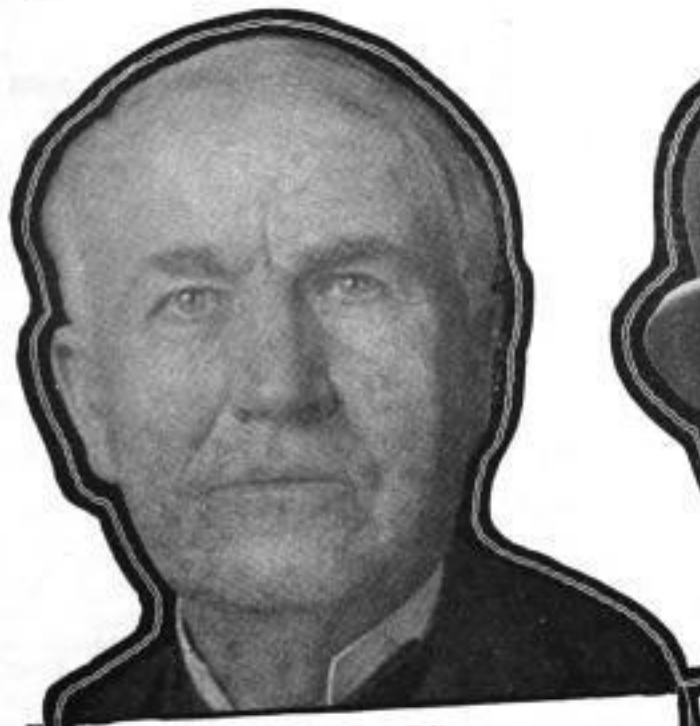
"Liniments and medicines seem to have decreased," observed Dr. Wright. "Now here's an entry for the profit side," and he subscribed my account:

Saving on cocktails at estimated rate of 5 per day at 15 cents apiece: 75 cents a day; or for the year, say	$ 270
Expense of ale and soft drinks at 10 cents a day	36
Balance	$ 234
Grand balance	$16,827

The turning of the tide came with the arrival, in the gymnasium, of a new aspirant, who was a worse lobster than I. I found that I could beat him at handball. Straightway my ambitions rose and soared. I improved my game, and began really to enjoy the play. Next I found myself taking active interest in volley ball, and from the lowly position of "Human Handicap" became a reckonable member of my team. Even the mechanical effort of the calisthenics was endurable because it helped to fit me for the contest of the sport to follow. Then one day when I forgot my belt—a wholly superfluous cincture in the days of my old rotundity—my trousers all but brought me to public shame as I emerged from my front door, by slipping over my depleted form. That night I sent all my clothes to the tailor, to be reduced, and thereafter took to weighing myself, and bragging over every vanishing pound. At the end

(Concluded on page 28)

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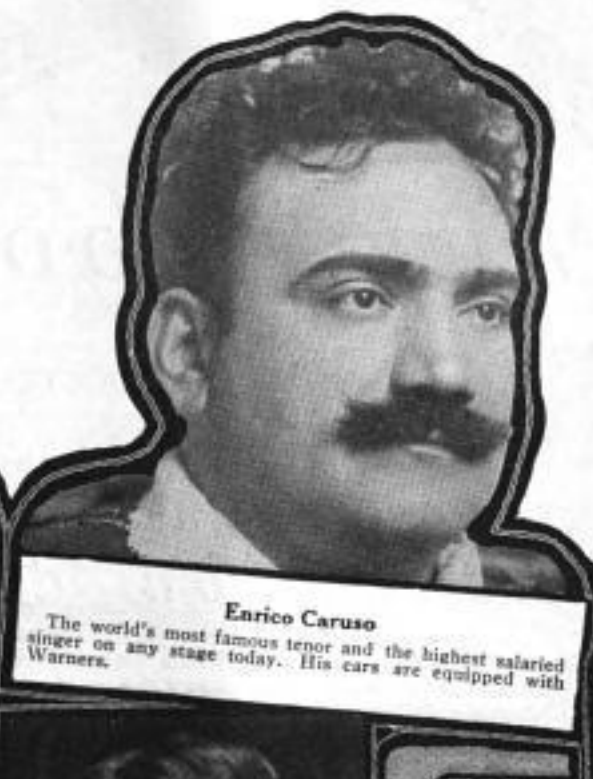


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PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED
BY LEWIS B. ALLYN



Food Education de Luxe

RECENT pure-food campaigns in two towns supply illustration of the value of cooperation between the housewives, the grocers, and the Board of Health.

In a town of the Middle West the sale of adulterated food was large. This was realized by the members of the local woman's club, the members of which were willing to do whatever they could to cure the abuses arising from the use of impure foods. Their spirit and enthusiasm were beyond question.

These women knew the rudiments of the pure-food problem; for instance, that grocers should not be permitted to sell sulphureted molasses; that they should not deal in drugged jams or trade on children's ignorance by dispensing shellac, glue, dye, and the like as confectionery.

For some reason there was not cooperation between the women and the grocers. And for that, and probably other reasons, the grocers did not join in the campaign, and a degree of resentment was generated, which finally prevented the good results which should have been attained.

Two Sharply Contrasting Campaigns

THE following letter from one of the dealers is quoted in proof of this. Probably he had been fussed with and pestered, and not given the opportunity of doing cooperative thinking with his housewife customers and the health authorities. The grocer writes:

We will not go further, but simply add that Government inspection of foods affords ourselves, and the consumers as well, the strongest and highest protection; and, with due deference to your advice, we shall continue to pass out over the counter goods backed up by Uncle Sam's guarantee as to purity and wholesomeness. And, in doing this, we shall make no mistake nor impose any evil.

It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the things suggested by the phrases "Government protection" or any other hasty statements penned by the angry grocer. It is enough to say that that campaign was abandoned, as one of the women said, "because the grocers were not sympathetic."

In sharp contrast, however, is the record of a campaign in Bronxville, near New York City—a campaign which was effective, and leaves all the social elements in that community in good spirits, and the health of the people protected by every device known to modern food science, because there was hearty cooperation.

Two months ago the constructive food campaign of COLLIER'S, and some passages from Alfred W. McCann's "Starving America" in the New York "Globe," found ready and sympathetic response in the town of Eastchester. The Eastchester Health League was formed, with Mrs. Almon C. Barrell as president and Mr. Isaac F. Harris, the research chemist of Yonkers, as secretary-treasurer.

Here Was Hearty Cooperation

THE purpose of the league was "the promotion of better health through pure foods, hygiene, and sanitation."

Note how differently this campaign was managed from the one previously mentioned in this article. "Come with us," said the officers of the league to the grocers, "and advise us. Let us work together."

"Come with us," said the league and the grocers to the Board of Health, "and give us your cooperation."

"Come with us," said the league, the grocers, and the Board of Health to the public, "and we will all pull together."

And they all came.

Following COLLIER'S suggestion of the value of public exhibits, they went immediately to work upon this important project. A big banner stretching across the street at the railway station bore the slogan of the campaign, an apt and fitting phrase for any pure-food movement: *"To Enlighten, Not to Frighten!"*

A more fitting place to hold an educational and sanitation exhibit could not be found than the Bronxville public school, and so one of the largest rooms was set apart for the entire week and devoted to this enterprise. Thus it was clear that the school department looked with favor upon the progressive idea.

"We will cooperate with you," said the New York State Department of Agriculture.

"We will come, too," said the United States Department of Agriculture Bureau of Chemistry, and the Washington National Exhibit was given a prominent place.

"Count us in," said the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station; and so John Philip Street's valuable collection came down from New Haven.

"There is a pure-food show every day at Ilse's," said Henry Ilse, the pure-food grocer of Bronxville. "We had a mighty hard time supplying the ladies of the health league with *impure* foods—we had no trouble at all to supply the good ones. In part at least, as a matter of business policy, we do not care to carry condemned products.

"A few years ago," said Mr. Ilse, "we would have had to hunt for the pure products, but now the manufacturers are more careful with their goods and of the public health; and the more careful they are, the greater is their success. We glanced through 'The Westfield Book of Pure Foods,' and then we went over the stock of our store. There was not a single food heading that did not contain the same food products that were on our shelves." And Mr. Ilse seemed justly proud of this significant fact.

The Children Help in Demonstrating

THIS exhibition schoolroom bore testimony to the spirit of progress which is making for better foods. There was nothing "yellow" about it, but there was a decided spirit of aggressiveness well calculated to make any food juggler feel blue. A low workbench was arranged across one entire side of the room, at which children from the grades under the supervision of Mr. Harris were performing interesting experiments upon food products.

"Why bleach the sirups and dye the confectionery?" read the big sign; and there were the children bleaching sponges and cloth and straw hats with the selfsame bleacher of the dried fruit and molasses.

Here was another sign: "We dye candies for children. Why not dye the sugar for ourselves?" Here again were the children taking coal-tar dye from jelly beans, autopops, and a score of other penny specialties, and dyeing not only cloth and ribbons and yarns, but also bowls of sugar to see what the effect would be. Confections from the local market containing coal-tar dyes and other frauds kept a half dozen little people busy with glue, shellac, lampblack, and ethers. One little fellow was industriously engaged in putting a high polish on a pair of tan shoes, said polish being taken from low-grade licorice strings. "Black your shoes while you wait," read the sign over this section.

The children as well as the spectators were full of interest and enthusiasm over the demonstrations. They were not told that they would drop dead by eating any of these misused products; but one little chap, who over in the corner was painting a Cubist picture with dyes taken from various food products, said that "these things were most generally used to cheat people with." The word "poison" was not employed so far as could be learned.

A table in the corner was termed the Label Booth. Thereupon appeared various food products in cases, packages, and bottles, some of them bearing honest, straightforward labels, others of the sneaking, lying type.

Here appeared the imitation and the compound; here the pure product. The points characteristic of the labeling were made clear to all visitors. Each was informed that the signs appearing in this exposition were painted from local confectionery and food colors.

Dietetics were not ignored, for, besides learning the frauds connected with foods, one learned how best to spend the dollar for food products. Here was shown a basket filled with products for which one dollar had been paid. It was labeled: "Poor Value for Your Money," and when one read the labels on the packages, he understood why the value was low. Another basket bore the label: "Good Value for Your Money," and its lesson was equally obvious.

Several manufacturers of pure-food products had displayed their wares to good advantage in this room.

Natural Foods Are Most Nourishing

PERHAPS, after all, one of the most interesting and valuable lessons of the show was the fact that denatured foods, or foods robbed of their God-given constituents, are not conducive to health. There were cages of chickens which had been fed for several weeks past under conditions as nearly alike as possible, differing only in the kind of food.

Some of the chickens were fed on natural brown rice, whole wheat, and other whole grains, while others were fed on polished rice, pearled wheat, or denatured breakfast foods. In every instance the latter trio had lost in weight and apparent vitality, while the first three had made surprising gains in weight and were, to all appearances, in a thriving condition. Looking at this living display, one was bound to ask himself the question: "What is the effect upon me and upon my children if we eat denatured and debased foodstuffs?"

The success of the Bronxville exhibit is due to the universal cooperation of all interested parties. If one was not interested, steps were promptly taken to make him so. Thus a little village with a few determined people believing in an ideal and blessed with common sense has helped forge the fetters which shall eventually bind the adulterator of our foods.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City



Lewis B. Allyn

Half of the Blame Lies with Consumer

It is extremely difficult to persuade these suburban grocers as to the advisability of handling unadulterated food products. I very frequently enter my kitchen and notice that the cook is standing in a puzzled state of mind over some article of diet, maybe butter, jams, sardines, olives, eggs, bacon, etc., and she will exclaim: "Madam, this jam doesn't seem to contain any real fruit." I read the label: "This product is composed of apple stock, etc., etc.," but there is no mention of the raspberries or strawberries that we supposed the jar contained.

I have lived in America for ten years, but I still remember the delicious conserves and foodstuffs of France and England; and I really can't see any reason why we have to subsist upon adulterated food and cold-storage merchandise in the shape of poultry and meats.

I am yours in sympathy and earnest endeavor for the betterment of living, N. A. H., New York City.

You do right to read the label, and do still better if you return the goods as soon as possible to

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ur grocer, provided he understood you sired the genuine article. Just so long housekeepers are careless in ordering eir supplies, just so long as they ac- pt whatever the dealer chances to send, long will they have to be content with dulterated food products. Instead of ying, "Send us a jar of jam," say Send us a jar of Blank's jam," which u know from the label to be the pure ticle. In that way you can do much hasten food reform.

✤

Dyed and Drugged

If not imposing too much, I would be id of your opinion on the sample of m which we are sending you by parcel ost. My father imports this from Scot- nd, and we consider it very fine. Is it ure? We are in hearty sympathy with our good work you are trying to do.— T., Massachusetts.

While we do not make a practice of xamining promiscuous samples or those nt for analysis, your case being some- hat unusual, we were glad to make slight examination.

The sample you submitted was colored ith coal-tar dye and contains salicylic cid. It is therefore impure and adul- rated, and we believe it does not fairly epresent Scotch jams.

✤

The State Should Help You

What preservatives are used to pre- erve fresh meats? The meats we pur- hase from our local dealer I believe are reated or preserved with some sub- tance. It appears to me he buys old tock, especially sheep, and stores them ntil they grow moldy, then uses some reservative and sells it for spring lamb. Ve think he uses saltpeter. We find our eats unfit to eat, and have made con- inuous local complaints without suc- ess. What can be done in a case of this ind? Can we get the State authorities fter him?—W. B., Wisconsin.

With reference to your first question, ulphite of sodium, commonly known un- er various trade names as Preservaline, reezine, or Beat-'em-to-it, and the like, ith boric acid and benzoate of sodium, re perhaps most frequently used. Salt- eter is used more largely in the case of rned or cured meats. Sulphite of soda s usually sprinkled on fresh meat to erve the double purpose of a preserv- tive and a retainer of color. In a neasure it prevents the blood from ox- dizing, and this keeps the color fresh nd bright.

We doubt very much whether the case ou cite is a case of preserved foods. It ppears very like an overworked cold storage. The Department of Agriculture Bureau of Chemistry has shown sulphites nd benzoates to be unnecessary, and in ertain instances even detrimental to health. Many States require the presence of a chemical antiseptic to be plainly stated on a food product.

It would seem to us that a frank let- ter, signed by yourself, stating the case exactly as it appears to you, and ad- dressed to the secretary of your State Board of Health, should bring about the desired investigation.

✤

The Mild Acid

I would like to ask your opinion about the "Pure Fruit Acid" which comes with packages of gelatin. It is labeled like this: "PURE FRUIT ACID," *and then on the line below: (Acidum Citricum).*

The statement is made that it saves the "poor, tired housewife" the labor of extracting the juice of lemons. I think the majority of housekeepers would pre- fer squeezing their own lemons rather than eat a dose of citric acid. How is this acid made, and is it objectionable?— G. N. C., Dover, N. H.

It is not objectionable when legiti- mately used, and this, to us, seems to be a perfectly legitimate act. The makers have nothing to conceal, and have no desire to deceive. Citric acid is pre- pared from lemon juice, and also by the fermentation of glucose by various fer- ments. After fermentation the mass is treated with lime, and the precipitate thus obtained is decomposed with sul- phuric acid. Citric acid is widely dis- tributed in nature, and is found in rasp- berries, currants, gooseberries, and in citrons fruits generally. This acid is a very common ingredient of the so-called lemonade powders or tablets. If one can readily procure lemons, we should be in- clined to agree with you that they are preferable to any artificial product, no matter how pure and harmless it may be. If necessity required it, we do not believe that one would be injured in any way by the use of the preparation you mention. Whether it is ethically right to use the acids instead of the fruits themselves is quite another question.

✤

It Is a Constructive Plan

Such work as the Westfield Board of Health appears to be doing is a valuable help to those interested in the subject of pure foods. One thing, however, excites my curiosity. That is the motive in their extensive advertising, which is also ex- pensive. One might naturally hesitate to accept as an authority such a report if it seemed to be prepared by other than disinterested and impartial investigators. —H. H. A., Providence, R. I.

For many years the board which you mention has been deeply interested in the subject of pure foods—perhaps more so than the majority of municipal boards. They have studied the food situation from all angles. As their work became known, all sorts of inquiries from a wide area concerning foods were received and were answered as consistently as possi- ble. In 1912 they published, for the benefit of the Westfield housewives, a modest list of food products known to be of high quality and free from chem- ical taint. Hearing of this unprece- dented action of a public Board of Health, COLLIER'S saw in it the germ of a most helpful and far-reaching cam- paign. This publication, as is univer- sally known, has been not only fearless in exposing fraud, but is equally quick to commend true merit. After a confer- ence with the Westfield Board of Health and the Westfield Board of Trade, it was decided to launch a national pure- food campaign on a scope never before attempted. The Westfield Board of Health was to publish an enlarged edition of its first pure-food book, to be as comprehensive as possible, and from time to time to make addi- tions thereto.

No one has ever paid a cent, or ever can pay a cent, for listing a product therein, merit being the only requisite. It makes no difference whether the manufacturer is a national advertiser or has only a limited distribution if his product is right and his heart is right; that is enough for the Westfield board. The board makes free analyses for all local dealers or for those having local representation, and for all others who are willing to meet the bare expenses of the necessary chemical examination. The expense of the extensive advertis- ing is borne jointly by COLLIER'S and some twenty-five or twenty-six manufac- turers of food products who, as much for the sake of the cause as for the increased sales, are willing to share the expense of advertising their competitors' goods, which in many cases are likewise listed in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods.

The motive underlying this campaign is not one primarily of gain, but, as in every great cause, there must be some few to take the initial steps these manu- facturers and this magazine have been willing to make what, for a time at least, must be a considerable personal sacrifice.

✤

Blue Vitriol

Please tell me if peas contained in a can bearing the enclosed label are good to eat? They seem to taste a little differ- ent from others and it was this fact that made me examine the label. Also the bottom of the can had a green scum on it.—E. J. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The label indistinctly states that the contents are colored with sulphate of copper. This being the case we would not eat them.

The following food products, tested during the last two weeks by the West- field Board of Health, measure up to their standards:

STICKNEY & POOR SPICE COMPANY, Bos- ton, Mass.—Cayenne, black pepper, white pepper, sage, mace, nutmeg, mustard, paprika, celery salt, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, ginger.

J. K. ARMSBY COMPANY, Boston, Mass. —Thomas pineapple juice.

DRISCOL, CHURCH & HALL, New Bed- ford, Mass.—John Alden products: to- mato catchup, oyster cocktail sauce, chili sauce.

C. W. POST COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.—Grape-Nuts, Postum, Instant Postum, Post Tavern Special.



Jumping Jehoshaphat!

EVERYBODY is talking about that FRAGRANCE of Stag tobacco.

But that's not the greatest thing about Stag.

The greatest thing is that the FLAVOR of Stag is as wonderful as its FRAGRANCE.

And don't forget that other great thing about Stag—as the poet says:

In The 5¢ TIN

HALF as much,
At HALF the price,
TWICE as fresh,
So TWICE as nice.

Try it, brothers, try it.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

LORILLARD ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

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"Travel Money"

Actual money is unsafe to carry, and you have the annoyance and expense of changing it whenever you pass from one country to another.

The safest, most convenient, most economical form of "travel money" is "A.B.A." Cheques. They are accepted like the currency of the country in all parts of the civilized world. They are *safe to carry*, because your signature—which identifies you—is required to make them good.

"A. B. A." Cheques

are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100; each cheque plainly engraved with its exact value in the money of the principal nations.

Get them at your Bank. *Ask for booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A. B. A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.*

BANKERS TRUST CO. New York City





PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Next time you go to your haberdasher for a pair of garters, ask to see

PARIS GARTERS

Never mind what you're wearing; try one pair of these and see the difference in your comfort. They're tailored to fit the leg; hold your socks smooth, snug and secure.

The name PARIS is on the back of the shield; look for it. They're 25 and 50 cents.

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago and New York

EUROPE

Attractive Tours by All Routes, escorted or independent as preferred. Widest choice. Inclusive fares. Best tour-leaders. Small groups. Uniformed interpreters at stations and ports. Write for Program 32. Steamship Tickets by All Lines.

THOS. COOK & SON
245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Divorce to Order

A CONTINUATION of the confessions of a divorce lawyer, relating his rise from humble police court snitch to reputable perjurer and blackmailer.

I NEVER did a crooked thing when it was not necessary. But when the need arose, I took the easiest, quickest, and surest way. And one day, in a burst of humor, I had lettered a little placard which I placed in my desk, a sort of motto which I had added to the others given me at the beginning of my career:

All is fair in Love, War—and Divorce.

I guess it was about this time that my conscience wholly died. I began to burn the candle at both ends. And it all came about quite naturally.

I answered the knock of my stenographer one morning to find her accompanied by a rather young man. He closed the door quickly behind him and, taking a seat by my desk, pulled forth a roll of bills.

"There's five hundred dollars," he said. "I want you to get a divorce for me and get it quick. I don't care how you do it—only go ahead and get the thing. My name's Ransome. I'm an actor. I can't be here in town more than a week—I can't be anywhere more than a week at a time, and I'm just up against it on this divorce thing. If you want to know the plain truth," he said at last, "I'm in love with another woman; she's the leading lady of the company I'm with, and we want to get married. But—"

"Is your wife with the company?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know where she is, so that we might get service on her?"

"No, I haven't heard from her in six months."

I CONSIDERED a moment.

"That wouldn't do any good anyway," I said at last. "The statutes of Missouri say that the plaintiff must have been a resident of the State for a year before the filing of the petition unless—"

I stopped. A thought flashed through my mind. I reached for the telephone and called the number of a young attorney, who recently had told me of his hard struggle to make a living. I talked a moment with him and then turned to my client.

"Unless," I said, "the act upon which the divorce petition is brought happened within the confines of the State. In other words, that statute was framed to stop just such men as you from getting a divorce. But I have found a way out. Now, Mr. Ransome, if I can bring this case to trial within a week, will you be willing to swear that you met your wife in a hotel here, that she had mistreated you, that she had beaten you and assaulted you? Will you be willing to bear the marks of that assault—one will be plenty?" I said with a laugh.

He nodded his head.

"I'm willing to go the limit," was his answer.

There was a crashing blow. He reeled and fell backward. I had reached across the desk and struck him heavily beneath his right eye. Slowly he staggered to his feet and grasped a chair.

"You—you—" he began, "what do you—"

"Put down that chair," I ordered. "You said you were willing to go the limit. Well, I have given you your material evidence for a divorce. Can't you understand?"

I CALMED him. Together we assuaged the bruise and then I led him to another room of my offices—for they had grown again—and placed him on a couch to rest. I dictated a petition and hurried my office boy to the courthouse with it. I prayed the court for a quick hearing. I held a consultation with my new partner, for I had taken the young man of the telephone conversation into the firm. And within three days Mr. Ransome was a free man. Perhaps his wife doesn't know it yet. Perhaps some day she may learn of the trick that was played on her, but it will do very little good. A reputable attorney will testify that she hired him to make an answer to the petition, as required by law, that, when the case came up for trial, she decided it would be best not to contest, and withdrew the answer, constituting the matter a default case, in which ten minutes of testimony by Mr. Ransome sufficed for a divorce. You see, my new partner was her attorney, although she did not know it. He filed her answer for her. He decided for her when the case came to trial that it should be allowed to go by default and—well, we won the case. Inasmuch as my partner occupied an office in an entirely different part of the city, and as he was seen with me only casually, the fact that he and I were related in business was not known. Naturally, we split the fee—and began a business relationship that was to result in much money for both of us.

For there were many times when representation by an amiable lawyer was advantageous. Not that we worked by opposing each other. That soon would have been ruinous. The courts would have discovered our relationship, there would have been a demand on the part of the judges that we be disbarred from practice and thoroughly discredited; if the judges had not done it, the newspapers would. And we, realizing this, worked upon different lines. Only one of our silent firm, Grant & Kembrook, ever appeared in a case. And then, instead of appearing for the plaintiff, we often took the side of the defendant.

FOR illustration, there is a law in the State of Missouri that due and proper notice must be given of the filing of a divorce suit. This is to give the defendant an opportunity to contest, if he or she desires. Our work was to prevent this. The case of Joseph Trent will serve as an example. Mr. Trent's desire was the same as that of Ransome, the actor. Trent knew his wife would object. He had sent her away on a two months' trip, meaning to get the divorce in the meantime. He stated his case to me.

"I was given to understand, by a mutual friend, that you could handle the thing for me," he said.

"I can," was my answer; "that is, I can handle your wife's side of the case. As we do not appear on both sides of a divorce case"—I smiled at him broadly—"you will have to get another lawyer to handle your prosecution of the actual divorce. In other words, Mr. Trent, go to another lawyer, anyone you choose, tell him that you and your wife have separated and that she has employed me as her attorney to get a divorce, but that she still is pondering. Assure him that you desire to precede your wife to the filing of the suit. He will follow your instructions and send the notice of the suit to me. I will file an answer in the name of your wife, and when the proper time comes I will dismiss it, constituting a default. Your wife will know nothing of it all until after the decree has been granted. Then she will either not know enough about law to go before the court and stick to the assertion that she did not receive her just summons, or she will be too dignified and too conservative to desire the notoriety such an action would cause. Do you understand? I would advise you, however, to select a cheap attorney, because my charges for such work are high."

SOMETIMES Kembrook would handle the case, sometimes I would do it, depending upon which of us received the primary visit. It mattered little; we always divided the fees. However, I know this, that in the ten years Kembrook and I have been associated, we have handled something like two hundred cases of this kind, and not once have we been caught. We have worked both sides of the game—for husbands and for wives. Objections have been made, it is true. But never has the charge stood. The judges, true to their profession and holding that a lawyer can do no wrong, have always upheld us in our shocked dignity and our righteous wrath when such charges have been made. And we, freed of blame, have gone our ways, smiling guardedly to ourselves. We are not associated as far as the world is concerned. The city in which we live and practice does not know us as partners. I occupy a building far downtown, Kembrook's offices are ten blocks distant. We have separate stationery, separate telephones, separate stenographers, separate everything—except a separate code of morals. In that we are thoroughly united.

And so, you can see, with that amiable division of labor, our joint work soon caused our incomes to grow, for the simple handling of such cases as I have detailed was not the only means by which we could collaborate. Once in a while, when the repetition would not appear too queer to the court, we would arrange things so that we could handle both sides of the contested case, turning the result the way we deemed most advisable. And, too, there were other ways in which we made money. One of them in particular reminded me somewhat of the old days of the ten-dollar divorces, when saloon keepers' wives laughed at me across my poor old battered desk and told me of the next men they intended to marry. This had its piteous side in a way, had I paused to look at it. But being in a grewsome business, I could not stop for that.



I REMEMBER his face clearly distinctly—that of a pallid, elderly man who came into my office early one morning and stood hesitant before me until I motioned him to his chair. There was something of the cavalier about him—there showed, too, a something which demonstrated his conscience was not clear. Gradually, after many twistings and turnings, after many an apologetic preface, he got down to the real story. Earlier in life he had been married, and had lived in South Carolina. He had tried to do the best he could—but happiness was impossible with his wife. He, in his desperation, had sought just such a man as myself, a real divorce attorney whose scruples were even fewer and farther between than mine. That personage had told him he had obtained a divorce for him—when the truth of the matter was that he had never even filed a petition. The man had left the State, believing himself free. It was not until ten years later, when he had married again—this

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—II Retold by Courtney Ryley Cooper

A week later Mrs. Thomas Blegget entered my office to talk divorce. She let slip the name of the man



time a younger, prettier woman whom he loved with every fiber of his mind and body—that he discovered that technically and truthfully he was a bigamist. And more than that it had been his wife who had gained for him the information. I began to read between the lines. But I let my client go ahead with his story.

"And you see," he said, "what that's going to do with me. Lenore loves me, Mr. Grant, I'm sure of that, suh. Just as sure of it as I'm sure that the sun rolls through the heavens. But, man, she's just naturally scarest, suh. I've tried to convince her that there's never going to be any trouble about it. She won't listen to me. As far as I know, my other wife may be married again, and if that's the case she wouldn't want to do anything about it any more than I would. But I can't make Lenore believe me. Now, suh, I was thinking that if you talked to her, maybe she'd believe you. You're a lawyer, suh, and you're a man that knows. She'd listen to you. She won't to me. Won't you see what you can do?"

I made a note on my memory pad.

"I'll look into the matter," was my answer. "I think I can arrange the matter. Will you be at home to-night?"

THE old man leaned forward.

"Can you sure be there to-night?" he questioned. "I've got to go away to-morrow for a couple of days, and I'd like to have things settled up as quick as I can. I—"

"I'll be there to-night," was my answer.

And I was there. As soon as I saw the wife, young, pretty, but with a malicious, cruel something in her eyes and the lines of her mouth, I knew that my readings between the lines had been correct. I made my talk. Then I left.

The next night I met Kembrook—by appointment. He took a roll of bills from his pocket and, counting them, handed them with me.

"Just what you said," was his greeting. "She wanted to get rid of him, and when she heard this stuff about his divorce she clung to it like a drowning man to a straw. I had a long talk with her. She'll give up two hundred more if we can scare Old Whiskers into leaving town, so she can go ahead with a divorce. I told her I'd handle it."

Three days later a staring-eyed man faced me in my office. I half left my hair at the sight of him.

"Well?" I asked. "How does the wife look on things now?"

He placed his hands to his head.

"Good God!" was his only answer as he sank into a chair.

I rose and went to him. I laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, Mr. Manning?" My tone was smooth and sympathetic. He leaned forward. His body rocked.

"My other wife," came at last. "She's found out. She's hired an attorney here to look up the thing and put it in the hands of the prosecuting attorney. I'm a bigamist, suh—it means I'll have to be taken back to Carolina—I'll—"

HE half sobbed. Then he looked up at me with a trusting look on his face that almost made me turn away. "What'll I do, suh?" he asked.

"There's only one thing to do," I answered. "And that is to get out of town until I can find this woman and see what I can do with her. I think I can handle her all right, Mr. Manning. I'll go to South Carolina and see her. I think the statutory limitation has run out anyway—there'll be no prison sentence for you or anything of that kind. But you've got to get away and stay away. And look here"—I became suddenly emphatic—"wherever you go, be a single man. Leave this wife of yours behind until we can get things straightened out. Do you understand?"

He bowed his head slowly and, taking his wallet from his pocket, gave me some expense money. Then he left the office. For a few moments I stared out the window—something inside me hurt to see this old man terrorized into leaving the only thing in the world he loved—bluffed into breaking his happiness forever. But my remorse did not last long. If I was given much to that I wouldn't be a divorce attorney. Soon I was laughing again. That night I spent in playing cards at the Trenton Club—for I was a member of several of the best in the city now. The next morning brought a telephone call as soon as I reached the office. The voice was Kembrook's:

"Read the paper yet?" he questioned.

"No, what's up?"

"Look in the first column on the outside page."

I followed his instructions. My old friend of the afternoon before had found an easier way out of his troubles—a bit more painful for the moment, perhaps, but more lasting in its escape. It was carbolic acid.

Perhaps that should have stopped us. Yet, as Kembrook said, it was not our fault that Manning killed himself. Had he been possessed of sense enough in the old days to have assured himself that he was divorced, he would not have had this trouble. Besides, there was bigger game before us. A new field was opening up. We saw the way to more money and to bigger profits.

THE beginnings had come in the case of Mrs. Robert Truesdale. I say the beginnings, for there were many features to the Truesdale case that were interesting to us. Mrs. Truesdale, society woman, immensely wealthy in her own right, had come to me with her story. She was frank about it all; Truesdale as a husband and as a man was perfect. She simply loved some one else better, that was all.

"If it comes to a case of merit," she confessed as she sat beside my desk, "I cannot get a divorce from Robert. There is not one thing I can say about him that he cannot refute. He will fight the case, I feel sure of that, Mr. Grant. And if he fights, he will win it. What am I to do?"

"Does he abuse you?" I asked.

"To be truthful, no."

"Does he drink?"

"No."

"Give you plenty of money?"

"I never need it, but he gives it to me anyway."

"He is faithful to you?"

"In every particular. There isn't a thing I can say against him that would not be perjury—and I will not commit that."

I had been thinking hard.

"Mrs. Truesdale," I said at last, "does your husband ever stay away from home for any purpose at all?"

"His business often takes him out of town."

"Are you sure it is business?" I queried.

"I have always believed so."

"Very well. I am going to prove otherwise. But it is going to take investigation, and I will need more money than the ordinary fee that I can bring before the court. That will be two hundred dollars. From you personally I want three thousand. Is your divorce worth that?"

"My divorce is worth anything I am forced to pay," was her reply. "Honestly and in all fairness, Mr. Grant, I cannot live with my husband. I love another man. Bob has become repulsive to me—loving the other man as I do. I—"

"I will ask you to swear to only one thing on the stand," I broke in. "That will be to the effect that your husband stays away from home two or three days at a time, and that he tells you it is on business. I will attend to the other testimony."

MRS. TRUESDALE looked at me a little queerly.

"Will that testimony be the truth?" she questioned.

"It will be sworn to," was my answer as I ushered her to the door. An hour later a man of fewer morals than myself was in my office. He was a private detective from an agency which specialized in divorces. I always had fought my cases without the aid of these men, for their reputation did not stand well in court. There are few honest private divorce detectives. Go into the ordinary court and you will find that the evidence of an ordinary divorce detective is hardly worth the time it consumes. Investigate and you will find that you can get many a divorce detective to testify to almost anything you desire. Many an instance have I seen where attorneys have telephoned to divorce detectives the information they desired to obtain, where they have told these detectives they believed the man they desired shadowed frequented saloons and other places of an unsavory reputation, where the detectives have not stirred from their office, and yet made daily reports that they have seen the man in question entering every place named by the attorney. And more than that, they have gone on the stand and sworn to these things. I have sometimes wished that I had chosen the detective business instead of that of an attorney.



Naturally he will look down and speak. Catch them then. Do you understand—so that it will appear they are walking along the street together? That is all

BUT the scheme which had come into my mind was to have more substantial evidence than the mere word of a detective. I looked hard at my visitor.

"I asked for an expert with the camera," I said. "Are you the man?"



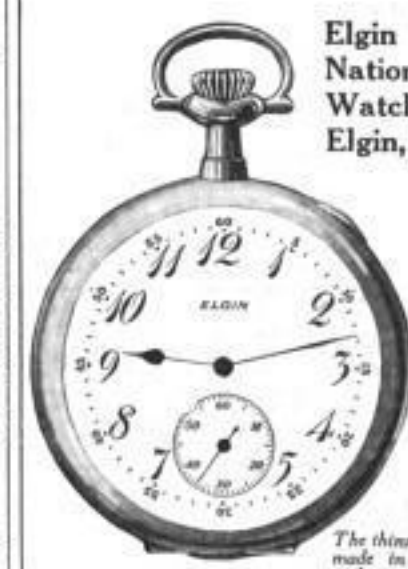
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and this is what the Director says about it:

"Our farm homestead has a shingled roof stained with your stain . . . moss green, while the body of the house . . . is gray. This coloring has created no end of favorable comment and many have been pleased to find it Cabot's Stain."—H. B. Fullerton, Director.

You can rely on Cabot's Stains. The colors are soft, rich and beautiful, they wear as well as the best paint and the Creosote thoroughly preserves the wood.

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This year will mark the Inauguration of the

PEACE PALACE at THE HAGUE

The formal dedication of Carnegie's Royal Gift will be attended by the ceremonies its world-wide importance demands.

This is the Year to Visit Holland!

Full particulars free of charge from the Official Information Office, 45 L. Voorhout, The Hague.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, **the antiseptic powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25 cts. **Do not accept any substitute.**

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

"I had six years' experience as a newspaper photographer before I went into the sleuthing game," was his response.

"Good. Do you know Robert Truesdale when you see him?"

"Yes."

I handed him a card.

"Here is the address of Molly Crandall," I said. "Go out and see her. She's a good friend of mine, and you'll find her a pretty little girl with lots of brains. She knows enough to keep her head shut and not to talk until the time for talking comes. This card will be all the introduction necessary. What I want you to do is this: At intervals of a week apart, say, so that Truesdale will have time to forget her face, I want Molly to meet him on the street at various places, and I want you to take pictures of them without anyone seeing you. Can you handle a camera so that it will not be noticed?"

The detective grinned.

"I've done it enough," he assured me. I smiled back at him.

"Good. I want three positions. The first one can be handled very well by Molly approaching Truesdale, stopping him and laying a hand lightly on his arm, smiling up at him and asking him the direction to some street. The second will be that of Molly stepping forward just as Truesdale is leaving his building. The third can be handled by Molly coming up from behind and again asking a direction; Truesdale will have forgotten her by that time. Naturally he will look down and speak. Catch them then. Do you understand—so that it will appear they are walking along the street together? That is all. Report to me as soon as you have your pictures."

THREE weeks later I filed a petition in divorce for Mrs. Robert Truesdale. The charge was the most serious in the statutes. A Molly Crandall was named as corespondent. And a month after that I stood in the divorce court.

"And it please your Honor," I said, "following the testimony of Mrs. Truesdale that her husband was in the habit of leaving home for two or three days at a time under the pretext of business, following Mr. Craig, the detective, and his three exhibits which you have seen, I desire to put on the stand the woman in the case. Will the clerk kindly call Miss Molly Crandall?"

A moment later I raised an accusing finger.

"Now, Miss Crandall," I said loudly, "kindly tell this court why you have come into court to testify to your relations with Robert Truesdale."

She twisted her fingers and smiled the least bit.

"Well," she answered, true to her teachings, "I hardly see what else there was to do. The detective had the pictures of us and I knew he had a lot of other information—and so—well there wasn't much of anything for me to do but to make up my mind to tell the truth about it."

"Then you confess that Mr. Truesdale was in love with you?"

"Yes."

"You and he were together often?"

"Yes."

"Is it not a fact that Robert Truesdale was planning to get rid of his wife and marry you?"

"Yes."

"That is all. The plaintiff rests."

It was not simply a case where a divorce detective and a woman of the underworld testified against a man. There were the pictures to show that this testimony was the truth. The defense attempted to deny, and to show the court my case in its true light, as a conspiracy. It failed utterly. Mrs. Robert Truesdale was freed—and about the most surprised person in the whole case was that wife herself. She had believed her husband blameless. The testimony which came flooding before her amazed her, almost overwhelmed her. I did not



Sometimes the possible denouement—the Central Station—frightens me, but usually I laugh at the thought

believe it wise to enlighten her as to the true import of it all.

But it was not this feature of the case that was important to me. Of course it gave me a greater opening into the society faction of the city than I ever before possessed, for Mrs. Truesdale represented the best the town afforded, and of course that helped my business. It was what came to me that night as I sat thinking of the case that really counted. It was an idea which brought me out of my chair, which sent me pacing the floor and putting my hands behind me in my anxiety to try it all. I believed I had found a gold mine in the divorce game as far as I had practiced it. I had only scratched the surface. The realization had come that until now the "other man" had been entirely neglected—and he of all persons was the one who should pay the piper. I did not wait until morning. I sought out Kembrook that night and held a long conference with him. A week later Mrs. Thomas Blegget entered my office to talk divorce. She let slip the name of the man for whom she was going to take the witness stand against her husband. The chance had come. I raised myself in my chair.

"Your husband is willing to let the case go by default?" I asked.

"Certainly," Mrs. Blegget replied. "He will offer no objection. I am not asking him for any alimony nor for any settlement. All I desire is to be free."

"Of course. And does he know anything about—about this other man?"

"Mr. Trellen?" Mrs. Blegget's breath came in a half gasp. "Certainly not!"

"I am glad of that." And I truly was. For the next afternoon, James Trellen sat white faced in the office of David Kembrook. My partner was talking.

"Mr. Trellen," he had said, "you know and I know that Mrs. Thomas Blegget is suing for divorce. You know also the reason she is suing. You and she are to be married soon after—don't deny it."

Trellen attempted to make some reply. The words failed him. He knew that Kembrook was not attorney for Mrs. Thomas Blegget. He trembled a bit. At last he asked:

"What interest is it of yours?"

"Simply this: I am attorney for Mr. Blegget. As you perhaps do not know, his business ventures have not been of the best lately. That has nothing to do with matters, however," Kembrook continued with a wave of his hand. "All I have to say is this: Mr. Blegget knows full well your connection with his wife. Right now he is debating whether to let the case go by default and give her to you, or whether to make a fight. You have some reputation, Mr. Trellen. In case my client should make a fight, it would necessitate naming you in the cross bill as the corespondent. That, of course, would drag your name, and that of Mrs. Blegget, pretty far in the mire. Mr. Blegget will listen to reason. If you are willing to pay for silence, he will keep quiet and let the case go on the way it has been planned—by default. If you are not willing to pay, of course the fight will be made and you will suffer the consequences. Now, how much can you give in the good cause of silence?"

IN Mr. James Trellen's case the amount was twelve thousand five hundred dollars. At other times it has run above that mark—even as high as twenty-five thousand. Sometimes it has run as low as one thousand, but not often, for I do not dabble in small figures when blackmail is concerned.

For blackmail is a game with a risk, and risks are worth money. Hedged by precautions, though my partner and myself may be, there is always a chance for a return to that place where I began—the Central Station—this time inside the bars instead of out; and if I should go I would want enough cash tucked away to pay some genial gentleman like myself for the toil and trouble of getting me out. Sometimes it frightens me—this possible dénouement. But usually I laugh at the thought. Have I not climbed in fifteen years from a degraded position to one of affluence and power and respect—on a ladder of broken laws?

At Your Service

By BERTON BRALEY

HERE we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us.
Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
We who have shattered a continent's spine;
Office work—Lord, but we couldn't do that again!
Haven't you something that's more in our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
Who has a job for this Panama gang?

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No other typewriter has such world-wide distribution. Think of a city of any size and see if the

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hasn't a sales office there We sell Remingtons in every city shown in the border of this advertisement

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Emma McChesney, traveling saleswoman for petticoats, is heroine of that funny and common-sensible new book

ROAST BEEF MEDIUM

By EDNA FERBER

A sure cure for the blues

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The only make with *Velvet Grip* Rubber Button Clasp

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Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equaled.
Sent for $15, express paid. If not satisfactory return at our expense. We refund your money. Also at dealers'.

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Every 6c Makes Huge Profit



That sounds almost unbelievable. But it's true—a penny fart. A 6-cent pound of ordinary sugar and the wonderful

Empire Candy Floss Machine

will turn the trick and do it every night, rain or fair, a rare treat, a circus in any town or crowd—day or night.

Many new and unique selling features this year. Also low expense proposition. Nine years of big money-making experience gives this year opportunity.

Write today to Dept. C-1 for Candy Floss Machine Catalog. Catalogs of supplies and special features and low prices also sent on request.

Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

My Business Partner—"Gym."

(Concluded from page 19)

of two months of the "Gym." partnership, I revised my accounts by striking out the "misery, suffering, and degradation" item, reducing the "decreased efficiency" notably, and adding a new entry on the profit side. The tabulation now read as follows:

Clerk's salary	$1,000.00	
Estimated loss by absence	3,000.00	
Decreased efficiency	.01	
Gymnasium expense	60.00	
Total		$4,060.01
Over against which I set:		
Saving in drinks	$ 234.00	
Increased satisfaction in life at $50 per week	2,600.00	
Total		2,834.00
Leaving a grand balance of		$1,226.01

A week later I struck off the odd cent. It happened like this: I had fought my way downtown, on foot, through a howling blizzard, and had arrived all aglow with the battle, when I ran into one of the hardest insurance "subjects" in the city, a man whom I had been after for years.

"Say, Smith, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?" he said. "You look like a young man again."

"Anybody can do it," I said, airily. "Just a little system I've developed."

"You look like an ad. in color for your own business," he declared. "I'd like to feel as you look."

"If I show you how will you take a $50,000 policy?" I asked, and I followed it up with a line of talk so convincing that I got him going. I could feel the magnetism flowing out of me while I talked. And I knew where it came from. It was physical fitness and nervous force from my business partner, Gym. Since then I've written the policy, and my close-fisted friend is living in the hope that some day he'll win a game of handball from me on his handicap of "points."



MY net physical reckoning at the end of winter was something like this: Twenty pounds lighter, digestion perfect, nerves steady, sleep like a baby, appetite sound and reliable, cocktail market depressed to the point of ruin, and the water wagon rolling along a smooth road with a semi-occasional stop for ale. From the business point of view it is more complicated. But I have long since found that I clear my desk of routine in one hour, instead of from two to three; that problems which used to set my teeth on edge no longer worry, though they may puzzle me, and that I don't have to take my business to bed with me any more. Concretely I have this evidence on which to base the efficiency claim in my final tabulation.

For years I had been trying to frame up a correspondence campaign for use in all our offices, designed to reduce the death rate among our policy holders by an educational propaganda, and had dismally failed. With my new vitality to help, I set aside an hour a day for the work. In three months it was finished, and accepted, and I had been put on a new basis of remuneration which should be worth from four to six thousand dollars a year extra.

Now that summer has come on, I occasionally supplement my gymnasium work with a little tennis, for out-of-door air. I am, perhaps, the very worst player that the local courts have ever seen, but I get amusement out of it and the essential exercise to carry out the adopted motto of my partnership with Gym.:

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Wrings from thy pores no per-spi-ra-tion!

And this is the final reckoning:

Loss	
Clerk's salary	$ 1,000
Loss of time by absence	3,000
Gymnasium expense	60
Dr. Wright's bill	25
Bonus on Dr. Wright's bill	225
Total	$ 4,310
Profit	
Saving in drinks	$ 234
Saving in time by increased working capacity	4,000
Increased efficiency (estimated)	5,000
General physical, mental, and moral satisfaction in life	5,000
Total	$14,234
Less	4,310
Grand balance	$ 9,924

THEREFORE I consider that my business partnership with "Gym." has been a profitable one.

Brickbats & Bouquets

THE price of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is going to be cut in half. Wonder if tariff tinkering had anything to do with the reduction?—Wichita (Kas.) *Eagle.*

✚

Now that COLLIER'S has dropped to a nickel and Viola Roseboro' has charge of the yarn department, good stories may be expected for half the money, as Viola is a whale at picking out stories. —B. L. T. in the Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune.*

✚

That high-class Weekly, COLLIER'S, is to be sold at five instead of ten cents hereafter. A tremendous increase in circulation will follow. COLLIER'S is a power in the land. Its weekly comment on Congressional doings is especially interesting.—Newberg (Ore.) *Enterprise.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has come down to five cents per copy but promises to save the country by its own unaided efforts just as frequently and thoroughly as it did at ten cents.

—Columbus (Ohio) *Journal.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that tireless and resultful fighter for the people, has reduced its price from ten to five cents the copy. It is now within reach of every family and every family should read it. It is a boon to all who oppose inhuman robbery, by those whom the statutes say are "human."—Durango (Colo.) *Democrat.*

✚

The price of COLLIER'S—formerly a dime—has been cut in two, so now you're only out a nickel when you can't find anything else to read.

—Springfield (Mo.) *Republican.*

✚

But who gives a hang what COLLIER'S politics may happen to be? It is worth a nickel for its pictures.

—Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) *Press.*

✚

COLLIER'S has and is doing a great work. The reduced price of the publication which will find it in so many more homes should be hailed with profound satisfaction by the multiplied thousands who see in COLLIER'S great possibilities for good.—Clovis (N. Mex.) *Journal.*

✚

Now even Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S is coming around to the idea; in camp-meeting language, he's under conviction. "Without doubt," he writes, "after the present rough surgery is completed and the country is on a basis it approves, future revision to keep in touch with changing conditions will be done one schedule at a time."

—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant.*

✚

COLLIER'S, which has always been worth what it costs, has been reduced to five cents per copy. The reduction in price means more power to COLLIER'S, if not more revenue.

—Walker (Minn.) *Pilot.*

✚

In other words COLLIER'S holds that members of Congress are not elected to represent their States, but to vote the party program in humility of spirit, at the dictation of the President and his personal advisers.

—Akron (Ohio) *Times.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now on sale for five cents per copy. COLLIER'S is a great publication. It stands for decency in public life and private life. It has a large influence on affairs and has been a big factor in shaping public opinion. Every lover of progressive things in every line of human endeavor will be glad that the price has been reduced so that the publication can have a wider circulation.—Lawrence (Kas.) *World.*

✚

Mark Sullivan, of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, can state great questions in plain English.—Newark (N. J.) *News.*

✚

In making its price five cents instead of ten, COLLIER'S should be able to take a step in the direction of its ambition to become a really National Weekly. There are many thousands of people in this country who do not feel that they can spare ten cents a week even for a good periodical.

—Gloucester (Mass.) *Times.*

✚

With this week's issue, COLLIER'S WEEKLY becomes a five-cent publication. We want to congratulate the management of COLLIER'S on the change. We have been a constant reader of COLLIER'S for years and have always felt that the Weekly was well worth a quarter and that we just saved fifteen cents when we bought it for a dime. But the decrease in price to five cents will undoubtedly extend the circulation of the paper and therefore its influence. COLLIER'S WEEKLY deserves the patronage of every man in America.

—Muskogee (Okla.) *Times-Democrat.*

✚

If COLLIER'S were printed in England it might similarly contrast the wealth of mill owners and the poverty of mill workers of Bradford. Then it might say that the tendency of the free trade fiscal system of Great Britain was to separate the community into two widely separate classes.—New York (N. Y.) *Globe.*

✚

Desperately attempting to undo some of the good work which COLLIER'S WEEKLY is doing, the liquor interests, through the so-called "National Model License League," are sending out a feeble reply to those "The Man Who Makes Money Out Of It" editorials.

—Augusta (Me.) *Journal.*

✚

The price of COLLIER'S has been reduced to a nickel. The citizen who buys COLLIER'S for five cents gets a great deal for his money. It stands in a class by itself for fearless and intelligent discussion and apt illustration.

—Taunton (Mass.) *Gazette.*

✚

NORTHPORT, N. Y.

Lowering the price to five cents a copy is the best news I have heard lately.—H. J. ZENS.

✚

The reduction in the selling price of COLLIER'S WEEKLY from a dime to a nickel should give this splendid publication the largest circulation of any five-cent paper in the world; certainly it will be as great a money's worth as could be desired.—Concord (N. H.) *Monitor.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been reduced in price from ten to five cents. This is one of the publications in the country that is easily worth the price asked.

—Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil.*

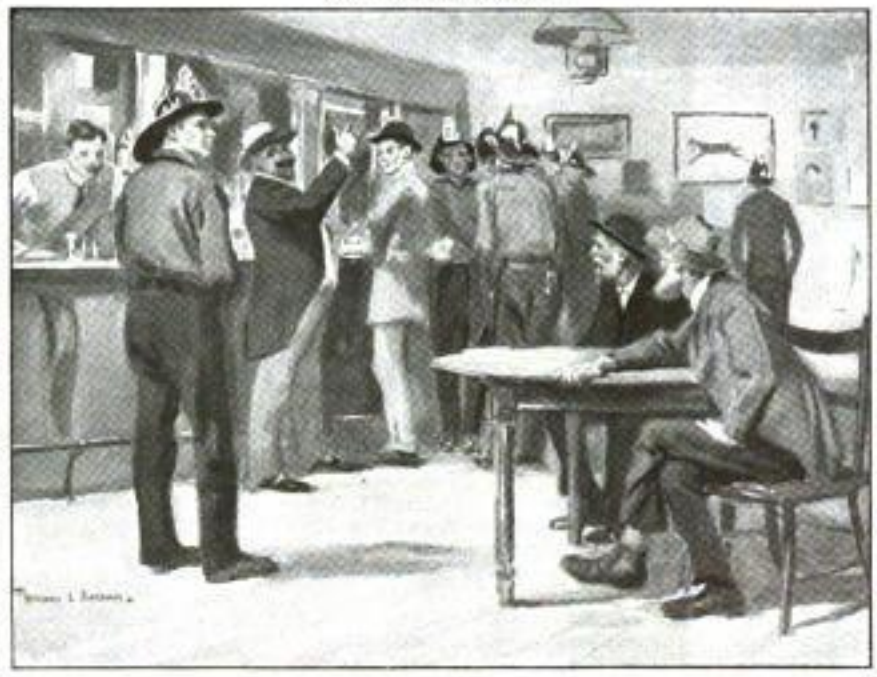
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COLLIER'S has been sharply criticized occasionally in these columns, but it has never been the view here that it was anything but a great publication with superb illustrations and fine literary matter.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

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The Joke on the High Constable

(Continued from page 8)



"Ain't the Captain and Sergeant in on this?" "Sure ting," said the brewer cordially. "Gif 'em all a drink"

Attired in the uniform which he had worn when a borough official many years before, he climbed the stairs of the City Hall to the Council Chamber, took the solemn oath of office, seated himself in the rear of the room, and gravely listened to Council's deliberations.

He learned in the course of a heated discussion that the City Hall's one claim to distinction was its antiquity; that its log walls were liable to collapse at any moment; that a new building ought to be erected and would be if it were not for the cry of graft which a suspicious and ungrateful public would immediately raise.

One thing the Council found beyond human endurance. In spite of all precautions, insects from the persons of vagrant lodgers in the borough jail on the lower floor migrated to other portions of the building and even trespassed on the councilmanic desks. To remedy this nuisance the purchase of cells with walls and floors of steel was authorized. Kazer nodded approval of this and similar measures. Council, thought he, was not half so bad as it was commonly reputed to be.

During his first month in office he was not called upon to perform any service, and he received no compensation. He delicately broached the matter to the Chief Burgess and was promised consideration. The Board of Health thereafter called upon him to dispose of various unclaimed dead animals that were a menace to the public health. Pleased at the prospect of any employment, he promptly complied. For this service he received small fees, but they did not amount to enough to make him comfortable at the American House.

"Why don't I git my pay regelar, same as anyone else?" he finally demanded of the Chief Burgess.

"You understand you receive no salary under the borough ordinance," Mr. Prettyleaf explained. "Your compensation consists of fees for certain duties."

KAZER lifted his cane with a warning gesture. "Don't try to tell me nothing about the borough ordinances, young man. I was an official of this here borough when you was in knee breeches."

"Look it up for yourself if you don't believe it."

"Ain't there a regelar appropriation of $200 for the High Constable? Tell me that." He emphasized his point by thumping the floor a resounding whack with his cane.

"There is," said Mr. Prettyleaf, with that forbearance which is necessary in dealing with irascible old men. "'Two hundred dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary,' the ordinance says. You get paid for what you do, no more, no less. Do enough and you'll get every cent of the appropriation."

"Then why don't I git something to do? Why don't I issue notices and summonses and make arrests, same as I used to?"

"Our Chief of Police attends to all that."

"Bixler?" sniffed the Captain contemptuously. "A nice one he is to be a borough official."

"He is a capable and efficient officer," said Prettyleaf warmly, "and less noted for insobriety than one or two others I could mention."

KAZER looked at him keenly. "Do you mean to tell me that all I got to do is to bury dogs and cats and rats and chickens?"

"Bury enough and you will get your full appropriation."

"It'd take all the cats in town at the figger you pay," said the Captain scornfully.

"Get them all then," said the Chief Burgess cordially. "It would be a good riddance."

Pocketing his pride, the Captain, by diligence and industry, made a sufficient number of interments to net him a few dollars. Council passed his bill merrily. He sat in moody silence in his chair at the rear of the chamber.

The voucher in payment of his next bill—five cents for the burial of a single chicken—he framed and presented to Council, thinking thereby to overwhelm the members with shame at their penuriousness. They accepted it with pleasure and hung it on the wall, since it bore the distinction of being the smallest amount ever drawn on the borough treasury.

KAZER then appealed to the public direct. He trudged across Memorial Park with a rope over his shoulder, dragging a mongrel dog to its last resting place. Surely, he thought, the people would not allow one of their highest officials to be subjected to such indignity. But passers-by were merely amused, and a reporter made the event the subject of a humorous item in his paper.

Failing to arouse public sentiment, the Captain changed his method of attack on the borough treasury. He called on Squire Weikel Keller, a venerable notary public, who gained a thrifty livelihood as a pension agent.

"Make me out a bill fer about $10 agin the borough," ordered the Captain.

The squire, after laborious calculation, based on the various fees paid the Captain, assorted the animals in plausible proportion, and surveyed his handiwork with professional pride.

"There," said he. "I guess this ought to go."

Kazer lifted his right hand. "Swear me," he commanded hoarsely.

"Can't you git yer money without swearing to it?" asked the squire in perplexity.

"Not with that smart young lawyer running the borough."

"Well, if you want to, it ain't none of my business." Having thus cleared his conscience of any sense of wrongdoing, he administered the oath and affixed his notary's seal. Similar transactions had not been infrequent in his professional career.

KAZER placed the precious document in his pocket and departed.

"How about my fee?" the squire cried after him.

"You'll git yours when I git mine," returned the Captain shortly.

The bill was received by Council with running comment.

"Twenty cats, Cap'n! I wish you'd 'a' gotten some from our neighborhood."

"Where did all them thirty chickens come from, Cap'n? Awtymobeels ain't running in the winter time."

"Freezing weather must be awful hard on rats, Cap'n, when fifty of 'em die in one month."

Kazer sat in stolid silence, indifferent to each sally and the guffaw which followed it. When Council passed his bill with a unanimous "aye," he felt neither gratification in the success of his scheme nor shame at the deception. The money was his due, he argued, and any means of securing it was justifiable.

Each month thereafter he presented his bill, duly sworn to and subscribed before Squire Keller. It became a bright event of each Council meeting. Even the public began to take interest in the increased death rate of its animal population.

The Captain's spirit then moved him to address Council.

"Tell me," he thundered, after stalking to the front of the chamber, "who is the highest officer in this here borough?"

"Tell us, Cap'n," they said encouragingly.

"The High Constable, that's who. Why hain't I allowed to arrest prisoners? Why hain't I got a key to the lockup?"

"There is only one key," explained Chief Burgess Prettyleaf. "Chief of Police Bixler has it."

"Ain't I entitled to a key as much as Bixler?"

"By having only one," Prettyleaf patiently explained, "Officer Bixler is made alone responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoners."

"Ain't I as responsible a party as Bixler—"

"Sit down, Cap'n," shouted a chorus of voices. He essayed several times to speak. Unable to make himself heard, he glared right and left with unspeakable disdain, and hobbled indignantly from the City Hall.

He frequently thereafter sought redress for his grievances. His speeches obstructed borough business. Council grew irritated whenever he arose and vigorously repressed him before he was ever well launched upon his theme.

It gradually dawned upon him that his office was a political relic. He understood why Gottshall, the drunken fish dealer, was tolerated, why the Chief Burgess, in asking him to become a candidate, was so willing to overlook his frailties, and why a whimsical public had given him such a stupendous vote. He determined to resign at the first opportunity.

JULY came, and with it a vivid recollection on the part of the Captain of a July nearly half a century previous, when a Confederate bullet had closed his career as a soldier. An indomitable fighting spirit revived in him. He determined to force the issue of his rights.

On the eve of the Fourth, Council sweltered in the intense heat of the City Hall's upper chamber. Through the open windows it occasionally saw a rocket winging its way through the darkness. The deliberations were punctuated by violent explosions of cannon crackers and the lesser noises of pistols. With coats removed and sleeves rolled up, it pushed through the business in hand, grimly determined and heedless of interruption.

The borough clerk, with fine discrimination, had reserved for final consideration the High Constable's itemized list of his activities during the month. The Captain immediately was the target of a score of jibes.

He waited until they had finished, then rose gravely, and with extraordinary solemnity walked to the front of the chamber.

"Kin I say a word, Gineral Lee?" he asked with elaborate sarcasm.

This epithet, as it was intended by the Captain, was entirely lost upon the Chief Burgess, who entertained a different point of view. He was flattered at being thus associated with so gallant a soldier. He beamed pleasantly on the Captain.

"As many as you like," he said courteously.

"Tell me," demanded Kazer with savage intensity, "what is the High Constable of this here borough?"

HE paused, and in the silence which followed looked about with glittering eyes.

"He's the highest officer there is, that's what. He's no public undertaker either. He ain't going to bury no more cats or rats or dogs or chickens."

"Is that all?" asked the Chief Burgess.



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who was anxious to conclude the meeting.

"Not quite, yer Honor. I want a key to the lockup downstairs, so as I kin put in prisoners when I arrest them. Do I git it or don't I?"

"We threshed that all out once before," said the Chief Burgess wearily.

"Do I git it or don't I? That's what I want to know."

"We'll have to consider the matter more carefully."

"Ain't I as good as yer Chief of Police? I bet yer he's tanking up now somewhere."

KAZER spoke more truly than he knew, as several of the Councilmen were guiltily aware. Prior to the meeting they had encountered that worthy imbibing heavily with other celebrators of the glorious Fourth in the cellar of the Rescue Hose House.

"We'll take up your request at another time."

"No, you won't. If I don't git a key, and git it right now, you kin git another High Constable. It's a nice howdedo when the highest officer of this here borough—"

"Enough, Cap'n," interrupted Mr. Prettyleaf sharply. "You're taking up valuable time."

Kazer looked about for encouragement, but Council was merely bored. He stopped abruptly; his aggressiveness left him; his shoulders relaxed, and with bent head he stalked somberly from the room. In silence the members listened to the thump of his cane as he hobbled down the stairs.

"Coming to think of it," said Mr. Prettyleaf apologetically, "it won't do any harm to let the old man have a key if he wants it so bad as all that. Squire Keller is kicking for his notary's fees. We ought not let the old fellow perjure himself that way. Suppose we pay him a small salary?"

Council was quite indifferent, and readily assented. The Chief Burgess suggested that, in view of the heat, Council join him in a sociable glass at the American House, to which assent was given even more readily.

Kazer, on leaving the City Hall, purely from force of habit, had gone to the American House. There he found his comrade, Sergeant Smithers, who had profitably attached himself to the younger Prettyleaf. That youth, leaning comfortably against the bar, beckoned amiably to the Captain, and informed him that he was just in time.

OVER their glasses the Captain had launched into a bitter tale of his wrongs when the bartender leaned forward and whispered:

"Young feller, yer old man's in the back room."

Young Prettyleaf glanced hastily behind him, and then glided noiselessly through the front door, with the faithful Sergeant at his heels.

Several Councilmen, espying the High Constable in lone possession of the barroom, forcibly persuaded him to join them. Before he realized it he was standing before them, glass in hand, while the Chief Burgess, in an address usually characterized as "neat," explained Council's change of heart. And the orderly clerk, who attended to his duties with promptness, gave him a key to the outer door and the steel cells.

Mr. Prettyleaf hastened home to rest. He needed the refreshment of sleep, for he was to make the principal address at the celebration of the Fourth on the morrow, and he felt that it would mark a critical point in his political career.

Dr. Andrews, who was to be master of ceremonies on this notable occasion, had retired several hours previous for the same reason.

The Captain, who was to take no part at all in the exercises, walked homeward listlessly, uncomforted by his key. He listened bitterly to sounds of revelry coming from the basement of the Rescue Hose Company.

He cursed his weakness in drinking with Council, but resolved to be no longer the butt of its ridicule. He would go for the rest of his days to a soldiers' home, where he would be certain of decent treatment.

THE elder Prettyleaf was awakened by a sharp rap upon his front door. Leaning from his bedroom window, he demanded fretfully: "What's the matter?"

"Yer wanted over to the lockup right away," shouted a small boy from the walk below.

He donned a pair of trousers, into which he tucked his nightdress, stepped into a pair of slippers, put on a coat, and started for the City Hall.

HE was reasonably certain as to the nature of his mission. Evenings preceding holidays were occasions of riotous celebration in Georgetown, and at such times he was frequently called upon to hold an impromptu midnight police court to settle the cases of luckless offenders who had been thrown into the borough jail.

As he drew near he saw a large crowd in front of the City Hall. He paused on recalling how a similar crowd had once smashed the heavy oaken door and rescued the chief pipeman of the Rescue Hose Company, whom Officer Bixler had arrested, unaware of his identity. He reflected that the new steel cages could withstand any similar assault. Violence now would avail nothing.

A thin cloud of smoke, pungent with the odor of burning wood, drifted overhead. Every volunteer fireman in the crowd looked about suspiciously.

A tiny flame leaped from the top of the abandoned hose tower in the rear of the building. A spent rocket which had fallen into it, after smoldering for hours, had set fire to refuse in the bottom of the shaft. A draft like that of a chimney swept the flames upward.

"Fire!" shouted a dozen shrill voices.

The cry was picked up and carried through the streets. The quick strokes of the fire bell clanged harshly over the sleeping town. The bells of the other hose houses took up the alarm. The hills resounded with the discordant clangor.

THE prisoners in the steel cages became aware of their danger and shrieked with terror, grappling madly the bars of their cells. A convulsive shiver passed over the crowd outside as the rattling of bars mingled with the roar of the flames.

A woman, pushing through the crowd, confronted the half-clad Chief Burgess and thrust her quivering hands before his face.

"My boy is in there," she screamed. "If he dies his blood will be on your head."

Mr. Prettyleaf looked at her calmly.

"Reassure yourself, madam," he said soothingly. "Officer Bixler will be here shortly, and will free all of them."

"No, he won't," said a bystander somberly. "Bixler's home, sleeping off his jag. If he'd been sober he wouldn't have arrested them."

"The fire companies will be here in a minute," said Mr. Prettyleaf, looking anxiously up the street. "They will put out the blaze before it gets a fair start."

As he spoke, the Rescue Hose truck, pulled by a score of men, dashed up to the fire plug on the corner. At nearly the same instant the truck of the Good Will Company reached it from the opposite direction. A lively struggle ensued for the control of the plug, each desiring to get the first line on the fire and thereby win the standing prize which Council, with the purpose of promoting greater speed in answering alarms, offered for this achievement.

THE Chief Burgess watched them in amazement. They were losing precious time. He suddenly realized, as he saw them reeling and cursing, that they were not sober. They had left the keys in the cellars of the hose houses to man the trucks.

Rising flames illumined the sky and threw a red glare on the crowds in the street. Clouds of sparks drifted over the roofs of neighboring buildings. The people watched the Chief Burgess, partly in amazement, partly in curiosity.

The same small boy who had first summoned him now approached him respectfully.

"Say, Mr. Prettyleaf," he said, "d'ye know your Bill was in there?"

"William, my son?" he asked dully.

"Bixler arrested him and old Sergeant Smithers along with the rest of the gang that was in the row at the American House. He said it didn't make no difference to him if he was the son of the Chief Burgess."

"And Bixler, where did they say he was?"

"They took him home when he started to point his revolver. They was afraid he would hurt somebody. He's something fierce when he's drinking."

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Prettyleaf threw himself upon the locked door, and shook it again and again until friends drew him away.

"You can't open the cells even if you do break in," they said. "The firemen will have to save them."

But the gallant firemen were still struggling for the possession of the plug. The Chief Burgess broke from the grasp of his friends and again dashed himself against the door in futile despair.

DR. ANDREWS, awakened by the bells, was aggravated that his sleep had been broken, and resumed repose as quickly as possible. He had not answered an alarm of fire since the day when he had placed adequate insurance on his many properties.

The High Constable, who also was awakened by the alarm, dressed, donned the hat which bore the insignia of his office, and left the house. He saw the glare above the City Hall, and hastened thither with all the speed possessed by his feeble old legs.

He was amazed on seeing the Chief Burgess violently assaulting the door, and prodded him in the back with his cane.

"Hey, there," he demanded, "what do you mean, trying to destroy borough property?"

"Get back, you wretched old fool," shouted Prettyleaf, shaking the veteran roughly by the shoulder. "This is no time for your funny capers."

Friends interfered, fearing that he would do the old man bodily harm.

With the dignity and deliberation due the office whose real responsibilities he was about to assume for the first time, Kazer unlocked the door and entered the borough prison.

The air was gray with smoke. Flames had broken through the lath and plaster of the wall adjoining the hose tower. The prisoners, all of whom apparently were in the nearest cell, clutched its steel bands and peered at him with blanched faces. He opened the grated door, and they dashed into the street, where a shout of joy greeted them.

Smoke choked the Captain, and his eyes smarted so that he could hardly see.

He turned to leave when he heard a piteous voice calling him from the farthest cell.

"Cap'n, Cap'n, you ain't goin' away and leave yer old friend die like a dog, are you, Cap'n?"

Through the haze he could barely discern Sergeant Smithers and the youthful Prettyleaf. The rear wall was sagging dangerously. He paused irresolutely and then hobbled toward them.

"A nice pair ye are," he said as he bent over the lock.

THE Sergeant muttered incoherent thanks.

"I'll never forget you for this, Cap'n," said the younger prisoner.

"Run fer it," said Kazer laconically as he swung open the steel door. They dashed from the building. He turned to follow when a blazing log fell from the wall and struck him heavily. It crushed him to the floor like a withered leaf. The room filled with a blinding light, but merciful darkness enveloped his soul.

Prettyleaf stumbled into the arms of his father, who held him closely.

"Where's the Cap'n?" inquired Smithers anxiously.

"Gone, I'm afraid," said a spectator soberly, and Smithers fell to sobbing shamelessly.

The firemen performed prodigies of valor that night after the little discoute at the fire plug had been settled. They risked their lives recklessly to reach points from which they could advantageously pour water upon the flames. They deluged surrounding buildings to prevent the fire from spreading.

But the City Hall was a total loss.

Early on the morning of the Fourth, Dr. Andrews walked over to Memorial Park, where Major Cummings was raising the Grand Army flag to half-mast on its tapering steel staff.

"Who's dead?" inquired Andrews in surprise.

"Captain Kazer."

"So the old chap is gone. That's too bad. But surely, Major, the day we celebrate is of more importance than the Captain. Remember, it is the anniversary, not only of our national independence, but also of Georgetown's deliverance from the enemy during the Civil War."

"He was a brave soldier, doctor."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," said Andrews testily, "although I never heard of anything particular he ever did except to drink more than his share of liquor."

"He was wounded at Gettysburg, doctor," said the Major in sad reminiscence, "carrying our Colonel to the rear after he went down on Cemetery Ridge. It left him lame, you know, and quite unfitted him for useful work."

"But he didn't belong to the post. If we're going to show the usual courtesies to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, what's going to become of the Grand Army?"

"The Captain went down with his boots on, doctor, while doing his duty as High Constable. He went in a way any soldier might be willing to go, and the boys want to pay him this respect."

"Well, if that's the case," said Andrews grudgingly, "I've no objection."

CHIEF BURGESS PRETTYLEAF looked over the address which he had carefully prepared. When he faced his fellow townsmen in Memorial Park he laid it aside.

For the first time in his life he experienced a real understanding of human sacrifice. For the first time he felt a real personal gratitude toward the men of the Revolution and the Civil War, weak and absurd human beings like others, who yet revealed and sustained the nobility of human nature and the splendor of human history.

For the first time in his public career he spoke from his heart, stumbling a trifle awkwardly perhaps, but his audience knew and understood. The scales of convention, of sophistication, of indifference, yes, and of self-righteousness, had fallen from their eyes as well. Their heritage as Americans stood revealed, a living, tangible thing.

A new City Hall has arisen on the site of the old one. Its beauty reflects credit on the prosperous city of Georgetown. And yet the citizens take less pride in its granite walls and marble columns than in the fact that its construction was free from taint of graft. More impressive, even, than the building is a small brass tablet on its rear wall, reading:

"Near this spot fell William Kazer, veteran of the Civil War and High Constable of the Borough of Georgetown, while in the performance of his duty."

"I Remember, I Remember"

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

I REMEMBER, I remember
The cost, when I was born,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and corn.
A dozen eggs cost eighteen cents;
A pound of pork a dime;
And now I often meditate
Upon that happier time.

I remember, I remember
The rent we used to pay;
We had a house with fourteen rooms—
A dollar ten a day.
Our cook got three a week and board,
And coal was four a ton
And apples were a cent apiece
In Eighteen Eighty-One.

I remember, I remember
My mother used to wear
The loveliest of cotton hose
At twenty cents a pair;
In silken hose my Julia goes—
A pair costs three fifteen.
My father used a penny pen;
I type a fine machine.

I remember, I remember
What famous poems cost;
How Milton got ten dollars for
His great "Paradise Lost";
Twelve dollars bought Gray's "Elegy";
Oh, I'm glad to be alive
In a day when I can sell a thing
Like this for twenty-five.



"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."

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Trout are beginning to jump—brooks are full of them. Soon maybe you'll be making your get-away for a little rest-up—some good old quiet smoking in the woods and in camp. Don't forget to take along plenty of Prince Albert.

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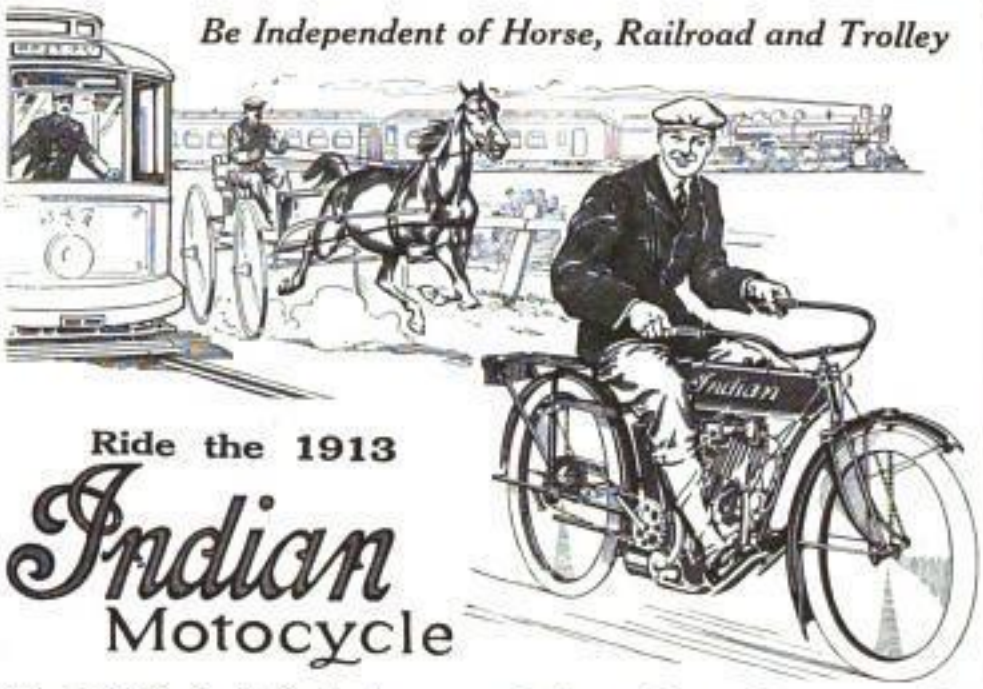
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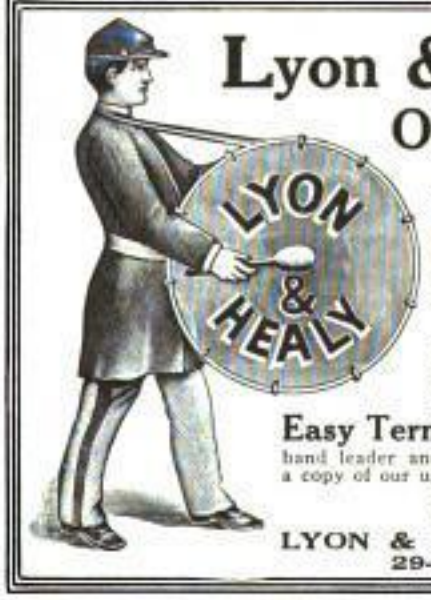
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Some Aspects of Prohibition in the South

By P. H. WHALEY, Jr.

A LONELY tree in the meadow and dangling from it, bullet pierced, a ragged human form! A weary woman moaning beneath it, at the dawn: "Muh po' Tom, ain't I dun tol' yuh t' leeb dat whisky 'lone?" And in the dim mansion on the hill a broken mother kneeling by the stark corpse of her daughter! That is a picture of the genesis of prohibition in the South.

Men will say that there was no intimate connection between prohibition and lynching. That is because the influence which made ardent prohibitionists was largely subconscious. An indefinite dread, similar to that aroused by the Ku-Klux Klan, had begun to permeate the rural South, a decade or more ago, as a result of unmentionable outrages committed by intoxicated negroes. Discussions of the lynching problem brought out the fact that it was but a symptom of a disease which had its origin in the sale of whisky.

A person who is acquainted with the history of negro crime, although knowing nothing of the territorial status of prohibition, would be able to select, almost unerringly, the districts in which strong drink is outlawed. The "unspeakable crime" and lynchings have been confined, in the main, to the rural sections. The cities have been almost unanimously against prohibition; the country quite as unanimously for it.

In the South, therefore, the aspects of prohibition are largely peculiar to the section. The feeling which made a Solid South, behind which too often scheming politicians have found office and money, is kindred to the feeling which brought about prohibition. The Democracy had capitalized a prejudice and the prohibitionists were endeavoring to eradicate one of the chief causes perpetuating that prejudice. They did not have that conscious purpose, for tradition held them to the Democracy, but they forced the dominant party into preventive legislation.

A QUESTION OF EXISTENCE

THE most vicious negroes were found along the Mississippi River and its tributaries. River towns are tougher than seaports. Low dives were common along the levees, and are now. In them blacks gambled or drank their money away. The whisky they got was cheap, poisonous stuff. Much of it was in bottles on which were indecent pictures of white women. The walls of the drinking rooms were lined with lascivious reproductions. Too often the sequel of the debauch was another tragedy and another negro, or two or three of them, strung to a telegraph pole. Often the owner of the dive was one of the lynchers—sometimes the victim was his daughter—but the sale of the "crime inciter" continued.

City dealers had their distributors of bad liquor on the river plantations, and on most other plantations. The lure of large profits emboldened peddlers to market the stuff illegally. They ventured into sections which formerly had been perfectly orderly. Frequently their passage was marked by another lynching, and often the lynchers themselves were whisky soaked. How could white women live safely in the country, where the ratio of blacks to whites was sometimes ten to one, if the negroes were to be translated into beasts, every pay day, by injections of poison? And the back tide of the urban movement was bringing into the country hundreds of blacks who had contracted city vices and habits.

It is significant that the control of the liquor traffic first became a live issue in South Carolina, one of the two States in which the whites are in a minority. Nor is it peculiar that the reform was led by B. R. Tillman, a farmer, now Senator, whose wide knowledge and experience made him appreciate the havoc which whisky was causing. He did not care particularly, perhaps, about the uplift of the negro, but he was enough of a prophet to foresee that either whisky or the white man would have to abandon the farms. That this thought was clear in his mind is shown by the fact that he advocated a dispensary system which made it easy to obtain whisky in the cities, in not less than half-pint packages, but made its purchase in the country difficult, if not impossible, legally.

When the State dispensary system was abolished, because grafting had made its management a nauseating disgrace, an optional county dispensary plan was adopted; that is, every county was given the choice between prohibition and a dispensary system of its own. All but six counties eventually decided to outlaw liquor entirely, and these six were counties which lay along the seaboard or were dominated by cities. The conclusion is inevitable that prohibition is a phase of the race question, and its success or failure must be determined by the effect it has had on the relations of the races in the rural districts.

BANEFUL EVASIONS

HOW far has evasion of the law nullified its beneficent possibilities? It has been said that prohibition made the enforcement of law a policy instead of a principle. So it has, in some places. It was a Cincinnati firm that first discovered a fortune in "whisky powders." Its advertisements in the "want" columns of newspapers did not indicate the nature of its business. It merely wanted addresses. It depended thereafter on its literature for results. It would send, for a dollar, a dozen powders, from each of which one quart of whisky could be made. Other ingredients were necessary, but two dollars is a fair estimate of the cost of a dozen quarts of whisky on the Cincinnati plan. Powder for twelve dozen quarts could be purchased for five dollars. The temptation to a poor white man to buy whisky at seventeen cents the quart and sell it at ten cents the drink was overpowering.

Prohibition in Georgia and Alabama built mansions for ignorant liquor distributors in Jacksonville and Pensacola and in Chattanooga. The art of making substitutes for whisky only reached its zenith when prohibition became general.

But before the whisky men learned how to evade the law, venders of catarrh powders seized their opportunity. The negro who once got drunk on cocaine did not bemoan the loss of whisky. The "happy dust" was better. Unscrupulous druggists stocked their shelves with it. Loafers peddled it about. Its use spread along the levees. Crime followed in its wake, for cocaine intoxication is the most dangerous to other people known. There is no coward out of whose heart it cannot drag the fear if his passions are to be fed. The use of the drug has become an alarming symptom of social disease all over the country, but its march in the South has been parallel with the spread of prohibition.

Has the outlawing of whisky achieved its purpose? There is almost as much whisky sold as before and, additionally, the use of cocaine is widespread. There has been no radical reduction in the number of criminal assaults, except in sections where the prohibition law has been honestly enforced. A senseless plea for individual freedom to become a social nuisance and menace has so far partially neutralized the potentially beneficial effects of a law which, although sumptuary, had in it palliative, if not curative, elements.

PROHIBITION HAS NOT FAILED

NEVERTHELESS, and this is the startling paradox, prohibition has not been a failure. It has achieved in a psychological way what it failed to accomplish by legal persuasion. It has created a strong public opinion, not sentimental but logical, against the use of alcoholic drinks; so much so that public sentiment will eventually enforce in the rural districts, the essentials of the law which so often heretofore it has practically nullified.

There is no possibility of a return to the old barroom days. The towns which have voted back the saloon after having had prohibition are the ones which appreciate most fully that prohibition poorly enforced is better than open saloons with no real regulation at all.

That high license for the cities and prohibition for the country will solve the problem, or better present conditions, is the conviction of most students of the question in the South. Experience has softened views. White men are beginning to see that moral responsibility for the negro rests on them, and that it is a betrayal of responsibility to permit illicit sales of dangerous liquors and drugs. It is a shifting of the responsibility, too, if the negro is not taught temperance.

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His Last Argument

(Concluded from page 18)

coming around the desk and placing the proof before the editor and publisher of the "Morning Chronicle." "On the first page, three-column head, big type, just as you ordered it, Mr. Pendergraff."

"High-School Girl and Prominent Doctor Arrested in Chop-Suey Resort," read Pendergraff, running his finger along the big letters. "Ah, Brad, some sense to that. People will sit up and take a little notice—why, they'll stay home from church this morning to read that story. That's just what the—"

PENDERGRAFF ceased very abruptly. His eyes had traveled to the other three-column head gracing the front page.

He was finding it difficult to read the lines, though the type lacked but little of being an inch high.

"What — what — Bradford," he stammered, "for God's sake, Bradford, stop the press! Has the press started? Is this story printed?"

"What's the trouble?" asked Bradford, refusing to become excited.

"Loretta Mannering Elopes with Chauffeur," read the editor and publisher. "My niece—you knew she was my niece," he screamed. "Stop those presses."

As Bradford did not move, Pendergraff in haste, if haste is possible to great weight and wealth, left his chair and started for the door. By stepping back two steps, Bradford reached it and kicked it shut, and instead of passing through, Pendergraff found himself standing in the center of his own office, looking into a menacing revolver.

"What does this mean, Bradford?" he gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"Yes," answered the city editor, "plumb, riproaring, shooting crazy. Gone nuts from overwork. Crazy enough to insist that you listen while I tell you a few things."

"I don't know what your grievance is, Brad," said the editor and publisher in a very humble and a very helpless tone. "It makes no difference, we'll settle it to suit you; but don't, please don't, let that paper get to the street with Loretta plastered all over the front page. Why—"

"BUT the story's true," insisted Bradford.

"Of course it is, that's the pity," admitted the big owner. "But she's my niece, my sister's child. Man, can't you see—why I'd dump this place in the river before I'd hold up that girl's mistakes to entertain the public."

"Oh, you take it too seriously," smiled Bradford from behind his revolver. "Entirely too seriously. You know we're not here to educate or uplift; we're here to give the people what they want."

Pendergraff started toward Bradford, but a flourish of the pugnacious-looking gun brought him to a stand again.

"These risqué little stories, a picture, red ink, you know, Pendergraff, that's what makes the people sit up and take notice. Scandal is just as palatable to the rich as it is to the poor."

"Bradford, I'll give you a thousand, two thou—" began Pendergraff as he sank into a chair.

"I don't want money, Pendergraff. If I really wanted money I'd have left this rag long before this. I want to help build a newspaper that can command the respect of the whole community. I'm making my last argument now and you'll have to listen to it. Do you think the public has no heart? You seem to forget that the public is just a large number of persons. There isn't a man in this town who does not revolt at the thought of holding an innocent girl's mistakes before the public in big red letters. I was willing to except you from that statement, but you've made that impossible. Do you know that your circulation has been standing still for five weeks? Do you know that a scandal story lost you two big advertisers last week? Do you know your reporters are near open revolt against writing such stuff? You can't make a success without you build a clean newspaper, and you can't make a clean newspaper with dirty stories.

"YOU wouldn't know what I was talking about if I tried to explain the ethics of this profession," continued Bradford.

"You seem to understand why you don't want Loretta Mannering's elopement painted in billboard letters and colors for the benefit of 'Chronicle' readers, still Loretta isn't even your own child. How are Mrs. Zarboe and Mr. Zarboe going to feel to-morrow morning when they pick up this mangy rag and see their own daughter marked as a social outcast for the rest of her days? You've got money—a lot of money, Pendergraff. You could hush the scandal on your girl; they haven't a thing, not a darn thing with which to fight. They've been in hard luck for several years; they have nothing but this little betrayed girl and their good name, and you're going to snatch both away from them. For what? I don't know. I've put my foot on my conscience in this office for a year and tried to get your idea. I'm no angel, Pendergraff, and when a thing makes me lose sleep it has to be pretty raw. I'm through.

"When you ordered me to brand that little Zarboe girl with red ink, I knew I was through, but I couldn't resist the opportunity of presenting a last argument. If you'll wait here I'll bring you a copy of the city edition from the pressroom. You can take it home and read the good stories, the risqué stories, the kind that make the people sit up and take notice; you can take one over to Mrs. Mannering and let her read the scandal, it's so palatable to the rich and poor alike, you know."

BRADFORD dropped the revolver in his pocket, wheeled about, and opened the door.

Without glancing back he walked down the room to the composing-room stairs, down another flight of stairs to the pressroom. There he deliberately killed time.

"We're awful late to-night," shouted the boss pressman. "Delay wasn't on us. They hailed up the first page and had to pull her back. I'm stuck an hour longer—"

As a rule, Bradford was sympathetic, but he didn't care to hear more of the pressman's troubles, so he started back to the editorial department. A few minutes later he was again standing in Pendergraff's private office. The owner and publisher, the biggest man about the "Chronicle," had not moved, except to draw his handkerchief and mop his forehead.

"There," snapped Bradford as he tossed a copy of the "Sunday Morning Chronicle" on to the owner's knees. "Read a paper that won't make you blush; you can take that to your sister or Loretta or Mother Zarboe, and they won't be ashamed of a single line in it. That proof sheet you can frame and hang in your office here. I'll call for my time Monday."

PENDERGRAFF could scarcely believe his eyes when he mustered courage to look at the page in front of him.

There were no three-column heads, no Loretta Mannering elopement, no high-school girl scandal—there was a neat, clean page of what Bradford had been taught was real news.

Monday afternoon Bradford came into the business office to get his pay. The cashier handed out his check, and to it was pinned a note, in a scrawl Bradford had long since learned belonged to the biggest man in the "Chronicle" organization.

"A last hot shot, I suppose," muttered Bradford as he turned from the cashier's cage to read. It was difficult to decipher, but the former city editor finally made it out.

FRIEND BRAD—

I've requested Strawbridge to go back to advertising Blatherwicks' Buttermilk Balsam one week from to-day. You've had your last argument in this office, and if anyone tries to start one tie a can on him before he gets to first base. As managing editor you'll make out the pay roll, and I don't care what figure you put behind your own name. That was a corking good paper you got out, but you really should get over the habit of punctuating your remarks with a revolver.

PENDERGRAFF.



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The Story of a Modern Marriage

(Continued from page 6)

to a state of passivity and made to render implicit and immediate obedience. That they needed understanding and a large space to turn in in order to grow spiritually, she never thought, never remotely visioned.

But where could I get such fine service, even though I could pay its worth? Highly trained women do not go into service into other women's homes for very excellent reasons, that fact I well knew.

I REACHED a conclusion finally. My children came first, since they had rights that could not lightly be put aside. To leave them for even a few hours a day in these their most impressionable and important years to the care of a Miss Wilmer was more than unfair. My work must go, if during its pursuit by me my children's spiritual development was arrested, their individuality quenched. So my decision was taken. For the sake of a larger life for my boy and girl I would accept Robert's suggestion. I would yield every other interest that my children might be given opportunity to grow and to reach their best.

So I told Robert.

I set about disorganization quickly. When Frances and Miss Wilmer, the handmaid and the man of all work, had been dismissed, I found many surprises awaiting me, not the least provoking of which was that large bills for plumbing and for groceries had been incurred. And the bills, though new to me, had to be paid.

When all debts were cleared I found I had in the bank a balance of $300. This sum I determined to leave untouched. I felt very insecure in living entirely on Robert's income. Suppose he should fall ill. Suppose the children had to have doctors, specialists! All the haunting possibilities that had never before tortured me, came and settled with me. We found a five-room flat in the city at $40 a month.

NOW ever since I have been able to earn money I have lived well. If I wished to go to the theatre or to listen to music, I did so. But I soon found that the situation was radically changed. I found that I couldn't do as the spirit moved me, since Robert's salary was inelastic. I also found it necessary to practice all sorts of soul-stifling economies. And what seemed worse to me, so did Robert.

He might have sold his stock in his company, or he might have taken a position paying a larger salary, but we both realized that his future promised well with his young and growing concern. And so: "We'll get along all right," I encouraged him.

So life went on.

But after a few weeks I faced the truth. I wasn't happy nor any more content than when amid the clash and din of our old home, and my discontent increased as morning after morning I saw Robert leave the house in his shiny overcoat. I'd feel miserably that such a garment didn't conduce to a feeling of high self-confidence; nor could the nagging realization that a life insurance premium was about to fall due and that its payment would leave no provisional margin concede a clear mind for business.

Thinking of these things I knew a sense of outraged values, for while Robert was worried about finances and while daily I performed menial tasks that revolted my particular soul an educated gift of mine that had shown itself able to create and to earn, atrophied.

I TRIED bending myself to the yoke of tradition. Bitterly I condemned myself for hating to wash dishes, to wipe up floors, to sweep and to dust. "Why that's a woman's work," I told myself, "you must like it."

But I couldn't hoodwink myself.

One afternoon I was laboriously ripping an old skirt preparatory to turning it for another period of wear, and wondering at the same time how I could reduce the appalling milk bill, when little Robert addressed me. With an effort I came out of my mood of concentration on ways and means and became acutely conscious that the child had repeated his question several times before I heard him with my physical ears.

"Mother, can I have the big clock to wind?" he asked.

I looked up at the mantel where the clock stood. "No, Robert, I'm busy now."

"But, mother, the clock says something to me when I wind it. Can I get up carefully on a chair and wind it?"

"No," I voiced my exasperation by emphasis. "You are liable to fall. And besides you pull and drag at the rug with the chair. I've enough work to do as it is. Now, Robert, if you show temper I shall punish you."

HE turned sullenly away, and sat as of old twirling his thumbs. He wanted that beloved clock with the ardent desire of a very intense child, and he couldn't understand when I had let him have it before why he should be denied now. But I went on ripping.

Little daughter came toddling to me. She held the sugar bowl in her hands and her eyes were alight with the sense of her own power at being able to obtain and to hold.

"Helen," I cried, a vision of spilled sugar and my attendant work flashing in on me, "Mother will punish you for touching the sugar bowl"—

And then suddenly I stopped short and stared at both my children. A quick realization came that this scene was one of many such. The understanding came to me that every day I checked, admonished, threatened!

The truth poured in on me. My children ranked second, third, or fourth to any duty the home demanded. While I dusted and swept, and made over and calculated on possible economies here and there, my children were sacrificed on the altar of these materialities. It was for the children's sake I had given up my work that I might be a companion to them:

That I might study them, know their needs, and thus bring them to their best. And my most vital forces had been directed to make one dollar do the work of two. And the children had taken their places, their little circumscribed places, glad to catch any crumb I found time to cast them!



Eliza was plain—very plain —in features and attainments

I LET the dress slip to the floor. Once more the machinery of living had overpowered me, had driven me aside from the central line of expected achievement. It was all very, very laughable, so laughable that I cried!

The day the insurance premium fell due was the day that milk went up to ten cents a quart and lamb chops to eight cents a chop. Robert's salary alone remained stationary.

Now standing with a sheaf of bills in my hand a sense of impotence came over me. And then largely because I felt myself in danger I tried to fight aside the sinking feeling of helplessness. I believe the Fates love a good fighter, for at that moment out of some clear region there came winging one thought after another, and with each thought I rose till I stood in a clear space able to see about me.

Then I flew to my desk not pausing to give precedent, that impulse-checking, initiative-killing word, a chance to retard me, and with both children about my knee I wrote the following inspirational advertisement:

"I am looking for a clear-thinking, advanced woman who would like to



Advertises Itself

IN 1903 Hawaiian Pineapple first appeared upon the market in commercial quantities, a paltry hundred thousand cans,—barely one can for every nine hundred people in the United States.

In 1907, only four years later, the output and sales were fifty times as great, an increase of 5000%. Up to this time, not one dollar had been spent for advertising.

The quality of the product has advertised itself.

In 1908 the output was again doubled,—Hawaiian Pineapple was advertised in some of the magazines for seventeen months (you may remember), and the demand was quadrupled in twenty months.

Can you think of any other food product, the demand for which could have thus *increased more than three hundred times* in ten years with so little advertising?

Yet this 31,000,000 cans is still scarcely enough to give each person in the United States one third of a can *once a year.*

If you know Hawaiian Pineapple, you will want more than this eight times a month.

We begin packing again in July, but it will be well into the fall before future packing will reach your grocers' shelves.

Have you had your share this year?

Have you cans enough in your pantry to keep you going?

Has your grocer enough to see him through?

Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple, no matter what brand; so long as it comes from Hawaii it is sure to be "picked ripe" and "canned right." You can buy it everywhere—sliced, grated or crushed.

Hawaiian Pineapple Packers' Assn., Honolulu, Hawaii

Here's YOUR Chance!

Thousands of men successful in all departments of human activity endorse and recommend this offer. They took advantage of it and the secret of success was no longer a secret to them. If you want the stimulating, healthful, sound advice of one who has a million friends, send for the "Magic Story." The first part of this remarkable book is free, but if you want all of it at once, send $1.00. This is your chance! A pebble may start an avalanche—this fascinating book will help you to make your career a complete success!

Frank E. Morrison, Publisher, 802 St. James Building, New York City

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Our Party in

COLORADO

Rock Island

And none of us ever had such a delightful surprise—you couldn't fancy without being here how there could be so much that is big and grand, and so much that is softly lovely in any one region of the world.

We slipped away on that de Luxe

Rocky Mountain Limited

—every morning from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

the kind of train that first makes you glad you're going and then glad you went that way. Think of this magic transformation in a day! That's a rhyme, but the whole affair—dining car, music, observation car, books and beds—was as smooth and pleasant as a poem.

"The Colorado Flyer"

every morning from St. Louis, and other splendidly equipped, fast daily trains via Rock Island Lines from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Low Fares Daily June 1st to September 30th

"Little Journeys in Colorado" and "Under the Turquoise Sky" are two books which make the way clear. Let me send them to you.
L. M. Allen, Pass. Traff. Mgr., 5 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.



"Tenement Tommy"
Asks for

A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore.

But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING, President

work with children; one whose sense of justice makes her perceptive and non-condemning. I'd like to find some one retaining a sensitive memory on whose plate lies recorded the tender fancies of her own childhood, and finally one who believes children to be the hope of the world."

Now the masculine mind may condemn that paragraph as hopelessly feminine and sentimental. I think it the most level-headed, practical statement for services that I've ever read. I so regarded it when in an impulsive moment I wrote it. I do so now, some few years later.

I CALLED up by telephone the leading newspaper and read the advertisement through the transmitter. The girl at the other end who received the paragraph asked me under what heading the "ad will fit." I said at once "Under Female Help Wanted—Professions."

The girl said "All right" nonchalantly, and assured me that she would send me a bill, which promise was faithfully kept.

I received one answer! It came from a Miss Benton who wrote that she was a bookkeeper in a kindergarten supply house, but that she desired to make a change. She knew of no technical profession that appeared just to fit her talents. She liked my advertisement because it struck a responsive chord, and might she call to see me?

Miss Benton came one afternoon. She was a girl of perhaps twenty-two with good eyes and a manner for children. She looked with genuine interest at my little ones. She was an observer, I saw, and to some purpose. She told me she was greatly interested in the Montessori system just then being introduced in this country. She believed that she would like the care of children but not in the ordinary way of a mere nursemaid. And when I unfolded my plan to her, her eyes really sparkled.

ONE fine, early spring day, I paid a visit to my old suburb, taking both children with me, of course. First of all we visited our home, and the children's delight at sight of familiar things, the yard and the swinging gate made me realize for the first time how greatly they had missed space to move about in.

Signs of removal were apparent and when I saw the tenant she told me that she expected to leave the house early the following week.

My next visit was to my old friend, the miniaturist, who lived within six squares of my home.

When the maid admitted me I heard shouts that seemed to emanate from the roof, then I recalled that the nursery had been built just beneath the sky. My friend shortly appeared with her four-year-old twin daughters clinging to her skirt.

She was very glad to see me she told me. "I want to talk with you," I said. "May the children all go up to the nursery, Rachel?"

"Can you get Beryl (the violinist) and Cecelia on the telephone, and ask them to come over?" I asked.

Fortunately the other two were at home, and able to leave. Shortly they appeared. Then I began:

"I'm going to start by asking a leading question. Have any of you a secret regret that you have been compelled to give up your former work? I'm asking you to be honest with me because on your cooperation with me depends the possibility of my continuing my work, and yours, too."

Silence fell. Then the writer, who was plainly nervous because she had had to leave her baby with a neighbor, said: "If you can suggest any way whereby any woman can do her full duty to her children and her work, I'd like to hear the plan."

THEN said Rachel: "After the twins came and during their first year I could snatch moments to paint in, but you know how impossible it is to get any sort of continuous service here in the suburbs. Finally I gave up trying to do anything but see that the children were cared for and the house run in some way."

She turned to me with a little wistful expression on her face.

"You know, Helen, that last child's head I did took a second prize at the institute and I did feel after my babies came and when they proved so inspirational that I could fasten some of that inspiration in a lasting work," she smiled, but we knew beneath the high-sounding words there lay a passion of longing. "I've concluded, however, that there's no way out. Maybe later—"

And now the little violin teacher, who had a family by one larger than mine, spoke with charming candor: "I am facing the real necessity of helping my husband. His illness, which lasted for over six months, ate into our savings, and now practically I'm doing all my own work and sewing, and yet we really haven't enough money to keep things going, since we have debts. When the day is over I'm too tired to practice. I know it would be easy to get my old class of pupils that I had when we first came here, but where could I find the time?" And then she voiced my old dissatisfaction: "It doesn't seem fair that my gift should rust when by its operation I might help out when help is so vitally needed."

We all looked at her, remembering how brimful of ambition and spirit she had been, remembering, too, how at times when she played to us in the old studio her music had thrilled and uplifted us. Now she was just a bedraggled, tired-out little woman, her fine spirit quenched, her violin silent in its case.

"How long would it take you to fit yourself for a class of pupils?" I asked.

HER eyes lit with a flicker of their old-time fire. "Why, Helen, if I had the chance to get back my class, I'd find the time to practice. I'd find the strength to practice after the children were in bed and the day's work done. I could go up to the attic and not disturb a soul."

I pulled my chair near hers and took her hand. "Now listen, all of you," I said. "Why not have a studio together as in the old days? Since fate and the low price of land brought us all together in this suburb, let us make use of our adjacency. Now listen," as some one attempted to interrupt. "I know that we can rent a large, airy room, which we can easily furnish, over on the main street of the town for $12 a month. We can arrange hours so that each one of us may have three half days a week in that studio." I paused before continuing to my dramatic period: "Three half days a week in a quiet atmosphere, secure from interruptions, in which to work!"

Of course the inevitable question came: "But the children?"

And before I could answer, the writer with the baby said with a fine flush: "I don't want to drop my work entirely, as I may have to do, any more than any of you. But don't you think a woman's highest duty is to her children? Don't you believe she should drop every alien interest and devote herself heart and soul to the child she's responsible for?"

I TURNED quickly to her: "Have you always found that simply because a woman is a mother she alone is equipped to give her child the fine care and understanding necessary for his growth? A little child running in from his play, filled with a rushing desire to tell his mother of some wonderful thing he has seen, is told to wait till she has finished dusting or cutting out a dress or wiping up the kitchen floor."

Rachel spoke fervently: "There's no getting away from the truth of what you say, Helen. And though I don't wipe up the kitchen floor very often, yet a great deal of my time and energy is given to persuading other women to do it. And even when by some miracle I've managed to keep some sort of help, I've never felt free to do any painting. I don't see, Helen, how you are going to arrange matters for us."

Then I told them of Miss Benton: "A young woman who, directed by a natural inclination and interest in children, has studied most of the progressive writers on child culture. In her one interview with me she impressed me as being one with whom we could leave our children and go away with perfectly free minds. When I gave her my idea of working cooperatively for us, she said: 'That idea appeals to me; I shall have the opportunity of being with children of widely differing temperaments.'" I paused. "Contrast that observation with: 'Oh, yes'm, I love children, and I can always manage to keep 'm quiet.'"

"It sounds too alluring," said the violinist. "How much would it cost?"

"Twelve dollars a week, making our individual share $3. Of course, Miss Benton would have some free time which

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she could put to any advantage she chose."

Rachel said: "When can Miss Benton come?"

"It will take us about a month to get everything ready. She will come when we send for her."

"With a class of pupils I can make quite $16 a week very soon," said the violinist. "After paying for my part of Miss Benton's services and my share of the studio rent there will be a helpful margin left."

"We'll all, speaking now of the financial end," I said, "be surprised at our earning capacity when we have nine peaceful free-from-interruption hours a week."

"I suppose," said Beryl, "that we'll each try to find an inexpensive maid."

"No maid!" I said firmly. "I have come to this conclusion about servants: An intelligent girl prefers almost any other kind of work, even long hours in factories with small pay, to going into homes to work. She knows that, once submerged in the average home, she has many undefined duties, long hours, no place of her own, and no social life or standing. So we women are compelled to take raw material and try to train it, with what results we all direfully know, or put up with the vagaries of 'experienced' help who know our dependence upon them. After reaching this conclusion, I paid a visit to the manager of a vacuum cleaner firm. It transpired that he was anxious to introduce his machine, and he promised to obtain for us the services of a man who would come to our respective homes on four mornings of a week and 'quickly and in a thoroughly sanitary manner demolish all dust and dirt.' The man is an ex-janitor, and he will wash our windows and empty the ashes of the furnace on the days he works for us. We are to pay him $8 for the four days, leaving him two full days in which he will demonstrate his machine around the suburb. I told the manager that we would probably eventually buy a machine. He expects to locate the ex-janitor and the vacuum machine out here permanently on the 15th of the month.

"Now there is left to be done," I went on, "the cooking, which personally I enjoy, the ordering of our raw food material, and the dishwashing. And later I intend to see a scrub woman I know of—a woman who averages $5 a week, working four whole days a week, scrubbing the floors of halls and public buildings. The balance of her time goes to caring for her children and an inadequate husband. She is neat and quick, and I shall offer her $5 a week to come every morning to our different homes to wash the accumulation of dishes and to make the beds. That work, since we live within short walking distance of one another, and since we shall have the previous day's dishes stacked and waiting, will just about consume the mornings of four days."

THEN very impressively I finished: "Our work in the home will be done by trained service rendered by persons who will know exactly what is expected of them.

"Our children, during our absence in the studio, will be cared for by a progressive young woman who recognizes the spiritual needs of a child, and who is naturally equipped to fulfill those needs. And for all we receive we shall each pay the weekly sum of six and a quarter dollars."

I carried them all away by my enthusiasm. "We'll try the plan," cried Rachel. "It can't be worse than the way we are situated now."

Robert, after all my fear of his possible discouraging attitude, really met me at every point. He felt that even though failure might result in trying to organize our way of living on a new basis we should learn something valuable.

A few days after we moved back to our old home a carpenter came to throw two large-sized bedrooms into one, and this space with the old small nursery made a really fit place for the children. Here their toys and their books were placed on low shelves within easy reach, and when all was in order it was really the children's own, a spot where they reigned supreme.

THE first morning that I went to the studio I left my children with a little sore feeling about my heart. After all, was I doing right? But once in the studio and again at my work I forgot everything in the joy of feeling my brush in my hand. When the twelve o'clock whistle from the far-away factory sounded, I recalled myself with a start. It took me just fifteen minutes, walking rapidly, to reach home. I flew upstairs to the nursery. In the middle of the floor sat Miss Benton, Robert close beside her, both so intensely interested in the mechanism of a small engine that neither one heard my approach. Little sister I saw lay asleep in her crib, already taking her noonday nap.

ROBERT saw me first. With a cry he was up and upon me. "Oh, mother, mother!" he exclaimed. "We've had the best time! We went for a walk but we didn't walk at all, we just stood still and looked at things."

His little face was alight with interest.

I believe I have averred that the Fates love a good fighter. I think also they respect one who, recognizing that a situation is all wrong, sets about as best he may to remedy it. In any event, our plan worked admirably. My half days at the studio fell on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. On those days I rose half an hour earlier than usual, washed and dressed the children, and made the simple breakfast we all ate. At half after eight, Miss Benton and Mrs. Andrews (the former scrub woman) arrived, and I left for the studio, stopping at the market to give my order for the day. When I returned at noon, I cooked luncheon for the children and myself, and then we went out if the day was fine or stayed at home, finding plenty there to occupy and interest us.

THIS routine, of course, was flexible. There were occasional afternoons when I wished to go to town to see editors or even to attend matinées, and, of course, the others also wanted "afternoons off." So we arranged that at whatever home Miss Benton was engaged for the afternoon there the children whose mother was going to town or elsewhere should be sent. And since Miss Benton enjoyed getting the little ones in a group we were enabled to go away for business or pleasure with a clear mind.

Three months after we opened our studio we held a meeting, and I don't believe four happier, more contented, or brighter women could be found anywhere.

Rachel, always the first to take the chair, said: "Do you realize that our lives now hold everything that a woman's heart desires, her husband, her children, her home, and time for the outlet of her talents? And do you know," here she turned quickly to me, "I feel that I am a finer mother than when all my time was spent with my children. I find now that I am less despotic, more understanding with them. Truly I believe they give me more pleasure than ever before in their lives and I know they enjoy me more now if only because I find time and inclination to play with them."

There was a pregnant silence.

After a time the violin teacher spoke: "Why I'm actually uplifted when my last little pupil leaves the studio and I set out for home and my boys. I confess now that when I was with them every moment their constant activity and their incessant demands wore upon me dreadfully. I believe now in the light of my experience that every mother would be vitally helped if she could leave her children for some hours every week."

"Not only the mother but the children are better for being part of the time in the care of another," I said. "I know mine are getting a wider range of thought by their association with Miss Benton. Young as they are, they have found that there is usually more than one side to a question."

LATER some one asked: "What do the husbands generally think?"

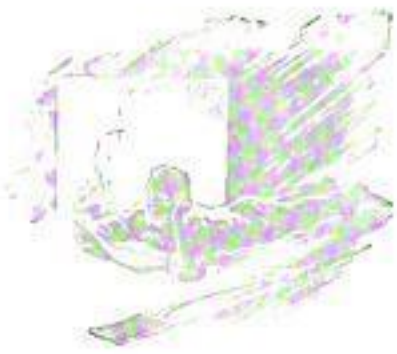
"No matter what others think," said the miniaturist with her usual impetuosity, "mine is delighted with the change for the better in me. I knew I should have had to fight hard in the beginning for my way, but experience teaches even husbands."

The writer said: "If Arthur didn't have a keen remembrance of the days when he came home and found me tired to death and ready to weep at the raising of a finger, because the maid had left at a moment's notice, and the baby had an ensuing attack of colic, he, too, might have entered objections to my spending nine hours a week at the studio writing."

Then our meeting broke up.

That very night Robert said to me:

The Price of Comfort



ASK ANY SCHOOL-BOY what this little picture represents and you will receive a practical demonstration of the subtle force of advertising and publicity.

Different artists have given their different conceptions of the exact attitude of the boy, his proximity to the fire, and the kind of a shovel he used—but in every case you knew it was young Abraham Lincoln, studying by the flickering light of the log fire.

They didn't have electric lights when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. They didn't have gas light. They didn't even have kerosene oil lamps!

They had sperm oil lamps and tallow candles—but "the Great White Way" was a thing undreamed of. And yet, it was only about 30 years ago that the first practical demonstration of the Edison light was given in New York City—and the first electric sign did not appear until 15 years later!

Do you ever stop to think of the part that Honest Advertising has played in the marvelous progress of the past 15 years?

Now look at the other little picture.



The comfort and convenience of the electric light, the electric fan, and the telephone *cost money* and add to our "cost of living." We could manage to get along without these things and live as they lived *Yesterday*. But most of us prefer to pay "the Price of Comfort." I do—don't you?

A. G. Hamilton

Manager Advertising Department

No. 120



10,000 Business Men Will Gather Here

This is a picture of the spacious Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore. The sessions of the ninth

Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs

of America will be held here June 8 to 13, 1913. Delegates from one hundred and thirty-five American and Canadian Clubs, and thousands of other advertising and business men will be present. Great Britain, Germany and other European countries will also send strong delegations.

The meetings will be addressed by the most forceful and interesting speakers among the successful advertising buyers of the country—men who have successfully conducted epoch making campaigns. Open departmental and other special sessions will be devoted to the problems of the various branches and phases of the great business of advertising. Here every man will have an opportunity to say his say, and those who have solved the perplexing problems of modern publicity and merchandising will tell their audiences how they did it.

In addition to these business meetings, nearly every pulpit in Baltimore will be occupied on Sunday, June 8th, by prominent advertising men, who will tell how closely advertising is linked with the religious and social progress of our time.

The evenings will be devoted to a series of unique entertainments to which all delegates and guests will be invited, and throughout the whole convention, Baltimore will more than maintain her enviable reputation for warm, generous, open-handed hospitality.

You do not need to be an advertising club member in order to be welcomed at this convention—all business men are invited. If you cannot come yourself, send your advertising or sales manager. Make your plans now—write to the address below for the full program of the convention, hotel accommodations, etc.

TRUTH

Associated Advertising Clubs of America

Convention Bureau

1 North Calvert Street

Baltimore, Md.

TRUTH

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COLLIER'S

Washington Bureau will furnish to Collier readers a wealth of information on any subject for which Washington is headquarters.

This service is of inestimable value to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; to lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, to business and professional men in all walks of life.

ALEXANDRIA, S. D.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Being about to embark in the wholesale cheese business I am very anxious to inform myself in every way possible concerning that commodity. It has occurred to me that the Government sends out bulletins on that subject. I wish to learn its value as a food and such other facts as the Department has seen fit to give out. Will it be asking too much of you to inform me where the desired information can be obtained? *

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: I thank you very much for your very kind communications of April 11th and 14th in answer to our inquiries. Today I again ask you for the favor of some information on the proposed new Tariff Law. I should thank you very much if you would communicate to me at your earliest convenience the *proposed duties* on degras, commonly called woolgrease, and also on *burlap* which is imported from Calcutta, India. *

MT. VERNON, Illinois.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Please advise me through your bureau whether a railroad company can justly charge 23 cent rate of freight from West side of Mississippi river into Waltonville, Ill., on car loads of Yellow Pine Lumber when they carry car loads from same point of shipment through Waltonville to Mt. Vernon, Ill., and charge only 20 cents per hundred to Mt. Vernon. *

CHICAGO, Ill.

Collier's Washington Bureau: May I ask you to obtain for me the latest ruling of the Treasury Department in regard to the examination of teas? The process in use has been what is known as the "Read Test" but am given to understand that there has been a change in the last few days supplementing this. *

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Will you kindly inform me what the rate of duty is on hair-cloth and crinoline such as is used as inter-linings in both ladies' and men's clothing? Advise me what it is under the Payne-Aldrich act and what the rate is under the new bill which is now before Congress. *

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Can you give me a list of the States of the Union which have adopted prohibition amendments to their constitutions, and also a list of States which have adopted prohibition by legislative enactment, without constitutional amendment? *

HAVANA, Cuba.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Kindly send me data on the new duties on oranges and pineapples in the Underwood Bill and those collected now—that is, duties according to the tariff now in force and those proposed in the new one. *

* *Names furnished on request.*

Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

Collier's Washington Bureau
901-902 Munsey Building
Washington, D. C.

"I don't believe, Helen, that we have ever before been so happy as now. You are so bright and interesting these days that I quite agree with Robert, Junior, when he says: 'Our mother beats them all, doesn't she?'"

I kindled at this praise. Coming from my little son, it meant a great deal to me. He and I are "chums" now, dear friends. I pray that his retentive memory will lose its recollection of his once impatient, nervous, harrowed mother, and keep only the thought of me as I am now, happy, content, controlled, ready at a second's notice to enter into his interests and always having time in which to listen to his stories, and to go with him into his own wonderful world.

Sending a Boy to Mill

[*Concluded from page 17*]

They thoroughly paralyze the former and unduly enlarge the vocabulary of the latter.

"Of refreshment and advice from compatriots, we got a-plenty, but the advice was frequently more generous than reliable.

"In passing one camp, we caught a song with this chorus:

"Dearest mother, you will never, you will never
Find my name among the slain;
If I only jump a bounty,
I will skip for home again.

"Sometimes in a field and sometimes on the road, we progressed but slowly. Covered with mud from frequent falls and wet to the skin from continued rain, we pressed on. My pride had been piqued. You, General, had called me a 'boy' and my teeth set the more firmly at recollection of the taunt. Get there I would; and the orderlies and the horses were twenty-four carat grit.

"To the question of where I would find a battery, I got all sorts of soldier answers. One advised me to ask the cook. Another requested that I give him 'something easier.' Still another thought I might find one at the Washington Arsenal; and again, I was referred to Stonewall Jackson.

"The challenges bothered us greatly, but finally, about eight o'clock, through one of those same vexatious challenges, I heard of a battery. We soon gained the locality indicated by the sentry, and I succeeded in finding the Captain.

"'Not by a —— sight!' was his answer to my message. 'We have just gone into park and neither my men nor my horses can go another inch.' There was another battery just a little farther on, he said.

"He was obdurate, notwithstanding my explanation of the emergency. I began to think of what your remarks to me would be, sir, if you knew that I temporized, and of the consequences of failure. I was as tired as the Captain, for that matter, and my temper began to shorten.

"I took from my wallet a piece of paper and on it made a copy of the order. Underneath, I wrote a receipt for the order, and with the emphasized remark that I would go no farther, handed the Captain the original and placed the duplicate before him to sign.

"I probably spoke louder than I realized, and my excited tones must have gone outside the tent, for almost at once a strenuous voice not far away struck up these words to the good old Sunday tune of 'In the Sweet By and By':

"There's a gladness in his gladness
when he's glad;
There's a sadness in his sadness when
he's sad;
But his gladness when he's glad,
Or his sadness when he's sad,
Ain't a patch upon his madness when
he's mad.

"Then half a dozen voices took up the refrain:

"Oh! his gladness when he's glad,
Oh! his sadness when he's sad,
Ain't a patch upon his madness when
he's mad, mad, mad.

"The effect was convulsing and a cast-iron image would have yielded to the humor.

"Both the Captain and I laughed heartily and all irritation disappeared. He looked at the acknowledgment of the order and then at me. He knew what it meant to disobey, and had no idea of doing such a thing. He was only trying to bluff a kid. He turned the paper over and scrutinized the other side, seemingly hoping to obtain some comfort from the back. There was no loophole, however, and he knew it, so after a minute, with a smile, he ejaculated:

"'Let's have a drink! Will you have it educated or uneducated?'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Why, I mean straight or a cocktail. A cocktail is the straight article with a college training.'

"Having moved, as suggested, 'along the lines of least resistance,' he sent for his Lieutenant and instructed that coffee be at once served to the man.

"THEN followed the necessary orders for a move.

"The chorus of remarks that came out of the night need not be repeated here, for they might not sound well before ladies. They were amusing, however, and of the same plain character as those used by 'our army in Flanders.'

"The horses were quickly harnessed and we started. Men with lanterns went ahead, and although the guns were frequently stuck in the mud, we made pretty satisfactory headway. The roads were at least clear. By twelve o'clock midnight we reached the Gap and found you, General, anxiously waiting.

"I reported that the boy had been to mill and had brought the grist back, and I was as proud as twenty-seven peacocks when you laughingly put your hand upon my shoulder and remarked:

"'Good lad! but you look more like real estate than you do like a United States officer.'"

WHILE in New London the dear old man would hardly let me out of his sight, and many a comrade, willy-nilly, listened to the General's highly embellished version of the story of "Sending a Boy to Mill."

Collier's,
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 51 NUMBER 11 MAY 31, 1913

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Are equipped with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains, imported English flanged sprockets, English featherweight steel mud guards, imported Brampton pedals, motor style saddles, bars and grips, and other distinctive features possessed by no other bicycle. No effort or expense has been spared to make the "Ranger" the World's Best Bicycle. Improved factory methods and greatly increased output for 1913 enable us to make a marvelous new price offer. Something very special to the first purchasers of 1913 models in each town. Write us today.

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town and locality to ride and exhibit a sample 1913 "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. In your spare time you can take many orders for our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write at once for our large Catalog and a remarkable special proposition we will make you on the first 1913 models going to your town.

TIRES, rear wheels with coaster brakes, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Do not wait—write today for large catalog containing a great fund of interesting, useful bicycle information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

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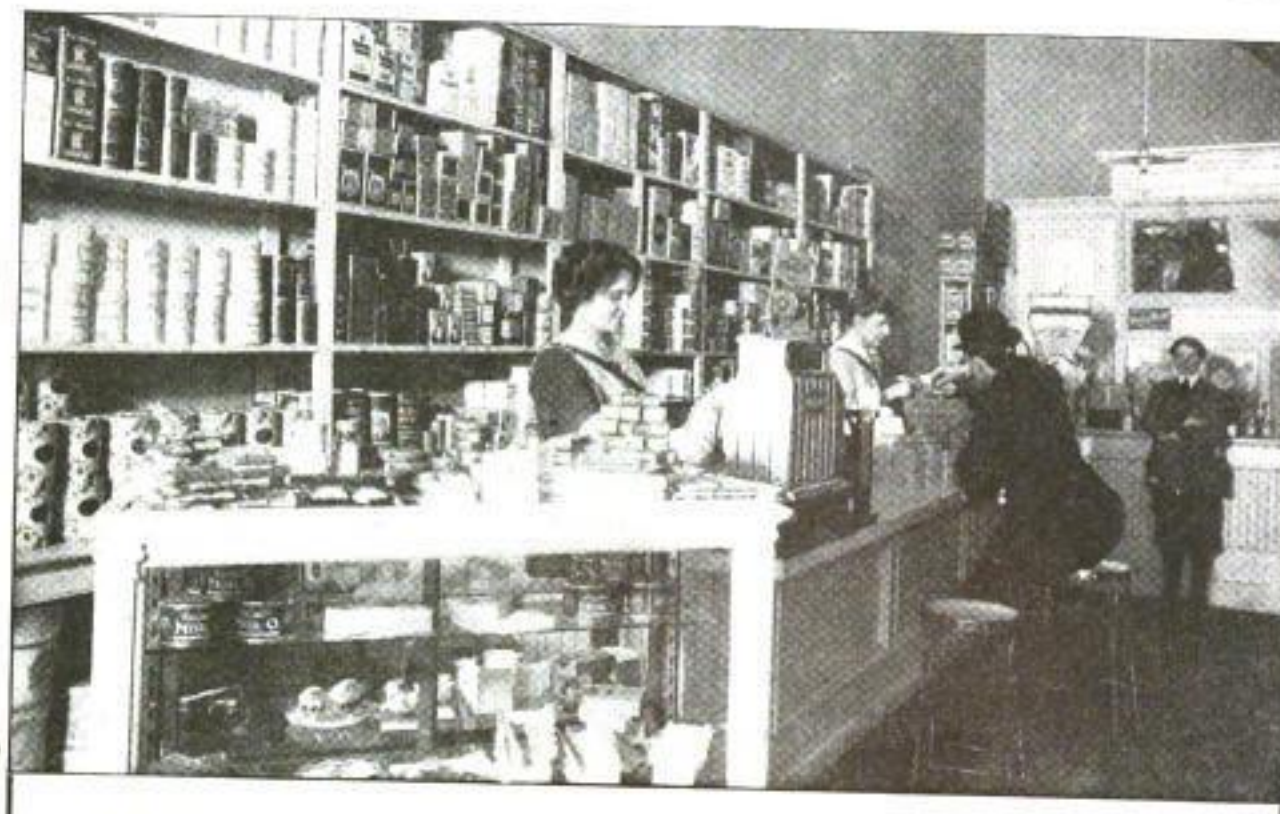






















Woman's Suffrage and Pure Food

NO matter how we may differ on the question of Woman's Suffrage, we all agree that "the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Three enterprising "Suffragettes" are demonstrating, in a very practical manner, that the old theory is correct. They have opened in New York a "Suffrage Pure Food Store," the first to be opened in this country, and "the little white shop" at 96th Street and Broadway is being patronized as liberally by men as by women.

This little Pure Food grocery owes its existence to the enterprise of three enthusiastic women who had a bright idea and plenty of nerve. Mrs. Sophia Kremer is President of the Suffrage Pure Food Stores Co., Miss Aimee Hutchinson is Treasurer, and Mrs. Alice Snitjer Burke, Secretary. They started in business only three months ago, but trade has been so brisk they have already found it necessary to double the capacity of their shop. Nothing could better demonstrate the wisdom of their policy "to keep absolutely nothing in the store but foods that measure up to the Westfield standard."

The door of the "little white shop" is found open any time between 7.30 in the morning and 10 o'clock at night. Upon the rows of shelving is displayed an extensive line of groceries, canned goods, homemade jellies, candies, preserves, etc.

In a glass case near the entrance are luscious fresh chocolate cakes, fat little bran muffins, crisp, crackly-looking cookies, and loaves of real home-made bread. And fudge, too, "Suffrage Fudge", and chocolate drops.

The big idea back of this little Suffrage Pure Food Store is "to reduce the high cost of living *and to give people pure things to eat*"—fresh, sweet butter; fresh-laid eggs; canned goods that are honest; and fresh chickens direct from Hendersonville, N. C. Trade comes not only from the immediate neighborhood, but customers from distant parts of the city are beginning to send their orders to the Suffrage Pure Food Store, because they have confidence in the women who are running it.

Among other things that these enterprising women are doing to increase their trade, they are distributing "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" to customers as a buying guide.

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" is simply an exhaustive list of pure brands of all classes of foods. The foods that are listed have come up to the highest food standards of the Pure Food Town. The list represents the work of the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., who have analyzed thousands of products and have worked only in the interest of the citizens of their own town.

While "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" does not list every pure food on the market, the number is so large that you are given a wide range of choice. You are almost certain to find in your grocery store at least one of the brands approved under each important classification.

Send 10c in stamps or silver now to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., and let this book be your guide in the purchase of things to eat and drink.

You have the same benefits in your town—at your grocer's—that the customers of The Suffrage Pure Food Store enjoy.

Send to-day—now.



























On this page are shown a few of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

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Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which please send me the "Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name.....

Street.....

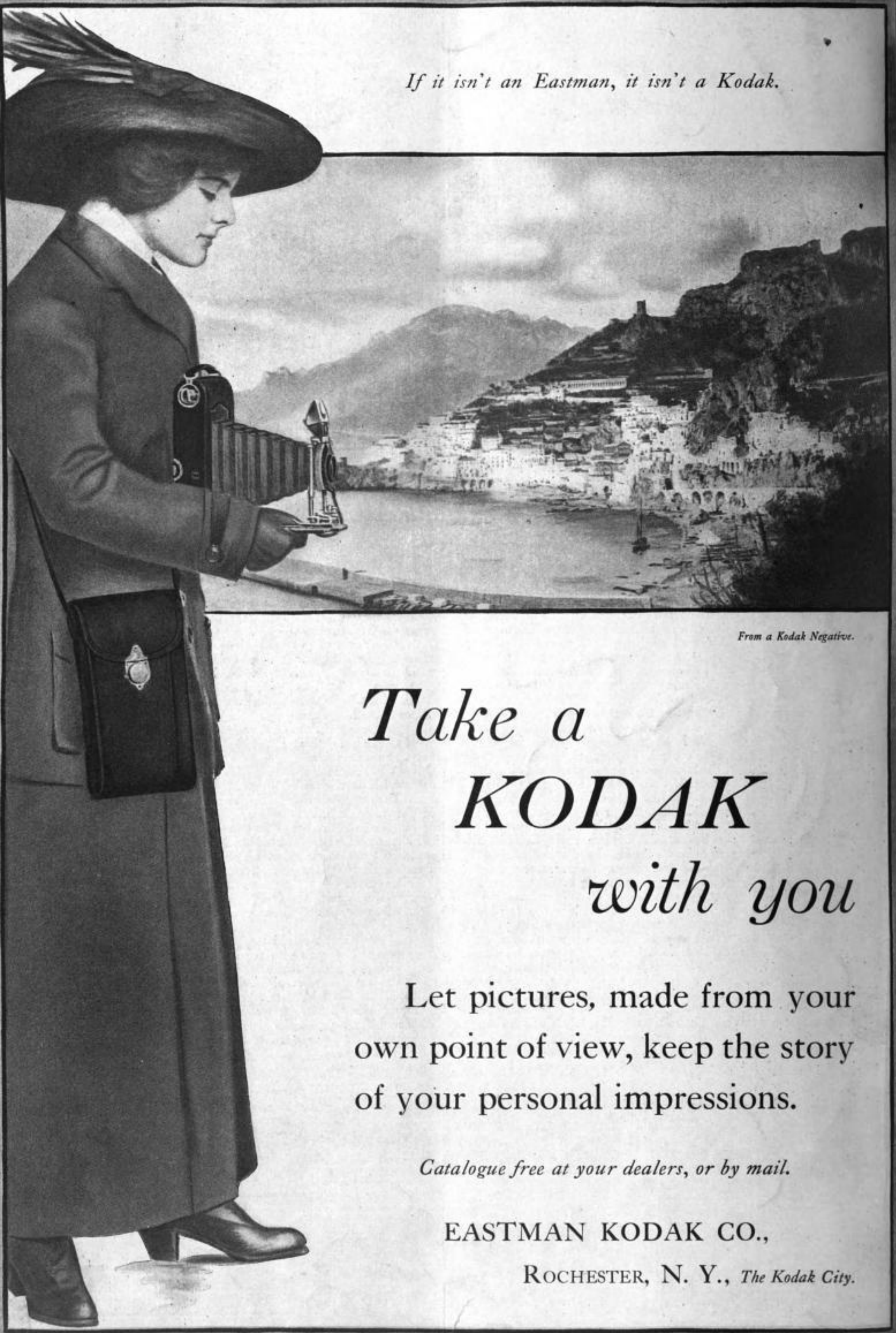
Post Office.....

State.....

Who's Your Grocer?

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Take a KODAK with you

Let pictures, made from your own point of view, keep the story of your personal impressions.

Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

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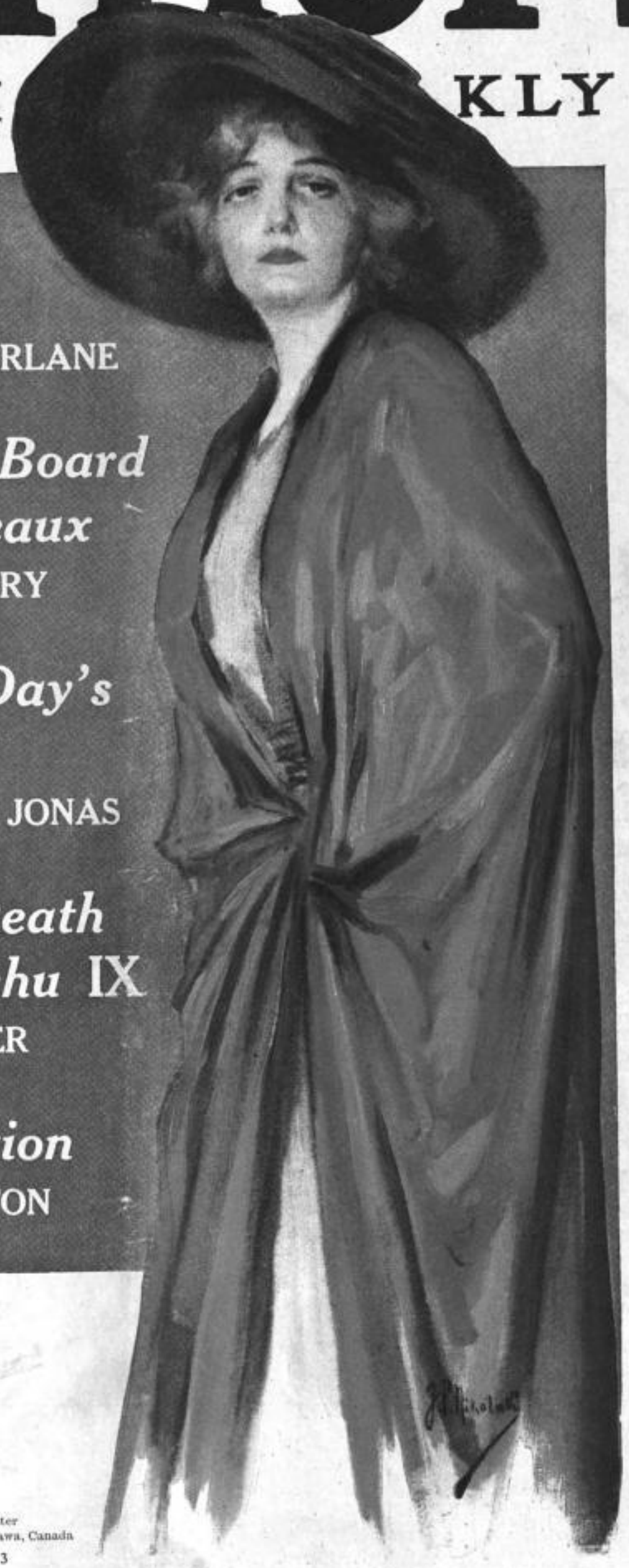
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JUN 1913
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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After you buy—



GRAY & DAVIS
Electric Starter

YOU will find your new automobile equipped with an electric starter and electric lamps. To make the car strictly modern the manufacturer has put them there.

But how do you know that this equipment will work under all conditions? Has time proved it? Do experts pronounce it sound? Who designed it? How ably is it made?

32 automobile manufacturers now use the Gray & Davis Dynamo, the Gray & Davis Starter or both in combination. There are two strong reasons why:

(1) For 17 years we have specialized in quality equipment for automobiles. We were pioneers in producing both gas lamps and the powerful dynamo which made possible the electric lamps and starter of today. This is our chosen field, not a side line, or new business venture.

(2) The Gray & Davis Lighting and Starting Dynamo was conceived and perfected by the world's most successful designer in this field.

It is a significant fact that no automobile manufacturer who has used Gray & Davis equipment ever gave it up or swung to another make.

A few of the creature comforts this equipment brings are shown below.



A press on the pedal and you're off

One light touch sets the Gray & Davis Electric Starter in operation. It spins your motor's flywheel smoothly and surely. The action is entirely natural. The motor starts just as it did when a skilled driver turned the old-fashioned crank. And it requires but a 6-volt battery—only one-fifth the power some starters need.

Once under way, the Gray & Davis Generator automatically recharges the battery with sufficient current for all your lights and the further operation of the starter.

Our catalog illustrates and describes the details. We are always glad to send a copy on request.



Up a 7% grade on second speed

Before adopting it, a prominent automobile manufacturer exacted from the Gray & Davis Starter this drastic test:

A 48 H. P. 6-cylinder car was filled with passengers. Its total weight was 5100 pounds. *Using only the starter for power, the car was then driven up a 7% grade on second speed.*

This was a "stunt" feat which we do not advise for common practise. But it proves the power of the device. There's comfort in knowing your starter is so able.



Don't get out in the mud to crank your car

A Gray & Davis Starter is a welcome bother-saver on muddy roads or during rain storms. Sitting securely at the wheel, you simply press the pedal and your car is on its way.

And you light as well as start *from your seat.*

A few words about our lighting system—

Compared with other systems the Gray & Davis provides an unusually brilliant glow. For example, some 900 feet of light-as-day roadway stretch ahead of a pair of 16-candle power Gray & Davis head lights. All of our lamps are fully described in our catalog.



Don't risk being "stalled" in dangerous places

The Gray & Davis Starter ends the danger of "stalled" motors. If your motor stops, one press on the pedal and the starter will carry you over the car tracks or out of congested traffic.

You need not shift the gears or adjust the spark. There is so much power in the Gray & Davis Starter that it will start a car even on high gear with clutch set and gears engaged.



The crank as an earner of accident insurance

In automobiling, four cranking accidents occur to every collision. This fact was given us by a leading accident insurance company.

No accident can result from a Gray & Davis Starter. There is no possibility of sprained wrists or broken arms. Backfiring from pre-ignition is impossible. The power of the starter will overcome any back pressure.

A Gray & Davis Starter is absolutely safe. Further, it operates so positively that cranks are removed from cars that use it. It has no "ifs" or "buts." It does its work unfailingly.

When considering automobiles always remember that the one with the Gray & Davis Starter offers substantial added value—a time-tested equipment that never fails.

We will gladly send on request our catalog which describes in full the Gray & Davis Electric Starter, Lighting Dynamo and Electric Lamps.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc.
55 Lansdowne St., Boston, Mass.

GRAY & DAVIS
ELECTRIC STARTER
LIGHTING DYNAMO
ELECTRIC LAMPS

Gray & Davis Quality Equipment is used partly or entirely by these manufacturers.
Others will announce it with their 1914 models.

Alco	Chalmers	Lenox	Midland	Pathfinder	Pratt	Selden	Tudhope
Ames	Columbia	Lozier	National	Peerless	Reo	Spaulding	Touraine
American La France	Crawford	Maritime	Norwalk	Pilot	R. A. Gramm's Trucks	Stearns	Velie
Apperson	Flanders	Maxwell	Paige	Pope-Hartford	Seagrave	Stoddard-Dayton	Winton

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"The Flirtation"

The "LIGHT SIX" $3250

—over 62 actual horse power—

PURCHASERS of the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" say there is not a *competing* car sold at within a thousand dollars of the price. We believe this opinion is a perfectly sound opinion.

One would naturally expect the opinion of such men as buy Lozier cars to be a sound opinion. For, universally, they are men who *know* motor car values. Mostly they are men who have owned a great many cars. Many of them had opportunity to compare Lozier quality, in all its phases, with the quality of the finest foreign cars. *All* of them are conversant with the relative values of American-made cars. Their opinion is *worth while to you.*

Look at it from any viewpoint and you cannot but recognize the unusual value of the Lozier "LIGHT SIX." For $3250 here is the first car of very highest character ever sold at a medium price.

It's a price that has brought Lozier quality within reach of thousands of people who for years have *wanted* Loziers but didn't feel they could afford to put $5000 into an automobile.

The ready sale of "Light Sixes"—taxing the capacity of our two great plants—shows that the public sees the *economy* of a Lozier for $3250.

Ever since the "LIGHT SIX" was first announced last winter, there has been no let-up in the call for this Lozier at less than $5000. But that is not surprising. For the "LIGHT SIX" has all the engineering excellence, the same superiority of materials and the same accuracy of workmanship that have made the name Lozier a stamp of satisfaction in motor cars.

It has not one year, or two or three, of six-cylinder experience back of it, but six years. Experience that *counts!* It is a *perfected* Six.

The "LIGHT SIX" has genuine Lozier power, too, and characteristic Lozier *reserve* strength. You will do well to place your order for a "LIGHT SIX" at once. There are purchasers *waiting* all the time, though dealers and purchasers alike comment kindly on our promptness.

Five beautiful types of body are built on the "LIGHT SIX" chassis: Touring Car, $3250; Roadster, $3250; Coupe, $3850; five passenger fully enclosed Limousine, $4450; six passenger semi-fore-door Limousine, $4450.

Lozier Style

The Lozier is the most *distinctive* and *distinguished* car you meet on the road. Just as distinctive in its style—and just as distinguished—as in its mechanical excellence.



Lozier Control

The ease of Lozier control, the comfortable accessibility of everything you use in running the car, is an interesting feature of all Lozier models.



Lozier Strength

Many who are in a *position to know* have said Lozier is the strongest car in the world. Many have said, "You can't wear out a Lozier."



Lozier Comfort

Soft, thick cushions do not *insure* comfort. But in the Lozier they are one of *many* contributing comfort-factors. Such comfort as Lozier comfort cannot be found in any but a Lozier car.



Lozier Equipment

You will be pleasantly surprised by the equipment of the Lozier "LIGHT SIX." Everything you could *ask* for is there—all equipment is of the high Lozier quality.



Catalogues on request

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 2206 Mack Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Branches or Dealers in all Principal Cities

LOZIER

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Why several grades?

Here are five 4-ounce bottles. Each is filled with a different grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.



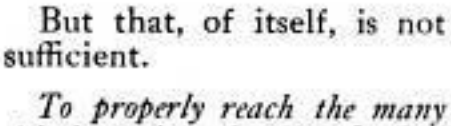
The grades all differ in thickness, or "*body.*"

These oils meet the most severe tests that have ever been exacted from automobile lubricating oils. In sheer lubricating *quality* they stand alone.

But that, of itself, is not sufficient.

To properly reach the many friction points the oil's ***"body"*** *must be suited to your feed system.*

To make this condition plainer, a homely illustration may be taken from the sewing room:



A fine thread is often too light for the wear required.

A heavy thread is often too thick to pass through the eye of the needle.

Neither meets requirements.

So it is with automobile lubricating oil.

Quality equal, the heaviest-*bodied* oil will prove the most durable. But to be of service it must be able to properly pass through your lubricating system.

The conditions to be met are complex. The problem is serious.

Motors differ.

Feed systems differ.

Before the oil which best combines durability with ability to meet the feed requirements of your car can be determined, the construction of your motor must be known and carefully considered.

We have undertaken this problem with the thoroughness that has established our standing in the general lubricating field.

Every year we analyze the motor-construction of each of the season's models. Guided by this analysis and by practical experience we determine the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of car.

Our findings we list in a lubricating chart, printed in part on this page.

The oil specified for your car in this chart is the scientifically-correct grade for your motor.

The superior efficiency of these oils has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of lower lubricating ***quality,*** *or of less-correct* ***"body"*** *than that specified for your car, loss of power, unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage must result.*

A word about ourselves.

Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

Throughout the world the lubricating counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

Our clientele includes thousands of manufacturing plants—located in practically every civilized country.

We supply the floating armaments of the world's leading naval powers.

We supply the aeroplane fleets of the leading military powers.

Outside of the home field we supply over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

The lubricating chart on this page represents our professional advice.

We suggest that you note down the grade specified for your car.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to order either a full barrel, half-barrel, or a sealed five-gallon or one-gallon can.

Make certain that you see the name and our red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart, together with points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO.,
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Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Avery	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1-cyl.)	B	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l.	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A.
Elmore	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders	...	...	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l.	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...

MODEL OF CARS	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Kelly Springfield	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l.	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B.	A	B	A
Krit	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF CARS	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Mercer	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige Detroit	...	...	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l.	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Rayfield	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	...	...	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " "Knight"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	...	...
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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JUN 1913

Japan in California



By Peter Clark Macfarlane

COLLIER'S gave Mr. Macfarlane but one instruction—to find out, on the spot, what were the conditions that had led California to the conviction that the agricultural invasion of the Japanese must be stopped by legislation forbidding persons ineligible to citizenship from owning or leasing farm lands. Here is Mr. Macfarlane's report.

IT WAS the small fruit farmer of California fighting for his home and for his American community life against submergence by an Asiatic social and industrial order which forced the Anti-Alien Land Bill through the California Legislature. Some of the most beautiful rural districts in the State were in jeopardy.

In vain for Exposition Directors to protest, in vain for Presidents to intervene, in vain for Japan to cog and cozen—these small American farmers and rural communities felt they had a right to protection and clamored for it so insistently and with such manifest reason that none in authority dared refuse them. When the issue was finally raised there were but five men in the whole Legislature who dared to go home to their constituents and say:

The line was drawn between the white man and the brown, and we voted for the brown.

The details of the final vote were in the Assembly, 72 for, 3 against; in the Senate, 35 for, 2 against; both houses together, 107 for, 5 against.

A Question of Social Existence

THIS vote is the best possible answer to the charge that there was no widespread demand for the legislation, or that the demand was of a class character. The legislative districts of California probably represent a greater variety of social and industrial order than those of any other State in the Union; yet upon the subject there was almost perfect unanimity.

The extent of this sentiment is further witnessed by the quotation of a single sentence from an edition in the San Francisco "Chronicle," a paper which was strongly against the bill. That sentence reads:

With perfect friendliness to the Japanese nation the people of this State are overwhelmingly opposed to their, or any Orientals', owning our land.

This unanimity shows that it was not a class but a race issue. It was the clash of two races meeting upon the frontiers of their respective civilizations. It is not a question of inferiority or superiority. It is a question of existence, and of social existence at that. At the present time, and until the Panama Canal is opened, bringing fuller tides of European immigration, there is an industrial place for the Japanese in California. But socially there is no place. It is this which makes the complication. Socially the two races will not coexist. When the Japanese farmers move in American farmers move out. This has been the inevitable result.

Yet notwithstanding these facts and the urgent necessity for relief there were grave reasons of expediency why nothing whatever should be done to rouse the displeasure of the Japanese nation on the eve of the Panama Pacific Exposition.

Three Presidents Have Intervened

THIS Panama Exposition is the Californians' defiance to the fates which overwhelmed San Francisco. It is their darling project. Into it the people of California are putting some seventeen millions of dollars. They plan to make it the world's greatest industrial exposition. From all appearances they are well on their way to realize this dream. The Japanese exhibit, for which half a million dollars has been promised by that government, was to be the gem and cherry blossom of the Oriental exhibit. Any sort of anti-Japanese agitation would therefore be detrimental to the exposition interests, and California cared greatly to conserve those interests. But this time anti-Japanese agitation would not down. It refused to be anæsthetized. On a former occasion President Roosevelt had browbeaten a California Legislature into inaction upon the subject. President Taft, after his milder way, had delayed such legislation until it failed of passage before adjournment. But now the feeling was more intense. The situation in the few affected centers had become acute. It was for this reason that both President Wilson and the exposition directors failed.

The Source of the Irresistible Demand

HOWEVER, in the presence of grave questions of expediency, Governor Johnson was entirely agreeable to postponement. The vast majority of the legislators were also agreeable; but there were half a dozen men in the Legislature who were not agreeable, men who came from districts in which there are American communities fighting for their very existence—Assemblymen like Bradford of Sacramento, Wall of San Joaquin, Killingsworth of Vacaville—Senators like Birdsall of Placer and Sanford of Ukiah. With the exception of Sanford and Killingsworth, Democrats, who for a day listened to Mr. Bryan, none of these men could be persuaded into silence.

For the result Japan need not blame President Wilson nor Governor Johnson nor the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, nor the legislative majority. She need not even blame that little group of recalcitrant legislators who day after day in committee and in legislative session nagged and worried at the anti-alien bills until one of them was reported out of committee and put upon passage.

Instead the blame must be laid upon these protesting farmers who refused to stand idly by and see themselves forced out of the homes they had built, off the ranches they had tilled, out of the communities in which their children were being reared.

The source of the irresistible demand for this legislation proceeded directly from the farmer through the action of the State Grange in passing resolutions demanding anti-alien land legislation against which not one single vote was recorded. And the farmers' representative, Mr. Newman, put the case before a joint legislative committee thus epigrammatically:

If you don't give us relief, we are going to lose our homes; not by mortgage foreclosure, but by Japanese inclosure.

The Story of the Town of Florin

JUST at the moment the classic instance of Japanese agrarian aggression is the town of Florin, which is but eight miles southeast of Sacramento, and therefore an object lesson right at the doors of the Legislature. The proponents of the Anti-Alien Land Bill took great pleasure in showing Mr. Bryan by means of this community exactly what the Japanese invasion meant. Florin is the center of a beautiful little vine and berry growing district comprising about twenty-four sections of land. A dozen years ago each of its vineyards and berry farms surrounded and sustained an American home. Now it is estimated that 65 per cent of these farms are owned or operated by Japanese—about 15 per cent owned and 50 per cent leased. Formerly there were about 1,500 whites and no Japanese in this community. To-day it is estimated that there are 500 whites, and from 1,500 to 2,500 Japanese according to the demands of the season.

There were three large general merchandise stores in the town, owned by whites. To-day two of those stores are held by the Japanese, and the lone white man has computed the hour of his own demise. He says that within five years the Nipponese will put him out of business. His store, too, will become Japanized. There were two white hotels in the place; now there

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is only a Japanese boarding house. There were two white blacksmith shops, now one of them is Japanese. The barber shop, the shoe shop, the fish market, and the meat market are owned or operated by the Japanese.

There is a fruit-basket factory in the town. It formerly employed white help and the management prefers white help; but when Secretary Bryan walked into this factory he found forty Japanese employed, the foreman being the only white man about. Apparently about half of the employees were women. Some of them had their babies by their sides. As we were preparing to take a picture a woman with a baby rushed out, but she could not take the crib with her. These employees are now all Japanese, while formerly they were all white because, as the manager informed me, so many whites had moved away to avoid Japanese neighbors that he was compelled to employ some Japanese and then the remaining whites began to ooze out because they would not work in the same factory with the Japanese.



The school at Florin where, if present tendencies continue, there will not be a white face in five years except those of the teachers. The primary department of the school now has 22 Japanese children and 20 white children

We went around to the neat little two-room schoolhouse, presided over by two charming young women—typical American rural school-teachers—and found in the primary grade twenty whites and twenty-two Japanese. The white children in the primary were small, but among the Japs were two strapping young fellows who had been in high-school grades in Japan.

The School Invasion

TEN years ago there were 110 white children in the school. To-day there are but forty. The seventy white children who are gone constitute an index to the exodus of white families. Nor was there a single Japanese child in the school a decade ago.

In the town of Florin the great majority of people one meets in the streets and stores are Japanese. All but a few of the workers seen in the fields are Japanese. One may stand at the freight station in the afternoon when the fruit is coming in for shipment and see forty wagons drawn up in line for the station platform, every wagon driven by a Japanese. There will be Japanese check clerks, Japanese roustabouts, Japanese foremen, and Japanese fruit buyers. The whole scene is Japanese.

To see an American community that had been representative of the very best elements of our rural life thus completely displaced by Orientals gives one a strange sensation. This sensation is deepened when one drives up to an American farm only to find it inhabited by Japanese. Imagine ourselves bowling along a splendid California roadway with the finest of fruit farms on every hand. We see the fence by the side of us and know an American built it, we see the house designed after American architectural plans, surrounded by trees and lawns, and that profusion of flowers with which California's soil and climate repay so bountifully the touch of an affectionate hand. The house is environed by beautiful vineyards or orchards, and the whole is a picture of independence and contentment that makes the life of the California rancher seem ideal.

The Ways of an Alien Race

BUT driving in at the big gate we are pained to notice an air of neglect about the garden and the dooryard. The grass is uncut, the flowers look neglected. The very house has an absentee air about it. There are no lace curtains at the windows, only shades. One of the shades goes up and a face is seen, peering, inquisitive, suspicious. It is the face of an Oriental. We round the corner and Japanese babies are sprawling before the door. We turn toward the barnyard and a pair of Japanese boys are romping there. The barnyard itself has an empty look. There are no cows or calves, not even a fowl, for these Japanese of Florin are tillers of the soil pure and simple. Beyond the barn one sees a Japanese plowing. In a berry patch to the left half a dozen men and women are squatting in the rows, pushing their picking trays before them. If we could look inside of this American house and see how it is furnished and occupied by its Japanese owners we should be still more depressed.

Pictures of cherry-blossom festivals in the Flowery Kingdom and stories of the wizardry of Japanese gardeners would lead one to suppose these Japanese "occupations" would be found blossoming with floral beauty and fragrance. The contrary is true. Nothing appears to receive attention but that which can be sold for money.

The rainbow hues fade out as we see these people in the midst of a Western environment. Sordid realism takes the place of romance. We see merely an alien race with likes that are not our likes, ambitions that are not our ambitions, satisfactions that are not our satisfactions, with morals that to us are no morals, and habits of life that make social relation with them utterly impossible.

Unendurable as Neighbors

AT the next farm we find the same condition, a Japanese family in an American home, except that perhaps it is not a family—merely three or four men and a woman whose status is exceedingly doubtful. At the next farm we see an American in possession but learn that he is going to move. His farm is for sale or lease.

Neither he nor his family can endure the prospect of Japanese neighbors, and because of those neighbors the selling value of his farm upon which he has lavished the long labors of years is greatly decreased. And so it goes over the beautiful countryside of Florin.



What the Japanese have done in Florin they have done to a greater or less degree in the fruit-growing districts of Solano, of Santa Cruz and Placer Counties, and in the vegetable-growing delta district at the confluence of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers.

First the Foothold, then the Colony

MOREOVER, what the Japanese have done in certain farming communities they have done also in the cities. Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Stockton, all have their Japanese quarters, block after block, solid or becoming solid, where the brown men have come in, purchased a foothold at an exorbitant cost, and then by their social obnoxiousness depressed rental and property values till whites were forced out and the Asiatic tide flowed in behind them unobstructed.

Now let it be borne clearly in mind that this reference to the Japanese colonies in the cities is, for the purpose of this article, purely illustrative, because the Treaty of 1911 with Japan expressly concedes to the Japanese the right to lease and occupy real estate for residential and certain business purposes.

Reverting again to the disturbed areas it must be borne in mind all the time that these are comparatively small. There are only 75,000 Japanese in California; and but half of these are engaged in agricultural pursuits. In many communities the labor of these men is exceedingly welcome. In some of the very counties where the Japanese population is largest the Japanese fit into the industrial scheme so well that the only protest comes from the white laborer who must compete against them.

The Coming of the Japanese Laborer

IN the beginning the California rancher hailed the advent of the Japanese laborer joyously. He was by no means ideal; he was hired principally in gangs and through a boss; he was tricky, grasping, and unscrupulous about keeping contracts; but he filled a gap created by the gradual decrease of the Chinese since the exclusion act, and he was the best available until the hoped-for influx of agricultural labor from Europe should come by way of the Isthmus Canal.

Besides all of which the Jap is peculiarly adept at "squat" labor. Because of that the berry crop of California is almost entirely in his hands.

In some situations, too, he has worked successfully where the white man could not work at all.

For instance, in the delta of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers where the white man could not compete with unhealthy nature, the Japanese came in, survived year after year, raised a better potato than the white man could raise, graded it better, sold it better, and has all but taken entire possession of the land.

The leading producer in this whole district is a Japanese, George Shima, who is sometimes called the potato king. He is said to be worth a half million dollars and is assessed in the San Joaquin Valley for $141,680.

Yet the use of fuel oil by steamers with its consequent wastage from passing boats and seepage into the tule grasses has killed out the mosquitoes to such an extent that it is claimed in a very few years more the delta will be comfortably habitable for white men, and they will be prepared to go back and contend with the Japs for a place upon this soil of Egyptian richness.

Formerly the Japanese worked cheaper than the Chinaman, but now he gets as much as the Celestial or even the Italian farm laborer.

Japanese farm labor falls into two classes: the gang labor of the picking and harvesting crew, and the all-the-year-round labor. The coming and going of these large gangs of temporary Japanese laborers constituted no serious social problem; but the farmer began to find it to his advantage to employ the all-the-year-round labor by means of leases, usually under such terms as retained control of the entire agricultural operation in the hands of his Caucasian self. The advantage to the landlord was that it relieved him from the whimsical and uncertain disposition of Japanese labor, which could then no longer jump up and leave him in the middle of the night or in the process of crop growing or harvest.

The Blight

BUT these leases proved a stepping-stone to Japanese ownership of the lands. Once a foothold was gained, the Japanese colonization operated to the exclusion of the whites in two ways. The first was by forcing the whites out of employment upon the soil. The extent of this crowding out was startlingly revealed by an investigation conducted in 1909 by the State of California into the relation of the Japanese population to agricultural operation.

This commission visited 4,102 farms scattered over twenty-six counties. It found 1,733 of these farms operated by Japanese either as owners or lessees. On these Japanese-operated farms 96 per cent of the labor employed was Japanese. Of the 2,369 farms, 53.4 per cent of the labor was white, 36.4 per cent was Japanese, and the remaining 10.2 per cent was Chinese, Mexican, Hindu, and Indian.

In other words the coming of Japanese into possession or control of the farms of a given community occasions a reduction of white labor employed by approximately 90 per cent—which practically means obliteration.

The second blighting effect is through social pressure. There is little use to argue or speculate over whether the two races should dwell together in brotherly affection. The fact is that they will not.



The Japanese—without meaning any disrespect to the little brown man—does not commend himself to the average American farmer family as a desirable neighbor. He is not overly clean. He is accused of being unmoral. It is claimed the Japanese have no marriage tie as we know the institution. Women, if scarce, may be held pretty much in common. The white farmer's wife does not run in and sit down to gossip with the Japanese farmer's wife and she does not want the Japanese farmer's wife running into gossip with her. Their children cannot play together. Jenny Brown cannot go for a buggy ride with Harry Hirada. The whole idea of social

(Continued on page 20)

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The School Board and the Beaux

By May McHenry

***SCHOOL BOARD** and Beaux are pitted against each other in a fight for the pretty teachers, and plenty of country politics and real people get into the game.*

THERE are four schools in the district and five school-teachers, the school in Deepwater village being of the graded variety that calls for two teachers. Last year it happened that the district teachers were five of the prettiest young women ever glimpsed in the valley, which is saying much in a region long and justly famed for buckwheat cakes and fair women. Upon that fatal attractiveness hangs this tale. Those five fascinating schoolma'ams were beset by beaux as are blossoms by bees.

Even the School Board admits that beaux are all right in their place, but that place, the board specifies, negatively, is not dangling about schoolma'ams who are, or should be, set apart from the distractions of courtship by the sanctity of their office. Some justification for the board in its radical stand will be acknowledged by those who have observed how deaf, dumb, and blind to affairs of everyday life the average young woman becomes when she "keeps steady company" every Sunday night. In the case of the schoolma'ams, this was multiplied by Wednesday evening prayer meetings, Saturday night singing schools, and by spelling bees, straw rides, sleighing parties, protracted meetings, and the like in season.

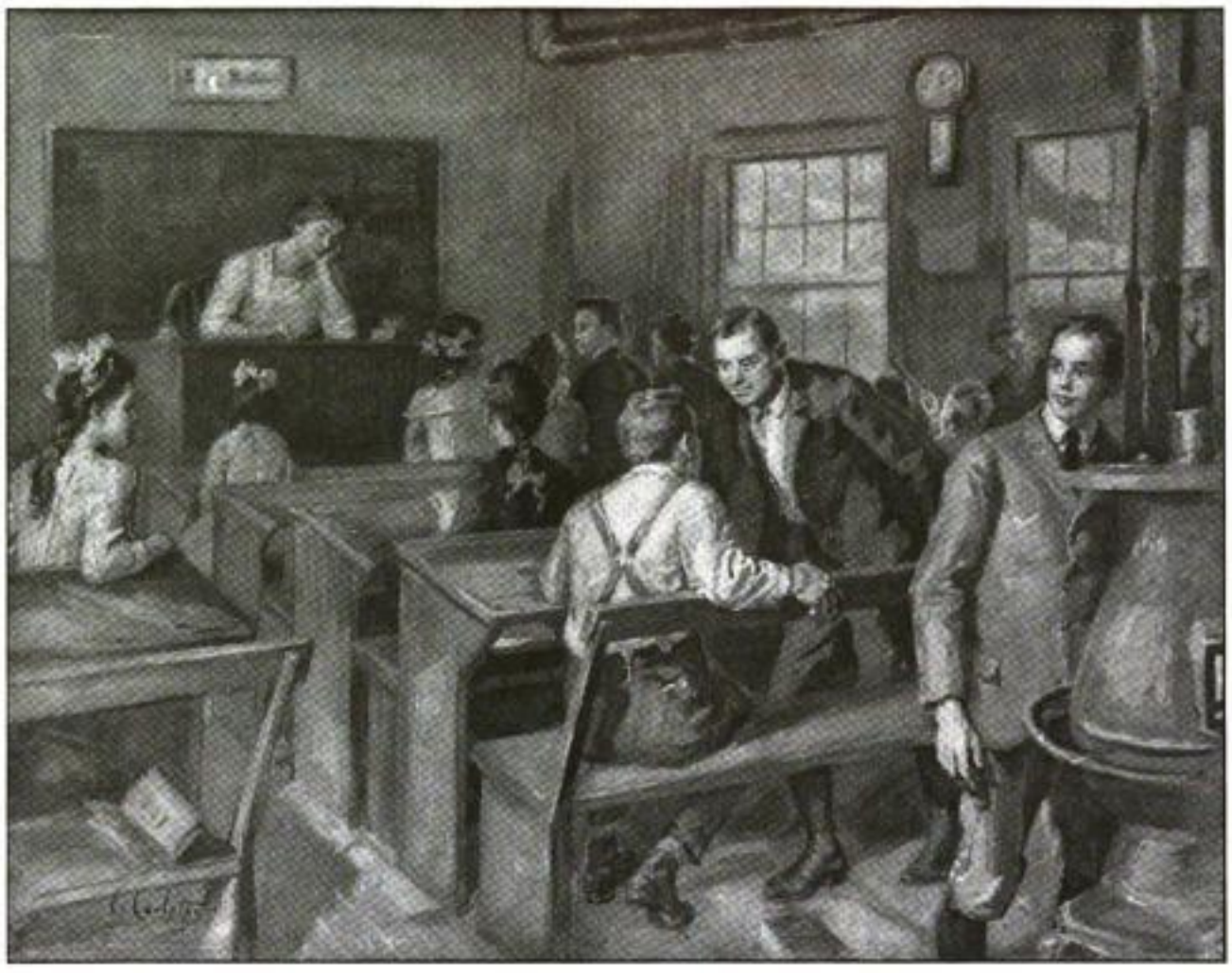
IT WAS along in January, when the sleighing was at the best and the five-ringed race of the single men was reaching the critical and interesting stage where the favorite forges ahead for the home stretch that Mr. Amos Barton, president of the School Board, made his now famous Monday round of visits to the schools of the district. As was told in his report before the board, he discovered "strange lapses from a strict pedagogic standard; in short, that through being up late nights, the teachers of the schools lose too much sleep to properly attend to school work."

At the Maple Grove School he observed—through the window—that Miss Berlin, a teacher well recommended and experienced, leaned her head on her hand with closed eyes while the Fourth Reader class droned in chorus through "Bingen on the Rhine" and the bad boys on the back seats diligently chewed paper wads and placed them on the ceiling, where they hung like stalactites in a cave. At Buckhorn Crossing School he found one of the older pupils hearing classes, while the teacher, the hired *and* paid instructress, sat in a rocking-chair with a napkin bound about her temples because she had a headache. At Turkey Hill the conditions were less deplorable, owing to the fact that the schoolhouse faces the road, giving the teacher opportunity to observe and prepare for the approaching visitor. But it was at the Deepwater Bridge School, the prize school and the pride of the community, that the keenest shock awaited the director. There he found the neglected infants of the primary departments gamboling on the ice of the pond at two o'clock in the afternoon, while their teacher, Miss Jean Thompson, a last year's graduate of the Flowerville Normal, with her arms on her desk, her red-ribbon bowed head on her arms, slumbered soundly with the trace of a smile on her pretty mouth.

(Jean admits the gamboling infants, the red ribbon, and the slumber, but she indignantly and emphatically denies the smile.)

Not being one to falter in the discharge of a manifest duty, Mr. Amos Barton went right on from visiting the schools to visiting the other directors, with the result that that same night there was a special meeting of the School Board, whereat was formulated that widely discussed order which shut off the district school-teachers from the privilege and pleasure of "keeping company with matrimonial intent, from entertaining callers later than nine o'clock on Sunday nights or half past eight on week-day nights, from attending more than one sleighing or other party per week," under penalty of losing their positions.

There have been orders, proclamations, and the like that have caused great excitement over larger territory, but within the limits of its application that action of the Deepwater School Board equaled anything in history, ancient or modern, in the matter of stirring up a row.



At the Maple Grove School he observed—through the window—that Miss Berlin, a teacher well recommended and experienced, leaned her head on her hand with closed eyes while the Fourth Reader class droned in chorus through "Bingen on the Rhine"

THE five schoolma'ams were gathered in the Widow Hill's parlor for the purpose of holding an indignation meeting. They expressed their decided opinions and their harrowed feelings with such fluency, incoherency, and simultaneousness that Johnny Barton Smith, the uninvited but the expected, paused on the threshold, clapping his hands over his ears.

"Help! Help!" yelled Johnny. "Will the meeting please stop to take breath?

"Yes, I thought you girls would be glad to see me," the young man went on cheerfully. "In time of stress the feminine mind yearns for the strong masculine prop. Well, lean on me, grand—*ex-h*!"

Johnny was the devoted follower and self-appointed champion of the schoolma'ams in general and of one schoolma'am in particular. This evening he had a plan which he proceeded to unfold oratorically.

"Being wise beyond your sex," he addressed the five, "you doubtless know that in this land of the free, where the government is of the people, for the people, and by the bosses, the sovereign remedy for all our ills is the ballot box. If your rulers oppress you, cry 'election frauds,' let slip the dogs of the Legislature, turn the rascals out and yourselves in. If you are weak in the Legislature, get in line for the next election. It is just as *easy*! To particularize: there will be an election of school directors next month. We will snow under the present board at the polls and repudiate their nefarious policy. Name your candidates and we, the voters, will do the rest."

"But, Johnny! Oh, Johnny, Johnny! *You* cannot vote! *You* are not of age!" the schoolma'ams cried in chorus.

"And would you throw a man's shame in his teeth?" Johnny queried equably. "'Tis true that, owing to circumstances beyond my control, on election day I will be two months and three days short on age. That does not hottle me up as a campaign manager. Any senile derelict who can get a candidate to pay his poll tax can furnish a vote or two; but for brains and energy you want one of the young-eyed cherubim like myself."

Johnny's plan carried. The young men organized with enthusiasm, and before the district fully realized what was happening it was in the throes of a red-hot campaign.

The School Board was not unanimous in its position. It stood four "Anti-Beaux" to two "Beaux." The terms of office of two of the four "Antis" expired that spring and both were candidates for reelection. If they could be defeated, the "Beaux" would have a majority on the board. The two candidates who were put forward by the opposition were Albert Stringer and Robert Collet. Everybody grinned acquiescence upon the fitness of Albert Stringer; had he not been courting a schoolma'am for fifteen years?

"BUT Robert Collet? He never pays any attention to women and he never pays any attention to local politics. How did you come to choose him? and how did you induce him to accept? What did you say to him?" the campaign manager was asked in executive session.

"Say? I said: 'Bob, here's a chance to get gay,'" promptly replied Johnny. "He is the kind we need, solid and respected. Look here, Jean, I thought you women had a monopoly of seeing things. Sunday night at church you did not happen to notice how Robert worshiped with his eyes turned toward your colleague, Miss Deemer of Turkey Hill? No? Well, I noticed, and a gasp of the genius that is going to come handy when I am national chairman led me to remark to myself: 'There's our man!'"

It was an issue to stir Deepwater to the depths. On one side was the sacred principle of personal rights and the no less sacred principle of protecting the rising generation. The question was one to keenly engage the feminine population, and Heaven help a community when its women are aroused! Doors were slammed in faces where they had never been slammed before. Fiery youth and sentiment were arrayed against sober maturity and sense, son against father, daughter against mother, brother against brother. The "Antis" had the advantage of party supremacy, of experience, and of the leadership of Mr. Amos Barton, whose fame as a puller of political wires extended even unto the county seat. The "Beaux" had the enthusiasm, the popular cause, and they had J. Barton Smith, who is the nephew of his uncle.

The tactful schoolma'ams managed to keep in the background—a charming background that gave strength and meaning to the composition. "Dignified silence and patient submission to cruel oppression is *your* rôle," their chief adviser told them. "Look pale if you

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conveniently can and go into temporary decline." Johnny himself, with great self-denial, worked mainly in obscurity and quietness. "They believe I'm harum-scarum and they know I'm young. We must not allow anyone's record to sour us with the voters," he pronounced.

But at the great mass meeting the night before the election Johnny made a speech, made the speech of the evening and of the campaign. The meeting was held in the hall over Gilly's store, and the crowd was so great that long before time to call it to order Gilly stood at the foot of the stairs and begged tearfully that no one else should go up lest the unprecedented strain damage the timbers of his new ceiling. Two bands were in attendance, the Bendertown and the Orangeville. The bands played "Where Is My Boy To-night?" and other appropriate but unrecognizable selections; the lawyer from Benton called the meeting to order with a few neat remarks, the candidates said their little pieces; then Johnny stood up to speak.

He was manifestly embarrassed, even scared, and that won his audience wholly and at once by sheer force of surprise, no one having suspected Johnny of such becoming modesty. He recovered and plunged into oratory, building his speech on the firm foundation of the Constitution. Of course he arraigned the action of the School Board as an attack upon the Immortal Instrument of our Rights—"One of those veiled, insidious attacks that destroy as surely as the quietly gnawing tooth of time"—and he called upon the voters to come forward at the polls and repel the attack.

But it was in the plea for the rights of youth that the speaker got warmed up to the point of quoting poetry—and Johnny *can* quote poetry:

"Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,"

he intoned in his clear, intense, young voice, and not even the professional cynic sniffed.

"Not only have the school directors of the District

(Continued on page 9)

All in the Day's Work

By Rosalie M. Jonas

IT TAKES sympathy to find this kind of fun in charwomen and carpenters, and while the fun makes life gayer for us the sympathy makes it sweeter.



WE LIVE in a studio apartment, and employ regularly a sophisticated Chore Lady and occasionally a simple Carpenter. And when, as sometimes happens, they come together and converse, I do not put cotton in my ears—for there is entertainment.

The Carpenter, a Swede, is a prematurely aged but still well-favored man, whose Viking locks of gold are beginning to show silver; and he has gone so long unpatched and unattended that he resembles, superficially, the seedy and collapsed figures upon the benches in Madison Square.

The Chore Lady (Mrs. Notting, by courtesy) looks also underfed and overworked; but she is neatly dressed in a coarsely transparent muslin waist and rusty black alpaca skirt; and the humor that is in her sometimes rises to the surface and lightens up reflections of her former prettiness.

She is rather literary than domestic in her tastes; but the foundations of her learning, such as grammar, are insecure, and the form in which she puts her criticism, though forcible, is crude. Also, her judgment of men is biased perhaps by an exceptionally trying personal experience (she having been both married and widowed irregularly, and with deception).

Her summary of her case, however—and that of her sex in general—is singularly free from illogical shamefacedness and conventional morality. "I was just the usual sorter plumb fool!" she says. "I scrubbed an' sweated for that man for years, while he lay abed nursin' his 'honorable scars'—that he'd ketched in camp! An' when he died, an' I took what was left of me—*I'd* been 'disabled all right!'—to ask for his 'pension'—well, there was another woman askin' for it, too! Did she get it? Sure! She was triflin'er than me, an' had kep' her looks; an' accordin' to 'man's lordly reason,' he'd sorter sanctified *her* by foolin' her *first!*

"She hadn't no children, of course, so, hoping to get somethin' to help raise his son, I says: 'Don't the foot that rocks the *cradle* rule the world?'

"'It might, when the world was *asleep*,' says his first; 'now it's woke up! An' cradle rockin' ain't considered healthy no more,' says she. 'Soon as they're outer the incubator it's Honk! honk! for the open! See?'

"So I give up an' come away. She was an up-ter-date, 'respectable' widder, an' I was a back number an' one er them hard names the dictionary's so full of—for *women*. There ain't nothin' there to fit the kind of thing *he* was—'cept plain *man*!"

SUCH was our Chore Lady—before she met the Carpenter; and him she held in supreme contempt until she had seen him work.

One freezing day last June she was putting an extra polish upon the studio floor and at the same time discussing current literature.

"Have you read the 'Helpmeet'?" she demanded.

"No," said I idly; "what is it about?"

"Oh, the burnin' question of the hour," said she, "How ter git on with er man!"

"Look out!" I cautioned. "The Carpenter is in the next room." He was employed transforming a window, that opened on the roof, into a Dutch door.

"That feller!" she cried scornfully. "He looks so forsaken and he talks so satisfied, you'd think he didn't have ambition enough to learn a trade; but I will say" (grudgingly and lower) "that he's the only one you've ever had aroun' here—an' I've worked for you three years—who could do a job so's it would *stay* done!"

The Carpenter's soft voice and seesaw Swedish intonation sounded in modest protest from the roof:

"I tank I do my yob yoost so ant so, Mis' Not'ings; yoost *so* and *so!*"

THE Chore Lady, furious at having been overheard approving of any work of man's, slides her polisher up to the window and glares out upon him.

The Carpenter looks at her with a really charming smile, and continues reminiscently as he affixes a hinge:

CAR.—In Sveden, ven I yoong was, ant strong, I could yoost de tree yop down ant de house make—in Sveden! But *now*—I betcher donno how ole I ain't, Mis' Not'ing?

C. L. (still snappish)—Well, how old *ain't* yer, for goodness' sake?

CAR.—Feefty-vour!

C. L.—Time to chloroform you!

CAR. (also up on newspaper discussion)—Vell, I donno. Yoost you say. Better I do my vurk vot does de yoong mans, ant (slyly) vile dey was gloroform, w'y dey ain't gloroform de wimmens vot wear de beegaboo vaist dis vedder, eh?



"Yass, m'am, Mis' Not'ings, I got nize t'ree-flat room ant path! Ant my barlor, I baint him bink!"

C. L. (with appreciative gleam)—One on *me!*

Interval of busy silence, interrupted by entrance and patter across the floor of my little Italian greyhound.

C. L. (who adores her, but hates to show it)—Shoo! Look at the marks on my nice floor! No, you needn't gaze at me with them fawn eyes! You've got four feet, ain't you? I never loved a dear gazelle but it up an' made tracks. Shoo!

THE dog stands calmly in the middle of the floor, and the Carpenter comes in from the roof to fondle her.

CAR. (regretfully)—You ain't like an'mals, Mis' Not'ings?

C. L.—Oh, I like 'em well enough in their place, but how'd *you* like 'em messin' up *your* work?

CAR. (regretfully)—I vish I have yoost so quick my leetle dog vot coom all de way from Tenver, Colorado, my bocket in!

C. L. (grimly)—I guess there was *room*.

CAR.—Ant my ganary bird vot I hatch.

C. L.—What—?

CAR.—Ant my horse vot I wean.

C. L.—Am I crazy, or you? Say it over.

CAR. (politely and rhythmically repeating himself)—Coom de dog my bocket in. Coom de ganary *egg yoost here* (touching his breast) de *gotton* in; ant by ant by he *grack* ant coom ganary *bird!*

C. L.—Sorter walkin' incubator! Go on!

CAR.—My horse must I sells; ant yoost in *t'ree* day coom de mans vot buy him back. "I tank dat horse you sells me got vun *sick*," he say; "he ain't eat not'ings, he ain't trink not'ings. I tank he got vun bad sick!" he say.

C. L.—Poor creater! Did he die?

CAR.—No, m'am, Mis' Not'ings; I know yoost vot is got my horse, ant I goke oop in my neck, ant I say: "Dat horse ain't sick; don't you knows vot is got dat horse?" Ant he say: "No." Ant I say: "Yoost he miss me!" Ant dat mans he laugh: "Ha! ha!" My horse he is get *t'in* already! but he so glad vot I coom back, he is eat ant he is trink till he svell oop some more! Ant I valks him de basture in. Ant de firs' day *t'ree* time coom I ant feed him. Ant de nex' day *two* time coom I. Ant de nex' day *vun* time. De nex' day *not!* ant he vas *vean!*

C. L.—Weaned! Well, I never—*did!*

CAR. (wound up)—Ant my—

C. L.—Stop! That'll *do!* Weanin' a *horse* is the limit! I don't want to hear any more about your dry-nursin'. Ain't you got any family—any *people?*

CAR. (sadly)—No, m'am, I ain't got no beables; my beables long time, in Sveden, dead is.

C. L. (almost melted)—An' ain't you got no home?

CAR. (eagerly)—Yass, m'am, Mis' Not'ings, I got nize t'ree-flat room ant path! Ant my barlor, I baint him *bink!*

C. L.—Humph! can't fancy you in a "rose-colored boudwore."

CAR. (insinuatingly)—I tank you log nize de bink barlor in, Mis' Not'ings. Maybe you like coom ant see?

C. L. (musing)—Three rooms and bath. Well, you don't *look* it!

CAR. (meekly)—I tank you like me better de Zunday goat ant bants in; I ain't got no time yoost for *see*, Mis' Not'ings.

C. L.—*You see!* Say, you go on home to your three rooms and *bath;* and maybe, if you come for me, some Sunday, to my *one* room and *tub*—I'll *go*.

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THE ASSAULT ON THE SENATE

By MARK SULLIVAN

A LARGE part of this page the present week is going to be devoted to a letter which was written by Charles S. Thomas, one of the two Democratic Senators from Colorado, to some of his constituents. This is done, not for the sake of the *political discussion* in the letter (though that is of a high order), but more especially for the *description of what is going on in Washington*, in which respect the letter is one that any journalist might be glad to have written. Moreover, the highest call upon the intelligence of a journalist is *selection*, to pick out from among the countless activities of official Washington that which at the moment is the thing that is most important, and concerning which there is most need for the public to be informed. This letter deals with the very heart of what is going on. It was written by Senator Thomas in answer to some constituents who joined in a request that he oppose the tariff bill because of its free-sugar provision. There is room here only for parts of the letter.

The Work of the Lobby

FIRST comes Senator Thomas's description of the assault:

Popular opinion demanded a special session of Congress for the immediate revision of the tariff. It was called, and the National Capitol was at once invaded by the same old protected interests, having fully established and protected lines of communication with boards of trade, chambers of commerce, banks, trading companies, newspapers, employees, lawyers, ministers, and other influences throughout the land. Each began its particular campaign of opposition to any assault upon its special privilege, and all are chanting the ancient chorus of ruin to infant industries, decrease in wages, the rights of labor, and coming disaster to the nation. The House with its overwhelming majority was immune to attack; *the Senate, therefore, became the storm center of assault.* By telegram, by letter, by resolutions of commercial and industrial associations and unions, by interviews, by threat, by entreaty, *by the importunities of men, and the clamor of creditors.*

Notice that last line, written not by a journalist describing Washington, but by a Senator, a Senator who is well known to have been under the strongest pressure from the sugar interests. Continue:

by newspaper criticism and contention, by pamphlet and circular, by the sinister pressure of a lobby of limitless resources, by all the arts and power of wealth and organization, the Senate has been and will be besieged, until it capitulates or the Underwood Bill shall have been enacted. *With the fate of the nation and the life of Democracy in their keeping, I thank God that forty-nine Senators have thus far held the citadel and preserved the ark of the covenant.* The hosts of protection, drawing much aid and comfort from some Democratic sources, have not yet prevailed against them. The President, whose serene faith in the body of the masses clothes him as with a mantle of fire, gives us the stimulus of his precept and example.

All that Senator Thomas says, and more, is literally true. The common talk of Washington is whether this Senator or that Senator is going to "come across"—meaning, will he resist the pressure of the special interests upon him and vote for Mr. Wilson's tariff program? The names of the Senators who are under this pressure are freely mentioned. It is all a matter of arithmetic. There are ninety-six men in the Senate. Of these, fifty-one are Democrats. If three of these turn traitor, the party's majority will be reduced to a tie vote, and if four can be secured, the party will not have a majority. The sugar interests have already captured two, Senators Thornton and Ransdell of Louisiana; they are now seeking with the diligence of desperation for two more, and the half dozen men upon whom they are centering their attack are well known. *The supreme question at Washington for three weeks has been whether or not one or more of these half dozen men will succumb to the pressure.*

What Would Happen

SENATOR THOMAS puts in forceful language the exact nature of the request which his constituents make, and tells just what would happen if there should be a break in the ranks of the forty-nine Democrats who have been loyal:

Shall your Senators desert the ranks at this crisis because the monopoly of the Sugar Trust is threatened? If they surrender, why not those from New Jersey, from Missouri, from Oregon? Why should not every one of us yield to the call of his home community, throw the common interest aside, remand the consumer to his ancient burdens, take Aldrich as our Moses, and confess that we are a party of hypocrites and liars? God pity a party which quails and falters when confronted with the crisis of a great opportunity. He alone can save a people who are abandoned at such a time.

Gentlemen, let me assure you that if the Underwood Bill is not enacted there will be no tariff legislation. Do you want no tariff legislation? If some Democratic Senators repudiate one schedule of duties, other Democratic Senators will repudiate other schedules. *If the waters of discord and division begin to trickle through the barriers, the floods will sweep them all away. If we yield to importunities of privileged interests in one direction, they will compel surrender in all directions.* If Senator Shafroth and I demand what some timid and well-meaning people call the salvation of sugar, may not the Senators from Montana demand the salvation of wool, the Senators from Oregon the salvation of lumber, the Senators from Florida the salvation of citrus fruits, the Senators from Maine and New Hampshire the salvation of the woolen mills. . . . The constituents of these gentlemen are clamoring for these things as loudly and with as much reason as you are clamoring for sugar. What will you say, what will you think of them, if they yield to the pressure? What will their constituents say and think of us if we haul our colors down?

Let me go one step further. If we adjourn without the enactment of a tariff measure, what will you think of your party? What will the nation's verdict be? . . . We would not only be swept out of power at the next election, but destroyed utterly. And we would deserve our fate.

If the Democratic party should fail, it would be a moral debacle. Every newspaper and public man in Europe would point to us as a nation of hypocrites and liars; and at home, both as a nation and as individuals, we should suffer a lapse in our self-respect which, wholly apart from social and economic consequences, would be disastrous to our public and private morals.

Senator Thompson Is Clear

IT IS all the more pleasure to print the following letter from Senator William H. Thompson of Kansas, since he is one upon whom the sugar interests have brought most pressure to bear:

EDITOR COLLIER'S: My attention has been called to an article in your issue of May 24, wherein you make reference to having received a letter from a friend at Seneca, Kas. (where I formerly lived), concerning my supposed attitude on the tariff on sugar. If your friend would read something besides the criticisms contained in the Republican newspapers, he would know more about my position.

When it was recently stated by the opposition press that I would vote against the Underwood Bill, I gave a public interview which was circulated generally throughout the country and particularly in Kansas, and in about the following language:

The statement that I am going to vote against the Underwood Bill is without the slightest foundation and absolutely false. I have never intimated to anyone that I would vote against the bill, and have never had any such intention.

There is no substantial difference between President Wilson and myself on the tariff, and certainly not enough difference on any schedule to justify any person in the belief that I would vote against the bill. *The questions presented are national—not local*—and will be so regarded by me.

There is so much good and so little bad in the bill that I do not believe any Democrat would be justified in voting against it simply because it may not meet his personal views or the wishes of his immediate constituency, in a few schedules.

Very respectfully,
WM. H. THOMPSON.

A Letter of President Wilson

THERE was described in this paper three weeks ago the demand of a group of persons who call themselves "The Florida Citrus Exchange," that Senator Bryan of that State should make an alliance with the Louisiana Senators in opposition to the tariff bill; that he should trade tariff-on-oranges for tariff-on-sugar, in the Aldrich manner. Senator Bryan's reply was that he would do nothing of the kind, and that he would "not vote for a protective tariff on anything, wherever grown, manufactured, or produced." Concerning this episode, President Wilson sent to Senator Bryan the following letter:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, May 21, 1913.

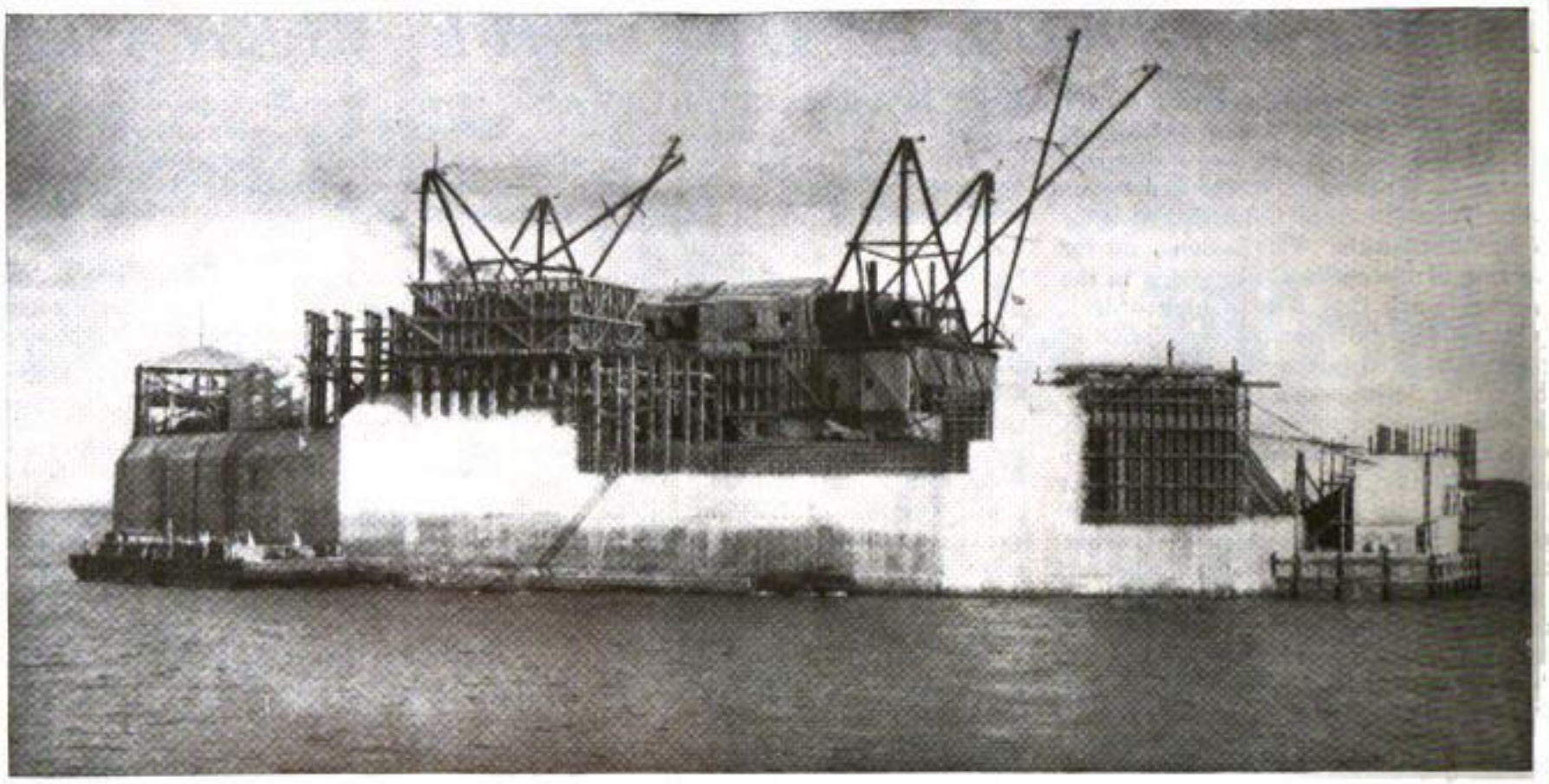
HON. NATHAN P. BRYAN,
United States Senate.

My dear Senator: Being shut out by the daily demands on me from reading the newspapers, I apparently have to find out what is going on from the weekly papers which I look over at the week's end. I have just seen, therefore, in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, your correspondence with the Citrus Growers' Association of Florida. I want to express my warm and sincere admiration, and to say that I congratulate the party and the country upon having a man to serve them who sees so clearly and does his duty so fearlessly.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

President Wilson's commendation of Senator Bryan was well deserved, and the sending of this appreciation was a fine act on the President's part. *It is not too much to say that just such acts of courage on the part of a few Democratic Senators have saved the party from a repetition of the "perfidy and dishonor" of Mr. Cleveland's Administration.* This quiet resistance to the demands of clamorous special interests, oftentimes unrecorded and always done at the peril of political life, has for several weeks constituted the most important aspect of affairs in Washington.

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Completing the Defenses of Manila—Our New Gibraltar and a Concrete "Battleship"

A RAPIDLY increasing number of military experts declare that the forts that guard the entrances to Manila Bay are the most advanced in design and equipment of any in the world. Corregidor Island, guardian of the north channel, is classed as a rival to the fame of Gibraltar, and the most notable defense of the shallower southern entrances, a concrete battleship built on the reef of El Fraile, is accorded almost as much praise. Experts who have inspected the planes and angles of the sides of the El Fraile fortress declare that no shot that could be fired at it would inflict more than a glancing blow.

Some of the more enthusiastic champions of Corregidor say that in the past few years it has become a stronger fortification than Gibraltar—for many of the guns, breastworks, and tunnels of the English stronghold have become obsolete for defense in modern warfare. The Philippine fortress is not so bold in appearance as Gibraltar, but is far from being a mere reef. It is three and a half to four miles in length, and parts of it rise 700 feet above the level of the sea. Though it is the principal feature of the defense of Manila Bay, it is only one of four islands upon which American army engineers are spending $6,000,000.

An Unassuming "Gibraltar"

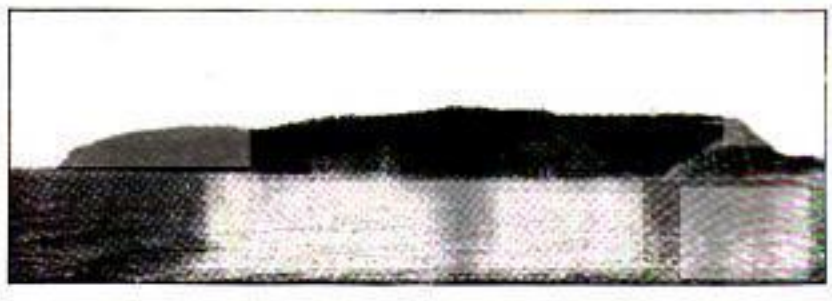
I HAD heard others say that from a passing ship it was next to impossible to gain any idea of the character of the defenses of Corregidor, and when our vessel sailed out of Manila Bay several weeks ago, I strove in vain to find evidences that strong fortifications existed there. As we approached from the rear, of course, big barracks could be seen and other structures that any military post might contain. But from the sea, Corregidor showed few signs of being tenanted, much less fortified. Strain as I would, the only indication I discovered that the place was a big fighting machine was one long gun, whose muzzle showed against the sky on the top of the bold promontory that looks seaward.

Yet that promontory is not barrenly bold, for a thick wood runs down the slope all the way to the sea, and the impression the beholder gets is about the same that he would receive from a view of a dozen other capes or promontories in the Philippines. Behind those peacefully waving trees, however, on the other side of what looked like thick jungles, with not a glint of metal showing, rested some of the biggest guns ever turned out of a factory, all ready to spring up on their carriages at the slightest touch of a button and bellow destruction with deadly accuracy. For miles out to sea the approach to Manila Bay has been plotted out; and with the almost perfect methods of sighting used by American artillery, a craft no larger than a whaleboat could be sunk anywhere within ten miles. At Subig Bay, forty miles above here, one of the batteries a year ago made 100 per cent in practice at nine miles, hitting every time a target drawn by a tug.

Secret Service Kept Vigilant

THE exigencies of the military service permit few details to be given out. The fact that the Secret Service at Manila has had to contend with various attempts to steal the plans of the new fortifications has not tended to make the authorities communicative. But there is a certain amount of information about Corregidor and its neighbors that the American taxpayer has a right to know as evidence that his money is well spent.

As in all seacoast defenses, there are two principal classes of guns at Corregidor—high-angle mortars, which can be shot straight up in the air, if necessary, and high-power rifles. All the big guns, not only on Corregidor, but upon the other islands of Caballo, El Fraile, and Carabao, can be worked from one central control, and can be fired at the same instant, all directed upon one fleet or one ship. The high-angle mortars are fired in salvos of four. Four shells start up in the air simultaneously, like disks as they ascend, and apparently gradually drawing nearer each other. If you light a cigarette at the moment they start, by the time you are about to cast away the butt, the range officer may direct your glasses to a point six or seven miles away, where you will just catch sight of the shells striking the target near together, or making four high waterspouts as they splash into the sea. No arrangement of batteries in the world can approach in foot tons the volume of one concerted discharge from the batteries of these four islands.



Corregidor, as seen from the north entrance to the bay

The "Battleship" El Fraile

EL FRAILE, when you approach it from one end, looks for all the world like a tremendous battleship, already launched, and receiving from cranes and derricks her smokestacks and boilers. The photograph at the top of the page shows that the walls of the fortification are nearing completion. From the side, it is seen that in designing this novel fort various slopes and angles were described. As we passed by on a small steamer, it could be seen that the concrete walls were fully twelve feet thick, and these represented only the outer shell. Over the whole structure, workmen were still swarming, and cement and rock and steel were being welded into "fake" armor plate. To accommodate the burden that is being put upon it, El Fraile had to be scraped off to the water's edge. Then deep tunneling was begun.

The garrison of the fortification will have so thick a roof overhead that they will not need to fear from shells that might be dropped upon them.

In Corregidor are kept provisions sufficient to supply the present garrison for a period of at least six years; and there, as on each of the island fortifications, a pure water supply, most important in a time of siege, is provided for an indefinite period.

ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT.

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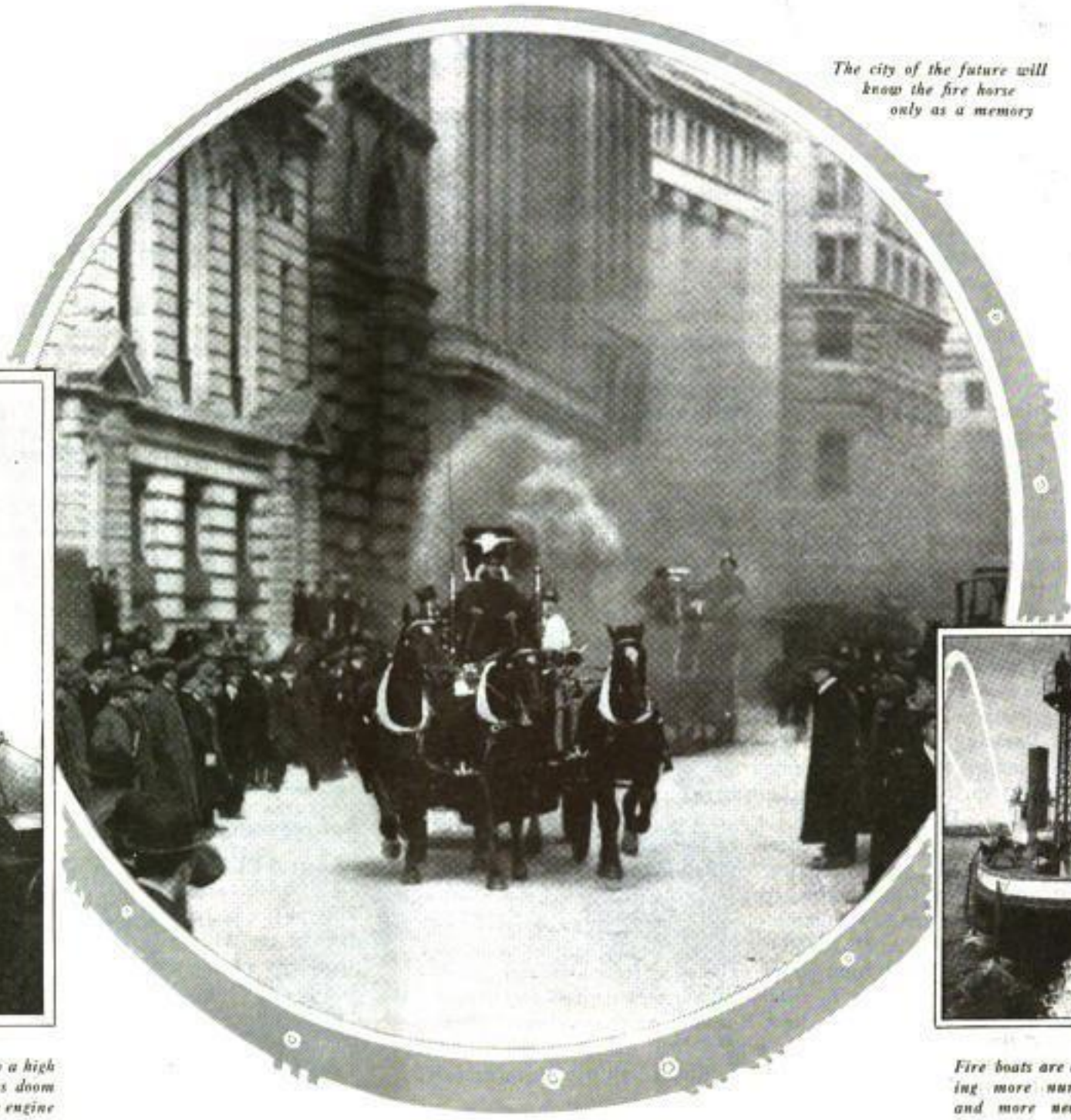
Transforming the Trade of the Fire Fighter



The water tower probably will be retained to throw a direct stream against a fire above the third story



A nozzle attached to a high pressure main means doom to the picturesque fire engine



The city of the future will know the fire horse only as a memory



Fire boats are becoming more numerous and more necessary

FLAMES leaping high above the roofs of burning buildings, the clatter of fire horses' hoofs on the pavements, and the roar of a battery of throbbing, belching engines are incidents of fire fighting that the American city of a few years hence will know only as memories. Modern buildings of stone and steel confine the flames within their walls. Motor-driven apparatus is steadily doing away with the need for fire horses. And with the installation of high-pressure water systems, even fire engines no longer are required, save in the outlying districts.

Experts prophesy that within a few years the greater part of fire fighting in the cities will be done from within the buildings. This change is due to the new type of construction under such building regulations as those now in force in New York City. A standpipe, extending from roof to basement, with fire plugs on each floor, is required by law. Quicker and more effective work can be done from within, on the floor on which the fire started, than from the street or from the buildings across the way. The pressure in these standpipes is obtained either from the mains, from force pumps in the basements, or from the huge water tanks, which are almost as numerous as chimneys in any view across New York City's roof tops.

The high-pressure water system is the most effective of recent appliances for city fire fighting. This consists of a central pumping station which forces the water at tremendous pressure through a system of mains—like a giant heart maintaining a pressure throughout a set of huge arteries. These pipes are entirely separate from the more extensive city water system, where a low pressure—20 pounds, on the average—is maintained. A moment after an alarm is received at a high-pressure pumping station, power is at once applied to the fire mains sufficient to throw—not a single stream, but as many as are required—to as high as the tenth floor. A message from the chief in charge of the fire and the pressure may be doubled.

The Fire Engine's Successor

TO THROW a stream to any great height from an ordinary hydrant, fire engines are necessary, while with a system of pressure mains, the only apparatus usually required is a few hose trucks, a water tower, and perhaps a hook and ladder. The high-pressure system of New York City makes it possible to throw 100 times the volume of water that formerly could be directed against a fire to twice the height: 50,000 gallons a minute may be thrown 200 feet high. Without high pressure it would take 100 ordinary fire engines to accomplish this.

The need for such a system in the congested sections of every large city was emphasized by the Baltimore fire of 1904. It is gradually being adopted by the larger cities.

The water tower probably will be retained in the future to throw a direct stream against a fire above the third floor. Its telescope nozzle may be extended to a height of 65 feet; and for throwing a powerful stream from below it also carries a deck pipe.

For fighting fires on board ships and along the water front, the fire boat becomes each year increasingly useful. New York now has a fleet of eleven of these powerful fire-fighting machines, which, together, are capable of throwing 70,000 gallons of water a minute. The crow's nest, from which the work is directed, is about on a level with the deck of the average ocean liner.

Only 1,200 horses are now in use in the New York Fire Department. Eighty-five pieces of motor apparatus are being installed this year, and each new motor truck or engine replaces three horses. Within five years all the horses will have been retired. In bringing about this change the New York department still clings to steam pumping engines, which are being fitted with motor tractors to supply the new motive power.

Other cities, however, are rapidly adopting huge motor trucks that are both pumped and driven by gasoline.

A Small City's System

IN THE small cities and towns these new machines are particularly effective, as they make possible a small, compact department, equipped for swift locomotion and quick, efficient work.

Lakewood, a small suburb of Cleveland, for example, purchased recently an $8,500 motor truck, with a 102-horsepower engine, capable of throwing 750 gallons a minute. In the truck is carried 1,200 feet of hose. An automatic alarm system insures a quick response to any call.

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Real Currency Reform

CURRENCY LEGISLATION is promised for the present session of Congress. It will deal mainly, we take it, with providing a somewhat more elastic system, and aim chiefly to prevent money famines in times of severe stress. In effect it will be simply a modification of the so-called Aldrich plan. Throughout the whole of the discussion a curiously narrow view has been taken of the problem, as though these superficial measures, of rather doubtful efficacy, were all there is to it. The fundamental fact is that we have an out-of-date and primitive system of banking. It is a system of forcibly separated and distinct units. Such a system prevails in no other highly developed commercial country in the world. It cannot be described better than by trying to think of the United States without railroads, and, in fact, with no better transportation facilities than an oxcart or a Missouri River steamboat. The connections between the larger central banks and their scattered correspondents is only a little better than in colonial times. In a word, the United States is the only great nation in which a natural banking evolution has not taken place. The ideal banking system, it is needless to say, is one that will provide the smoothest and most facile flow of capital and of business exchange. In France, for example, a peasant in the most remote district may still go to the little branch office of some of the great Parisian banks and invest his few hundred francs in securities recommended to him by the bank and virtually guaranteed by it. He is thereby on a nearly equal footing with the richest investor of Paris or Berlin. In Canada, with its amazing new development, there is scarce a hamlet of three hundred souls that has not at least an agency of one of the large banking companies, whither a man may go to borrow on his forthcoming crop or even to get money to purchase a cow. The notes of this bank circulate as money. A bill drawn by a shipper in the far Northwest on a Montreal or Liverpool assignee is put through with a minimum of expense. How different in the United States! A borrower in Idaho or Arizona cannot tap directly the great reserves of capital in New England or the seaboard States. The connections, if they be finally established, are those of a series of disjointed pipes. The result is a prohibitive rate of interest and sectional ill feeling.

A Good Example

THE TIME HAS COME for us to grow out of our invertebrate scheme of banking. A beginning might be made by permitting a national bank to open as many branches as it likes in the particular State in which it is located. Its note-issuing power should be extended so that it could issue up to the amount of its capital, as in Canada, and without depositing bonds. The value of this power has been exaggerated. In Canada the issue rarely reaches more than 50 or 60 per cent of the limit, and has seasonal variations. This is an ideally elastic currency. It expands and contracts with the demands of business. Six years ago nearly every bank in the United States virtually closed its doors. In Canada not one bank closed. The plan we suggest will meet with hot opposition from the small banker. But the small banker is precisely the weak, isolated, uncertain unit, which ought to be incorporated into a branching system in which capital and exchange would flow with the precision and ease of blood in the human body. Banks with so small a capital as $25,000 should not be permitted, for the smaller communities have the same banking need as the larger. Across our northern boundary is the most admirable banking system in existence. It is not a pleasing commentary upon our statesmanship that practical contact even with this instructive example fails to stir so much as a passing interest in its possibilities for this country.

James Manahan

MR. JAMES MANAHAN is the Congressman at large from Minnesota, elected as a progressive Republican. On May 17 he was in St. Paul, and in an address at the Current Topics Club explained why he voted against the Wilson-Underwood Tariff Bill. One of the newspapers says that:

> The telling took from one until five o'clock, interpolated with rapid-fire questions and answers, stimulated by many "show us" members of the club.

Four hours is a fairly long speech, but none too long for such an amount of misinformation as Mr. MANAHAN appears to have given to the members of the Current Topics Club. We think the "show us" people in St. Paul ought to pursue this matter further. Here are a few sentences from the "Pioneer Press" account of Mr. MANAHAN's speech:

> Mr. MANAHAN said he voted against the bill because it was favorable to the South and against the producers of Minnesota.
>
> "This is a sectional bill, and a dishonest sectional bill," he said. "The cotton belt and the great cities of the seaboard will benefit by it, at the expense of the farmers of the Northwest."
>
> Mr. MANAHAN dilated upon the injury to Minnesota farmers of the duty imposed on furs. "They don't use furs in the South," he said.
>
> "I repeat that this is a sectional, dishonest bill," he said. "Mr. WILSON doesn't know it; Mr. BRYAN doesn't know it. The schemers behind it have simply put them in wrong.
>
> "You blind dreamers have no right to criticize those of us who, representing the intelligence and the patriotism and the culture of the Northwest, opposed this measure."

It is not very creditable for any man to set up a cry of sectionalism against the Wilson-Underwood Bill; and there are few events in contemporary politics more discouraging than to see the bloody shirt waved as an argument in tariff legislation. Somehow, baiting the South seems a little worse when it is done by a man whose autobiography in the Congressional Record gives 1866 as the date of his birth. Mr. MANAHAN was elected as a progressive Republican. He appears to be more a Republican than a Progressive, and more a demagogue than either.

Ballingerism Again

THE PEOPLE OF SEATTLE can do a public service by keeping close tally on the doings of Seattle's Chamber of Commerce. This is the body which so eloquently defended BALLINGER in the early days of the Alaska investigation. It is largely ruled by JACOB FURTH, president of the Seattle Electric Traction Company; by BALLINGER and his tillicum, J. E. CHILBERG, and by a coterie of railroad lawyers and ex-judges intimately associated with the fortunes of JAMES J. HILL. These men have been to HILL what the Philadelphia political ring has been to the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have used semipublic bodies to forward questionable railroad deals, and have turned the Seattle treasury into a railroad side pocket. This Seattle ring is now said to contemplate the election of J. E. CHILBERG to the United States Senate in succession to Senator WESLEY L. JONES, whose defense of LORIMER put JONES's political fences in bad repair. When the Congressional investigating committee, headed by Congressman JAMES M. GRAHAM of Illinois, called for the books of CHILBERG's bank while investigating Federal Judge HANFORD of Seattle, that jurist suddenly decided to resign and thus forestall any further inquiry into his judicial doings. The election of CHILBERG would mean the revival of Ballingerism in the State.

Justice

WE ARE TEMPTED to call attention to two instances of justice which very recently have aroused discussion in widely separated States. One is the case of OLLIE TAYLOR of Georgia, who, when a little more than ten years of age, pleaded guilty to the theft of a bottle of Coca-Cola. Under the law of Georgia, OLLIE TAYLOR stands committed to an industrial school until he shall have arrived at the age of twenty-one. He has already served three years. (JACK ROSE, the reformed New York gambler, insists that his life was wrecked by the bad training, evil influences, and incorrigible companions of a reformatory.) The father of the boy recently attempted to secure his release by writ of habeas corpus, but the Supreme Court of Georgia held that it had no power under the law to discharge him. The press of Georgia, especially the Atlanta "Constitution," has stood by the courts, insisting that the boy of ten was a hardened and incorrigible rascal when he was committed to the reformatory, and resenting any discussion of the question as being sentimental. The contrast to the Georgia case is that of CHARLES L. HYDE of Pierre, S. Dak., who was convicted in the United States District Court at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., of using the mails for purposes of fraud, and was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and three months, and to pay a fine of $1,500. The jail sentence, which was to have begun December 2, 1912, was suspended by President TAFT before the latter retired from the White House, the enforcement of the sentence being mercifully stayed by the Department of Justice until the

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President could act. HYDE's offense consisted of false representations in connection with certain real-estate schemes. His real-estate deals were such that HYDE netted a large sum of money. The fine of $1,500 represented to him less than the value of the bottle of Coca-Cola represented to OLLIE TAYLOR's father. OLLIE TAYLOR, the boy of ten, was honest enough to confess his crime and save the State of Georgia the expense of a prosecution. The prosecution of HYDE cost the Government more than the amount of the fine assessed. Verily the ways of justice are amorphous.

The Athletic French

THAT THE BRITISH love roast beef, the Germans are a home-loving, virtuous folk, and the French narrow-shouldered absinthe drinkers is a part of the commonplace knowledge that every Yankee knows. It is not even necessary to travel abroad to gain this information. With what a shock, then, comes the news that France is cultivating athletics! Much less astonishing is the announcement that the nation has a veritable WOODROW WILSON in its new President, RAYMOND POINCARÉ, and that patriotism is reborn, and the Prussians feared no longer. It is some years now since football became a popular sport in French boarding schools. The popularity of boxing has grown apace, with the essayist MAURICE MAETERLINCK and the comic author TRISTAN BERNARD among its prophets. To-day athleticism is so far advanced that the leading conservative newspaper of Paris, "Le Temps," devotes a great illustrated supplement, including a picture of the Harvard Stadium, to "French Physical Education." It is only a few years since the Frenchman MASSEY won the open golf championship in England. Frenchmen anticipated the game of tennis, calling their invention the *jeu de paume*. If the nation takes to baseball, let the Giants beware, for Frenchmen have a knack of developing a science out of everything they don't turn into a fine art.

"September Morn"

THE GOOD PEOPLE are out with their guns. Another subject has suddenly presented itself as highly immoral to perfectly pure minds. A little picture, part of which we published two weeks ago in the news section, "September Morn," by CHABAS, has evoked a discussion that bids fair to spread considerably beyond the limits of Chicago, where it had its birth. It is the question of the "pure nude." The whole fuss is a perfect example of generalization from one particular. In the jury trial Sergeant JEREMIAH O'CONNOR and his colleagues and the educators who took his side were controverted by the artists, and were voted down by the twelve good men and true. At the risk of offending all the artists in the land, we wish to say that we are on the side of Sergeant JEREMIAH O'CONNOR. We remember thinking, when we first saw this picture months before the controversy arose, that it was a shame that the pose of the little figure should not have been less expressive of self-consciousness, and more of youth and the morning. The picture is very, very beautiful, but there is an eroticism about it not entirely justified by the subject or the treatment. Perhaps that is intentional; certainly it is charming. Sex itself is charming, but a shop window on Wabash Avenue is not the place for it. From the trial records we take this:

Mrs. GERTRUDE HOWE BRITTON, general superintendent of the Juvenile Protective League, was one of the most important witnesses for the city.

"As a picture I consider this a very beautiful thing," she said. "I think it highly undesirable, however, to place it in a show window on a public highway where it may attract an indiscriminate crowd of young people who are under absolutely no supervision."

Miss MARY F. BALCOMB, general secretary of the Young People's Civic League, said:

"To me it seems to be the picture of a woman going into the water, afraid some one will see her, and attempting to cover herself. If she had been portrayed as entirely unconscious of self, the picture would not have been objectionable."

Sergeant JEREMIAH O'CONNOR, as he swung his club up Wabash Avenue, saw this erotic quality, and, not being a profound man, nor a student of art, he attributed the impression made on him to the fact that the lady had no clothes. Hence all this ridiculous controversy about nudity. As Mr. OLIVER DENNETT GROVER said at the trial, "a nude figure is not in itself any more immoral than a tree." Quite true. But artists are not the best guardians of public morals. They are experts in beauty, not in adolescent psychology. They are not the ones to decide what pictures should be on public view for all, and what on semipublic view for adults only. Neither are the Sergeant O'Connors the suitable ones to judge. Chicago ought to have in connection with its Morals Court a committee on public art made up of artists, social workers, laymen, and educators, but with the educators always in the majority. Then they would make real distinctions and not commit the unpardonable mistake of considering all nudes moral or all nudes immoral.

Popular Whisky Brands—No. 3



"The Thirst of His Ancestors"

Jingoism

A MESSAGE was lately sent from Honolulu to Tokyo to the effect that "the American War Department is credited with a design to make Hawaii, like Panama, the Gibraltar of North America, by fortifying the island, not only for defensive purposes, but for *aggressive* purposes as well." Such echoes of war talk kindle the costly flames of militarism in other countries. The Japan "Chronicle" says that "an item like this does more harm to the movement toward a better understanding than a whole shipload of peace apostles could repair."

Mrs. Pankhurst

A FEW PERSONS in each generation believe a thing hard enough to be willing to die for it. This does not mean that their belief is sound. It does mean that they think it is sound. Their final place in legend and history, in song and anecdote, rests on whether the belief really was sound. Men have set a date for the end of the world, and gone up into a high hill and awaited the coming of the LORD. They have starved themselves to prove it. But because their belief was not of value, their ideas were blown abroad and their sacrifice failed to interest. If Mrs. PANKHURST's belief is proved to be useful, and if her means of making her belief prevail are found to be wisely adjusted to the end, she will pass into the memory of mankind as a moral leader. The entrance of more truth into life—did she hasten the day of that or did she postpone it? We can at least remember of her that she is a person of calm, well-considered statement, in manner gentle and womanly. Her eyes are unforgetable in their sadness, her chin and mouth are determined. She is frail, and seems like one marching to an unseen goal, knowing that, before she reaches it, she will go down.

A Day

THE MAN sets out with a hope as clear as the breath of the morning whose fresh vigor makes riot in his veins. At tiptoe, and like a blooded race horse, he enters and goes down the course. Through all the speeding hours he puts forth strength in action, surmounting the fatigue of noonday and looking to the day's end that will bring peace. Slowly he wearies under the burden-bearing, his eagerness falling to less buoyant levels. Then at evening he returns, well wearied and content, to the sweetness of his home, and finds renewal. It is the dwelling place of a love untroubled by his failures.

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Cincinnati Strikers Informally Dedicate a New Champion Skyscraper

EVEN taller than the L. C. Smith Building of Seattle, which has enjoyed a brief distinction as the "West's Tallest Skyscraper," is the new Union Central Life Insurance Company Building in Cincinnati. The Seattle building has more stories in the full width of its tower, but its tip is 33 feet nearer to the level of the street.

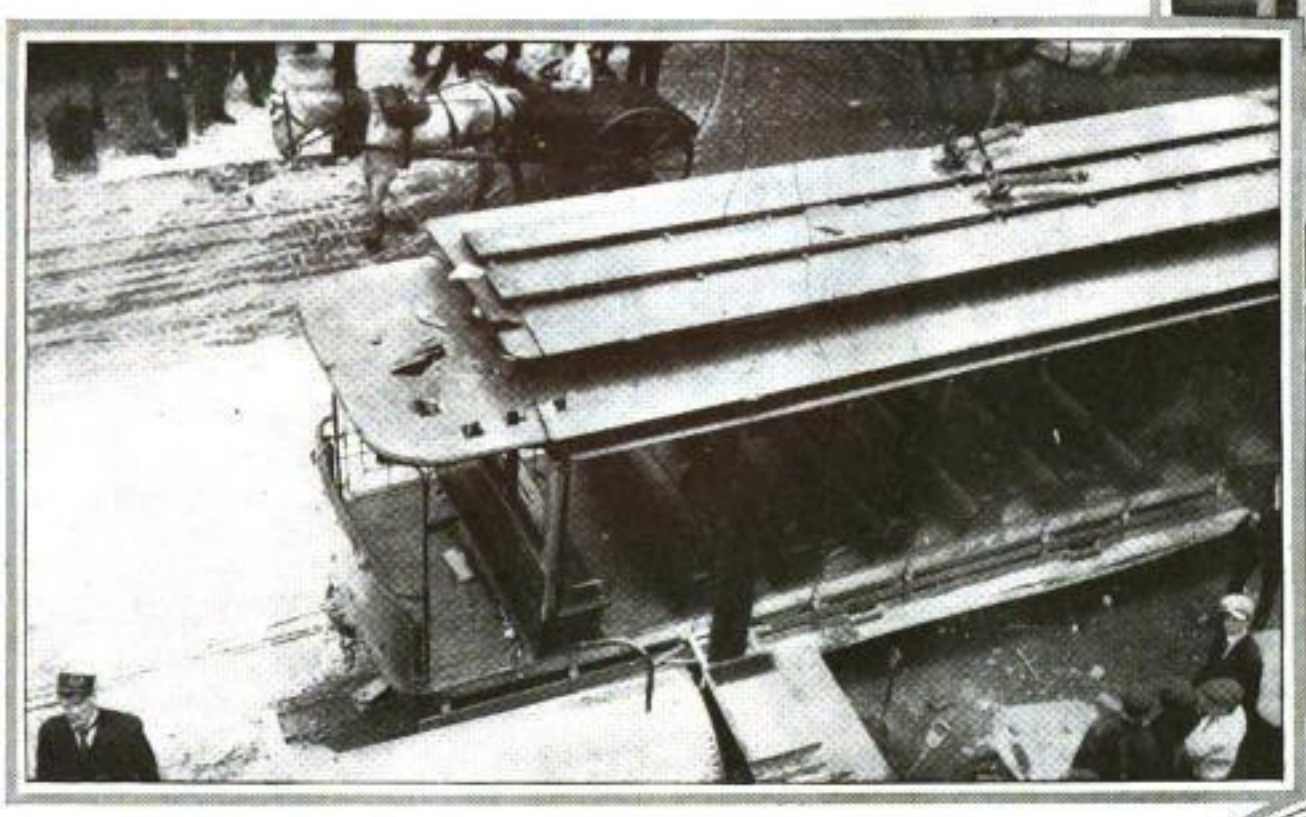
The Cincinnati structure is 495 feet high, with twenty-seven wide stories and an observation gallery on the thirty-second floor. An ornamental smokestack completes the tower's symmetry.

Cobblestones — Then Flowers

THE photograph at the right shows the uncompleted Ohio building, with some of its workmen on a scaffold finishing the tops of the stonework of the pillars of the tower. A few days after this picture was taken the skyscraper was given one of the strangest of informal dedications. While the recent street-car strike was at its worst, workmen climbed into the top stories and bombarded passing cars with paving stones. That they threw with remarkable accuracy is proved by the photograph below. The punctures in the car roof center around the conductor's platform. The strike breaker escaped injury, though the car was partially wrecked and was pulled off the track to be repaired. The policemen who were on duty in the street below fired their revolvers into the air. A few bricks and buckets and pieces of timber followed the cobblestones before the men could be driven away from the windows.

When the strike was settled some of the carmen climbed the tower again and threw flowers from the same windows from which they had rained cobblestones.





Introducing Another Scholarly President

CUBA'S new President, General Mario Garcia Menocal, appears to have certain points of resemblance to Woodrow Wilson. Though Menocal never has been president of a university, he has degrees from the Maryland Agricultural College and Cornell, and has been described as "The Sage of Chaparra." His Cabinet includes four men who were members of college faculties and a Vice President who formerly was a professor of philosophy and ethics. The new President's experience in managing what is said to be the largest sugar mill and sugar plantation in the world backs up his promise to give Cuba an efficient business administration. Rebels and an empty treasury are obstacles he faces at the beginning.





Celebrating "Chance Day"

THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS, the Mayor of Chicago, and 35,000 fans welcomed Frank Chance to Comiskey Park a few weeks ago by celebrating "Chance Day." The former Peerless Leader's new team led in a game with the White Sox for five and a half innings and lost by a score of 6 to 3. From left to right in our souvenir of the occasion are Governor Dunne, floral harp for Mr. Callahan of the Sox, Mr. Callahan, sofa pillow for Mr. Chance (the spirit, sir, *not* one of mockery!), Mayor Harrison with horseshoe done in roses for Mr. Chance, and Mr. Chance himself with a grin expressive of gratification and toes suggesting embarrassment. The attendance of 35,000 breaks baseball's records for all but games of a post-season series.

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Three Modern Women of the West



Senator Robinson of Colorado

TO study what she calls "state housekeeping" and incidentally to make a few speeches in the interests of woman suffrage, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, member of the Colorado Senate, is touring the East. The Eastern press critics are enthusiastic over the vigor and breeziness of her talks, and the editors "back home" proudly characterize her in some such vein as this, from a paper in Denver:

"Our own and only woman Senator—and, by the way, one of the best that ever happened down the pike of State politics, man or woman."

In the session just closed (her first), Mrs. Robinson gave her closest attention to the enactment of laws for the improvement of conditions among women and children. Colorado's recently enacted minimum wage law for working women was introduced by the woman Senator and guided by her over a more or less rocky path. It provides for the creation of a commission which shall investigate the wages paid women in mercantile and manufacturing institutions, in laundries and in telephone and telegraph offices. Where this scale falls below what is considered sufficient to provide the ordinary comforts of life the commission is given power to force its will upon employers.

An Eastern interviewer asked the Senator if it were true that Colorado is about to take the suffrage away from women voters. She laughed and answered:

"All I can say is that if it ever were attempted Denver would make little old London look like Sleepy Hollow."



CALIFORNIA'S *prettiest girl is a modern business woman. Members of the Portola Festival Committee in San Francisco assume entire responsibility for this announcement. They have chosen Miss Emma De Velasco's portrait as the poster head to advertise the coming celebration of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific. Miss De Velasco is private secretary to a San Francisco lumber dealer*



The Reluctant Pooh-Bah of Colorado City

WITH every evidence of earnestness and sincerity, our correspondent in Colorado City relates that Mrs. May Ammerman is a Pooh-Bah in spite of her own inclinations. That she combines the powers of a police magistrate, a city clerk, a city auditor, and a city treasurer is given this explanation: Mrs. Ammerman was candidate for the new office of Commissioner of Records and Seals. In a futile attempt to defeat her for this place, an amendment to the city charter was passed to bracket this job with that of police magistrate. Then, for a campaign issue, Mrs. Ammerman's opponents argued that no woman should be humiliated by having to sit as a police judge. She won; and her program for conducting the court now promises some humiliations that weren't expected: "Absurd excuses given by 'joy riders,' drinkers, and men derelict in their morals will not be regarded," she warns.

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Spores of Death

Fu-Manchu Story IX

By Sax Rohmer



THIS is another of the series that combine the interest of the detective story with the thrill of Oriental mystery. What has become of Fu-Manchu?

I HAVE been asked many times since the days with which these records deal: Who was Dr. Fu-Manchu? and where did he hide during the time that he pursued his operations in London?

The first of these questions I have, thus far, found myself unable satisfactorily to answer; the second is more susceptible of explanation. For a time my friend Nayland Smith supposed, as I did myself, that the opium den adjacent to the old Ratcliffe Highway was the Chinaman's base of operations; later, we came to believe that a certain mansion near Windsor was his hiding place, and later still, a hulk lying off the downstream flats. But I think I can state with confidence that the spot which he had chosen for his home was neither of these, but one hard by the site of the opium shop, an East End riverside building which I was the first to enter. Of this I am all but sure, for the reason that it not only was the home of Fu-Manchu, of the slave girl, Kâramanêh, and of her brother, Azîz, but the home of something else—of something of which I shall speak later.

THE dreadful tragedy (or series of tragedies) which attended the raid upon the place will always mark in my memory the supreme horror of a horrible case. Let me endeavor to explain what occurred.

By the aid of the girl, Kâramanêh, who at last had become our ally, we had located the whilom warehouse, which, from the exterior, was so drab and dreary, but which within was a place of wondrous luxury. At the moment selected by our beautiful accomplice, Inspector Weymouth and a body of detectives entirely surrounded it; a river police launch lay off the wharf which opened from it on the riverside; and this upon a singularly black night than which a better could not have been chosen.

"You will fulfill your promise to me?" said Kâramanêh—and looked up into my face.

She was enveloped in a big, loose cloak, and from the shadows of the hood her wonderful eyes gleamed out like stars.

"What do you wish us to do?" asked Nayland Smith.

"You—and Dr. Petrie," she replied swiftly—"must enter first, and bring out Azîz. Until he is safe—until he is out of that place—you are to make no attempt upon—"

"Upon Dr. Fu-Manchu?" interrupted Weymouth; for Kâramanêh hesitated to pronounce the dreaded name, as she always did. "But how can we be sure that there is no trap laid for us?"

THE Scotland Yard man did not entirely share my confidence in the integrity of this Eastern girl whom he knew to have been a creature of the Chinaman's.

"Azîz lies in the private room," she explained eagerly, her odd accent more noticeable than usual. "There is only one of his Burmese men in the house, and he—he dare not enter without orders!"

"But Fu-Manchu?"

"We have nothing to fear from him. He will be your prisoner within ten minutes from now! I have no time for words—you must believe!" She stamped her foot impatiently.

"And the dacoits?" snapped Smith.

"They also."

"I think perhaps I'd better come in, too," said Weymouth slowly.

Kâramanêh shrugged her shoulders with quick impatience, and unlocked the door in the high brick wall which divided the gloomy, evil-smelling court from the luxurious apartments of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

"Make no noise," she warned. And Smith and myself followed her along the uncarpeted passage beyond.

Inspector Weymouth, with a final word of instruction to his second in command, brought up the rear. The door was reclosed, and a few paces farther on a second was unlocked. Passing through a small room, unfurnished, a farther passage led us to a balcony. The transition was startling.

Darkness was about us, and silence; a perfumed, slumberous darkness—a silence full of mystery. For, beyond the walls of the apartment whereon we looked waged the unceasing battle of sounds that is the hymn of the great industrial river. About the scented confines which bounded us now floated the smoke-laden vapors of the lower Thames.

From the metallic but infinitely human clangor of dock-side life, from the unpleasant but homely odors which prevail where ships swallow in and belch out the concrete evidences of commercial prosperity, we had come into this incensed stillness, where one shaded lamp painted dim enlargements of its Chinese silk upon the nearer walls, and left the greater part of the room the darker for its contrast.

Nothing of the Thames-side activity—of the riveting and scraping, the bumping of bales, the bawling of orders, the hiss of steam—penetrated to this perfumed place. In the pool of tinted light lay the deathlike figure of a dark-haired boy, Kâramanêh's muffled form bending over him.

"At last I stand in the house of Dr. Fu-Manchu!" whispered Smith.

Despite the girl's assurance, we knew that proximity to the sinister Chinaman must be fraught with danger. We stood, not in the lion's den, but in the serpent's lair.

From the time when Nayland Smith had come from Burma in pursuit of this advance guard of a cogent yellow peril, the face of Dr. Fu-Manchu rarely had been absent from my dreams day or night. The millions might sleep in peace—the millions in whose cause we labored; but we who knew the reality of the danger knew that a veritable octopus had fastened upon England—a yellow octopus whose head was that of Dr. Fu-Manchu, whose tentacles were *dacoity, thuggee*, modes of death secret and swift, which in the darkness plucked men from life and left no clue behind.

"Kâramanêh!" I called softly.

THE muffled form beneath the lamp turned so that the soft light fell upon the darkly lovely face of the slave girl. She who had been a pliant instrument in the hands of Fu-Manchu now was to be the means whereby society should be rid of him.

She raised her finger warningly; then beckoned me to approach.

My feet sinking in the rich pile of the carpet, I came through the gloom of the great apartment into the patch of light, and Kâramanêh beside me, stood looking down upon the boy. It was Azîz, her brother; dead so far as Western lore had power to judge, but kept alive in that deathlike trance by the uncanny power of the Chinese doctor.

This secret—the hold which Fu-Manchu had upon Kâramanêh—for long had eluded us; but, the mystery solved, in a flash we had perceived why the beautiful Oriental girl had acted as the Chinaman's emissary in so many of his black deeds.

We who had thought her an accomplice of the arch murderer had realized that she was in truth his victim.

"Be quick," she said, "be quick! Awaken him! I am afraid."

From the case which I carried I took out a needle syringe and a phial containing a small quantity of amber-hued liquid. It was a drug not to be found in the British Pharmacopœia. Of its constitution I knew nothing. Although I had had the phial in my possession for some days, I had not dared to devote any of its precious contents to analytical purposes. The amber drops spelled life for the boy Azîz, spelled success for the mission of Nayland Smith, spelled ruin for the fiendish Chinaman.

I RAISED the white coverlet. The boy, fully dressed, lay with his arms crossed upon his breast. I discerned the marks of previous injections as, charging the syringe from the phial, I made what I hoped would be the last of such experiments upon him. I would have given half of my small worldly possessions to have known the real nature of the drug which was now coursing through the veins of Azîz—which



Like powdered snow, the white spore fell from the roof, frosting the writhing shapes of the already poisoned men. Before my horrified gaze the fungus grew

was tinting the grayed face with the olive tone of health, which, so far as my medical training bore me, was restoring the dead to life.

But such was not the purpose of my visit. I had come to remove from the house of Dr. Fu-Manchu the living chain which bound Kâramanêh to him. The boy alive and free, the doctor's hold upon the slave girl would be broken.

My lovely companion, her hands convulsively clasped, knelt and devoured with her eyes the face

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of the boy who was passing through the most amazing physiological change in the history of pathology. The peculiar perfume which she wore, which seemed to be a part of her—which always I associated with her—was faintly perceptible. Kâramanêh was breathing rapidly.

"You have nothing to fear," I whispered. "See, he is reviving. In a few moments all will be well with him."

THE hanging lamp with its garishly colored shade swung gently above us, wafted, it seemed, by some draft which passed through the apartment. The boy's heavy lids began to quiver, and Kâramanêh nervously clutched my arm, and held me so while we watched for the long-lashed eyes to open. The stillness of the place was positively unnatural; it seemed inconceivable that all about us was the discordant activity of the commercial East End. Indeed, this



eerie silence was becoming oppressive; it began positively to appall me.

Inspector Weymouth's wondering face peeped over my shoulder.

"Where *is* Dr. Fu-Manchu?" I whispered, as Nayland Smith in turn appeared beside me. "I cannot understand the silence of the house—"

"Look about," replied Kâramanêh, never taking her eyes from the face of Aziz.

I PEERED around the shadowy walls. Tall glass cases there were, shelves, and niches; where once, from the gallery above, I had seen the tubes and retorts, the jars of unfamiliar organisms, the books of unfamiliar lore, the impedimenta of the occult student and man of science, the visible evidences of Fu-Manchu's presence. Shelves, cases, niches were bare.

Of the complicated appliances unknown to civilized laboratories wherewith he pursued his strange experiments, of the tubes wherein he isolated the bacilli of unclassified diseases, of the yellow-bound volumes for a glimpse at which (had they known of their contents) the great men of Harley Street would have given a fortune—no trace remained. The silken cushions, the inlaid tables, all were gone.

The room was stripped, dismantled. Had Fu-Manchu fled? The silence assumed a new significance. His dacoits and kindred ministers of death all must have fled, too.

"You have let him escape us!" I said rapidly. "You promised to aid us to capture him—to send us a message—and you have delayed until—"

"No," she said. "No!" and clutched at my arm again. "Oh! is he not reviving slowly? Are you sure you have made no mistake?"

Her thoughts were all for the boy; and her solicitude touched me. I again examined Aziz, the most remarkable patient of my professional career.

As I counted the strengthening pulse, he opened his dark eyes—which were so like the eyes of Kâramanêh—and, with the girl's eager arms tightly about him, sat up, looking wonderingly around.

Kâramanêh pressed her cheek to his, whispering loving words in that softly spoken Arabic which had first betrayed her nationality to Nayland Smith. I handed her my flask which I had filled with wine.

"My promise is fulfilled!" I said. "You are free! Now for Fu-Manchu! But first let us admit the police to this house; there is something uncanny in its stillness."

"No," she replied. "First let my brother be taken out and placed in safety. Will you carry him?"

She raised her face to that of Inspector Weymouth, upon which was written awe and wonder.

THE burly detective lifted the boy as tenderly as a woman, passed through the shadows to the stairway, ascended, and was swallowed up in the gloom. Nayland Smith's eyes gleamed feverishly. He turned to Kâramanêh.

"You are not playing with us?" he said harshly. "We have done our part; it remains for you to do yours."

"Do not speak so loudly," the girl begged. "*He* is near us—and, O God! I fear him so!"

"Where is he?" persisted my friend.

Kâramanêh's eyes were glassy with fear now.

"You must not touch him until the police are here," she said. But from the direction of her quick, agitated glances, I knew that, her brother safe, now she feared for me, and for me alone. Those glances set my blood dancing; for Kâramanêh was an Eastern jewel which any man of flesh and blood must have coveted had he known it to lie within his reach. Her eyes were twin lakes of mystery which, more than once, I had known the desire to explore.

"Look—beyond that curtain—" The words were barely audible. "But do not enter. Even as he is, I fear him."

Her voice, her palpable agitation, prepared us for something extraordinary. Tragedy and Fu-Manchu were never far apart. Though we were two, and help was so near, we were in the abode of the most cunning murderer who ever came out of the East.

It was with strangely mingled emotions that I crossed the thick carpet, Nayland Smith beside me, and drew aside the draperies concealing a door, to which Kâramanêh had pointed. Then, upon looking into the dim place beyond, all else save what it held was forgotten.

We looked upon a small, square room, the walls draped with fantastic Chinese tapestry, the floor strewn with cushions. And reclining in a corner, where the faint, blue light from a lamp placed upon a low table painted grotesque shadows about the cavernous face—was Dr. Fu-Manchu!

At sight of him my heart leaped, and seemed to suspend its functions, so intense was the horror which this man's presence inspired in me. My hand clutching the curtain, I stood watching him. The lids veiled the malignant green eyes, but the thin lips seemed to smile. Then Smith silently pointed to the hand which held a little pipe; a sickly perfume assailed my nostrils, and the explanation of the hushed silence and the ease with which we had thus far executed our plan came to me. The cunning mind was torpid—lost in a brutish world of dreams.

Fu-Manchu was in an opium sleep.

The dim light traced out a network of tiny lines, which covered the yellow face from the pointed chin to the top of the great domed brow, and formed deep shadow pools in the hollows beneath his eyes. At last we had triumphed. The man's ruling vice had wrought his fall!

I could not determine the depth of his trance; and mastering some of my repugnance, and forgetful of Kâramanêh's warning, I was about to step forward into the room, loaded with its nauseating opium fumes, when a soft breath fanned my cheek.



"Do not go in!" came Kâramanêh's whisper—hushed, trembling.

HER little hand grasped my arm. She drew Smith and myself back from the door.

"There is danger there!" she said. "Do not enter that room! The police must reach him in some way, and *drag* him out! Do not enter that room!"

The girl's voice quivered hysterically; her eyes blazed into savage flame. The fierce resentment born of dreadful wrongs was consuming her now, but fear of Fu-Manchu held her yet. Inspector Weymouth came down the stairs and joined us.

"I have sent the boy to Ryman's room at the station," he said. "The divisional surgeon will look after him until you arrive, Dr. Petrie. All is ready now. The launch is just off the wharf and every side of the place under observation. Where's our man?"

He drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and raised his eyebrows interrogatively. The absence of sound—of any demonstration from the uncanny Chinaman whom he was there to arrest—puzzled him.

Nayland Smith jerked his thumb toward the curtain.

At that, and before we could utter a word, Weymouth stepped to the draped door. He was a man who drove straight at his goal and saved reflections for subsequent leisure. I think, moreover, that the atmosphere of the place (stripped as it was it retained its heavy, voluptuous perfume) had begun to get a hold upon him. He was anxious to shake it off; to be up and doing.

He pulled the curtain aside and stepped into the room. Smith and I perforce followed him. Just within the door the three of us stood looking across at the limp thing which had spread terror throughout the Eastern and the Western world. Helpless as Fu-Manchu was, he inspired terror now, though the giant intellect was inert—stupefied.

In the dimly lit apartment we had quitted I heard Kâramanêh utter a stifled scream. But it came too late.

As though cast up by a volcano, the silken cushions, the inlaid table with its blue shaded lamp, the garish walls, the sprawling figure with the ghastly light playing upon its features, quivered, and shot upward.

So it seemed to me; though, in the ensuing instant I remembered, too late, a previous experience of the floors of Fu-Manchu's private apartments; I knew what had indeed befallen us. A trap had been released beneath our feet.

I recall falling, but have no recollection of the end of my fall, of the shock marking the drop. I only remember fighting for my life against a stifling something which had me by the throat. I knew that I was being suffocated, but my hands met only the deathly emptiness.

Into a poisonous well of darkness I sank. I could not cry out. I was helpless. Of the fate of my companions I knew nothing—could surmise nothing.

Then—all consciousness ended.

I WAS being carried along a dimly lighted, tunnel-like place, slung, sackwise, across the shoulder of a Burman. He was not a big man, but he supported my considerable weight with apparent ease. A deadly nausea held me, but the rough handling had served to restore me to consciousness. My hands and feet were closely lashed. I hung limply as a wet towel. I felt that this spark of tortured life which had flickered up in me must ere long finally become extinguished.

A fancy possessed me, in these the first moments of my restoration to the world of realities, that I had been smuggled into China; and as I swung head downward I told myself that the huge, puffy things which strewed the path were a species of giant toadstool, unfamiliar to me and possibly peculiar to whatever district of China I now was in.

The air was hot, steamy, and loaded with a smell as of rotting vegetation. I wondered why my bearer so scrupulously avoided touching any of the unwholesome-looking growths in passing through what seemed a succession of cellars, but steered a tortuous course among the bloated, unnatural shapes, lifting his bare brown feet with a catlike delicacy.

He passed under a low arch, dropped me roughly to the ground, and ran back. (Continued on page 34)

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Working Out of Joe's Salvation

By Edna Kenton

THIS is the story of a bad boy, who learned at eight years old the hard lesson of sympathy. It is because he is so like our own little boys that his cruel fate touches our hearts.

WHENEVER visitors to the great Illinois State School for the Blind went into the kindergarten, they always looked at Joe. And Joe always looked back. At first they might wonder why he was there; for though one eye was curiously shut, the other one danced as hard as that of any other eight-year-old boy, and out of that one keen gray eye he saw as much and a good deal more than many of the tender-hearted visitors who exclaimed so pitifully over him. For Joe, as the great generalizing world reckons it, was blind. From a really blind boy's standpoint he could see quite well. He could not read fine print, nor could he distinguish small objects at any distance; but he could see light and color, and wherever one of the many visitors smiled at him, he could see the smile and laugh cheerfully back; which, with the visitors' preconceived notions of blindness, was sometimes a little startling.

Not only could he see very well for a blind boy, but his blindness did not disfigure him as it does so many. One eye was drawn shut, it is true; but that fact gave a shrewd, bright look to the freckled little face, and it was in effect a sympathetic wink. It was as if he had just discovered a good joke and wanted you to share it with him. And the other eye and the laughing lips carried out the impression.

In the kindergarten Joe had to sit daily through three hours of racking torture. Joe was not by nature a delver in bookish mysteries, and he had no love for rules and regulations. Visitors—and a State institution has many of them—were his sole hope and greatest relaxation. His bright little face, his queer street brogue, the downward ducking of his close-shut eye, and the saucy, upward tilt of his wide-open one, combined with arts as finished as a coquette's for attracting notice, all made him an object of kindly interest to all who stepped into the long, pleasant room, with its low tables and small chairs, its flowers and pictures, and its burden of the world's blind ones.

JOE had been a Chicago newsboy as far back as he could remember. Up to the time he was six years old he had made a brave fight against cold and hunger, and the cruel dimness that was making it harder every week for him to see the cars and the drays and the horses all at once. Finally, one day there was an accident, a trivial one—just an insignificant tumble into a Madison Street gutter, and a hurt on the head that didn't amount to much more than a bump. If it had been a cable-car accident or a run-over, Joe would not have felt so humiliated. That sort of thing meant temporary fame. But trivial as his accident was, it sealed his fate. He lay unconscious for so long that he was taken to the hospital, and after he was safely there a great hue and cry was raised, not over the purple bump, but about the misty eyes. The upshot of it was that some authoritative persons had the temerity to declare that he could not see well enough to be a newsboy, and in spite of his boiling wrath and fury, and in the absence of anyone who could be found to assume the slightest responsibility for him, he was put on a train and sent off willy-nilly to the great institution.

During his first two years at school Joe made a reputation not wholly enviable. It was early decided that he was a "handful," and so he, more than most of the children, came under direct supervision. Miss Wells had complete charge of him, and no one envied that kindly lady her task. It was in her division of the kindergarten that he was first entered, and in that division he faithfully remained. So far Joe had proved himself no student. Yet despite almost daily personal interviews, monotonously and unvaryingly trying, he and Miss Wells remained firm friends.

"Wot yer givin' us?" he demanded the first morning after his arrival when one of the Braillé primers was put before him and he was told that a certain dot was the letter A. "A nothin'," he continued gruffly, but with a charming smile; "ain't I seen Alhambra spelled out, an' ain't I jes' read that Spa-ain is a-goin' to fight? That ain't no A!"

But the winning smile failed to soften Miss Wells's obdurate heart, and he suffered bitterly and rebelliously when he discovered that his stubby little fingers had to learn to read for him and that they must master more than twoscore of dot combinations so tiny as to be barely distinguished from the dead level of the page.

BY THE end of the first week he had learned what foolish set of dots spelled "baby"—that is, if he could get his open eye down close to the clear white page before Miss Wells detected him. By the end of the second week, in recognition of the fact that he had made absolutely no progress in touch development, the mandate went forth that he was to be blindfolded during school hours. How he hated the soft, white bandage Miss Wells slipped on every morning, that hid the blur of the outer world from his eager eye; and how he loathed those silly, multitudinous dots, so senseless to a boy who was able to spell out real letters in the brilliant crimson and yellow of flaming billboards!

"Why have I got to learn it like them fellers?" he demanded irritatedly one day. "I can see."



"Get a light!" he screamed. "No feller can see in the dark." But she never stirred except to hold him more tightly

"Did you ever think," asked Miss Wells softly as she guided his short, roughened fingers over the exasperating pages, "that perhaps some day you might not?"

"No'm, I never!" said the six-year-old desperado with a gruff terror in his voice, and Miss Wells knew without further confession that she had roused a lurking horror in the child's mind, and forbore further to press the appeal.

But after that he worked, comparatively speaking, and as the entire trouble lay in his fingers and not in his brain, it was the more easily removed. After a time the bandage was taken off, and he was allowed to read and write in the system unfettered. But he was lazy, irredeemably so, and so bright that he could catch at half a truth and guess the rest with no exertion whatever.

AS HAS been said, visitors were Joe's great delight during school hours. His entire manner changed the moment strangers were ushered into the room, and the other small people had grown to anticipate a good time when Joe was on parade. Matters finally reached such a pass that in one of Miss Wells's private interviews with Joe the following plan was agreed upon between them. In the very first place Joe was to endeavor to curb his overweening desire to be seen of men, and Joe's consent to this reform was given with the suave promptness with which he was accustomed to meet all suggestions relating to the proper conduct of his small life. If, however, he fell from grace, instead of any more public reproofs, of whose futility Miss Wells had been assured, he was to be told that Mrs. Crissen, the matron, wished to see him, whereupon he was to go into an adjoining room and there remain until the evil spirit was exorcised. Over the last clause, that all time so lost from school was to be made up later, Joe had frowned thoughtfully, but to it he had of necessity agreed. From the first year after his arrival this plan had been steadily in operation, and though Joe might have seemed to the uninitiated the very apple of Mrs. Crissen's eye, from the frequency with which she desired him, yet on the whole it had been a successful experiment.

Joe's conceit was something stupendous, and anything which helped to center attention upon himself was more to him than food and drink. He liked to be excused from the room in the presence of visitors, so as to run through the door swiftly and unerringly, for his dramatic exit almost always provoked comment as to the marvelous facility with which he could get about. When there were visitors at meals, he liked to be a little late—late enough to run by himself pell-mell down the length of the dining hall to his place, for some one was sure to say: "How wonderfully that poor little fellow feels his way!" Of late Joe had been filled with bitterness toward Miss Wells, because it seemed to him she was ruthlessly despoiling him of honor upon honor by replying with a careless incidentalism, of which he was grimly suspicious: "Oh, but then Joe can see almost as well as you and I." Of late Joe had taken to wrinkling up his eyes when visitors came in. And still Miss Wells informed on him in the most unsympathetic manner.

EVERY day the children wrote with their Braillé slates four or five lines in a little daily journal that went home to their mothers—when they had mothers. It was curious to read some of them. One totally blind child wrote one day: "We saw the honeysuckle today. It looks like a horn and it smells like honey." Joe's remarks were always noted for their brevity. That same day he wrote: "We saw the honeysuckle to-day. Some of the kids said it looked like horns. It didn't. It was Fourth of July firecrackers just starting to blaze."

Joe could see, Joe was lazy, Joe was conceited, and Joe was untruthful. The truth, in fact, was not in him; and when Miss Wells could put aside her personal pain over his mendacity, she had an unfailing field for research in trying to trace out the workings of the child's lightning brain. One day, when visitors were near, he proceeded to put into execution his established scheme of being late to his dinner. One of the attendants spied him just as he dived into an empty recitation room, and with a resolution strong as Thor's right arm, she resolved that that day Joe should not be late. Within two minutes Joe's face and hands were washed, his hair brushed, his jacket pulled down, and he himself pushed into line on time. Never before had his dignity been so outraged and insulted, and from pure anger he began to cry furiously. A motherly woman standing near the door, watching the long, pathetic line of children go past, heard his sobs, and, bending down, stopped him.

"You poor little fellow!" she said tenderly, "what is the matter?"

Miss Wells, standing near, was prepared for any accusation against anyone; but, accustomed to Joe and his ways as she was, she had not yet gauged the depth of his resources.

"Oh, ma'am," he sobbed, "I jes' heard this mornin' that my ma had died. Oh, ma'am!"

(Concluded on page 31)

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Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



The Team of Other Days

(A revery by Frank Leroy Chance in collaboration with Rudyard Kipling)

BENEATH *the grand stand's drifting shade,*
When hits begin to fly,
I sit me down and watch, alas,
Another ball game die;
With blood-red eyes I see the score
Across the sunset haze—
Sainted Diana! Give me back
The Team of Other Days.

Ah! Shades of Overall and Brown,
Of Sheckard and of Kling—
Of Tinker's peg across the field
And Pfister's whirring wing—
When game by game we ripped the race
Along remembered ways,
And Steinfeldt's wallop helped to lift
The Team of Other Days.

But Steiny's clout has vanished now,
And Slagle's day is done;
No more the smash from Hofman's bat
Drives in the winning run;
No more the hook from Brownie's curve
Awaits my hurried call—
No Evers tears around the path
As Schulte slams the ball.

Glare down, Fanatic, from your perch
And bid the Rooter roar,
While down the field I charge in vain
To meet the winning score;
But when the battle dust has cleared
Across the star-swept haze,
My pipe brings back the Old Machine—
The Team of Other Days.

Upsetting Par

The greatest shot that any golfer ever played is the approach that stops well short of the cup at the nineteenth hole.

The Pennant Machine

FEW people estimate the terrific pounding a baseball machine draws from its training start in February on through the drive of an October finish.

Pennants, for example, are supposed to be won exclusively by batting, pitching, fielding, and managerial strategy. But without replevying another batch of the "inside" lore, we'd like to suggest another angle, possibly the main ingredient of them all. Which happens to be machine morale and stability, involving the power to keep on fighting in the face of misfortune, to take the break of the game as it comes, and stand up under the pounding which beats heavily upon brain, spirit, nerve, and muscle.

This accounts for the fact that certain clubs often jump to the front through May—and deserve the jump through superior pitching, batting, and fielding. But when the midsummer tide surges against them, the morale isn't there to stand up against "the bludgeonings of chance" and Fate.

Late into May last season the Reds ripped through the field, but at the first smashes from misfortune the team began to crumble fast.

Philadelphia and Brooklyn took the National League jump this May, and through the first seven weeks of fighting no other clubs looked better. They had the pitching, the batting, the fielding, and the speed. But the main test will not arrive until summer heat begins to burn out the old pep—until the game's endless pounding begins to work on weary nerve and brain and the strain of physical staleness. A high-grade ball club without reserve balance can crack in a fortnight from one or two punches delivered by James J. Trouble, the hardest hitter of them all.

There are other clubs in the National League with the playing ability of McGraw's Giants and Clarke's Pirates. But they have yet to show the deep reserve power against disaster which these two have built up. Which accounts for the fact that Giants or Pirates are still the favored world's series contenders against the Athletics, who look to be the class of the field in combined ability and machine morale.

In which pennant connection you may recall the episode of Davy and the Goblin. Pursued by the Butterscotchmen, they were fairly safe because the Butterscotchmen could never run until they got warmed up—and could never get warmed up until they ran.

It is hard for any club to win a pennant until it obtains the proper morale; and it is equally hard to obtain the proper morale until the club has won a pennant.



Bogey in Africa

IN REGARD to that golf course laid out through the heart of an African forest, an earnest bystander writes in to find what bogey is for a hole guarded by a lioness with a boa constrictor coiled around the cup.

Offhand, we should say it was the loss of one arm, three scalp wounds, and the immediate necessity of securing another pair of trousers. That, or 100 yards in 9 2-5 seconds.

Bush unto Bush

"DUST thou art, to dust returnest" may not have been spoken of the soul, as Mr. Longfellow so aptly remarked several seasons ago.

But "Bush thou wert, to bush returnest" was evidently established for the ball player if one is to examine closely the trail which comes and goes. "Bush unto bush" is the slogan of his tribe.

To-day there are some four hundred ball players wearing the uniform of major-league service. Where do the vanishing Big Leaguers go? Scattered through the minor leagues, from Class AA to the outermost fringes of the bush, there are over six hundred who have passed from beneath the Big Tent over the backward trek to minor leaguedom. Six hundred who have doubled on the long trail, finishing where they started, with nothing left but a dream and a worn-out mitt. The International League claims seventy-seven, the American Association shields seventy-three, and from the South Atlantic to the Pacific Northwest the rest are scattered, eking out their few remaining base hits before passing finally or trying for another toe hold to start back again toward the flame of the Upper Zone.

Of the youngsters sent back for further seasoning or branded as unfit, 40 per cent return again. Archer, Daubert, Jackson, Gandil, Ford, O'Toole, Tesreau, and others belong to this class.

But of the veterans who are judged unfit and are shunted back off the Main Trail, only 1 per cent files back into the glare again.

Right off the bat we recall but four of the four hundred—Hughes of Washington, Falkenberg of Cleveland, Hess of Boston, and Clymer of Chicago—who had the stuff to return with the gray in their hair and Time's official score upon their wrinkled brows. But ninety-nine veterans from each one hundred who start for the exits know the gates have closed upon them for good. Bill Bradley, Tim Jordan, Rube Waddell, Jimmy Williams, Hobe Ferris, Bill Bernhard, Elmer Flick, Dusty Rhoades, and countless others, who were stars from five to ten years ago, can join in with Mr. Kingsley in singing:

"When all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down."

Which brings up this one point—the ball player to many is supposed to be a hero who draws down a fabulous salary and ends his career with an automobile, a summer home, and a yacht.

This may stand for a few ranking stars here and there, but you can judge for yourself about the average, with six hundred of them back where they started, earning a bare living at the end of a trail which of itself leads to nothing on beyond—nothing but a dream and a worn-out mitt, and a forgotten average in some dusty and unopened tome.

Psychology and the Davis Cup

IN THE last American-Australasian clash for the Davis Cup, the delegates from the land beneath the Southern Cross conquered quite deftly, in four straight matches, by the margin of ninety games to seventy, and twelve sets to five.

But of those who clashed two years ago, Maurice McLoughlin is the sole survivor in the ensemble now ahead.

Another thought—when one's home lies upon the other side of the world, and when one has traveled 10,000 miles, it is often difficult to keep from pondering upon the thought that one has crossed so many broad lands and deep waters to put the result up to a few strokes.

The psychology of battle is all against the Australasian invaders, to say nothing of the best trained and one of the most alert tennis establishments that America has arranged in many years.

On combined playing form and psychology, the American team should slip through by a tidy margin, and thereby obtain a running start for the semi-final program set for July across the Atlantic. The advance odds for the first round in New York belong to America by ten to six.

The First to Fade

WHEN the slump starts, summoned by the voice of Time, does a ball player drop back faster in his batting than in his fielding?

In 1904 Hans Wagner batted .349 and fielded .929; in 1912 he batted .329 and fielded .962.

In 1904 Nap Lajoie batted .381 and fielded .931; in 1912 he batted .368 and fielded .959.

In the eight years' interval Wagner lost 20 points in batting and gained 31 in fielding. Lajoie lost 13 points in batting and gained 28 in fielding.

The answer from this appears to be that the wick of the Batting Lamp sputters first, while the Fielding Orb grows in candlepower.

Speaking of Fables

ONCE upon a time there was a ball player who seemed to understand that in any argument with an umpire the best he could finish was a fuzzy second.

Realizing which, said ball player gravely absorbed each decision which the umpire furnished, and merely let it go at that, curbing even the tendency toward a rebuttal.

Moral—It all happened too long after we were dead to know whether it got him anything or not.

The Ancient and Royal

A FAR *green trail and a wide blue sky,*
A clean white pill on a velvet lie;
And then—for a cut shot dead to the pin
And the thrill of a "three" as the putt drops in;
As it goes "klupp-klupp"—
In the old tin cup
And the score card shows that you stand two up—
Two up and the old home hole in sight—
Some game? You said it—some game is right.

But to-morrow comes with a sudden switch
Where you miss your drive and you flub your pitch;
Where you thump to the trap with a maudlin curse
And your fourth shot out is a darned sight worse;
When you slice and top—
When you schlaff and flop—
When you hit the cup and the pill won't drop—
When you stand six down with your soul aflame—
Who said this smear was a regular game?

Not Yet, Not Yet

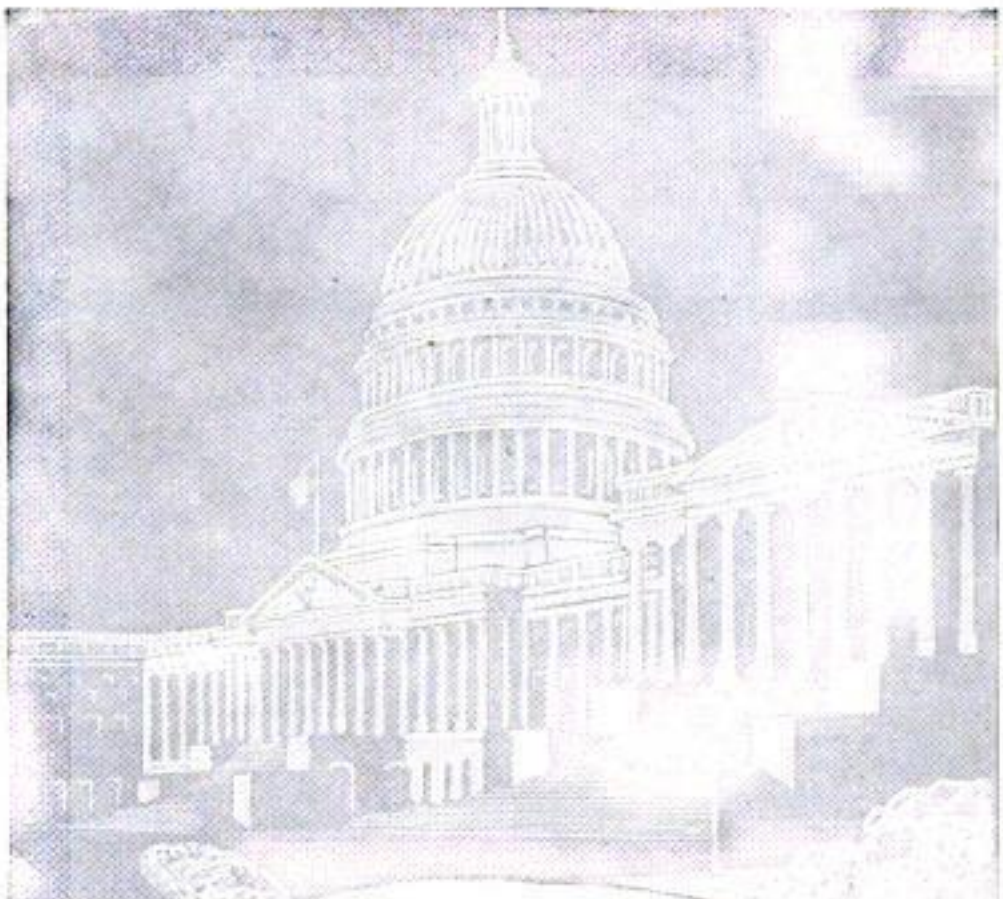
COLONEL BILL HANNA reports this from ring side:

Yale, in a tight ball game this spring, was about to get trimmed. The outlook was indigo. Defeat seemed inevitable, when suddenly, out of the mass, Right Fielder Pumpelly rammed a double over short and saved the day.

As the bat cracked and the winning run counted, a Princeton student toppled in a heap, and this lone wail sobbed from his pallid lips across the field:

"That guy again! And back in November they told me that those were the Last Days of Pumpelly!"

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The National Drink is *Welch's*

The widespread press comment in this country and Europe, upon the fact that "grape juice" (WELCH'S) is served at official dinners and receptions in Washington simply emphasizes the honestly won position of

Welch's
"The National Drink"

(From an editorial in Boston Post.)

"The New Beverage"

"The Secretary of State, however, should not be credited with the origination of this beverage. Its component elements are recognized as familiar in our households. What he has done is not to pose as a base imitator, but to give international standing to a drink which, by popular suffrage in this republic, is certified as of democratic excellence."

Wherever Welch's is served it is served on its merits. Some folk call it a temperance drink, some call it a health drink—all regard it as a delicious, satisfying beverage. It is a drink with character.

Here are two Welch drinks which Welch users already know and like, and which occasioned the press comment. Try them yourself.



The famous Welch Punch

Juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Serve cold. If punch bowl is used, add sliced fruits.

Welch Ball

Fill an eight or ten ounce glass half full with Welch's. Add cracked ice and fill glass with charged water. It is a tart drink that especially appeals to men.

"Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you"

Do more than ask for "grape juice"—say "Welch's" and GET IT! If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.00. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free on request.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, New York

Japan in California

(*Continued from page 6*)



Every wagon driven by a Japanese—the fruit sellers are Japanese and the buyers Japanese

intercourse between the races is absolutely unthinkable. It is not that the white agriculturist cannot compete with the Japanese agriculturist. It is that he will not live beside him.

ELBOWED OUT

So, in the fruit-growing districts of California, when the Japanese get a foothold through ownership or a long-term lease, there is nothing for the American family to do but to move. The Jap has found that out. He knows he may have to pay an exorbitant price for the first piece of real estate in a community, but he knows also that his presence will depress the value of the next and the more he buys the cheaper the land around him becomes. This is very well for him. It is not well for the American farmer who helplessly sees the value of his property impaired without power to remedy, since once the Japanese gets title to that property there is no way of ousting him.

In consequence the California fruit farmer in the threatened communities seeks a law prohibiting the Japanese from acquiring agricultural lands. To make this protection real, there must ultimately be a law forbidding him to lease agricultural land; but in order to give the farmer time for adjustment to the new conditions that must come, the right to make leases for terms not exceeding three years was provided for in the bill enacted. Again the hoped-for relief is immigration from Europe by way of the canal.

But still the question recurs: since Japanese laborers are now excluded from the country, why does the question not abate instead of becoming more acute? The answer is that the very fact of exclusion has tended toward provision for permanent residence in this country. Up to that time the Japanese communities were more or less in the nature of temporary camps. Men came over for a few years, engaged in business or labor, made money, and went back. The new disposition to permanent settlement here is strikingly revealed in the increase in the number of Japanese women immigrants. Up to 1904, when there was little or no serious talk of exclusion, the number of Japanese women who came in was but about six in the hundred. In 1911 the number was seventy in the hundred. The method of getting these women into the country in the face of exclusion by the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement of 1908 is by the familiar device of a "picture marriage." By this process the Japanese in America sends his picture home, some woman marries the photograph, and then the Japanese Government issues a passport to the picture bride. It is reported that the Japanese Government favors in passport issuance the picture bride of the man who has effected a lodgment upon California soil.

SIGNIFICANT RECORDS

The extent to which this colonization is going on in Sacramento County, for instance, is shown by the fact that for the year ending May 1, 1913, 118 leases and 122 deeds to Japanese were recorded. For the month of April alone 26 deeds to Japanese were recorded, or one-fifth as many as in the whole year previous, indicating the hurry to get transfers recorded before the Anti-Alien Land Law could shut them off. Increased activity in buying and leasing was one reason why the proponents of the legislation were unwilling to suspend action for two years. They did not believe the Japanese land buyers would also suspend activity. On May 8, the very morning of my inquiry at the Recorder's office, one ten-year lease to Japanese and six deeds came in.

As also significant, the fact is cited that within a short space of time ten transfers of property to Hindus were made in one small settlement adjacent to the city of Sacramento, showing that the bill will also curb the activities of certain other "aliens ineligible to citizenship."

A still more startling piece of information gleaned from the Recorder's office was that the number of births for the year in the county of Sacramento, outside the corporate limits of the city of Sacramento, was 274, of which 107 were Japanese. This bears out the assertion made in Florin and other districts that, since the great influx of women, Japanese babies are beginning to rain down.

ELK GROVE DEFENDS ITSELF

To show how greatly California rural communities begin to dread this Japanization, and how desperately they struggle to protect themselves, the case of the town of Elk Grove is cited. Elk Grove, also in Sacramento County, lies eight miles beyond Florin to the south, and is, like it, a fruit-growing district, but with the products slightly more diversified. The Elk Grove district is very prosperous. The little town bears evidence of this in neat rows of modern cottages, in business blocks, several of which are new, trim, and substantial. The general air of Elk Grove is one of progress and prosperity, quite in contrast to that of Florin. But this different appearance is due to the fact that Elk Grove is strictly an American community. It earnestly desires to remain so, yet has lived in yearly horror of the Japanese invasion. Every measure possible to protect itself has been taken. On December 5, 1911, the Elk Grove Board of Trade adopted two resolutions which, after a half dozen whereases of various import, declared as follows:

> **Resolved**, *That we, as a body and as individuals, do now and at all times utterly condemn the practice of selling land to Japanese in this vicinity; and, be it further*
>
> **Resolved**, *That we shall at all times urge all citizens of this community to use their best endeavor to keep this vicinity free of Japanese residents.*

Similar resolutions were adopted by the Elk Grove Grange.

But this was not deemed sufficient. An agreement was drawn up, the kernel of which is:

> *That we will not sell at any time any of our real property to one of the Asiatic race, nor permit anyone to do so for us.*

This agreement was presented to all landowners within a radius of four miles of Elk Grove, and all but four signed it. This information was fur-

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nished to me by Mr. Charles H. Cooper, secretary of the bank of Elk Grove, with a letter from which I quote:

There is one thing that is certain to come to pass in any community where Japanese start buying land, and that is that the white people will leave that community as soon as they can make satisfactory disposition of their property. The white people of the East who criticize us so severely would take the same stand as we do if they lived here in competition with the Japs. In fact, some of the most ardent supporters of alien-land legislation in this community are the people who lately came from the East and bought property, and when they found that they would likely have Japs for neighbors in the near future, they soon changed their views.

But even if every man signed the agreement, it would be powerless to protect Elk Grove. The Japanese, creeping steadily down from Florin, buying or leasing one farm after another, and making the next farm untenable, would inevitably overflow Elk Grove, drive out the whites, and turn that beautiful little city into a Japanese town. Their only hope was law.

The Democratic State platform of 1912 had declared:

We favor the passage of a bill that will prevent any alien not eligible to citizenship from owning land in the State of California.

Now it happens that Elk Grove and Florin are both in the same Assembly district. The Democratic candidate for the Assembly was a young attorney of Sacramento, Hugh B. Bradford by name. He made his campaign almost solely on the basis of this anti-alien plank in the Democratic platform.

When at caucus time, before the opening of the legislative session, the representatives of the Panama-Pacific Exposition appeared and made their almost tearful plea that no anti-Japanese measure should even be discussed, Bradford was one of the men who could not be moved. He declared his intention to introduce an anti-alien land bill on the first day, and he did.

A PARADOXICAL POSITION

IN the Senate was also a man who would not listen to argument. Senator Birdsall of Placer County, who, when his name was called, arose and introduced an anti-alien land bill, which, with slight amendment, became the Webb bill, finally passed by both Houses. However, Bradford in the Assembly was first to get his bill to a vote, and on April 15 it was passed, the ayes being 60 and the noes 15.

It was this favorable vote on the Bradford bill that precipitated the sensation which was both international and intranational in character, and resulted in some delicious bits of political complication.

First, there was the seemingly paradoxical position of President Wilson himself on the matter at issue. Both Roosevelt and Taft had hammered California legislators hard when they attempted to discuss anti-Oriental legislation. But President Wilson had been made to appear committed to the other side.

The Democratic State Campaign Committee of 1912 had circulated widely a card, on one side of which was printed "Wilson and the Japanese," and reading:

Woodrow Wilson is for the exclusion of the Japanese from the United States. On May 3, 1912, he said:

"In the matter of Chinese and Japanese coolie immigration, I stand for the national policy of exclusion. The whole question is one of assimilation of diverse races. We cannot make a homogeneous population out of a people who do not blend with the Caucasian race. Their lower standard of living as laborers will crowd out the white agriculturist, and is in other fields a most serious industrial menace. The success of free democratic institutions demands of our people education, intelligence, and patriotism, and the State should protect them against unjust and impossible competition. Remunerative labor is the basis of contentment. Democracy rests on the equality of the citizens. Oriental coolieism will give us another race problem to solve, and surely we have had our lesson."

No more effective statement of the case for these rural or semirural communities threatened with Japanese submergence could have been made. Of course Mr. Wilson was speaking directly of exclusion, but when he said that "intelligence and patriotism and the State should protect them—i. e., white agriculturists—against unjust and impossible competition," he was voicing exactly what the white agriculturist is crying for to-day in the alien land bill—*protection!*

STILL MORE PARADOXICAL

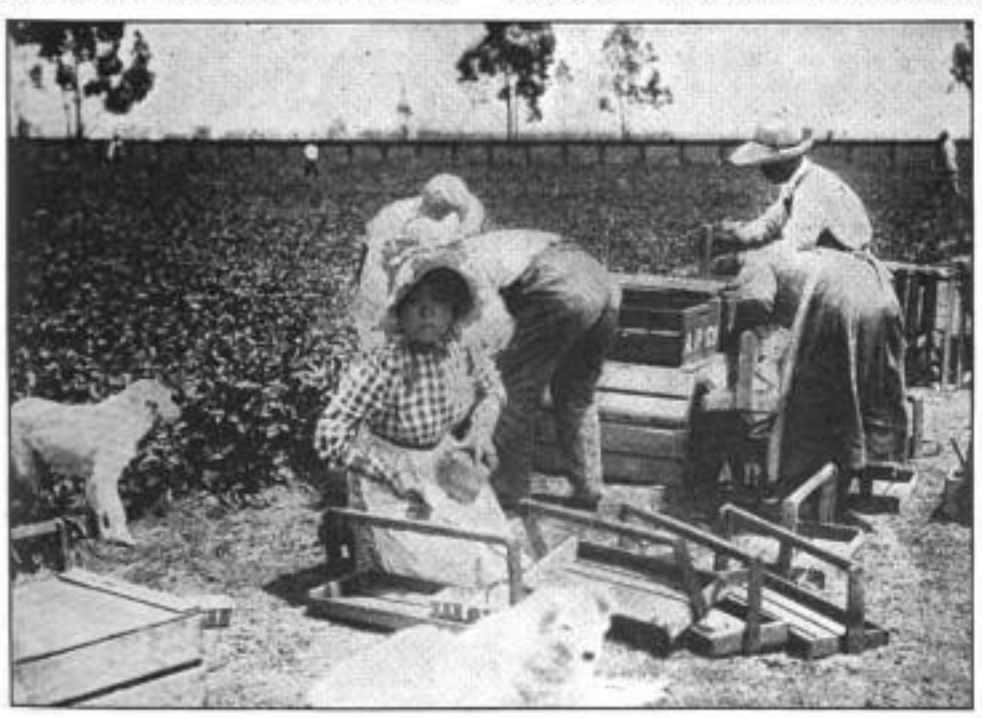
MOREOVER, the Democratic State Campaign Committee, upon the reverse of the card, under the title of "Roosevelt and the Japanese," had placed a quotation from Roosevelt's message to Congress, recommending that Japanese be admitted to citizenship, and certain additional sentences, of which the following two are a good sample:

Roosevelt believes the Japanese should be allowed to overrun the land of California. He demanded of the State Legislature that it enact no laws denying Japanese the right to acquire title to land.

This piece of campaign literature undoubtedly cost Roosevelt many votes and undoubtedly gained many for President Wilson, yet here was President Wilson standing in the exact position of his predecessors and asking that no legislation be enacted.

The President, however, is by no means to be accused of insincerity on this showing. He appears to have been forced by considerations of state into a position to which his convictions would never lead him.

Another paradoxical element cropped up in the position over State rights. President Wilson is the national leader of a political party which emphasizes the doctrine of State rights; yet here he was at the door of a State urging the nation's rights. On the other hand, Governor Johnson had been the Vice Presidential candidate for a party which stands for a super-emphasized nationalism, yet he was placed in the position of



Japanese men and women work together in the berry fields

What does your car weigh?

THE expense of running an automobile is in direct proportion to its weight. As the weight goes down the expense decreases. A light car is safe, comfortable and easy to drive. In emergency it is readily controlled or stopped.

Tire mileage, gasoline mileage and upkeep are all intimately connected with weight. The most economical engine made cannot show low cost of operation, if to move a certain number of passengers it has also to move a body and chassis of excessive weight. Excessive weight handicaps ability; cuts down hill climbing; and makes outrageous expense for tires and fuel. The remedy for heavy tire expense is a light, resilient car equipped with large tires.

Weights and tire sizes of the fact-backed Franklin

Six "38" touring or phaeton	**3328**	**pounds, tires**	**4½" and 5"**
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	**3480**	**" "**	**5"**
Little Six "30" touring	**2993**	**" "**	**4½"**
Four "25" touring	**2520**	**" "**	**4"**

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil, ready for the road. Compare these weights and tire sizes with other cars. Franklins, 700 to 1200 pounds lighter, are equipped with larger tires.

You may think your car is light; weigh it.

The capacity of a tire to carry its load comes practically all in the width or cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4½" tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4½" tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more.

10,746 miles average tire service

Franklin owners in 1912 reported an average of 10,746 miles per set of tires. Write for our "tire folder" which gives these reports in detail. Ninety-eight per cent of Franklin owners do not carry extra tires, so sure are they of reliable tire service.

Franklin cars are built for the lowest total cost during the use of the car, not for low initial cost. They are built for superior service, a service that combined with low operating cost makes the total figure—**Satisfaction.** The start of Franklin service and Franklin light weight is direct cooling.

What is direct cooling?

Direct cooling is sending a continuous, vigorous stream of fresh air directly over and around the cylinders, which does away with the air cooled water radiator, water pump, jackets, pipe and hose.

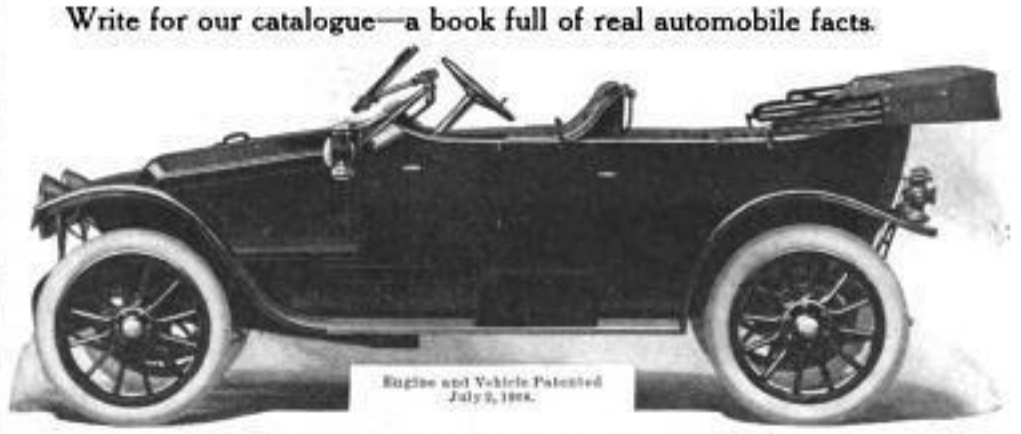
Into the Franklin flywheel is built a sirocco fan. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. There is no water to limit the efficiency. The Franklin is the only motor engine that can be operated with consistent success in hot climates, in mountainous and sandy sections.

The Franklin direct cooled engine operates at the most efficient temperature. It holds the world's record for gasoline economy. There is nothing in direct cooling to get out of order, nothing to oil or fill up.

The motor cannot stall

The Entz electric starting and lighting system used on Franklin cars makes it impossible for the engine to stall. Take your seat in the car, throw a switch and your starter is at work. Give the motor gas and it goes to work. If you should by accident cut off the gas, the starter picks the motor right up and as you give it gas again, away it goes.

Write for our catalogue—a book full of real automobile facts.



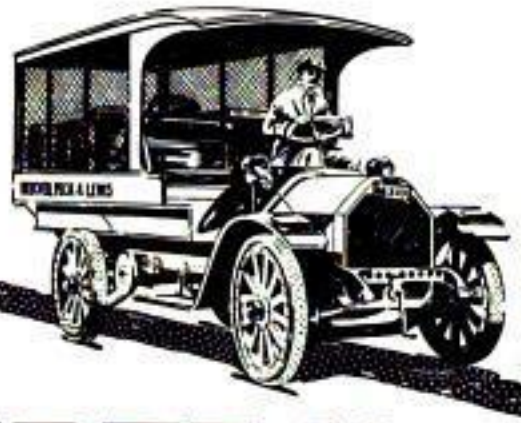
Franklin Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car, **$3600**

The Fact-Backed Franklin is also made as follows:

Franklin Six "38" 4-passenger torpedo-phaeton	$3600	Franklin Little Six "30" touring car or 2-passenger phaeton	$2900
Franklin Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3850	Franklin Four "25" touring	2000

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FEDERAL

THE TRUCK TRIUMPHANT

The Federal Truck Has Never Been An Experiment

The Federal truck was not offered for sale until its power, its strength, its durability, its economy, its success had been scientifically demonstrated.

The fact that there are in operation today 1000 Federal trucks of the original Federal design demonstrates the scientific soundness of that original Federal design.

The Federal was the first successful truck designed, built and sold by a company organized exclusively for the manufacture of trucks.

How Federal Trucks have "stood up"

Here is the history of the first five Federal trucks we built:

The first Federal truck is neither in the scrap heap nor in the relic room. It is in operation as a pick-up car for the Federal factory today. It is still averaging 75 miles per day, carrying capacity loads.

The second Federal truck built and the first sold was bought by Beecher, Peck & Lewis, wholesale paper dealers, and it is still operated daily by that company.

The second Federal truck sold was bought by the L. Bemb Floral Company and is still operated daily by that company.

The third Federal truck sold was bought by the fire department of Tupelo, Miss., and is still in operation.

The fourth Federal truck sold was bought by the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company, who are not only still operating that truck, but on the showing of that truck have since bought seven more Federal trucks.

We have never had to re-build a Federal.

We have never had to replace a Federal.

We have never had a serious interruption or complaint of Federal Service—with 1000 Federals in hourly operation.

That record is unique—also, we believe, conclusive evidence.

We experimented before we sold a single Federal and 1000 Federal owners are satisfied because we sold them a scientific success.

Write for the Federal Blue Book of Traffic.

Price includes chassis, lamps, tools, etc. **$1800** Body extra, built to meet individual requirements.

Federal Motor Truck Company, Dept. O, Detroit, Mich.

Wilson Bros

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under Klosed-Krotch Patents



The perfection of summer underwear comfort. Crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. No edges or surplus material to draw and irritate the skin. Front and rear openings separate. Can't gap in the seat. Made of best materials. Light, airy, roomy. The only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. $1 up. If not carried by your dealer, he can secure from us.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bros mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bros
528-536 South 5th Ave.
Chicago

MADE BY Wilson Bros EXCLUSIVELY LICENSED UNDER THE Klosed-Krotch PATENTS DEC 18 1906

This label in every garment

sustaining before an insistent President the rights of a State to its own autonomy.

Still another paradox arose out of the fact that the anti-alien land program, in so far as it was a party measure at all, was strictly a Democratic one.

But to pick up the thread of the narrative: With the passage of the Bradford bill, Japan protested to the President, and the President protested to Governor Johnson, and Governor Johnson passed the protest to the Legislature.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S ATTITUDE

WHILE up to this time Governor Johnson had taken no fatherly interest whatever in the Anti-Alien Land Bill, he resented the volley of criticism which was leveled at the Legislature by the Eastern press, and besides assuring the President that the Legislature might be depended upon to respect both treaty obligations and its own duty to the nation, he leaped into the newspaper columns himself with some paragraphs of bristling argument in behalf of the State rights to enact this protective legislation exactly as Arizona, Washington, and other States had done. California, it appeared, was being put before the nation in the position of a bad boy who was rocking the boat when, as a matter of fact, he was only trying to steer. The firing of the Governor's first barrel of argument in rebuttal centered press criticism upon himself. His response to this was a second barrel rejoinder, reinforcing his arguments by additional citations of the acts of other States, and declaring:

We protest, while we are merely debating similar laws, against having trained upon us, not only the verbal batteries of Japan, but those of our own community.

But all the while, too, Governor Johnson was receiving intimations that he was jeopardizing the interests of the national Progressive party by taking a stand that was not popular in the East. At about the same time telegrams began to arrive in the Executive's office from Oyster Bay. These telegrams have never been made public, but a section of the press assumed them to consist of exhortations to stand pat against the proposals from Washington. Such inference overlooks the fact that Colonel Roosevelt as President had himself successfully coerced a California Legislature into inaction when bent on similar intent; therefore it may be concluded safely that anything which came to Governor Johnson from Colonel Roosevelt was in the way of an exhortation to stand from under.

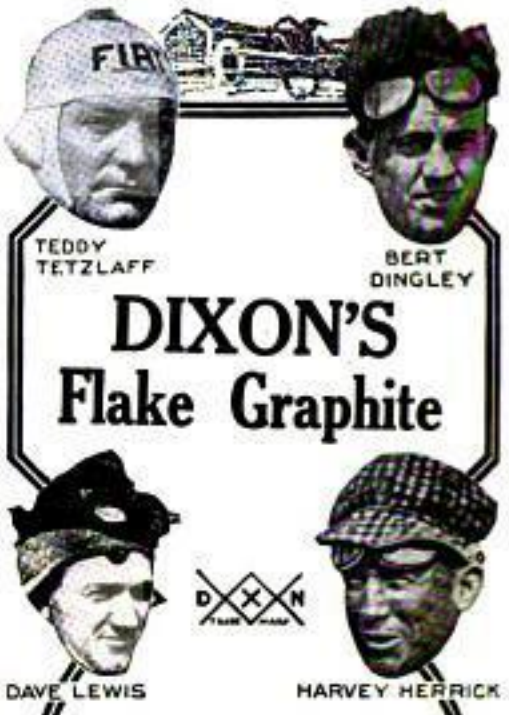
But the state of the Governor's mind appears to have been that of the majority of the Legislature—a disposition to let the matter sleep if it would, but—soothing sirup failing—the issue once clearly raised, there was to him, as to others, but one side to the question. Accordingly, since the time of the passage of the Bradford bill, he had been gradually coming to feel that, despite all questions of expediency, some such legislation was inevitable, and on the very night before Secretary Bryan's arrival, the Governor announced to the Progressive leaders that he was for some such enactment of the Birdsall bill, then pending in the Senate.

"IS JAPAN JUSTLY OFFENDED?"

HOWEVER, his nearest approach to a public exercise of the gubernatorial influence was the widely published utterance made near the close of the second joint legislative conference with Mr. Bryan on the first day of the Secretary's arrival. All the afternoon Mr. Bryan had been bearing down upon the fact that the dignity of Japan had been offended. At length the Governor asked the floor, and in the course of a four-minute speech uttered these sentences:

The point of inquiry, it seems to me, should be—and I speak perhaps academically in this regard—not: Is Japan offended to-day, but is Japan justly offended to-day? Is there anything that is contemplated by the Legislature of the State of California that should give and would give to any nation logically looking at the problem just offense? If there be just offense given, none of us desires that that shall be so; but if it be a fact that offense is taken where justly it ought not to be taken, then we are justified in proceeding with our legislation in the State of California.

These remarks of the Governor were received with prolonged applause.



DIXON'S Flake Graphite

You are acquainted with friction, for it's friction that "joy-rides" a car to the junk heap. It's friction that fattens your repair bills. Get *more* interested in "anti-friction" and you'll get more service out of your car.

Dixon's Flake Graphite is unctuous, smooth, flaky—forms a thin, almost frictionless veneer on bearing surfaces.

DIXON'S

Graphite Grease No. 677

is ideal for transmissions and differentials.

Here is what two of the "Speed Kings" of the automobile world have to say:

"Never in my experience in race driving have I had a motor run more smoothly, and I can only believe it was due to Dixon's Automobile Lubricants."

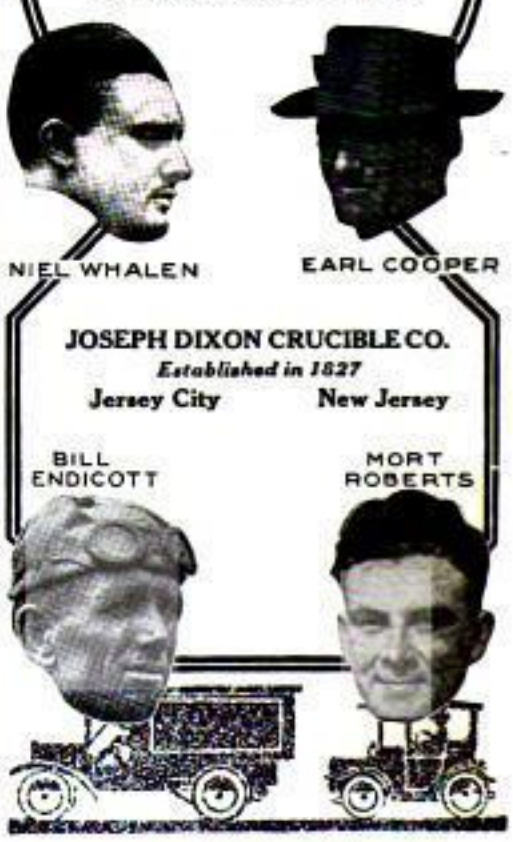
—Earl Cooper.

"Would rather pay $5 per pound for Dixon's Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

—Teddy Tetzlaff.

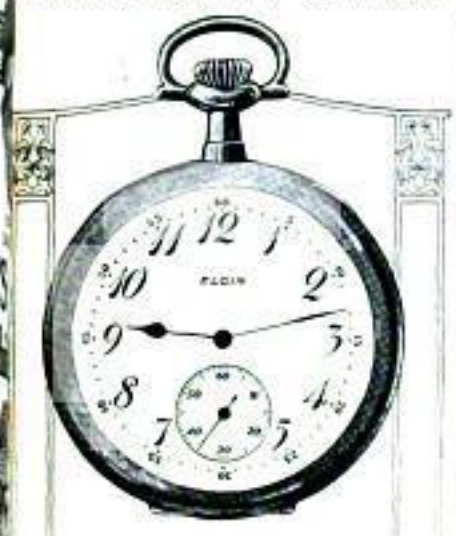
Dixon's Lubricants are combinations of FLAKE GRAPHITE with the purest of petroleum greases in several consistencies. Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677.

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This enviable title is merited by Lord Elgin because of its makers, its make-up and its "make-good." It is a specialized watch, the consummation of Elgin half-century experience and expertness. Its dignified beauty is at once apparent. Built for men of power and prestige—for life-long service. The thinnest watch made in America with an enamel dial.

Lord Elgin

Lord Elgin contains the very latest devices for perfect timekeeping, including Micrometric Regulator and Compensating Balance. 15 or 17 jewels. Solid gold or 25-year filled cases. Made, cased and adjusted in the World's Greatest Watch Works.

Leading jewelers—Elgineers, masters of watchcraft—in every town and city display, endorse and sell Lord Elgin. Examine it at your local Elgineer's.

ELGIN NATIONAL
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Lady Elgin

The smallest watch made in America. A dainty, beautiful, dependable watch for cultured women. An aristocratic ornament of permanent usefulness. A perfected product of Elgin skill—worthy to bear the time-honored Elgin name.



In the meantime Secretary Bryan had completely failed to impress the Legislature with any reason for abandoning the proposed enactment, which the members felt was solid enough to be offered successfully to their constituents as an excuse for postponement of action.

However, as the representative of the titular head of the Democratic party, appealing to Democratic members of the Legislature, Secretary Bryan was more successful. His party reasons appeared to be more cogent than his diplomatic ones.

At his suggestion Senator Curtin introduced a resolution postponing the issue for two years, and for this resolution every Democratic Senator but two and all but six of the Democratic Assemblymen voted; but the Progressives were almost solidly against it, so that the Curtin resolution was lost by 46 to 25 in the Assembly, and 26 to 10 in the Senate.

TACTFUL SECRETARY BRYAN

AT all times Mr. Bryan conducted himself with consummate tact and won the affection of everyone with whom he came in touch, including the Progressive Governor, who, although he found it necessary to oppose his mission, yet declared that it was doubtful if any other than the altogether charming Secretary of State could have carried himself through the delicate situations in which he was placed and in which he placed himself without certain shipwreck.

On the other hand everyone was kind to Mr. Bryan. The Governor entertained him in his home. The Lieutenant Governor placed his office at the Secretary's disposal, thus affording him accommodation across the hall from the Senate.

The Legislature and the legislators heard him whenever he desired to be heard, and the Assembly even went so far as to interrupt its debate before the final vote on the bill to allow him to say good-by, good-naturedly assenting when he seized the occasion to make one final plea for postponement.

During the Assembly debate to which Mr. Bryan was a listener, a point came out which revealed to the Secretary of State that his cause had been hopeless from the first.

This was an unchallenged statement to the effect that the labor movement in the State had, ever since the election campaign, held the pledges of 90 per cent of the legislators to vote for an Anti-Alien Land Bill.

While the presence of Secretary Bryan in the Capitol of a sovereign State actively endeavoring to influence legislation produced some tense and delicate situations, no unpleasantness of any kind resulted; and while he failed to attain the object of his mission, he undoubtedly secured for the President valuable first-hand information as to the state of the popular mind on the cause in issue, and it is not likely that anything but good will come from the visit aside from the establishment of what may be regarded as a doubtful precedent.

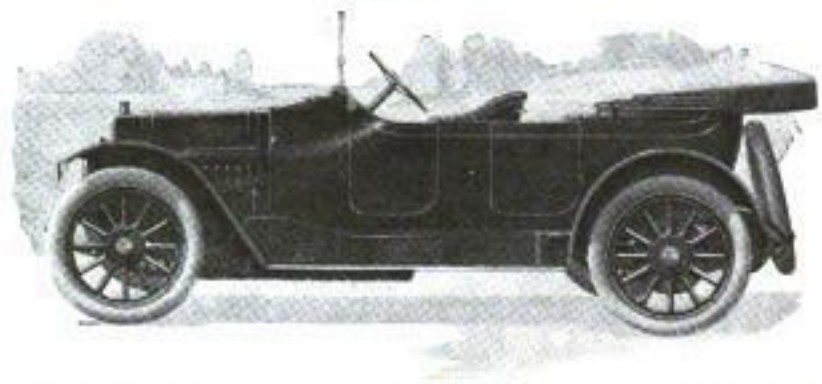
THE LAW ITSELF

IT remains but to say a word about the law. Undoubtedly the President's criticisms, suggestions, and objections resulted in a more euphemistic wording of the document. The words "ineligible to citizenship" do not appear. This is avoided by affirming in one section the rights of aliens eligible to citizenship, and then in a second section affirming that aliens not covered by the first section may "acquire, possess, enjoy, transmit, and transfer real property . . . in the manner and to the extent and for the purposes presented by any treaty now existing," etc.

By the expedient of this phrasing, the law not only avoids contravening the Treaty of 1911 with Japan but follows the very line of cleavage laid down by that document, which as before stated secured to the Japanese the right to lease and occupy land for certain residential and business purposes but was emphatically silent on agricultural lands.

It is difficult to see, therefore, how the Japanese nation can successfully oppose a law which practically enacts a Japanese treaty into a California statute and bars the Japanese citizens from no privilege in California from which California's citizens are not also barred in Japan.

Mitchell



YOUR first inspection of the 1913 Mitchell will show you a combination of improvements and conveniences that you haven't found in other cars of the moderate-price class.

An investigation will prove to you that the Mitchell is built properly for strength, power, long life and beauty of line; French design adapted to American conditions.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

	Motor	Wheel Base	Prices F.O.B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4½x7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4½x7 in.	120-in.	1,500

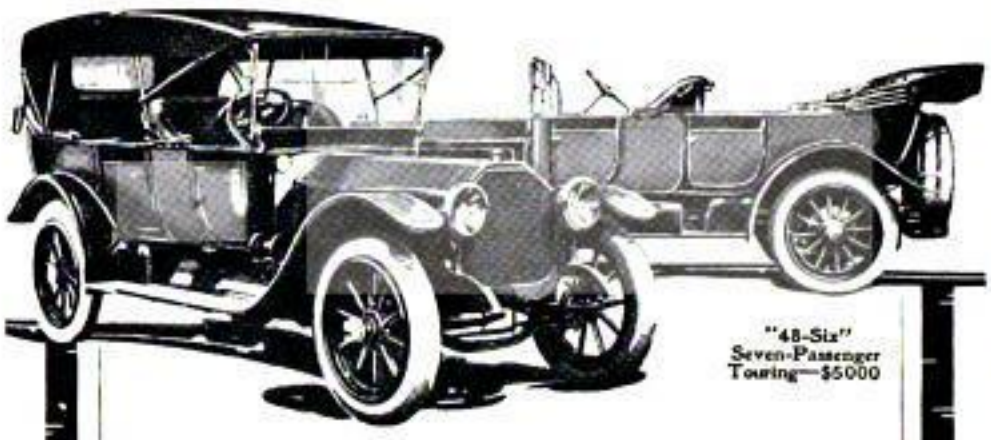
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"48-Six" Seven-Passenger Touring—$5000

THE PEERLESS FOR WOMEN

TO the ideal of the woman every resource of the Peerless organization has been trained. The Peerless New Models are more than an attempt to meet this ideal—they are the achievement of it.

Whatever could be added to improve, refine or satisfy has been added; whatever might offend has been eliminated. The Peerless is the realization of the things that women most desire in a motor car—safety, comfort and beauty.

THREE SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

"38-Six," "48-Six" and "60-Six," each a car of matured details. Electric starter controlled by pressure on a pedal. Dynamo lighting; irreversible steering gear; accurately heat-treated steel parts; proper weight balance for comfortable riding; unexcelled spring suspension, accurate response to every element of control. Seven distinctive body types—$4300 to $7200.

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Peerless
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The Farm, the Thousand, and the "Ifs"

Points the City Man Must Keep in Mind When He Retreats to the Country

By JOHN M. OSKISON

DOWN at Rock Hill, S. C., lives a manufacturer of buggies who read the editorial in COLLIER'S asking for data useful to the man with a capital of $1,000 and an ingrowing desire to get away from pavements and try the farm.

"I was impressed with the editorial," he says, "and have taken the trouble to make a thorough investigation of conditions in this section. I feel that it is easily possible for a man not only to make a living for himself and family but to make some money on a farm raising the standard products of this country—cotton, corn, and oats.

"Of course, if a man were to specialize he could easily make very much more money, but in the figures which I submit here I go on the assumption that he will stick to standard crops. My figures are based on the minimum production, and allow for the maximum of expenses. I feel satisfied that a man with the necessary physical endurance and average common sense can succeed in this country on a farm."

Here are the figures submitted by the Rock Hill man:

INVESTMENT

50 acres land, at $30 an acre, payable in ten annual installments, with interest at 7 per cent. first payment	$150.00
2 mules	350.00
Harness for farm and spring wagon	25.00
2 cows	75.00
4 pigs, six weeks old	10.00
25 chickens	25.00
1 farm wagon	50.00
1 four-seated spring wagon	75.00
1 two-horse turn plow	8.00
1 cotton planter	15.00
1 disc harrow	20.00
1 guano distributor	10.00
1 lot necessary plowshares, plow stocks, hoes, rake, two axes, furniture, and other small tools	187.00
Total	$1,000.00

CROPS TO BE RAISED

Acres to be planted in cotton	20
Acres to be planted in corn	10
Acres to be planted in oats	10
Acres for potatoes and vegetables	2
Acres for cow pasture	8
Total acreage	50

ESTIMATED PRODUCTION OF FARM

15 bales cotton of 500 pounds each, at 12 cents per pound	$900.00
500 bushels cotton seed at 30 cents (selling now at 60 cents)	150.00
250 bushels corn at 75 cents (selling now at $1.00)	187.50
250 bushels oats at 60 cents	150.00
10 tons pea-vine hay (this planted on land after oats are cut in May)	175.00
50 bushels peas (these sowed broadcast on corn land at last plowing of corn)	75.00
4 hogs, raised on waste	50.00
Receipts from sales of surplus chickens and eggs	25.00
Receipts from sales of butter	50.00
200 bushels sweet potatoes (selling now at $1.00) at 75 cents	150.00
50 bushels Irish potatoes (half acre left for vegetable garden not counted)	50.00
Total receipts	$1,062.50

ESTIMATED EXPENSES FOR THE YEAR

Feed for two mules	$180.00
Feed for two cows until pasture is ready in spring	30.00
Wages one white man as laborer, board and washing included	240.00
Extra labor, hoeing cotton..$15. " " hoeing corn.... 5. " " picking cotton..100.	120.00
Ginning cotton	20.00
Commercial fertilizers	150.00
Cotton seed	$20.00
Seed oats	22.50
Seed peas	50.00
Seed corn	5.00
Seed sweet potatoes	5.00
Seed Irish potatoes	10.00
Blacksmith bill and incidentals	15.00
Interest on balance due on mortgage	94.50
Taxes	10.00
Insurance (fire)	10.00
Newspapers and magazines	10.00
Benevolence	15.00
Store account for supplies, clothing, etc.	250.00
Total expense	$1,257.00
Profit for year	$705.50

Missouri sends proof. From a man in Benton County has come a page of advice adapted to the city dweller who would try his luck there.

First of all, store, club, lodge-room and café loafers are warned away—you can't be lazy on a Missouri farm and make it pay. Let us assume that you are not lazy:

"The man with $1,000 has two ways of beginning—either to rent or buy. If he buys, he has got to be content with modest surroundings or go into debt before he gets started to make a living. I think the best way is to rent a farm (on a three or five year lease) on shares, and use the capital to buy equipment for conducting the farm as a paying business.

"Between two and five miles from the railroad your farm should lie; it should have a good orchard, a fair house and barn, with good water on it. This last is important.

"With your $1,000 you can buy a span of good mares, not over eight years old, a wagon, a buggy, harness, three cows, six hogs, six sheep, corn, oats, etc., for feed until you get your first crop, fifty young hens, the necessary farming machinery, and a six-months supply of groceries for the family. When you've got all of these, you ought to have left a hundred dollars or more for emergencies.

"Five to ten acres each in meadow and corn, five acres of oats, and five to ten for pasture—this will give you a hint as to the division of your farm into crop areas. Take a good farm paper, and don't be afraid to ask questions of your successful and thrifty neighbors. Eat hearty, sleep enough, and work hard—in five years, I predict that you'll have enough laid aside to justify you in buying a good farm of your own.

"By the way, don't forget to put out a fair-sized strawberry patch—500 to 1,000 plants. They will not only pay you well, but they will supply you with one of the luxuries you ought to enjoy. And, by way of a P.S., if you will take my advice, you won't go in debt—you'll worry over it, and worry is worse for you than hard work."

CHANCES IN NORTH DAKOTA

NORTH DAKOTA sends word that there are farms in that State which ought to pass from the possession of owners who rent them and go to California—and the right kind of a city man, even with a small capital, can accomplish that desirable transfer of ownership.

A Texas reader thinks that for $ 50 a man can go on a rented farm and make good if he will "keep his head closed and not brag about what he's going to do." The point is that he's got to spend a considerable time learning the game.

Even the pessimist from Nebraska, who knows from bitter experience that there are a whole lot of hurdles to get over before you can call yourself a successful farmer, tells us that if we will do the common things well and remember that theory and practice are often wide apart in farming it will be worth while to make the change.

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Vitalized Rubber in Diamond Tires means *more* mileage for *less* money

You can't tell what a tire costs until it is worn out.

The amount you pay for tires and the miles you get depend upon your judgment in buying tires.

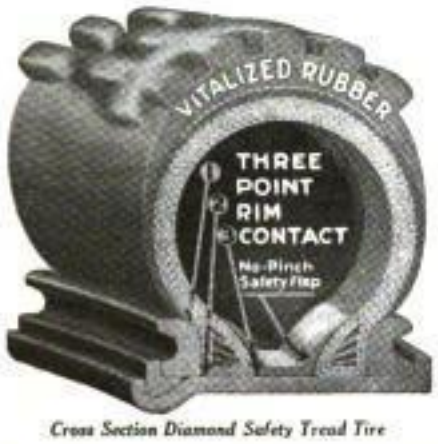
And it's the mileage the tire delivers that determines the cost per mile to you. The man who is going to get the most miles and service from his tires this season is the man who uses

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

made of Vitalized Rubber

The result of continuous development

The foundation of service in a tire depends upon the knowledge and the experience of the engineers who design it.



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

The first pneumatic automobile tire built in America was a *Diamond.*

The engineers who designed this tire have been building Diamond tires ever since.

Just as the automobile has been refined and improved each year, so have our engineers always kept step with this advancement.

For example, the No-Clinch construction which you get in Diamond Tires today is not an experiment, but is the result of continuous development and improvement.

That's why Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires have a side wall that will not break above the bead and 3-Point Rim Contact construction which prevents the rim from injuring the tire—tremendous money-saving advantages which cost you *no more.*

Additional miles are in Vitalized Rubber

The materials that go into the making of a tire are just as important as the construction.



In the Diamond research laboratories are gathered experts from all over the world—they know rubber and how it must be treated to put miles into it.

The discovery of Vitalized Rubber by our chemists is an unique method of strengthening and toughening the gum with no loss of resiliency. In other words, a process by which we put into rubber additional miles that you get out in service.

The tread on all Diamond Tires is made of Vitalized Rubber—insuring a flint-like and road-resisting surface that gives you mileage whether you are traveling on city streets or country roads.

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YOU know you can't feel or act like a success with tired, aching feet—tired feet—tired all over—ever notice it? Perhaps you think aching, tired feet nothing serious. But that is a dangerous attitude of mind.

You may not realize it, but those slight aches at the heels and ankles, those painful, cramped toes, that body weariness, and brain fag lessen your chances for success and happiness. And the worst of it is, that if you neglect these symptoms, you may pay for it with broken arches, "flat-foot," or a serious derangement of the whole nervous system.

It's an easy thing to neglect tired, aching feet, but it is a much easier and more sensible thing to slip a pair of **Scholl's "Foot-Eazers"** into your shoes today and put an end to your foot troubles.

For Men and Women

The SCHOLL Foot-Eazer
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I Have Increased the Efficiency—
Hence the Earning Power of Thousands

I have brought comfort, good health, greater efficiency and success to thousands of men and women. I have prevented thousands, through the use of Scholl's "Foot-Eazers," from becoming victims of the broken arch or "flat foot" and I have injected new life into sufferers from all kinds of foot ailments. If you are on your feet a great deal—if your work suffers because your feet hurt—if your earning capacity is limited on account of weak ankles or broken arch—you need the Scholl "Foot-Eazer" at once.

The Scholl "Foot-Eazer" requires no breaking in—always comfortable and instantly self-adjusting to all feet—fits your regular size shoe and can be changed from one pair to another—light in weight, never bulky and keeps the shoes in better shape.

Remember the Name "Scholl." Think of "show" and add "ll"—say "Show Me a Scholl"—
For Scholl's "Foot-Eazer" is the only appliance that gives just the right support and elasticity which nature intended the feet should have, when people walked on carpets of grass and soft earth, instead of hard floors and pavements.

10 Days' Trial Bond You owe it to yourself to make this simple test—**now**—today. Go to any shoe dealer or druggist and get a pair of Scholl's "Foot-Eazers." The dealer will give you a **Signed Bond** for a 10 days' free trial without risk. I make this liberal offer to prove to you that no matter what kind of foot troubles you have, Scholl's Foot-Eazer will give you instant relief. Price, $2 per Pair.



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Magic Wands and Stepping Stones

A Talk to the Girl Graduate at the Entrance to the Land of Self-Support

By MARTHA KEELER



THIS, by your leave, is Commencement Day. In the presence of a throng which cranes its neck to see, you are standing with your classmates, garbed in cap and gown, before the university president. He has just given you your diploma, which crackles pleasingly as your eager fingers close on it. For four years it has been your goal; now the goal is won. For four years gradually you have been approaching the Land of Self-Support. Hitherto the gate through which you longed to pass has been fast barred. But the diploma you have this day gained is, you think, a magic wand which will not only fling wide the portals but will also pave the way beyond them to success and happiness.

All this is somewhere in your mind—laid away on the top shelf perhaps, half-hidden by Commencement Day bouquets—while the president is speaking. Then comes a hush, a prayer, a benediction, and presently, Alma Mater having said her last word to the Class '13, you are keeping step in the procession which slowly, with dignity and grace, passes from the platform. The applause of the audience seems to emphasize the baccalaureate beatitudes which are still ringing in your ears. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, with the incense of congratulation, with all the fragrance that is June—and youth.

TO-MORROW WILL BE DIFFERENT

THIS is as it should be. And if I were you, Miss Graduate, now invested with what I believed to be a magic wand, and also supplied with a well-filled dance card for this evening's final festivity, I should lay aside the wand for future reference and, intent on making the most of the present, choose the most becoming among my graduation frocks and frills in which to dance till daylight, thus prolonging as far as possible the evanescent charm of Commencement Day. In the whole realm of life there's nothing else just like it.

To-morrow, for instance, will be very different. And if I were you, after sleeping off the pleasurable fatigue occasioned by my last schoolgirl dance, I should have a solemn session with myself and take account of stock. If you really deserve all the fine things which have been said of you (in Latin which no one will ever take the trouble to translate) on the bit of parchment so neatly tied up with blue ribbon, your diploma will be of aid to you in finding work. But it is *not* a magic wand! Scanning the list of graduates which the home paper published, your gaze time and time again returns to the brand-new letters appended to your name. "Mary Jones" you have always considered commonplace. But you rather like the look of "Mary Jones, A. B." Well, if you can convince the first possible employer who condescends to see you that "A. B." stands for "Able Bodied," "Also Brains," you may get the job. (Yes, I know in academic circles one speaks of "accepting a position." But in the business world a woman when she is competent—and fortunate—"gets a job.")

College training never yet gave a girl gumption and horse-sense. But if she has these qualities to start with it may be invaluable in supplying a many-sided stimulus, in fostering habits of mind which, whatever the environment, will obtain worth-while results, in transforming crude material into a channel for efficiency. Hard-headed business men have little curiosity as to the component parts of your college curriculum. They're rarely interested in knowing in what subjects you have specialized, but statistics show that they are interested in employing young women who possess the power of concentration required in those who are successful specialists. But just because for four years your program of studies was so planned that electives contributed the maximum of reenforcement to your major subject, don't imagine that your specializing days are ended.

On the contrary, they've just begun if you mean to take advantage of your opportunities.

NEW FIELDS FOR WOMEN

THE opportunities are now so varied that they call for fine discrimination on your part in selecting a life work. They include—to list a few of the many fields for women—architecture, advertising, the production, preparation, and analysis of food, the application of design to the numerous arts and crafts, horticulture, ceramics, library and statistical work, dietetics, domestic science in varied forms, household and institutional administration, secretarial work, social service, and sanitary inspection. It is only recently that there has been much liberty of choice. For years the schoolroom was the chief refuge of the college graduate who must earn her own support. And delay in seeking refuge there was dangerous! If perchance through any doubt concerning her own fitness for the work, or through consideration for the helpless innocents to be entrusted to what was called her "care," she hesitated, others rushed in ahead of her, she lost her chance of earning, and must marry the first man who asked her. Thus not only was the teaching profession crowded with incompetents, but the holy estate of matrimony also suffered insult frequent and gratuitous.

PAUSE FOR A SURVEY

BUT for you of '13 there is no need of rushing pell-mell into anything. You have opportunity to survey, and it is to be hoped ability to appraise the new avenues opening in the Land of Self-Support. That the born teacher will with unerring instinct seek to teach, I have no doubt; but I believe that she is a rara avis in the flocks which circle round the teachers' agencies. And if I were you, before filling out the application blank demanded by such an agency, I should ask myself very seriously if I meditated taking up school work because it offered the line of least resistance or because I really wanted it?

One who engages in such work exclusively enters on an association with immature minds which by its very na-

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ture involves constant outpouring of her own mental stores without receiving in return the impetus which comes from contact with adult intelligence equal in keenness to one's own. Instead of the give and take which among contemporaries makes for sharpening of the wits, it is the province of the teacher in relation to her pupils endlessly to give. This relation with its implied responsibility for implanting high ideals and molding character the born teacher welcomes; but it is irksome to hosts of women who are in the schoolroom simply because they have thus far found no means of escape. "I'm bottled up all day," one school teacher complained, thus unconsciously betraying that she found lack of stimulus in her environment.

But the teacher who is "born" and her sister who is "made" (by her own inability to meet conditions and by the red-tape machinery of school boards) are alike in encountering in their profession the obstacle of a long summer vacation without pay. This obstacle affords time for study or recreation without providing means for it. For three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the school teacher like everybody else must live. And the recurring, insistent demand of the weekly board bill during the season when she is bereft of salary soon becomes painfully monotonous—not to say embarrassing. It is stated on excellent authority that a drowning man does not mind the discomfort of being wet; however, you can scarcely expect him to be enthusiastic about the water cure. Neither is apathy to be wondered at in the rural school teacher on whom is urged the advisability of attendance "at some first-class summer school."

TROUBLES OF THE MARRIED TEACHER

AT the present time the status of the school-teacher who marries is dubious. In certain communities only spinsters are engaged for public and private schools: if a woman marries while in their employ she thereby loses her position. In other communities, although marriage and resignation are not synonymous, it is alleged that a married teacher whose work is such that she would otherwise receive promotion is unjustly barred from advancement because she is a wife. This state of things has sometimes led, if not to intended concealment of marriage for a considerable length of time, at least to the appearance of deceit and subterfuge. Without doubt the individuals concerned felt that they were acting well within their rights. But in the opinion of many unprejudiced persons such action, no matter what its motive, has detracted from the teacher's dignity.

For the majority of women marriage is the normal state; and until there is less uncertainty as to the treatment a teacher who marries may expect from school authorities, I should, if I were you, unless all the characteristics of the "born teacher" were well developed in my case, endeavor to determine whether I were not "born" for something else. Of course no well-poised woman will overestimate the importance of any relation in life: nor on the other hand will she undervalue it. She will, if possible, establish herself in a position which will not only enable her to maintain herself in decency and comfort for twelve months in the year, but which will also allow her, with no loss of personal dignity, to use her own best judgment in marking out for herself an honorable course in life.

Especially at this time when the economic independence of woman, whether she be married or single, is increasingly a vital question: when many homes are founded and most happily maintained on the principle of equal partnership in heart and brain and butcher's bills, will capable young women hesitate to enter a profession which considers marriage for its members a detriment.

SECRETARIAL WORK INVITES

AND so, if I were you, I should turn my eyes elsewhere. Secretarial work, for instance, offers an inviting field; it is also one in which demand exceeds supply. But don't think you are ready for it now, because you have a brand-new baccalaureate degree. Technical training is required; you will need a stepping-stone. Indeed in the Land of Self-Support there is more room for stepping-stones than for air castles and magic wands. And one stepping-stone exists which, when well polished and adroitly used, has enabled many college women to reach positions of prominence. Its name? Stenography and typewriting.

It was once true that almost any good stenographer could and did call herself a private secretary. But it is not true to-day. Unless she is much more than a good stenographer she falls far short of measuring up to the standard of equipment. The secretarial group of occupations comprises secretaries for business men in every department of commercial life, corporation officials, consulting engineers, research scientists, lawyers, college professors, literary workers, suffragists, social and financial magnates of both sexes, directors of charitable organizations, of leagues for civic betterment, etc. Indeed, life is so complex to-day that almost everyone who can afford to pay a secretary and can manage to find one who meets his or her individual requirements, enlists that functionary's aid.

DUTIES AND DEMANDS

OF course requirements vary. And unless a young woman have sufficient penetration to detect just what the requirements are in her own case as well as power to master them, she will not be successful in secretarial work. But for that matter such a girl is sure to fail elsewhere. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our job but in ourselves. In all realms life is to-day less and less a cut-and-dried affair than it was yesterday. For a secretary above all it abounds in unexpectedness. The variety of interests presented by this work, the salary attainable in it, the chances for sudden good fortune it affords for one who while perfecting herself in routine duties also develops skill of some especial worth—all this to a young woman who is able, resourceful, and well poised makes a forcible appeal.

A well-known Boston institution offers college women a one-year course of training in secretarial studies; and it is said that those who have successfully completed this course are greatly in demand. It has also been found that to certain college women who lacked the time and money for this course, six months or so of study in stenography and typewriting, accounting and filing systems, furnished training sufficient for entrance into the secretarial field.

The secretary's chief duty is to relieve the employer of minor details; this duty takes a thousand forms. Adequate performance of it generally implies among other things knowledge of parliamentary law, acquaintance with foreign languages, familiarity with social amenities, and, whatever else may or may not be required of any secretary, she must be able to write terse, forceful English: she will be called upon to take charge of her employer's correspondence and to write his speeches. Equally imperative it is that she must never betray a confidence, never intimate by so much as a flicker of an eyelash that she has in her keeping secrets of perhaps world-wide significance.

As to salary; at the outset twenty-five dollars a week is quoted as "a low wage" for a capable private secretary; it is stated that this is sometimes doubled during the first year. But it is difficult to fix definite figures for duties which must be more or less indefinite. In general salary depends upon the diversity of the secretary's talents, the extent of her equipment, the length of service, and the prosperity—also generosity—of the employer. Here as elsewhere at the start "the day of small things" must not be despised. Everywhere must an apprenticeship be served. During this period a secretary who is determined to realize her possibilities will have no time to eye the clock or to speculate as to increase in salary. After a reasonable length of time if she is worth liberal remuneration, and is also alert and vigilant, it will be paid to her either by her present employer or by some competitor.

DISTINCTIVELY A PROFESSION

PERHAPS the most difficult of all requirements for secretarial work is the combination of executive ability and grace. To have every moment filled with matters of great importance in which one must not make mistakes, and yet always to appear unhurried! To be a marvel of efficiency and yet retain the leisurely outlook which obtained before the word "efficiency" was coined! To have force enough to move heaven and earth, if need be, for the accomplishment of mighty purposes, and yet never to exert the force save through the medium of charm! Surely from whatever angle one approaches it this field offers incentive. It is distinctively a profession with a future. And if I were you I should strive to enter it.



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The School Board and the Beaux

(*Continued from page 8*)



Suddenly he was stammering and he had grown white. Jean had never known him to stammer or turn white before

of Deepwater, in the County of Columbia, in the State of Pennsylvania, aimed a blow at the institutions of the country and at the inalienable rights and personal liberty of a class made up of the finest flower of the nation's intelligence, nobility, grace, and distinction," he went on, "not only have they taken a step backward from Magna Charta; they have in addition set their pygmy intellect, their infinitesimal strength, against one of the great forces of nature, against the joyous, resistless impulse of youth and life that leaps in men's veins as the sap leaps in the trees at the call of spring. Like the famous Mrs. Partington mopping up the Atlantic, stand these four school directors on the shifting sands of ignorance and self-delusion, trying with their silly proclamation to motion back the thunderous, mountain-high, world-enveloping waves of life's great blessing, man's love for woman, that, joined with man's love for God, has brought humanity up from the level of the brute."

BY special request the schoolma'ams did not attend the meeting. "This business of being a prophet in your own country is embarrassing enough without you girls giggling on the back seat," Johnny had told them.

So, after the meeting had broken up, and the boisterous calls of the boys, the laughter, and the jingling of sleigh bells had died away, Miss Jean Thompson, she of the red bow and the deep slumber, waited in Mrs. Hill's parlor in a state of lively curiosity and anticipation.

When Johnny arrived he wore a chastened and thoughtful air. He admitted that the speech had gone off all right. The boys had seemed to like it. They had laughed and applauded at the proper places.

"Well, I know it was a fine speech and that it commanded the admiration of the enemy," Jean cheered him. "I had my information from no less a personage than the leader of the opposition, Mr. Amos Barton himself."

"Where did you see Uncle Amos?"

"Out at the gate a few minutes ago. I was telling Della and Robert Collet good night when Mr. Barton came up and said he was looking for you, that he might congratulate you and tell you he was proud of you."

"Did Uncle Amos say that?" Johnny sat up. Then he shook his head gloomily. "Distrust the gifts of the Greeks. When Uncle Amos begins to talk that way it means that he is sure he's coming out ahead."

"But you are sure, too. You said in your speech that our side is sure."

"Certainly," Johnny assented. "That is one of the first principles of running a campaign; be sure that you are going to win even after you know that you are licked. How do you know what I said in my speech?" he asked suddenly.

BEFORE replying, the young woman, who, despite her youth, was not without experience, gathered the scattered cushions of the couch and placed them in a high pile between Johnny and herself. Over this provocative barricade she faced him with brilliant, dancing eyes.

"You will not care, will you, Johnny? But I heard you make your speech after all. We all heard it, and it was a good speech. We were in the loft over the wareroom, the five of us. There is a little door opening into the hall, so we could hear, but we did not dare open it wide enough to see. We had to climb a ladder. Cousin Gilly helped us; but, oh, Johnny, you should have heard it creak under Virginia Harmon. She weighs one hundred and *sixty-seven!* And, Johnny, I *liked* your speech. Had it not been really fine as it was, I meant never to let you know that I heard it. Oh, yes, I mean it. I *liked* it! No, no, sir, the cushions must stay right there! And mind you, there are rats in that loft, lots of them! Gilly told us when he was trying to keep us from going up, so you may judge of our eagerness to hear you."

Jean's confession had a reviving effect, but before long Johnny relapsed into unusual abstraction. He was silent, gazing at his companion in a thoughtful, puzzled way as though he saw her from a new point of view.

"There is nothing the matter," he roused himself to explain. "I beg your pardon. I—I always like to look at you, you know. Only—well, I have some news to tell you."

With determined action he swept the cushions to the floor, declaring that he would as soon talk to a girl through a stone wall as over such a pile of pillows.

"Yes, I have some news," he went on. "Alfred Stringer asked Nora Berlin to marry him, and she said 'yes.'"

JEAN exclaimed contemptuously: "Do you call that news? He asked her and she said 'yes' fifteen years ago."

"This is different. He asked her definitely—to name the day and hour. He did it while they were driving down from Maple Grove this evening, and he told me just before the meeting. He was as happy as a sunflower when the sun comes up."

"U-m," said Jean, "Nora did not seem

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especially sunny when she told me as soon as she got out of the sleigh. In fact, she said that, having had a beau for fifteen years, she feared it would be awkward to get along without one now."

"Nora told you? Of course she could not keep it. Well, I'll bet that Della Deemer did not tell you about Robert Collet."

"There is nothing to tell," Jean asserted.

"There will be when she sees you again," Johnny said. "Robert rode up from Uncle John's with me this afternoon, and, in the course of conversation, he gave me to understand that he intends to try his fate while he is taking Della home to-night."

"Gracious, he is as sudden as Alfred is dilatory!" Jean exclaimed. "He has walked home from church with her four times and sent her a copy of Tennyson's poems."

"Will she take him?" Johnny asked.

Jean shook her head reprovingly. "You ought not to ask me that. But—I—think—she—will."

JOHNNY drew a sigh of relief. "I was not quite sure of her," he said, "and neither was Robert."

"Jean," he added a moment later, "you are a cruel, hard-hearted girl. Perceiving how nervous I am, you should allow me to hold your hand. Yes, I have more news—lots more. After I had finished my speechifying I was standing in a corner trying to look modest and easy, when Frank Reese came up and grabbed hold of me and told me that what I had said about — about — oh, about spoons, you know, had struck him hard, because he himself is a victim of the strong sway of the elemental passion. That's what Frank called it. He's hifalutin' when he's worked up. Then he said that before the stroke of midnight, by the help of Providence, he intended to win for himself the sweetest girl on earth, meaning Mary Sutton, who instructs the youthful minds at Buckhorn Crossing."

"Ah!" Jean was sitting up very straight, and her exclamation had a strained sound.

"Yes, it is a peculiar run of coincidences," Johnny agreed. "I realized it myself, and when Buck Johnson fastened himself to me coming out of the hall I had a pricking in my thumbs. Buck said nothing to justify my suspicions at first. He just clung to my arm in a helpless way, and acted so wild and strange that, as we walked toward the post office where he was to call for Virginia Harmon, I asked if he had a half-emptied flask in his pocket. He denied the charge, but admitted another kind of intoxication. He said that since it was up to him to propose to Virginia before they got through the covered bridge at Zionville, he was scared to trembling for fear she would say 'no,' and intoxicated to light-headedness with the hope she would say 'yes.'"

"Ah-h!" Jean sprang up and ran out into the hall. When she returned she had Johnny's coat and hat. She handed them to him without a word. He took them and dropped them on a chair. "Thank you, but I am not going yet," he said firmly.

"Oh, very well." Jean seated herself behind the round red-covered table in the corner, and regarded him with a scorn almost theatrical.

"Oh, yes, you ought to make a successful politician!" she cried. "But can you not understand that some things do not belong to your petty game? And then, after arranging for the others, you complacently come to me! Johnny Barton Smith, I shall never forgive you!"

JOHNNY sat down opposite her and propped his elbows on the table. "You do me too much credit in assuming that I was able to influence the boys in that way," he said slowly. "I will admit that it has happened just about as I would have arranged it if I could. It is a pretty coup, but I did not do it. It was the course of events, the course of nature. They were headed right, those four couples, and this discussion and opposition hurried them along—just as it is hurrying you and me along, Jean. Yes, it is! And another thing, Jean, I did not come here to-night with any deep scheme of asking you to marry me because it would put us ahead of the directors, and because the other four have become engaged. Of course you know you will have to face the question some time. But I thought it hardly fair now,

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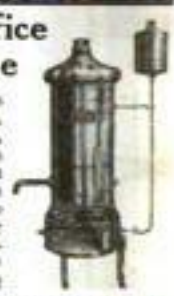
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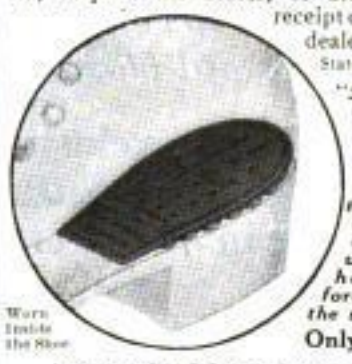
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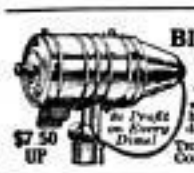
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You are only eighteen and I— It went hard, but I had made up my mind—

"No, it is something else I have been trying to get courage to tell you," he went on. "In spite of all my bragging, I have known for several days that we will be badly beaten at the election to-morrow. Uncle Amos is too old a hand at the game for us. The voters have followed his whip so long that they cannot get over the habit. When we started in I thought we would have a walk-over. I wanted to tell you to-night. I know you are interested in the way it goes, but I wanted to tell you because I thought you would be sorry for me—just *me*, apart from all the rest of it—because it is my first fight of the kind, and it is my defeat, and I am feeling sore. You are sorry for me, Jean—just a little bit?"

JEAN raised her eyes and looked at him rather timidly. "Yes, I am sorry for you, Johnny," she said in a small voice.

Then Johnny leaned across the table eagerly. "And—and when the time comes, Jean, you—you will allow me to—to ask you, will you not?"

Suddenly he was stammering and he had grown white. Jean had never known him to stammer or to turn white before. The subtle compliment set her to trembling.

"Yes, I will allow you to ask," she said softly.

"And it will be all right? You will not refuse, will you?"

Jean closed her eyes for a moment and clasped her hands tightly under the table. Then she laughed a little.

"Johnny! Do you not see? You *are* asking *now*. I believe you are still working for your coup."

Johnny did not laugh. He reached his hand across the table.

"Jean!" he whispered.

AN elderly man who looked in at the window saw the clasped hands across the red-covered table, saw the rapt young faces, and turned away quickly and quietly.

"The blamed—happy young idiots!" he ejaculated under his breath.

Mr. Amos Barton being on his way home from a political meeting of his own—one of those quiet, unannounced, back-room meetings that really count in deciding who shall have the front hold on the reins of government—had thought to ascertain if the late-burning light in the schoolma'am's parlor meant flagrant disobedience of the School Board's order. Having fully satisfied himself, he tiptoed away, smiling to himself and swallowing a lump of memory in his throat.

A little later Johnny strode through the night with the elixir of victory dancing in his veins. He took off his cap as he looked up at the path of glory that was the broad, white belt of the zodiac. "And the morning stars sang together," he murmured without knowing what he said.

A MILE or so farther down the valley he took off his cap again. This time he shook it defiantly at a light that gleamed and then went out in the upper window of a square house standing well back from the road. The able politician of the School Board had been working late.

"Hi, Uncle Amos, you're licked!" Johnny yelled at the top of his clear young voice. "No matter about the election. We win!"

After Drought

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

OH the good rain,
Singing down the perfumed lane,
Swinging out upon the fields
to the growing grain!

Oh the clean sound
Of the blue army all around,
Sweeping through the valley,
drenching the dull ground!

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With the roll of thunder's drum—
The blithe troops of rain, in
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Working Out of Joe's Salvation

(*Concluded from page 18*)

Miss Wells stepped forward. Her hand fell firmly on Joe's shoulder. "Joe," she said, "Mrs. Crissen wants you immediately." And with a grin through his tears Joe departed.

"It is almost a pity," she concluded a few moments later to the motherly woman, "that I should have interrupted him so rudely; for if I had only given him time we should have been edified with her dying message."

JOE was not a favorite with the children. He was selfish and dictatorial, and a little vein of cruelty ran through all his play. He wrung a sort of admiration from his companions because of his wonderful courage and daring, but it was an unwilling tribute, and only momentary. At the end of his first year the evolution of his character was far from satisfactory, and during the second year Miss Wells found that he was fast developing into a little bully, with a venom almost solely directed against the totally blind. He sneered at the awkward timidity of the new inmates, confused them, led them into strange places, and then deserted them, until they all began to shrink from him as a little demon.

Miss Wells studied the new tendency for a long time before she said anything to the child. She was genuinely puzzled to find a satisfactory explanation for the weird savagery of his desires. This cruelty was so shocking, and in view of what she was waiting for, so pitiful! That *Joe* should torment those who could not see! One day, however, when she saw him deliberately trip a tiny blind girl, and stand by laughing and mocking while the little thing sobbed from the hurt and shock, she went out to him with a face from which he shrank.

"Shall you have to be told something, Joe," she began swiftly, "something awful to make you kind and tender and helpful during the time you still have left? Can you yourself see so well as you could six months ago?"

SHE stopped, started at the unbridled fury in the child's face. His little body trembled with a fierce passion.

"Yes'm," he roared, "I can! Lemme go; get out o' my way!" He wrenched himself free from her grasp and rushed headlong down the lawn.

As Miss Wells looked after him a tender pity tore her heart. She watched him as he wearily dragged himself into line for tea that night. He avoided looking at her, and for the next three weeks went about dogged and sullen and solitary. In the midst of it all the house physician, who had examined his eyes many times before, sent for him again.

And to Joe's half-frightened surprise he found at bedtime that he had been moved temporarily into Miss Wells's room.

IT was that very night that Joe had a strange and wonderful dream. He was out all alone on a great plain that stretched away toward a solitary sky, and it was midnight, and he was very lonely. Joe was a very little boy in spite of his eight years, and it is not surprising that he should feel lonely and be afraid. For hours it seemed to him he endured the horrors of silence and darkness, huddled up in a breathless terror beneath the studded sky. Suddenly he found the whole plain growing light. A wonderful opalescent glow spread over the sky, and in another moment he saw the colors all trooping toward him to keep him company. The heavens became one great rainbow from the radiance they cast, and the plain burst into flowers wherever they trod. And as they moved they formed into all sorts of lovely forms and figures, some of them quite like the fixed fireworks he had seen one memorable night when he was a Chicago newsboy and free. Only now the ships and the goddesses and the fire of the battle scenes were made by the beautiful moving forms, and the queer blur that all his life long had veiled things lovely from his eyes had gone.

And then suddenly something seemed to snap within his brain, and on the instant the glory faded, and again he was alone with the blackness that grew and grew until it was a solid wall that hedged him into a steadily narrowing space, a blackness that at last made him one with it.

Joe sat up in bed. Something had happened, something that held him voiceless with the horror of it. He put out his hands. Where was he? Where was the difference between the white of the spread and the black of the night that he had always seen before? He spread out his hands and felt wildly; perhaps, since he had changed his bed that night, some other covering had been put over him, something black. But ah, the dead blackness of it! Suddenly he stopped groping and passed his hands before his face.

He put them closer, closer yet. The next instant Miss Wells was beside him, drawn there by the terrible cry that rang out on the midnight.

FOR a time Joe fought like a little tiger. "Get a light!" he screamed. "No feller can see in the dark." But she never stirred, except to hold him more tightly and to murmur, "Joey, Joey," over and over again. By and by she told him the hard truth, of the strange sympathy between the two eyes, of how his hurt eye had been making the other worse, of how at last the dark had come suddenly, of how she had wanted to be by him when the light went away forever.

And at last, from sheer exhaustion, Joe slept.

What it cost him to go down among the others a few days later no one can ever tell, least of all Joe. To go down blind as he had to go, feeling his way, filled with a fear that none save the newly blind can ever know, showing the same fear he had so often laughed at in others—it was almost worse than the blindness. As he sat in the schoolroom the familiar dots felt strange to him. He failed, after working a whole morning, to get an absolutely correct copy of the few lines that made up their daily journal; and when in leaving the room he stumbled against the door just like an ordinary blind boy, the door through which he had strutted so proudly so many times, he felt he had drained the last drop of his humiliation. No, the last drop came when Jimmy Brown giggled. Jimmy was even a smaller boy than Joe, and he had never known what it was to see. Perhaps if he had known a tithe of Joe's sufferings, nothing, not even the memory of their year-old feud, could have made him laugh at Joe then. But the mischief was done, for Joe had heard.

Quick as a flash he turned.

"So yer think I'm afraid, do you?" he cried, in a tone thick and choked with fury. "Well, I ain't afraid o' nothin'!" And before anyone could stop him he had gone full speed across the hall, and had dashed his poor little head against the wall. It was Miss Wells who reached him first and picked him up, his face all drawn with pain, but full of pure grit to the last.

"I did it!" he said, "an' let 'em darst laugh now, let 'em darst!"

It was in the restful quiet of Miss Wells's room that afternoon that Joe first began to talk. The great purple lump on his head was swathed in camphor cloths, and the hard pain had settled down into a dull ache. He began very abruptly: "I've fudged on you all the time, Miss Wells. I've peeked when I knowed I was peekin' and when I didn't know. It's orful hard, when a feller can see, not to peek. I tripped Nina up a-purpose t'other day. I was a-feelin' bad an' hurtin' inside, an' I wanted somebody else to hurt, too. I wisht—" He looked up, with his mouth twitching. "I ain't never a-goin' to see again?"

For a few moments he lay quiet under the tender touch that gave the hard answer. Then he made his confession and vow.

"I've been a mean feller," he said in a businesslike tone, "an' I've got to be a differ'nt one. You said a while ago you wanted me to go to sleep, an' I didn't want to. Do you still?"

Miss Wells laughed in spite of herself.

"Yes, Joey," she said.

Joe had never been called Joey until that dreadful night. He liked it. "Alright," he said. "I'm a-goin' to take a nap. Are you a-goin' anywhere else before I wake up? It's kind a queer yet, you know, a-wakin' up by yourself."

FOR answer Miss Wells slipped her arm beneath his head. Joe hesitated; then he groped till he found her face, and drew it hurriedly down to his, and lying so he fell asleep.

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Portrait of a Peevish Editor

(From the Butte, Mont., "National Forum")

"The Wettest State"

THE editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a bitter enemy of the liquor traffic, is all fussed up because Montana is said to be the wettest State in the Union. He rattles around in his chair like a mustard seed in a ten-acre lot and froths at the mouth like a mad dog because the statement has been made that Montana enjoys the proud distinction of being the wettest State. Why is he thus perturbed? Because he's narrow. Because he can look through a keyhole with both eyes. Because his soul is shriveled. Because he is intolerant. Because he wants others forced to live as he views life. Because the scales of puritanical despotism have not yet fallen from his small eyes. Because he belongs to a class that would burn human beings at the stake who do not believe as he believes. Because he still lives in the shades of the dark ages.

Montana does enjoy the proud distinction of being the wettest State in the Union. And why not?

Out here in Montana a man can take a drink when he feels like it. He goes in at the front door. He does not have to be a hypocrite and sneak around the back way. He does not have to patronize the bootlegger and the speakeasy. Montana is the most prosperous State in the Union. The wages of workingmen are the highest. Montana is liberal in every way. There is no room for such narrow individuals as the editor of COLLIER'S. Everybody believes in liberty and freedom. The people of Montana are big hearted, whole souled and generous. There is less poverty, less pauperism, less prostitution and less prohibition than there is in any of the hide-bound, bootlegging antisaloon States where hypocrites thrive. The honor of women is cherished and their virtue protected to a degree beyond that in any prohibition State. There is less drunkenness than there is in prohibition Maine. . . .

That's why the State is the wettest in the Union. That's why it is going to stay the wettest while the fullest liberty and individual freedom compatible with good government prevails. That's why the driveling opinion of the editor with a starved, pinched, shriveled, and narrow soul has no effect upon public welfare in Montana. Montana is as far ahead of COLLIER'S as Wilson was ahead of Taft at the last election, and that's some distance.

John Barleycorn

I LIKE to find the gifted youth, the youth of brains and virtue, and whisper in his ears: "In truth, one flagon will not hurt you. He who eschews the painted breath is nothing but a fossil; just try a drink of liquid death—just join me in high wassail." At first my words may not avail, they but offend and fret him, but I keep camping on his trail until at last I get him.

And having marked him for my own, I glory in the reaping; I feel that death, and death alone, can take him from my keeping. He's mine to do with as I will, he's mine, both soul and body; his one ambition is to fill his outcast form with toddy. At first I take away his pride, destroy his sense of honor, and when I see these things have died, I know he is a goner. I house him in a squalid den, and take his decent garments, and entertain him now and then with rats and other varmints. I place a mortgage on his shack, despite his feeble ravings, I put old rags upon his back, and confiscate his savings. And thus I take what is a man, here in your Christian city, and make him, by my ancient plan, a thing to scorn and pity.

My victims lie in Potter's Fields in regiments and legions; John Barleycorn his scepter wields o'er all these smiling regions. I find new victims every day as I go blithely roaming; a million feet I lead astray, between the dawn and gloaming. With sparkling beer and foaming ale I am my friends befriending, and to the poorhouse and the jail my followers are wending. You hear the pageant's dreary song as down the road it ambles; I wonder, oftentimes, how long you'll stand my cheerful gambols?

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Spores of Death

(*Continued from page 17*)

Half stunned, I lay watching the agile brown body melt into the distance of the cellars. Their walls and roof seemed to emit a faint, phosphorescent light.

"Petrie!" came a weak voice from somewhere near. "Is that you, Petrie?"

It was Nayland Smith.

"Smith!" I said, and strove to sit up. But the intense nausea overcame me, so that I all but swooned.

I heard his voice again, but could attach no meaning to the words which he uttered. A sound of terrific blows reached my ears, too.

THE Burman reappeared, bending under the heavy load which he bore. For, as he picked his way through the bloated things which grew upon the floors of the cellars, I realized that he was carrying the inert body of Inspector Weymouth. And I found time to compare the strength of the little brown man with that of a Nile beetle, which can raise many times its own weight.

Then, behind him, appeared a second figure, which immediately claimed the whole of my errant attention.

"Fu-Manchu!" hissed my friend from the darkness which concealed him.

It was indeed none other than Fu-Manchu—the Fu-Manchu whom we had thought to be helpless. The depths of the Chinaman's cunning—the fine quality of his courage, were forced upon me as amazing facts.

He had assumed the appearance of a drugged opium smoker so well as to dupe me—a medical man; so well as to dupe Kâramanêh—whose experience of the noxious habit probably was greater than my own. And, with the hangman's rope dangling before him, he had waited—played the part of a lure—while a body of police actually surrounded the place!

I have since thought that the room probably was one which he actually used for opium debauches, and the device of the trap was intended to protect him during the comatose period.

Now, holding a lantern above his head, the deviser of the trap whereinto we, mouselike, had blindly entered, came through the cellars, following the brown man who carried Weymouth. The faint rays of the lantern (it apparently contained a candle) revealed a veritable forest of the gigantic fungi—poisonously colored—hideously swollen—climbing from the floor up the slimy walls—clinging like horrid parasites to such part of the arched roof as was visible to me.

FU-MANCHU picked his way through the fungi ranks as daintily as though the distorted, tumid things had been viper-headed. The resounding blows which I had noted before, and which had never ceased, culminated in a splintering crash. Dr. Fu-Manchu and his servant, who carried the apparently insensible detective, passed in under the arch, Fu-Manchu glancing back once along the passages. The lantern he extinguished, or concealed; and while I waited, my mind dully surveying memories of all the threats which this uncanny being had uttered, a distant clamor came to my ears.

Then, abruptly, it ceased. Dr. Fu-Manchu had closed a heavy door; and to my surprise I perceived that the greater part of it was of glass. The will-o'-the-wisp glow which played around the fungi rendered the vista of the cellars faintly luminous, and visible to me from where I lay. Fu-Manchu spoke softly. His voice, its guttural note alternating with a sibilance on certain words, betrayed no traces of agitation. The man's unbroken calm had in it something inhuman. For he had just perpetrated an act of daring unparalleled in my experience, and, in the clamor now shut out by the glass door, I tardily recognized the entrance of the police into some barricaded part of the house—the coming of those who would save us—who would hold the Chinese doctor for the hangman!

"I have decided," he said deliberately, "that you are more worthy of my attention than I had formerly supposed. A man who can solve the secret of the Golden Elixir" (I had not solved it; I had merely stolen some) "should be a valuable acquisition to my council. The extent of the plans of Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith and of the English Scotland Yard it is incumbent upon me to learn. Therefore, gentlemen, you live—for the present!"

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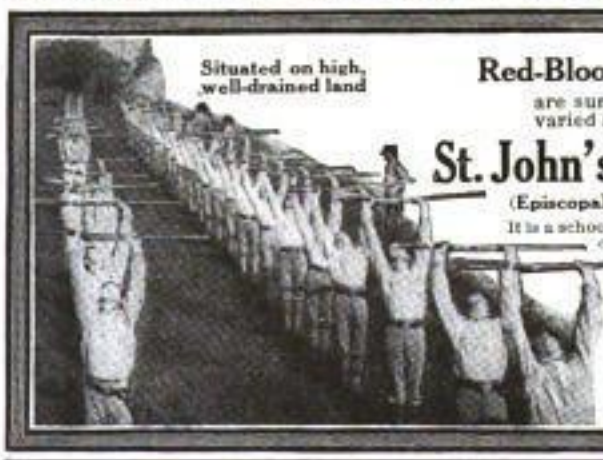
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"I trust not," was the placid reply. "Most of my people are safe; some are shipped as lascars upon the liners, others have departed by different means. *Ah!*"

THAT last word was the only one indicative of excitement which had yet escaped him. A disk of light danced among the brilliant poison hues of the passages—but no sound reached us; by which I knew that the glass door must fit almost hermetically. It was much cooler here than in the place through which we had passed, and the nausea began to leave me, my brain to grow more clear. Had I known what was to follow I should have cursed the lucidity of mind which now came to me; I should have prayed for oblivion—to be spared the sight of that which ensued.

"It's Logan!" cried Inspector Weymouth; and I could tell that he was struggling to free himself of his bonds. From his voice it was evident that he, too, was recovering from the effects of the narcotic which had been administered to us all.

"Logan," he cried. "Logan! This way—*help!*"

But the cry beat back upon us in that inclosed space and seemed to carry no farther than the invisible walls of our prison.

"The door fits well," came Fu-Manchu's mocking voice. "It is fortunate for us all that it is so. This is my observation window, Dr. Petrie, and you are about to enjoy a unique opportunity of studying fungology. I have already drawn your attention to the anesthetic properties of the *Lycoperdon*, or common puffball. You may have recognized the fumes? The chamber into which you rashly precipitated yourselves was charged with them. By a process of my own I have greatly enhanced the value of the puffball in this respect. Your friend, Mr. Weymouth, proved the most obstinate subject; but he succumbed in fifteen seconds."

"Logan! Help! *Help!* This way, man!"

Something very like fear sounded in Weymouth's voice now. Indeed, the situation was so uncanny that it almost seemed unreal. A group of men had entered the furthermost cellar, led by one who bore an electric pocket lamp. The hard, white ray danced from bloated gray fungi to others of nightmare shape, of dazzling, venomous brilliance. The mocking, lecture-room voice continued:

"Note the snowy growth upon the roof, doctor. Do not be deceived by its size. It is a giant variety of my own culture and is of the order *Empusa*. You, in England, are familiar with the death of the common house fly—that is found attached to the windowpane by a coating of white mold. I have developed the spores of this mold and have produced a giant species. Observe the interesting effect of the strong light upon my new orange and blue *Amanita* fungus!"

HARD beside me I heard Nayland Smith groan. Weymouth had become suddenly silent. For my own part I could have shrieked in pure horror. *For I knew what was coming.* I realized in one agonized instant the significance of the dim lantern, of the careful progress through the subterranean fungus grove, of the anxiety displayed by Fu-Manchu and his servant to avoid touching any of the growths. I knew, now, that Dr. Fu-Manchu was the greatest fungologist the world had ever known; was a poisoner to whom the Borgias were as children . . . and I knew that the detectives blindly were walking into a valley of death.

Then it began—the unnatural scene—the saturnalia of murder.

Like so many bombs, the brilliantly colored caps of the huge toadstool-like things alluded to by the Chinaman exploded, as the white ray sought them out in the darkness which alone preserved their existence. A brownish cloud—I could not determine whether liquid or powdery—arose in the cellar.

I tried to close my eyes—or to turn them away from the reeling forms of the men who were trapped in that poison hole. It was useless; I must look.

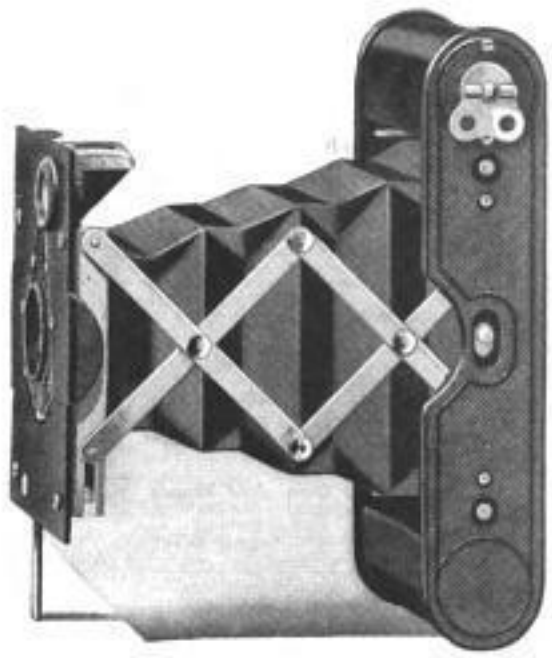
The bearer of the lamp had dropped it, but the dim, eerily illuminated gloom endured scarce a second. A bright light sprang up—doubtless at the touch of the fiendish being who now resumed speech:

"Observe the symptoms of delirium, doctor!"

Out there, beyond the glass door, the unhappy victims were laughing—tearing their garments from their bodies—leaping—waving their arms . . . were becoming *maniacs!*

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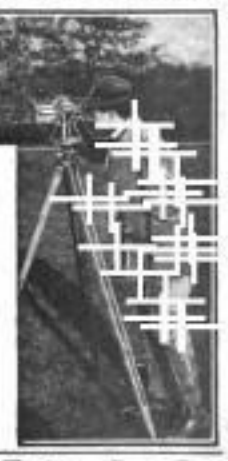
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giant *Empusa*," continued the wicked voice. "The air of the second cellar being supercharged with oxygen, they immediately germinate. Ah! it is a triumph! That process is the scientific triumph of my life!"

Like powdered snow, the white spores fell from the roof, frosting the writhing shapes of the already poisoned men. Before my horrified gaze *the fungus grew*; it spread from the head to the feet of those it touched; it enveloped them as in glittering shrouds. . . .

"They die like flies!" screamed Fu-Manchu, with a sudden febrile excitement; and I felt assured of something I had long suspected: that that magnificent, perverted brain was the brain of a homicidal maniac—though Smith would never accept the theory.

"It is my flytrap!" shrieked the Chinaman. "And I am the God of Destruction!"

THE clammy touch of the mist revived me. The culmination of the scene in the poison cellars, together with the effects of the fumes which I had inhaled again, had overcome me. Now I knew that I was afloat on the river. I still was bound; furthermore, a cloth was wrapped tightly about my mouth, and I was secured to a ring in the deck.

By moving my aching head to the left I could look down into the oily water; by moving it to the right I could catch a glimpse of the empurpled face of Inspector Weymouth, who, similarly bound and gagged, lay beside me, but only of the feet and legs of Nayland Smith. For I could not turn my head sufficiently far to see more.

We were aboard an electric launch. I heard the hated guttural voice of Fu-Manchu, subdued now to its habitual calm, and my heart leaped to hear the voice that answered him. It was that of Karamaneh. His triumph was absolute. Clearly his plans for departure were complete; his slaughter of the police in the underground passages had been a final reckless demonstration of which the Chinaman's subtle cunning would have been incapable had he not known his escape from the country to be assured.

What fate was in store for us? How would he avenge himself upon the girl who had betrayed him to his enemies? What portion awaited those enemies? He seemed to have formed the singular determination to smuggle me into China—but what did he purpose in the case of Weymouth, and in the case of Nayland Smith?

All but silently we were feeling our way through the mist. Astern died the clangor of dock and wharf into a remote discord. Ahead hung the foggy curtain veiling the traffic of the great waterway; but through it broke the calling of sirens, the tinkling of bells.

THE gentle movement of the screw ceased altogether. The launch lay heaving slightly upon the swells.

A distant throbbing grew louder—and something advanced upon us through the haze.

A bell rang, and, muffled by the fog, a voice proclaimed itself—a voice which I knew. I felt Weymouth writhing impotently beside me; heard him mumbling incoherently; and I knew that he, too, had recognized the voice.

It was that of Inspector Ryman of the river police; and their launch was within biscuit throw of that upon which we lay.

"'*Hoy! 'Hoy!*"

I trembled. A feverish excitement claimed me. They were hailing us. We carried no lights; but now—and ignoring the pain which shot from my spine to my skull I craned my neck to the left—the port light of the police launch glowed angrily through the mist.

I was able to utter only mumbling sounds, and my companions were equally helpless. It was a desperate position. Had the police seen us or had they hailed at random? The light drew nearer.

"Launch, 'hoy!"

They had seen us! Fu-Manchu's guttural voice spoke shortly, and our screw began to revolve again; we leaped ahead. Faint grew the light of the police launch—and was gone. But I heard Ryman's voice shouting.

"Full speed!" came faintly through the darkness. "Port! port!"

Then the murk closed down, and with our friends far astern of us we were racing deeper into the fog banks—speeding seaward; though of this I was unable to judge at the time.

On we raced, and on, sweeping over growing swells. Once a black towering shape dropped down upon us. Far

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Agents—The Folding Tray-Wagon Is The Latest step saver for women—the greatest one since the kitchen cabinet. Useful every day in every home. All steel. Light and strong. Easy sales, handsome profits. No competition. Write quick for agents' proposition. Bloomfield Manufacturing Company, Box D, Bloomfield, Indiana.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Celebrated Linro Line. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 135 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linro Company, 10 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Sales Agents: Your Success Demands More than one strong seller. Here's three of proven merit: "Nu-Pants" Creaser, "Nu-Life" Massage Machine, "New Idea" Hose Supporter. Others as good when needed to assure an independent business with a sound cash income. Write now. Modern Specialty Co., C St., Racine, Wis.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Mop" agents, etc., our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits, exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 280 N. Troy St., Chicago.

Amazing Profits. Gliding Casters. New. No Rollers; homes buy 6 to 40 sets, hotels 50 to 500, any one can attach; noiseless; won't scratch floors; save carpets and furniture; costs 3c, sells 70c to 25c; exclusive territory; sample 4c. Evergrip Caster Co., 208 Warren St., New York.

Little Giant Lift And Force Pump. Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipe. Absolute monopoly; fix you for life if you are a producer. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. 41 Park Row, New York.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $500 Policy for $10 yearly. Guaranteed by State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 250, Chicago.

Agents, Male And Female, Success Assured Selling unique line of Embroidered Novelties, Art Linens, Ladies' Wearing Apparel, etc. Profits abundant. Big free outfit tells all. Raphael Imp. & Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 605 B'way, N. Y.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents! Positive Proof Of Sales, Profits And Satisfaction with our unequaled proposition sent free. Millions need this new invention. Be the first in your territory. G-C Light Co., 302 Baldwin Blk., Indianapolis, Ind.

Agents: Can You Sell Two Good Consumed household articles? Used in every home. It's your chance to be master of an established business that will make you big money right off. The Moore Co., Nyack, N. Y.

Wanted: Subscription Men And Women To call on the Medical Profession and Druggists. Big commission. Need not interfere with present occupation. Ramaine Pierson, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposition in U. S. If you are making less than $200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Convex Portraits, Frames And Glass. You Can better your present salary by selling our new line of portraits. Catalog, samples and particulars free. Established 14 years. C. Culver Art & Frame Co., Westerville, Ohio.

Agents—Something New—Fastest Sellers And quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent profitable business. Sells the year round. Write for particulars. American Products Co., 4216 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents! Would You Take A Steady Job Where you can make big money quick? No experience required. My goods are snappy, household necessities that make and hold customers. E. M. Davis, Pres., 2261 Davis Blk., Chicago.

Agents—New Invention. Electric Cigar Lighter. Used on cigar cases. Quick seller to Hotels, Drug stores, Restaurants, Poolhalls, Cafes. Big profits. Special offer. Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc.; save consumer 50%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free Sample. Pitkin & Co., 105 Bedd St., Newark, N. Y.

Automobile Seat Coverings Are In Demand. We want Agents to sell them to car owners. We also want travelling salesmen to sell them to supply houses and garages. The John Potter Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Scribner's Magazine Subscription Solicitors easily earn liberal pay. For full particulars regarding commissions, etc., address Desk 1, 159 5th Avenue, New York City.

Sell Hosiery; Guaranteed Against Holes Or New hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Department 2, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 90 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2206, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid territory for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Vacuum Cleaner Agents—Make More Money selling latest improved Feeny. Unexcelled. Your money back if not satisfied. Free Territory. It's worth investigating. Write today. Feeny Mfg. Co., E-33, Muncie, Ind.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Gold Sign Letters put on with Roller. Cost 2c. sell 25c. Mounted Samples free. Embossed Letter Co., 2 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

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above lights blazed, bells rang, vague cries pierced the fog. The launch pitched and rolled perilously, but weathered the wash of the liner which so nearly had concluded this episode. It was such a journey as I had taken once before, early in our pursuit of the genius of the Yellow Peril; but this was infinitely more terrible; for now we were utterly in Fu-Manchu's power.

A voice mumbled in my ear. I turned my bound-up face; and Inspector Weymouth raised his hands in the dimness and partly slipped the bandage from his mouth.

"I've been working at the cords since we left those filthy cellars," he whispered. "My wrists are all cut, but when I've got out a knife and freed my ankles—"

Smith had kicked him with his bound feet. The detective slipped the bandage back to position and placed his hands behind him again. Dr. Fu-Manchu, wearing a heavy overcoat but no hat, came aft. He was dragging Kâramanèh by the wrists. He seated himself on the cushions near to us, pulling the girl down beside him. Now, I could see her face, and the expression in her beautiful eyes made me writhe.

Fu-Manchu sat watching us, his discolored teeth faintly visible in the dim light, to which I was becoming accustomed.

"Dr. Petrie," he said, "you shall be my honored guest at my home in China. You shall assist me to revolutionize chemistry. Mr. Smith, I fear you know more of my plans than I had deemed it possible for you to have learned, and I am anxious to know if you have a confidant. Where your memory fails you, and my files and wire jackets prove ineffectual, Inspector Weymouth's recollections may prove more accurate."

HE turned to the cowering girl, who shrank away from him in pitiful, abject terror.

"In my hand, doctor," he continued, "I hold a needle charged with a rare culture. It is the link between the *bacilli* and the *fungi*. You have seemed to display an undue interest in the peach and pearl which render my Kâramanèh so delightful, in the supple grace of her movements and the sparkle of her eyes. You can never devote your whole mind to those studies which I have planned for you while such distractions exist. A touch of this keen point, and the laughing Kâramanèh becomes the shrieking hag—the maniacal, mowing—"

Then, with an oxlike rush, Weymouth was upon him!

Kâramanèh, wrought upon past endurance, with a sobbing cry, sank to the deck and lay still. I managed to writhe into a half-sitting posture, and Smith rolled aside as the detective and the Chinaman crashed down together.

Weymouth had one big hand at the doctor's yellow throat; with his left he grasped the Chinaman's right. It held the needle.

Now, I could look along the length of the little craft, and, so far as it was possible to make out in the fog, only one other was aboard—the half-clad brown man who navigated her, and who had carried us through the cellars. The murk had grown denser and now shut us in like a box. The throb of the motor, the hissing breath of the two who fought with so much at issue; these sounds and the wash of the water alone broke the eerie stillness.

By slow degrees, and with a reptilian agility horrible to watch, Fu-Manchu was neutralizing the advantage gained by Weymouth. His clawish fingers were fast in the big man's throat, the right hand with its deadly needle was forcing down the left of his opponent. He had been underneath, but now he was gaining the upper place. His powers of physical endurance must have been truly marvelous. His breath was whistling through his nostrils significantly, but Weymouth was palpably tiring.

The latter suddenly changed his tactics. By a supreme effort to which he was spurred, I think, by the growing proximity of the needle, he raised Fu-Manchu by throat and arm and pitched him sideways.

THE Chinaman's grip did not relax, and the two wrestlers dropped, a writhing mass, upon the port cushions. The launch heeled over, and my cry of horror was crushed back into my throat by the bandage. For, as Fu-Manchu sought to extricate himself, he overbalanced, fell back, and bearing Weymouth with him, slid into the river.

The mist swallowed them up.

There are moments of which no man can recall his mental impressions; moments so acutely horrible that, mercifully, our memory retains nothing of the emotions they occasioned. This was one of them. A chaos ruled in my mind. I had a vague belief that the Burman, forward, glanced back. Then the course of the launch was changed.

How long intervened between the tragic end of that Gargantuan struggle and the time when a black wall leaped suddenly up before us I cannot pretend to state.

With a sickening jerk we ran aground. A loud explosion ensued, and I clearly remember seeing the brown man leap out into the fog, which was the last I saw of him. Water began to wash aboard.

Fully alive to our imminent peril, I fought with the cords that bound me; but I lacked poor Weymouth's strength of wrist, and I began to accept as a horrible and imminent possibility a death from drowning within six feet of the bank.

Beside me Nayland Smith was straining and twisting. I think his object was to touch Kâramanèh in the hope of arousing her. Where he failed in his project the inflowing water succeeded. A silent prayer of thankfulness came from my very soul when I saw her stir, when I saw her raise her hands to her head, and saw the big, horror-bright eyes gleam through the mist veil.

WE QUITTED the wrecked launch but a few seconds before her stern settled down into the river. Where the mud bank upon which we found ourselves was situated we had no idea. But, at least, it was terra firma, and we were free from Dr. Fu-Manchu.

Smith stood looking out toward the river. "My God!" he groaned. "My God!"

He was thinking, as I was, of Weymouth.

And when, an hour later, the police boat located us (on the mud flats below Greenwich), and we heard that the toll of the poison cellars was fourteen men, we also heard news of our brave companion.

"Back there in the fog, sir," reported Inspector Ryman, who was in charge, and his voice was under poor command, "there was an uncanny howling, and peals of laughter that I'm going to dream about for weeks. Somehow the voice reminded me of Weymouth's—"

Kâramanèh who nestled beside me like a frightened child, shivered, and I knew that the needle had done its work, despite Weymouth's giant strength.

Smith swallowed noisily.

"Pray God the river has that yellow Satan," he said. "I would sacrifice a year of my life to see his rat's body on the end of a grappling iron!"

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Baltimore Advertising Convention

"ONE of the most significant and most hopeful signs of the betterment of American life," says Editor J. A. McDonald of the Toronto *Globe*, "is the earnest leaguing together of thousands of men 'interested in the publicity business'—men who sell Advertising space, men who buy it, and men who write Advertisements for it—thousands of such men in all the Advertising Clubs of the United States and Canada leagued together for the high purpose of making the business of publicity honest and clean and of the truest service to the public."

Ten thousand of these Advertising Men will gather at Baltimore next week to attend the ninth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. They will come from every state in the United States—from Canada—from England—even from South Africa.

It will not be any mere social gathering. For a week the biggest, brightest, most successful men in the business of Advertising will study, plan, and work together to make Advertising better, more successful, and more valuable to themselves and to the public whom they all serve.

To make Advertising "of the truest service to the public" will be their motto. *For only that Advertising which really pays the people who buy what is Advertised can pay the people who sell what is Advertised or the publications which carry that Advertising.*

Because this is so, this convention of ten thousand of the men who are trying to make their Advertising really *serve the public* is one of the most significant events of the business year. This convention will benefit, directly or indirectly, every man, woman, and child in this country.

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 121



When you telephone your grocer



always have a copy of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods "at your elbow." It is not necessary that you should know what foods are *impure*, so long as you know what foods are *pure*. You can always be sure of selecting what is pure, wholesome, and nutritious when you use, as your guide,

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

The guidance of this little book is religiously followed in thousands of homes throughout the country; and its influence is proving a tremendous force in the Pure Food movement.

If there is none in *your* home you should send for one to-day, for it is really a duty that you owe to yourself and to your family—for health's sake.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods is simply a handy, classified, indexed list of food products which have been impartially tested in the laboratories of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass. ("The Pure Food Town"), and which have been found to measure up to this Board's high standards of purity, nutrition, honest measure, and truthful labeling.

It is issued by the Westfield Board of Health, officially,—that you may be *sure* of the purity of the foods that you buy. Ten cents in stamps or coin will bring you a copy of this valuable little book and you can use this simple guide without the slightest bother or study.

Tear off the coupon *now* and send it with 10c, to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

"When you telephone your Grocer"—use the Westfield guide to pure food.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 6-1-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

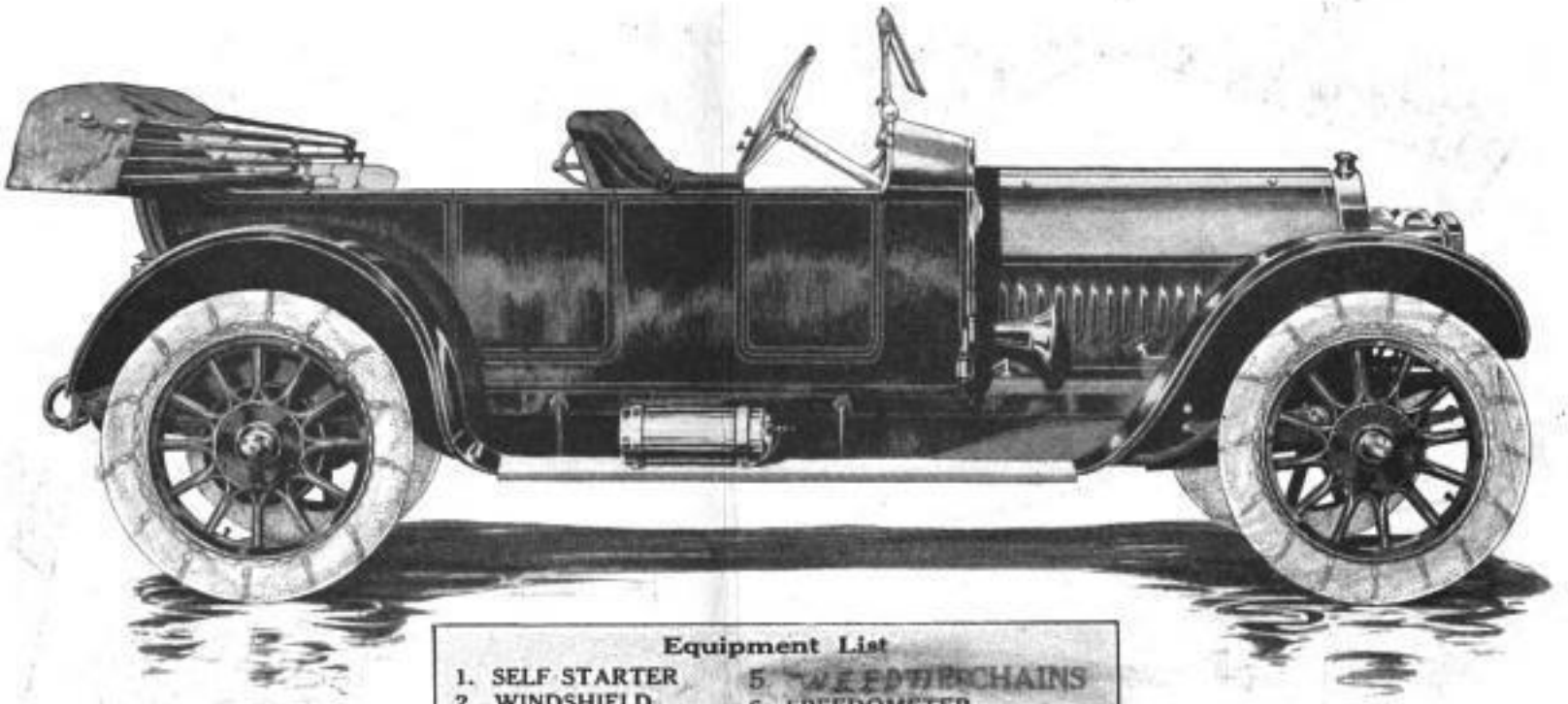
Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

"Fully Equipped" —*Nearly*

Lacking the "Necessary Accessory" that General Safety Demands.



Equipment List

1. SELF STARTER	5. [illegible] CHAINS
2. WINDSHIELD	6. SPEEDOMETER
3. MOHAIR TOP	7. GAS TANK
4. ELECTRIC HORN	8. PUMP, JACK and TOOLS

Rub pencil or edge of silver coin on the tires and blank space left in the equipment list of the above composite car and make its equipment complete.

Insist that the "Necessary Accessory" be included in the standard equipment of your next car.

Among Its Infinite Uses-

Statuary

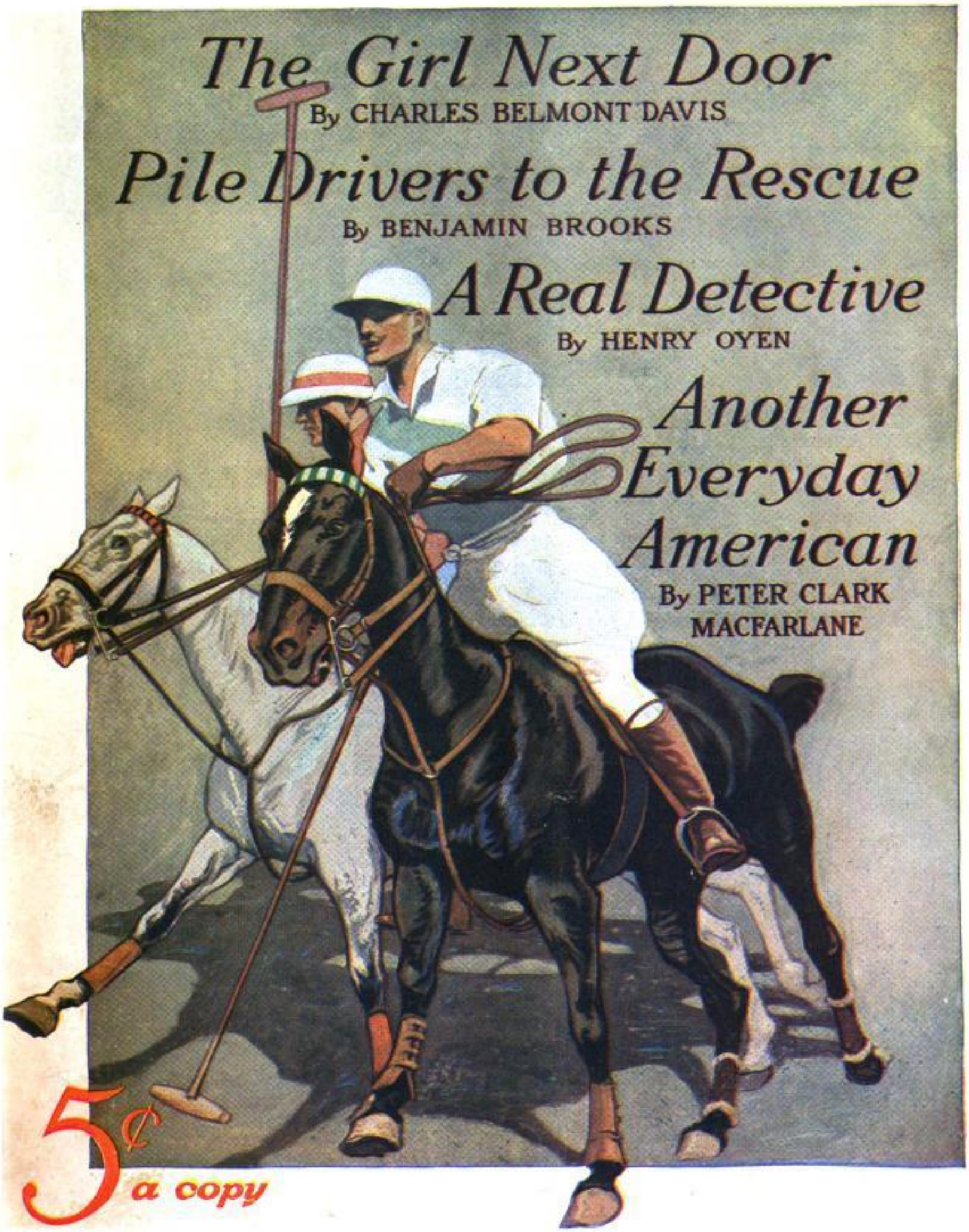
Jardinieres

Vases



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

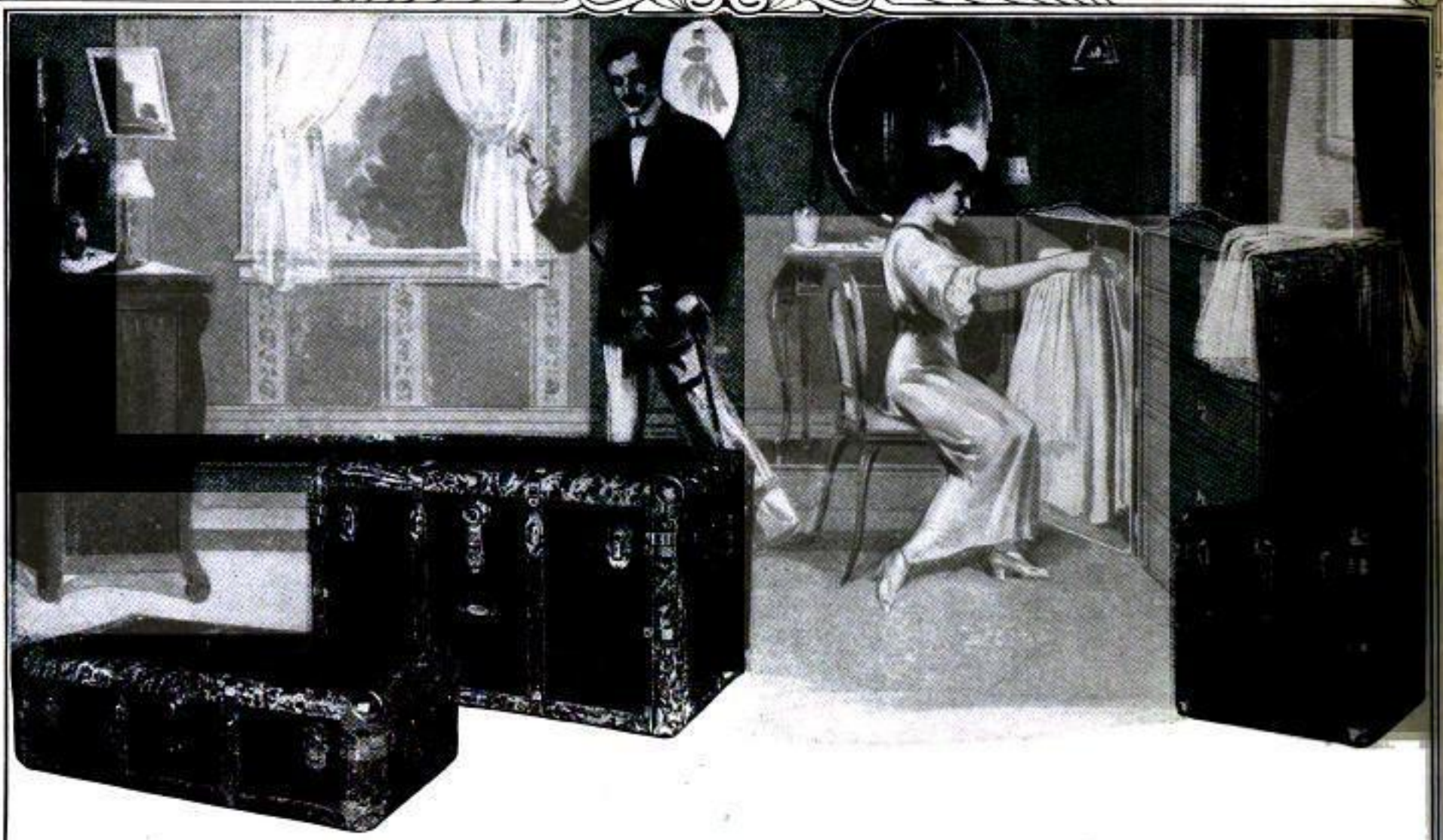


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JUNE 14 1913

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Right in Service—Right in Price—and Guaranteed for Five Years

The Indestructo is a trunk of guaranteed strength and service.

When you buy an Industructo Trunk, you are not buying on faith—or on maker's or dealer's claims alone—

You get an absolute guarantee with every Indestructo which says that if your trunk is destroyed by fire, accident, wreck, collision, carelessness of handling or neglect within five years from the day you buy it, you get a new one free.

Other trunk makers do not guarantee their trunks in this manner.

The guarantee of competition covers only inferior workmanship or materials.

The Indestructo guarantee protects you against loss regardless of what happens or of how far you travel in the next five years.

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

Special Jointless Construction

It is the wonderful special construction of the Indestructo Trunk that gives it unequaled wearing qualities.

The Indestructo Trunk is made of six thicknesses of superior hardwood united by a special waterproof cement into one solid piece without a joint at corner or edge.

Jointless means smashless for thousands and thousands of miles of hardest travel unwatched and unattended.

The Indestructo Trunk is covered with a hard vulcanized fibre. There are no nails—all rivets—in the Indestructo construction. It is put together like a reinforced steel building.

It is because we build this herculean strength into every trunk that we can guarantee it the way we do.

If competition built as strong a trunk they would protect it just as carefully.

Handsome and Convenient

The graceful outlines and rich color and finish of the Indestructo Trunk makes it as beautiful a traveling package as can be built.

The deep, convenient, roomy trays appeal especially to the woman who likes to have everything in its place.

You can pack fifteen suits or dresses in an Indestructo Wardrobe Trunk and still have ample room in the drawer-side of the trunk for all the other necessities of travel.

The Indestructo is by far the most convenient trunk to pack and the most convenient trunk to travel with that has ever been built.

Cannot Be Imitated

If you travel little or much, you owe yourself an inspection of the Indestructo Trunk. Compare it with any other trunk. No other can even imitate its special merits; they are fully patented and protected.

Other trunk makers may attempt to duplicate the special Indestructo construction, but when they do they have a trunk with thirty-two joints at corners and edges instead of no joints at all.

The Indestructo Trunk is right in price—a cheap trunk is the poorest kind of economy—an imitation of the Indestructo is no better than a cheap trunk.

World Wide Protection Against Loss

Every Indestructo Trunk is registered against loss. If it goes astray we trace it and return it promptly to you.

This Indestructo Registry Service covers the entire world—not one state or two states nor the United States, but the whole world—regardless of where you travel or how far, your trunk is protected against loss by the Indestructo registry system and against destruction by the Indestructo five year guarantee policy.

Indestructo Trunks cost from $15 to $75—you are paying $3 to $15 a year for a trunk that must remain in good condition—that must always be new.

105,000 Miles for $25

One man travelled 105,000 miles with a trunk that cost him $25—a cost of one-fortieth of a cent per mile.

He says "no other trunk could have possibly given such service."

Write Today

Write today for our booklet, "World Wide Customs"—it fully explains the custom regulation of every country on the globe.

It is a guide book of the very things you will want to know if you are going abroad this year—or any other year.

Because of the excessive cost necessary to obtain a correct and exact interpretation of the custom rules of various countries, we are obliged to charge ten cents to cover the cost of mailing and packing.

We will also send you in the same mail, a copy of our travel book, which fully explains the entire Indestructo line—trunks and leather baggage—it also gives you full instructions regarding the packing of an Indestructo Trunk in a way which will not injure or muss the garments on long trips.

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Station 706, Mishawaka, Indiana

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Those who choose a tire

because of the prestige that goes with leadership, choose Firestone.

Those who judge a tire by its popularity with the many, demand Firestone.

The motoring enthusiast recognizes the value of both name and fame, but prefers the stouter test of service. He wants extra mileage, long life of tire and car, safety and confident going.

So he insists upon Firestone Tires.

The reasons why Firestone answers all these demands are set forth in the book "What's What In Tires" by H. S. Firestone. Write for it.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio **All Large Cities**

June 14

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Why "The World's Greatest Newspaper"?

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE was founded in 1847. Joseph Medill was the guiding spirit in its early days and later became its owner. Today his descendants own *The Tribune*, without a break in the line of their inheritance. Few newspapers remain in one family for 66 years. Long ago *The Chicago Tribune*'s readers christened it "The World's Greatest Newspaper," and by right of long usage this phrase has been copyrighted and now appears as the sub-title of the Paper. Some of the reasons why *The Chicago Tribune* enjoys this reputation, not only among its readers but also among newspaper men, can be appreciated by reading the following extracts from an address delivered by the general manager of *The Chicago Tribune* before the students of Notre Dame University, the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin.

" * * * The real newspaper of today has outgrown the looking-glass stage as the sole object of its existence. The big development of the modern newspaper will be along lines of personal service. The newspaper that not only informs and instructs its readers but is of service is the one that commands attention, gets circulation, and also holds its readers after it gets them. The newspaper must be of service today, not only in politics and morals, but it must be of social service. It must not only plead with the people to swat the crook but must also urge them to swat the fly. It must not only help in the fighting for a clean city but must aid the clergy and others in the fight for a clean home. It must not only teach patriotism but must show the folly of the annual massacre on July 4—a slaughter doubly horrible because it is done in the name of patriotism. It must enter into the everyday life of its readers and, like the parish priest, be guide, counselor, and friend.

The editor of a paper who conceives his whole duty to be the printing of the news and commenting sagely or foolishly thereon, according to the viewpoint of his readers, probably would shiver with disgust and repel with indignation a suggestion that a Laura Jean Libbey conduct a department in his paper to give first aid—so to speak—to wounded hearts and elementary lessons in deportment. But there is a legitimate field for the Laura Jean Libbeys and the Lillian Russells in the newspapers of today. When we engaged Miss Libbey, at a salary, incidentally, larger than that paid to a cabinet minister or a judge of the Supreme Court, a number of the men in our office thought I was crazy. So did a number of estimable ladies outside the office.

In a little over two years Miss Libbey has received 50,000 letters asking advice, and if you could have read the letters, as I did, not all, but hundreds, you would have felt as I did, that she was, to use that trite saying, "filling a long felt want." They were from lonely human beings with human problems. Over two hundred young women have written and acknowledged that her words of warning saved them from taking the irretrievable false step which often confronts the friendless girl in a large city. Almost as many have testified that she has prevented the wrecking of homes in a divorce court. Several hundreds of her readers have written her that she saved them from the folly of an elopement which would have been accursed. Other hundreds have written that she straightened out the kinks in their affairs, and sent wedding invitations or announcements with thanks to her that they are established happily.

The precise, horror-stricken persons who stood aghast at this excursion into the realms of soul states and tender emotions long ago resumed the placidity of their ways. Sternly critical persons have forgotten their dismay. And Miss Libbey goes ahead doing good and making readers—readers who will stick because they have a real reason for so doing.

But Laura Jean Libbey's mail, enormous as it is, forms only a part of the flood of letters from our readers. We advertise to the women of Chicago "What Shall I Do? Ask *The Tribune*." And if you could see the thirty-five hundred letters a week that pour into the office, all asking questions, you would realize that the furnishing of news is but a small part of the province of a newspaper.

The most interesting thing is feminine beauty, if one may judge by the number of letters received. Miss Russell gets a mail sometimes reaching two hundred letters a day, and she teaches in her printed form replies as well as in her daily articles that the soul's thoughts affect the body; that ugly thoughts will ruin any beauty, and in her advice for the repairing of the damages of time and nature she advises against the use of cosmetics and preaches the doctrine that cleanliness of body and mind is next to godliness and is beauty's most efficient handmaiden.

"Marion Harland's Helping Hand" is a department through which a great exchange is conducted reaching from coast to coast. Actually hundreds of articles discarded by those who no longer need them, have been sent to those who do, and not only have a dozen encyclopædias been given to those who need them but half a dozen typewriters and one piano have found places where they would be of real value. Over a dozen orphans have found homes through her efforts. Mrs. Harland has three secretaries, and together they sort the applications from those who want and the offers from those who have and use their best efforts that the helping hand shall be extended to those deserving.

Queer work, the old time editor would think. But it is real work.

The letters that we receive developed the fact that thousands of women were worrying as to how to add a few dollars to their income while staying at home doing the housework. That revealed a condition needing a remedy. So we started a department in the Sunday paper to help solve the problem, offering a cash prize for each acceptable suggestion as to how to earn money at home. Those who knew shared their knowledge with those who needed the information. That is one of the pleasant aspects of this kind of newspaper making. When this department had been running for a few months, we found that several hundred women, by utilizing the suggestions we printed, had added to their incomes and in some cases had been enabled to start in business. We then published and gave away free of cost on request by mail twenty thousand little booklets called, "One Hundred Ways to Earn Money at Home." From these suggestions and others that we publish daily we have been told that other hundreds of women have been materially aided in life's battle.

Our latest department is called "How to Fight the Increased Cost of Living." Here daily we preach the lessons of real economy and try to make each dollar do more work for the housewife than it has been in the habit of doing. The four hundred letters we receive each week show the keen appreciation of our efforts. Here again we utilize the knowledge of experienced housekeepers for the benefit of those who have not learned the art of thrift and economy.

And in another attempt to be of interest and profit to our readers and to strengthen the hold which we gain by being of real service to them, we have sent Jane Eddington, a former dean of a woman's college and an expert in dietetics as well as cookery, to travel abroad and garner from the cooks and housewives of Europe such tasty and thrifty recipes as will be suitable for use by American women to the improvement of the stomachs of their families and the profit of their purses.

One of the strongest proofs that we have that these features are valued by our readers is that hundreds cut them out day by day and preserve them in scrapbooks. When we learned of the demand we responded to it and now we are selling at approximate cost one hundred scrapbooks a day for the purpose of preserving these articles.

All of this is a part of the new idea of the newspaper, which is that a newspaper must be of service to its readers.

For years *The Tribune* has declined annually $200,000 or more which it could have if it would print patent medicine and disreputable medical advertising. This was a matter of conscience—a dislike for dirty dollars. Duty pointed out the fact that it was not only right to stop people from spending money for nostrums generally useless and oftentimes dangerous, but it was essential that we do what we could to keep them in health. So we engaged Dr. Evans, formerly Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, and President of the American Medical Association, to act as Health Editor. He does not prescribe but daily he talks on the text "How to Keep Well." This was an innovation which has been followed by several metropolitan papers and today the medical papers of the country are crusading for "Medical Editors" in daily newspapers.

This whole idea of "Personal Service" is epitomized in the title of the last department of which I will speak—"The Friend of the People." This is where the citizen with the grievance files his complaint—the lion's mouth of today. Here come the simple annals of a broken sidewalk, street lamps that fail to light the way, insanitary alleys, unlighted halls in tenement houses, uncollected garbage, inattention on the part of public officials or servants of a public service corporation, the petty burdens of the poor and the uninfluential. The number of the small wrongs that afflict the citizens of a community is equaled only by the lack of success that attends the ordinary man in his efforts to secure redress. But it would astonish you to observe the celerity with which "The Friend of the People" secures results.

I believe suppression of news is more of a wrong than the printing of a piece of news that possibly might better not have been written. By improper suppression a newspaper sells its soul and betrays its readers. To my mind it is the high treason of journalism. No paper that permits its advertisers or the personal, social, and financial friends of its editor to control or taint its news and editorial columns ever has become a big newspaper, a successful newspaper, or a newspaper that is respected by the people. The man in the street instinctively senses this sort of treason and he punishes. In the past there have been notorious examples of papers owned and controlled by politicians and the predatory powers. Some are dead, others have changed hands, and those that remain are leeches on the money bags that gave them birth and furnished the sustenance to keep them alive.

The sneering belief expressed by so many that advertisers have a mortgage on the editorial columns of all newspapers is not true. There are free men and there are slaves in our business as there are in all lines of effort. The newspaper field is not inhabited solely by saints, neither has any other profession a monopoly of the pure in heart. There are black sheep in every flock. The average of honesty in the newspaper business will compare favorably with that in any other trade or profession. It should. It should be higher. We who sit as censors should be like Cæsar's wife. We who seek to lead the public should take heed to our own footsteps. We who preach should practice. Our ethical purposes should be high, our vision clear and unbiased. The man who thinks he can betray his readers, the man who thinks he can let dollars supersede duty, the man who thinks he can let private interest dictate his policy—and doing these things secretly imagines that he can pose as a leader of public opinion, an exponent of right and honesty—is fooling himself, not the public. The public is canny and its eye teeth are getting sharper every minute. The day of invisible government in the newspaper world, as in the political world, is vanishing."

IN these and similar principles are to be found the reasons why *The Tribune* has more readers in Chicago proper than the three other morning papers combined, and why it prints nearly as much advertising as the three other morning papers combined. The purpose of this advertisement is to seek the same reputation among all the national advertisers of the United States that we now enjoy among such of them as have already used our columns, and among our own local houses, many of whom have built up their present reputations solely through the use of advertising in *The Tribune*.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The World's Greatest Newspaper

(Trade Mark Registered)

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The Girl Next Door



By Charles Belmont Davis

A NOVEL type of modern hero is "Grouch" Gilroy. Two passions rule him—one his affection for the leading lady, the other his hunger for publicity for the "show." And when the troupe plays Greenville, the home town of the handsome leading man—don't think you can guess what happened, for you can't!

IT WAS "Grouch" Gilroy, the advance agent, who discovered Marjorie Esmond. The season was almost at an end, and Gilroy found himself in a small Middle West town, feeling rather badly after too many late nights. He had spent his week's salary, and he was thoroughly annoyed at his futile efforts to arouse the slightest enthusiasm either on the part of the local press or of the public in the attraction he represented. After a two hours' desultory and perfectly useless conversation with the man in the box office of the theatre at which his company was to play three days later, he wandered into the auditorium, where he found a musical comedy dragging out its weary length. For some time he gazed listlessly at the dull antics of the two comedians and a raucous-voiced soubrette. A love duet between the leading woman and her lieutenant lover only made the advance agent wince the more and hang on to the plush balustrade in the rear of the orchestra as if it had been the rail of a foundering derelict.

When the chorus flocked in and danced their way slowly toward the footlights, Gilroy gratuitously, and in a voice that all the neighboring audience could hear, expressed his malignant disapproval.

AND then from out of the mass of hard, overpainted, grinning masks on the stage, one face burned its way through his tired, dulled brain as a hot noonday sun will sometimes burn its way through a lifting fog.

"Oh, Lord, what a girl!" he muttered. And among that crowd of jaded chorus girls Marjorie Esmond, in truth, shone like a frail poppy born by some whim of nature in a field of gross weeds. A moment later the advance agent was in a stage box studying the girl at close range, and the longer he looked at the delicate, oval face, the honest eyes, and listened to the clear voice that rose so easily above the others, the more he wondered, because from long experience Gilroy knew that miracles are as uncommon to stageland as they are to the big world outside.

When the performance was over, he was waiting for the girl on the stage, and for five minutes the lanky young man with the pasty, anemic face talked to her with an argumentative sincerity that she had never encountered before, certainly never before in her career on the stage. After Gilroy had left her, the manager of the company met him near the stage door, and as he passed nudged him genially in the ribs.

"Making a date, eh?" he leered. "Oh, you advance agents! Glad you like her. Marjorie's a little too quiet for our bunch." Gilroy's gray, dull eyes and thin, bloodless lips broke into the semblance of a smile.

"Really," he said, "I do like her, and between you and me, I *was* making a date with her."

THEN he loitered slowly out of the stage door, hurried as fast as he could to the nearest telegraph station, and wired Britt, his manager, who was with the company in Chicago, to come on at once and see what every manager in America had been looking for for the last fifteen years—the Maude Adams of musical comedy.

"Grouch" Gilroy had received his unhappy sobriquet because it was thoroughly deserved. He was born a pessimist; had so far made no effort to rectify this error of his birth, and the silver lining to any cloud had yet to come within his vision. Therefore, when Ogden Britt received his advance agent's message he left Chicago by the first train that would take him to the town of Gilroy's discovery. The next night the very prominent New York manager sat in a very inconspicuous seat in the balcony, and with alert, expert eyes watched the stage work of Marjorie Esmond. An hour after the performance was over he was on his way back to Chicago with a contract that bound Gilroy's "find" to him for the greater part of her natural life.

From this point on the theatrical career of Marjorie Esmond was of that meteoric type which can hardly be classed as a type at all, so extremely uncommon are its instances. It was one of those cases of the woman star that helps only the individual, creates bitter jealousy among her less fortunate sisters in art, and incites many young women, who are infinitely better fitted by madcap nature to rock a cradle or dust furniture, to seek similar histrionic fame. But "Grouch" Gilroy's judgment was early and easily proved to be thoroughly sound, and, although he reaped none of the material benefits, he was as satisfied with the result—and so presumably was Ogden Britt—as if he had discovered the North or South Pole or the hidden treasures of Captain Kidd.

Within the next three months there was a musical comedy built from Viennese timber, torn down, rebuilt, and finally produced, all to the purpose of exposing the innate charm and the acquired arts of Marjorie Esmond. Following a short, strenuous road tour and ceaseless rehearsals, the play and Miss Esmond, or rather, Miss Esmond and the play, came into their own on Broadway. Her success was instantaneous and complete, and if there were any visitors to New York who were unacquainted with these facts there were innumerable electric signs, billboards, and newspaper advertisements to inform them. Unfortunately, in New York there is no Queen of the Carnival or authorized Toast of the Town. If cynical New York had time for such unremunerative social pleasantries, Marjorie would have as surely been offered both positions as she so surely would have refused them.



FOR the ensuing six months no properly chaperoned theatre party considered going elsewhere than to the playhouse where Marjorie was performing, and for the first time the young men who go to properly chaperoned theatre parties were as glad to go again and again to the same play as were their young women friends. These same eminently respectable young women made all kinds of efforts, varying from polite

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to frantic, to have Marjorie at their teas, and the young men were equally energetic in their constant efforts to add her presence to their formal luncheons or less formal supper parties, but to the infinite disgust of her manager, his most successful star "went nowhere." Presumably she did have somewhere to go where she could sleep and eat and rest when she was not on the stage. However, beyond the fact that there was such a spot, and that Ogden Britt and the stage manager knew its telephone number, the rest of the people employed at the theatre, as well as the world outside, were wholly ignorant as to how Marjorie spent her days. On the occasional visits which she paid to Britt at his office, the young manager would invariably suggest that she show the public that she was just as beautiful off the stage as she was on it, and, in addition to this, was possessed of the same infinite charm.

"Just go about a bit," he urged, "and let them see that you are a regular girl with human instincts and a wonderful dresser on and off, and that you wear paradise in your hats and glistening gloves on your ringless fingers. Now they think you're a sort of lady hermit, and probably say that you eat peas with a knife and asparagus with a tablespoon. Or maybe again they say that you're nursing a husband who is blind and feeble-minded."

BUT to all Britt's pleadings Marjorie would only smile and dare him to get out her contract and show her the clause in which she was compelled to appear at the functions of the truly rich or the socially prominent. And when he would cheerfully refuse, Marjorie always claimed that it was because he was ashamed to look a contract in the face in which he had taken such an outrageous advantage of an ignorant chorus girl and had bound up her theatrical career for years and years in red tape which no lawyer could possibly hope to cut or unbind. As Marjorie continued to have her own way, it was thus as a recluse that she finished her first year as a successful star. And then, and without leaving her address, she left New York for a well-earned vacation.



"But promise me, Grouch," and her voice scarcely rose above a whisper, "promise me always to be kind and good to me, won't you, Grouch?"

MARJORIE dropped into a seat far back in the dark auditorium, and with half-closed eyes gazed listlessly at the chattering actors standing in little groups about the bare, ugly stage. It was very hot—very hot even for an August day in New York—and the long journey in the stuffy, crowded train from the little seaside village where she had spent the summer had left the girl star of "The Maid of Mirth" company completely wilted and very forlorn. It was the first rehearsal of the season, and Marjorie knew that there would be little or no work done, and that the "call" would probably result only in a purely social reunion. The ladies would greet each other enthusiastically and admire each other's tanned and blistered complexions, and the men would swap fish stories and kindred tales of the adventures of their holidays. Indeed, it was only her inexperience and a certain youthful desire always to try to do the right and civil thing to the rest of the company that had induced her to leave the cool breezes of the seaside resort for the baked, unlovely city. But, for the moment, she felt even too tired to greet her fellow players. Sunk deep in the crash-covered chair with her head resting against the iron back, she watched them slapping one another on the shoulders, embracing, kissing, and waving excitedly to old friends across the half-lighted stage.

"What children!" she sighed, "what children!"

And she was quite right, for they were like a lot of happy children—happy in the days of their vacation just passed; happy in the prospect of a whole season's engagement before them, even if they were to spend it on "the road."

"Gypsies," said Marjorie, half aloud; "still gypsies."

She pulled herself to her feet and, smoothing her hair over her damp forehead, groped her way along the dark passage back of the boxes, and at last found herself on the crowded stage. For a moment the actors were so busy with their gossip that they did not see the newcomer, and the little figure in the simple white dress stood waiting patiently until she should be recognized. And then Paxton, the second comedian, who had never before dared to call her anything but Miss Esmond, or Lady Governor, shouted: "Why, bless my eyes, it's Marjorie, our Marjorie!"

And then the riot began. Marjorie ripped off her gloves and threw out her hands to the men, but the women—that is, with the exception of the new girls—held her close in their arms and kissed her over and over again on her sunburned, pretty cheeks.

The enthusiasm of the greeting was as noisy as it was simple and sincere, for during the long season just passed that they had spent together in New York the girl star had done much to make herself loved by the people who had worked at her side, and to whose friendly aid she had given more credit for the success of the play than was perhaps their due. There are some stars who consider it the best policy, even if against their natural instincts, to hold themselves aloof from their fellows, but Marjorie, whatever her instincts, did not choose to play the part in this way.

ABOUT her were men and women, many of them well advanced in years, ripe in knowledge and the art of acting, as well as in the best traditions of the stage, but yet whom the goddess of success had never yet seen fit to touch with her magic wings. To them Marjorie had gone for aid, whether she needed it or not, and thus had won them to her for all time. She had stolen away the rancor and the envy from their narrow, jealous souls, and in their place had left only love and a certain kind of blind adoration for the girl who had been born with the greatest of all gifts—a thing called charm and the ability to throw it across the footlights straight into the hearts of her audience. And so everyone in the company, from the oldest wardrobe mistress to the youngest member of the eight Tommy dancers, had mothered Marjorie. That is, so long as she was in the theatre—the relationship so far had never gone beyond the stage door.

The first "call" turned out to be just what Marjorie had expected it to be—a mere social gathering, a renewal of old friendships, and a call for a real rehearsal at ten o'clock the next morning. It was just as she was leaving the stage that "Grouch" Gilroy came slouching toward her and held out both his hands. The smile on his lips she had never seen before and was not at all in keeping with his reputation.

"Congratulate me," he said. "They've promoted me for discovering you. I'm going with the show. Not ahead of it, mind you, but *with* it. I'm a manager."

Marjorie took one of his big hands between her own little ones and pressed it hard. The company had gradually disappeared through the stage door, and they were quite alone.

"I'm so glad," she said; "and now that you're my regular manager, could you advance me a slight loan until pay day? That's my idea of a real manager."

Gilroy put his hand deep in his trousers pocket and pulled out a few nickels and pennies.

"That's the kind of manager I am," he laughed. "Do you see that queen of a blonde show girl just going out the stage door? Well, her first name is Vera and I'll bet she gives a dollar to a newsboy for an evening paper and calls the head waiters at Louis Martin's by their first names, so I told her I was her manager and asked her if she would start the season right and ask me to lunch."

"Well?" said Marjorie.

"Well, she just looked at my old blue flannel suit and my old russet shoes and sniffed, and then the stuff turned slowly into a loud guffaw—something, I should imagine, the way a giraffe would sneeze. I think she's laughing yet. Miss Esmond, would you care to take your manager to lunch?"

"I would not," said Marjorie promptly, "but I won't laugh until I get outside. Good day, Mr. Manager."

GILROY shook his head and swung about on his heel. "You're a pretty stony-hearted lot, you musical-comedy actors," he mumbled, and then, turning suddenly back to Marjorie and shaking his finger at her with a great show of mock seriousness: "But don't forget," he threatened, "I am still your manager, and there's a ten o'clock rehearsal to-morrow morning and that goes for the pony ballet and the lady star."

He made a grimace and turned away, and as he did so a young man, who was to play a small part, and who was one of the few new recruits to the company, blocked his way.

"I beg your pardon—I'm sorry," said the young man—an apology with which the youth's manner in no way coincided—"but will you please introduce me to Miss Esmond? I'm so pained to trouble you, but this is really the first opportunity I've had."

He spoke in the pleasant, well-modulated voice of the far South, but Marjorie could not well fail to overhear the young man's words, and so she turned back, but Gilroy chose to regard the newcomer's request as unusual and unnecessary, and with an expression of thorough disapproval, continued to look him over from the soles of his well-varnished shoes to the crown of his good-looking head.

"My name," said the young man quite unabashed, "is Shirley—Robert Shirley."

"Is it?" remarked Gilroy, but what he was going to add will never be known, because Marjorie suddenly came to the stranger's rescue. She held out her hand to him, and the young man bowed low over it, and then, looking up, smiled into her smiling, pretty eyes.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Shirley," she said, "and I'm glad that you are going to be with us."

In answer Shirley bowed still lower over the hand he still held and muttered some words which Gilroy did not quite catch, but which sounded something like "a gift for which he had waited with all the unreasoning eagerness of a child."

AND then Gilroy, for some reason which he could not explain, either at the time or afterward, found himself backing away as if he were trying to get the picture of Marjorie and the young man more in his mental and physical focus. When he had got the proper perspective, he found that he no longer resented the intrusion of the young man. After all it seemed to him now but quite right and proper that they should be standing and chatting there on the bare stage, looking straightforwardly into each other's eyes just as if they were the oldest and best of friends. Once more Gilroy squinted at the young man, from the soles of his russet shoes to the hair of his good-looking head, and without a moment's hesitation decided that his second point of view was unquestionably the true one, and that never had he met with anyone just like Mr. Robert Shirley in the show business before. His



(Continued on page 26)

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"Sunshine George" of Boston

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

THE THIRD *in the series of the Real Life Stories of* "Everyday Americans"— *its subject, a smiling, blue-eyed Yankee, George W. Coleman, who is doing an uncommon job in a most uncommon way. He is the leader of the famous Ford Hall meetings in Boston; he is president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America; and he is the other fellow's friend.*

GEORGE W. COLEMAN is the idol of his world. He does not make money, but friends. Physically he is like Zaccheus, short of stature; characterly he is as tall as Goliath, aboriginally he is just an up-to-date New England Baptist deacon. He wouldn't take a drink, he wouldn't smoke a cigarette, he wouldn't use an unsterilized word nor tell an infected story. In fact, if Thomas Drier of Cambridge, who writes advertising philosophy for America, should catalogue the purely negative virtues of Coleman, with the same skill that he sets down his positive ones, some people who think a man has to be tainted to be interesting would immediately convince themselves that Coleman was just the most boresome possibility in all America. But they would be wrong.

Coleman is as attractive as a ripe red apple. Men gather about him like flies round a sirup jar. They hum and buzz and slap him on the shoulders, and laugh and chuckle and admire—and follow! Let us write that particular attribute in italics—*they follow!*—black-face it, capitalize it, frame it in fireworks, touch off the fuse, blaze the letters against the sky—*men follow Coleman.*

Boston Felt Him First

QUITE naturally it was his native city that felt him first. One of the early advertising clubs of America was organized in Boston. It limped along through the years with some fair breezes and some winds that were foul until, about 1904, the feeling that there was too much tacking and yawing obtruded itself upon some of the more serious-minded members. They felt if the club was to realize its possibilities and furnish the proper leadership in the way of ideals for the advertising craft of New England, they must tighten sail and put some Christopher Columbus type at the helm who would clew a careful course. For this helmsman they hit upon George W. Coleman. Coleman at the time was publisher of the "Christian Endeavor World," a weekly religious journal for young people, having a wide but closely stratified circulation. Certainly this seemed a strange place for the advertising men of a city like Boston to turn for leadership; and Coleman, if you will stop and look at him more closely, seems rather a strange man to whom to have turned. He was an awfully nice, clean young fellow with what you might mislead yourself into calling a vegetarian disposition. He was Sunday-school bred. He even found his wife in his Sunday-school class. He was an altruist. Having rare business genius, he deliberately refused to become rich. He had a chance to be one of the leaders in what is to-day the greatest shoe manufacturing company in America. The plans were worked out, the contracts were ready to sign. Coleman would have been a rich man to-day. He had imagination enough and faith enough to see the possibilities just as clearly perhaps as any of his associates. But he didn't sign. He couldn't bring himself to buckle on the harness of business devotion to the necessary extent. He wanted to be free to become the errand boy of whatever cause of humanity commanded his attention at the moment. Yet Coleman was by no means the prune-eating, milk-swigging, molly-coddling sort. His veins were full of red pepper. His small body was swollen with inexhaustible enthusiasms. Only he was an idealist and a humanitarian. Give him a job with an ideal for a headlight and a chance to serve his fellowman as the goal and he was off to a flying start.

And it was to this man that the ad. men of Boston came in 1909, saying: "You are the only man we can all agree upon to lead us in this new, big enterprise."

Coleman accepted.

In the Boston Ad. Club—or the Pilgrim Publicity Association, as they call it now, he saw a chance to unify scattered moral and intellectual forces of great power, upon a platform of mutual respect, integrity of purpose, and cooperation in achievement. Coleman's first gift is that he likes people. He liked these advertising men immensely, and by the well-known "Mary-loves-the-lamb-you-know" principle the advertising men liked him. His reelection to the presidency became a foregone conclusion. Also the history of the club became like that of Kipling's ship that found herself. From wandering aimlessly, almost piratically, it began to carry legitimate cargo of large tonnage. It became a thing with brains and a heart.



Coleman is as attractive as a ripe red apple. Men gather about him and laugh and chuckle — and follow!

Travel and Conquest

IN COURSE of time the Associated Advertising Clubs of America held an annual convention in Boston and were so impressed by the qualities of Coleman that they insisted upon electing him president, notwithstanding that he and his friends protested that it was an unheard-of thing to choose the president from the convention city.

The new president in his first year traveled widely, making unnumbered addresses, pouring his enthusiasm, his optimism, and his stiffening moral purpose into clubs all over the country. The convention of 1912 went to Dallas, and among other things it reelected Coleman. The energetic Bostonian had his second wind by this time and was going faster than ever. In the eight months he had traveled 32,000 miles, and he wound up at the convention with a feeling that he was beginning to like the work. There were many spectacular features of this Dallas convention. There was an automobile parade with seventeen hundred cars in line. There was an al fresco luncheon at the Country Club attended by five thousand people. There was a cattello barbecue at Fair Park—cattello, if you do not remember, being a blend on the hoof of buffalo meat and Texas beef. But no matter where the convention went or what it did, it was continually breaking out in ovations to President Coleman. On Thursday night they deliberately gave themselves over to honoring him. The occasion was a reception and ball. It is whispered that Dallas lavished $8,000 upon this entertainment alone.

The convention as a whole was a great success, and they gave the glory to George. When the gathering broke up the whole State demanded to see him. His progress from point to point was a triumphal journey. Waco, on one of his preconvention trips, sent a telegraphic invitation signed by half the town. Coleman graciously regretted that on account of the time-table he could not accept and keep his other appointments. Waco promptly came across with a special train. To show that the cost of a special didn't hurt, they stood Coleman upon the cowcatcher and took his picture with Wacoans swarming all over the engine from cab roof to coupling bar. At San Antonio, the "Express," a newspaper, went the limit with "La Cena Mexicana," which, being interpreted, means a Mexican supper, in his honor. The menu cover pictured Coleman in boots, spurs, and sombrero, wearing the scarlet sash and the green and gilt jacket of the vaquero on a festal day.

The Eloquence of His Laughter

NOW, we must admit that nothing anyone tells you of what Coleman has said or done for the advertising cause seems quite to justify or explain all this outpouring of spontaneous affection. The explanation must be that Coleman is himself one of the most likable men in the world. He is an unusual complication of character traits. His purpose is high and steadfastly determined. As a presiding officer he is singularly fair. In personal contact he appears always in a state of crackling good humor. Tell him a funny story and he laughs. Hit him in the eye and he laughs; oppose him, abuse him, misrepresent him, or generally disagree with him, and he laughs. And his laughter is no toneless New England cackle either. It is a series of accelerating explosions that sound like the sneeze of a motorcycle. You wonder how so large a mirth can break out of a man of ordinary size. But with it all the man carries that persistent, dogged intention to find out the best way and then to get it. He takes much counsel. He is great for gathering advice. Once the way is determined, however—look out! Coleman is going through on that line if it consumes the entire heated period.

By all odds the biggest and most important thing Coleman has done has been the Ford Hall meetings. Compared to this, any service to the cause of advertising is only so much water over the dam. The Ford Hall enterprise has taxed Coleman's abilities to the limit; and its success has given him an enduring fame with his generation. It comes near to being the most conspicuous single contribution so far in this new century toward social salvation in America. It has enshrined Coleman in the hearts of thousands of humble people. Through it, the man—his spirit of optimism, his sense of fairness, his air of wholesomeness and good cheer, his spirituality—has become the living *realizable* ideal to those same thousands. Through this one man's leadership light, and hope, and the power to move forward, have penetrated to the smothering masses of the socially submerged in Boston.

Daniel S. Ford, a Baptist, was the owner of the "Youth's Companion." In his will he left something like $1,000,000 to be devoted to the interests of the working people under the administration of the Boston Baptist Social Union. With this sum of money a site was purchased and an office building erected on Beacon Hill, opposite the State House. In the building was a beautiful auditorium (seating a thousand people) which was not being used on Sundays. Having a kinship for humanity, and a disposition to look on both sides of the shield, Coleman saw with his mind's eye not only all the people who worshiped weekly in the churches of Boston, but all the others who never went near a church from one year's end to another. He had a notion that the unchurched were not so different from the somewhat overchurched. He wondered if they wouldn't like a place to go on

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Sunday night where they could hear good music and inspiring addresses; where their poverty-cramped and labor-sapped minds could have a chance to drink in inspiration and expand under the warmth of mutual association and enlarging ideas.

The Sunday night meetings at Cooper Union in New York City were, of course, his inspiration. Every time he found himself in New York on Sunday he went down to Cooper Union, wedged himself into that heterogeneous mass of humanity, and felt the beat of its heart and the swelling of its soul. Each time he got more enthusiasm for the possibilities of those vacant chairs in Ford Hall.

At length Coleman began to urge the committees of the Boston Baptist Social Union, which were custodians both of the building and of the funds, to give him the hall and $500 for an experimental course of six meetings. Although he is himself chairman of the committee that controls the income, he had trouble in gaining his request. These men were all his lifelong friends, but most of them could not understand his plan, could not see how they would be carrying out the wish of Mr. Ford in opening his doors and pouring out his money for a Sunday night meeting that was not conventionally religious. Coleman's idea was to appeal only to the unchurched. If people had a church home, if they were accustomed to go to church, they were not wanted at Ford Hall. Furthermore, the framework of the meeting was to be absolutely without the accustomed religious note. Speakers, however, were to be allowed to deliver their message, whatever it might be, and the right of the audience to question any speaker upon any point of his address was to be freely guaranteed. The proposal, in many respects revolutionary, seemed like giving away everything for which the Baptists and Mr. Ford had stood.

Ford Hall's Beginning

YET there was Smiling George, his brow puckered into a little frown, his blue eyes full of appeal, with that little throaty explosive which comes into his voice when excited—talking and pleading and arguing—until they just had to give in to him. But the consent was granted reluctantly and with no promise beyond the first six meetings. That was in the spring of 1908.

Coleman sat up nights with his new project. He is a master of publicity, and he poured it out liberally and in the right places, notwithstanding which only 150 people were in the hall the first night.

This audience was not only small—it was suspicious. That, indeed, accounted for its smallness. A trap had been feared, some scheme to preach Christianity to Jews, or religion to agnostics. But no conventional religion was preached, no psalms were sung, no collection even was taken. Instead, several straightforward addresses were made in a thoughtful manner upon a highly profitable theme.

At the close of the addresses those present were invited to ask questions. Every man had a respectful hearing; there was no exhibition of prejudice—from the platform at least. The questions were put uncertainly, sometimes timidly, sometimes with an offensive antagonism, but each questioner got as fair an answer as could be made. At ten o'clock the meeting was dismissed.

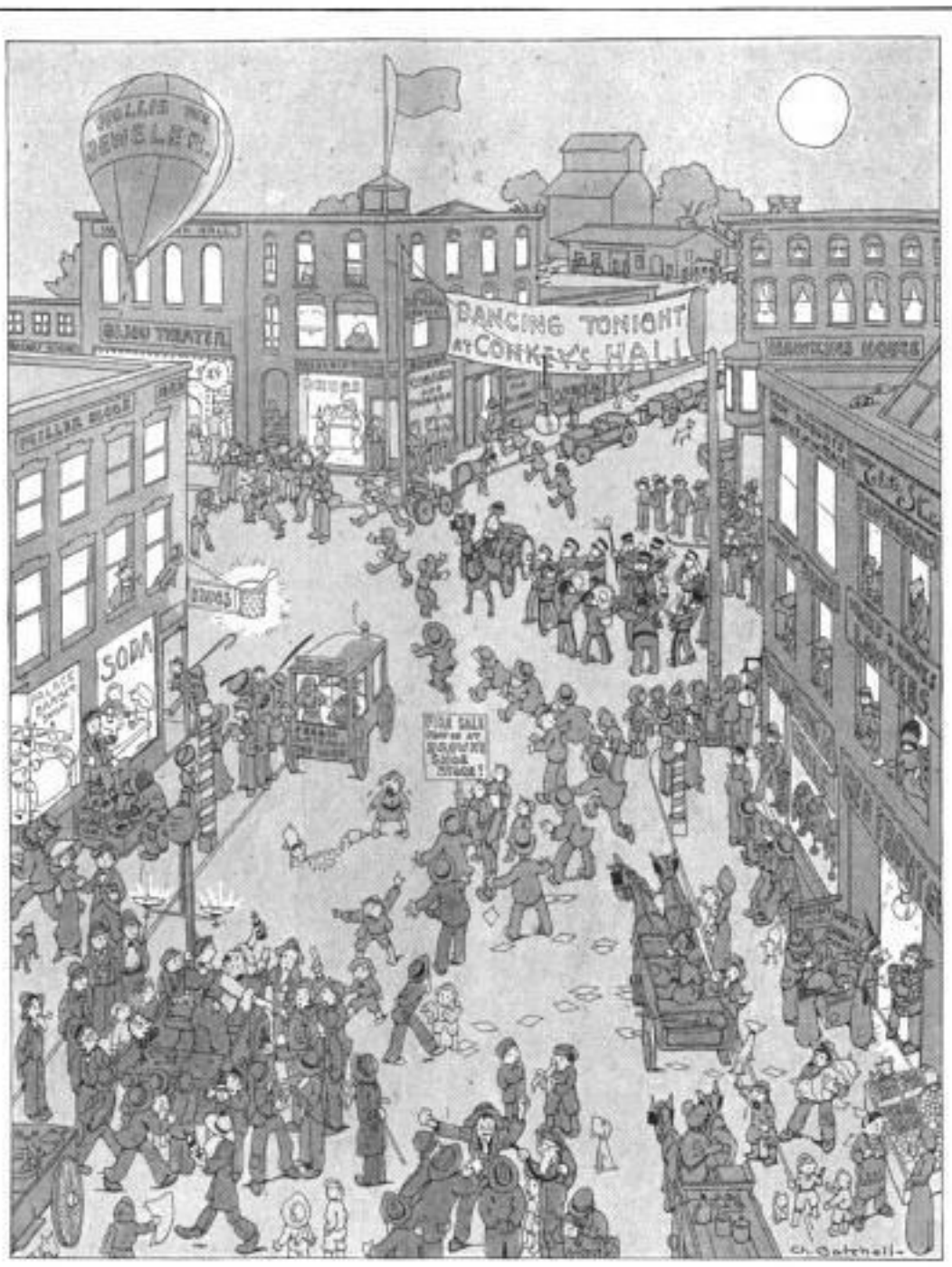
The next Sunday night the audience was larger, the interest greater. On the sixth and last Sunday night there were about 400 in the hall, an average of 350 for the whole six meetings.

The following autumn the meetings were resumed and ran through to the middle of April. They have continued now for five years with growing power. It is no uncommon thing to turn away one or two thousand people. The doors are open at seven o'clock. Invariably the building is filled within five minutes. Passers-by in the dead cold of a winter's evening will see a line forming two abreast, starting at both doors, almost completely around the block—waiting impatiently for the hall to open.

One-third of the audience will be Jewish, but adherents of every faith under Heaven, as well as those who proudly boast of no faith, will be found in the seats. Greek and Roman, bond and free, barbarian and Scythian, Elamite and Yankee, the Mesopotamian and the Boston street Arab, the socialist and the anarchist, the man who works with his hands and the man who seems not to work at all, the clerk, the salesman, the professional man, are all represented. One-fourth at least of any meeting will be women. The great majority are foreigners—Americans in the making—to put ourselves more tactfully.

These people are very fond of music, and have discriminating taste, so that Mr. Coleman and his co-laborers are very careful to give them only the best. Let me show you a sample meeting. It is on a Sunday night in March. The great hall has filled, floor and gallery, almost with the opening of the doors. There is a group of guests, perhaps a score in all, upon the platform; Coleman is there in conference with Dr. J. A. Macdonald of Toronto, who is to speak upon "War and the Human Breed." An elocutionist reads "Lil' Brown Baby," by Paul Laurence Dunbar, to the chuckling approval of the audience, especially the African part of it. The 'cellist strikes the opening chords of Massenet's "Meditation" from "Thais." The audience grows suddenly still, and then rapt. Eyes brighten, mouths open, heads reach forward or are poised dreamily. The ten hundred have become one humanity, and the musician is drawing a bow across the strings of that vast multiple heart. When the last note is sounded, there is silence for a moment and a sigh, followed by hearty applause. It is easy to see from the faces that this music is like food and drink to souls in whose lives there is not much of music.

Coleman makes the introduction and Dr. Macdonald gets up to speak. The tall Scotch-Canadian, in his frock coat, with his canny, Gaelic eyes, is scanning his audience critically, and well he may. It is not a Scotch audience, nor yet a Canadian, nor even an American one. It has a distinctly foreign look. The shapes of the faces, the contour of the heads, the unlikeness of the man in the first seat to his next pew neighbor, and the unlikeness of the first tier of faces to the next tier of faces, the unlikeness of the women to each other, the contrasts in headgear and style of dress, the differing stages of intellectual development, the varying faces—here a British face and there a Russian, here a German and there a Slav, here a Jew to Boston born, and yonder one who it is quite evident cannot understand English, yet whose face is all eagerness to comprehend. The foreign element in the audience is quite generally of small stature. Their appearance speaks of cramped, starved lives. Macdonald towers before them like a giant. He begins to speak. He does not talk down to them. His theme is world peace. He is talking to a world audience. All the races are before him. It is quickly apparent that he is addressing well-read minds. No historical allusion is missed. It is a thinking audience, capable of reasoning and insistent upon being reasoned with. The more closely the joints of the speaker's logic are fitted, the more closely they follow him. The audience, despite its cosmopolitan character, is keenly American in its quick appreciation of humor and the alertness with which it follows the speaker in his Celtic and, therefore, somewhat whimsical flashes of light on the far boundaries of his topic. Rounded periods, sharp sallies, occasional apostrophes, are greeted with salvos of hand clapping. Dr. Macdonald is at his best. Finally, under the stimulus of this very sympathetic and keenly appreciative crowd of hearers, he seems to become better than his best. After speaking for an hour he sits down, to be greeted by round after round of applause, to which he is compelled to rise and respond with many bows.



Saturday Night in the Old Town

The Audience's Turn

THEY sing a hymn, selected carefully to express only the simplest and, therefore, most widely accepted religious ideas, after which the real Ford Hall meeting begins—that is, the *meeting's part of the meeting*, the questionaire, conducted by the audience.

These questionaires are the secret of the success and power of these Sunday-night gatherings. They not only afford an opportunity for instruction, but for self-expression. The audience is not merely gathered and lectured at. Every man can get a hearing. Each has an opportunity to ask the speaker whatever question he will. This is the most important, the most difficult and delicate feature of the meeting. It is in this part of it that Coleman has won the confidence and sympathy of the audience most completely. Here his personality, his spirit of fairness and sense of justice, have made him in a way the shepherd of the whole flock. He stands as a buffer between the questioner and the speaker. His blue eyes are everywhere; he flits from side to side of the platform, bends over and cups his hand behind his ear to catch the labored utterance of some man who not only has difficulties with his thought but difficulties with the enunciation of an alien tongue and difficulties through embarrassment in suddenly finding himself all alone upon his feet with twelve hundred pairs of eyes upon him. But Coleman patiently sticks it out with the questioner until his meaning is clear. Frequently he grasps a man's question considerably before he has been able to utter it. The chairman has, too, a genius for compressing into a mere mouthful of words the pith of an interrogation which it has taken the questioner a hundred to frame. Having caught the question, he turns and launches it at the speaker. Some exceedingly sharp-pointed questions are put, and the speaker's troubles as an orator in his first hour are nothing

(Concluded on page 24)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

OF ALL the men in the United States Senate, the one who comes as near as any other to deserving to be called a statesman is John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. There are many Senators whose names are more frequently in the papers, many who are more conspicuous on the floor of the Senate, and many who have a greater capacity and devotion to the drudgery of legislative detail, but none who so invariably combine learning and original thought in their contributions to the debates. Any person reading the Congressional Record is conscious when he comes to an utterance by Senator Williams that the type seems to raise itself above the rest of the page. What he says is always based on the fundamental philosophy of government. In a long experience of reading the Congressional Record the present writer has never seen an utterance in which Senator Williams appeared merely as a partisan. He never states merely his own case; he always states the other side just as fairly; he never takes a dialectic advantage. He has the air of putting everything from every side on the table, and then sifting about to find the combination which is truth. Frequently he speaks with deep conviction, but in his utterances there is always that which indicates study of all points of view and tolerance even for a point of view which he strongly disapproves. Senator Williams, for example, knows that free sugar means the doom of the sugar-raising industry in his own State and in the sugar States generally:

I am perfectly willing to admit that free sugar will dismantle every sugar house in the State of Louisiana. I know it as well as I know my name is John Williams.

Mr. Williams sees there is tragedy in doing this, but he knows where the original blame for the tragedy belongs:

It is pathetic to me to think that these people have been invited to come in and walk in deep water on stilts and that when they are now asked to walk without stilts they must be drowned.

Senator Williams is sorry for this and would have prevented it if he could by a reasonable duty. Nevertheless he sees the problem not as a present injustice alone; he sees the case as a whole, and harks back to the underlying economic evil:

After all, the sugar duty is a special privilege, because no man has a God-given or a natural right to make money out of an industry of any sort except where he can stand upon his two legs without legislative help.

Senator Williams sees the unpleasant effects of tariff revision downward, not as a primary harm, but as a necessary incident of the surgery that is necessary to cure a long-standing and deep-seated economic error.

Free Sugar

ANY person whose moral sense has average acuteness will have no difficulty in recognizing which man came out best in this colloquy:

Senator RANSDELL of Louisiana— . . . Is it or is it not a fact that when our campaign speakers were sent to the Western States they were told not to discuss the question of free sugar; and is it not a fact that if they had discussed free sugar and intimated that we were going to have free sugar we would never have carried those Western States?

Senator JAMES of Kentucky—No, sir; I deny that the Democratic party is guilty of such duplicity as the Senator suggests. If I believed it was, I would withdraw my allegiance from it and take my seat upon the other side of the chamber. I spoke in the West, and everywhere I went I advocated free sugar, and I got more applause for free sugar than for any other schedule which I said we would revise for the relief of the American people.

The Old Table

IN A VERY clever bit of Senatorial swordplay, Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska forced Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan to put into words the extreme standpat position:

Senator HITCHCOCK—I should like to ask the Senator whether it is not a fact that we now export about ten times as much furniture as we import?

Senator SMITH of Michigan—Oh, Mr. President—

Senator HITCHCOCK—Will the Senator kindly answer the question?

Senator SMITH of Michigan—I say that the genius of our furniture workers has crowded the foreign manufacturer very severely and our products do enter into competition in almost every country in the world.

Senator HITCHCOCK—Then I should like to ask the Senator if we are selling, say, six or seven million dollars' worth of furniture made in America in other countries in competition with those other countries, why is it necessary to maintain the present high tariff of 35 per cent?

Senator Smith was finally cornered into saying:

I am not pleading for any duty on furniture at all.

He then had recourse to the argument that under the new tariff there will be less demand for furniture in the United States:

Because in other lines labor will be cut down; because labor will be out of employment; because laborers will be turned from workingmen into wanderers and furniture will be the last thing they will buy.

This is a frank statement of the Chinese Wall theory of protection. Senator Smith wouldn't have any use for a tariff commission. Just put everything at 1,000 per cent, and let us all start off in an experiment of what Congressman Kent calls "boot-strap aviation." Senator Smith ended the passage at arms with this argument:

They [meaning the consumers] will use the old bed and the old chair and the old table in preference to new ones until they get a surplus of money.

Without admitting Senator Smith's logic at all, it may be said in passing that it would be very wholesome if every person in the United States would resolve to get along for a while with the old chair and the old table until we recover from a decade of wanton extravagance, individual and national. This is not the popular thing to say; but truth and unpopularity are old acquaintances.

Standing By

THE attitude of the members of the Progressive party in the House and Senate, and, to a certain extent, also of those men who do not call themselves Progressives, but are progressive Republicans, is this: If the tariff bill can be passed without their votes, they will vote against it, as an indication of their belief that the bill could have been framed better than it is, and that all tariff revision should be done through a nonpartisan tariff commission. But if there should be in the Senate so many Democratic traitors that the bill is threatened, enough Progressive, or progressive Republican, votes will be furnished to pass it.

The Devil a Monk Would Be

THIS colloquy took place between the Democratic and the Republican leaders of the Senate:

Mr. PENROSE—I should like to ask the Senator one question, and then I shall be through. Is the Democratic caucus to be open to the public or is it to be a secret proceeding?

Mr. SIMMONS—Has any Republican caucus in this country ever been open to the public?

Mr. PENROSE—We were criticized for not having them open, and we are now repentant, and hereafter they will be open.

It really seems pretty trite to recall the old couplet about the devil sick and the devil well, but there is nothing else that seems quite adequate. Incidentally, Senator Penrose is getting very anxious about his reelection next year, and has been traveling up and down the State of Pennsylvania indorsing the direct election of Senators (which is now in the Constitution, in spite of years of opposition from him), and advocating woman suffrage with the vehemence of a recent and ardent convert.

Currency

IT IS the present intention of the Administration to put through both Houses at the present session of Congress the banking and currency measure which President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, Senator Owen (chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee), Representative Glass (chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee), and some others have been framing for several weeks past. The hope of doing this is not so rash as it may seem. A currency measure can be passed through Congress much more readily than a tariff measure, for a tariff measure must resist a very large number of separate local influences which are hurt by it. A currency measure, on the other hand, does not excite local opposition, and merely requires time for debate on its merits. Moreover, President Wilson, as well as his Secretary of the Treasury and the Administration generally, command public confidence to such an extent that a currency measure which bears the Administration's O. K. is less likely to excite great opposition. If the Administration succeeds in passing a good banking and currency act, it will be the first one we will have had in 125 years of American history. To do this, and also pass a new tariff bill, in a single special session of Congress, within six months after the Administration has come into power, will be a unique triumph.

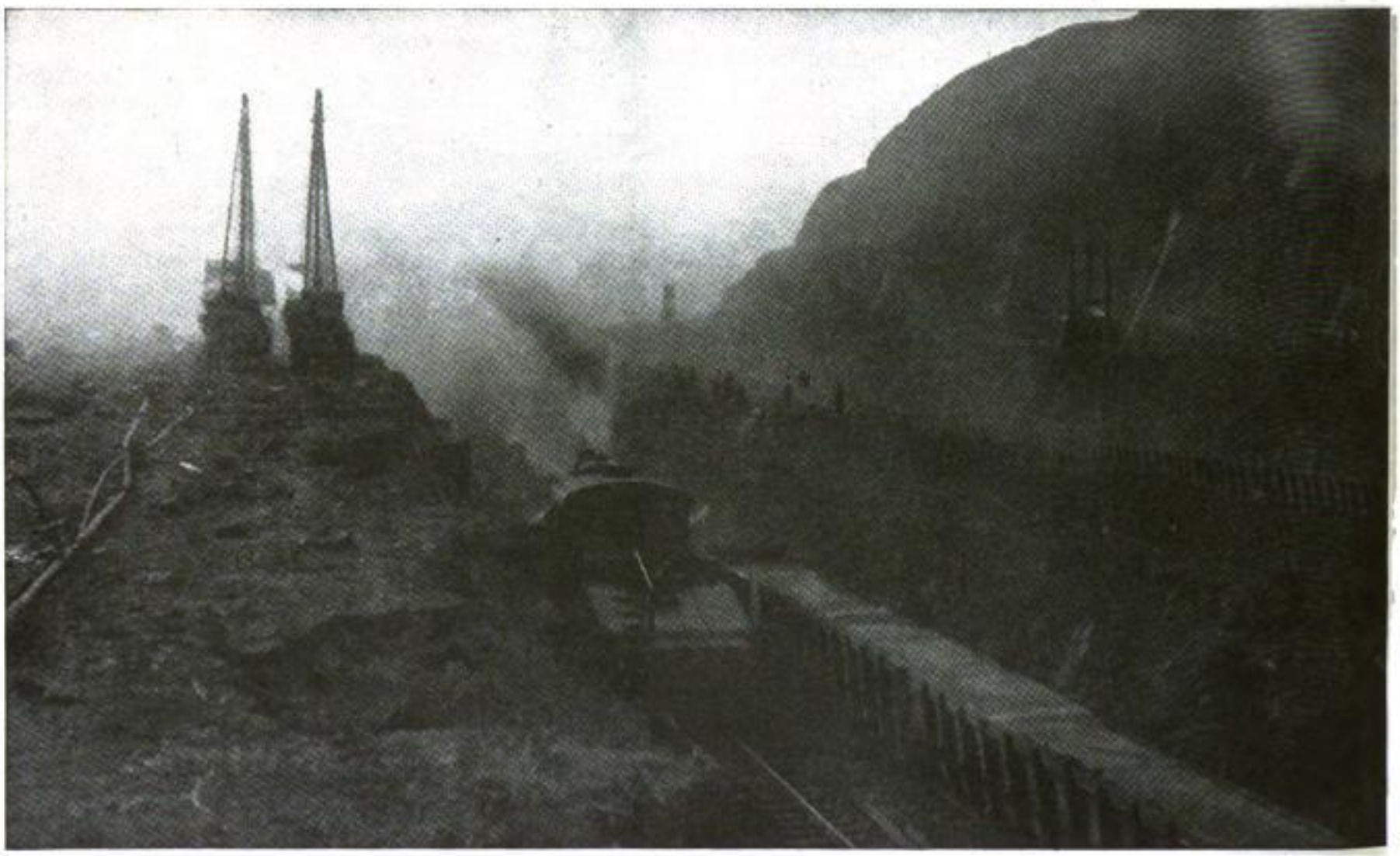
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In the Man-Made Canyons of Culebra

Photographs Copyright 1913 by Edith H. Tracy



Miss Edith H. Tracy's photographs of Culebra Cut, Panama, describe "the greatest engineering work of all time," not in terms of bolts and rivets, but as material for artists. This one, taken at Empire, looking south toward the suspension bridge, is a symbol of energy rather than a snapshot of a steam shovel



Another view at Empire, taken beneath the suspension bridge that shows in the upper picture. The work trains' tracks are upon the final bottom of the canal—only 40 feet above sea level. For nine miles through the cut the channel narrows to a minimum width of 300 feet. The water will be 45 feet deep

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—A Woman Camera Artist as the Reporter

Photograph Copyright 1913 by Edith H. Tracy



This view shows the Culebra canyon at its deepest. The cutting here is 364 feet on the right bank (Contractors' Hill), and 494 feet on the Gold Hill side. If the Singer Tower of 41 stories were stood in the canal bottom at this point, Gold Hill's summit and the tip of the tower would be on a level

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Weasel Words

THE GRAND RAPIDS (MICH.) "HERALD," owned by United States Senator WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, emits this:

"WEASEL WORDS" FROM COLLIER'S

The leading magazine exponent for the Wilson tariff program is either hypercritical or unsound in its attitude. . . . It chastises "protectionists" for complaining against one section of the Underwood-Wilson Bill; and then itself bitterly complains against another section. . . . It condemns all who do not support the bill; and yet admits in the same breath that portions of the bill are "bungling" and a "sad sort of statesmanship." . . . Consistency is a jewel (but jewelry is evidently considered vulgar in the COLLIER sanctum).

"Weasel words," we ought to explain, is a phrase invented by Mr. ROOSEVELT to describe words which suck the life from the words in front of them. With this explanation the "Herald's" characterization will be clear. The burden of it is that there is inconsistency between our praise of Democratic Senators who resist pressure from special interests to oppose the Wilson-Underwood Bill, and, on the other hand, our criticism of the form in which the income-tax provision stood when the bill passed the House. But we are not opposed to the income tax. We are not opposed to the graduated feature of it. What we do not like is the fact that only one man out of about every twenty will pay it. If the world were made over according to our view we would have all taxes direct; we would have all the expenses of the Government paid by income taxes. But precisely the benefits which we should hope from this are defeated when all the taxes are laid on less than 5 per cent of the people, and nineteen men out of every twenty are led to look with tolerance on government extravagance because some one else pays the bill. Our belief concerning this subject was clearly expressed on the floor of the House by Mr. FREDERICK H. GILLETT of Springfield, Mass., a Republican Congressman who earned our admiration a few years ago by opposing extravagant pensions, although he held his seat by less than six hundred majority in a district which contained more than that number of old soldiers. Congressman GILLETT said:

By making the limit of exemption much smaller, say $1,000 . . . everyone who earned over $1,000 a year would have a direct, personal, and keen interest in the expenditures of the nation. I do not care how small the tax—let it be a half of 1 per cent, which would be 50 cents on an income of $1,100 and $5 on an income of $2,000. . . . Then for the first time every citizen with an income over $1,000 would have a personal interest in Government expenses. Then would be brought to the notice of each man what kind of housekeeping there was at Washington. To-day the ordinary voter is entirely ignorant and indifferent as to the expensiveness of the Administration. The taxes are indirect; he does not feel that he is paying them, and as long as his locality gets what it wants he is regardless of what may be wasted in other localities. A Congressman is praised in proportion to the national money he gets spent in his district, and the more extravagant he is the more popular. . . . *The nation needs sorely some device to excite in the ordinary citizen a study of national expenditures. Nothing would accomplish it so effectively as imposing on him a small income tax, which should vary according to the amount the nation spent.*

An income tax reaching down to the man with a thousand dollars a year would tend to end the pension scandal, the rivers and harbors logrolling, and the public-building graft. To put the exemption as high as $4,000 is a bit of deference to popularity which constitutes the least admirable act that has come out of the Democratic Administration. As we said before, in the editorial which Senator SMITH's paper seems not to have understood very well, it is to be excused upon one ground only: that is, that the bulk of our Federal taxation (through the tariff) is now indirect and falls largely upon the consumer; and that thereby the wealthier portion of the community escapes its just share. This is on the bungling principle that somehow two blundering wrongs may make a right. However our present situation may excuse it, it is still a sad sort of statesmanship.

The Rock of Protection

FROM A SPEECH on the floor by Senator WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH of Michigan:

No, I shall agree to nothing in connection with this bill. . . . I shall by no unanimous consent or vote, from the first roll call to the last, give my approval to a single line or syllable of your bill.

"This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I." At least, WILLIAM ALDEN is sincere. There is ringing earnestness in these words.

"Watch Dayton Rise!"

SOME JOURNALIST of the old school ought to write an editorial about Dayton. The topic calls for old-time sonorous eloquence; he could fill a page with thunder and emotion. Two months ago the Ohio city struggled for its life in a swift yellow flood. Recently half a dozen long telegrams and letters from public-spirited citizens reached our office telling in more emotional terms than the dispatches in the morning newspapers that Dayton in a week's campaign for subscriptions had raised $2,000,000 to safeguard itself against another flood, and that on Tuesday of the same week Dayton citizens had voted to adopt a modern system of city government. A letter from the Dayton Chamber of Commerce bespeaks the spirit of this "city of a thousand factories":

Every factory, every store and workshop, every clerk, every mechanic, every laborer was appealed to. All gave—some whose all was washed away gave cheerfully what they could, ones, twos, fives, twenty-fives, and fifties. . . .

It was the same resolute spirit that exerted itself last Tuesday, the same determination that bade defiance to the politicians and adopted the commission-manager plan of government by the most overwhelming majority of any election in the history of the city.

This sort of thing is a part of what the late Mr. MORGAN had in mind when he said that a large part of his success was due to his steady faith in the slogan: "Never be a bear on America."

Who Is This Man?

THIS SUGGESTION of a possible Krupp situation of our own comes from the New York "Evening Post":

The Powder Trust has long supported a special magazine at Washington, and *one of its agents, in another guise, has a desk in the War Department.*

An Artist

WE ARE HOPING the talks and the letters of Mayor GAYNOR will be gathered by a wise publisher into a shapely book. That will give us much good sense in a simple rhythmical English. Mr. GAYNOR once advised authors to talk right on in plain and simple ways without taking thought of how to say what lay in mind. That is gentle fooling. For he has exhausted a lifetime in learning how to talk so potently. No one ever wrote his graceful casual sayings who had not lived with words for years. The Mayor is an artist, and he knows it. It is our opinion that he is close to being a great artist, and that his words and meditations will not easily be lost among men.

Seeing Is Believing

IF PEOPLE could *see* stagnant air as they can see stagnant water, with the slime and disease obvious to the naked eye, the fresh air fad would be universal.

An Indictment of Ignorance

ANENT OUR RECENT COMMENT on the passage of the almost meaningless McCravey Compulsory Education Bill by the South Carolina Legislature, and the vetoing of it by Governor BLEASE, FRANK EVANS, superintendent of the Spartanburg city schools and one of the State's most courageous advocates of a better educational system, writes us that:

It is impossible for us to shut our eyes to the fact that there has been no real demand for education among the people who are participating in the government of the State. In fact, our successful politicians have evinced greater or less opposition to the progressive educational policy of the country at large, and that opposition has sprung from selfish and interested motives. The demagogue who recklessly promises better wages, shorter hours, personal independence, social equality—everything—can get a larger following among the ignorant white men than a leader who remains faithful to high principles.

In an address before a literary club in Spartanburg, Mr. EVANS said that about one-fifth of the children of the city, between the ages of six and fourteen, were getting the schooling that is essential to a foundation for sound scholarship and general culture, and that perhaps one-fifth do not enter school at all. Of those who do attend, more than one-half stop before they finish the fifth grade. But that was not all he said. Read this:

I am speaking of white people. We need not bother about the negroes. They are eager for schooling and will imitate us. The gravest danger that threatens South Carolina to-day is the ignorant white man. Some of the worst crimes of recent years have been committed by white people. The most defiant lynching mob that has disgraced the State for a long time was led by a white man, a member of the Legislature, an illiterate who probably thought that it was not

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torious conduct. The same legislator has since served on a committee to investigate the affairs of the State University. The votes of white people have put "Cole" Blease into the chair of McDuffie, of Hayne, and of Wade Hampton.

This is about as vigorous an indictment as anybody could make, and what makes it convincing is the fact that it does not come from a reformer of the blatant type. Mr. Evans has been working in the schools of South Carolina for thirty years—for twenty-two years as city superintendent—and has been urging compulsory education for twenty-nine years. The situation is deplorable, but there is much hope for South Carolina. Nearly all the intelligent people of the State are in favor of better schools and a compulsory attendance law. The fight against the stupid reactionary influences which give Bleaseism the upper hand and hinder the progress of the State generally is a hard one, but the demagogues are steadily losing their hold, the ranks of the better element are gaining strength daily, and there are very good reasons for believing that the victory is not far off.



The Movies in Hades. No. 1

Mr. Galsworthy Turns Critic

MR. GALSWORTHY is an exception to the general rule that it takes one sort of man to write a play and another to write about it—that the emotional setting forth of an idea is inconsistent with the intellectual analysis of it. There is an interesting example of this in a recent essay of his on the English "dislike of things as they are." Those who saw his play, "The Pigeon," last year will remember the young Frenchman, half vagabond, half philosopher—very amusingly played by Mr. Frank Reicher—who could not understand the English. "You are so —so *civilized*," he smiled as he tried to explain how, for him, there was "something in ze human soul which vill not tame." Turn we now to page 223 of "The Inn of Tranquillity," and Mr. Galsworthy in his own person as conscious philosopher and essayist:

With the possible exception of Hogarth *in his nonpreaching pictures, and* Constable *in his sketches of the sky—I speak of dead men only—have we produced any painter of reality like* Manet *or* Millet, *any writer like* Flaubert *or* Maupassant, *like* Turgenev *or* Tchekov? *We are, I think, too* deeply civilized, *so deeply civilized that we have come to look on Nature as indecent. The acts and emotions of life undraped with ethics seem to us anathema. We have so veneered our lives that we no longer know of what wood they are made.*

Oddly enough, Mr. Galsworthy's own point of view, as revealed in much of his work, out-Puritans the Puritan. However that may be, here we have, almost to the identical language, the same idea in the two widely separate fields of the essay and the stage. There is one partial and obvious explanation of this—in the new, quiet, realistic drama, of which such a play as "The Pigeon" is typical, every stroke is so nicely calculated, there is such an austere elimination of "dub-dub" of every kind, and the audience is stirred so much more by the force of apparent truth than by specious bustle and surprise, that the author capable of such work is not unlikely to be able to stand off and write a delicate and penetrating essay on the same subject. It is "nothing but talk anyway"—as the devotees of old-fashioned melodrama would say.

On the Other Hand

ALL OF US are in some slight degree what our remotest ancestors were. Civilization has not yet destroyed within us the last remnant of the foraging instinct. That food which our own skill has lured from the waters or brought down from the skies or tracked to its place of growth in the open spaces of the earth is still the most appetizing to our tastes. Hence it is that modern, flat-dwelling man hies him forth to the unfamiliar countryside, when spring fills the air, in search of the delicate mushroom, and awakens ten hours later to the painful discovery that it was a toadstool after all. If he dies he gets into the papers and haply warns the reckless in his immediate environment. Other warnings seem all but useless. The average city man on a day's outing in the country makes for a mushroom with the fatalistic inevitability of a fly for a cream pitcher or a deaf-mute for a railroad track. Nevertheless, the editorial mind being filled with improving wisdom on this topic, we cannot refrain from delivering ourselves of a brief advisory preachment. It is this: there is but one sure method whereby the uninformed can distinguish between the edible and the poisonous mushroom, viz., by eating it. If the eater lives, the mushroom was edible; if he dies, it was poisonous. For those who prefer a less drastic mode of determination, there are several good mushroom books on the market, which tell all about the subject, with illustrations. Get one of these. It doesn't matter which. When next the vernal longing comes upon you to go forth into the woods and fields, hunting Nature's vegetable offerings, take the book along with you, and sedulously compare with the text and pictures any fungus growth which rises in your path to tempt you. Should it correspond to one of the "warranted harmless" varieties, pluck it and offer it to a cow. If the cow doesn't eat it, don't you. If she does, you can't. So you are safe either way. Meantime there flourishes all about you the tender and innocent dandelion: savory when cooked as greens, delicious when served as salad; safer, richer, and more healthful than any mushroom that ever grew. Take that to your bosom and go home satisfied. The worst you can get with it is a bug.

The Home

THE CURRENT DISCUSSION of wages for sales girls in department stores largely has omitted due consideration of the home conditions. The home fails the girl, and the girl fails the home. Life inside its crowded rooms is grievously affected by want, by underpay, by undernourishment, by congestion, by the breakdown of the reticences and decencies of life. The home is imperfect. There is harshness, lack of understanding, grindin, poverty, lack of amusements. There is a step-parent, a foster brother, a boarder, a vicious relative. But there is no agency yet suggested which can take the place of the home. The vagueness of the term Social Control hides its inadequacy for reaching and mastering the individual girl. Mother, father, relatives, friends, acquaintances—these are the persons with whom the girl's life is led. No civic control, expressed through paid political workers, will be as effective as the home in keeping the young life wholesome. Free the home from want, from overcrowding, from the weary underpayment of overwork. Give time and freedom for childbearing to the mother. Achieve a margin of leisure for the household, so that the girl's life may be shared by the father and mother, as it is so often shared in the old country. Keep true to the only line of solution for wayward youth which has availed in the past. Safeguard the home at every point. Centralize its power and, therefore, its control. Increase the efficiency of its wage earners.

Discipline

THE RIGOR OF DISCIPLINE seems undesirable to many in the present generation. They are unaware that obedience is strengthening and peace giving. A military régime, with its ironclad discipline, does not break spirit. It makes men ready for forced marches and to meet death. If discipline hurt the human spirit, then soldiers would never win battles. Battles would be won by mobs. Discipline does not diminish life. It enhances life, and so confers a sense of peace.

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Seven to Seventy—But Every One a Student

A mixed bag representing grade school, high school, college, and an odd extension course for grown-ups

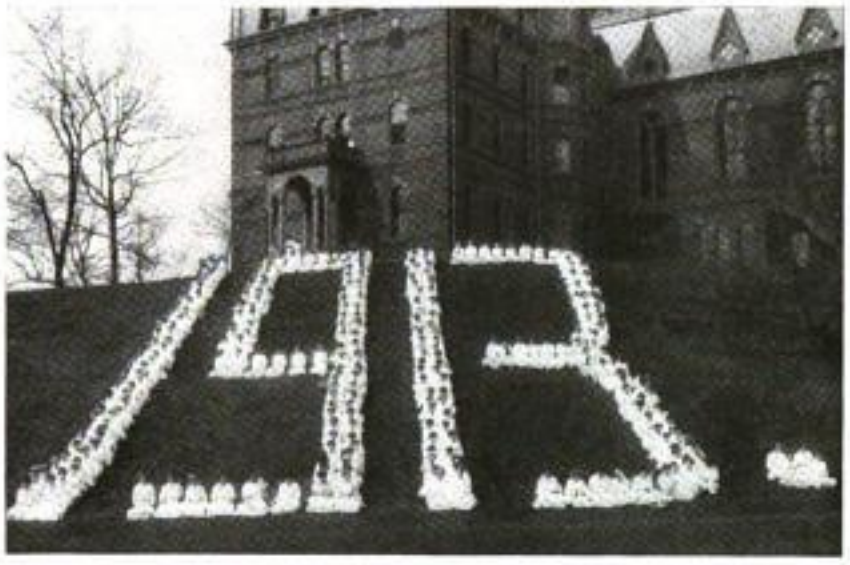




A Mayor Who Isn't Too Old to Learn

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, Mayor of Philadelphia, and 114 other Easterners enrolled as special students in the University of Wisconsin a few weeks ago and took a three-day course of twenty-four lectures on political science and economics. Our photograph shows the white-bearded Mayor—who is seventy—walking with President Van Hise of the University between ranks of applauding underclassmen.

The special students from the East paid their own expenses, and in various other ways gave evidence that they didn't come only for the ride. They had a perfect attendance record at the two dozen lectures; and the nine o'clock bell found only three or four tardy. In several instances late risers heroically missed their breakfasts to be marked present at early morning classes.



OBVIOUSLY, there is no need for a headline on this paragraph—Wellesley's class of 1913 thoughtfully arranged itself upon the college lawn in such formation that the label is complete even to the punctuation mark. A useful class as well as ornamental—earlier in the day, with mop and pail, it set an example of industry to the junior class by scrubbing the "doughnut" walk in front of College Hall.

Another Cincinnati Strike

AS A PROTEST against the removal of S. T. Dial, their principal, 200 pupils of the Lockland School, Cincinnati, followed a precedent recently set in Pittsburgh and went on a strike.





Schoolboy Rifle Champions

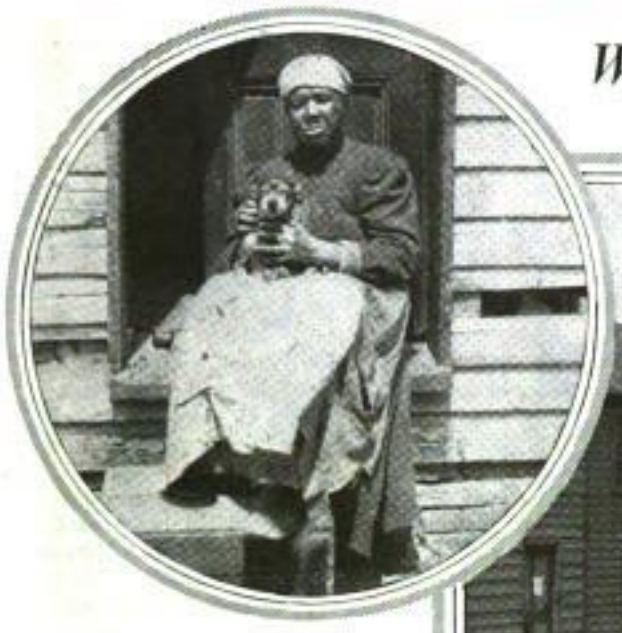
TWO new national matches in rifle shooting have been in progress this year in gallery ranges. The high-school championship of the country was won by the Iowa City team (the group above), and the military school trophy by the Bordentown (N. J.) Military Institute.

Michigan's Pushball Fight

A COMPARATIVELY safe outlet for the animal spirits of freshmen and sophomores at the University of Michigan is the annual pushball contest. In the picture at the left very little of the huge ball shows, the crowd about it is so dense. The contestants may wrestle, pull, and push, but not use fists.

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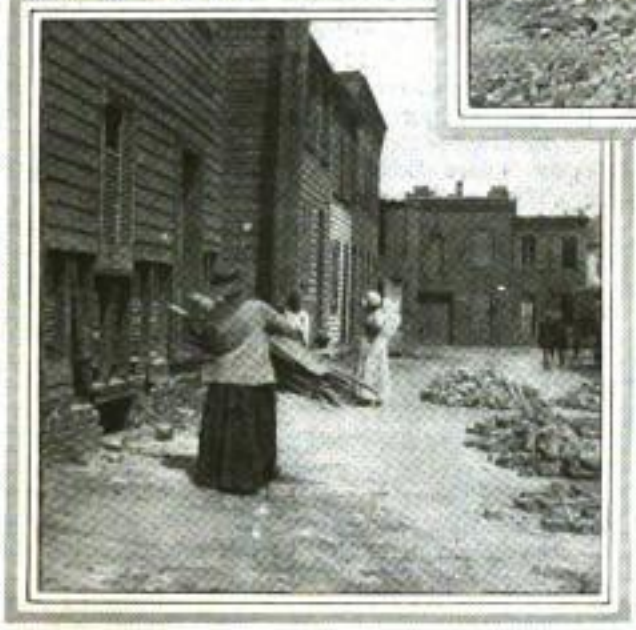
Women Lead a Crusade on Washington's Slums



"Aunt Eliza," who has been a resident of Willow Tree Alley for thirty-five years, refuses to leave it, though her home is being razed



Willow Tree Alley, now being transformed into a park, is only three blocks from the Capitol



Willow Tree Alley carrying away its fences for firewood



A shanty 20 feet square is this grocer's store and home

THE First Lady of the Land went calling a few weeks ago at the homes of some of her unfortunate neighbors in Washington's disgraceful tenements. In doing so she disregarded the precedents of Washington society as cheerfully as did her husband when he visited Congress to read his own message. If Mrs. Wilson's call has not been so well advertised as the President's, the reason is that she is taking particular care to make it clear that she is only one of a regiment of Washington women who, though they live on the capital's avenues, feel a keen personal interest in the welfare of their 16,000 neighbors in the alleys.

These women are actively backing the bills introduced in Congress last month by Representative Kahn, providing funds to transform two of the worst slums —Goat Alley and Snow's Court—into parks. Meanwhile the women members of the National Civic Federation in Washington have contributed $2,400 of their own to a clean-up fund, which is to be handled by a corporation headed by Dr. George M. Sternberg, formerly Surgeon General of the army. One of the country's best known bachelors, Gifford Pinchot, increased the fund by $3,000. Mrs. Wilson subscribed $100.

If dreams come true, within five years every neighborhood will be remade. The crusaders plan to replace hundreds of foul wooden tenements with modern low-rent flats, and transform the worst neighborhoods into parks. The photographs of the grocery and the back-yard playground that are reproduced on this page are characteristic of conditions that Washington has known about for half a century, but only recently has recognized as an evil that demands action. For a motto the women have proposed:

EVERYBODY'S TASK

CLEAN OUT THE SLUMS AND ALLEYS!

Notorious Willow Tree Alley, three blocks southwest of the Capitol grounds, already is in process of change. Congress recently made this possible by an appropriation of $78,000. When Mrs. Wilson and her friends paid their first visit to this neighborhood, they found 407 persons there—171 whites and 236 negroes—living in degradation and filth almost inconceivable. Little children were playing in back yards filled with dead cats and rubbish. A wan mother, holding a girl baby in her arms, expressed regret that the child was not a boy.

"A girl can't grow up good in the alley," she explained.

"Aunt Eliza" Lingers

DRUNKEN carousals, fights, and even murders were common. The police records show that in recent years an average of nine arrests have been made weekly in the Willow Tree district proper, which embraces about 100,000 square feet.

Many of the buildings already have been razed. The residents with one exception, "Aunt Eliza," a negro woman who has lived in the alley for thirty-five years, are gone. She and her twenty-two-year-old dog remain in an old shack while timbers fall about them. The Associated Charities will care for her.



A tenement back yard where children had to play

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Pile Drivers to the Rescue



By Benjamin Brooks



THE freemasonry and kindheartedness of the Far West and the humor and clumsy goodness of men that live in the open are in this story. The plot to outwit the real estate sharps is as clever as it is simple and amusing.

SARAH SHEA stood upon the hard brown beach just out of reach of the long foam tongues that lapped it. Leaning hard against the furious wind that pressed her garments tight upon her protuberant figure and tugged viciously at her flapping skirt, with both hands protecting her eyes, she squinted out across three tumultuous lines of breakers to the mountainous blue water beyond. There, like a black spot on a background of flaming sunset, plunged and leaped a sharp-nosed dory, whose occupants alternately strained at the oars and waved signals to another spot, a measured thousand feet down the beach—the only interrupting blemish in a smooth, desolate, curving fifteen miles of it—which, upon inspection, could be distinguished as a man stooping behind a three-legged transit instrument. Between these two points, in a stormy infinity, was going on a series of triangulations concerning which the anxiously watchful Sarah understood nothing, save that she must keep out of line of the fluttering range flags behind her.

As the light failed, the signals ceased; and the bobbing dory, keeping its sharp nose cautiously pointed seaward, began to back in, picking its way warily.

"Now," said Sarah, apparently to herself, for nothing less than shouting could have been heard by anyone but herself, "now they'll be afther makin' a thry for it. I wouldn't be in the place o' thim reckliss bys—not in their wet schkins—for all the saints and martyrs in the book. Now look at that turrible green one comin' afther thim! The size of ut! Saints in hivin! 'twill dhrown thim!" And as the particular object of her anxiety continued to mount and mount higher over the eggshell of a boat, her voice rose to a high, piping scream: "Look behind ye, Jim Patterson; if ye would iver see yer mither again, look behind ye!"

BUT Jim Patterson, without the possibility of having heard even her frightened treble, was already looking, already shouting to his crew. "Bow oars, hold fast! Everybody duck—here she comes!" And an instant later the dory, like a thing possessed of life and spirit, reared suddenly on end, shot upward, cut the overturning wave crest cleanly with its sharp body, then vanished—oars, men, and all.

An instant Sarah gazed, open-mouthed, in rigid horror at the place where the boat had been, then buried her face in her shawl. But she must look just once again, whether she would or not; and there, miraculously, plunged the dory as before, now half smothered in foam and skidding rapidly toward the beach. The wind had not yet blown away her tears when it grounded firmly on the hard sand; and the men, breaking into a rough, good-humored banter among themselves, stepped out.

"Ye divils!" exclaimed Sarah with shaking voice. "Ye wild fools, skearin' yer cook to dith wid yer soundin's an' misuremints in thim breakers! Now ye'll be askin' is supper ready. Would I go to the throuble o' gettin' sphuds peeled an' cooked for a lot o' scamps that had no show o' livin' till supper time? 'Twas a miracle saved yiz, nothin' else."

"Never fear, Sarah Shea, never fear," replied Jim Patterson; and the careless assurance with which he spoke was characteristic of him, for Jim was the foreman of the pile-driver crew; and, over and above his big frame—just now barefooted and bareheaded, with the wind curling his handsome coarse hair, with his wet, clinging clothes showing it off to splendid advantage—he ruled his men by a carefully studied recklessness and fearlessness of outward manner, under which he successfully concealed a never-flagging watchfulness—almost anxiety—for their work and their lives.

"Never you worry about us," he continued, "you'll always find us on hand at grub time; for if the walking's bad, we can swim. There are a hundred ways of trekking toward a square meal—for instance": And at the word, having shifted adroitly behind his listener, and passed the wink to a man with a bundle of oars, the two—each holding an end of the bundle and each placing a not overgentle hand on the still agitated shoulders of their protesting cook—brought her sharply down to a sitting position on the oars, and bore her away over the shifting dunes and screaming wind-stunted shrubs.

As the racing fog streamed overhead, bringing with it darkness, they reached the "Pavilion"—great, gaunt



"I now have the honor to present to you, in their truly meritorious catalogue, Messrs. Sheerer & Co., of South Spring Street, sign artists, inventors, imaginateurs, and general doers." And he held forth an elaborately illustrated catalogue

building that it was, roosting high upon the uncertain sand, a steadfast incongruity in an ever-shifting realm. Its stuccoed and furbished exterior might once have deserved the name pavilion; but now, weather beaten and threatened by the banking sand, its loose planks slatting in the gale, its black sashless windows staring vacantly at the rumbling sea, it stood an ominous specter in memory of a colossal miscalculation, or deliberate knavery, as the case might have been.

In one corner of its arched and cavernous interior, full of bat squeakings and wind moanings, shone a solitary spot—Sarah's improvised combination kitchen and bedroom, with its big tin lamp and its glowing stove. In a corner, diagonally opposite, hung a big tarpaulin, concealing a litter of uninviting beds spread on the floor. This was the sleeping quarters of the crew; and for miles around there was no other human habitation.

AS THE door banged open to admit Sarah and her bearers, the big lamp promptly puffed out; and while she was grumbling good-naturedly about lighting it again, and poking up the fire and calling upon the appropriate saints to witness that it was no fault of hers the cabbage was scorched, the rest of the crew began to arrive. First the engine driver.

"Sarah," he called from behind the tarpaulin as he stepped out of his wet trousers and into a dry pair, "will you have time to do a little repair job for me this evening? I caught my pants in the crosshead to-day."

"Leave thim here to dhry," she said promptly. Then with a smile: "I'll see how ye make out with the dish towel."

"That reminds me, Sarah," said the pile teamster following him into the warm kitchen zone, "did you get time to mend me that pair of socks?"

"It reminds ye, does it?" rejoined Sarah. "Faith it looks to me as if yiz all sat up nights reminding each other to keep me busy wid yer sewin'. And why didn't ye bring a few wives an' schwatehearts wid ye to keep ye together?"

"Wives and sweethearts! There's not a wife in the crew as far as I know. What would a lot of wandering pirates like us do with wives? And as for sweethearts, 'twould be improper to bring them to a hole like this."

"Is it such a bad place, then?" asked Sarah—and there was just the faintest annoyance in the question.

Hereupon the lineman joined the group. "Say, mother," he began ingratiatingly, "have you any soda or oil you could put on this?" and he showed an ugly rope burn on his forearm.

"What! Another?" exclaimed Sarah. "Sure ye done well to call me mither! I hired out for a cook, but I'm mither to the whole helpless lot o' yiz. Come here. Arrah! 'tis a wicked burn! Ye'll have no supper till I've done fixin' it. No supper ye deserve anyway, but warm milk from a bottle wid a bit of a rubber tchube to it. 'Tis the regret o' me life I have no dacent voice to sing ye to schlape wid."

FURTHER witticism was prevented by the foreman, who, having had to climb down from his derrick after hanging there nine hours in the wind, was the last to arrive.

"Ye—ow!!" he yelled as he burst into the room with a gust of wind and a shower of sand.

"Sufferin' seagulls, what an afternoon! Give me a drink, somebody, quick! My poor feet are that cold there's goose flesh on the outside of my boots. Who can have invented this false alarm of a seaside resort this walloping wind hole, this damnable, deserted—haven't the words to describe it. Me for San Pedro Harbor, for Los Angeles, with my chair tilted back against a radiator at Morley's, watching a sociable pool table over the foaming edge of a big—"

"Here, here, cut that out," called the foreman in a warning voice. "Would you have us all walking back on the ties, leaving our pay behind us?" This was part jest, but mostly command; and the foreman obeyed it. Some such governing influence they had to have, for they were all vagabonds at heart—these seven men—with no wives and few sweethearts, with homes only in the background of their memories, yet with an acute, half-starved sensitiveness that any labor orator could fan into a fire of grievance, or any plain, commonplace, good woman, like their motherly cook, could fashion into something almost like affection. Without a leader they would scatter like the four winds, and descend to misery and strong drink; but with a leader they were as determined as bulldogs and brave as fighting cocks. They were more than ready to hang all day to the top of a swaying derrick which they very well knew was likely to overturn them into the sea, or to bake

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like a cat on the thin edge of a "six-by-twelve" over rushing torrents or pounding surf, and swing a sledge with the nicety of clockwork. They possessed an unmatched adaptability—a happy mixture of sailor and artisan skill—that enabled them to hew to a line with the waves going over them, or could take them as far inland as Omaha or the falls of the Congo without separating them from their traditional "Leggo yer stern line" and "Hook 'er up to pull to starboard."

JUST now they had a common enough interest—supper; but since it was not etiquette to approach the long table until it was announced, they stood in a cloud of tobacco smoke regarding Sarah solicitously. For all their observations, however, they were not able to tell, when she gave the word, why the announcement came with so little of her usual heartiness; nor after they had all stamped around to their seats and sat down, elbows and all, why she seemed so suddenly out of sorts.

"Who's been kickin' about the grub?" inquired one under his breath or as soon as he could get it back after an enormous knife load of potatoes and peas.

"Dunno," answered another between noisy influxes of coffee; "I think its Johnnie Pencil steal-in' the tablecloths for stake flags" (Johnnie Pencil being a general nickname for all young civil engineers). Deeper than this, their delicate pile-driver intimation did not allow them to penetrate. Jim was equally at sea as to causes, but came forth promptly with his general panacea for all feminine grouches.

"Good dope, Sarah," he declared enthusiastically; "you're the finest clam-chowder artist on the coast. I saw you to-day at low water—you with your little shoes and stockings off—digging clams" (here he cast a stern look of caution at the grinning Johnnie Pencil), "and I said to Bill: 'Bill, now there's a good-looking woman getting down in the wet and digging grub out of the ground for the likes of you just because you said you were sick of canned meats. Now what have you done to deserve that?' "

Under this fire of compliments Sarah smiled—even shyly. Had it been a chromatic possibility to her red and shiny face, she would have blushed. To tell the truth, she was not without a certain attractiveness, was Sarah, and a vague consciousness of it; nor was she as much beyond thirty as her unbecoming kitchen garb and protuberant figure would seem to indicate at first sight. Furthermore, although her attitude toward the crew was easily described as cook and



The two — each holding an end of the bundle and each placing a not overgentle hand on the still agitated shoulders of their protesting cook — bore her away on the oars

foster mother, her feelings toward their big devil-may-care foreman, with his chestnut, wind-towseled hair, his strong, mahogany-tanned face, and his bulldog shoulders, were not so easily defined.

"AND ye be the bist blarney merchant betchoon Los Angeles and Frisco," she retaliated, "but it seems no amount o' good feedin' will make ye contint wid this nice summer resort ye're in"—with a look of disapproval toward the topman.

"Summer resort!" shouted the entire crew. "This—this—but words fail me again," continued the topman. "By the way," cut in Johnnie Pencil with a mocking dignity, "the gentleman in the third gallery (meaning the topman) has forcibly inquired for the inventor of this—er—summer resort. I now have the honor to present to you, in their truly meritorious catalogue, Messrs. Sheerer & Co. of South Spring Street, sign artists, inventors, imaginateurs, and general doers." And he held forth an elaborately illustrated catalogue, entitled "The Finest Beach in the World."

"THIS," he continued, turning over the first page and disclosing a beautifully retouched and doctored photograph, "is the grand pavilion—the edifice we now have the honor to occupy. See the gorgeous bunting, the gilded turrets, and remember that the instrument cannot lie. Observe the broad lawns in front of it. You may not have noticed them on your way through the sand. Notice the automobiles drawn up on the driveway in front. It is unfortunate that the driveway has been sprinkled with a trifling eight feet of sand this afternoon so that the autos cannot get away again without a track and an eight-horse team. In the background are a number of delightful summer cottages to accommodate the tourist overflow. These are presumably portable houses—very portable. I intend taking a walk to-morrow over behind the dunes to leeward to see where they have lit. In a few days, notice, it says the planting of palms will begin. Stone sidewalks will be laid on all streets."

"Streets!" they shouted in derision.

"Water will be piped to each lot—"

"In a pig's ear!" interpolated one.

"The proposed railway from the Bakersfield oil fields will be started at the earliest possible date."

"Aw!"

"And the pier," continued the young man with an eloquent gesture, "now under construction, will facilitate the landing of the excursion boats each week—notwithstanding our soundings taken this afternoon show that no boat could get within a thousand feet of it without pounding the bottom out of her."

"Such is the genius of Sheerer & Co. of South Spring Street, inventors. Now what do you know about—"

But at this point the company was startled by a loud and dismal wail—not of ghosts or the storm, but

(Continued on page 33)

A Real Detective

By Henry Oyen

HE IS not at all like Sherlock Holmes or any other detective story hero, but in the reach of his power he is something very near and sinister.



CAPTAIN SHEA came out of the Inspector's private room, called curtly to Lieutenant Ray to follow him, stamped into his office, and swore. His usual granitelike face had on it the queer expression of a strong man who has been mastered. More than that, his cigar had gone out. By these signs Ray knew that this day political history would be made in the Second Division.

"Jack," said the Captain, savagely kicking the door shut, "the Big Fellow won't stand for Blond Eddy and The Blink any longer."

The Lieutenant raised his eyebrows in surprise, and his face became one great sneer; for the two men named, both general crooks, were, with the notorious protection they enjoyed from the powers higher up, a constant taunt to the honest officers of the division.

"That's fine talk," said Ray. "He knows we dassen't touch 'em. He dassen't touch 'em himself. He knows why, too."

"He says he doesn't give a damn; they got to go." The Captain sat down and shook his head. "The Law and Order people are getting strong with the papers, and the papers are getting after Downtown, and Downtown's getting after the Big Fellow for letting crooks live in the district. 'That means Blond Ed and The Blink,' says he. And he wants 'em got. He's mad, darn mad."

"They're all crazy," muttered Ray. "Do you think we wouldn't have got 'em before if they weren't safe? Why don't Downtown get 'em? That's where their drag comes from."

"Aw, I know all that," the Captain snorted contemptuously. He, too, was "mad." "We all know that. They're all fools; but they've made it strong enough this time to give us a nice job. He said—" Shea's face convulsed as he recalled the Inspector's words. "Well, anyhow, don't stop to show the rag. We've got to get 'em some way—any way—and, seeing as we can't get 'em regularly, we've got to figure some way to beat their drag. Who can get 'em?"

THE Lieutenant watched his superior out of eyes that were more than half closed; watched him closely, as if trying to read what was in his mind.

"They've got to be got, no matter how or what the price?" he asked slowly.

"Got to," said the Captain.

Ray pursed his lips. "That means MacCarn, I suppose," he said.

"Send him in!" roared Shea in a tone that showed plainly he had been waiting for his Lieutenant to make the suggestion. "Send him in!"

And as Ray left the room the Captain swore again.

Detective MacCarn did not enter the Captain's office with the noisy opening and closing of the door incident to the entrance of an ordinary man. He merely stood inside the threshold, his back to the door, with only his incessant, unmusical, nasal humming to announce his presence. He was an enormously broad-bodied man of medium height, with a thin face, and he wore a gray, checked suit that must have been a stranger to the pressing iron for months. He might have been thirty and he might have been fifty. He was forty. A long, thin nose dipping slightly over huge, straight lips, eyes that were hidden far under the brows, but which were singularly clean and guileless when you found them, and white tufts of hair in his ears, marked him so apart from other men that it would have been foolish of him ever to think of a disguise. He never did. It was one of his peculiarities that when facing a superior he became insolence itself.



"Mac," said the Captain over his shoulder, "the word's gone out to get Blond Eddy and The Blink."

"Sure," replied MacCarn, interrupting his humming. "From the Big Fellow, eh?"

"From the Big Fellow," agreed Shea quietly.

MacCarn resumed his humming. "And the Big Fellow got it from Downtown, and Downtown got it from Law and Order." He hummed some more. "And you get it from the Big Fellow, and I get it from you, eh?"

"You do," said Shea. "It's a big thing. You understand: we've got to get 'em."

"*I've* got to," corrected MacCarn.

"Yes, you've got to. Otherwise I wouldn't have called you in." The Captain swung around and faced the detective squarely. "You know all about 'em, they can't be got regularly—no way. Well, you can get 'em some way, any way. See?" He halted as if the words were distasteful. "Do it your own way, but—get 'em, sure. They've simply got to be got."

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"Sure," said MacCarn. "Got to be got. And I can do it. Sure."

The Captain swung back to his desk, but MacCarn made no move to go. He stood where he was, humming unmusically through his nose, and there was no mistake that he was waiting for the Captain to say something more, something vital and important, and that he did not propose to go until it was said.

"Yes," growled Shea, turning back suddenly as if in reply to a question. "Yes, you'll be good for a sergeant if you pull this off all right."

"All right, Cap," said MacCarn easily. "Aw-ll right."

He went out without another word and without any more noise than when he had entered. Outside of the station house, on the worn iron steps, he paused for a few seconds with his eyes on the ground. Then, with no more hesitation, he turned westward and sauntered slowly in the direction of the Bad Lands. It was another of MacCarn's peculiarities that he always went straight to his work, though it is probable that no one could say that he ever had been seen to hurry.

The Bad Lands lay across MacCarn's path, three unholy streets that the city in its wisdom had set aside as its official home for the Impossible Things. The street on which he was walking ran through the heart of the vicious district, was "tough" for the space of three blocks, and then, half a dozen squares farther on, it suddenly resolved itself into a fairly respectable thoroughfare of the poor quarter, peopled mainly by tenement dwellers and small shopkeepers. MacCarn knew the neighborhood, street and alley, front door and back, basement and garret, as a woodsman knows the trails about his home; and the "lookouts," reasoning that MacCarn would be coming on business in the Bad Lands, sent word ahead that he was looking for some one and for everybody to lie low.

MACCARN fooled them all. He crossed the three streets of viciousness without a pause, and continued on his way westward. He walked with his regular "traveling gait," going leisurely, his head turning from side to side, eyes seeing all things that were to be seen; but by the manner in which he occasionally tugged at the tufts of hair in his ears anyone who knew him would have seen that he was preoccupied, planning and thinking.

In truth, he was a little more than this: he was puzzled. He had considered this case often before—it was one that was bound to come up—but he had never worked it out. Like every old plain-clothes man, who studies the known crooks of his district, and often others, in order to "have something on them" when the time of trouble comes, he had followed the activities of the men whom he had been set upon with a thoroughness that had placed their complete records in his hands. Had The Blink and Blond Eddy been crooks of ordinary standing they would have been at his mercy. He had, as had other officers in the district, positive knowledge of crimes that could have been proved against both. But The Blink and Blond Eddy, through that mysterious and, to the uninitiated, incomprehensible force known as "a pull," stood apart. It mattered not that the police held proofs against them which no false alibis could shake. It mattered not that they could be found and picked up and brought to the station at any hour, night or day. The "pull," emanating from a source which even Downtown feared to defy, reached forth and protected them from harm, no matter what the police knew or did. They were safe. Occasionally an officer new to the Second Division picked them up and brought them in. Then what happened to that officer was a caution to others.

No, Blond Eddy and The Blink could not be "got regularly," as the Captain had said. That was why MacCarn was on the case. He could get them. It is a fine, comprehensive word, that "get," as used in police circles. It means many strange things. And MacCarn was the man who knew all; and it was a few of these things that he was thinking over as he walked along. The uniformed officers who saw him stalking steadily onward said to themselves: "There's MacCarn. Be work for the wagon soon." But MacCarn failed to even answer their greetings as he passed by. He was working up an idea.

SIX squares up the street from the red-light district MacCarn stopped before the hallway of a four-story tenement and stood apparently lost in thought. He continued to pull occasionally at the hair in his ears, but any casual observer would have fancied that he was standing out there to enjoy the sun.

Suddenly he roused himself and raised his head. He looked searchingly around, paying particular attention to a saloon across the street. Then, apparently satisfied that nobody within sight knew him, he turned abruptly into the tenement's greasy entrance and began to mount the stairs. And he was humming when he reached the second floor.

AT THE door of a tiny rear flat on the top floor MacCarn stopped and listened as noiselessly as he had accomplished the climbing of three flights of creaky stairs. Upon hearing a clatter of dishes inside, he tried the door, still making not a single sound, and finding it locked, knocked lightly, at the same time saying gently: "Open up, Min; it's MacCarn."

The sounds within stopped suddenly, and there was a dead silence. Then a plate dropped and broke on the floor. Then another silence. "It's MacCarn," repeated the detective. "Come on, Min."

A key turned unsteadily in the lock, turned reluctantly, as if with an effort, and the instant the bolt shot back MacCarn thrust open the door, walked in, shut the door behind him and turned the key.

A slim young woman with dark hair clutched at the throat of her red wrapper and stood as if frozen stiff in the corner of the room. Her eyes were on MacCarn, held by the fascination of terror. There could be no doubt that she had been pretty at one time, beautiful, perhaps, in a frail, dark way. She might be pretty now; no one could have told under the fear that lay on her face like a dirty, gray mask. She had been washing dishes and the broken plate lay at her feet.

"Why, hello, Min," cried MacCarn cheerily. "How be you, anyhow?"

WITHOUT waiting for a reply and without looking at the girl, he stalked into the next room, looked under the bed, in the closet, came back, looked in the kitchen pantry, and turned to the girl. She was trembling as the mouse trembles before the cat, and she did not stir when MacCarn pulled forward a chair, seated himself in front of her and made himself very much at home.

"Well, Min, how be you?" repeated the detective. "What's new with you? Hah?"

He leaned back comfortably, crossing his legs and dropping his hat upon his knee. In all truth, he was comfortable. The first facet of the idea had worked out. He had found the woman alone.

"Land sakes, Min," he continued in the same genial tone, "why don't you sit down? Hah? Sit down. Me'n you ain't such strangers we have to do the honors and stand up, be we, Min, eh? Sit down."

The girl sat, but her eyes did not leave him.

"I'm straight now, Mac," she managed to utter in a hoarse voice. "You know I'm straight."

"Straight? Why, sure you're straight, Min." MacCarn's voice implied that he would like to see the man who doubted his knowledge of that circumstance. "Don't I know you're straight? Hey? Ain't I your friend?"

He dropped his genial attitude and said abruptly: "Where's Eddy?"

"Mac!" cried the girl in anguish. "There ain't anything on Eddy, honest there ain't, Mac. Not anything new, anyhow. Believe me or not, we're both straight now; honest, Mac. I'm telling you straight—You ain't—"

MacCarn held up one of his big hands.

"Why, sure you're both straight," he interrupted. "Can't an old friend ask where your man is without having you get up—"

"Believe me, Mac!" she continued hysterically. "There ain't anything, not a thing, on him—new."

Her terror drove her into a sobbing sort of incoherence. MacCarn's eyes followed her steadily, patiently, until they had looked her into an abject calm.

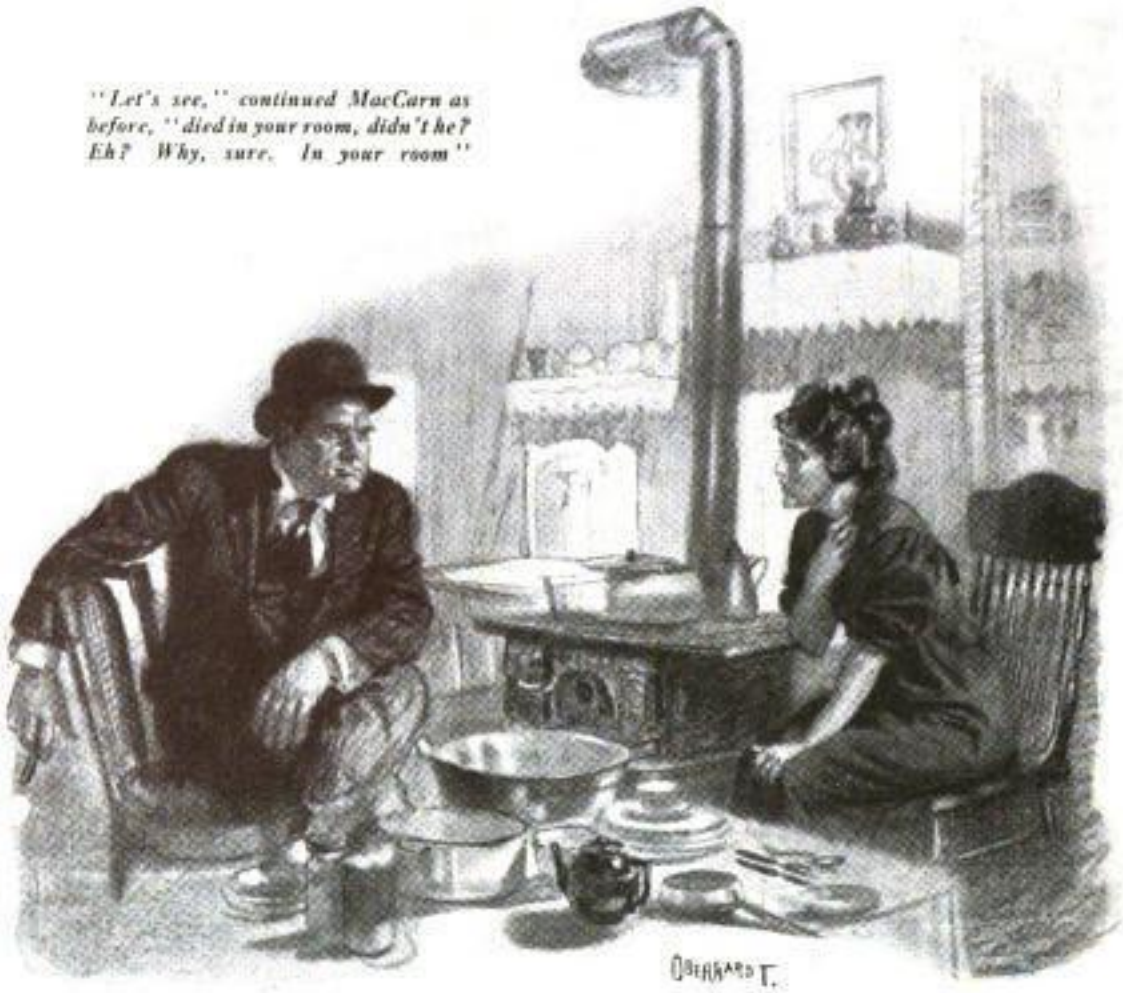
"If I wasn't an old friend of yours, I'd be sore at that kind of talk, Min," he said reproachfully. "I know you're straight. Why, sure, I know. If I didn't know—"

He stopped, and a reminiscent, genial smile came over his countenance. This sudden shifting, also, was typical of MacCarn. He assumed a more comfortable position.

"Say, Min," he went on, "ain't it a pretty lucky thing that it's only an old friend like me that knows about that sucker dying of the knockout drops over in Old Number One Forty-Nine? Eh?"

"Oh, Mac!" moaned the girl.

"Let's see," continued MacCarn as before, "died in your room, didn't he? Eh? Why, sure. In your room. And I'm the only one that knows about it, too. Now that's what I call lucky. Eh?"



"Let's see," continued MacCarn as before, "died in your room, didn't he? Eh? Why, sure. In your room"

HE NODDED several times as if the matter were a thing of great satisfaction to both, and, apparently not noticing that the girl was ready to faint, he went on:

"I wasn't asking for Eddy on business, Min. Just passing the time of day. I don't want Eddy. What would I want Eddy for? Eh? I don't want anybody." He threw a look at her that made her sit up as if he had struck her. "I just want to find out if The Blink's got any new money; that's all."

"The Blink?" said the girl in surprise.

"Eh, yah. And you're going to do me the favor of finding out—for old sake's sake. See?"

"Me? Mac, I—"

"You're going to get next to him, Min, and if he's got anything he'll spend on you. See? That's nothing—me and you being such old friends. Eh, Min?"

But the girl knew better than to be assured by MacCarn's easy tone. She knew MacCarn. "Oh! Mac, I tell you I'm square now," she wailed. "Almost square, anyhow," she went on hurriedly as MacCarn smiled. "Me'n Eddy almost as good as married regular, and—and we're going to be—regular—some time. I know it sounds like the bunk, Mac, but I'm telling you I'm stuck on him. Mac, stuck on him straight—straight, I'm telling you, and—and he's stuck on me—straight, too. Believe me, Mac, straight. And I've cut out all the other stuff, and I'm trying to get him to—Mac, he is going to work. Honest, Mac, honest. He said he would. And we're going to be straight—real straight—I'm telling you, both of us, all the time. He ain't doing anything now, Mac, honest. He's—he's been clean for months. And oh, Mac, believe me, believe me, we're going to move away to where nobody knows us, and he'll get a job and we'll be married—regular, and—and—" She faltered, and with her folded hands pressed under her chin, she grew dumb, and she actually blushed. Had she had anything like her wonted control over herself she would have remained silent, but MacCarn's genial attitude and the sound of her own words had emboldened her. "They say we can't do it," she said. "They say we never do. But Eddy believes I can, and—I—I know it. We've both got sick of that—other thing. And he says if we get married where nobody knows us, we'll—we'll—"

"SURE!" cried MacCarn, bringing a hand down on his leg. "You'll have kids and live like real folks, eh? That's the stuff. You know you're right, and—say, Min, that's why we don't want anything to break loose about Old Number One Forty-Nine, do we? Eh?"

"Oh, Mac!" sobbed the girl, throwing her face forward on her wrists; but MacCarn, leaning toward her, reached out with his phenomenal reach and took her hands between his thumb and index fingers; and she sat up with a shriek of pain, though he made no visible effort to pinch her.

"You can't lay down on an old pal like that, Min," he said seriously. "All I want is a few foolish words with The Blink, and if he's got any money he'll spend on you, and that's all. See?"

(Continued on page 23)

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Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



His Masterpiece

A CERTAIN renowned ball player, whose name had been appearing over certain signed stories pertaining to the game, bumped into his sporting editor a short while ago.

"Say," he said to his Literary Manager, "who wrote that last chunk of dope I had in your paper?"

"Bill Blank," replied the sporting editor. "What's the kick?"

"Oh, no kick at all," replied the athlete. "I was only thinking that in many ways it was the best story I have ever written."

It's easy enough to keep cheering,
Though stricken with cholera's blight;
But the bloke worth while is the one who can smile
After seeing a White Hope fight.

The Big Four on Guard

PURPLE fire from another international polo conflict—the sixth struggle between America and England—is blazing now around what gives promise of being the greatest battle of them all.

After maintaining the chief polo trophy twenty-three years through the balance of three successive victories, Albion's pride sagged in 1909, and the British Lion has never looked the same since. It was nothing short of *lèse majesté*, sacrilege, and a bally outrage when the American team won in 1909. The large blue welt upon tradition increased in 1911, and one has only to see the English team at practice to gather in the terrific earnestness with which they are plunging toward this third shot at annexation.

A wonderful Big Four, magnificently mounted and keenly alert, will battle for the Union Jack through the carnival now on, and nothing short of exceptional polo will prevail against this invading contingent.

But whether victory or defeat shall come, America can well afford to bank her faith upon her own redoubtable quartet.

After twenty-three years of polo peonage, Messrs. Whitney, Milburn, and the two Waterburys formed the quartet which brought the trophy back to United States soil.

It was this same hard-riding quartet which carved another strip from the astounded Lion two years ago in defense of the laurel sprig. Both contests were achieved in two straight matches, where the victorious four totaled 26 goals to 13½ for England, almost doubling the Albion count.

They may have to ride, swing, and fight as they have never done before to beat back this second invasion of the long green field; they may miss one member from the fold; but, despite the undoubted ability and courage of the English invaders, the Home Four have earned their grip upon a nation's confidence. They have shown that the Eagle can compete with the Lion even in the domain where Professor Leo considered himself king of the tribe.

Speaking of Fables

ONCE upon a time there was a Big-League ball club without the services of an Indian. A review of its roster showed that no aborigine was extant upon its pay roll in any form, shape, or fashion.

Moral—It must have been several seasons prior to "Custer's Last Stand."

Honesty vs. The Score

REFERRING again to the gentleman who turned in a card of 317 at the Biarritz golf competition, we have only this to say:

While feeling that we maintain at least an average standard of honesty, there are times when one's pride and self-respect must be maintained at all costs.

Hence, when we go beyond 312 for eighteen holes, we follow an iron rule which requests the caddie to turn his head until certain corrections can be made upon the card.

As between being dishonest and being branded as a 317 stroke golfer, we shamelessly confess to one sudden, volcanic, and irremediable choice. It may not be the "best policy," but what is more to the point, it is the only tenable one for a golfer who desires further privileges of the course.

A Ballade of the Game

WE'LL take New York or Kankakee,
Pittsburgh or Boston or Ft. Wayne—
Duluth or Nashville, Tennessee,
Or any spot that flags a train;
Chicago, say, or Portland, Maine—
Each has but one eternal theme—
Each warbles only one refrain:
"This town deserves a winning team."

With ringing cheers and hearts cure free,
They may elect to sit and reign
Some grafting crew that cops the fee
And gives most honest folks a pain;
But let the Home Club start to wane,
And then, Great Whiskers, what a scream!—
The roar rings over hill and plain:
"This town deserves a winning team."

Art, politics, and food may be
In seventh place, while raising cain
Bold peggmen loot the city's key,
And you'll hear very few complain;
But let Home Talent sweat in vain
Or for a moment lose its steam—
In chorus howl Dutch, Frank, and Dane:
"This town deserves a winning team."

A city's pride may well sustain
Bad health laws and impure cream—
But here's the limit to its stain:
"This town deserves a winning team."

The Spirit of Play

DO PROFESSIONAL ball clubs care whether they win or lose? Does it make much difference to them as long as they get their money anyway, whether they finish up or down?

This has been a standing query among the noncombatants ever since Pop Anson got his first hit or Radbourne drew his opening strike-out.

As one minor example, we'd like to have led a number of said noncombatants in among the Pittsburgh team in the midst of its Eastern slump in May, where it lost 9 of the first 11 games played. The answer here would have been complete. Mr. Clarke's well-known Pirates didn't seem to mind losing any more than you or I would mind losing a right leg or having eleven teeth extracted without taking gas. They were as cheerful and buoyant as a flock of pallbearers bearing a close friend over the Final Trek. Compared to this clan, a cage full of unfed grizzlies would have been welcome mates to any outsider edging in for an open discussion upon the National Menu. The ancient lure of the theatre failed to draw them out at night. They were the Lost Tribe of Sorrow with their goats on an off-trail, bleating far from home. To mingle for even a brief spell with them was to wade neck high in poignant woe and abandoned despair.

A few days later the slump was dispersed, and thereafter Terpsichore tangoing with old King Cole was a dismal spectacle compared to the revelry in camp.

Do they mind losing? Not a bit in the world. Not any more than they mind getting poisoned, shot, or pushed off a skyscraper.

Anent the Wrestling Revival

EXCUSE me if the meter halts
Or if the rime is out of joint;
Or if you light on other faults
Or miss the essence of a point;
But when I bump into the smear
Which these thick, oily blokes disclose,
Although the dope ahead looms clear,
It's hard to write and hold one's nose.

These lines are overrapt and worse—
Both nonelastic and awry;
Yet ere you scatter or disperse,
Accept a feeble alibi;
I know just what I have in mind
Anent these hammerlockian foes,
But pushing it to print, I find
It's hard to write and hold one's nose.

An Unshrinkable Record

WITH a record of 0 victories and 3 defeats out of 3 starts—percentage .000—the worst that can happen to Mr. Lipton is that a fourth start will at least find him bravely holding his own. His record is impregnable to assault, unshrinkable, and beyond disaster. There must be a thrill in the thought of starting to battle where nothing can possibly happen to crowd one back the fraction of an inch.

Golfing Essentials

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun first fell on
Eden's golfing strand,
Our Father Adam stood on the tee with a
crooked stick in his hand;
And the first rude swing that the world had seen
brought joy to his heart in a storm,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "You hit
it—but was it form?"

At which point Father Adam furnished an example for unnumbered sons to follow by shifting his stance, changing his grip, and twisting his body into perfect form. The only missing ingredient was that he no longer hit the ball. To our way of thinking, golf theories are an overpracticed institution. The game knows two essentials, and if more time was spent on these two, progress would be more satisfactory.

The two are: (1) Keeping one's eyes and mind on the ball; (2) a correct timing of the stroke with the body under control, following, not leading, the arms. Leading professionals and amateurs have various and sundry grips and stances and the like. But they all have at least two essentials in common, and these two are outlined up above. There are certain other details of construction left, but these are the two corner stones. Think of these at your next practice above the other 57 varieties offered and watch your score come slipping down as if it were on a greased chute. You knew all this before? Then why not work on it more in place of a dozen other foibles and byplays that in comparison are insignificant? Why pass up the foundation to begin work on a shelf in the kitchen pantry?

Bunked and Bunkered

GOLF and Life are about alike; we spend half our time playing into traps and the other half in playing out to where we should have played in the first place—instead of the fourth.

The Hardest Job to Handle

SOME one has launched that ancient argument again as to what position on the ball field is the hardest to play. In grappling with any argument, we always prefer facts to opinions. Take a squint at the field—the game abounds in good catchers—Archer, Bresnahan, Meyers, Ainsmith, Henry, Kling, Miller, etc., etc.

First base is crowded with talent extraordinary—Daubert, McInnis, Hoblitzel, Chase, Konetchy, and others.

At second there are Collins, Doyle, Evers, Knabe, Sweeney, and others of rank. At short there are the Wagners, Maranville, Tinker, Barry, McBride, Doolan, and a host more. The outfield is massed with its stars, as thickly sprinkled as the Milky Way.

But over at third there comes a pause—a lull, as it were, in the summing up. Zimmerman and Baker are great batsmen, but no one ever called either a Devlin, a Bradley, or a Collins. Herzog is brainy and alert—and good. So is Lobert good, but no dazzling marvel.

Out of the lot, where is there one great third baseman? Where is there one to resume where Bradley and Collins left off—where Time pulled Devlin back among the field?

We might pause for a reply until the High Cost of Living slumped to the second division or until Gehenna froze from bank to bank and still not meet an answer. There are fewer great ball players at third base in the fifty-year history of the game than at any other spot around the field. In ten years there have been three great third basemen—three out of an endless line that has come and gone.

From this you can make your own deduction. Either third base is the hardest job on the field to fill, or a series of startling coincidences has overlapped across the run of fifty years.

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The Clubwoman and the Corner Grocery





By Mrs. George A. Slocomb

THE writer of this graphic article is the former president of the Worcester Woman's Club, one of the most aggressive, efficient, and progressive woman's clubs in the United States. Mrs. Slocomb is vitally interested in the subject of pure foods, and believes that one way of securing better conditions is by means of the public exposition. Probably no other woman in the United States has had such a large and varied experience in this important branch of the food problem.—**Lewis B. Allyn.**

IT WAS one of those small stores that spring up, here and there, dotting every large city, in an attempt to gain the local trade of the neighborhood; and, as a trip to the large, downtown markets often means more time than the busy housewife can spare, the little grocery on the corner grew to fill an important place in the community.

The clubwoman, however, had not always realized this, but the fact was borne in upon her suddenly one afternoon.

"Mother," her little daughter coaxed, "may I have five cents for candy?"

"Oh, darling, let mother buy you some candy downtown to-morrow—nice candy."

"But, mother," the child pleaded, "that isn't so much fun; I like to spend the money myself."

"Deleterious and Detrimental to Health"

YES, there *is* fun in spending; the clubwoman knew that well, and, with a smile at the thought of the joyous deliberation before the disposal of the five cents should be finally settled, she yielded to her little daughter, then sat down to look through some of the "Notices of Judgment" issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, recently called to her attention.

"On September 22, 1911," she read, "the United States Attorney for the District of Connecticut, acting upon a report by the Secretary of Agriculture, filed information in the District Court of the United States against a business firm, alleging shipment, in violation of the Food and Drugs Act, on or about February 9, 1911, from the State of Connecticut into the State of Massachusetts of a quantity of candy which was adulterated. The product was labeled: 'Walnut Yale Fudge, 5 cents, chocolate. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906.'" Then followed the analysis of the candy and the statement: "Adulteration was alleged for the reason that said product was coated with shellac containing arsenic, a poisonous substance deleterious and detrimental to health."

"So shellac containing arsenic is detrimental to health!" she mused. "The Department of Agriculture seems to have a sense of humor."

Worm-Eaten Chocolate

SHE took up another leaflet: "Notice of Judgment No. 1634. On February 14, 1912, the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Missouri filed a libel for the seizure and condemnation of 43 barrels and 14 cases of candy, alleging that the product had been transported from the State of Ohio into the State of Missouri, and charging adulteration in violation of the Food and Drugs Act. The cartons bore various labels: 'Delicious Chocolates,' 'Special Chocolates,' 'Frozen Chocolates, *Sweeter than Kisses*.' Adulteration was alleged for the reason that the product was sold and intended for use as food, and contained dirt and dead bugs, and in part was covered with yellow mold, and the chocolate appeared to have been and was musty and rancid; and the product was dirty, worm-eaten, mouse-eaten, and generally filthy, and by reason thereof was deleterious and detrimental to health."

Candy Coated with Arsenic

BUT now the smile had left her lips. "I wonder what kind of candy Doris is buying?" she thought. She would find out to-morrow! Carefully she ran through the remaining notices in her lap:

No. 2062—Labeled "Gelatin." Analyzed as glue.

No. 1841—Labeled "Cream of Hops, a nonintoxicating beer. Sold and guaranteed by the *Temperance* Beverage Co." Analyzed as intoxicating, and containing 3.46 per cent of alcohol.

No. 1922—Labeled "Carbonated Soda." Analyzed as beer.

No. 1938—Labeled "Seedless Raisins. Cured in the sun, without use of chemicals." Analysis showed them to be bleached with sulphur.

No. 2128—Coffee; found to be coated with talc and soapstone, or a substance containing lead.

No. 1857—"Homemade Catchup. Contains one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda. Prepared from fresh, ripe tomatoes." Analysis showed more than one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda, and also filthy, decomposed, or putrid animal or vegetable substance, containing excessive yeasts and spores, molds, sand, bacteria, and decayed tissue.

No. 2150—Labeled "Prunes." Contained also worms, worm excreta, decomposed and filthy vegetable and animal substances.

In every case the firm had pleaded guilty. The clubwoman thrust the notices from her in fear and disgust.

"Were *these things* in the corner grocery?"

Within five minutes' walk of where she sat were a dozen factories; all day smoke belched from their chimneys, machinery whizzed and roared; all day men and girls worked amid the noise and heat. At noon they hurried home, vanishing into near-by streets, where they bolted a hasty meal in the brief lunch time. Their food, too, came from the corner grocery—food upon which they depended for strength to endure the work and the noise and the heat of the devouring shops that swallowed them each morn and belched them forth each night. Their pale little children danced gleefully into the grocery to "spend" their chance pennies. For what? Fudge coated with shellac and arsenic?

Some one ought to know whether such things were sold in that neighborhood! Who ought?

And even as that question forced itself on her, so it came to thousands of other women, north, south, east, west; and the answer rang clear to each: The clubwoman must know; she has intelligence, she has leisure; most important of all, she has the power that comes from organization.

For several years now clubwomen have been concerning themselves with the corner grocery. In one section of the country this has meant securing pure-food and market-sanitation ordinances, and a woman inspector to enforce them; in another it has meant cooperation of the club with the board of health, the local newspapers, and the stores that were maintaining a high standard of purity and cleanliness; in New England, during the last year, it has taken the wonderfully effective form of the pure-food fair.

Advent of the Clubwoman

THE Worcester Woman's Club was the first to decide upon such an undertaking; but close upon their decision came that of Providence, to be followed by New Haven, Manchester, Lowell, and Portland.

The advent of the clubwoman into this field, as an enthusiastic exhibitor stated, has marked a new era in food fairs. They have ceased to be mere money-making enterprises, and have become an ethical educational force, which touches not only the corner grocery but the manufacturer and the public at large, including the hurrying throng that spend "laborless days" amid the din of machinery. Producer, distributor, and consumer unite in the pure-food cause.

The fair runs ten days; if well conducted, six months must be spent in preliminary work, for its aim is fourfold.

First, to fill its space with exhibits that are beyond question as to purity, label, and weight.

Second, in connection with the exhibits, to have lectures which shall supplement them. This usually means a course of demonstration cooking lectures in the afternoon, arranged to show women how to buy nourishing food, how to cook it palatably, and serve it attractively; all with a view to economy of money, strength, and time. In the evenings the lectures are on pure-food topics of a nature to interest and instruct men as well as women.

Third, to conduct the chemical analysis of foods and drugs daily, that the public may see for itself that shellac, arsenic, glue, ether, talc, copper, tin, wood alcohol, alum, hydrocyanic acid, and various other substances "detrimental" to health are found in some of our foods, and that it is not a cry of "Wolf! wolf!" when there is no wolf.

Finally, to provide special features that shall attract the element which, as yet, thinks not about the purity of foods, but which, coming to laugh, remains to learn; for instance, good music, moving pictures of an educational nature, and a few exhibits of labor-saving devices, and household utensils to furnish variety.

Force of Public Sentiment

BENEATH all this runs the thought of how best to *get* the people, for it is through them that the demand for the products exhibited must come; through them that the lessons of lecturer and chemist must bear fruit.

The results from these fairs have been valuable in the extreme: the demand for the products exhibited has been greatly increased; the lectures given in one exposition caused the proprietor of the soda fountain doing the largest business in town to decide to use only pure colors and flavors. In this same city one store literally ceased carrying any adulterated products, while others discontinued certain lines of doubtful food, and replaced them with those which came up to the Westfield standard.

In several of these expositions the local Grocers' Association, the press, the Board of Health, and the State have cooperated zealously and effectively with the women.

Sometimes the show window of the corner grocery was filled with the foods exhibited in the exposition, above them the statement:

"*We carry every product displayed in the pure-food fair.*"

Some grocers sent circular letters to all families within trading distance, giving a complete list of these products, and saying: "You will find all the above articles for sale in our market, thus demonstrating to you that our aim at all times is to offer for sale only *pure-food products*."

False Charges against the Clubs

THE clubs have had to contend with the antagonism of the interests opposed to any higher standard than that of the National Government. This opposition has taken various forms, the latest being the charge that the clubs were being exploited by certain manufacturers; also the accusation of commercialism. Both charges are without foundation.

There is one criticism, however, which might fairly be made—that is, a lack of care on the part of certain exhibit committees in maintaining the high standard which alone makes the fair of value.

A firm using coal-tar colors was admitted to one of the New England pure-food fairs, through the error

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ness of the exhibit committee, and became so enthusiastic over the results achieved thereby that it sought admittance in all other such expositions. Having been in A, it was accepted without question in B and C and D, but upon applying for space in E, a halt was called. The exhibit committee of this club had spent much time in acquiring accurate information with regard to the products put out by prominent food manufacturers.

"Dear sir," the chairman replied to the New England representative, "we shall be delighted to accept your firm as an exhibitor if it comes up to the Westfield standard, which we have taken as our requisite for admittance. This, however, cuts out coal-tar colors, and we have the impression that you use them. Do you? If not, we will give your application immediate attention."

CONVINCING A MANUFACTURER

AT once an interesting correspondence ensued. The New England representative, wielding a vigorous pen, advised the club to let coal-tar colors alone, and turn its attention to investigating the robbery of men, women, and children by the millers of to-day, who, he claimed, were removing all the mineral matter from wheat and selling it for hog food, while human beings got the starch product. The firm's chemist sent many pages devoted to the desirability of coal-tar products for coloring, called attention to the other clubs which had accepted his firm's products in their fairs, and advised the million clubwomen of America to apply their energy in seeing that all the pure-food laws in the various States conformed with that of the National Government. It should be sufficient, he said, for exhibits to be "guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law."

The chairman's point of view, however, was so simple that it might be called primitive. "It should be," she replied, "but it isn't. For that reason we have adopted the Westfield standard; we are sorry you do not come up to it, but we shall."

She dismissed the matter from her mind; so did the chemist; not so the New England representative. He was a far-seeing man, and he realized that a pure-food fair that was pure was a good business proposition; he wanted to be in it. He was also a sincere and earnest advocate of purity in foods, and he was ashamed that his firm could not be admitted to this fair. He therefore began work with his house, urging them to "clean up," as he expressed it. He did not cease when they rebuffed him, but kept at it until, a week before the exposition, he felt so sure of success that he asked if his firm might not have exhibit space if it promised to clean up at once. A brief, ruthless sentence from the chairman answered:

"We have assigned all our space to firms that have cleaned up."

But the representative was of the right stuff, and sent this word in reply:

"I regret that I have been unable to get these matters through in time to be with you this week, but I expect to have everything in good shape for your food fair next year, when, with true flavors and vegetable colors, I shall hope to have your hearty support and cooperation in introducing them."

The clubwomen of that city will see that he has it!

That is one of the tangible results of a pure-food fair, conducted as it should be; but it is a matter of regret that it should not have followed the first fair to which application was made rather than the fifth.

There was once a dear little lad whose favorite story was that of a princess pursued by a lion. Each morning, on awaking, the first thing he did was to turn to the picture of the lovely, golden-haired princess, whose flying feet were only a few yards in advance of the raging lion, and always he cried exultingly: "The lion hasn't got her yet!"

"WILL NOT EAT THEM DOPED"

EVEN so, the clubwoman, shuddering at the lion of adulteration, urged on by the greed of private interests to devour the Princess Pure Food, day by day exclaims triumphantly: "The lion hasn't got her yet!" She doesn't think he will get her, though his breath is hot upon her; too many obstacles are springing up in his path, and one of them is herself.

As she expressed it to the grocer on the corner: "We have been told that the average woman who lives to be seventy years old consumes in that time 30 oxen, 50 pigs, 100 cows, 200 sheep, 24,000 oysters, 30,000 eggs, and 4½ tons of bread, not to mention vegetables, fruit, and other foods! Well, there are 1,000,000 of us who have made up our minds that we will not eat them DOPED."

The grocer brought his fist down on the counter. "I'm with you," said he.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 W. Thirteenth St., New York City



Professor Lewis B. Allyn

Better Than the Grocer Says

My grocer sold me some extract, samples of which I am sending you for information. It seems to me the lemon cannot be good with 82 per cent alcohol in it and the vanilla with 43 per cent alcohol. Don't you consider them very weak? My grocer claimed they were Government standard pure extracts. I take great interest in reading your food department. If grocers would only investigate and give a more general cooperation, conditions would be vastly improved.—Mrs. C. R., Alameda, Cal.

The Government standard for lemon extract is as follows: Lemon extract is the flavoring extract prepared from the oil of lemon or from lemon peel, or from both, and contains not less than 5 per cent, by volume, of lemon oil. The sample which you submitted for examination shows by analysis 15.4 per cent of lemon oil by volume, which makes the extract over three times the strength required. The alcohol is also considerably above 82 per cent. It would be difficult to make a preparation of this character and keep it clear and bright without the use of strong alcohol. In this instance the alcohol content is not abnormally high. You will further note that a much less quantity of this sample would be required in cookery than in the case of a weaker extract.

The Federal standard for vanilla extract is as follows: Vanilla extract is the flavoring extract prepared from the vanilla bean, with or without sugar or glycerin, and contains in 100 cubic centimeters the soluble matter from not less than ten grams of the vanilla bean. While this standard is not very definite, in that there is no amount of vanillin stated nor per cent of resins or other extractive matters from the bean, it does, however, exclude various coloring matters or synthetic vanillin. The sample that you submitted is of excellent quality. The alcohol content is normal. In our opinion both of these extracts are of a high grade. A low-grade extract almost invariably has a low alcohol content, since alcohol is an expensive product. With lemon oil costing about one dollar a pound, and alcohol costing about two dollars a gallon, the latter represents over 90 per cent of the cost of materials.

Additions to Westfield List

The following products have been analyzed during the past two weeks by the Westfield Board of Health, and have measured up to the Westfield standard of purity, quality, and nutrition. These products will be listed in the next edition of "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods." Clip this from Collier's *and paste it in the back of your Westfield book, so that your list may be kept up to date. Products are being frequently analyzed by the board, and new listings will appear from time to time in this column of* Collier's:

Albers Brothers Milling Company, Seattle, Wash.—Violet Oats.

Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.—Oneida foods, in glass; general line of canned vegetables, fruits, and berries.

J. W. Barwell, Waukegan, Ill.—Milcoocy.

Sprague-Warner & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Ferndell, Batavia, and Richelieu brands; general line of fruits, vegetables, preserves, jams, condiments, extracts, and spices.



"That's the whole secret:

"Follow the simple directions on the label and you'll make a perfect bisque from

Campbells' TOMATO SOUP

"Use a very *small* pinch of soda and only a little cream in the milk. And after you mix the soup and milk together, let them come to boiling-point, but *do not let them boil.*

"Three minutes is all you need for the whole business. A child could do it. And you have a tomato bisque fit for a king's table!"

Campbell's Tomato Soup is one of the famous "Westfield Pure-Food Products" analyzed and approved by the Westfield Board of Health.



When Sally Sweet
Walks down the street
The boys are wild to win her.
"I cannot pause,"
She says, "because
There's Campbell's Soup
for dinner!"

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Look for the red-and-white label

Barrett Specification Roofs



Not An Experiment

WHEN a practical man has a large building to roof, like this one, he cannot afford to take any chances. He does not want an experiment. He wants a roof of proved merit. That is why Barrett Specification Roofs are so popular.

Roofs constructed according to the principles laid down by The Barrett Specification have been giving satisfaction for *more than sixty years.*

Such a roof is constructed of five plies of tarred felt, with coal tar pitch as the waterproofing material, and covered with a top surface of gravel, slag or tile. Its life is usually 20 years or more; it rarely requires attention during that period, and is fire retardant.

Ask our nearest office for a free copy of the Barrett Specification. It will convince you that such a roof is bound to give satisfaction.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested.

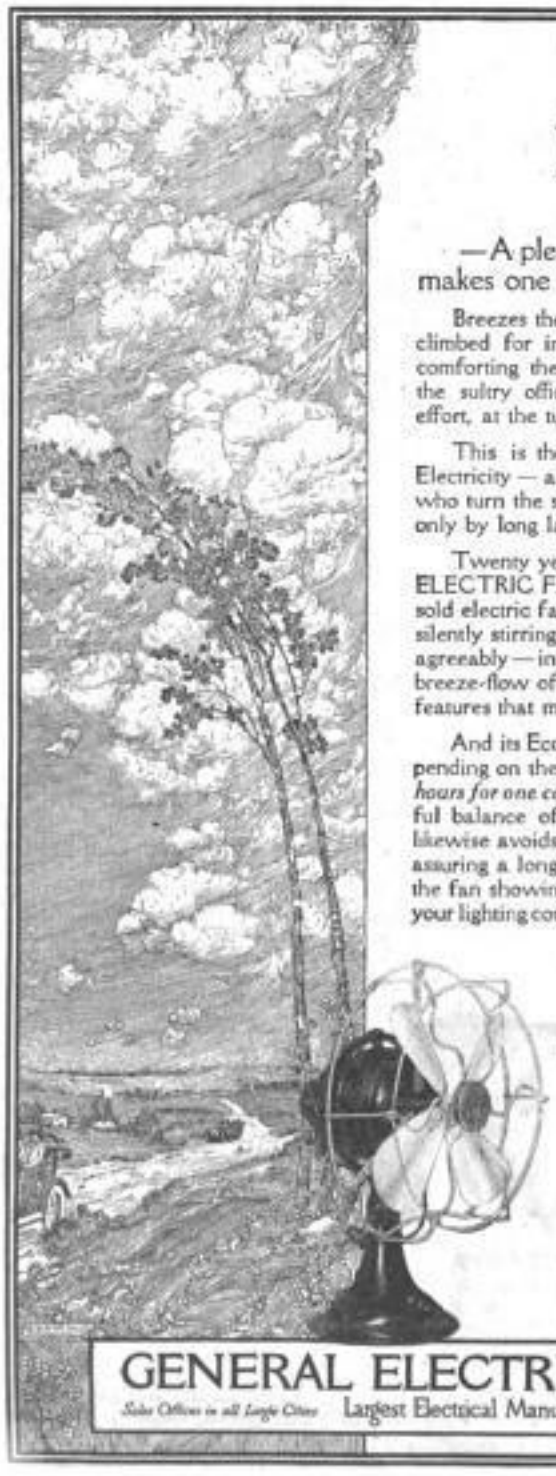
ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15th, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, Halifax, Sydney, N.S.

TRADE B MARK



Breezes

—A pleasant, cool-sounding word that makes one think of skies and hills.

Breezes themselves may be hunted in an auto, or climbed for in high places, but how wonderfully comforting the invention that carries the breezes into the sultry office or home — to be enjoyed without effort, at the turn of a switch!

This is the delightful modern magic wrought by Electricity — a quick magic at a trivial cost for you who turn the switch, but attained in today's perfection only by long labors of research and development.

Twenty years of experience are behind the G-E ELECTRIC FAN, the most popular, the most widely-sold electric fan in the world. Its oscillating motion, silently stirring the currents of air most effectively and agreeably — in a way to most nearly approximate the breeze-flow of nature — is only one of many practical features that make it invaluable in the warm season.

And its Economy is suggested by the fact that, depending on the size, it can be run from *three to four hours for one cent* — and by the fact also that the beautiful balance of the mechanism, which avoids noise, likewise avoids the wear and tear of vibration — thus assuring a long lifetime of service. Look always for the fan showing the G-E trade mark on its face — at your lighting company's or the nearest electrical dealer's

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales Offices in all Large Cities Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World Agencies Everywhere

43-08

"Sunshine George" of Boston

[Concluded from page 8]

at all to his dilemmas in the second hour as the Ford Hall audience harpoons him with one interrogatory after another. But with Coleman's relay method of handling the questions the speaker has a little opportunity for reflection, and generally he has acquitted himself creditably, and often with ready wit; as, for example, when an atheist questioner asked Alfred W. McCann what authority he had for saying God made the wheat. "Oh, very well, then," conceded Mr. McCann quickly, "let us say Pat Riley made it."

A PLAY OF WITS

POSSIBLY the most delicate situation which the Ford Hall meetings have ever passed was on the night when Father Gasson, president of Boston College, lectured on the dangers of Socialism. Of course the Ford Hall meeting contains a considerable share of bristle-minded Socialists, and, of course, Father Gasson was recognized as a bristle-minded non-Socialist. For weeks and weeks Coleman was training his grown-up kindergarten to put its best spirit of self-control forward at this particular meeting. The proponents acquitted themselves well, and Father Gasson himself was carefully poised and happy in his replies, so that the meeting, entered into with fear and trembling, was concluded with honor both to speaker and auditors.

Here are some of the questions gatlinged at Dr. Macdonald:

Why he intimated that the Civil War was for the freedom of the slaves, when it was really a war to save the Union? Why the Canadian Parliament was contributing two battleships to the English navy? If the factory system was not as much to blame for degeneration as war? If the war with Russia had not made Japan great? If child labor was not also responsible for degeneration? What was the chance of Canada's being annexed? Which would accomplish the most for world-wide peace, religion or science? Was it worth while to have a social war?

It will be seen that the Ford Hall attendants are very complimentary. They never ascribe less than omniscience to those who come to address them. As for Dr. Macdonald, the canny Canadian dodged in and out with great skill among these questions, many of which, for one reason or another, were embarrassing to that unofficial diplomat of the Maple Leaf. Whether he answered a question straight-out, turned it back upon the interrogator with a stroke of wit, exploded it harmlessly with a funny story, or made it the basis for a fresh burst of oratory, it was all spice to the audience. The crowd on the bleachers is not more alive to the fine points of the national game than these people to the subtleties of the play of contesting wits going on before them.

THE RELIGION OF SERVICE

JUST before the speaking began Coleman's hand went up—every voice and every sound was stilled. He held before him a scrap of paper. From it, while most heads were bowed, he read a prayer of two or three sentences, couched in universal terms.

It took Coleman two years to get to the point where he dared ask this audience, many of whom were not only non-Christian but antireligious, to join in public prayer.

Now he prepares these petitions carefully in advance, and the audience not only suffers them but applauds when they touch a particularly responsive chord, just as it does when pleased with the music or the address.

The spiritual and social value of these Ford Hall meetings is beyond estimation. Some little hint of what they mean to those for whom they are designed may be seen reflected in the affection manifested for the director at every meeting. The fifth anniversary of the founding of the meetings on the last Sunday night in February was turned entirely into a tribute to Mr. Coleman. The suggestion had been made by the Program Committee that those who had been helped by the meetings write Mr. Coleman a letter. More than two hundred such letters were penned. They came from every sort of people—Jews and Gentiles, anarchists and atheists, socialists and capitalists—every kind and class.

The secretary of a cigar makers' union wrote:

A trade unionist, pure and simple, who believes in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, I desire to express my appreciation of what Ford Hall is doing for the masses. . . . Truly, the Christian is beginning to understand Christianity! *And it was left to the Baptist Church to solve the problem of why men do not go to church. May God speed you, etc.*

Freda Rogolsky wrote:

Ford Hall could be compared to the "Melting Pot," where we all come together, forgetting all our prejudices, and are brothers, listening to how we may better the conditions and make this world a better place to live in for our next generations. There are many other places . . . but they have no Mr. Coleman.

To think that we can hear from the same platform a woman interested in schools, a Jewish rabbi, a Christian minister, a Socialist, a Chinese woman, and a Jewish philanthropist is more than I can understand. I feel that the time is coming when we shall recognize that we all have to live for each other, and that we are all brothers in spite of the fact that we are of different religions.

In that last sentence of dark-eyed, hard-working Freda's, the little Russian Jewess has wrapped up, stamped, and sealed the ever-recurring message of Ford Hall. "We all have to live for each other," and it does not come from the platform one-half so vociferously as it thunders up out of the breasts of those who sit in the chairs.

THE SAGAMORE CONFERENCE

BUT Ford Hall is not the limit to Coleman's activity. Had you ever heard of a thing called the Sagamore Sociological Conference? Sagamore Beach is just inside the wrist of Cape Cod. The Colemans have a summer house at this spot, and there is quite a remarkable summer colony development besides. Here every summer for six years a conference has been held—Coleman's ever-asserting instinct to bring people of different mold and mind into contact, rub them together till they begin to strike off sparks which result first in mutual understanding, then in mutual respect, these two usually begetting a disposition to fuse energies in a mutual solution of mutual problems.

To this conference come employers and employees, trust magnates and labor leaders, social investigators, scientific students, men with troubles and men with panaceas, philosophers and psychologists of every feather, faddists of any stripe, and thoughtful, reasoning men in growing numbers, who are there only to listen and, if possible, to learn. Coleman presides. Everything is open, free, and fair. When things go slow, the chairman makes use of a mild saline solution; when they grow stormy, he hangs out a bag of oil upon the waves; when the session draws to a close, he skillfully gathers up the gems that have been polished and places them in an admirable setting before the mind of the conference.

Those invited to the conference, the number being limited by the accommodations to 200, are entertained free of all charge for three days, and all the other expenses of the conference are borne by Coleman and a few friends. Behind the work of most efficient men there stands a silent partner in the form of a wife. This is equally true of Coleman's work in the Advertising Clubs and in Ford Hall, but at the Sociological Conference Mrs. George W. Coleman refuses to be silent, and stands out beside her husband as furnishing a full partner share, both of the enthusiasm and the directing genius.

Men who know Coleman so well they cannot see the glamour of his personality ask the secret of his success. "He's not great," they say, "but he does great things."

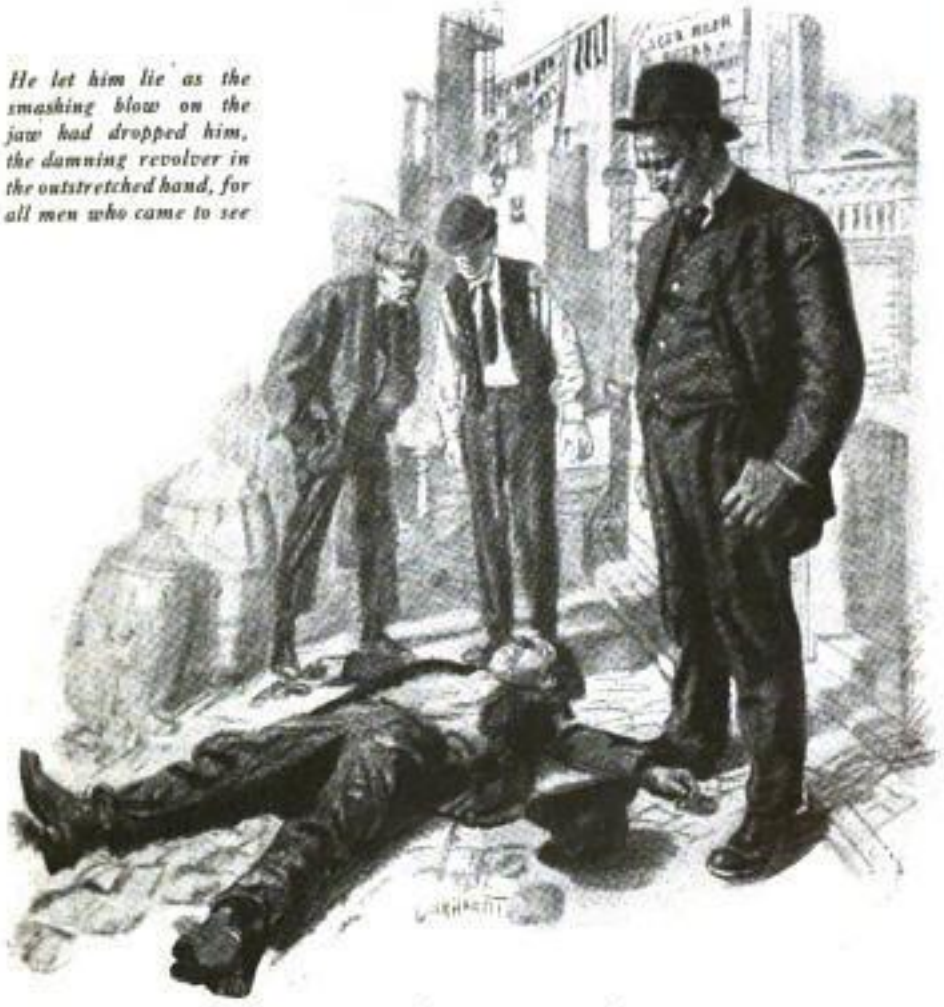
THE CHARACTER KEY

PERHAPS the surest key to Coleman's character—at any rate, the combination I incline to try the lock with—is the statement of a venerable man who had spanked George in his youth and sat upon him many times in Baptist councils since. He said to me:

"Coleman succeeds because he has so very, very much self-confidence, without the slightest bit of egotism."

A nice combination that—and a rare—and a commendable!

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He let him lie as the smashing blow on the jaw had dropped him, the damning revolver in the outstretched hand, for all men who came to see

A Real Detective

(Continued from page 18)

He let go of her and sat back.

"That ain't much, Min, for an old friend like me to ask."

"Oh, Mac, he's a coke fiend. He's dippy; something fierce."

MacCARN made no reply.

"Eddy—Eddy'll kill him, Mac, honest. He's—he—"

"Aw, shut up!" MacCarn's explosion was like a curse from a father. "What ayah trying to put over me? Think I'm a sleeper? I've told you what I want. Remember the sucker in One Forty-nine and get hep to yourself. The Blink hangs around Levy's back room in the morning—about this time of day. All you got to do is to run across him there and feel for coin. D'you hear?"

"Yes—yes."

"D'you understand?"

"Yes—yes."

"Sure?"

"Yes—yes. And—and that's all, Mac, all you want me to do?"

"That's all."

She looked up at him, trying hard to smile. "And—you'll let me alone—and Eddy—after this?"

MacCarn shrugged his shoulders to indicate how unnecessarily excited she was over a trivial incident.

"Sure thing," he said. "You're clean—you and Eddy—after this."

He rose as if he had been wasting time.

"Dress and go down there to Levy's back room right away—right now," he said. At the door he called back: "D'you know if they are renting rooms above Levy's now, Min?"

"I don't know anything—"

"Well, ask 'em then, Min, ask 'em. And say, Min"—his expression suddenly became genial again—"don't forget that you're straight, and we don't want anyone but us to know about One Forty-nine. Eh?"

The door closed silently upon him, his rubber heels pounded noiselessly on the stairs, and by the time he had reached the third floor he was humming again, unmusically and through his nose. The idea was working out. It was MacCarn's simple way. And already the girl on the top floor was dressing with trembling fingers to obey his sudden, blind command. For she knew MacCarn.

MacCARN went down across the street, straight north to the railroad yards. He walked with his regular traveling gait, head turning slowly from side to side, eyes seeing all things that were to be seen; but now he did not pull at the hair in his ears. He was no longer planning. His plans were all laid. He needed only to fit them together, to lay piece upon piece, and then—well, he had wanted to be a sergeant for a long time.

At the railroad yards MacCarn turned briskly down a switch track, went straight to a boxlike shanty in the rear of a feed store, and without pause or ceremony kicked in the rickety door. There was a bunk and a bale of hay for furniture in the room. A thin, listless boy, possibly twenty-two years old, with light hair and a face like thin leather, sat on the bunk and played solitaire, using the bale of hay for a table. At MacCarn's rude entrance he looked up, pausing with a card in his hand, then, recognizing his visitor, he laid the card down in its proper place and went on playing steadily, unconcerned. There was only one door to the shanty, and MacCarn filled that.

"Why, hello, Eddy!" cried the detective in apparent surprise. "You here?"

"Hello, Mac," said the boy sullenly.

MacCarn stepped into the room. He dropped his head on one side and studied the boy quizzically; and as he stood so a grin came upon his face, a good-natured grin, which spread and spread until presently he threw back his head and laughed, laughed with great glee and no malice, as a man laughs when he is in possession of a good joke and face to face with the butt of it. But Eddy made no sign that he noticed.

"Say, say!" exploded MacCarn suddenly. "What's the matter with you and Min, Eddy? Hah?" He spread his legs wide apart, folded his arms, and raised himself good-humoredly on his toes. "What's the matter, Eddy? Hah?"

STILL Eddy made no answer, but went on laying the cards, row after row, on the table of hay. There was a moment of silence.

"So The Blink copped her at last, eh?" blurted MacCarn.

The very atmosphere seemed to cry out at the tragedy of those words; but only trained eyes like MacCarn's could have seen that the boy winced.

"So he got her at last," murmured MacCarn. "Well, he always did say he'd do it. How long since she left you, Eddy? Hah?"

"Four weeks," lied the boy instantly.

"Four weeks, eh?"

"Ehyah."

"Haven't been trying with her since?"

"No."

MacCarn laughed again. "So The Blink made good at last, eh? Where they living, Eddy. Above Levy's?"

This time the boy was less successful in hiding the stab. "I dunno," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, I just seen 'em having drinks by their lonesome in the back room this morning," said MacCarn indifferently. "Thought they might have rooms above the saloon." He looked down at the boy seriously. "Say, Eddy, I thought you and Min was stuck on each other, on the square? Hah?"



Waltham
Automobile Timepieces

Details

Timepieces of chronometer construction similar to jewelers' chronometer and to the marine chronometer purchased from us by the navy.

Adjusted for temperature, neither heat nor cold will affect its running quality.

8-day movement with an indicator on the dial which shows a red warning signal three days before the timepiece runs down.

Can be had either alone or in combination with standard speedometers.

Choice is offered of a raised dial or dial flush with the dash.

Most desirable model costs $25.

For the first time you can get an automobile timepiece *designed especially for automobiles*. This instrument is a summary of Waltham mechanical resources and skill, and in spite of hard road work it will render orthodox Waltham accuracy. In fact it will run so accurately that you can regulate your pocket watch and house clocks from it.

Now that you can get a timepiece which in accuracy and beauty of appearance corresponds with the other fittings of your car, we believe that you will be quick to do so.

If you have any difficulty obtaining this Waltham Timepiece please let us know.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.



Pearls Are Priceless Possessions

THEIR owners give them painstaking care and protection.

Pearly teeth—the pearls that Nature gives you—are far more to be prized. They are the jewels of good health and good looks. You cannot safeguard them too carefully. Practice GOOD TEETHKEEPING.

This means to visit your dentist at least twice a year—and to rely on the habitual night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

The standard dentifrice prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Preserves the teeth by thorough polishing. *The safe way.* Strengthens and hardens the gums, making them healthy and non-sensitive.

The use of Dr. Lyon's is a refinement of personal cleanliness which has grown and found increasing favor through three generations.

Begin early teaching your children to use it. The result will be the deep sense of satisfaction which only a lifetime of perfect teeth can give.



What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do

Sold Everywhere



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

A great smoke for busy people! The choicest of old Burley leaf matured to a perfect mellowness.

10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
One pound glass humidor jars



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

He watched and saw that the boy's hand trembled as he laid down a card, and he knew that the idea was working well.

"Well," he continued sagely, "I guess they're all alike, ain't they, Eddy? All bad, all tricky—tricky as the devil. Play you for a sucker and do the stuck-on-you act until some other guy comes along that looks a little better to 'em, and then it's skiddoo for you. Yessir, I guess they're all that way; all slick enough to fool the best of us. All bad. Hah?"

EDDY cleared his throat. "When was it you seen 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, just a few minutes ago," replied MacCarn carelessly. "Say, who's your new woman, Eddy? Hah?"

"Ain't got any," said the boy.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's the safest, I guess. Ye-es, they're a bad lot, bad and tricky, all of 'em." He turned leisurely and yawned, as if the subject was of but slight importance. "Still," he said over his shoulder, "I didn't think Min would do it to you. I thought she was stuck on you—square."

And then he went out, went out abruptly. There was no need for him to stay longer: he had done his work, had worked out his idea. Now, if his calculations, based on his knowledge, were correct, he—would soon be a sergeant. MacCarn hummed unmusically through his nose and went east toward the Bad Lands.

The boy sat as he was. He continued to play solitaire for five minutes after MacCarn had gone. He laid out card after card in careful, regular rows, scanning them all as he laid one down, picking them up, shuffling them, putting them down again. His eyes did not leave the cards; his face was like unto thin leather.

Then he "went out," in the parlance of the game. The cards lay in four neat piles, a king on top of each. The boy sat looking at them for a few seconds, as calm and interested as when he had been playing. Then, as sudden as the leap of a wickedly spurred horse, he jumped to his feet. He grasped the cards and tore them wildly into pieces. He threw them about him; he kicked the bale of hay and screamed. The change that came over his face was too terrible to describe. In the end he stooped and bit his wrist.

A FEW minutes later he might have been seen sauntering out into the clean sunlight with his hat down over his eyes and a wisp of straw between his lips. There was no trace of that terrible instant's explosion and exposure upon him now. His body, recently so horribly convulsed, was straight and steady; his arms, which had crooked like a fighting ape's, hung listlessly at his side; his face, upon which had ridden the black clouds of hell anger, again was a face of thin leather. He was Blond Eddy again, listless, indifferent, idle.

He went by a roundabout way to Levy's place, and he saw that the place was empty before he entered. Only Mahmut, the colossal Turkish bartender, stood like a lowering bull before the cash register and wiped the bar.

"Beer," said Eddy. "Take something yourself."

They drank. It was so still that the register rang like a gong.

"Min been here this morning?" said Eddy suddenly.

The Turk nodded impassively. Another silence.

"Anybody with her?" Eddy's eyes, under the nearly closed lids, burned as he spoke, and for an instant he held his breath.

The Turk nodded again. He knew what might hang on that nod, but if it had been his own life he would have nodded in the same impassive fashion. He even went further.

"The-e Bul-link," he volunteered. "Boot they gone now."

"Another beer," said Eddy.

As he drew the beer, Mahmut spoke sociably. "You gone move over here?"

ABOVE the bar there was no change in Eddy, but his knees shook with a sudden chill.

"Oh, I donno," he said. "Maybe. Why?"

"Min she ask 'bout room up here." The Turk's head indicated upstairs at the same moment as he set forth the beer. "You gone move?"

Eddy drank his beer in one long, steady draft before replying. He set the glass down carefully and wiped his lips.

"You know it, we're going to move," he laughed as he went out. "You know it!"

Behind him Mahmut wiped the bar.

Eddy went straight to the tiny flat on the top floor, rear, of the four-story tenement. Minnie was not there. There was a good and sufficient reason for this, but Eddy did not know—as MacCarn had planned he shouldn't. On MacCarn's instructions, two of the Captain's men had escorted her to the headquarters station house, where at that moment she was being detained in the Captain's office merely to be out of the way. In the same way The Blink just then was sitting in the back room of Stein's saloon on the fringe of the red light. Stein had requested him to wait for some important news, but it was MacCarn who had ordered Stein—who, of course, knew nothing of the morning's machinations—to make the request. MacCarn had Stein under his thumb, as he had many others, and he had made it imperative for Stein to hold The Blink there until he said he might go. And The Blink was in Stein's debt for many favors, so he could well afford to do as asked without troubling much as to the exact reason.

OF such things Eddy knew nothing, for such ignorance was his part in MacCarn's idea. Stone blind for an instant with the rage that petrified him at discovering Minnie's absence, he stood and rocked drunkenly on his heels as he regarded her discarded wrapper hanging over a chair. After that he wasted but little time. He tore the garment into strips and stamped them beneath his feet. Then from between the springs of the bed he took a thick, short-barreled revolver—"yeggman's favorite"—and thrust it into a pocket on the side of his loose vest. He buttoned his coat loosely, so the weapon would not be observed, and, these things being done, he gave one last look around the room. Some sewing that Minnie had been working at the night before lay on the table, a pitifully unskilled attempt at housewifery. At this Eddy grinned mockingly. Then he went out without troubling to lock the door.

His bearing and manner as he came out were in no way different from his usual appearance. His face was like unto thin leather, his eyes were half shut; he walked listlessly; he appeared indifferent, idle. The sun smote him as he emerged from the tenement, and, pulling his hat farther down over his eyes, began to slouch casually down the street—toward the Bad Lands, keeping near to the buildings, as was his wont, and apparently with no place in the world to go to and all the time in the world to get there in.

Near the fringe of the red-light district he met an acquaintance.

"Ain't seen The Blink floating around, have you?" asked Eddy easily.

"Sure," was the answer. "Seen him beating it around the corner by Stein's half'n hour ago."

Eddy nodded his head and continued leisurely on. He stopped at the first "bad" saloon that came his way, and chaffed lightly with the bartender. He went out the back way and went into another place, still greeting acquaintances with ready words. Each place brought him nearer his destination, and at the same time completely disguised his progress.

The third place that he went in was Stein's. This was a typical place of the district, a barroom in front, then swinging half doors, then the back room.

EDDY went straight through the bar to the swinging doors, and peered over them. The back room was deserted save for a pale, squint-eyed wreck of a man who sat at one of the tables. This was The Blink. He saw before him the man whom the developments of the morning had made out as the stealer of his woman, of Min. He saw that The Blink looked up at him undisturbed; and in the madness of the boy's blood anger his eyes seemed to read a look of triumph on the other's vicious face. The rear door of the back room, leading straight into the alley, stood wide open. This was strange, but there it was, wide open, the alley in plain sight. Once in the alley, a man who knew the district might hide in a dozen safe places. And the room was empty, save for The Blink.

These things Eddy noted in the flash of an eye as he stood on tiptoe and peered over the swinging half doors. He flashed one pleased look at the open alley door. That meant much to him. Then he came in. The door swung instantly behind him, and The Blink and he were alone.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

No-Rim-Cut

Means This

A tire which we control. Which requires in the making our own secret machinery.

A tire we perfected. A type of tire very often attempted. But, before our inventions, it was never made popular.

A tire that ends rim-cutting—

That doesn't hook to the rim.

A tire so superior that it now controls by far the largest sale in the world.

126 Braided Wires

For years and years, every tire maker has sought for a way to end rim-cutting.

This is the chief tire trouble. Careful statistics have shown that 23 per cent of all old-type tires were ruined by the rims.

Sometimes by under-inflation—sometimes by running flat. Tens of millions of dollars have been lost to tire users through rim-cutting damage alone.

Before we solved this trouble, Goodyear tires stood close to bottom place. Three of our rivals sold 70 times as many.

Since we solved this trouble, Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others. We have sold over one million in the past 12 months.

That shows the importance of this new-type tire. Now let us tell how we make it.

This new-type tire is a hookless tire. It has no hooks on the base to grasp hold of the rim flanges.

Into the base of each tire we vulcanize flat bands of 126 braided wires. This makes the tire base unstretchable.

The tire can't come off, because nothing can force it over the rim flange. And the bands are so set that, when the tire is inflated, it is held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

With No-Rim-Cut tires your removable rim flanges are set to curve outward, not inward. Thus the tire, if softened, rests on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

But the tire comes off like any quick-detachable when you remove a flange.

It took us years to make this type practicable. Again and again other makers tried it and failed.

Our final success, more than anything else, gave Goodyear tires the topmost place in Tiredom.

Bear in mind this fact. We solved this problem. We ended rim-cutting without creating any other shortcoming.

As a result, the demand for this new type has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Oversize

Means This

A tire that exceeds, both in measurement and air capacity, all old-type tires—called clincher tires—of equal rated size.

We claim 10 per cent excess. But actual comparison with six makes of clinchers shows an average excess of 16.7 per cent.

That means an added capacity.

And that addition, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Now No Extra Price

No-Rim-Cut tires, with the extra capacity, have cost more than old-type tires. In 1909 they cost one-fifth more.

But two months ago we reduced the price about 11 per cent. This was partly due to lower cost of rubber, and partly to multiplied output. We now have a capacity close to 8,000 tires per day. In 1909 we made on the average less than 400 tires per day.

This multiplied output, new factories, new machinery, have reduced the cost of production. And every cent of the saving goes to users of these tires.

Now no standard tires of any type cost less than No-Rim-Cut tires.

Think what that means. Tires which can't rim-cut cost no more than tires that do. Oversize tires cost no more than tires just rated size.

Tires which once cost one-fifth more now cost no more than clinchers.

And note this fact: No-Rim-Cut tires outsold all others even at a higher price. Last year, at a higher price, our sales exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

All because the savings, by many times over, exceeded the higher price.

Now these same tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—cost you nothing extra. All they save in rim-cutting, all they save by oversize is entirely clear.

Next time you buy a tire try this favorite tire. Try it because, in the test of time, it has come to outsell all others.

Try it because legions of users have found that it cuts down tire bills.

Meter the mileage. Compare it with others. That's what countless men have done.

It will free you from rim-cut worries. It will give you an over-tired car. See for yourself how much this means in upkeep cost on tires.

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But now the cold, collected nerve that had served the boy gave way, and mad, boiling rage broke over him and sent the blood into his face and widened his eyes. His lips parted and showed his clenched teeth, and he came slowly across the room to the one occupied chair, a terrible animal thing to the eye. And The Blink, seeing him thus, started halfway from his seat with a cry of fright, leaning backward in sheer astonishment, and by that movement of apparently conscience-stricken fear his doom was sealed.

"What—what yah doing?" he gasped. But already Eddy, with the short revolver in his hand, was upon him.

"Take this too," said Eddy, and fired three quick shots into The Blink's head.

After which he fled swiftly through the invitingly open door into the alley for a swift, easy escape and freedom—straight on to the malletlike fists of MacCarn, who was waiting outside.

So the idea worked out.

MacCARN looked down at the senseless boy at his feet. He let him lie as the smashing blow on the jaw had dropped him, the damning revolver in the outstretched hand, for all men who came to see. And he nodded solemnly three times to himself. For he looked upon his work, and he saw that it was well done. And now he would be a sergeant.

"And say, boys," said Captain Shea when he was giving the reporters the story, "don't overlook Detective MacCarn, who made the pinch. You fellows are always wolfing about there being no detectives on the force. Now that's what I call a real detective."

The Girl Next Door

(*Continued from page 6*)

thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Marjorie.

"Mr. Gilroy," she called, "I've changed my mind completely. I will give you and Mr. Shirley a lunch party."

Gilroy once more drew his modest collection of nickels and pennies from his pocket and, with much gravity, counted up the total.

"I can't refuse," he said. "My poverty forces me to accept your sudden change of heart. However, what I lose in self-respect I'll try to make up in victuals. I fear, however, that I left my yacht too recently to change my clothes, and could hardly go to Sherry's."

Marjorie chuckled audibly. "I wasn't thinking of going to Sherry's—some place cheap but clean."

"Good," said Gilroy. "I know the very spot—Ruhlbach's—just around the corner. A little to the sauerkraut and mustard and cheese, but wholesome *and* cheap."

It was a very merry party they had at Ruhlbach's. They sat at a little corner table and laughed over the badly cooked dishes and at the fierce black mustache of the waiter, who looked like a stage brigand, but who at heart turned out to be a most kindly soul. Indeed, before the lunch was well under way they were willing to and did laugh at anything that offered the slightest excuse.

"Really," Marjorie said, "I wonder, Mr. Gilroy, why they call you 'Grouch'; you seem to have a most happy disposition."

"I have," said Gilroy; "it's a beautiful disposition, but it took you and my good friend Shirley to develop it. You don't know how it embitters the most charming nature to be an advance agent. Just think of it, always at least a week ahead of your own people. The relation of an advance agent to a show is like the skeleton of a man who is kicking a bundle before him and the bundle is his heart and brains. Nice simile, eh?"

MARJORIE and Shirley laughed aloud.

"That's right," said Gilroy. "Sure I'm right. You have to make all the contracts for extra printing and advertising, and engage a room and bath ahead for both the star and the leading woman when there is only one bath in the only hotel. And then they both want a hack ready waiting for them at the station, and most of these water-tank towns only have one hack, and the chances are that the day the troupe arrives it is out on a funeral. And then there's the skirt who plays Marie, the maid, but has a rich broker friend back in New York and is only on the stage because some crystal gazer on Fourteenth Street told her she could act."

"Why shouldn't she act if she wants to?" Marjorie interrupted. "All the more credit to her if she has rich friends in the East."

"I don't mind her acting if she wants to," Gilroy protested, "but her rich friend in the East, as you call him, wants to make a hit with the girl and telegraphs ahead and engages the only stateroom for her for all the long jumps, and it's lucky if the advance agent can get seats for his star and the leading woman in the day coach, with the crying babies and the ginks that carry large bunches of wild flowers back to the home folks. Do you wonder that I'm glad I'm not an advance agent any more, but a manager of a show, and can lean up against the brass rail in the theatre lobby, and sign passes for the blond newsgirl at the hotel, *and* lunch with my lady star at Ruhlbach's?"

"But you can't always lunch with your lady star at Ruhlbach's," Marjorie laughed.

"That's true, too," Gilroy admitted, "but I know better places than this on the road, and then I'll be getting a salary and maybe give you and Shirley a party or two myself."

"We accept," Marjorie and Shirley exclaimed in chorus. And then the three shook hands and agreed to be inseparable friends on the road, and for some time their compact, to a greater or less extent, was fulfilled.

IN two weeks the long tour began, and in having already gained the respect and love of her company, Marjorie had perhaps builded better than she knew. It takes a great many different kinds of men and women to make up a big musical-comedy company, and there is always much gossip and usually a great deal of virulent scandal. But if the girl star of "The Maid of Mirth" chose to lunch and dine quite often with the good-looking Robert Shirley, and even occasionally sup with him in the hotel dining room after the performance, no voices were raised in suspicion. It was generally asserted, and in all truth, that Marjorie was a little less rigid in her treatment of the members of her company on the road than she had been in New York. But, after all, this relaxation in her social attitude extended only to Gilroy and Shirley, and neither had been with the company the previous season. Therefore, the gossips very naturally said that it was probably on account of her liking for the two individuals rather than from any change of principle. In the case of Shirley it was not so difficult to understand the gradual letting down of the social barriers, because it was quite evident that he was molded of different clay from many of those about him, and certainly a distinct novelty in theatrical life, and, besides, he had many qualities which would naturally appeal to a girl like Marjorie. But to the ox-eyed, simple-minded show girl of New York the case of "Grouch" Gilroy was not so easy to understand. They were talking it over in the big dressing room where the eight show girls nightly fought for and swore at the efforts of the two old dressers.

"There's nothing to it," said Irma Santley, who originally came from Kentucky and was still partial to the lingo of the race track. "It's the boy actor all three ways. 'Grouch' is all right in his way, but it isn't her way. He don't speak her language. His cheap comedy and his quick-fire stuff and patter amuses her—that's all—but he's no more to that three-ring circus than the paper hoop that the clown kicks his foot through every night and matinée. He don't start. The owner scratched him the night before, but he forgot to tell the horse. Grouch' woke up in the middle of a beautiful dream and he dreamed he was the fairy prince and he's still following the plot and don't know he's awake."

ALTHEA MARTIN tossed her handsome foot on the make-up table, glanced over her shoulder at the Dianesque back of Vera Lee across the room, and ostentatiously yawned at her painted, pretty face in the blurred mirror before her.

"Well, he discovered her, didn't he?" she asked of the blurred mirror. "He found her in the chorus of a dollar show and made her a Broadway star. That's what he did at $2 a throw and $5 for the first row! You got to give him credit, girls."

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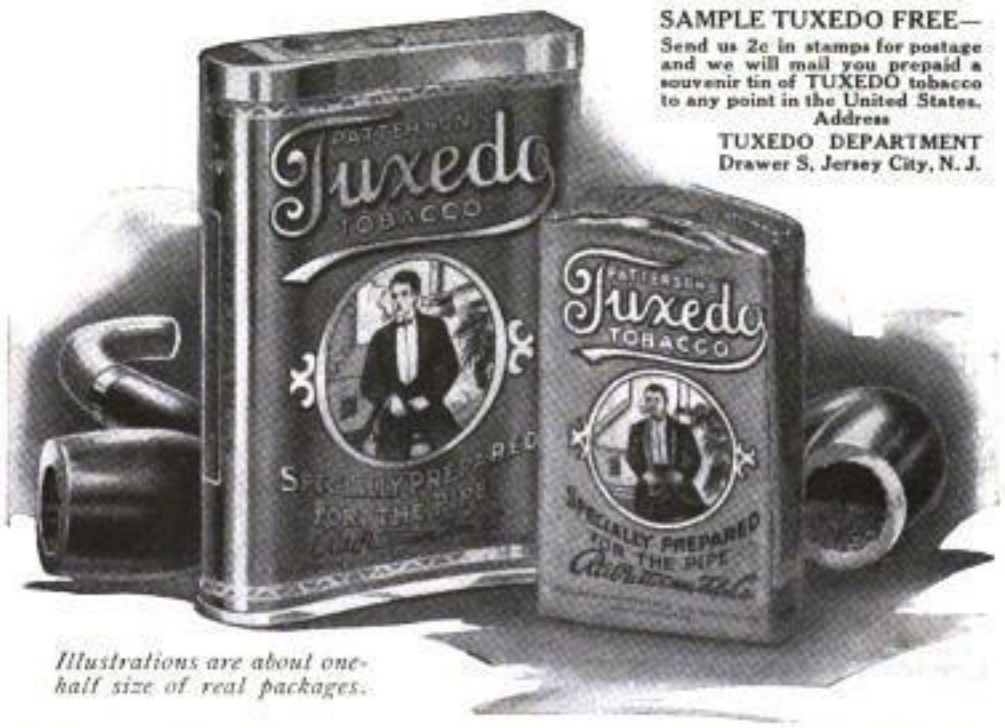
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There was a moment's silence, and then Irma Santley stood up and shook out her badly crumpled second-act, spangled dress. "There's no going back of it, dearie," she cooed, "that Grouch certainly saved her from the chorus of a dollar show, but you can't expect every girl to marry the life-saver who pulled her out of the surf, now can you? Those bronze boys that stroll half naked along the beach are some heroes, but there's no law that permits them to be Mormons and marry every girl they save, is there? Not in New Jersey or Long Island, that I know of. I tell you Grouch thinks he's playing leads, but he's only a chaperon in trousers and a Georgie Cohan hat. He don't belong. He's riding a waiting race, and when he gets into the stretch he'll find he's pocketed and can't get through. Just look up the dope, girls, and you'll find that Shirley has class, and Grouch hasn't."

Then she gave the spangled dress a last violent shake, sat down, swung around on her chair, and went on beading her eyelashes, while the other girls stole stealthy glances at the beautiful and often belligerent Vera Lee. But whatever may have been Miss Lee's feelings concerning the somewhat pointed remarks about her friend Grouch Gilroy, she continued, at least to all outward appearances, wholly unannoyed and without any interest whatever in the opinions of her fellow show girls.

THE gossip concerning Marjorie and her two admirers was in a way unusual because it was always a question of which of the twain she was going to marry, and marry is a word often sadly neglected in the gossip of a musical-comedy company. The majority agreed with Irma Santley that it was Shirley who would eventually win out. The young Southerner beyond question was an actor of small experience or ability, but on the stage he had the same distinction and charm that he had off it. The rumor was that, although wholly without stage experience, he had wandered into Ogden Britt's office looking for employment, and the manager at once saw how well the young man's good looks and manners would fit into the only small part then vacant in "The Maid of Mirth." It was one of those eccentric moves on which Britt prided himself, and as Shirley seemed quite indifferent as to the amount of the salary he was to receive, the manager decided to give him his chance. During the first weeks of the tour there could be no doubt that the amateur was somewhat awkward in the little part he had to play, but now that awkwardness had disappeared and the charm of his well-bred presence and the way he wore his good-looking clothes did much to overcome his lack of experience and his knowledge of the art of acting. Off the stage he was gracious to the women of the company and pleasant to the men, but beyond Marjorie and Gilroy he made no friends and had no associates. And, as a matter of fact, it would have been a surprise to the company had it been otherwise. But with Gilroy it was altogether different. He was one of them and he did speak their language and their ethics were his ethics. As the tour grew old it surprised no one that the attentions of Gilroy to Vera Lee should become more noticeable. It was during a series of one and two-night stands when of necessity the members of the company were thrown more intimately together that the talk developed from gossip into sordid scandal. Gilroy still continued to be seen much with Marjorie and Shirley, but he no longer lunched or dined with them as often as he had before, and now they always supped alone. However, if his newly acquired friendship for Miss Lee had caused any regret in the feelings of his former constant companions they certainly failed to show it either to Gilroy or the rest of the company.

THE one-night stands had brought Marjorie and Shirley even more closely together than they had been before. There were long trips on the train in which she always asked him to her stateroom so that he could smoke at his leisure and talk to her of the books they had read and of the many things in life that seemed to interest them both so much. And then the long afternoons of early spring in the little towns where they were to play at night offered endless opportunities for long walks through the suburbs or for drives into the real country. The only topic that they had never touched on during these long, friendly, happy days together was the stage and their reason for being on it. Not that there was any particular reason why they should have avoided the subject, but to both of them life seemed so full of so many things that were far worth while to talk about. Before for three or four hours every night in the theatre they heard nothing spoken of but the stage and its petty trials and triumphs, and that, after all, was sufficient

THEY were in Marjorie's stateroom on the train one morning, and Marjorie was reading aloud from the local newspaper of the little Southern town where they had played the night before. It was early in April and the hot sun streamed through the open windows, and both of them were very young, and so glad to be alive, and were laughing out of all proportion to the humor of either the paragraphs that Marjorie read or the remarks that Shirley made concerning them. At last, then, after a time, when they had exhausted the humor of the newspaper, Marjorie got out her knitting and Shirley continued to look out of the window at endless pine forests and, at great intervals, the dilapidated but picturesque log cabins of the negroes and the "poor white trash." It was after a long silence that Shirley said without looking away from the sunlit pines:

"And to-morrow we play Greenville."

Marjorie looked up from her knitting and smiled inquiringly.

"Do we?" she asked. "And why does Greenville interest you more than Painted Post or Rocky Center or any other one-night stand?"

"Because, in the first place," said Shirley, "it's not a one-night stand. It's a two-night stand and then it's my home and it's where *she* lives."

Marjorie continued to look for a moment as if to be quite sure that the last stitch she had made was correctly made, and, finding that it was, laid the knitting on her lap, and, crossing her hands over it, glanced at Shirley, who was no longer looking out of the car window, and smiled at him. "By she," Marjorie said, "I suppose you mean the one girl?"

SHIRLEY nodded.

"She's very wonderful, of course?"

Again Shirley nodded and then drew a short, sharp breath. "Yes, of course she is. That is, I think she is. You see we are sort of cousins, very distant cousins, and were brought up together from the time we were children, and it was always somehow understood by our people that we were to marry. And so I don't know just how wonderful Alice really is. That's why I went away. You understand?"

Marjorie looked a little confused and shook her head.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid I don't—not quite."

"Because," explained Shirley, "she had become, well, just like a sister in a way. It didn't seem fair to her or to me for us to marry just because we had always known each other and just because our people had always expected us to marry. So, you see, as she couldn't very well go away, I said I'd go for a year and see all of the world and all of the women I could in that time."

"And that is the reason," Marjorie said, smiling, "that you joined a musical-comedy company. I've always wondered what you were doing here. However, I must say that, considering you only had a year, you made a fair choice."

SHIRLEY nodded and then, turning his head again, looked out of the window at the flying trees and the flat, endless carpet of golden pine needles.

"Yes," he said, "it struck me as an amusing idea, that is, it did at first. It never seemed to appeal to Alice—I mean my trying to act. You see, she never knew anything about the stage and stage people."

"And is she coming to see you play to-morrow night?" Marjorie asked.

Shirley turned back from the window and chuckled. "Yes, of course, she is coming. She wrote me that she had the stage box and had asked a lot of my friends. I suppose the whole town will turn out. She's going to have a supper after the play at her home. I do wish you'd come, Marjorie—it would please Alice a lot."

But Marjorie shook her head and smiled. "I'd like to, Rob," she said, "but you know I never go anywhere after the play, except perhaps to supper with you or Grouch at the hotel. And I haven't got any clothes that would do anyhow."

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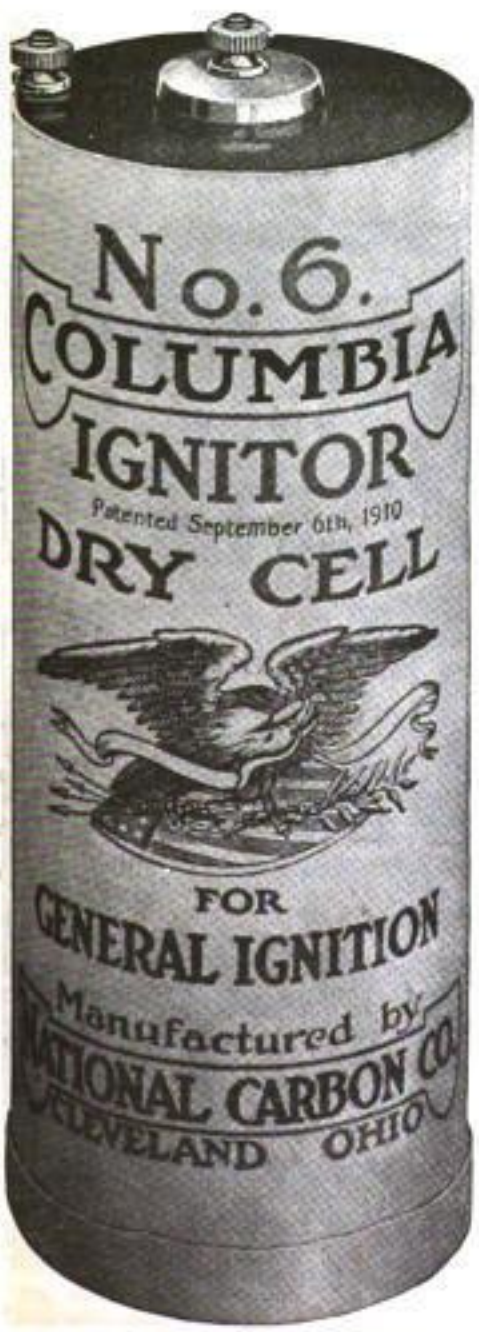
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"But you will meet her, won't you?" he insisted.

"Of course I will. You say we are to play Greenville two nights, so there'll be lots of time the next day. Believe me I want to meet her, that is if you're quite sure she wants to meet me."

BY way of answer, Shirley only laughed at the thought, and it was thereupon arranged that Marjorie and Alice Preston should meet at lunch the second day that the company was to be in Greenville.

After the performance that night Marjorie sent for Gilroy, and when she had closed the door of her dressing room told him of how she had learned that morning that Greenville was Shirley's home town.

"Fine," said Gilroy, "we'll have some quarter sheets printed—black on orange, and send them round town on sandwich men, 'Greenville's Favorite Son and Actor—Robert Shirley—at the Opera House To-Night.' Or what—"

"Not a bit like it," Marjorie interrupted. "You don't want to make Rob look foolish before his own people. We want to make it appear as if he were the whole show."

Gilroy grinned and shook his head. "What, with that part he plays now? You'd have to pad that bit a good deal between now and to-morrow night, believe me. I tell you you can't make that showy any way you play it."

Marjorie beat her fingers nervously on her dressing table and Gilroy sat on a high trunk and dejectedly swung his legs. Suddenly he dropped to the floor.

"I've got it!" he cried. "You play that you're in love with him."

Marjorie's face was suddenly shadowed in disappointment.

"That won't do at all," she said. "I'm supposed to be in love with him in the play as it is."

"That's all right," Gilroy protested. "I know that, but you don't get me. Overdo it—make 'em believe that you're in love with him off the stage. Joke in your first act scene with him. Be affectionate. Make 'em believe you're crazy about him. Fine idea, eh? Great and beautiful star madly in love with small-part actor. And then you can rub it in by taking the call with him after the first act. He deserves a call about as much as I do for counting up tickets in the box office, but it's all right for Greenville."

GILROY looked at Marjorie, and this time it was his face that was shadowed with disappointment.

"Why, what's the matter, Marjorie, don't you like the idea? I think it's great."

"Oh, I suppose it's all right," she said. "The taking the call with him is, anyhow, but I'm a little afraid of overplaying the love scene. It seems that the girl he's engaged to is to be in front. She mightn't care for it—women, you know, are funny sometimes, Grouch."

But Gilroy apparently did not hear what Marjorie had said. He slowly took out a cigarette and lighted it, and blew several clouds of smoke at the fly-specked chandelier.

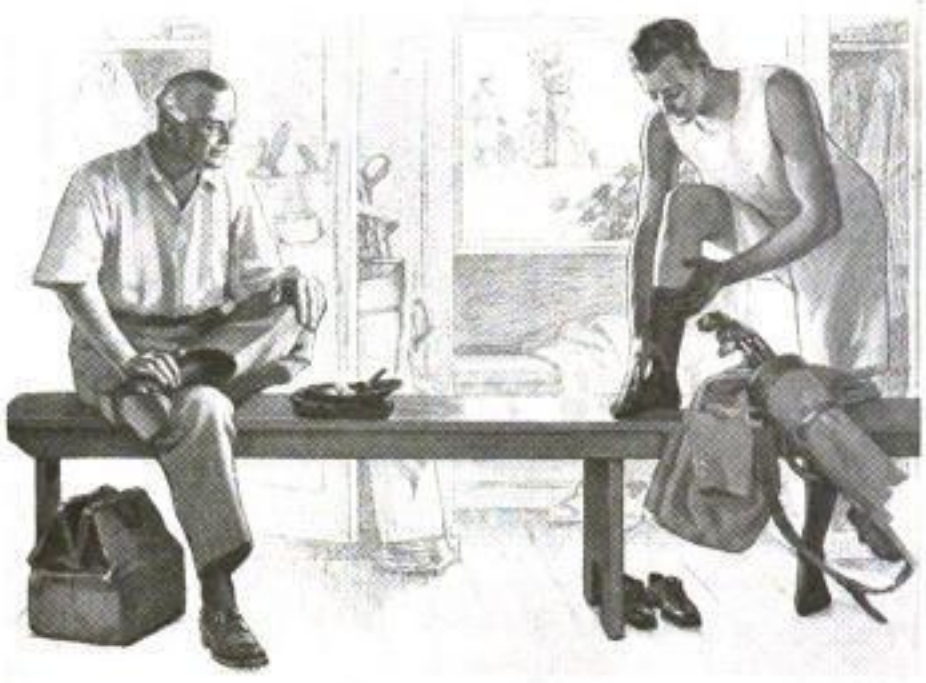
"You don't mind me smoking, do you, Marjorie?" he asked.

"Why no, Grouch, of course not. But you must go in a few moments. I've got to change. What is it, Grouch, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Marjorie," and he got up and backed slowly toward the door. "I didn't know Shirley was engaged; surprised me a bit, that's all. Think over that idea of the love scene, won't you? I believe if you got it across it would be a scream. I'm having supper with Vera after the show. I'll see you about Rob in the morning. Good night to you, Marjorie."

He hesitated for a moment at the door, glanced at Marjorie, and a word seemed to tremble on his pale, anemic lips, and then with a toss of his chin, he suddenly turned and closed the door sharply behind him.

OF their plot to make Shirley appear of much importance at his first appearance on the stage of his home town, Marjorie and Gilroy told him nothing. So that in his first-act scene with Marjorie he was not a little surprised at the ardor of her love making. Heretofore she had always been somewhat coy to his words of wooing, but now she returned his gentle caresses with an abandon which the situation scarcely demanded. Here indeed was the willing sweetheart that the heart of man craves



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but too seldom finds. She cajoled him, she petted him, she cast maidenly modesty to the winds, and in her every word and look expressed her love and passion for him. The enthusiastic audience saw not only a comic-opera star and her stage lover making love because they were paid to make love at so many dollars a week, but they saw the most famous young woman star of her day and a young man whom they all knew declaring their love for each other because it seemed that in their heart of hearts they loved each other with all the irresponsibility and all the untrammeled passion of youth. And at the end of the act when Marjorie led Shirley, smiling and blushing, before his own people the kindly folk of Greenville arose and the staid old opera house rocked with cheers such as its classic walls had never known before and in all probability will never know again.

WHEN it was all over, Gilroy went back to Marjorie's dressing room and found her flushed with her success and still panting for breath. Gilroy leaned against the door and slowly shook his head at the girl star.

"Well, Marjorie," he said, "you got it across all right. If you could act like that every night you'd have Nazimova and all those tropical-blooded legits backed off the boards. You nearly made Bob Shirley a great actor to-night."

Still gasping for breath, Marjorie smiled up at Gilroy.

"Thank you, Grouch," she panted, "it was a great night for Rob and me, wasn't it? Did you notice the girl in the box on the prompt side? I wish you had. I mean the girl in lavender who sat next the stage. That's the girl Rob's going to marry. I wonder how she took it. I suppose she's furious, and I don't blame her. But it was my only chance, wasn't it, Grouch?"

Gilroy shook his head and chuckled softly to himself. "I don't know how she took it," he said. "I was too busy cheering for Robert Shirley, the boy actor, and the girl star who couldn't make her love for him behave."

On the morning following, Marjorie had just finished her breakfast in her little hotel sitting room when the card of Alice Preston was brought to her, and five minutes later Miss Preston herself appeared at the doorway. She was a very pretty girl with a nice, straight, athletic figure, and big, brown, smiling eyes, and clean-cut features and a something in her manner that carried conviction as to the solvency of her breeding. She held out her small, white-gloved hand and Marjorie took it graciously, and with a show of much cordiality asked her visitor to be seated.

"I came to see you," Miss Preston began in almost breathless haste and without any preliminary formalities, "because Rob and I had an awful row last night—really it was an awful row."

MARJORIE'S manner at once changed to one of extreme formality, and she looked straight into the eyes of Miss Preston.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but if it's not impertinent may I ask why you should come to tell me about your awful rows with Mr. Shirley?"

"Why, yes," Miss Preston ran on, "because it was all about you. Really it was—all about you."

Again Marjorie looked her visitor evenly in the eyes. "About me?"

"Why yes, about you, of course. That's why I came to see you this morning—at once, and before Rob saw you. Rob said your love scene last night was just acting and a joke that you had put up on him, but I knew better than that. Nobody could act like that. I don't know or care what the audience thought, but I knew all the time. Of course you love each other. Why shouldn't you? Rob's the finest boy I know, and he has written me such wonderful things about you, and then just think of your success and what a great career you have before you. I think it's just fine, yes, I do, Miss Esmond. Indeed I do." The rush of words had been so great that she stopped for a moment to catch her breath and then hurried on. "I don't know whether Rob has told you, but he and I grew up here together and somehow or other—I don't know why exactly—but we were sort of engaged before we knew anything outside of Greenville at all. And then we woke up. You know, just sort of came to our senses, and I told him to go away for a time and see things for himself. It seemed to me the only sane thing to do. And—"

"And you?" Marjorie interrupted.

For a moment Miss Preston seemed a little confused by the question, and then her pretty face was suddenly alight again, and, unafraid once more, she hurried on.

"Me? Oh, that was all right. I took my chances, didn't I? It was better to find out then than afterward. It was I who sent Rob away—yes, it was. And I think it's splendid that he found you. Just think of all the foolish things that he might have done. But he didn't. He found *you*. A real person whom everybody is crazy about—a girl who is doing something and making a great name for herself." For a moment she hesitated. "You see, I wasn't by way of doing that. I was just—just, well, a friend of the family. You know—the girl next door. And—and I am so glad—yes, I am, really, Miss Esmond. And I wanted to tell you so and just how I felt, and just how it was between Rob and me, before you saw him or I saw him again. He's such a sweet kid, Rob is, and he wants to be fair to me and fine, just the way he would be. I talked to him so hard last night, but he wouldn't understand. Oh, we had such an awful row. But I don't know why. It all seems so simple—just the way all really big things are: simple."

The girl suddenly clasped her hands tightly together and stared into Marjorie's wide-open, curious eyes. "You understand," she rushed on, "you know that the big things in life are always the easiest to decide, don't you? You must know that."

MARJORIE nodded, and then suddenly got up and crossed the room and, with unseeing eyes, looked out of the window and then came back and sat down and faced the other girl.

"So long as you are talking about big things," she said, dropping her hands in her lap and speaking very slowly and precisely, "I can talk to you. When you first came here this morning I didn't think I could talk to you at all, but just because you have talked as you have talked I am going to tell you something I have never spoken of to anyone before. I thought I had the spirit of renunciation pretty strongly developed, but I'm not in your class. I went in to the chorus, and that's not much more than a year ago, because, so far as I could see, I could make more money as a chorus girl than in any other way, and I happened to be fitted for the work. If I had been alone in the world and had had only myself to consider, I would have been a teacher or a stenographer, or—or done anything where I could have had the peace and quiet and the seclusion that I knew I could never have on the stage. But I was not alone. God had given me two children—two little girls—they are the daughters of my sister, who is dead, and a man who left her and them. Through luck and the interest of one man I was taken out of the chorus, and—and, well, the rest was easy. My children and I had a home last year—a real home, mind you—and so long as I can work they will always have that. There is nothing that you can say about Rob—that is, in praise of him—to which I will not agree. He has made my life very happy, but if he should come to me and say: 'I love you'—and I want to tell you that he has never spoken one word of love to me in his life—but if he should, I should say to him: 'God has planned my life for me. I can give you my heart, but I cannot give you my life because it is not mine to give.'"
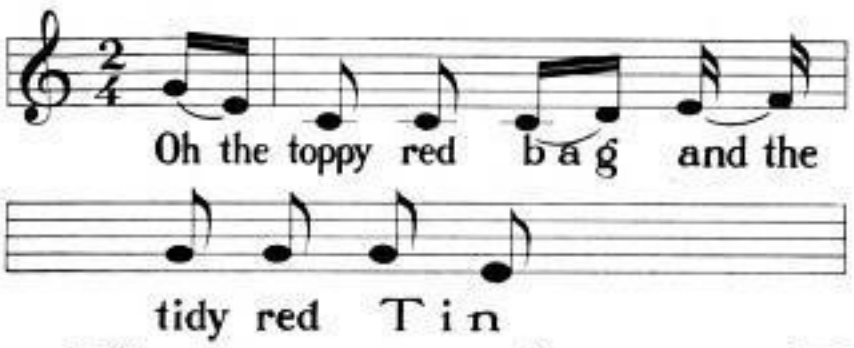
MARJORIE got up and brushed the back of her hand slowly across her forehead.

"I think that's all," she said, and she tried to smile at her smiling guest. "You'll understand now, won't you? You see our love scene last night was only a joke after all. And if it weren't a joke I'd still have to play the game."

Miss Preston took the outstretched hand and for a moment held it closely in her own.

"Miss Esmond," she said, "you're tired from overwork and I suppose you're naturally supersensitive and just a little morbid about your responsibilities. God hasn't shut you out of all happiness and denied you the love of a man you love just because he has given you a couple of children to look after. Surely your life is still your own and, if you will forgive my saying so, you ought to be thankful that he sent you a man like Rob to take care of you. Think it over, please, Miss Esmond—slowly, I mean. Rob tells me that you have more than a month before the season closes. You two can do

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As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase as many of the unsuccessful manuscripts as seem suitable for publication.

All manuscripts must be mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

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a lot of thinking and talking in that time. Good-by!"

MARJORIE returned the strong, friendly pressure of the girl's hand.

"Good-by," she said, "and thank you. I won't be ungrateful."

When the door had closed on Miss Preston, Marjorie went to the telephone and told the clerk at the office to find Mr. Gilroy and send him to her room at once. A few minutes later he arrived still smiling with pleasure at the success of their scheme of the evening previous. But when he saw Marjorie the smile faded from his gray, putty face and dull eyes, and, sticking his hands deep in his coat pockets, he leaned against the mantel before the empty hearth and waited.

"Grouch," she began, "will you do me a favor?"

Gilroy nodded. "Of course, anything you want. It's granted now, Marjorie."

"Middleton is Rob's understudy, isn't he?"

Gilroy stared curiously at his star and again nodded.

"Could he go on to-night?"

For a moment Gilroy was silent, and then: "Why, yes, I suppose so. He's rehearsed the part often enough. I guess he'd be all right; he'd be as good as Rob anyhow. Why?"

"Because I want you to discharge Rob to-day, now. He must never play that part again. I never want to see him again. Grouch, dear, I *can't* see him again."

Gilroy glanced at Marjorie and then slowly lighted a cigarette, and for some time continued to blow rings of smoke at the ceiling.

"What would the home office say?" he asked at last. "Suppose Rob kicked?"

Marjorie shook her head and impatiently clasped her hands before her.

"Rob won't kick, especially if he knows who had him discharged, and if he does you can say that he was too fresh with me last night. I'll stand by you if there's any trouble, but there won't be. You know that. We've got to leave Rob here. Do you understand—we've got to leave him here—in Greenville."

GILROY tossed his cigarette into the empty hearth, and, folding his arms, gazed steadily at the girl star.

"Is it as bad as that, Marjorie?"

"Yes," she said, "it's as bad as that." She tried to look him squarely in the eyes, but her courage failed her and she groped her way to a chair by the center table, and, throwing her arms before her, buried her head in them.

Gilroy took several turns slowly up and down the little room, and then came over and stood behind her and laid his hand very gently on her shoulder.

"It's none of my business, Marjorie," he said, "but it looks from here as if you were giving up without a fight. That is if you really care. What's the use in leaving him with the other girl? That doesn't seem like a good idea to me—or necessary. Sort of theatrical and emotional—no?"

Marjorie got up and walked over to the window and, for what seemed to Gilroy a very long time, stood staring out at the sunlit streets.

"You don't understand, Grouch," she said at last without turning around. "You see, I've met her—and you haven't. She came to call on me this morning. She was quite wonderful—she outclasses me, Grouch, and besides that I have a sort of feeling this morning that we don't belong. We're a race all to ourselves."

Gilroy had been looking at her with his arms folded, still as a statue. "I know," he said, "I know what you mean. I've felt that way myself sometimes."

SHE turned from the window and tried to smile at him through misty eyes.

"Then you'll do what I ask," she said. "You'll discharge Rob. I don't often ask you favors, do I, Grouch? If you do this for me you can ask me anything in the world you want and I'll do it, really."

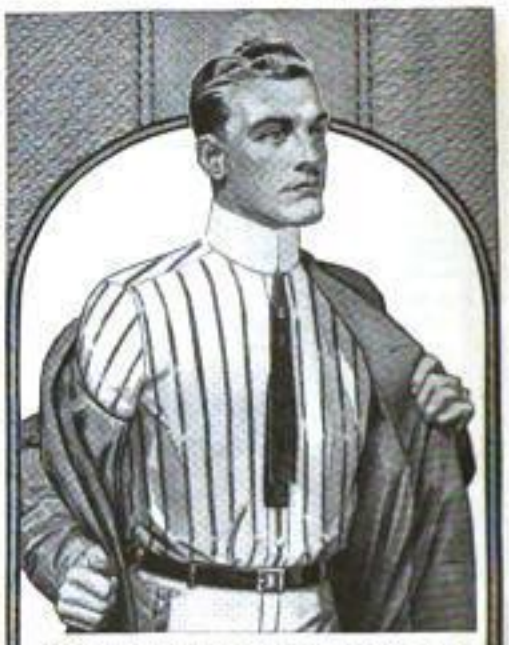
A sudden light flashed into Gilroy's eyes and a few steps brought him to the girl's side. But, at one glance, Marjorie instinctively knew the words that were on his lips and she closed her eyes and threw her arms before her face.

"Not that, Grouch," she begged, "not that. You must never ask me that—not as long as you live. Promise, Grouch, promise."

Gilroy's arms fell limply to his side and his whole frail figure seemed to sag.

"Of course I'll promise, Marjorie, but just tell me it's not on account of Vera Lee?"

Marjorie opened her eyes again and



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looked squarely at him and shook her head.

"No, Grouch, but we could never marry. You must know that. You see, dear, you must go on being a manager and playing around with your Vera Laces, and I must go on acting, and acting—and acting—that's what you and I must do. Gypsies, Grouch—that's it, gypsies."

SHE moved nearer to him, and putting up her hands rested them on his narrow, stooping shoulders.

"But promise me, Grouch," and her voice scarcely rose above a whisper, "promise me that as long as I am on the stage that you will always be my manager, and never, never leave me, and always be kind and good to me, won't you, Grouch?"

By way of an answer, Gilroy slowly nodded his head and, then, for the first and the last time in his life, he took the trembling little figure in his arms and held her very close. And when she looked up at him and tried to smile at him through her wet eyes, for the first and last time he kissed Marjorie on the lips. And thus a new compact was made between two of the original three friends and incidentally this one was never broken.

Pile Drivers

(*Continued from page 17*)

full of human tears and blubberings. Sarah was crying! "Sakes alive, woman! what ails you? Are you burned?" asked Jim, springing to his feet. "You're not faintin'? Water! Johnnie, bring water!"

"No, 'tis not water I'm wantin'," sobbed Sarah through her apron, "but me money—me good money I been schlavin' an' savin' for. 'Tis gone, gone: an' me wid nothin' but the clothes on me back!"

"But Sarah, it must be here. Nobody's left here. If it's lost, we'll tear up the house to find it. If it's stolen I'll kill the son of a sea cook that has it on him."

"No, no, ye don't understand. I've been listenin' to yer talk about thim liars that's sellin' the land. Do ye mind the two lots schtaked out across the way on the hill—'tis there me money's gone. I bought thim!"

"You what? Sarah, do you mean to say you were that easy, that you spent your money for lots here in the middle of nowhere?"

AND then the mere absurdity of it overcame their sympathy for her, and the whole crew laughed an uproarious hyena laugh that startled the bats and echoed from the roof.

"Laugh! ye divils!" exclaimed Sarah, brushing aside her tears and becoming wrathful. "Laugh an' bad luck to ye! What do ye think o' me? Am I a fool? Am I a grane immigrant from Cork? No! But whin thim liars show me pictures—photographs they tell me—of the place, wid hundreds o' people bathin' in the surf, wid houses on the hills, an' roads; whin they tell me about the schteamers comin' and let on what a fine place 'twill be for an industhrius woman like me to run a cafay an' ice-cream parlor; is it me fault if I believe thim? Many another wan wid twice me edycation has believed thim."

"That's right," they agreed, "hard working women, too, widows; they stop at nothing—those fellows; they'd steal milk from a baby."

"Did you have anybody with you?" suddenly asked Johnnie Pencil—"anybody that heard them say those were photographs and all about the steamers landing?"

"Only me sister that was wid me."

"But does she remember when it was—the day, the place?"

"Sure she does."

"Oh, that's all well enough," said Jim, "obtaining money under false pretenses, but who's to prove it—one woman against a crooked bunch like that? Who's to say their intentions are not good in the end? Who can prove definitely that they will not come through with their promises? Why, the thing will drag along and the lots will be sold; the first payments will be made; then everybody will resign and the property will revert again by default. Here they are ordering seven beeves, and scraping out a temporary road and hiring all the omnibuses in the country for the excursion and barbecue on Bunker Hill Day—that's day after to-morrow. Everybody will buy, thinking they can sell again to some other sucker; and the last man gets stuck, but what can he do?"



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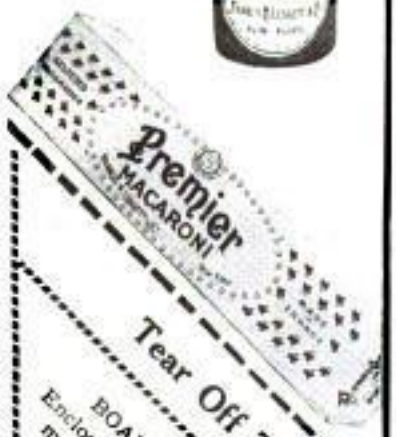












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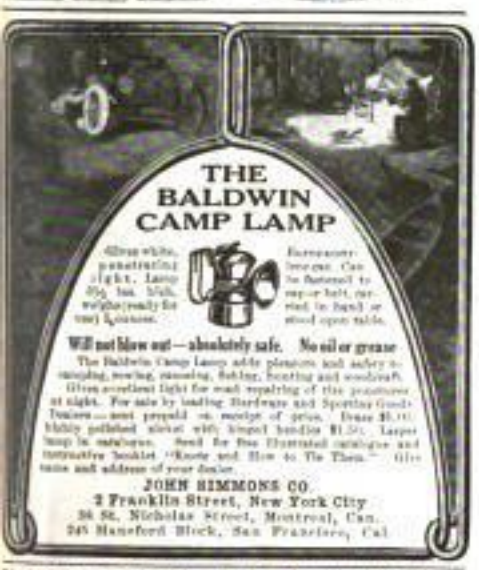
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"Nothing," admitted Johnnie Pencil, "unless something should happen to stop the whole business suddenly—if the wharf should blow down in a storm, or there should be a fire, or their finances should be suddenly upset—something to put everybody next. Then the buyers could get together and force their hand."

"Nonsense, boy; storms, fire—nonsense. Nothing will happen; the infernal scoundrels will go on with their damnable widow robbing, their—"

"Well, well," interrupted Johnnie Pencil impatiently, "nothing will happen from your standing around and cursing before a lady. Words are rotten cheap. I'd like to see some one that would *do* something about it."

VERY, very seldom was Jim Patterson spoken to like this. He turned on the young man with clutched fists, but his boyish countenance and perfectly steady eye absolutely forbade a blow. For a moment he gagged; then, for want of a better answer, said:

"Well, freshy, what are you doing about it besides a bit of cheap gab?"

"It is not for me to do," replied Johnnie steadily. "I am the engineer. I give you levels and measurements to go by. I order the material and tally it when it arrives. But I do not drive piles nor build anything. When my report is made, my time sheet filled out, when I see that the driver is hauled aft and tied down for the night with the leads properly amidships, my work is done. I am neither day foreman nor night watchman."

The irritation with which Jim had listened suddenly vanished in a flash of understanding.

"And would you," he asked gravely, "swear that she was so hauled aft and tied down this very night?"

"At any time, in any court in California."

"Johnnie Pencil, you're a bright young man. You have a good understanding of your own business. We'll shake on it. Boys, get out the bottle. Dump out your coffee there, Bill and Mack; we'll all take a sociable drink. I'll propose the toast myself. Here's to Sarah Shea and a square deal!"

"Hear! hear!" they shouted, everyone, and their quickly emptied tin cups were no sooner returned to the board with a simultaneous bang, than they were all up on their feet. Action was their only method of expression. If they were to concur with the implied sentiments of their foreman, obviously it must be by doing something, and by long habit they stood waiting his command. Finally, Jim said: "Well, remember, I ask no man point blank to run himself into trouble on what I may call my own affairs. But I do not deny it would be mighty convenient to have you with us. So much the better—"

He paused a moment with his hand on the knob gathering his crew with his eyes, then passed out into the black howling night—and every man of them followed him.

"Good night, boys," called Johnnie with a suspicion of a laugh, "I'm going to turn in." And he kept his word to the extent of lying down; but his clothes and his boots remained on.

WHEN the last man had disappeared and pulled the door shut after him, Johnnie sprang to his feet, crept to a window, and, resting his chin on the sill, peered out into the night. Presently he began to see dim shapes moving along the beach. A few minutes later he descried a fitful gleam of fire, and the roar of an oil burner came faintly to him in the wind.

Then, curiosity getting the better of him, he stole softly out, and, running swiftly over the sand, crouched behind a heap of drift and waited.

"What you got now?" he heard the foreman call.

"Seventy pounds!" It was the engine driver answering.

In a few minutes came another shout: "Ninety pounds."

"All right, hook on to go ahead; cast off aft there. Take a turn on the port gypsy head and lead the end inshore; lively now."

Following this command, a long string of shadows started away from the driver, pulling at an invisible rope. Then more shouts:

"Open her up wide and come away from her!" and then he could hear the violent puffing of the engines.

"All ready, go ahead on your driver." The shadows leaned on the invisible

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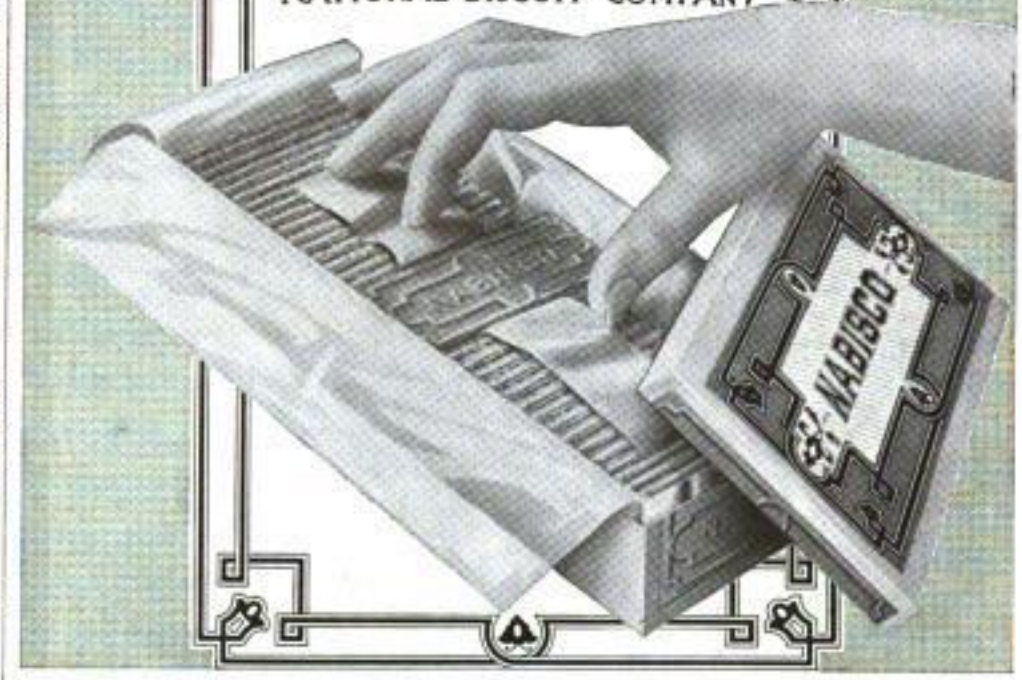
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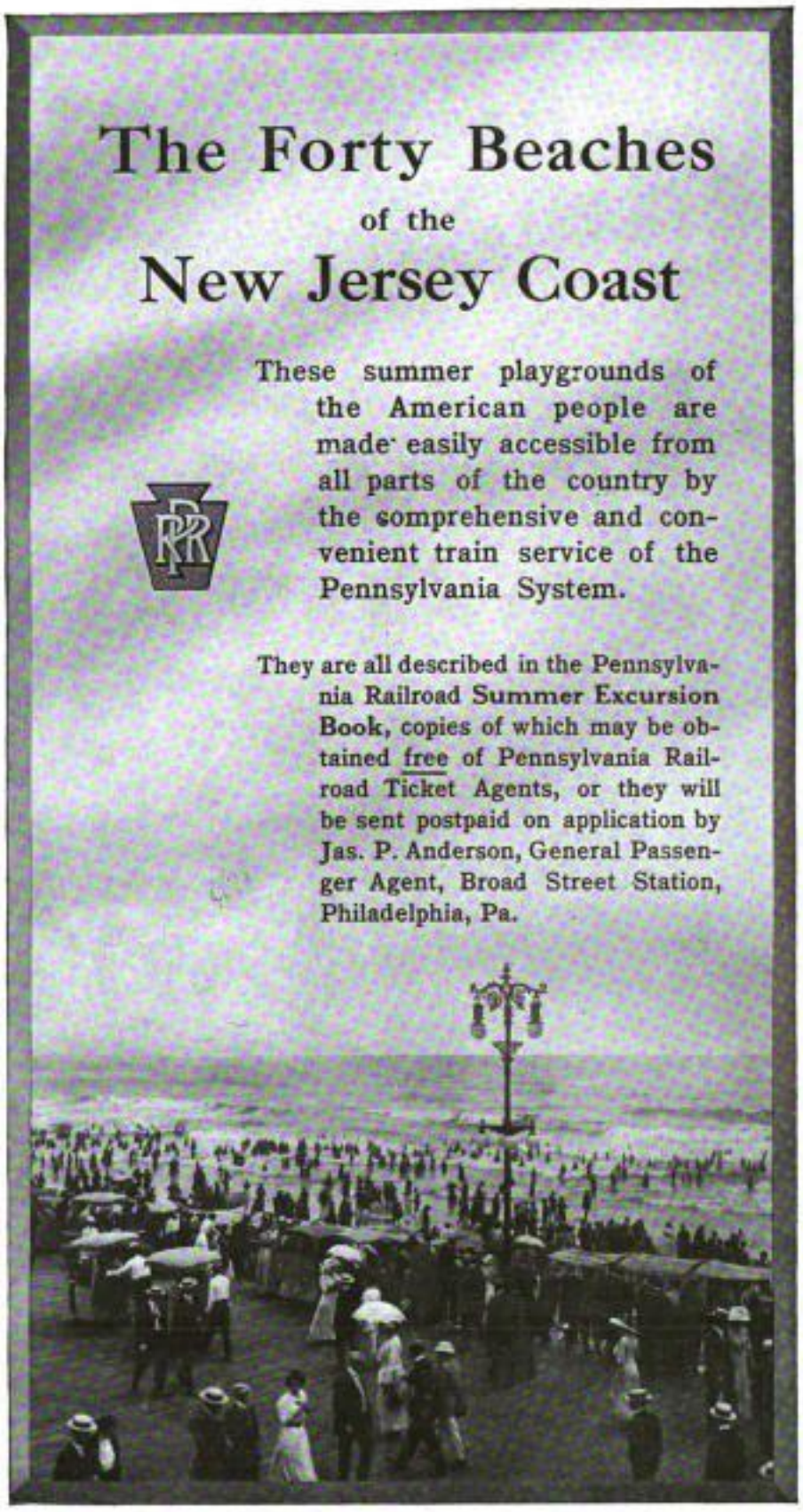
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rope, and the tall black tower began slowly and majestically to move ahead. Slowly, by inches, it crept on in the darkness, past the end of the unfinished pier, out over the boiling, phosphorescent sea, on, on into space without hitch or hesitation. It was fairly uncanny. Only the throbbing of the unattended engine made it at all real.

PRESENTLY, when the full half length of the gunwales extended in space, there came an ominous creaking; the weighty tower began to overbalance the boiler and engine. It leaned with a dizzy swaying movement, then lurching suddenly forward, it plunged full length into the sea, and sank in a vivid lake of blue fire. An instant later the heavy engine, starting from its foundation bolts, slid down the yet uptilted gunwales and followed it. As its hot boiler plates struck the chilling water, there was a violent, ear-splitting report, a spouting of foam, and long streams and ribbons of red burning petroleum shot high into the night. Its brief, blinding light disclosed the shadows running swiftly along the plank toward shore. Hereupon Johnnie, fearing discovery, ran also. He descried the bulky figure of Sarah plowing through the sand as he approached the pavilion, but he avoided her and reached it unobserved. In a second he was down in his mattress again, innocently snoring, with his eyes wide open and dancing with glee. In another second he was up again. A strange flicker of red light dancing on the black ceiling prompted him to peer once more out over his window sill.

"Why, of course!" he exclaimed, "I might have known she'd touch off the whole pier. I wonder if Jim counted on that, or only on the wreckage pounding it down into the surf. Jove! that's a beautiful blaze—twenty bents afire already. And there's the whole bunch watching it. Say, how far will it go? Will it get to this old barn? Jumpin' Geronimo, I feel sure it will! Here goes for making it conclusive. Oh, dear Messrs. Sheerer & Co., you will now get plenty."

SO saying, fairly dancing with excited glee, he ran to Sarah's kitchen, thrust the fire shovel into the grate, and drew forth a heap of glowing coals. With these held at a respectful distance away from him, he ran to a far corner, climbed up a rickety flight of ladders to the surprise of the winged occupants of the loft, and, with a truly fiendish exhibition of knowledge and purpose, he strewed the coals along a dusty bird's-nested angle where the tower roof joined the main wall. He waited a second to make sure of the propagation of the little young flames, then, while the blazing and crackling spread with incredible rapidity overhead, he descended to the main floor and began unscrewing his instrument from its tripod and locking it in its box.

"One good transit," he continued, "is worth more than the whole property." He had finished packing his instruments and notes, and had begun rolling up the bedding, when Mack burst into the door. "Are you awake, Johnnie?" he shouted. "The place is burning."

"You don't say so!" replied Johnnie. "I hear the Spanish War's over, too, now, and General Grant's dead."

"Well, I came as soon as I could. We just got Jim out of the breakers. He went overboard to keep from burning up in his clothes, and some of the heavy timber broke his leg."

"Gee! That's bad! Finish chucking this stuff out, and I'll split some splints off the pile butts and bind his leg up."

SO it was only a brief twenty minutes before a remarkable caravan, throwing fitful shadows before it on the beach, began to move slowly along the sand toward a little clam depot on the railway. First went Johnnie Pencil with his instruments on his back, smiling a gleeful, ruminating smile, and casting glances at the magnificent blaze leaping from the barren dunes. Then four men carrying the profusely cursing foreman on an improvised litter, then the others stooping under their only possessions—their tools and their beds; lastly, the grunting, grumbling Sarah with three impossible bonnets in a hatbox.

They halted about half a mile from their destination, and the men went ahead to reconnoiter for a good way to cross a marshy little creek, leaving Jim and Sarah ensconced upon a dune.

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Your watch is, no doubt, as accurate as the family clock, and more convenient because always with you.

A Vest Pocket Kodak is as accurate as cameras of ten times its bulk, and more convenient because you can have it always with you.

Vest Pocket Kodak pictures are 1⅝ x 2½ inches, and so sharp that they can be enlarged to any reasonable size. Let your dealer show you.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

to a low red glow, Sarah remarked to the helpless man at her side: "I'm afther believin' 'twas no accident at all, at all. I opine ye done it all for me an' to get back at that lyin' real-estate bunch. An' I'm that grateful to ye, Jim Patterson, I could cook for ye all me life."

"Do you mean it, Sarah?" he exclaimed, half rising. "Why, I've been meaning to ask you for a week, but I couldn't get myself together to say it. I was that bashful."

"Bashful," laughed Sarah, "ye that can boss that unholy bunch; bashful, ha, ha! Why, 'twas that started me to feeling soft on yiz—the way ye knocked thim thick heads together an' beat the dhrink out o' 'em an' set 'em to worruk loike men."

At this point their belief and simple declaration was interrupted by the returning crew.

"Now listen, Sarah," he said in his more usual mandatory tone, "you'll see me no more to-night, for I'll have to be laid out in the baggage car. They'll drop me at Santa Barbara and have me all set by morning. Now do you go on to Los Angeles with Johnnie Pencil, and get all the people you know that have bit on this property, and tell them about the *accident*. [He emphasized the word.] Tell them to get together and choose a lawyer. If they have none among them, there's a good chap—Anderson—in the Hellman Building, the lawyer that helped the Colonists through on their eucalyptus tree planting. He's dead square. Johnnie Pencil will help you."

THREE days later, sitting on a snowy cot in a spotless hospital ward, his weather-beaten, unshaven countenance contrasting strangely with his white surroundings, Jim Patterson sat bolstered up, reading a marked copy of the San Luis Obispo "Zephyr."

"A number of our young people," he read, "were greatly disappointed at the indefinite postponement of the Sheerer Company's barbecue. The chain of misfortune falls harder, however, on the company than on the pleasure seekers and prospective investors. The total destruction of their improvements, including the magnificent pavilion, caused primarily by the falling of the pier under the weight of the pile driver and the unusually heavy surf, and completed by the fire which followed, leaves them practically crippled for the season. On account of the exaggerated fears as to their ability to recover from the temporary embarrassment, the sale of property has temporarily ceased. It is even rumored that the investors have begun some concerted action to recover their first payments, but this the company emphatically denies."

"Quite naturally," observed Jim at the end of the paragraph. "Well, they can deny it, but with Anderson on their trail they will finally come through all the same."

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME 51 JUNE 14, 1913 NUMBER 13

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*

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416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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"Moses said—

'Thou shalt not!'

"President Wilson says—

'Look!'

"Perhaps if Moses had had twenty thousand newspapers like twenty thousand field glasses that he could hand out every morning and lend to people to look through—he would not have had to say 'Thou shalt not!'

"The precise measure of the governing power a man can get today out of the position of being President of the United States is the amount of advertising for the people, of the people, and by the people he can crowd every morning, every week, into the papers of the country.

"A President becomes a great President in proportion as he acts authoritatively, tactfully, economically, and persistently as the Head Advertising Manager of the ideals of the people—the great central, official editor of what the people are trying to find out—of a nation's news about itself.

"By his being the President of what people think, by his dictating the subjects the people shall take up, by his sorting out the men whom the people shall notice, this great ceaseless Meeting of ninety million men we call the United States—comes to order."

(This extract is from Gerald Stanley Lee's new book called "Crowds")

In writing to a friend of mine, the other day, I frankly admitted that I had gotten enough inspiration out of the reading of "Crowds" to keep me going from now until the end of my days.

That's a lot to say about any book that has come along during the last 2000 years, but you'll understand why I said it after you have read "Crowds." It is not merely a book—it is a *force* that works in a marvelous way.

To those fortunate ones who read Mr. Lee's article, entitled "Advertising Goodness," in a recent number of Everybody's Magazine—or such books of his as "Inspired Millionaires," "The Voice of the Machines," etc.—all I need to say is:

Gerald Stanley Lee has written another book. This is his masterpiece—and its title is "*Crowds.*"

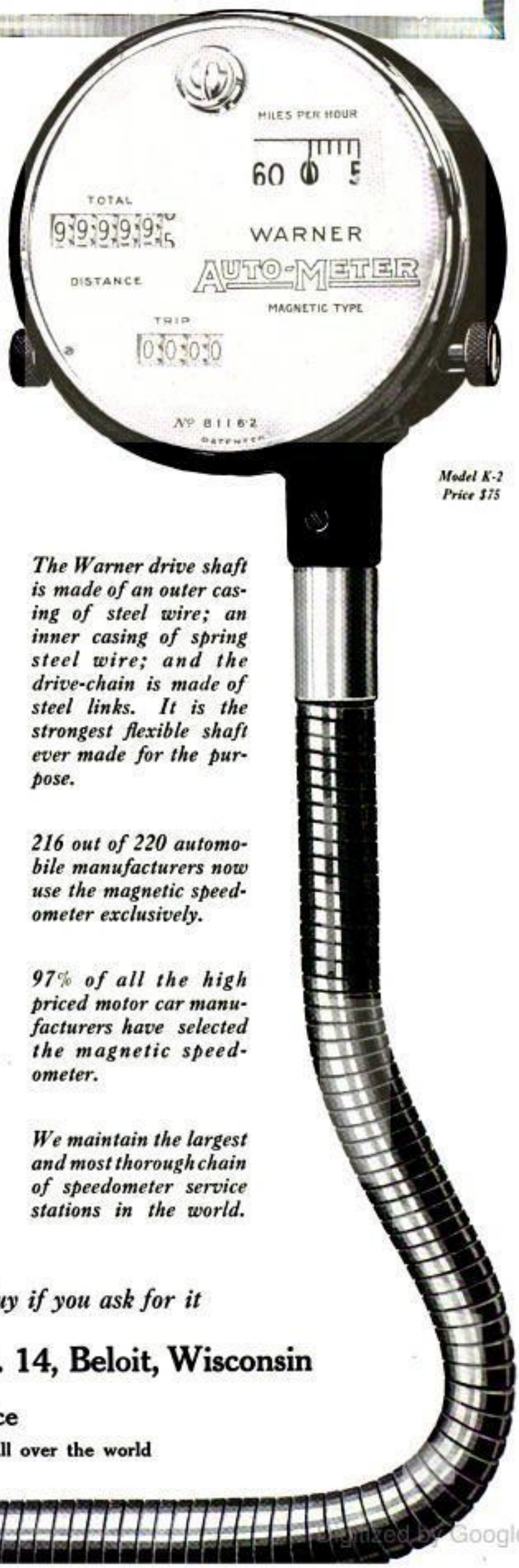
A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 122

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WARNER
QUALITY AUTO-METER



Model K-2
Price $75

Flexible Shaft Has Least Revolutions; Hence, Least Friction; Least Wear

WEAR and tear is what determines the life of anything mechanical. The *less* friction and *less* vibration means a *longer* life, and what is more important—*accuracy.*

The speed of the drive-shaft (illustrated here) of a Warner Magnetic Auto-Meter is only 640 revolutions to the mile. The magnetic principle is the only one that permits this low speed. In *all* other types of speedometers the shaft drive *must* revolve at about 2,500 revolutions per minute to the mile. In other words, *four* times as fast as that in the Warner, which causes *four* times the friction, *four* times the wear and tear and *ten* times the vibration. This is not a theory, but a practical scientific fact, easily figured by anyone from the gear ratios. Thus the Warner, by the very nature of the principle on which it is constructed and operates, will last *four* times as long as any speedometer made.

The pre-eminent success of the Warner Magnetic Auto-Meter is due to its natural supremacy. It is absolutely unaffected by heat or cold or any electrical influence.

It is true that the cost of a Warner is a little more than that of any other speedometer, but the additional cost gets you an accurate speed and mileage service, which saves in tire adjustments alone, the original purchase price in no time. In addition to that, it lasts four times longer than any other type of speedometer.

If you buy a high priced car you are entitled to the very finest equipment. Any car equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter is worth every penny asked for it. A Warner on a car is an invariable indication of a quality car.

The Warner drive shaft is made of an outer casing of steel wire; an inner casing of spring steel wire; and the drive-chain is made of steel links. It is the strongest flexible shaft ever made for the purpose.

216 out of 220 automobile manufacturers now use the magnetic speedometer exclusively.

97% of all the high priced motor car manufacturers have selected the magnetic speedometer.

We maintain the largest and most thorough chain of speedometer service stations in the world.

You can have a Warner on the car you buy if you ask for it

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Dept. 14, Beloit, Wisconsin

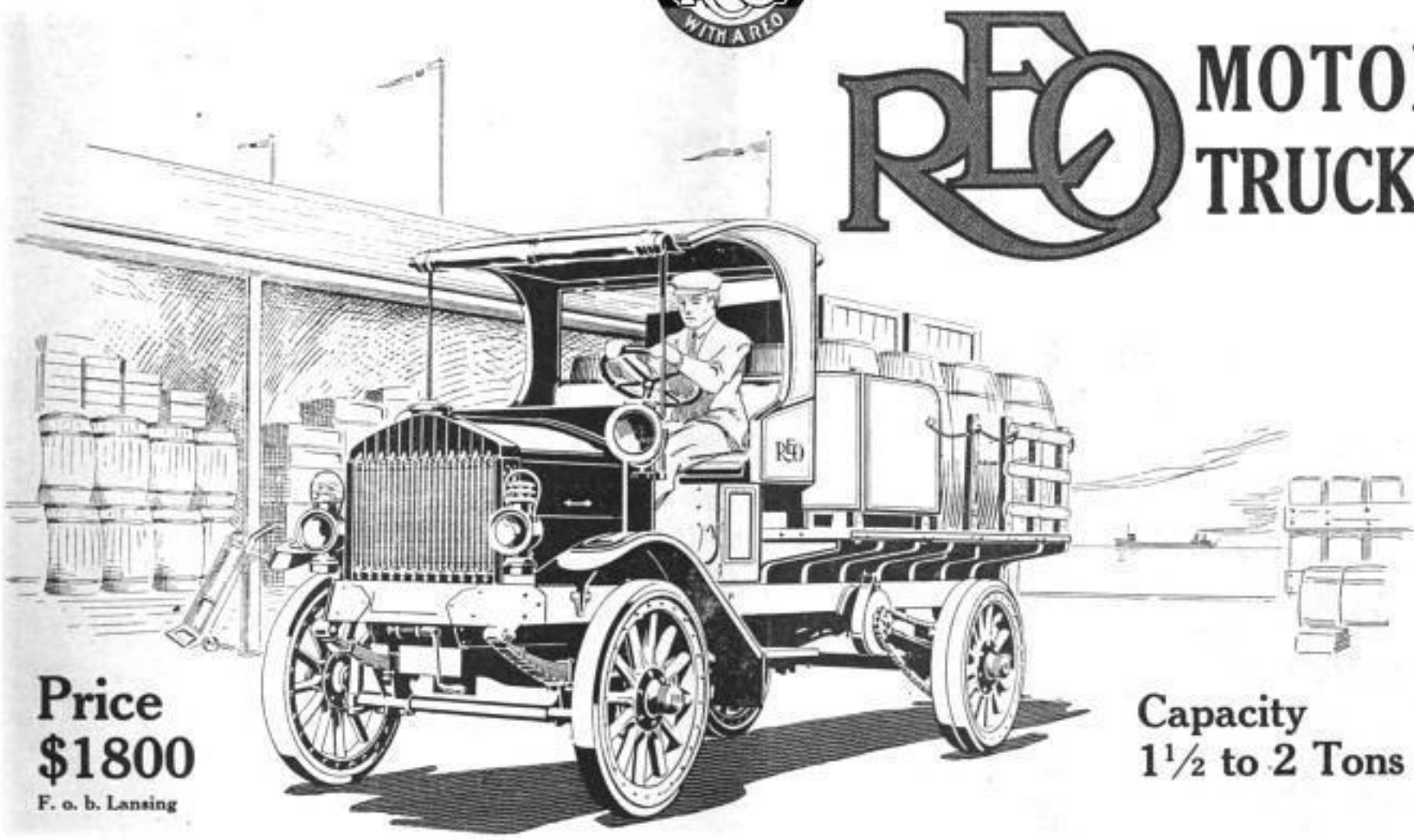
International Service

Service Stations in all important cities all over the world

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YOU CAN DON'T REO WITH A REO

REO MOTOR TRUCKS



Price $1800
F. o. b. Lansing

Capacity 1½ to 2 Tons

We Tested This Truck Two Years Before We Offered It For Sale

We value the name "Reo" too highly to run the slightest risk of injuring it with an unworthy product. So when we saw the great demand among business men in every part of the country for a strong, simple, dependable truck for medium heavy duty, we met this demand only after assuring ourselves beyond the shadow of doubt that we had surpassed every truck of this type on the market, and fulfilled every condition that our experience demanded as necessary.

We Know It Has No Equal

For two years we kept watch over these trucks working under every condition of actual service, and when we tabulated the results we were sure that in either dependability or price no motor truck equal to this Reo Model J has ever before been offered to the American business man.

Here is a truck that is built for strenuous service, and can be operated and controlled by the fewest possible motions. The operator keeps his mind on the delivering of goods, not on managing his truck.

The motor, transmission, clutch and entire driving system are practically identical with that of the famous Reo the Fifth, cushioned on a sub-frame against jars and shocks. This item alone, through quantity production, cuts the cost of the truck many hundreds of dollars.

Powerful REO Features

Expert motor experience is not required to see the value of these exclusive Reo features.

We have eleven hundred dealers, in the United States and Canada, any one of whom will gladly explain them to you in detail.

Eighty per cent of the load is carried over the rear axle, insuring greatest traction and propelling power.

The left side drive and right hand center control allows the driver to mount from either side, saving time.

The motor is governed so it cannot race, or run beyond a safe speed.

Heavily armored front makes damage through ordinary collision impossible.

The sectional radiator is made of 24 independent, removable sections. One or many of these can be taken out and replaced without affecting the operation of the truck.

You as a business man are interested in modern delivery methods. As one of the largest manufacturers of motor trucks in America, we have gathered facts and figures covering every kind of delivery problem. This experience we place at your disposal, if you will write us about your delivery problems.

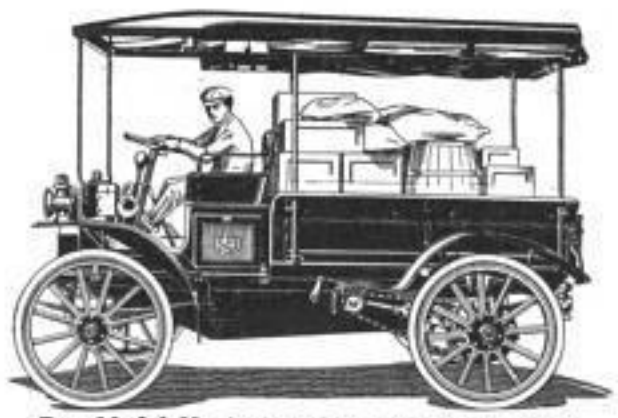
A letter to us will bring by return mail our completely illustrated catalog, and any special information about our motor trucks that you may desire.

Manufactured by

REO MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

LANSING, MICH.

Ask the nearest of our 1,100 dealers to show you these Reo models



Reo Model H—$750. Capacity, 1500 pounds
F. o. b. Lansing

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Smile And Feel "Life's Worth While" In B. V. D

ENJOY the games of summer and the game of life in B. V. D. In this "line-up," four men wear Loose Fitting B. V. D.—the fifth wears tight fitting unde clothes and a *harassed look*. He doesn't know the *coolness* and *comfort* of ligh woven, skin-soft, air-free B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawer or Union Suits. Wear B. V. D., forget the heat and feel 100% "fit" in summe



To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label*. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. Label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.

The B.V.D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



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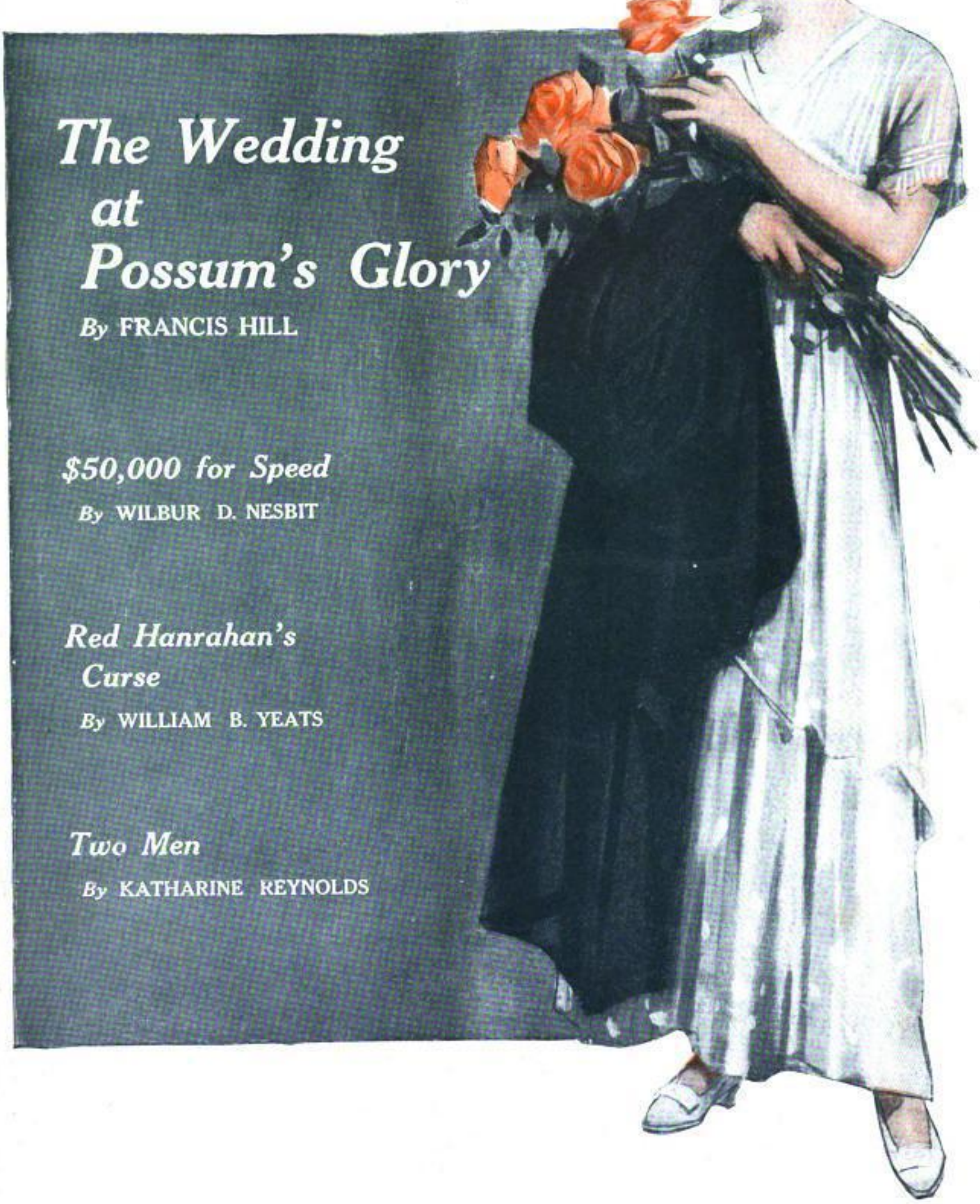
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JUN 13 1913

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Wedding at Possum's Glory

By FRANCIS HILL

$50,000 for Speed

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

Red Hanrahan's Curse

By WILLIAM B. YEATS

Two Men

By KATHARINE REYNOLDS

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 14

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

JUNE 21 1913

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You Are Welcome

If we could induce every one of the hundred million persons in this country and Canada to visit "The Home of Shredded Wheat" and witness the process of making Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit we would not need to print this advertisement—or any other advertisement. Nearly one hundred thousand visitors from every habitable portion of the globe pass through this factory every year. They are impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the factory. They are convinced of the wholesomeness, purity and nutritive value of

Shredded Wheat

You are invited to come and see us make Shredded Wheat. If you eat it you will like it better after seeing how it is made. It is the one universal staple cereal food, eaten in all lands, always clean, always pure, always the same. It is more wholesome than meat or starchy vegetables in Summer. Delicious for breakfast when heated in the oven (to restore crispness) and served with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with berries or other fresh fruits.

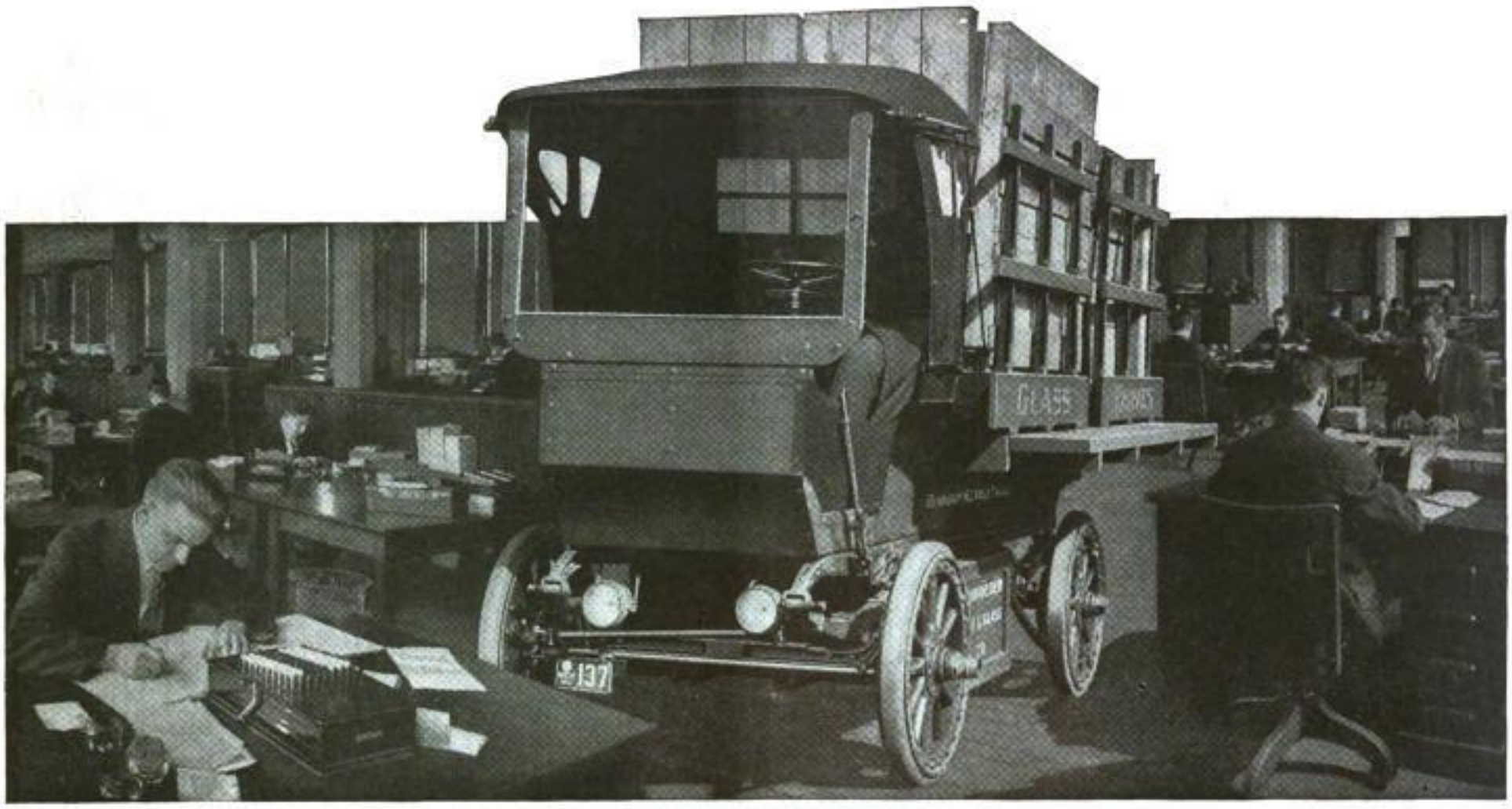
THE ONLY CEREAL BREAKFAST FOOD MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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The Accounting Department Must Justify Motor-Haulage



THE record will go down, black on white, in your books—day by day, week by week, year by year.

Will the balance be on the right side?

That depends on three things: No. 1—Does your business fit the truck? No. 2—Does the type of truck fit your business? No. 3—Will the truck stand up to the job after you get it? *Don't neglect No. 3.*

The first two have been studied and investigated, from every angle, put down in exact figures, settled definitely. *What's the answer to No. 3?*

Look to the parts that carry the load

When the giant truck rumbles past you over the cobblestones, don't look merely at the body, *look beneath.* That's where the load comes—on the axles and their bearings.

Take a five-ton truck, for example, it weighs about 8,000 pounds, its load, 10,000 more. *Nine tons supported by the four axle* spindles!

Only long years of experience and the devotion of an entire great organization to axle-building can safely determine the size and design of those spindles, the selection and heat treatment of the steel.

It is because Timken-Detroit Axles are made by such an organization that they are standing up under so many thousands of motor trucks today, both electric and gasoline driven.

750 lbs. on a ⅝-inch roller

The nine tons rest also on the ⅝-inch rollers in the eight Timken Bearings on the four axle spindles.

And not on all of the rollers at that, because only one-fifth of the 120 rollers in the eight bearings, or 24 rollers, are actually under the load at any one time.

Think of it, nine tons on 24 rollers. 750 lbs. on each!

But Timken Tapered Roller Bearings carry this load—what's more they take the tremendous side-pressure when corners are turned, the pound and jolt of the rough roads, the extra stresses due to careless driving.

All the conditions have been foreseen by Timken Engineers—and they have established a factor of safety far enough above the 750 lbs. to *make sure of emergencies.*

Building truck axles and bearings that stand up to the work

Timken Engineers have built on the experience of all motor-truck designers and builders, domestic and foreign.

They have minutely tabulated records of their own experience, going back before the first practical conception of motor haulage.

Timken Engineers have at their service two great organizations whose only occupations and ideals are to build the best possible axles and bearings for pleasure and commercial cars.

They can help you answer that third question with a "Yes."

You will find the whole story of axle and bearing importance—for pleasure cars as well as motor trucks—in the Timken Primers No. B-1 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." No. B-2 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles." Sent, free, post-paid, from either address below.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
Detroit, Mich.
The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES

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June



Garford

$2750
Completely Equipped

AS far as we can trace, the new Garford is the most widely discussed and most highly appreciated Six in America. This is due, not alone to its many novel innovations and practical improvements, but to its price—which is just about one-half that usually asked for a car of this character, elegance, comfort, speed, design and mechanical simplicity and efficiency.

The brief specifications below give the facts and value in detail. Look up the Garford dealer in your town. See this new Six without further delay.

Catalogue on request.

SPECIFICATIONS

Electric Starter, which never fails to start instantly—winter or summer.

All lights are electric.

Big, single electric parabolic headlight, sunk flush with the radiator.

Electric horn.

One piece, all steel body, steel Pullman car construction—no joints, no rivets, no wood.

Warner Auto-Meter driven from the transmission.

60 horsepower, long-stroke motor—3¼ in. by 6 in.

Wheelbase, 128 inches.

Tires, 36 x 4½.

Demountable Rims.

Center Control.

Left Hand Drive.

Three Speed Transmission.

Full Floating Rear Axle.

Bosch Magneto.

Equipment—everything complete from tools to top.

Please address Dept. 1.

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

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The Wedding at Possum's Glory

By Francis Hill



Then the gypsy resumed his violin. Stilly, yet piercingly, he sounded his call — the call to which everything in Mert was slave

HERE is the charm of wild woods and wild weather, here are new people in a new land, and here is a story fresh as the north wind and human as the tale that an old man tells by the fire.

ALL DAY long the snow fell in dense, soft, prodigious, smothering masses. No wind drove it. It slid down straight and silent, on the clearing, amid the bare gray branches of the trees; down and down and down and down; more and more and more and more. The air, saturated, was at once dead and miraculously alive. Some skyey spirit of abstract beauty seemed to have descended, to deck the earth like a bride.

Under this transfiguring touch, Possum's Glory swiftly became a glory indeed. All starkness and grimness, all sharp and forbidding edges, were magically filed away. The tall dark wood took on the blurred and mysterious loveliness of a place in a cloud. In the sordid circle of the clearing, slab shack was lost from sawmill, sawmill from board pile, board pile from stables; and each—muffled, drenched, drowned, in white—also completely lost its own rude identity. That infinite, resistless pale blanket simply promised to extinguish every preexistent fact of life.

In his long one-story house in the middle of the clearing, Bash Stevens took the business in very bad part.

"Well, now, what do you think of that?" he kept incessantly muttering. "By the holy powers, what do you think of that?"

No man of the Possum's Glory crew went into the woods that day. But it was not this which troubled big Bash. He had a daughter—a daughter Mert. Moreover, she was his one and only child, and as much the darling of his soul as ever Jephthah's daughter to the judge in Israel. And to-morrow!—the fact stared him resolutely in the face whichever way he turned. Snow or no snow, to-morrow was the wedding day! He didn't at all mind seeing her married, you understand; that was inevitable, in the nature of the case. Mert, his handsome, strapping, yellow-haired Mert—*she* an old maid! Bah! But the *place* of the wedding—the stage, the scene! She was to be married, if you please, here in Possum's Glory! Not safe and snug in a Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, or New York hotel parlor! No! Not even in their respectable old red-brick house in Blackadore! Oh, perish the thought—no! But *here*—on the job—in this woodchuck's burrow under the trees—*here!* It was a woman's crazy whim. And now! Well, it served them right.

FROM the instant the wedding day was named, Bash had stood for a metropolitan affair. They would go to the Lincoln, the Bellevue, or the Waldorf, and have the girl decently and modernly married off from there. Bash's jovial blue eyes shone at the prospect. The wedding breakfast should cost—well, say $175 (he knew a thing or two about first-rate hotels!). Mert's dress should be the longest trained and satinest that money could buy. He had it all planned. Mert and her mother listened, at first in consternation, then with convulsed faces, then holding their sides. Bash felt the enthusiastic words dying in his throat. They mocked him, threw up their hands, laughed till the tears rained down their cheeks. He, of course, got into a rage. What did they want, hey? But they only shouted the more, and jeered him and his fine notions clean out of the house. You would have thought he had proposed something shameful.

For a while he had sulked. Then he had come back mildly to suggest the complete renovation and refurnishment of the old red-brick house in Blackadore. He pictured Mert standing under a wonderful new parlor chandelier, still in a wonderful long-trained satin gown. The dressmaker's name should appear in the "Clarion"; a French name, mystifying and alluring. But again the big drawling girl and her mother had only laughed at him.

"It's going to be the Glory, pa," said Mert. "You'll see it, after a while."

He might very well have been able to deal with Mrs. Stevens singly. But the girl twisted him round her strong young fingers exactly as if he had been a giant angleworm.

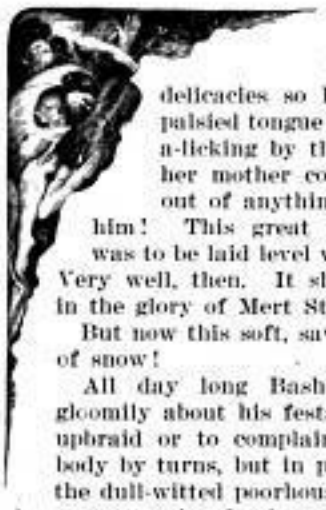
So, without in the least understanding why, he had to submit. But thick red blood ran much too hotly in his arteries for him long to stay down. He was still the biggest timber contractor in this part of the country. Possum's Glory was still the biggest hardwood piece that had been cut in Pennsylvania in years, or that would ever be likely to be cut there again. He began to look about him, to see with new eyes. Yes, there were possibilities, he made out—possibilities even here. The Glory, was it to be? Right, then, let it *be* the Glory! His face cleared, he set resolutely to work. Thenceforward he would brook no interference.

"You want an old-fashioned country weddin' on the job," he maintained doggedly. "Well an' good. That's what we're a-goin' to have."

He built a new plank wing to the old slab house; a single spacious room, with a fitted floor for dancing. He organized a special band for the occasion, and had his musicians rehearsing months in advance. Nothing like such an orchestra had ever been known in Indiana County before. But it was not till the day drew near, and he began to busy himself with that immemorial touchstone of any wedding—the feast, truly!—that his extravagance fairly passed all bounds. From a homely, hard-working woodman he developed, at a stride, into a perfectly



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ungovernable sybarite. His tastes grew so sumptuous, his straining after delicacies so herculean, that every unpalsied tongue in the countryside was set a-licking by the bare report. Mert and her mother could no longer shame him out of anything. They should see, dash him! This great wood of Possum's Glory was to be laid level with the ground, wasn't it? Very well, then. It should stand forever green in the glory of Mert Stevens's wedding!

But now this soft, savage, immeasurable deluge of snow!

All day long Bash did nothing but stalk gloomily about his festal halls; speaking only to upbraid or to complain, interfering with everybody by turns, but in particular badgering Evan, the dull-witted poorhouse boy who did the family chores, to a point far beyond the simpleton's chronic state of bewilderment.

"Ho, you, Evan—what the devil are you bringin' in all that stove wood for?" he would suddenly and without any warning violently shout out. Or: "By gum, ain't that cussed snow comin' down fast enough, hey, you young vagabone, but you must stand gapin' like a zany, noticin' an' encouragin' it?" Or: "Mighty souls, can't *somebody* stop that dang-fool idiot of a boy from raisin' such an all-fired dust with that broom?"

At each of these sharp, fast-succeeding explosions Evan would start as if he had been flicked with a whip. At last he found that a sort of peace lay in just abjectly hanging, like a spaniel, on his master's unquiet heels, and there only, for the rest of that ill-omened snowy day, was he to be found.

FROM time to time Mert would come upon the pair of them, ever restlessly touring, leaving a broad stir of trouble and disorder behind, like a wake.

"Oh, pa!" she would soothingly exclaim. "There you are, still at it! And you promised me! Why, look, nobody else is worrying! It'll let up by nightfall, you see if it don't! And then you'll have the whole day to-morrow to put on sleds and break the roads. It's all coming out right—just as you planned. Have you got a place in the stable yet for Sam's horses? You and Evan do run over there and tend to things a bit, now, won't you?"—and she would give him a gay, good-humored hearty push toward the door, or kiss him with her full red lips on the wrinkled brow.

For the moment Bash would as likely as not be mollified, perhaps even do as the smiling, masterful girl had bid. As for the other—that cringing satellite Evan—at a nod from Mert *he* would joyfully have walked into the mouth of a well.

So matters dragged till late afternoon. Then a team from the outer world arrived on the scene. It was Jim Turner, whom Bash had sent into town yesterday for the final load of wedding stores. Jim had been all day making the trip back, and his gray team and white, mounded-up sled certainly gave the impression of having broken much road. You could scarcely be sure, at first, of another shorter figure beside him on the seat. He had not been expected to bring any passenger.

Bash was alongside before the team had stopped moving, taking in the low-headed horses and tightly stretched tarpaulin over the wagon bed at a glance.

"Who the thunder you got here, Jim?" he asked then, trying to peer into the passenger's much-swathed and bemuffled face.

"Danged if *I* know!" says Jim. "Some gypsy fiddler or other. He'd heard o' the weddin', an' nothin' would do but I must bring him out along for the dance. He's a slick article with the fiddle all right! I guess he's froze up."

The poor wretch was, in fact, half dead with cold and exposure. His teeth rattled so that no intelligible word could be got from him. Bash dragged him into the kitchen and began to unroll him out of his dirty, manifold, gypsy wrappings, shawls, and capes and ragged scarfs, layer after layer of them, all heavily cluttered with snow; till at length a recognizable human shape, with a green baize fiddle bag hugged up under its chin, did emerge. By that time Mrs. Stevens was waiting with a stiff tumbler of steaming grog. Then they put the fellow, who never for a moment let go of his fiddle bag, into a corner behind the roaring range, and went out and forgot all about him in the unloading of Jim's precious freight into the storeroom.

MERT, in her bedroom, combing out her great web of yellow hair, knew nothing of the sled's arrival. Jim's plodding log team, of course, wore no bells; the snow effectually swallowed up every common sound, and several thick doors were shut between her and the kitchen. Besides, had she not other things than Jim Turner's log sled to think about? Was not Sam, her big swaggering Sam, to be here, now, within the hour? His train should have got to Fairoak, on the East Branch, at two o'clock. The train might be a little late, but—well, Sam would make it up! If you ever wanted really first-rate driving, just go to Mr. Sam Brownlee! In her glass she could see him striding straight from the car steps into Jerry Bank's livery barn, dealing out strong cigars to the hostlers and hurrying them along with his favorite dun team. Yes, that must have been quite three hours ago! Her hair was hanging over her face now, but glowingly she smiled through the mesh of it into the glass. No snow that ever flew could keep Sam Brownlee on that Fairoak road longer than four hours! He'd jump out of the cutter and *push* the duns!

ALL that day she had worked, with a bevy of other chattering girls and women (the wives and daughters of the camp), in the new wing. They had decorated it with simple evergreens, with ropes and wreaths and festoons and garlands of simple plunder from the Glory; pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar; walls and ceiling and arch where the ceremony was to be performed; till the room had ended by becoming just one huge, fragrant, evergreen bower. Now it was all done, the other women had gone to their own houses, and she had a minute to herself, to comb out that magnificent veil of shining blond hair, and to think of her lover. But subconsciously she noticed a small spot of pine pitch on her fingers which she had failed to get entirely off, and, with her hair still all about her to the knees, slipped out into the kitchen for more hot water.

The kitchen was growing dusk by now. She did not see the intent stranger in the chimney corner till she had run almost upon him.

"Oh!" she half screamed, starting back.

The gypsy got upon his feet and bowed low. "Pardon, miss," he said.

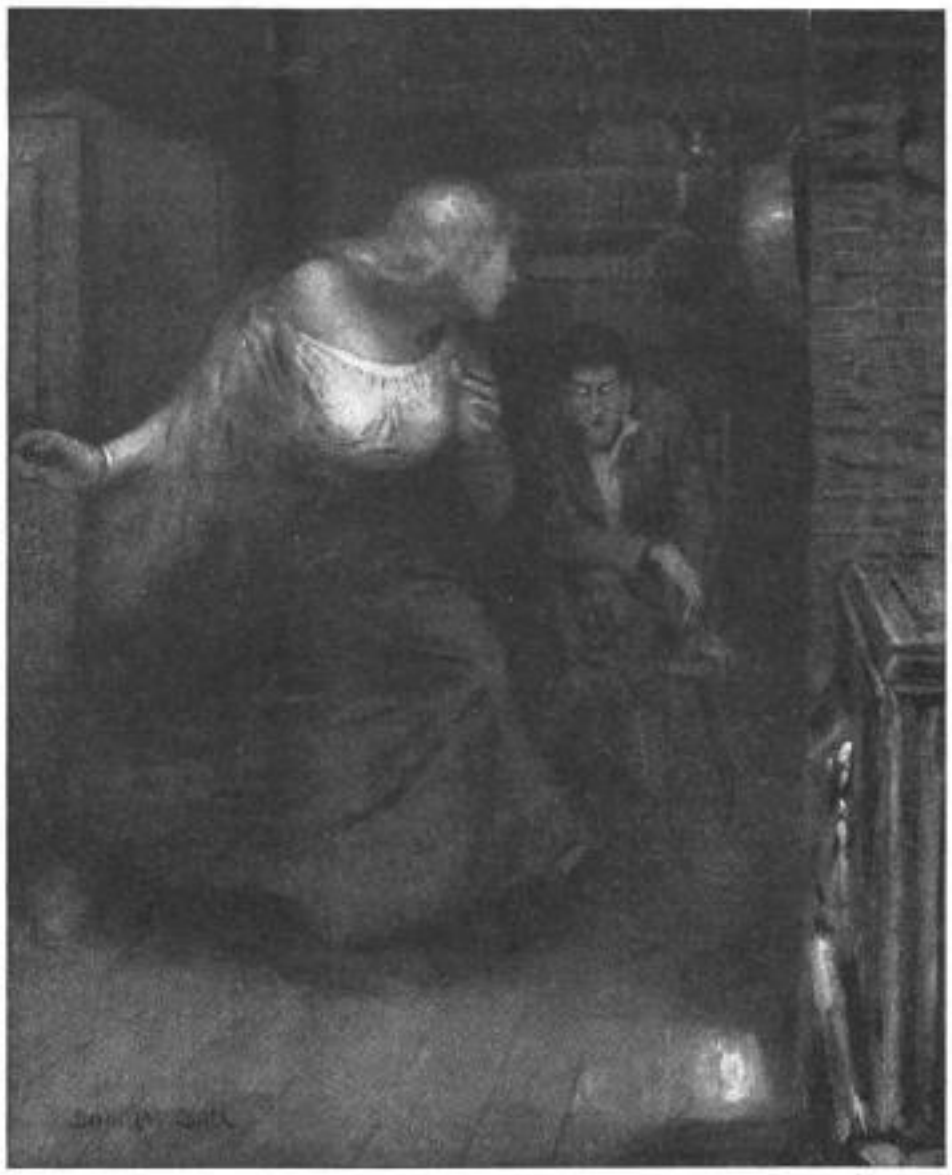
"Who are you?" she breathed.

"Only a poor violinist, miss, who has come to play at your wedding."

Mert could see his eyes in the shadow perfectly, and she had never dreamed of such eyes!

"How did you come?" she went on, feeling vaguely shamed and troubled, even shuddering a little.

"I came in a—but ah, never mind that!" He spoke swiftly and thrillingly. "Only remember that I'm here—to play to you—to play! You see this violin? It is an heirloom of my people—it fell to me because I have the secret—our ancient, Eastern, unforgotten secret! My grandfather was a master—he taught me. But you shall know all—all! For I shall play to you—play as I've never played before, as no one with the secret has ever played! You command, inspire, it! They told me you were beautiful! but you are the most beautiful woman—"



"I came in a—but ah, never mind that!" He spoke swiftly and thrillingly. "Only remember that I'm here—to play to you—to play! I have the secret—our ancient, Eastern, unforgotten secret!"

He pressed forward, the covered violin still in his left hand; tried to touch a strand of her shining yellow hair. But she shrank violently back and fled away out of the room, slamming the door behind her, with never a thought of the water.

The gypsy took one impetuous step to follow. Then stopping, he quickly took violin and bow from the case, tensioned the strings with a brief caressing plucked note or two, set the old brown instrument to his neck, and began to play.

What he played was no country tune, no academic violin melody, no florid virtuoso succession of chords. It was a call—an unmistakable, wild, subtle, piercing, insistent call, repeated endlessly over and over—poignant, beseeching, coercive, unearthly—lifting and falling, modulating from key to key—surcharging the air, oppressing the mind, penetrating like some magic poison into the very throbbing pulses of the blood. The door from the dining room slowly opened, and Mert, paled with terror, swayed on the threshold.

At the same moment the door from the outside also opened, and Bash, Evan, and Mrs. Stevens came trooping into the room. They were thoroughly well powdered with snow.

"Ho—so you got thawed out enough to limber up the old fiddle, hey?" says Bash to the gypsy, who had already stopped playing. And then, gloomily: "If this cussed snow don't soon let up, you might just as well go back where you come from!"

Mrs. Stevens caught sight of Mert, blank and staring, in the opposite doorway.

"Why, Mert," she said reprovingly. "Look—your hair—"

"I—I heard the music," the girl faltered out. "I didn't know—" Instantly she turned and was gone.

MRS. STEVENS bustled about, lighting the lamps and getting ready for supper. It was all but complete nightfall by now, and the snow certainly not thinning: the snow was, if anything, crowding down faster than ever. Bash slouched into a chair and half-heartedly discussed dancing and back-country tunes with the gypsy, without asking him to play. Then Bash and Evan took their lanterns and stamped restively out on the regular evening round of the stables. The gypsy, after carefully putting up his violin, proceeded to make himself useful to Mrs. Stevens with the supper. He was extremely polite, deferential, very deft-handed.

"Why, I do believe you're a better cook than me!" says Mrs. Stevens admiringly.

Mert did not reappear. When she heard the sharp jangle of Sam's bells out in the snow-laden air, she flushed hotly through all her tall length of high-colored blond loveliness, and instinctively started forward to meet him. But the next heartbeat she as instinctively drew back. She heard her name called, heard Bash and her mother lustily welcoming Sam at the sleigh, even heard his own first eager inquiries for her. But something in her would not let her pass through that kitchen. In the dark of the hall she waited, half sobbing, crouched with an intensity that brought her soul fairly shaking to the edge of her lips.

Sam, still in his snowy fur coat, easily found her there. Her arms, her convulsive embrace, would have made a softer man quail. Sam Brownlee they only made to throw up his head and laugh aloud.

"What's up with you, anyway, Taffy?" he demanded when they were back in the kitchen. "Hanged if you ain't dead pale! It's all this hurrah-boy business of the wedding—that's what it is!" He crushed her up against him before everybody.

A LITTLE later, when Bash was proudly showing him the beauties of the new wing, he happened to think of the stranger in the kitchen.

"Say, who's the rotten Dago out there?" he said.

"Dago!" guffaws Bash. "That's no Dago, son! He's a gypsy—a crack fiddler, come to play for your dance to-morrow night."

"Oh," says Sam, negligently, his arm about Mert's shoulders. "So that's it, eh?" (Continued on page 35)

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$50,000 for Speed

INDIANAPOLIS annually attracts the eyes of the automobile world to the running of its 500-mile race. The event has the colorful background of crowds, of excitement, and of picnic zest, and these elements have appealed genially to Mr. Nesbit and Cartoonist Briggs.



The Frenchman

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

M. JULES GOUX, driving a Peugeot car, did his little part toward increasing the mental perturbation of what looked to be a crowd of half a million people at the Indianapolis Speedway, May 30.

M. Goux won the race. And by so doing he offered the vast assemblage the problem of pronouncing not only his name but that of his car. Some folks got his name "Gowx," others got it "Goaks," some got it "Gukes," and the rest let it go at "Goo." As to the name of the car, the vociferous megaphone gentlemen who announced the standing of the cars from time to time handed it out all the way from "Peego" to "Pergu."

M. Goux drove his car 500 miles in a matter of 6 hours 41 minutes 43 45-100 seconds. This is not official. There may be a variation of a breath or two from the authentic figures, but it shows that M. Goux won.

When the big-nosed Peugeot romped down the stretch on its 200th lap, it was the culmination of about thirty hours of combined Turkish bath, starvation, dust eating, and money spending on the part of the people who sat in the grand stands or stood, sat, and walked about the infield. It was stated that before the gates of the Speedway opened Friday morning there had been sold 82,000 tickets of admission. Over 40,000 people came into Indianapolis by automobile and train Thursday.

YOUR train was late, of course. It had been enlarged by the addition of a number of the cherished relics of the late Mr. Pullman's enterprise and could not make schedule time. On reaching the Union Station you debouched into a seething mass of humanity, as the boy orators used to say. Indianapolis has been going to have a new Union Station for nearly as long a time as Chicago has been going to have electrified railways. You found cabs, street cars, and every other mode of street transportation, except your own two legs, being worked to the limit.

The sidewalks and the roadways were jammed with folks. It was an old-fashioned circus day raised to the nth power and then cubed and carried out to ten rows of decimals.

At the Claypool Hotel one could get in by using a shoehorn. The big lobby was stuffed with perspiring men and women. The women were asking their husbands in justifiably petulant tones why they didn't go right up to the desk and get the key to the room. The husbands were manfully trying not to be pushed from the pedestals upon which they placed themselves when they wooed and won the partners of their joys and sorrows. They had given their wives the impression that when they lifted the index finger vassals and serfs behind hotel desks crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee and showered keys upon them. Five deep they stood at the desk, and every hot and sweating man demanded his room instanter. The influx of people was as great and as sudden as the flood which washed away the bridges in the spring. Back of the phalanx of clerks who were piling up jewels for their crowns in the hereafter by their patience and earnestness moved Brother Lawrence, helping them to get things untangled. Those who had reserved rooms got them, and those who hadn't became part of the mystery of life in a great city.

Besides, it was hot. Old Lady Summer had decided to attend the races also. She moved in with all her family. The weather man, ever a pessimist, had promised possibly fair weather and probable showers. It was not only fair, but it was calorified.

Thursday night all the automobile fraternity had banquets and doings; there was a prize fight out in the baseball park for the delectation of those who leaned toward the manly art of self-defense, and there were chairs and tables in all the dining rooms and cafés and clubs for those who desired to fall into the literary habit of writing their autographs on the bottom of little slips which called for beverages served in various styles, depths, and shapes of glasses.

UP Washington Street, which bears the same relation to Indianapolis as Fifth Avenue does to New York or State Street to Chicago, people ambled along during the evening. They ambled also on Pennsylvania Street and Illinois Street, and around the Circle. Every now and then some one would tell you the story of when they were building the monument in the center of the Circle and a gentleman from the rural districts got lost thereon. He had been looking upon the hop extract too long and earnestly, and was guiding himself along the street, as he thought, by keeping the fence about the monument on his left. After many round trips he gave up and sat down, saying it was the durnedest longest cemetery he ever saw.

All night long the affable officials of the street railway company kept their cars pounding around the corner of Washington and Illinois Streets. You had turned in early, because you had been warned to be ready to start to the Speedway at seven o'clock Friday morning. You had left a call for six o'clock—a wholly superfluous precaution. At four o'clock the annual convention of Indianapolis street cars began under your window, helped along by what seemed to be four or five hundred automobiles. Oh, well, it was getting daylight anyhow, so you got up. It was worth the early rising to see the enthusiastic motorists who had been touring in through the long, cool night. Until that moment you had never realized how many unusual attitudes the human shape and form divine can assume in sleep. The automobile lends itself readily to slumberous contortions also.

SO you started out to the Speedway, after procuring some breakfast and providing yourself with a box of lunch. In your pocket was the little ticket which a gentleman gave you the night before. It was not your ticket to the grounds. It was marked cabalistically and indicated that you had expressed your confidence in the speed and power of one of the machines by depositing a certain sum of money with the genial gentleman who recorded such financial transactions, and if a certain car won you would receive from him enough money to pay your expenses and take you home. He was not compelled to pay you, however. You did not save the little ticket as a souvenir, but you did ask yourself earnestly why the laws against that sort of thing were not enforced.

At the Speedway the crowd is already gathering, although it is but a little after eight. All the way out you have been part of a huge parade of automobiles. The visiting newspaper men are conveyed on huge trucks and in touring cars offered by the different automobile makers of Indianapolis.

Over in the pits the drivers and mechanicians and owners and manufacturers are tuning up the racing cars. The cars look like a strange species of gigantic beetles. Here is Charley Merz, who took us around the track about three weeks ago, eagerly trying to make us remember the prayer we were saving up for our last moment. Merz is a calm, almost phlegmatic, gentleman, and when he opens her up and carries you along the back stretch you have only time to speculate on what might happen if the car shed a wheel. Then he stops and you are back at the start. Here is Cocky Wilcox, who also gave us a ride last year. Cocky is another mild-mannered individual to whom 90 miles an hour is a pleasant stroll, and whose favorite position in a car is leaning over horizontally while it climbs the bank on the curve. There is "Wild Bob" Burman, who has earned his name by snickering in the face of the old gentleman with the scythe many a time and oft. And yonder is Ralph De Palma, who has made "bad luck" proverbial. It is odd how people have got into the habit of saying "He always has bad luck" whenever De Palma's name is mentioned. There is a psychological angle to this, and perhaps that is one reason why he does have bad luck so consistently. Up in the grand stand sits Mrs. De Palma, with Sam Murdock and his family, flanked by George Ade, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and W. C. Bobbs, the publisher. Joe Dawson, winner of last year's race, is not driving this year, but writing for the newspapers.

You must know that up to this year the 500-mile race has been practically an Indianapolis event. At least it has been confined to American-made cars. So most of the drivers are Indianapolis products, and are as well known to the crowds as the members of a local baseball team would be.

Pr-r-r-ow! Bang! Poppety-poppety-poppety-POP-PETY-POP-POP-POP! Some one cranks up his car and starts out for a warming up. Some one else follows. The noise is like the beginning of a battle.

WE go up in the top row of one of the grand stands and watch the crowds coming in. Thousands upon thousands of people! From here we can see away across the country. There are ten miles of dust cloud along the road, and hidden beneath it are several thousand automobiles. The interurban cars roll up to the main gate and literally pour out people. The steam cars do the same thing. Automobiles stream into the grounds—those that are not parked outside. They say that 10,000 of them are parked on the infield before the day is done. We believe it. We believe any figures anybody gives us.

And what does it all represent? Here are over thirty racing cars which have been planned and built



"We want rooms!!"

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Not very pretty, but mighty useful

for this event. Making a car and entering it is not so simple an affair as it sounds. There must be much trying out of the car to find its weak places that have to be rebuilt. And then there are tires for these preliminary trials. A brick-paved track like this one is no friend of tires. One car manufacturer told us that it cost him about $20,000 to be in the race. Say it averages $15,000 each. Look at the money they have invested!

And the people who come. Fifty thousand of them have traveled from 50 to 500 miles and more by train and auto. They have spent at least a dollar to get in the grounds. In fact, they have spent an average of $2 for admission alone, and if they have box seats they have paid up to $10 each for them. Add to this their expenses for the two days. The most conservative of them cannot get through without spending $25. The average man will have spent $50. If he brings his wife and three or four friends, he has gone a good deal harder than that. So here we have, let us guess, $2,500,000 spent to make a Hoosier holiday. The $50,000 hung up for purses by the Speedway Association becomes chicken feed.

AND the Speedway was once called "Carl Fisher's folly." Last year, it is said, the Speedway Association "came clean." They paid out, and this year the race is run on velvet. Away over yonder on the road over which we drove to the Speedway you noticed a big tower and a number of palatial places about it. That's where the Speedway kings live. Carl Fisher twenty years ago was in the bicycle game, when Indianapolis was bicycle mad. He had a store on Pennsylvania Street. To-day he is a millionaire—and you wouldn't know it. He hasn't changed a whit. He is now boosting hard for an ocean-to-ocean speedway for motorists. People laugh at him as they did when he planned this Speedway, but some day we may read of Fisher piloting the first race from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Well, the grand stands and boxes are pretty well filled now. The ladies are out in all their gorgeousness of attire. Oh, yes, we forgot, in estimating how much money this crowd has spent, to include the sum that has been paid to modistes and milliners. For a woman would as soon think of being married in a last year's dress as to go to the 500-mile race and not have a new costume. So there must be little visitings back and forth, that the slit skirts and nifty hats may be seen and admired.

In almost every box you also see a hamper of provisions. This race is going to be to America what the Derby is to England and the Grand Prix to France, but when that time comes they must have better ways and means of feeding the crowds. There are lunch tents bearing placards begging you not to allow yourself to be overcharged, but the lemonade is circusy and the sandwiches are railroady. These hampers, however, in the boxes are interesting. They show how the Hoosiers love Riley's poems but do not emulate the homespun philosophy thereof. It may interest you to know that some of the baskets are zinc lined and have receptacles for ice, and contain various bottles. Oh, folks never know when they will need a heart stimulant at such an exciting event!

THE cars are lined up in platoons of five. Carl Fisher climbs into his big white car to lead the first lap. The starter shouts at delayed drivers. Bob Burman does not get into line until the last minute, following a rumor that an accident to his car will keep him out of the race. The cars are cranked. The motors are started. A fusillade, a terrifying, ear-shattering bombardment of explosions is begun. The starter, with a modest realization of the fact that he is swinging the flag for the beginning of the race which makes this a world event henceforth, gives the signal and they are off. Once around, and Fisher pulls in by the pits, allowing the field to swing into the real race.

We are up in the press stand now. It is a pagoda-like affair. From it you can see the cars as they travel the entire distance. You cannot get out of your mind the feeling that the cars are halfway human. They seem to stretch themselves out and run for all they are worth. A peculiar optical illusion is that produced by watching a car go down the stretch toward the first turn. So rapidly does it go that the swiftly changing perspective produces a foreshortening which makes the car appear to skid.

AROUND and around they go, much like Willie in the once popular song about the waltz. And now we go back to the boxes to watch the crowd, for, really, such a crowd as this holds more interest than the race itself. No one here wants to see anybody killed, or hurt. But, then, you begin to understand the feelings of the people who used to sit in the grand stand when the late Colonel Nero provided entertainments in the Coliseum at Rome. We are here for excitement. Two years ago—or was it three?—there were just awful accidents on the track, according to the lady who wears a lot of pink and blue things. Why, some of the cars got smashed up right in front of the grand stand and some of them ran off the track into the crowd. And people were killed. To be sure, nobody wants anything like that to happen, but then it grows monotonous to watch a collection of big machines whirling around a 2½-mile track for all the world as though they were being swung at the ends of strings held in the hand of a giant.



Loyal fans in the boxes rooted for their favorites — and felt for and with them

HERE comes a car with the right rear tire out of commission. It wobbles down the stretch to its pit, with the remnant of the tire flopping up and down like a wounded arm. Watch the boys at the pit. The car hasn't stopped until the rear axle is jacked up, and before you know what they are going to do next, the new tire is on and the car is out among them immediately. The Stutz team changed a tire and refilled the gasoline and oil tanks in 65 seconds.

At the 40th lap you people who want something to happen are gratified. The thrill is provided. Tower, in his Mason, takes a double skid, whirling around and resuming its course, then leaps to the side of the track, rams its nose in the ground, and does a somersault. Tower and his mechanician, Dunning, are under it. Tower has a broken leg and internal hurts, Dunning has some broken ribs and other injuries.

The first 100 miles is an elimination race. One by one the cars drop out. Meanwhile the survivors keep right on. Once in a while one of them wheels up to the pits, and grimy men leap in and out through the smoke to change tires, to slam the hood open and peer eagerly into the mechanism to find and correct a trouble, or to splash gasoline and oil into the tanks.

The Sunbeam, the English entry, looks like a Brobdingnagian ant. It runs a consistent race throughout. The three Isottas, Italian cars, have to quit one after the other. Herr, in one of the Stutzes, has begun to race to be the goat. He is to keep right up with the leaders and worry them until they are tired, then the other two Stutzes are to take up his work. But the king of all the jinxes has adopted the Stutz entries for his own this day. Herr goes 29 laps and breaks something, which gives him his release for the balance of the race.

DOWN at the pits where the Peugeot cars are valeted, the scene is interesting. Zuccarelli, who drives one of them, has had to stop on the 18th lap. Goux, who is going to win, is hitting her up with the other entry. The volatile Gallic disposition is strongly shown here. Burman, in his Keeton, has been burning up the track and worrying the Peugeot no little. Finally the prayers of the Frenchmen are granted, and he has to stop for a while. Whatever is wrong requires minute after minute for repair. He loses miles and miles of headway. And the Frenchmen in the Peugeot pit climb the rail and gesticulate wildly to Goux. Such waving of arms, such fluttering of hands, such facial expression, is rarely given one to witness.

De Palma has stopped on the 18th lap with his Mercer, and from then on helps his associate, Wishart, in the other Mercer. Jenkins, in the Schact, stopped on the 20th lap. Liesaw, in the Anel, has had to retire on the 146th lap. Knipper, in the Henderson, has gone manfully along until the 129th lap.

When the score board shows that 400 miles have been reeled off, the crowd begins to waken up. For a couple of hours it has been visiting back and forth and chatting of this and that, but now the finish is nearing. Goux, in his big Peugeot, is aggravating everybody by his persistent keeping in the lead. The crowd wants to see the Stutz win. It likes Wishart and his Mercer, and likes the way he runs, but yonder is Harry Stutz in his pit, and Harry has been going after this race for three years. The Stutz is a home car, too. It begins to look as though Gil Anderson will be able to overcome Goux's lead, granted that fate may hand a little bad luck to the Frenchman. But Goux keeps buzzing around and around and around, and Anderson keeps tagging him. Suddenly Goux turns in at his pit for the moment. What for? He stopped to tell his friends and associates that he had to have a drink of champagne. Or he could not go on. It was impossible for him to do more unless he had his champagne.



Until that moment you had never realized how many unusual attitudes the human shape and form divine can assume in sleep

CHAMPAGNE? *Ma foi! Ventre à terre!* Also name of a name of a name! And where should we find the champagne for that good Goux? Among these savages! But there was scurrying hither and yon until the Frenchman's aids found some Pittsburgh millionaires in a box, and the Pittsburgh plutocrats, of course, had champagne. So the next time around Goux had to stop for tire trouble, and he was promised his wine. Then, with but a few laps to go, with the first prize hanging in the air as yet, M. Jules Goux calmly stopped (Concluded on page 34)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Senate, when it took ten valuable days away from the tariff discussion to catechize each of its members with relation to President Wilson's charges about a lobby, probably meant, in the incisive forcefulness of the contemporary classics, to "put the President in a hole." It turns out that by this act a moral milestone has been set up. Four years ago, when La Follette arose in the Senate and announced that since he was a stockholder in a zinc mine he would therefore refrain from voting as to the tariff on zinc, the act was sneered at as a bit of ostentatious self-righteousness. Now, in advance of voting and in advance of considering the tariff, every Senator has gone on the stand and sworn, to quote the language of the resolution:

Whether any Senator is financially or professionally interested in the production or manufacture or sale of any article or articles mentioned in said tariff bill, and if so to what extent, or in any other legislation now pending or that has been considered during his term as a Senator.

Whether any Senator represents or is connected professionally or otherwise, directly or indirectly, with any person, firm, association, or organization engaged in the manufacture, production, or sale of any of the said articles.

Less than ten years ago, at such a time, for example, as when David Graham Phillips wrote his sensational "Treason of the Senate," it was an unhoped-for dream of the most ambitious muckraker to be able to state the interests and business affiliations of the members of the United States Senate. To-day all this is on record by their own voluntary act. The next step undoubtedly will be for each Senator who has admitted his financial interest in any tariff schedule to refrain from voting on it. Thus there will be established for the Senate a code of ethics that has always ruled judges on the bench.

An Important Point

SOON after the tariff bill was brought into the Senate it was understood that the two Democratic Senators from Louisiana, Ransdell and Thornton, would vote against it. As to about six others there was general doubt and much contradictory rumor. Of these six all have now come out with definite and straightforward statements of their intention to stand by the President and his bill. The two as to whom there is at the present writing still some doubt are Senator Newlands of Nevada and Senator Shafroth of Colorado. It would give COLLIER'S great pleasure to print an unequivocal statement of intention from one or both of these men. Their position is important. If one of them should join the two party traitors from Louisiana, the Democratic majority in the Senate would be reduced to a tie. If both, the Democratic majority would be lost. The following surmise was printed in a recent issue of the Carson City (Nev.) "Daily Appeal." It is reproduced here for what it is worth:

And now the sad tidings are being whispered around among the wise ones that . . . Senator Newlands's opposition to the Democratic program of tariff revision and reduction has blasted all hopes that may have been entertained by Nevada Democrats of early admittance to the public crib. President Wilson is merely giving another demonstration of the fact that he knows something about practical politics himself and that insurgent Democrats of the Newlands kind will have to get back into the reservation and prove that they are good Injuns before rations are issued to their braves at home . . . [that no Nevada offices will be filled] until after the Senate passes the tariff bill.

And this, of course, naturally rearouses popular curiosity as to why Nevada's senior Senator has stepped into the spotlight by leading Democratic opposition to the fulfillment of his party's platform promises relative to tariff reform. The explanation offered hereabouts, which has not been denied and is generally believed, is that Senator Newlands has again entered into a trade with the Nevada Republican machine, by the specific term of which he betrays national Democracy, in exchange for which he is to receive Republican support in his campaign for reelection. And Nevada's political history furnishes the proof that this explanation contains elements of probability.

The Tariff Bill

IT IS recognized and freely admitted that the present tariff bill contains many defects. Those who are pushing it through are not urging it on the ground that it is a perfect bill. No tariff bill is. But the Republicans who are opposing the bill and calling attention to its defects are intent, not upon curing the defects, but on defeating the bill as a whole and postponing all tariff revision. The Democratic program is to pass this bill, which is in substance and on the whole a good one laid out along sound principles; then, immediately after its passage, the Democratic Administration proposes, through a Bureau of the Department of Commerce, to set about immediately the work of curing its defects and making the necessary readjustments. They propose to use this Bureau, in short, for the same purpose for which a tariff commission is proposed.

This May Happen

MANUFACTURERS who are uneasy about their ability to adjust themselves to the coming tariff reduction should keep in mind one element in the situation: The social revolution which has been under way in England for two or three years past, and is still in full swing, may at any moment raise the level of compensation to labor so that labor costs in the United States, relative efficiency considered, will be lower instead of higher.

The Truth about Louisiana

MR. GEORGE KNOWLES of Ruston, La., writes to say that a majority of the people of Louisiana do not want a tariff on sugar; that the bulk of the property in that State would be benefited by free sugar; that the Louisiana Senators, in opposing free sugar so bitterly, do not represent Louisiana and do represent Rhode Island; and that a majority of the people of Louisiana would prefer to be represented by such a Senator as N. P. Bryan of Florida, who refused the demand of the orange growers of his State that he should oppose the tariff bill. There is little doubt that all of this is true. The difficulty is that the sugar interest and every other highly protected interest is combined and well organized. It expresses itself through bankers and controlled newspapers, and makes itself heard at Washington. The people who want tariff reduction are scattered, unorganized, and have varied interests. But wouldn't it be worth while for public-spirited people in Louisiana to call meetings and pass resolutions of protest? If this were done vigorously it would be effective.

The Calamity Howler

REED SMOOT of Utah speaking on the floor of the Senate:

It may for one, two, three, or four years; but I say to my Democratic brethren now that whenever the time comes that prosperity ceases in Europe and hard times are the universal condition in the world, as was the case in 1893, the foreigner, before he closes his business, is going to invade the American market, and then is the time when our workingmen will be out of employment. Whether this condition will occur next year or the year after I am not prepared to say, but I do know when it comes the result will be the same as it was in 1893 and your party will be retired from power for another quarter of a century.

Democrats Who "Stand Pat"

SENATOR HENRY L. MYERS of Montana is one Democratic Senator who has resisted very strong pressure from special interests to his State. Recently he received the following telegram from Moore, Mont.:

SENATOR MYERS, Washington, D. C.:

Standing pat for a proper protection of the wool and sugar industries will be appreciated by your constituents in this vicinity.

(Signed) MOORE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

This is admirable for brevity and frankness, but some of the phraseology sounds strange in a telegram addressed to a Democratic Senator. Mr. Myers's reply said:

I am standing pat for the people—the great masses of struggling people who enjoy no special privileges at the hands of the Government that they toil to help support. I must respectfully decline to stand pat for protection of the wool or sugar industry or any other special interest enjoying special privileges for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many.

I do not consider that I was elected to the Senate to stand pat for the wool and sugar industries of Montana, but to represent all of the people of the whole State of Montana and to legislate for the greatest good to the greatest number. If your views differ from these, I regret it, but cannot help it. I cannot surrender my convictions.

Of course, in refusing a demand from two powerful commercial interests, Senator Myers took his political life in his hands; so did Senator Bryan of Florida in defying the citrus growers; so did Senator Thomas of Colorado in defying the sugar people; so did Senator Thompson of Kansas. Because of their courage there is a strong obligation resting on all admirers of political courage to help these men when they come up for reelection. The interests which make these demands are *organized;* unhappily the people who benefit by the refusal of the demands are not organized.

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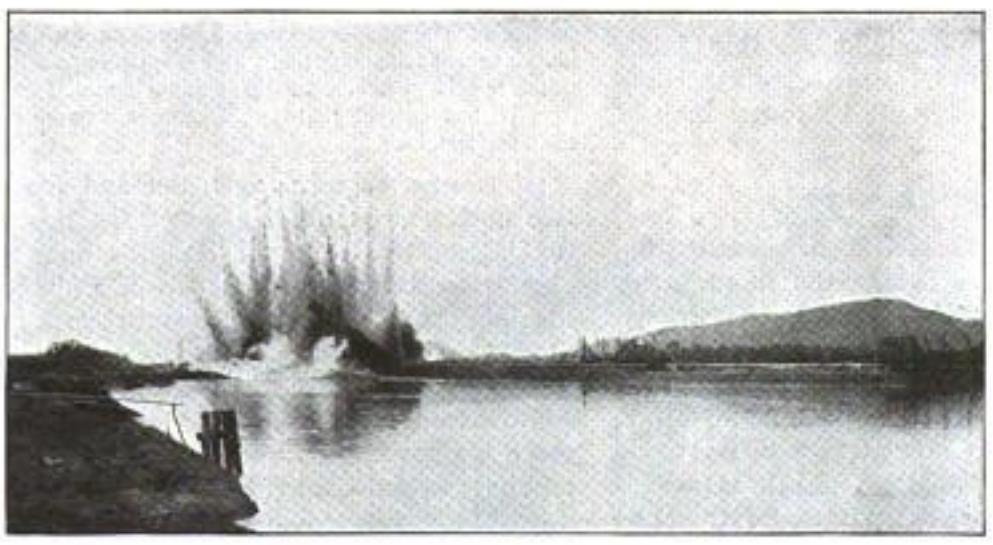


Watching a Betless Race

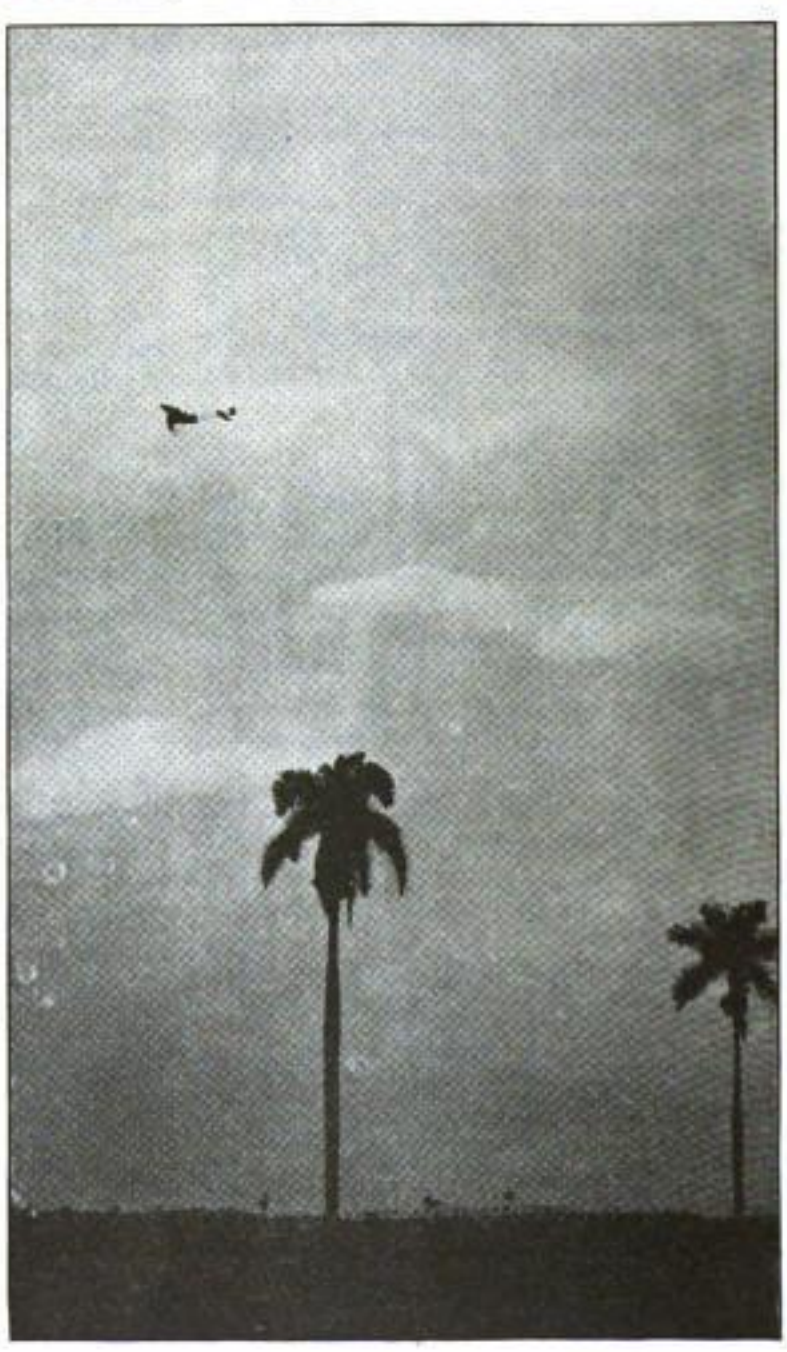
AFTER an enforced vacation of three years, a New York race track is at work again. Meanwhile, the public bookmaker has managed to make himself inconspicuous. Our photograph shows a section of the crowd of 30,000 that welcomed the return of running races at Belmont Park on Memorial Day. With 200 detectives and fifteen deputy sheriffs alert to find evidence of violations of the law, only one arrest was made at the meet, and the District Attorney declared that the only betting reported was of a "personal" nature and within the law.



In every picturesque detail, Joaquin Miller's funeral rites were observed just as the poet planned them himself. Some evergreen boughs were set ablaze on his self-built funeral pyre in the Oakland hills; then his ashes were scattered to wind and flames

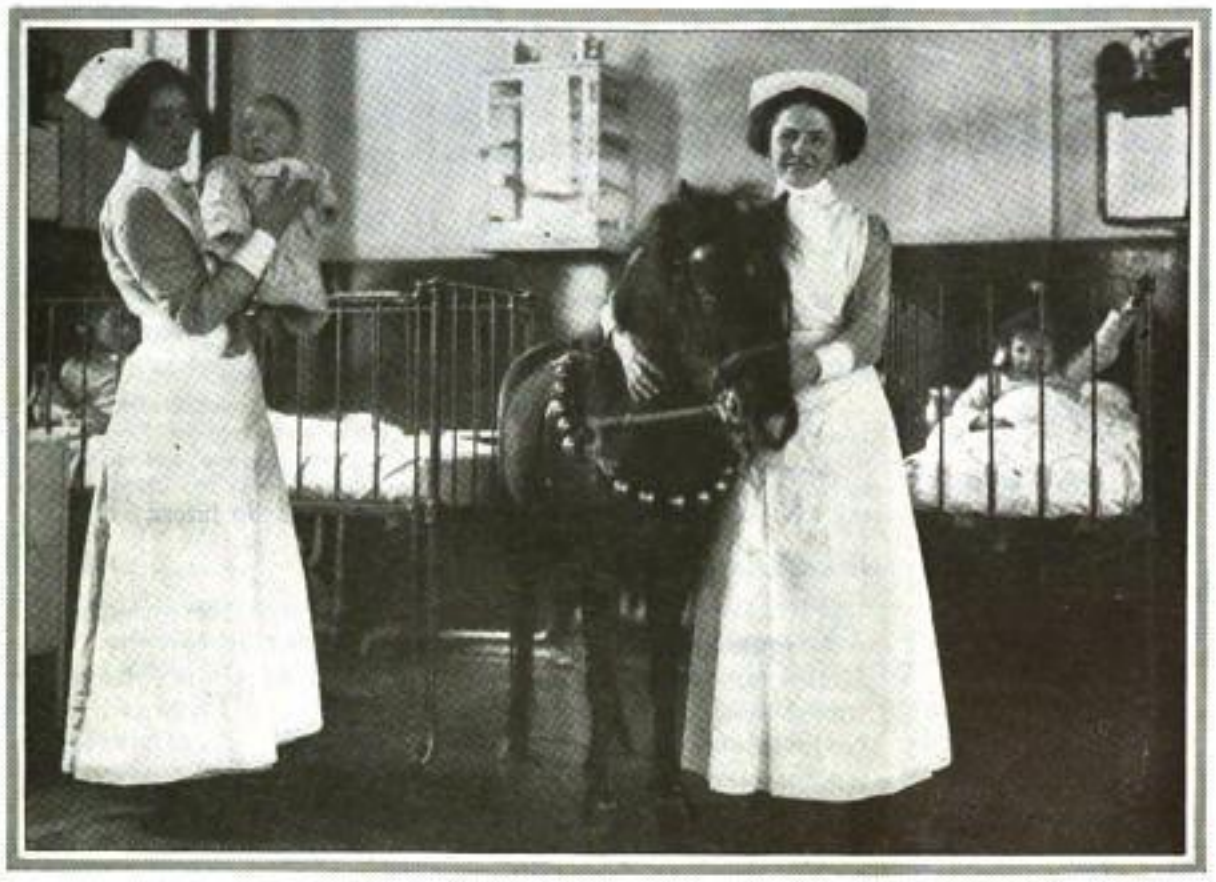


A dike that dammed the Pacific end of the Panama Canal was blown up a few weeks ago by the explosion of 32,750 pounds of dynamite, and the waters of the Pacific rushed with a roar into a long stretch of the almost completed canal near Miraflores. Buildings in Panama City, five miles away, trembled as if from an earthquake shock



Twice within the month the trip from Key West to Havana has been made by aeroplane. Domingo Rosillo, whose start is here pictured, crossed in 2 hours 8 minutes, and won $12,000 in prizes. Two days later Augustine Parla flew the same course

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A Sympathetic Pony

AMONG the Sunday afternoon visitors at the Great Northern Hospital, Holloway, England, the most popular in the children's ward is a trained pony. His duty is to rub his nose sympathetically against the edge of every cot. When a nurse places a bandage over one of his eyes, he pretends that it is his turn to receive some sympathy and walks around the ward with a limp.



Breaking a World's Mile Record

SOME hint of the tremendous effort John Paul Jones of Cornell was exerting when, at this year's intercollegiate meet, he set a new world's record for the mile run, shows in the set face and clenched fists in this snapshot that was taken as he started on the last quarter. He had covered the first three-quarters of a mile in 3 minutes 16 1-5 seconds. He finished in a burst of speed that carried him over the last quarter in 58 1-5 seconds. His time of 4 minutes 14 2-5 seconds was a second better than any amateur had done before, and was only two seconds behind the world's professional record for the distance—set more than thirty years ago by W. G. George of England. Pennsylvania won the meet with 24 points; Harvard was second with 21 1-2. Michigan scored 19; Cornell 17 1-2. Dartmouth won 14 1-2; Yale 10 1-2; Wesleyan and California tied with 10.





Four Southern Poets

A MONUMENT recently unveiled in Augusta, Ga., is stimulating interest in the literature of the South almost as much as the protest against an American literature textbook in which only two of the twenty-eight portraits are of Southerners. The Augusta memorial, given by Mrs. E. W. Cole of Nashville, bears the names of four poets—a few Southern journalists describe them as the South's "four greatest": Sidney Lanier, 1842-1880; Father Abram J. Ryan, 1842-1886; James R. Randall, 1839-1908; Paul Hayne, 1830-1886.

Struggling in a Pit Where 36 Met Death

A PHOTOGRAPHER whose instinct for the picture was stronger than his excitement at facing a catastrophe snapped this souvenir of a struggle in a death pit. It was taken only a few seconds after part of the upper platform of the double deck municipal pier at Long Beach, Cal., collapsed on "Empire Day" and plunged 300 persons through the lower deck and to the beach, killing 36 and seriously injuring nearly 200. The photographer's stand was at the splintered edge of the upper floor.

A crowd of 25,000 was celebrating the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday. Nearly 500 were massed before the door of the Long Beach Auditorium when the floor sagged under their weight. It dropped so suddenly that a score or more who were on the level 35 feet below had no chance to escape instant death. The first floor gave way next; then the whole mass crashed down upon a beach picnic. Thirty-four on the death list were women.



Although in shape they resemble huge Christmas-tree decorations, the globes that show in this photograph from Narragansett Bay are far from being tokens of peace and good will. They are mines that may be dropped from a fleeing battleship to be exploded under her pursuer. They weigh nearly half a ton. The photograph was taken from the deck of the South Carolina

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Free Speech

THE SUPREME COURT OF MISSOURI has just decided the Kansas City "Star's" contempt-of-court case in favor of Editor WILLIAM R. NELSON. This was done on the ground that the judge who took offense at the "Star's" criticism, and tried to put Editor NELSON in jail, prepared his decision in advance of the trial, a fact which has some bearing on the question whether it was the judge or the editor who showed malice. While this disposition of the celebrated case will be satisfactory to Mr. NELSON, a larger public purpose would have been served by a decision which should make a distinction that must soon be made. It is right enough that when a contempt is committed *in the presence of the court* the offended judge should have the arbitrary power to act as plaintiff, prosecutor, judge, and jury. But when the alleged contempt is committed outside the court room, and not during the progress of the case, there is no reason why the judge's remedy should differ from the processes of law available to ordinary mortals. The "Star's" offense was what has been termed an indirect or constructive contempt—that is to say, a criticism made outside the court room and after the conclusion of the case. In a contempt case in Minnesota (State Board of Examiners *vs.* Hart, 116 Northwestern Reporter, page 212), the Supreme Court of Minnesota refused to sit as judges in a case in which they were the object of the alleged contempt, and a special court was appointed by the Governor to hear and determine the matter.

One of the historic cases which holds in favor of the legality of the action of the Kansas City judge against Mr. NELSON was the case of the People *vs.* News-Times Publishing Company (35 Colorado Reports, page 253), in which former United States Senator THOMAS M. PATTERSON, as proprietor of a newspaper, was convicted of publishing charges of corrupt bargains on the part of some members of the Supreme Court of Colorado, which charges Senator PATTERSON offered to prove before the Court itself. This privilege he was denied, the Court holding that proof of the charges was no defense. When asked if he had anything to say why the judgment of the Court should not be pronounced, Senator PATTERSON said:

> Has it come to this in the United States, that the publisher of a newspaper, because men are judges, may not speak the truth of them as to their official actions except at the peril of confinement in the common jail, the payment of heavy monetary penalties, or both? . . . If constructive contempt is to be maintained, it simply means that we have in each of the States of this Union a chosen body of men who may commit any crime, who may falsify justice, who may defy constitutions and spit upon laws, and yet no man dare make known the fact. So far as I am concerned, I am unwilling to be bound by such a system; and, therefore, if no other result is to come from these proceedings beyond my own punishment, than the arousing of the public to the danger of such a power in the hands of any body of men, a great good will have been accomplished; more, perhaps, than is necessary to compensate for what I may suffer; and I only desire to say that no matter what penalty the Court may inflict, from this time forward I will devote myself, by constitutional amendment if necessary—and by the decisions of the court it has become necessary—to deprive every man and every body of men of such tyrannical power, of such unjust and dangerous prerogative, of the ability to say to publishers of newspapers: "While about everybody else you may speak the truth, no matter what our offenses may be, you speak the truth with the open door of the jail staring you in the face, or the depletion of what you may possess of this world's goods, and probably of both."

WHARTON, the distinguished law writer, in his work on "Criminal Pleading and Practice," says (Section 958):

> For a judge who supposes himself insulted to fine and imprison his supposed insulter may be necessary *as where the insult is in open court and is of such a character that unless it is summarily stopped and punished the court cannot proceed with its duties;* but to enable a judge to punish by summary procedure contempts other than those just mentioned is to set at naught, without adequate reason, some of our highest constitutional sanctions. Such a process dispenses with a grand jury. It inflicts punishment without conviction of a petit jury. It permits the party who supposes himself injured to be the tribunal which binds over, finds the bill, decides both the law and fact, convicts and sentences. . . . We can conceive not only of a weak judge who dreads intimidation, but of a corrupt judge who dreads exposure. To give a bad, bold man of this class an engine so potent as this is to take away one of the few means by which he can be exposed.

In 1873 the Supreme Court of the United States, in *ex parte* Robinson, decided that under the Act of Congress of March 2, 1831, the Federal courts inferior to the Supreme Court of the United States had no jurisdiction in a contempt proceeding for acts not committed in their presence.

Every law student ought to read the dissenting opinion of Justice STEELE of the Supreme Court of Colorado in the Patterson case. It is the product of learning and patriotism. Among other things Justice STEELE said:

> The right publicly to criticize public officers and candidates for public office is a valuable popular right which ought not to be unreasonably curtailed. Those who abuse the privilege by the publication of wanton and unfounded libels ought to be punished; but they ought to be punished, not by the officers against whom the libels are written, but by the verdicts of impartial jurors.

What Kind of Caution?

A MEASURE which would have submitted the question of woman suffrage to a popular vote was vetoed by Governor FRANCIS E. MCGOVERN of Wisconsin on the ground that since woman suffrage was defeated in Wisconsin by 92,000 votes in 1912, and it would not be justifiable to take the matter up again in 1914, that it ought to wait until 1916. We think that RICHARD LLOYD JONES, editor of the Wisconsin "State Journal," is nearer right when he says that if the Governor "believes in suffrage, if he believes in the planks of the platform . . . on which he went before the people, then, as a true servant and soldier of the State, he will fight for these principles . . . not every four years, nor even every two years, but whenever he gets a chance." Wisconsin contains the city that was made famous. Naturally the brewers, who compose the single large business interest that is opposed to woman suffrage, have a good deal at stake. It is not pleasant to find Governor MCGOVERN in a position which will give them such unqualified satisfaction.

Watch Massachusetts

ALL PERSONS who are speculating on the immediate future of the political parties in this country are invited to watch with great care the gubernatorial election in Massachusetts next November. Without any doubt the Progressive nominee will be CHARLES SUMNER BIRD, who is so much better qualified to be Governor of Massachusetts at this time than any other man within the boundaries of the State that his election may be safely predicted. The effect that such a victory would have on the fortunes of the Progressive party is obvious.

Welcome to a Recruit

"HARPER'S WEEKLY," for many generations a powerful organ of opinion, has passed into new hands. During the Civil War the editorials of GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and during the Tweed Ring agitation the cartoons of THOMAS NAST, made it the most influential American weekly. Of late years it has been edited by GEORGE HARVEY, whose grasp of the "inside story" in politics is unique and whose pen is alive with philosophy and satire. "Harper's" has for many years prided itself upon its "conservatism"—and, to our radical view, has often failed to interpret rightly the spirit of the time. Under the editorship of NORMAN HAPGOOD we are confident that it has joined the group of publications that help to mold for good or ill the country's political destiny.

The New Generation

IMAGINE, if you please, a tiny stage, with homemade footlights and a jerky curtain, across what used to be the back parlor of an old-fashioned New York house. Facing it from the front parlor, an audience from the neighboring tenements, Italian women mostly, mothers of many children; on the stage their sons, boys of fifteen or eighteen, acting GALSWORTHY'S "Justice." Stern and realistic modern drama does not seem to them ambitious—they have already played "Julius Cæsar" and "The Merchant of Venice" earlier in the year—nor does it appear to impress the audience as high-brow, or "grim," as the critics say. They listen intently, applaud now and then, and when poor FALDER is crushed by "justice" in the end, the two old Germans from round the corner who painted the scenery are mopping tears from their eyes. Such a scene—a not uncommon one in settlement houses—is merely one straw to show the direction of a wind which may one of these days become a hurricane. What do the "tired business men" of story know of the intellectual and temperamental background of youngsters like these, who have the sorrows and injustices of their lives worked into their very flesh, not merely in the actual business of living, but stung into them by the mordant words of artists for whom the musical-comedy audiences have no time or taste? How much does the average American manufac-

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turer—the capable, self-made man, who is good to his family, spoils his daughters, and sends his sons to college—know of the explosive force of ideas poured into his younger employees by public schools, newspapers, magazines, discussion clubs, books, and plays? How many know anything of the inspiration in the I. W. W.—the idea of a complete democracy in which even women and children have a voice—however much they hear of terrorism or "wiping Paterson off the map"? People are as ignorant as if they had been born a century ago of the ideas and ideals which drive workmen, who barely make enough to live in the best of times, willingly to starve themselves for weeks, and talk of quieting "unrest" as if it were a mere matter of more policemen and bigger night sticks. A clever and impudent little magazine, "The Masses," to which several artists contribute their drawings free, advises its readers to read certain reactionary editorials—"it will be good for your class consciousness." Are matters to take the course frankly believed in by such extremists—one strike after another, as fast as the strikers have time to recuperate, until the wished-for revolution arrives and the whole fabric is smashed? Or is there to be less class consciousness and the dividing walls gradually pulled down, as so many walls of special privilege have been peacefully pulled down within the last few years? The notion of a class war is detestable to Americans, yet whoever looks around him must be impressed by this fact—there are many clever agitators working to increase class lines; there are as many, and more, highly capable employers also working to increase them by a bone-headed ignorance of their men; and only here and there, and very rarely, a man of first-rate ability working to bring the extremes together.

Wisdom

WHEN WOMEN take their places at the helm of state, as take them they will, many of our honored contemporaries think that hysteria and confusion will seize the ship. To these alarmed gentlemen we recommend the following utterance of HELEN WING ROBINSON, member of the Colorado Senate. The lady is justly proud of her ability as a housekeeper. She says:

> Of course, I was an authority on the subject. And you'd be surprised to know how many chances there are to apply that knowledge. I remember one bill in particular which was designed to cut down the amount allotted to the prisons for food. One of my eminent colleagues got up and made an eloquent hullabaloo about starving the poor prisoner. "Consider," he demanded, "consider, gentlemen, how far thirty-five cents a day would go in feeding each one of you."
>
> I couldn't stand that, you know [announced the Senator from Colorado breezily]. I just got right up and said I had considered, and I would guarantee that I could feed any one of those Senators—not convicts, but Senators—for less than thirty-five cents a day, and that I fed my husband for less than that, and if they thought he didn't seem well fed they could ask him.

She has also one other specialty peculiarly feminine, at least in these degenerate days. She continues:

> I was formerly a teacher of English, and I knew how to write the English language and to punctuate it once I had it written. My colleagues recognized that. Many a man would hurry over to my desk with his amendment to ask me if it said what he meant it should. In return, my neighbors instructed me on the fine points of parliamentary law, about which they knew more than I.

Now we ask you if this sounds like hysteria. A little leaven of good hard female common sense might not be a misplaced sedative in one of those orgies of sentimentality in which the masculine Solons of the land not infrequently indulge.

Solar Advice

HE POSSESSED a picturesque word sense who invented the term "sunstroke." One sees the bolt leap from the blue, the victim topple to earth with a dull and appropriate thud, and feels, in the very sound of the syllables, a Homeric fatalism. Lightning itself, one might suppose, is not a more blindly ruthless slayer than the day star. Yet quite the reverse is true. The sun is, indeed, a strict respecter of persons. Not from him need the wise and careful anticipate any lethal blow. He strikes down only the careless and misguided. Many and various are the rules set forth every year for the heated term, but they all simmer down to this: keep a cool control of your nerves, a firm grip on your habits, and a loose collar about your neck. "*Du calme, du calme*," advised the queer little doctor who sent JOSEPH CONRAD'S hero off into the superheated "Heart of Darkness." "Avoid irritation more than exposure to the sun." For the city dweller who lives in close and somewhat irritant contact with his fellow men, this is particularly sound hot-weather counsel. Frazzled nerves are often the beginning of collapse. Keep away from alcohol. You can't put out flames by throwing coal at them, nor can you reduce bodily heat by pouring liquid fire into yourself. Dress comfortably, and let appearances go. You can be lovely next winter—if you insist. Summer is the logical time of green things. Eat them—salads, fruits, uncooked vegetables. Go light on meats and sweets. Drink plenty of water, but not too cold. Stinting oneself in this respect is a mild form of torture which the nerves resent. To be sure, water drinking induces perspiration, and perspiration is unromantic. But it is safe. The man whose pores are kept open is seldom a victim of heat prostration. If you find yourself to have stopped perspiring suddenly and without apparent reason, get your doctor at once. That is the danger signal. Above all, keep your digestion and your sleep sound and regular. One more bit of advice in the interests of comfort, and this lesson is over. For him whose heart, lungs, and circulation are normal, lying perfectly quiet in a tub of cold water until slightly chilled, and then drying off *slowly* and without towel friction, is a safe measure, the cooling effect of which will endure for hours even in the most severe heat. Finally, cut this out, paste it in your hat (the lightest procurable), fear no more the heat o' the sun, don't worry, but go on your way secure against the slings and arrows of outrageous temperatures.

A Word to the Wise

OUT OF THE MASS OF BOOKS, some good, some bad, and many indifferent, which issue from the Gargantuan press of to-day, we sometimes hesitate to recommend one. After all, tastes differ in literature, as in art, in food, and in styles of dress. But we have little hesitation in recommending—to those who have any sympathy for the things COLLIER'S has been tilting for, of late years—"The New Democracy," by WALTER E. WEYL. Every student of public affairs will find it valuable. It is difficult to imagine a clearer diagnosis of democracy's trend. It is not the product of a faddist, but a profoundly scholarly and delightfully readable work, heartening to all but those who are feeding fat on large and ancient privileges.

A Thought for Summer

"OF ALL THE FAIR BIRD SIGHTS OF ICELAND, the passing of the swans, with their music, over her cold lakes is the loveliest—it seems rather dreamt than seen." So writes EDMUND SELOUS in a paper on "The Swans of Iceland."

Mrs. Harris

WE FEAR we must tell who Mrs. HARRIS is. We think that the present generation does not know its Dickens so thoroughly that it can place any one of, say, the seventy most salient of those charming characters whom once all men could recognize. Mrs. HARRIS was SARAH GAMP'S friend. She never puts in an appearance. It is only through SARAH'S references to Mrs. HARRIS that we know of her. "I don't believe there's no sich person," cries an acquaintance of SARAH'S. That is her charm. No faculty short of the imagination has any claim on her. And with all the doubts cast upon her existence, not one whisper has ever been heard against her character. But Mrs. HARRIS is more than SARAH'S friend. She is the friend of each of us. She represents the belief in a person who ought to be, even if his existence cannot be proved. SANTA CLAUS is the form in which the child first works out his desire. Nor does he stop with the Christmas giver, but builds all his longing into flesh-and-blood characters, for his mind balks at an abstraction and craves the warmth of a personality. All the fairies, from those that tripped it on the lawn down to our modern products of BROWNIE and GOLLYWOG, partake of the Harris nature. They are a giving of shape to dreams, a clothing of the ideal in garments of the actual. These beings that live just beyond the ken of the five senses are something more than a pleasing diversion—they are a help and solace in time of trouble. The little street boy, engaged in a losing fight, mentions a big brother around the corner who will shortly come to the rescue. In later years we prefer to throw out forms that represent our fear and self-seeking. The whole crew of ghosts—from the old-fashioned, with their white apparel and clanking chains, to our own scientifically explained invisible men—are of the house and lineage of HARRIS; but they are a degenerate offshoot. Mrs. GRUNDY is a diseased form, and the skeleton in the closet. It ought to be possible for us to revert to the kindly unseen band that made childhood pleasant. And it would be still better to fashion new beings that should answer to our matured and finer ideals. Mrs. HARRIS is for all of us. Happy are those, like SARAH, that take her at her best.

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Men of Action



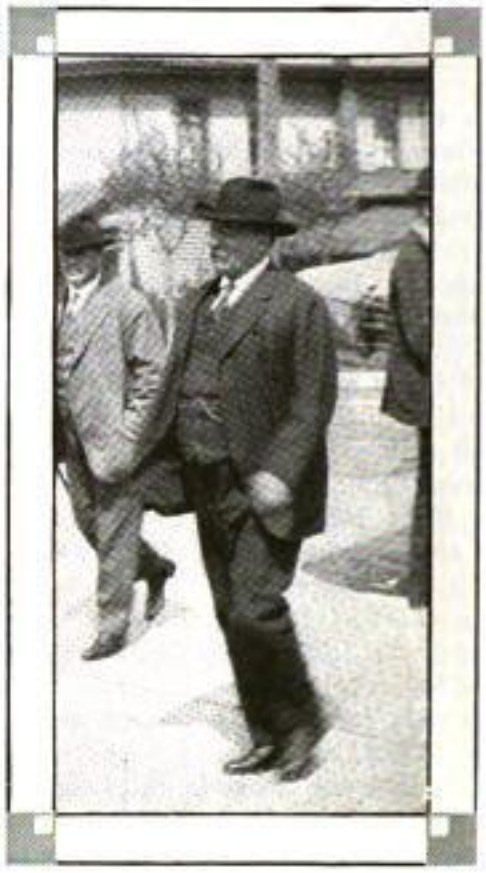
A Scholar Who Enjoys Hard Tasks

A STORY that Smith College likes to believe of its president, Marion LeRoy Burton, relates that three years ago he chose the post at Smith rather than the presidency of one of the best-known Eastern colleges for men, and in explanation said that Smith "ought to keep him busier." What he has accomplished would appear to confirm the anecdote, for he set himself the extremely difficult task of raising a $1,000,000 endowment to pay the faculty. When a man's college needs money it goes to the rich graduates, but a woman's college has few rich alumnæ. To raise this $1,000,000 for Smith, Dr. Burton's enthusiasm reached to 4,000 different subscribers. One undergraduate did the work of a maid in her father's house all summer, turning her wages into the fund. A teacher wrote from a small town in the West: "I have made more money than I expected; please find inclosed $2."



All in the Day's Work

A BROKEN water gate in Central Park reservoir, New York City, is again in working order. To repair it, Jack Ferguson, diver, was lowered into a black hole 40 feet deep, through which 2,000,000 gallons of water rush every hour. He carried no light. The tremendous pressure of the flow would have burst an incandescent bulb.



Bwana Tumba Wins Six Cents for a Scalp

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, well known as a hunter, is home from an expedition to the northern peninsula of Michigan, where he spent several pleasant days gunning for slander. At Ishpeming he secured a full-grown slander, three or four years old. If he had so chosen, Bwana Tumba might have obtained as much as $10,000 for the whole hide, but he contented himself with only the scalp, for which the authorities are ordered to pay a bounty of 6 cents.

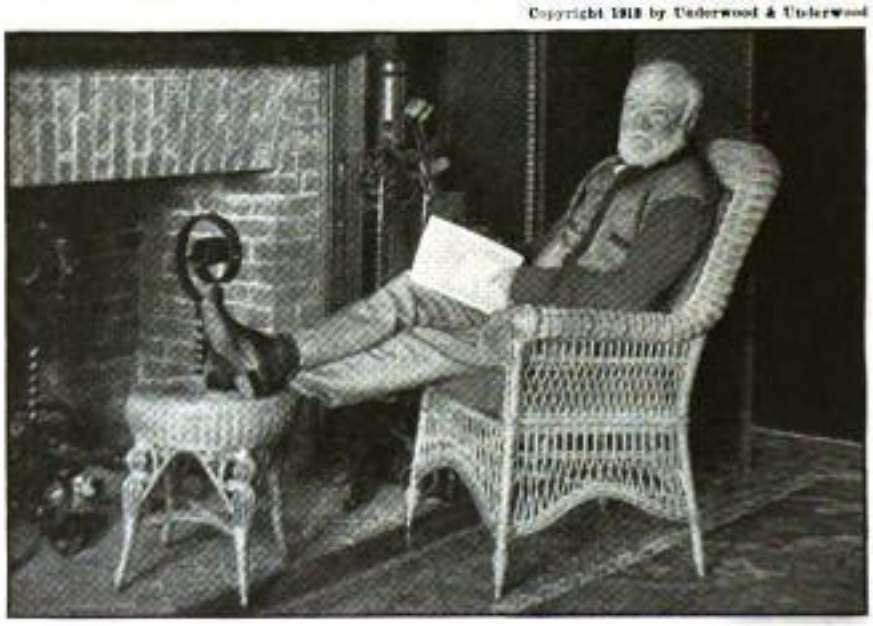
It has been most amusing, meanwhile, to hear all the highly complimentary things that nervous editors have been saying about the Colonel. They knew all the time, it seems, that he never drinks to excess, that he dislikes beer, and never takes whisky or brandy unless prescribed by a doctor. And if during the campaign they inadvertently printed a libel or two, they now earnestly, eloquently, apologize.

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A Telephone with a Nosepiece

ON THE theory that sounds from the nose as well as from the lips are important in telephoning, Dr. Jules Glover, a physician attached to the Conservatory of Music in Paris, has invented a transmitter which has both a mouthpiece and a nosepiece. He says that the nosepiece will make it possible to telephone greater distances than before.

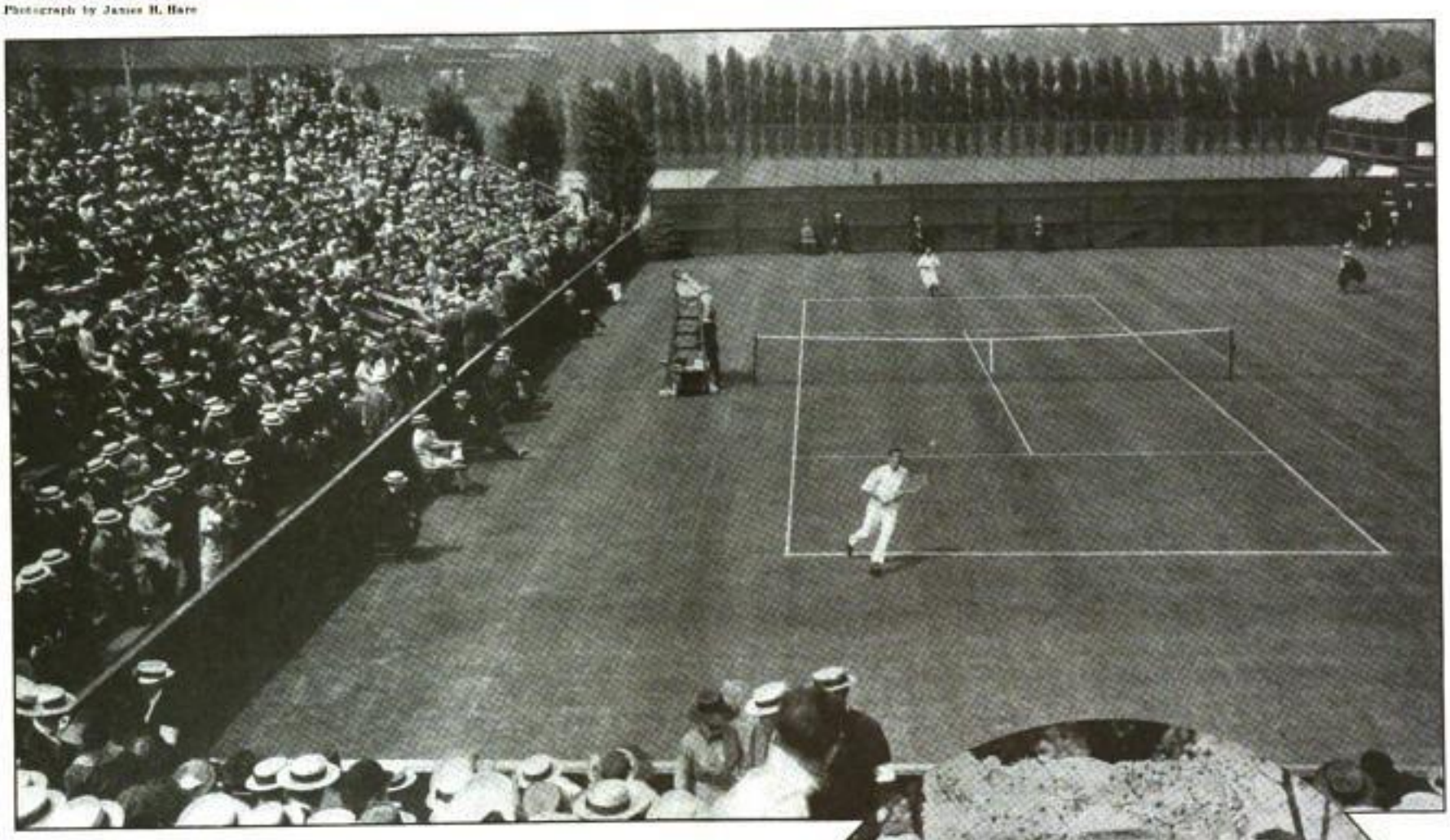


Carnegie by His Ain Fireside

THE richest Scot usually is photographed in his silk hat and Prince Albert attending a peace conference. This glimpse of him beside his hearthstone, in the costume and the attitude of one of the "home folks," is so unusual that it makes a place for itself among news pictures. The golf sticks in the background furnish an extra flavor of Scotch.

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Photograph by James H. Hare



America and Australia Meet at Tennis

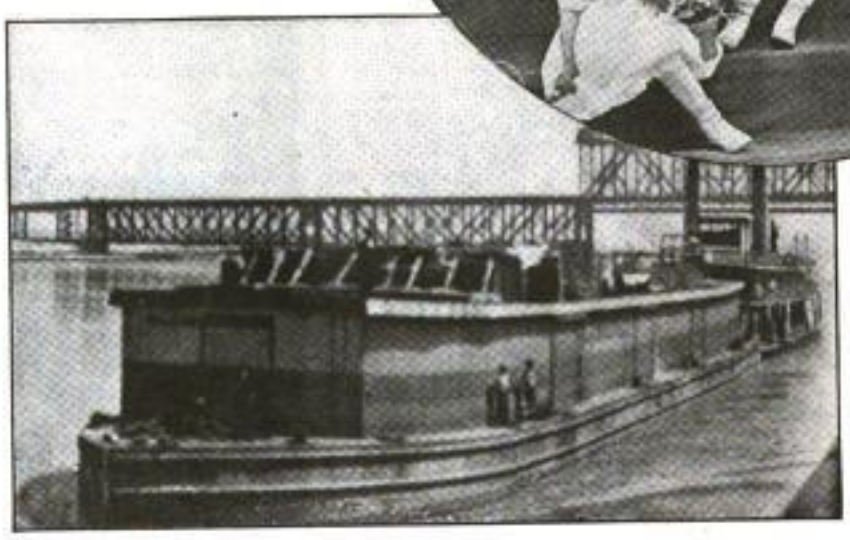
Seven nations are competing in this year's tennis tournaments for the Davis international challenge cup. This photograph, taken by James H. Hare at the West Side Courts, New York City, shows Maurice E. McLoughlin, America's singles champion (the player in the foreground), defeating Horace Rice of Australia





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***From** the bleak Antarctic at last have arrived the **only** photographs in the world of the first memorial to Captain Robert Falcon Scott and the four companions who perished with him after reaching the South Pole. This shows the cross of rough timbers raised by the rescue expedition on Observation Hill*

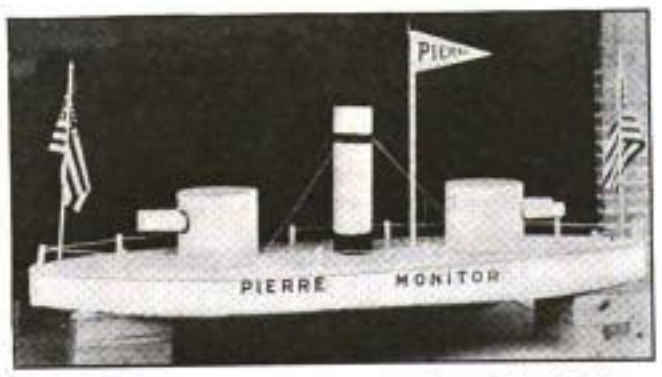


Elected by Pennies

Tags that sold for a dime and votes at one cent each upon who should be May Queen of a children's festival raised $700 to provide Carthage, Mo., with a free kindergarten. This festival — as successful artistically as financially — was held in a town that by the 1910 census had a population of less than 10,000

A New Inland Port

THE first expenditures of the $2,000,000 a year that the Government has appropriated to keep the Missouri River open to commerce are being put to good use. The distance by good channels from Kansas City to St. Louis already has been shortened fifty miles; and boatmen lately have even risked running the river at night. The photograph above shows the end of a continuous day and night run upstream from St. Louis to Kansas City — the steamer *A. M. Scott* and the barge *Alpha* docking at Kansas City's new municipal wharf. For more than thirty years large boats have not followed the channel of the Missouri except in daylight.



The Pierre Monitor — length on load water line 9 feet — is a floating memorial designed by the Sons of Veterans of Pierre, S. Dak., to honor the sailors who lost their lives in the Civil War. It was set adrift in the Missouri River, May 30, and at this writing has been reported below Omaha. In the turrets are messages to the Mayor of New Orleans

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Red Hanrahan's Curse



By William Butler Yeats



THE Irish poet and playwright has here written a little story filled with the wild, gentle Celtic character, the mystic Celtic moonshine, and humor that is close to tragedy. It has the charm of simplicity and the freshness of out of doors.

ONE fine May morning, a long time after he had left Margaret Rooney's house, Hanrahan was walking the road near Collooney, and the sound of the birds singing in the bushes that were white with blossom set him singing as he went. It was to his own little place he was going, that was no more than a cabin, but that pleased him well. For he was tired of so many years of wandering from shelter to shelter at all times of the year, and although he was seldom refused a welcome and a share of what was in the house, it seemed to him sometimes that his mind was getting stiff like his joints, and it was not so easy to him as it used to be to make fun and sport through the night and to set all the boys laughing with his pleasant talk, and to coax the women with his songs. And a while ago he had turned into a cabin that some poor man had left to go harvesting and had never come back to again. And when he had mended the thatch and made a bed in the corner with a few sacks and bushes, and had swept the floor, he was well content to have a little place for himself, where he could go in and out as he liked, and put his head in his hands through the length of an evening, if the fret was on him and loneliness after the old times. After a while the neighbors began to send their children in to get some learning from him, and with what they brought—a few eggs or an oaten cake or a couple of sods of turf—he made out a way of living. And if he went for a wild day and night now and again to the Burrough, no one would say a word, knowing him to be a poet, with wandering in his heart.

IT was from the Burrough he was coming that May morning, light-hearted enough, and singing some new song that had come to him. But it was not long till a hare ran across his path, and made away into the field through the loose stones of the wall. And he knew it was no good sign, a hare to have crossed his path, and he remembered the hare that had led him away to Slieve Echtge the time Mary Lavelle was waiting for him, and how he had never known content for any length of time since then. "And it is likely enough they are putting some bad thing before me now," he said.

And as he said that he heard the sound of crying in the field beside him, and he looked over the wall. And there he saw a young girl sitting under a bush of white hawthorn, and crying as if her heart would break. Her face was hidden in her hands, but her soft hair and her white neck and the young look of her put him in mind of Bridget Purcell and Margaret Gillane and Maeve Connelan and Oona Curry and Celia Driscoll and the rest of the girls he had made songs for and had coaxed the heart from with his flattering tongue.

She looked up, and he saw her to be a girl of the neighbors, a farmer's daughter.

"What is on you, Nora?" he said.

"Nothing you could take from me, Red Hanrahan."

"If there is any sorrow on you, it is I myself should be well able to serve you," he said then, "for it is I know the history of the Greeks, and I know well what sorrow is and parting and the hardship of the world. And if I am not able to save you from trouble," he said, "there is many a one I have saved from it with the power that is in my songs, as it was in the songs of the poets that were before me from the beginning of the world. And it is with the rest of the poets I myself will be sitting and talking in some far place beyond the world to the end of life and time," he said.

The girl stopped her crying, and she said:

"Owen Hanrahan, I often heard you have had sorrow and persecution, and that you know all the troubles of the world since the time you refused your love to the queen woman in Slieve Echtge; and that she never left you in quiet since. But when it is people of this earth that have harmed you, it is yourself knows well the way to put harm on them again. And will you do now what I ask you, Owen Hanrahan?" she said.

"I will do that indeed," said he.

"It is my father and my mother and my brothers," she said, "that are marrying me to old Paddy Doe, because he has a farm of a hundred acres under the mountain. And it is what you can do, Hanrahan," she said, "to put him into a rime the same way you put old Peter Kilmartin in one the time you were young, that sorrow may be over him rising up and lying down, that will put him thinking of Colloony churchyard and not of marriage. And let you make no delay about it, for it is for to-morrow they have the marriage settled, and I would sooner see the sun rise on the day of my death than on that day."

"I will put him into a song that will bring shame and sorrow over him; but tell me how many years has he, for I would put them in the song."

"Oh, he has years upon years. He is as old as you yourself, Red Hanrahan."

"As old as myself," said Hanrahan, and his voice was as if broken; "as old as myself! There are twenty years and more between us. It is a bad day indeed for Owen Hanrahan when a young girl with the blossom of the May in her cheeks thinks him to be an old man. And my grief!" he said, "you have put a thorn in my heart."



Her face was hidden in her hands, but the young look of her put him in mind of the girls he had made songs for

He turned from her then and went on down the road till he came to a stone, and he sat down on it, for it seemed as if all the weight of the years had come on him in a minute. And he remembered it was not many days ago that a woman in some house had said: "It is not Red Hanrahan you are now but Yellow Hanrahan, for your hair is turned to the color of a wisp of tow." And another woman he had asked for a drink had not given him new milk but sour; and sometimes the girls would be whispering and laughing with young, ignorant men, while he himself was in the middle of giving out his poems or his talk. And he thought of the stiffness of his joints when he first rose of a morning, and the pain of his knees after making a journey, and it seemed to him as if he was come to be a very old man, with cold in the shoulders and speckled shins and his wind breaking and he himself withering away. And with those thoughts there came on him a great anger against old age and all it brought with it. And just then he looked up and saw a great spotted eagle sailing slowly toward the Hill of Awley, and he cried out: "You, too, eagle of the Hill of Awley, are old, and your wings are full of gaps, and I will put you and your ancient comrades, the pike of Dargan Lake and the yew of the Swift Place of the Strangers, into my rime, that there may be a curse on you forever."

THERE was a bush beside him to the left, flowering like the rest, and a little gust of wind blew the white blossoms over his coat. "May blossoms," he said, gathering them up in the hollow of his hand, "you never know age because you die away in your beauty, and I will put you into my rime and give you my blessing."

He rose up then and plucked a little branch from the bush, and carried it in his hand. But it is old and broken he looked going home that day, with the stoop in his shoulders and the darkness in his face.

When he got to his cabin there was no one there, and he went and lay down on the bed for a while, as he was used to do when he wanted to make a poem or a praise or a curse. And it was not long he was in making it this time, for the power of the curse-making bards was upon him. And when he had made it he searched his mind how he could best send it out over the whole countryside.

Some of the scholars began coming in then, to see if there would be any school that day, and Hanrahan rose and sat on the bench by the hearth, and they all stood around him.

They thought he would bring out the Virgil or the Mass book or Primer, but instead of that he held up the little branch of the hawthorn he had in his hand yet. "Children," he said, "this is a new lesson I have for you today. You yourselves and the beautiful people of the world are like this blossom, and old age is the wind that comes and blows the blossom away. And I have made a curse upon old age and upon the old men," he said, "and listen now while I give it out to you." And this is what he said:

The poet, Owen Hanrahan, under a bush of May,
Calls down a curse on his own head because it withers gray, [*Hill,*
Then on the speckled eagle cock that is on Awley's
Because it is the oldest thing that knows of cark and ill; [*out of mind,*
And on the yew that has been green from the times
By the Steep Place of the Strangers and the Gap of the Wind; [*gan Lake,*
And on the great gray pike that broods in Castle Dar-
Having in his long body a many a hook and ache;
Then curses he old Paddy Bruen of the Well of Bride,
Because no hair is on his head and drowsiness inside.
Then Paddy's neighbor, Peter Hart, and Michael Gill, his friend, [*end.*
Because their wandering histories are never at an
And then Old Shemus Cullinan, shepherd of the Green Lands,

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Because he holds two crutches between his crooked hands;
Then calls a curse of threefold power upon old Paddy Doe, [snow,
Who plans to lay his withering head upon a breast of
Who plans to wreck a singing voice and break a merry heart, [depart;
He calls a curse that shall be his until his breath
And he calls down a blessing on the blossom of the May,
Because it comes in beauty, and on beauty blows away.

HE said it over to the children verse by verse till all of them could say a part of it and some that were the quickest could say all of it.

"That will do for to-day," he said then. "And what you have to do now is to go out and sing that song for a while, to the tune of 'The Green Bunch of Rushes,' to everyone you meet, and to the old men themselves."

"I will do that," said one of the little lads; "I know old Paddy Doe well. Last St. John's eve we dropped a mouse down his chimney, but this is better than a mouse."

"I will go into the town of Sligo and sing it in the street," said another of the boys. "Do that," said Hanrahan, "and go into the Burrough and tell it to Margaret Rooney and Mary Gillis, and bid them to sing it, and make the beggars and the bodachs say it wherever they go." The children ran out then, full of pride and of mischief, calling out the song as they ran, and Hanrahan knew there was no danger that it would not be heard.

He was sitting outside the door the next morning, looking at his scholars as they came by twos and threes. They were nearly all come, and he was considering the place of the sun in the heavens to know whether it was time to begin, when he heard a sound that was like the buzzing of a swarm of angry bees in the air, or the rushing of a hidden river in time of flood. Then he saw a crowd coming up to the cabin from the road, and he took notice that all the crowd was made up of old men, and that the three that were the leaders were Paddy Bruen, Michael Gill, and Paddy Doe, and there was not one in the crowd but had in his hand an ash stick or a blackthorn. As soon as they caught sight of him, the sticks began to wave hither and thither like branches in a storm, and the old feet to run.

He waited no longer, but made off up the hill behind the cabin till he was out of their sight.

After a while he came back round the hill, where he was hidden by the furze growing along a ditch. And when he came in sight of his cabin he saw that all the old men had gathered around it, and one of them was just at that time thrusting a rake with a wisp of lighted straw on it into the thatch.

"My grief," he said, "I have set Old Age and Time and Weariness and Sickness against me, and I must go wandering again. And O Blessed Queen of Heaven," he said, "protect me from the Eagle of the Hill of Awley, the Yew Tree of the Steep Place of the Strangers, the Pike of Castle Dargan Lake, and from the lighted wisps of their kindred, the Old Men!"



An unwilling captain turned the wheel — on one side of him stood a lantern-jawed American holding a revolver to his head

Two Men

By Katharine Reynolds

MRS. REYNOLDS *remarks incidentally in a letter: "I meant 'Two Men' to be a joyful, droll, man-capturing yarn"—and that is a perfectly good description of what she has achieved.*

THIS happened somewhere in Mexico, in a place inhabited almost solely by English capital. There were plenty of Mexicans about, to be sure, and one giant negro. But the Mexicans don't count and the negro dies in the middle of the story.

This spot in Mexico was owned by English capital, smothered in dust, scorched black with the heat, and choking with oil. It was the oil that had brought the English.

Corporations waste no time. This one kept armies in various parts of the world, coining money in various ways. It now proceeded to gather an army of Englishmen about these Mexican oil wells.

In an incredibly short time it had built several immense oil tanks, which, once filled with crude oil, would, with a fire under them, produce, at different temperatures, the many oil products so much in demand in the world's markets. The largest of these tanks had a capacity of something like ninety thousand barrels. It is necessary to remember this fact because this tank will, later on, illuminate the story.

Of course the Englishmen gathered here did not work with the oil in any of its many forms. The work, the real, dirty work was done by the Mexicans and such. The English came only to superintend and manage the various operations. Most of them wore very English clothes and were always immaculate about the face and hands. They sat in the office all day and wrote out beautiful reports in a beautiful hand. At night they sat in the mess and amused themselves in a perfectly English fashion.

An English mess is a most exclusive thing, be it in South America, Mexico, the heart of India, or Africa. It is like unto an Englishman's castle. But all the exclusiveness in the world could not lend beauty to this oil landscape. Gold mining, diamond digging, even meat packing have their charms, their thrills. But oil—well, in this case it only added to the general hopelessness. In spite of the millions that were being drawn out of the tanks this spot continued to be the deadest, most laughterless region in all Mexico. And nearly always, as to weather, it felt like the very hottest place mentionable.

AND then the providence that keeps an eye on even the meanest and ugliest of towns looked down in sudden pity on this one and sent to it an American, one John Burton, a master cooper. John Burton was not merely a master cooper—he was more. He was the secretary of the Universal Coopers' Union. It seems that there is in this imperfect world one perfect labor union. This is almost unbelievable when one recalls many things. Still the man who told this yarn knew a good deal about many unions and his word cannot be disputed. He maintained that every cooper in this wide, wide world belonged to the Coopers' Union. That, the world over, coopers stood as one man, one gigantic labor soul. He said every capitalist who needed barrels in his business knew this and acted accordingly. Even the richest and most arrogant would never dream of bucking this perfect labor union. Such a proceeding would spell black ruin.

This man said that every capitalist took special pains to humor a cooper. This is another fact to be remembered. It, too, plays a part in this story.

So John Burton, master cooper and secretary of the Coopers' Union, came to Mexico. The enterprising English corporation was forced to offer him a neat, a very, very neat sum to get him to come and superintend the barrel-making branch of their business. He was a very necessary and lucky acquisition. The firm realized this and sent special instructions to its general manager regarding this John Burton. The firm pointed out the necessity of humoring this coming expert. And Pomeroy never for a moment forgot these instructions.

Pomeroy was a serious-minded Englishman, the sort commonly spoken of as "a responsible man." And Mr. Wilfred Pomeroy was responsible and conscientious and obedient. Such a man in the right place is priceless. In the wrong place costly.

JOHN BURTON arrived at the oil settlement on a hot afternoon. He was tired, travel-stained, and hungry. He was expected. The general manager, Pomeroy himself, was there to meet him when he got off the dinky railroad train. The general manager was smoothly, conscientiously, obediently polite for twenty minutes. Then he turned Burton over to a servant, who led the master cooper to his quarters.

And right there trouble began.

You see, John Burton had gotten it into his head that he would naturally enough be quartered at the mess. He knew that only a very worthy man may enter an Englishman's mess. But he thought himself eminently worthy.

At home he was a big man, loved, sought, and honored. He had a lovely wife, whom he adored, and four youngsters of whom he was insanely proud. He was a big, clean, jolly American, successful and well to do. His family lived in a good-sized house that had a fine library, hot-water heat, and two servants in it. John Burton had an education. As secretary of the Coopers' Union he had traveled over much of the world and had behaved artistically in the most exclusive hotels on earth. He wore good clothes of American make and they became him exceedingly well.

Burton was too tired to ask for explanations that first day. But when he had had a bath and a good night's sleep he put on one of his very best-fitting suits of white linen and strolled down to the manager's office. He asked a few questions in his direct, American way.

"Why," asked this master cooper, "am I not quartered at the mess?"

The startled manager raised indefinite eyebrows.

"That, Mr. Burton," he explained in shocked tones, "is quite against the rules."

"How so?"

"The mess is—ah—for the office force, don't you know."

John Burton studied the smooth Mr. Wilfred Pomeroy of the indefinite eyebrows. The manager began to feel quiveringly uncomfortable under the silent scrutiny. He hastened to humor the master cooper.

"Your room now—is it comfortable? Can we give you anything more in the way of furnishings?"

AND still John Burton was studying, sizing up his Englishman, coolly, curiously. Finally he remarked dryly:

"Oh, the room will do for the time being."

With that he walked out.

The master cooper had in his travels met many Englishmen. He thought he knew them, or, at least, that he knew many things about them. He knew that they were nearly all more or less reserved and steadfastly conventional. Anything that savored of crude toil or trade was, he had discovered, classed apart from genteel English souls. Burton was prepared to see, even in this sun-scorched, lonely, joyless waste, fifteen-dollar-a-week clerks refusing to speak to eight-dollar-a-day mechanics. But he was not prepared for his own ostracism.

Not that he did not know his own shortcomings. He knew that he was disgustingly democratic and too easy-going when it came to matters of nice social distinctions. Now, an Englishman loves distinctions. But John Burton was notoriously blind to social fences. And he had reverence for nothing except God and a man's soul.

"But shucks! Those things don't count. They don't make the whole man," he told himself. "They just don't know me. They'll let me in when they find out I'm a jolly, decent fellow. And I can be a darn good fellow when I set my mind on it."

He laughed good-naturedly and rather enjoyed the prospect of winning over these secluded Englishmen.

In one month John Burton became the joy of the Mexicans and such. What perfume is to the rose and beauty is to a woman, John Burton was to that desolate oil camp. He demonstrated the fact that he most thoroughly knew his business and could be a darn good fellow. The Mexicans adored him, for he spoke their language more musically, more perfectly than they did. With him they were never Mexicans,

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greasers, but men. Their eyes flashed and faces wakened at sight of him. Those who worked in his department sang at their work.

Several Englishmen caught themselves speaking very civilly to Burton, and the others watched him stealthily. One of these watchers remarked that he had always heard Americans were great mixers—he used more words, but that is what he meant—but this Burton fellow was certainly overdoing it, "don't you know, with these bally greasers."

But when a high-caste, exclusive, rich, and Paris-visiting Spanish family had "the Señor Burton" to dinner, a certain respect for the radiant American began to creep into the mess. No mess Englishman had ever seen the inside of a Spanish grandee's house, or been presented to a blue-blooded señora with her bevy of señoritas. These Mexicans were strange creatures. They themselves were not mixers, yet they found joy in Burton.

It was just after this social conquest that Burton appeared for the second time in the manager's office.

"Well," he smiled winningly, "are you about ready to fix me up at the mess?"

Again Pomeroy's indefinite eyebrows flew up.

"Mr. Burton, what you ask is quite impossible."

Burton's smile vanished. The warmth faded out of his joyous man body. His drawling voice, cool as a frost-laden wind, hid his impatience.

"See here, Pomeroy, I've had enough of this nonsense. Do you realize that that cell of mine is about a mile from town? Not another white man to neighbor with, not a thing to look at but the factory buildings. What's the matter with you? Or what's the matter with me?"

POMEROY adjusted his nose glasses and was smoothly attentive. He never once forgot, did Pomeroy, that this master cooper must be humored.

"The rules of the company—we shall be glad to add any further convenience—"

"Oh, you go to the devil!" snapped Burton, and walked out.

Burton was terribly homesick and lonely. He knew what brooding and loneliness can do to a man in a forsaken waste, and he took long walks through the woods, following the line of pipemen who were laying new oil veins.

One day he noticed among the natives a lean, lantern-jawed man. He stepped up closer and gave a shout. He had found an American.

"Missouri first and then Wyoming, I bet!" Burton laughed, and extended a glad hand to the vulgarly common pipeman.

The lantern-jawed one looked shrewdly, furtively at Burton, and a slow smile went with the responding hand.

"Sure. I'm from Missouri."

And Burton in his natty suit helped that vulgar laborer put down pipes, and at night he carried him to his room and let him smoke his best cigars. And he did well-nigh talk that man to death.

The lantern-jawed one spoke infrequently and watched Burton minutely. Before he left that night he made one noteworthy remark. It was simply this:

"I'm wanted in Wyoming for murder. If you call up Callahan of —— [and he named the town] he will give you a thousand dollars for my carcass."

Burton never batted an eye. He looked the lantern-jawed one over, noticed his still lingering youth, his untamed, unspoiled eyes, and put out his hand. This time the lantern-jawed one met it with sudden wistfulness.

These two waifs spent many hours together, carefully selected hours, for the lantern-jawed one was keeping his nationality and himself out of the sight of men.

When the weather grew particularly offensive the pipe gangs were sent in new directions and the blue devils got Burton. When a man like Burton gets blue there is bound to be trouble.

ON ONE of these offensive afternoons he strode suddenly in upon the general manager. There was a wild glitter in Burton's eyes and his manner was flushed.

"Pomeroy, I want a word with you."

At the familiarity the Englishman stiffened visibly.

"Mr. Burton," he explained with thick dignity, "I cannot see you. You have not been announced. It is a rule of this office that all callers must be announced."

Burton stared. He had a decent respect for form in its proper setting. But high-class frills in this place! He measured the meager distance between himself and Pomeroy. His eyes narrowed and his big body drew itself up.

"I want to talk to you."

POMEROY began his little set speech, but stopped, for in two strides the master cooper was beside him. He laid gripping hands on the manager's dapper shoulders, swung him over the rail, and banged him into a chair.

"Now—are you going to talk to me?"

"You have not been properly announced."

"Will you arrange for my stay at the mess?"

"The rules forbid—" and Pomeroy went unflinchingly to the end of his one story.

Burton listened—and Burton swore. But in the end Burton laughed—laughed till the glitter left his eyes and the fight went out of his muscles.



By sheer strength of rage and will he made the belated man take hold of Pomeroy's feet while he grabbed the manager's shoulders

"Pomeroy, you're the most damnably English Englishman I ever met. You're a fool, a born fool, but a game fool at that. You don't know a thing, Pomeroy, not a thing except what you are told. But there is no yellow streak in you. You won't scare, and I like you. You're all right, and, on my word, I won't bother you any more. But I will have a few of those extras that you have been offering me.

"First of all, I want a new servant. The one I have is lazy. Doesn't clean up to suit me.

"I want the company to pay my laundry bill. I get my clothes soiled walking down here over that mile of dirty rubbish heaps.

"And one thing more, Mr. Pomeroy. I want to have brought to my room every day, at the company's expense, two bottles of beer on ice. I find that I need some little stimulant to help me through the day."

NOW this last request was prompted by the blue devils, for Burton did not drink. He always explained his unmanly self-denial by saying that he didn't want to get into trouble with his kids.

But Pomeroy was not skilled in the language of the blue devils and he had no sense of humor. So Pomeroy solemnly promised these favors and solemnly kept that promise. But he shuddered openly whenever Burton's name was mentioned, and several times very publicly spoke of "these rude, vulgar Americans."

Fortunately Burton never heard this. The very day that he gained his concessions the fever got him, and that same night his servant and the doctor, a mile from everybody, were doing their best to keep him in bed.

A month later Pomeroy developed a pretty bad case of sciatic rheumatism with complications, and was enjoying the doubtful comforts of the mess. And then came the illumination. Nobody knew how it happened. And nobody will ever know. But everybody for miles around that hot, forlorn spot remembers when that ninety-thousand-barrel tank exploded.

Three of the firemen never even knew what happened, so quickly were they killed. The fourth, a giant negro, terror-driven, outran the fire and got to the hospital, his flesh sagging from his bones. He said it was spontaneous combustion and died an hour later.

When you recollect that the ground around the tank was a network of oil troughs, it is easy to understand how quickly the fire spread and how useless were any attempts to check it.

In less than a half hour it was a case of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Men were running from all directions down to the river, for all other avenues of escape were closing. The dinky railroad was cut off. Only the boat was left. There was but the one boat. It was a slow, poor thing, of wholly English tendencies. And its captain was a man who did not believe in a life after death.

The mess was doomed, and its members swarmed out of it like flies, carrying in their hands strange trifles.

A MILE away Burton kicked his way out of bed and was getting into his clothes. He was pretty weak, and when he got out he had to go a bit slowly at first. He heard the boat tooting and knew that he could make it only by steady going. Something prompted him to go by the mess. And there, coming down the mess steps on his hands and knees was Pomeroy, an almost unrecognizable Pomeroy. His hands and limbs were so swollen that the man looked nearly twice his natural size.

Burton stopped to watch him. The boat was shrieking frantically, and Burton knew that Pomeroy would never make it at that hand-and-knee rate.

"Here, you boys, lend a hand," he shouted to a hurrying trio, but they only rushed on, flinging some unintelligible answer back at him. Others ran by and Burton tried to stop them, tried to get help. In his weak condition he could not alone handle the helpless Pomeroy. But the thinning stream tore on and left Burton standing on the mess lawn, delivering, most fluently a phenomenally picturesque opinion of Englishmen in general and Englishmen in particular. When he was hoarse, and even his vigorous, idiomatic American slang gave out, he turned his attention to the prostrate Pomeroy. But just then a last figure darted out of the mess door and Burton sprang for it and hung on.

BY SHEER strength of rage and will he made the belated man take hold of Pomeroy's feet while he grabbed the manager's shoulders. In this way they made their way to the river's edge. They got there just in time to hear, through the bitter smoke, the faint sound of a boat making sluggish haste down the river.

Whereupon Burton delivered a most touching farewell address to that vanishing boat. When he finished his two hearers knew that nothing more could ever be said on the subject by mortal man.

That duty over, the master cooper turned his relieved mind to other things.

"We must try the bridge. It's half a mile over the trestle, but we may find a way out. Anyhow that's our only chance."

Neither man raised any objections. What they had just heard made them meek. So Burton, shaking with excitement and weakness, carried Pomeroy's shoulders over a half-mile trestle only to find that that door, too, was closed. The two men stumbled back to the landing with the half-unconscious manager. They laid him down gently and threw themselves on the ground beside him. Only there was it possible to breathe with any kind of comfort.

They lay there listening to the lapping music of a red sea that was coming steadily nearer.

"Would you mind telling me, Pomeroy," Burton asked gently, "why you didn't have a couple of the boys carry you out when the grand show started?"

Pomeroy's voice was as gently indifferent.

"Why—as to that—nobody offered. And I could not bring myself to ask a favor of the bally crew."

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Cutting a Food Highway



Lewis B. Allyn's Pure Food Department

THE poet who first sang:

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind,

made an observation which should not be lightly dismissed. Scores of people have well-formulated theories as to the kinds of vehicles that should be allowed to pass over this turnpike. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; or if he thirst, give him drink," is likewise a precept, which, though formulated some time since, is actively forceful to-day. Some of the victories of peace have been brought about through the agency of a good dinner.

"How do you get so much spending money from your husband?" asked Mrs. Lynch.

"I feeds the brute," replied her neighbor. This goes to show that Mrs. O'Hara was a bit of a psychologist.

Since the social life is so strongly influenced by foods, it is highly important that the latter should be of good quality, of unquestioned purity, and well served. With quality as a base, and purity and service as the sides, one can construct a triangle of ideal food conditions.

In his new and enlightening book, "Food and Flavor" (The Century Co.), Henry T. Finck pertinently remarks that, it having been demonstrated "that a dime a day, intelligently expended, is enough to keep body and soul together. What more we spend on food goes largely for flavor. It is the flavor that makes us willing to pay more for good butter than for oleomargarine; for fresh chicken than for cold-storage fowl; for Virginia ham than for ordinary ham; and so on, throughout the list of foods, for there is no difference in nutritive value in any of these cases."

Need of a Standard of Purity

TO a certain extent quality and flavor are synonymous. Purity may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little. Here are two bottles of vanilla extract submitted for examination by Mrs. W. from Idaho. Both extracts are pure, yet one is distinctly inferior in flavor to the other. How is this? The answer is simple: The first is made from Mexican vanilla beans, and has a delectable flavor and odor. The second is made from Tahiti vanilla beans, and is vastly inferior in both these particulars.

Here are two samples of olive oil. Chemical analysis shows no adulteration in either, yet to the taste there is a marked difference. Both are pure olive oil, yet the novice could grade them correctly. The oils came from widely separated regions, and their quality depends largely upon the locality, method of extraction, maturity of the fruit, variety of tree, and the like. These are instances where purity means little when taken as a standard. Judgment must be based upon quality.

Here follow two instances where purity means much. Two bottles of onion salad submitted by Mr. K. of Rhode Island; so far as external appearance goes, they are identical. Yet further investigation reveals the fact that A contains .2 of 1 per cent of benzoate of soda, .16 per cent of alum, and .13 per cent of saccharin, making almost a half of 1 per cent of non-condimental preservatives. A little squad or battalion of them, it might be called. This means that in 100 pounds of salad there are approximately 8 ounces of drugs. A careful analysis of B shows no preservatives of this nature.

Here is another illustration: These two lemon pies were purchased in the same city. Sample 10 from a baker who put therein real lemon products. Sample 11 from a baker who concocted the monstrosity from a dyed preparation of glycerin, glucose, benzoate of soda, starch, and some unidentified flavoring material. These instances impress one with the importance of a standard of purity. The matter of service must wait for future discussion.

The Binghamton Food Fair

FOR some time a band of men in the city of Binghamton, N. Y., had been convinced of the many advantages to the public resulting from the sale and consumption of foods of quality and purity—foods which were better than those required by the present Federal law, at least so far as preservatives and the like were concerned. They thoroughly believed in the exoteric and vast hygienic economic importance of quality, purity, and service. So it came about that the Binghamton Chamber of Commerce voted to hold an educational food exposition for the benefit of its fellow citizens. Incidentally it may be stated that the Binghamton Chamber of Commerce is always working at high pressure with an extra wrench or two hanging on the safety valve. Likewise it struck the outsider with more than ordinary interest that the home of Swamp Root was to be treated to a bona-fide food fair. These men were terribly in earnest, and of unquestioned sincerity, or they would never have dared force their nickel-steel clause. This clause will go down, unique in the history of food progress as related to expositions, with the names of Secretary William Nelson and Charles T. Logan, who had the courage not only to frame it but also the stamina to enforce it. This is the revolutionary clause: "The exhibitor hereby agrees not to exhibit any impure foods, foods containing alum, copper, sulphurous acid, formaldehyde, boric acid or its salts, benzoic acid or its salts, or any other preservative of like nature; foods containing coal-tar color or poisonous vegetable color; or foods bearing a dishonest label: the penalty being the immediate forfeiture of space, booth, and all money paid on account of same." To make assurance doubly sure, the committee asked the assistance of a noted food expert from New York City to pass upon the eligibility of the exhibits under the contract before the fair opened, a wise and thoughtful procedure. So well had the committee understood the situation, so broad was their grasp of the problem, so well had they done their work that the expert reported all correct from the start. This opinion was later confirmed by no less authority than Mr. Alfred W. McCann of the New York "Globe," who, having visited the exposition, reported as follows: "I can find nothing wrong with any of the exhibits in this building." Coming from such a source, this speaks volumes for the intelligence and thoroughness of the committee.

Uncle Sam Does Not Guarantee

HAD the Chamber of Commerce been more keen for the financial end than for the principle involved, it might have admitted a score or more applicants who persistently knocked at its doors. But this organization was not without its hostile friends, even counting a female spy who was present to pick flaws for who can say what reason? Some of the grocers of the city offered the worst kind of opposition—that kind which does not come out in the open and fight, but lies low and says: "Make good if you can, and we'll watch you."

One of the local grocers, likewise a member of the Chamber of Commerce, goes on written record as a believer in what every dealer should know is untrue. To quote from a communication entitled, "A Few Words from Barnum the Grocer, Binghamton, N. Y.": "We shall continue to pass out over our counters the standard brands of goods backed up by Uncle Sam's guarantee as to purity and wholesomeness, feeling sure that we shall not go amiss in so doing." How an intelligent provision dealer at this period of food history can believe that the United States Government guarantees the purity and wholesomeness of any food product is food for serious reflection. Not only "Barnum the Grocer" but thousands of consumers have misread the phrase on the labels of package goods: "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906." This is the form of guarantee as outlined by Regulation 9, Section 9: "I (we), the undersigned, do hereby guarantee that the articles of foods or products manufactured by and distributed or sold by me (us) (specifying the name as fully as possible) are not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906." It is thus evident that the Government does not warrant or indorse any food or drug product. It is the manufacturer, jobber, or dealer who does this. The reason for the guarantee is plainly set forth in Paragraph A of Section 9: "No dealer in food or drug products will be liable for prosecution if he can establish that the goods were sold under a guarantee by the wholesaler, manufacturer, jobber, or dealer, or other party residing in the United States, from whom purchased." No Binghamton grocer or any other grocer can sell, even if he wished to do so, "standard brands of goods backed up by Uncle Sam's guarantee as to purity and wholesomeness."

A Lesson for the Country

THE Chamber of Commerce demonstrated the possibility of holding a successful food show on whose exhibits no taint of suspicion could rest. It takes courage to do this; it requires intelligence, tact, firmness, and devotion to stand erect in the face of passive opposition. A thousand years ago it was asked whether any good thing could come out of Nazareth. Some few days ago it was asked whether any effective pure-food movement could come out of Binghamton. Both of these questions have been answered in the affirmative. The community honors the band of men who, in the wilderness of adulteration, builded a highway that their fellow citizens might walk uprightly thereon.

The effect of the Binghamton Educational Food Exposition does not stop in that city. It has set a standard for all future pure-food shows in this country, and one can guarantee the prophecy that it will revolutionize their character.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City



Professor Lewis B. Allyn

Other Chemical Compounds

Being a subscriber of your Weekly, I am naturally interested in the items you publish. In the issue of May 3, in the Pure Food Section, I note answer to query of C. B., Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky., on the subject of yeast, soda, or baking powder being detrimental to the human system. I note you treat of bicarbonate of soda in your reply as to baking powders. It occurs to me that you have omitted a use to which bicarbonate of soda is generally put, and that is in connection with sour milk as the agency to release the gas. Will you kindly give some information as to the compounds formed when sour milk and soda are used for baking purposes?—L. M. B., Kearny, N. J.

There are at least two acids present in sour milk, which react with bicarbonate of soda, liberating the carbon dioxide—lactic and acetic acids. These form respectively some form of sodium lactate and sodium acetate.

Not What We Eat, but What We Digest

I would like to ask you a question that does not pertain exactly to foods. I am rather thin—I might say very thin—and have been advised to take Protone to gain weight. It is claimed that Protone will increase the weight from three to five pounds a week. I have inclosed a sample. Now my question is this: Does Protone really contain ingredients that would build up the general health and increase the weight, as is claimed for it, or is it harmful, or just useless?

Trusting I am not presuming too much in asking you to kindly answer in COLLIER'S, *I am,*

AN INTERESTED READER, Springfield, Ill.

This department never examines products of this nature unless sent in the original sealed package, as this is fairer to all parties concerned. Send four cents to the "Journal of the American Medical Association," 545 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for a copy of the pamphlet called "Kellogg's Frauds," in which several preparations, both antifat and antilean, including "Protone," are interestingly commented upon.

(Concluded on page 32)

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IT will interest those who contemplate the purchase of a new car this summer to know that this Overland has a larger and more powerful motor; a longer wheelbase; larger brakes; better and more complete equipment; more carefully and finely constructed, tested, and inspected chassis; a more finished, graceful and durable body design; a bigger tonneau; more comforts, conveniences, and refinements than any other car for the price in the world.

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THE demand for Overlands this year has broken all preceding sales records. Every section of the civilized world is ordering far in excess of their original contracts. We are now delivering 1000 cars a week, which, in itself, is an overwhelming production record. Look up the Overland dealer in your town. Let him explain and demonstrate the remarkable power, speed, strength, economy and beauty of this unusual car—the world's most exceptional automobile value.

npany, Toledo, Ohio



Bent Bones

Do You "Feel Your Feet?"

THIS X-Ray photo shows the foot of a man who is *conscious of his feet* nearly every hour of the day. He *knows he has feet*, because the corns or bunions or callouses or ingrowing nails or fallen arch, caused by that narrow unnatural shoe, are almost constant reminders of the way his foot bones are bound, bent and twisted.

Give your good, honest feet a chance. Give yourself the chance to forget to feel them. Put your feet into handsome Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes—shoes built for *real* feet. They conform scientifically to the outline of the natural foot. They have room for all five toes to flex and straighten out as they carry your body's weight, standing or walking. Yet there isn't a bit of extra loose space.

Wear them and let your tired, cramped foot bones straighten out in blessed relief. Put your children's feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and give them a sure heritage of healthy "feelingless" feet.

For men, women, children. Always the same shape, year in, year out. So you always are wearing the same handsome, comfortable, durable shoes. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $3.50 for men's specials.

Accept no Educator Shoes which are not branded EDUCATOR on the sole. If your dealer doesn't sell genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators send us his name. We'll mail you catalog and help you find a pair.

Why have tired, aching, painful feet; why be conscious of corns, bunions or other ills; why "feel your feet"—when you can get rid of all that trouble by getting a pair of Educators *today?*

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"



RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

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Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

The City Man on

By Robert

WHEN Charles Walker bought an abandoned farm of fifty acres in Connecticut, sixty miles from New York, and settled down to the practical business of farming early one March, he was enthusiastic about his future prospects. He was a city man, forty years old, for fifteen years a confidential bookkeeper at a salary of $2,500 a year. By thrift and industry he had been able to provide comfortably for a wife and two children (they had always lived in a Harlem flat) and to save $10,000. It was by the exercise of these worthy characteristics that he expected to square theory with practice in the making of a successful farmer. After paying $4,000 on account of his $7,000 farm property, he set to work to compute his expenses for the first year, as follows:

HOUSE ACCOUNT

Living expenses	$650.00
Interest on mortgage at 5 per cent	150.00
Fire insurance (one year)	17.50
Life insurance	70.00
Taxes	45.00
Repairs to house and barn	200.00
Incidentals	100.00
Total house account	$1,232.50

FARM ACCOUNT

Farm hand for eight months at $30	$240.00	
Extra help in busy season	50.00	
Team	300.00	
Keep of team	300.00	
Wagons and farm utensils	225.00	

FARMING TWENTY-THREE ACRES

Ten acres potatoes:		
Fifty bushels seed at $1	$ 50.00	
Five tons fertilizer —$32	160.00	
Ten acres field corn:		
Two and one-half bushels seed at $1	2.50	
Five tons fertilizer —$28	140.00	
Three acres, truck garden:		
One acre tomato plants	12.00	
Seed for sweet corn, peas, beans, etc.	5.00	
One ton fertilizer	38.00	
	407.50	
Total farm account		1,522.50
Total expenses		$2,755.00

Cash on hand	$6,000.00
Expenses	2,755.00
Balance	$3,245.00

Farmer Walker was pleased to think that he would have a cash balance of $3,245 at the end of his fiscal year, irrespective of what he might realize on his crops. Certainly after spending over $300 to fertilize his poor land, he ought to make a profit of, say, $750. And there was a fifteen-acre field which the real estate agent had told him had been seeded to timothy and redtop in the previous fall and which ought to yield a fair crop of hay. And his hundred-odd apple trees, though injudiciously planted and neglected, ought, with proper care, to yield about 100 barrels of marketable fruit.

In purchasing a serviceable team and second-hand farming utensils he saved $50, and with this he bought a cow. His $300 for keep of team was extravagant, but he spent that much because he did not know when and how to buy his year's supply of grain. Upon attempting



The well soon went dry, and he had no water on the place

to engage a competent assistant at $30 a month, he found that he had underestimated the cost of labor in that locality. The rich city men who indulged in intensive farming as a diversion had set a precedent which had been adopted by every reputable farm hand in the community. Walker was, therefore, obliged to engage a helper on terms most agreeable to the helper—$40 a month, board and lodging and the authority of an overlord.

DRILLING FOR WATER

THE $200 appropriated for repairs to the time-worn house fell short of the required amount by $150. There came a cold wind storm and the old-fashioned stone chimney shunted soot and breezes all over the kitchen and living room and the linoleum flapped and fluttered above the porous flooring. New flooring had to be laid in every room on the ground floor, the chimney cleaned and cemented in places, and the wooden partitions replaced.

Walker also found, to his dismay, that he had no water on the place. His well soon went dry. When he bought the farm this well had been filled to overflowing. But he discovered that it was a "winter well" and, except in periods of excessive rainfall, would not hold water after the frost had left the ground. Upon investigation, he learned that the only certain means of securing an adequate water supply was to drill a well, a risky and costly undertaking. The drilling must be done through solid rock and there was no means known to science of determining how deep in the rock strata a vein of water lay, or how large the flow. The cost of drilling was $3.50 a foot, and the contractor could not guarantee to find water. Meanwhile, water was carried in barrels twice daily from a pond a mile distant, involving serious loss of time and delay of field work. After three weeks' drilling, a flow of twenty-five gallons a minute was struck at a depth of 275 feet, making the total cost of water supply, including pressure tank, gasoline engine, and piping, $1,312.

A DESOLATING HARVEST

THESE unexpected problems solved, Walker got down to the business of farming in dead earnest. He tried hard to economize, but was forced to engage extra help. There were stones and bowlders to remove, and the fields had to be plowed deeply and carefully harrowed. He helped in this work himself. He also sprayed and trimmed his orchard and planted his garden.

His hay crop was a disappointment. There was scarcely a year's supply for his live stock and it was of poor quality. Walker afterward learned from a neighbor that the field had not been properly seeded in twenty years.

"Why," said the neighbor, "what that agent meant when he said that field was seeded to hay last fall was that old Tom Hawkins threw some timothy and redtop over the ground after the frost had opened it up."

For a time, however, every prospect was pleasing to Walker. He worked in the fields from sunup to sundown—worked and whistled when his back ached. The corn and potatoes grew under sunshine; but no rain fell and, when the growing season came, the potatoes, planted in impoverished soil, though liberally fertilized, could not grow for want of moisture. The corn grew; it does not depend upon the soil for sustenance; it derives moisture from the air. The small garden truck was eaten by grubs and a second planting was necessary. The potato bugs became a pest. The men were kept busy spraying and cultivating; but they knew Walker was a greenhorn and imposed upon him. There was needed an experienced eye to detect the blemishes in their work. It takes years of experience to square theory with practice in farming, and Walker, lacking in experience and at last forced to admit his physical incapacity, relied upon his helpers. This alone augured failure for his farming enterprise; for it is rarely that a farm hand will not shirk responsibility—which accounts for his being just a farm hand! So the neglect continued throughout a sun-parched and rainless summer.



He worked in the fields from sunup to sundown—worked and whistled when his back ached

From his ten-acre field of potatoes, which it had cost him $210 to fertilize, Walker realized $62.50. He gathered 150 bushels, only half of which were sizable. Of these he kept fifty bushels for seed and sold the balance at $1 a bushel, the local market price. The seventy-five bushels of small potatoes he sold at 50 cents a bushel.

He lost money on his corn crop, too. His receipts were $145. He had spent $142.50 for seed and fertilizer alone. He sold 200 bushels on the cob at 45 cents a bushel, and the stalks to a dairyman for $35.

The orchard produced an abundance of warty cider apples, which he

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n on the Farm—I

The Way to Fail

By Robert V. Hoffman

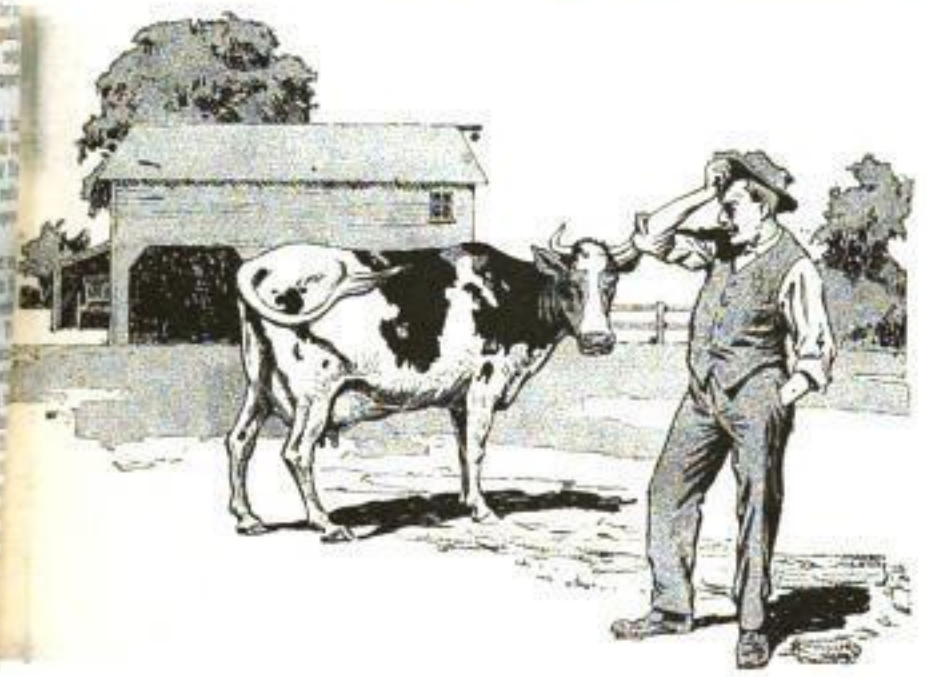
sold at the mill for $10, and three barrels of sound fruit which he stored for winter use.

The garden yielded an actual profit. The peas and beans, of which he had planted many varieties, proved a failure, though he had enough for his own use. But he made $145 by the sale of sweet corn and tomatoes; of the latter he sold 300 baskets at an average of 45 cents a basket.

A LOSS ON THE YEAR

IN marketing his products, Walker encountered some unexpected rebuffs. The local merchants were skeptical and inclined to quibble about price. But he managed by patience and at considerable inconvenience to sell all his products at the local market price. Some days he had to peddle from door to door. He was not a good salesman, but he gained nerve and vocabulary with experience. It was distasteful work, however, and he was glad when the last wagon load had been sold.

All told, it had cost Walker $827.50 to farm twenty-three acres—$407.50 for seed and fertilizer, and $420 for an assistant and extra help. His sales had amounted to $362.50—a loss of $465. And he had worked harder than ever before in his life. Moreover, he had reckoned far beside the mark in anticipating his total expenses for the year.



His hay crop was a disappointment. There was scarcely a year's supply for his live stock

The well had cost $1,312, labor $180, and house repairs $150 more than appropriated; and he was obliged to spend $90 o lime his fields and to seed down fifteen acres with timothy and redtop—a otal in extra expenses of $1,732. But rom this sum he was able to deduct $362.50, cash received from farm products. "Hence," recapitulated Walker, loubtfully, "I shall only have a balance of $1,875.50 at the close of the fiscal ear instead of $3,245 as anticipated."

WINTER HARDSHIPS

THEN came the winter! Now, a family of hardy perennials can thrive n an old New England farmhouse when he mercury hovers around zero and the windows have to be stuffed with hay to keep the wind out. But city folk who have spent their winters in a steam-heated Harlem flat find living in the country without "conveniences" almost unbearable. By resorting to all kinds of expedients, Walker and family survived t—but that was all! And when the winter died on the wings of a baby blizzard, and Walker entered upon his second year of farming, he was $150 poorer. t had cost him $75 to install a system of plumbing that was guaranteed frost proof, and a like amount for medical ervice. He was the only one of the family who had escaped sickness; and he was obliged to spend $25 for extra help in spraying and cultivating. The ground became as dry as ashes. No crops would grow. The previous year's experience was repeated with even worse results. The potatoes were not worth harvesting—and Walker was not the only farmer in the State who did not harvest them that year, though other parts of the country reported a bumper crop! The corn, a small crop anyway, was nipped by an early frost. Walker was glad to get $50 for it as it stood. The frost also played hob with the truck garden. For his tomatoes and sweet corn he received but $35. It was the off year, too, for his orchard. His second year at farming had yielded a gross return of $535, and he had spent $295 for labor—a difference of the thirtieth part of the annual cost of running the farm.

BACK TO THE CITY

WALKER now faced the winter with a working capital of $455.50, and all expenses paid, barring mishap, up to March 1. What then? He did not have half enough money to carry him through another year. And suppose the coming winter were like the previous one? Could he conscientiously ask his family to live in that old house through another winter? He consulted his wife and her judgment was unequivocal and final. He was heartsick! He began the new year with a cash balance of $1,725.50, at least $1,250 of which must be set aside for current expenses, including the keep of live stock. An assistant for at least six months would cost $240. He would try to get along without other help. He had his seed and enough manure for fertilizing. The land had all been limed and, though not much improved by the previous year's use, would not be difficult to prepare. He had a working balance of $235.50.

After engaging a man, he set grimly to work. He alternated his corn and potato fields, set out double the number of tomato plants and early and late varieties of sweet corn, and only such other garden truck as would supply his own needs. But the spring months were wet and cold and it was late in May before all the planting had been done. He received $250 from an ordinary first crop of hay. He gathered fifteen tons, ten of which he sold at $25 a ton; the balance he put in his barn. But he could not help with the haying, so he spent $30 for extra help. He now had a working balance of $455.50.

DECISIVE FAILURE

BUT the growing season and the drought again! Walker economized. He slaved in the fields and orchard until he ached in every limb. He sold the farm for what he had paid for it, $7,000; and, being eager to return to the city before winter set in, he sold his farm utensils and live stock for a third of their value. December found him and his family comfortably housed in a Harlem flat. Two years at farming had cost Charles Walker about $5,500. He got his old job back.

Walker's farming venture differs only in detail from the experiences of many other city men of moderate means on the farm. He fared even better than some of them do.

RENT BEFORE BUYING

IMPROVED farm land is costly and there is comparatively little of it for sale; but, according to the Census of 1910, there are 400,346,575 acres of unimproved farm land in the United States (45.6 per cent of the total area of farm land), a large proportion of which is for sale, and which varies in price according to its physical advantages and geographical location. Within a radius of fifty miles of any big business center are many unimproved and abandoned farms which have a value as real estate out of all proportion to their worth as farm land. No intelligent farmer could be induced to buy them (unless for speculation) because he knows that he can buy land of the same quality for from $1 to $5 an acre in isolated farming districts. But the rich city man buys them because he wants to establish a country estate within easy traveling distance of the city. And the poor city man buys them because he has been led by indiscriminate reading to believe that the art of farming, even on poor soil, is easy to acquire. It usually costs him all his hard-earned cash to learn that to farm successfully he must first acquire a physical capacity for the work and a practical knowledge of the soil and how to work it.

So I say to the city man of moderate means who would test his skill at farming: *Don't buy a farm; rent one for a year or two!* If you fail, you will have gained the sobering experience at a reasonable price. If you succeed, you will have discovered your talent. Then you will know how and what to buy!

Early last fall a friend who aspired to be a practical agriculturist invited the writer to be one of a party to inspect a farm of fifty acres near a thriving manufacturing town in New Jersey. With us were the real estate agent and a farm expert. The property had all the advantages that attract the city man. It was near a good market, and the agent claimed also that the soil was rich in plant foods.

FARM SWINDLERS

THE agent, not suspecting that he was dealing with an expert, was enthusiastic in his descriptions as he conducted us through the old house and about the farm. The expert asked no questions, but spent most of the time alone, frequently leaving us, as he explained, to "go for a stroll through the fields." Once, when my friend and the agent were examining the barn, he beckoned me to come with him. We walked around the cornfield.

"It looks like a bumper crop, doesn't it?" he said, pulling down one of the big yellow ears and studying its form and texture critically. "That's good corn, one of the best varieties in the market. And there's a reason."

Then he led me deep into the field. Here the stalks were scarcely waist high, the ears but half formed and covered with a fungus growth; the weeds were plentiful. "Now you see how these fellows work it," he explained. "They know that not one prospective buyer in fifty will go through a field of corn, so they spend a little money to have the outside rows carefully fertilized, planted, and cultivated. The prospective buyer is impressed and more often than not he buys." The expert uprooted a stalk. "Why," he said, examining the soil at the roots, "nothing but weeds could grow here. That soil has been worked out. It hasn't been fertilized in years."

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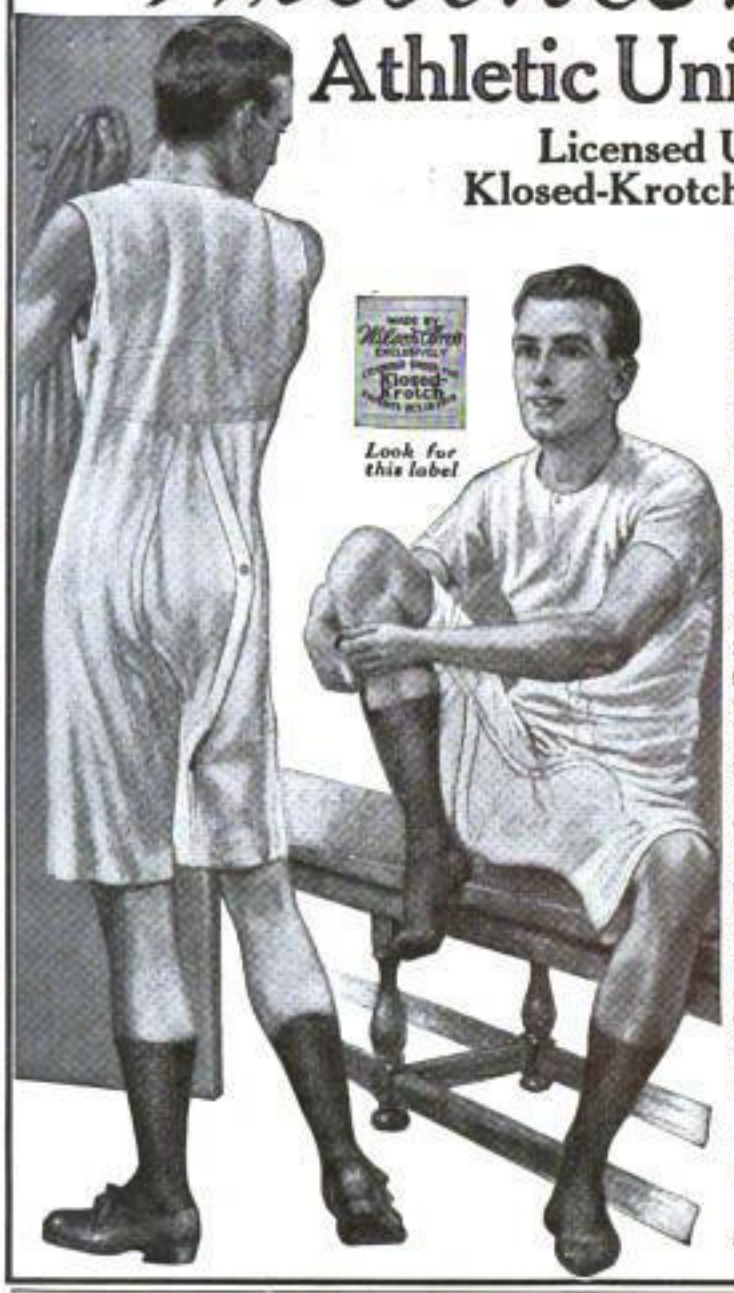
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Six Years Out of College and Still Broke

By HOMER CROY



IT'S now six years since I left college, but it seems to me as if I have been out in the cold world since Lafayette's farewell tour. I had always understood that as soon as you got a college degree the waiting world went behind and patted you on the back, but I have since found that this is merely a pretext to get in a good position to kick.

After I had personally seen to the framing of my degree, I sat down and wrote a number of dignified letters to different prominent firms, telling them that I had just finished my college career and would be willing to entertain a proposition from them, provided that I had Saturday off, an assistant that I could depend on, and a capable stenographer to look after the detail work. I inclosed a list of my grades, calling particular attention to my work in invertebrate anatomy and to my thesis on "The Cellular Structure of the Amœba." The firms wrote back and said they had all the stenographers they needed, and that they preferred girls anyway.

EXPERTS on the life and habits of the amœba were not in as high demand as I had thought. I had imagined that a person who could write a whole thesis on an animal the size of a pinhead would have little trouble in naming his own figure. The amœba market was poor. It was sickening the way the world could get along without knowing anything about our simplest manifestations of life.

The ignorance among successful business men was appalling; some of them said they had never heard of the amœba and wanted to know if they had any specimens at the Zoo.

Writing to different firms whose addresses I took from the magazines didn't get me anywhere, so I began answering the ads in the paper. One advertisement in particular caught my attention. A junior partner was wanted in the leather-belting business. The word junior caught my eye. That suited me to a T. That was where I belonged. Then I could work up to senior partner, and after a time come to own the concern. I hadn't a very clear idea what leather belting was—whether it was to go around ladies' waists or around flywheels, but it wouldn't take me long to master the details. It wouldn't be long until I could write a thesis on "The Tissue Structure of a Leather Belt."

THE more I thought about the business the surer I became that the leather-belting business was profitable. When you came to think of it, nearly everybody wore a belt—even little schoolgirls were wearing them—and somebody had to supply the demand. If flywheels were meant, think how many machines in the world had flywheels! It was a pretty poor machine that didn't have some kind of flywheel. With the tireless energy that I would put into the concern I would organize a combine and form a leather-belting trust, so that not a flywheel in all the land could turn without my permission.

It seemed strange that no one had ever thought of cornering the flywheel business of the country. Still, it is the simplest things that are always being overlooked. It was not until the year that Shakespeare died that the circulation of the blood was discovered. Up to that time they had thought that the arteries had air in them, for they were always empty when examined after death. In all the history of the world, in ten thousand years, no one had discovered why the blood circulated until William Harvey announced it in 1616. I easily understood why no one had hit upon the idea of cornering the flywheel-belting business.

I went to see the people who had the leather-belting business. I found them on a side street away up on a dark floor with a lot of power shafts going and wheels turning. It seemed a bit strange that a business with such large possibilities should be lost in such an out-of-the-way place.

The manager had to look over three chairs before he could find one for me with a bottom. When I told him that I was a college graduate, he seemed very much impressed, and when I imparted to him, with all the modesty I could command and still be businesslike, that I had specialized in the life and habits of the amœba, he was delighted. When I gave him a copy of my pamphlet, "The Cellular Structure of the Amœba," his eyes shone and he said he would take it home to his wife. It did me good to see a man in the sordid world of business who appreciated a college education at its true worth.

"You have just the spirit we want," said the manager. "You seem to be honest, conscientious, sober, industrious, and capable." I wondered how he had found out about these qualities. "You have a mind for detail, and at the same time you have a broad grasp of affairs that will soon make you a valued officer in our organization." I agreed perfectly. He was putting into words my own ideas, but I couldn't help thinking how he knew all these things. "You have a highly trained brain and one that should make a revolution in this business. It seems too good to be true that we have been fortunate enough to meet you."

THEN he brought in the senior member and we went to lunch together. They began telling me little things about the business they had not mentioned before. The business was doing well—oh, yes, indeed—but they needed just a little more capital. Of course, I had understood that from the heading of the column under which I had found the advertisement—"Business Chances"—and, of course, was willing to invest money in the business. If I invested only $2,000 or $3,000, of course I could expect to become merely general manager, but if I put in $5,000, I could become vice president. The money was sure to double in three years—oh, yes, absolutely.

Here they were asking me to invest $5,000 when I had been doing my own socks and handkerchiefs for two months and using a kneaded rubber on my collars to save the wear and tear of a laundry. You know how hard laundries are on collars. You take a bright, young collar to a steam laundry and it comes back a haggard and toothless wreck.

A kneaded rubber to erase the soiled marks costs only five cents and will last a year.

WHEN I told him that I did not care to invest at the present they both looked at me in astonishment. Then they gave me to understand that I was no gentleman for trying to trick them into believing that I meant business. I had been coolly deceiving them and was probably some kind of a confidence man. They would not turn me over to the authorities this time, but I must never show my

face in their establishment again. Hurt and sorrowed, the two men got up and left me to pay the dinner checks. I did and walked home, and on the way bought a small pair of scissors that could be used for either manicuring or trimming cuffs.

I quit looking for a position and began hunting for a job.

WHEN I still was in English A, I scorned $25 a week and pitied the poor man who had to support a wife on $30 a week. In getting my first job after leaving college I walked 1,345 miles. It paid $12 a week, with night work only Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and an occasional Sunday. My greatest responsibility was to get down early, open up, and see that the fire buckets in the halls were kept filled. I was so glad to get my first week's wages that I divided it in three pockets before I went out on the street and wondered how a man with only a wife could fritter away $30 a week.

A dollar looked as big to me as a washbowl in an East St. Louis hotel, and it was fall before I could cross my legs without being afraid the top of my socks would work out of my shoes.

I began noticing queer things as the years slipped by. The fellows who drew down the big grades in school and who were expected by everybody to be in the Cabinet the day after they were thirty-five were still helping father with the grocery, because he hadn't been feeling well lately, and the men who didn't know enough in class to tell a dithyramboid from a pterodactyl were now the ones who talked about demountable rims.

There was Puss Fleming. He was as strong as an ox and had the wide-awake expression of a double blank domino. Puss had muscles like the colored chart in the front of a physiology, but he was as out of place in the classroom as a maiden lady of sixty-three at a structural ironworkers' convention. If you shook your finger at him suddenly and asked who was Gutenberg, who invented printing in 1450, he would say: "The man who found Stanley in Africa. He suffered many hardships." He could name off the Presidents of the United States down to Jefferson glibly enough, but after that he would be pretty sure to have Captain Lawrence and Paul Revere taking turns sitting in the first chair of the land, with Kit Carson in the Cabinet.

JUST the opposite was Charley Eglehoff. Charley had a head the size of a globe in the primary department showing Colon, Iowa, and had the general tendency of a bed slat to put on flesh. His forehead was as high as your hand and he cried all night if he got below 98 per cent. He could repeat off the kings of England like a poem and worked plane geometry in his head. He said that the atomic theory was more interesting than "Ben Hur," and had learned the Encyclopedia by heart down to Cart-horse-Everglades. He pressed his suit by putting it between the mattress and bed springs every night and had a theory that knocked the nebular hypothesis all hollow. Before he was a senior every boy in college had promised to vote for him for President. We called him by his first name so it would feel natural when we dropped in to see him after the 4th of March. We would slap him on the back in the East Room in a few years and say: "Hello, Charley, old boy—you remember the time Hud Phillips put molasses on your chair at the club? Looking well, Charley. Guess you must be pretty busy, Charley. We're proud of you, Charley, old man. Well, remember me to the missus, Charley. So long, Charley."

We did hope that he would give Puss Fleming a job around the White House at something like putting seals on legal papers or covering the canary at night.

HOW things change! Charley Eglehoff is now superintendent of schools in a town so small that you have to have a map the size of a horse blanket and put one finger at the letter P at the top and another finger at the figure 4 on the side of the map and bring your fingers together to find the place. He is well liked and has five children. He is now as far as Ulysses-Wubb, and rusty circles show on his trousers, as if he were too absorbed in knocking the nebular hypothesis hollow ever to put papers over them.

The other day I heard that Puss Fleming was in Chicago and dropped in to see him. I wondered what he was doing in a big city all by himself, and decided that I wouldn't go around until after lunch so that Puss wouldn't feel embarrassed. An office boy in uniform met me, with reading on his collar. It said: "The Fleming Company." The name Pendleton Fleming was on a door that led down an aisle, and under his name were two words: "Private Offices." I thought that was going a bit too far. A porter in uniform was prowling around with a feather duster, three kinds of patent dustless cloths, and a chamois skin, trying to find a flyspeck.

"I'd like to see Mr. Fleming," I said, thinking how funny Mister sounded.

"Has he an appointment with you?" asked the boy.

I almost laughed in the boy's face—the idea of Puss Fleming being of enough importance to make an appointment with anybody.

"No, I just dropped in to see him. How long has he had a job here?"

"He organized the company five years ago, I believe. I'll speak to one of his secretaries and see if you can go in."

A GIRL came out to see me, looked me over suspiciously, and asked a few questions. She explained as diplomatically as she could that Mr. Fleming—Mister again—was a very busy man, and as so many got in to see him under some pretext or another and then tried to sell him authorized histories of the Balkan War or mines in Peru, she had to be very careful about callers she granted interviews to.

"Have you known Mr. Fleming long?" she asked.

"Grew up with him and lent him a towel the week he couldn't get back his laundry. We're old college chums, don't you see?"

"Yes, his old college chums drop in every day—to sell him something," returned the girl suspiciously. "You're the third one this morning. The last one had the only autographed edition of the writings of Woodrow Wilson, President United States, complete in twelve volumes, half morocco, including a handsome photogravure of the President himself and a full oak bookrack, all for the price of the books alone. When did you see him last?"

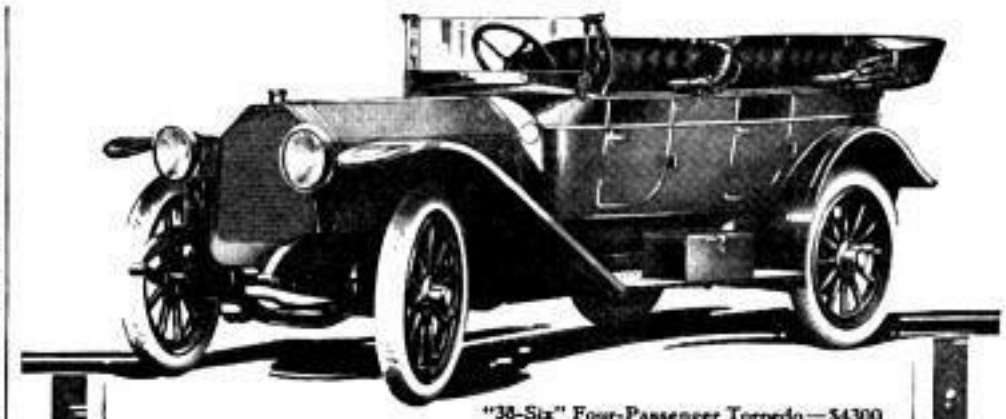
"Not since the time he went to sleep in calculus and his elbow slipped off the chair arm and he landed on the floor."

Finally I worked into the girl's confidence and was let inside Puss's private office. Puss was signing papers with seals on with one hand and holding the telephone to his ear with the other. He hadn't slapped me on the shoulder until two telegrams were put on his desk for an immediate answer. While he was ordering a new propeller for his yacht I looked at my watch and remembered about that important engagement. He started to see me to the door, but had to stop to give orders to three assistants and answer a cable from his London office.

I COULDN'T believe that this was the sleepy-headed Puss Fleming I had known in college; Puss who in college hadn't known enough to get off his hand when it was asleep. No one had ever expected anything of him, and we had all hoped that his father could take care of him if the struggle for bread became too bitter, and now any of the rest of us could light a cigar and call the crumbs from his cake a full meal. At college there had been some doubt if Puss would ever get far enough along to put the eyes in candy mice, and now he hardly had time to send the chauffeur back to get the name and make settlement if he ran one of us down.

Here was Puss traveling with the yacht crowd and telling the make of a car by the way it coughed, and in college he hadn't known an amoeba from a decimal point. On the other hand, Charley Eglehoff had always been a ready-reference library with a course of reading and memory training in the last volume, and now every other season, late in the fall, he bought a straw hat and a box of bleach.

An intimate knowledge of the character and personality of the amoeba isn't as vital as I had thought. It makes no difference how interestingly you talk about the amoeba when the landlord comes around—you can't get his mind off the rent. I am now almost ashamed to admit that there is a diploma with Latin and seals hanging in my parlor, framed in fine weathered oak. The frame's good as new. There's a second-hand dealer on my block. I must drop in and see him—maybe he buys scientific pamphlets, too.



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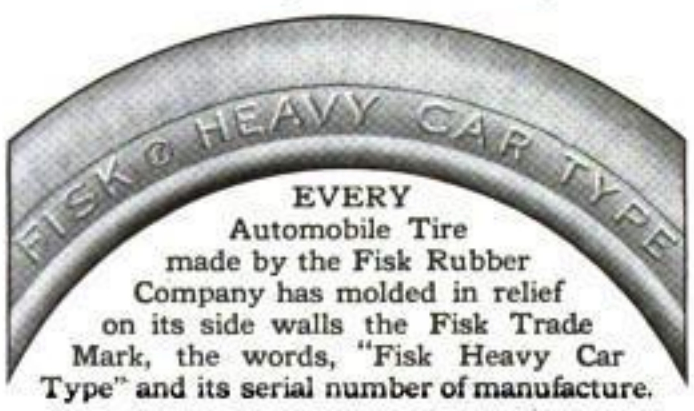
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The New Politics

THIS letter expresses more clearly than many essays and party platforms the view of present-day American politics that is taken by an increasing number of Americans. If it is correct, all that the Democrats are doing, or are likely to do, is futile. Is this man right? Is competition a thing of the past? Are we entering upon a new and untracked economic field?

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

YOUR tariff editorials have made me increasingly critical. So I'm going to exercise my inalienable right as a free-born American citizen, and also as a reader of COLLIER'S, to enter my friendly protest.

In the first place, I don't do it as a friend of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. And, in the second place, I believe you are entirely right on insisting that the passage of the Underwood bill, in the shape desired by President Wilson, is the great duty of the Democratic party. It is that party's pledge, and pledges must be redeemed.

Where I differ with you—and perhaps the difference is more apparent than real—is with your conviction, or hope, or desire, that the revision of the tariff will accomplish anything particularly worth while in the settlement of the really great questions that confront our country. Those questions, as I take it, are the trusts and the social problems—and, really, they are but one question.

It may be because I am particularly obtuse, but I can't see where free sugar, for instance, will accomplish much of anything toward reform of these questions. Won't the trust control, just as at present? And won't the trust charge the consumer, and pay the grower—whether Colorado beet grower, Louisiana cane planter, Cuban, Filipino, or Jap—just about all the former can be made to pay, and about as little as the latter can exist upon?

But it is your attitude toward the woolen industry that I cannot understand. You apparently hold with Senator Hollis that it would have been better for New Hampshire if the Amoskeag mills had never been erected. Now I am inclined to believe, with those who opposed his election, that if he said that it did prove his unworthiness to sit in the United States Senate. For it showed that he is willing simply to beg the question.

Tariff Reduction Not All

THE mills have been an injury to New Hampshire. But why? Is protection wholly to blame, or even chiefly to blame? Is the condition of the mill worker so much better in free-trade England than it is in protected United States? Is it not true that in both countries the laborer is paid only the most pitiful wage, one that will barely keep life in his body?

If the Underwood bill is passed, will the condition of New England mill workers be improved one whit? The mills may continue to run; certainly wages will be no higher, and, if the cost of living is reduced in any material respect, will not wages also be reduced? Is that not one of the inevitable workings of that competition that President Wilson so greatly desires to restore? And is there not real danger that wages will be reduced, even though the cost of living is not?

But suppose Senator Hollis has his wish, and the mills are driven out of New Hampshire and out of the United States. What has either New Hampshire or the United States gained? The condition of the mill workers will be even more deplorable, thrown out of all work; many may actually starve before they find other work. We shall buy our woolens and our cottons from England a little cheaper perhaps. But we shall simply have transferred our problem to England; we shall not have solved it. England will have to see to it that the mill workers whom we have denied justice are given justice—and when the mill workers get justice, then we'll have to pay for it, in increased prices, and we won't get any of the benefit of the wages those laborers spend, until the industry is reestablished in our country. Or, perhaps, if England gives the workers justice, then mills will again be opened here—if we still refuse to open our eyes to the fact that the tariff isn't the cure-all of economic ills—and American pauper labor will be able to work more cheaply than English protected labor.

The point I am clumsily trying to make is this: We won't gain a thing, in the long run, by transferring our wage problem to England, or to France, or to Japan. We must solve it ourselves. And this problem of social justice, and not the tariff, is the big problem. I am inclined to believe that it will be found, when we take this matter up, as eventually we must; when we pay our workers decent wages, and give them the protection they deserve; that prices will rise, even though the profits of capital are limited, and that protection will then be necessary. It isn't protection itself that is wrong; what is wrong is that we have allowed the manufacturer to absorb all the benefits of protection.

The Republican hears the cry of the workers, poor, starved, warped, scarcely human creatures, and he cries: More protection; at least the mills will stay open and the workers live, even though they may be not so well fed nor so well cared for as the swine.

The Democrat hears the cry of the workers, and he demands: Free trade; close the factories; we're better off without them; let the workers find something to do somewhere else, if they can.

Statesmanship That Is Christianity

AND neither is statesmanship; neither is Christianity. Have we not yet come, in this country of ours, to know that humanity is more than mere political and economic abstractions? Are we so wedded to old war cries that lost their meaning decades ago, to economic systems that have been outgrown many years, that still we must attempt to struggle along in the old ways, closing our ears to the wail of the workers?

It is not because my heart is less touched than yours at conditions in New England that I cannot sympathize with this tariff reform cure-all; it is because I cannot see how it can even begin to touch the evil. And surely you too, when you think, must realize that Senator Hollis is only begging the question. Those mills are OUR problem; WE must solve it; we shall be merely moral cowards if we transfer it elsewhere.

And COLLIER'S ought to be facing this bigger issue; it ought to be leading the advance. There is no paper with such moral influence; there is no such paper that so completely holds the confidence of its readers. Insist that the Democrats redeem their promise, but look upon this tariff question for what it is, a minor issue, and place before the people, constantly, their duty, above and beyond all else, to see that social justice prevails in all this United States.

It is such a tremendous battle that I cannot see how you can waste so much time on the tariff. We must have democracy, first of all, in order that our National Government may be just as responsive to the people of all the nation as are the State governments in those States that have the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. And then, with the people in control, we must proceed to solve our problems. I don't pretend to know just how it can be brought about. It seems to me the first and necessary step is that all big business must be controlled by the nation in the interests of the nation, just as the railroad business is now controlled, only, I think, the control over both must be increased. There are national child-labor laws we must have; national workmen's compensation, national old age and invalid and unemployment pensions, and national laws against such social evils as white slavery and the liquor business. And if our present Constitution and our present courts won't permit us to go ahead in this manner, then they must be changed until we can go ahead. For we're a nation, and only as a nation can we solve our national problems.

The Politics of the Churches

TO my mind the most hopeful sign of the times is the growing restlessness of the churches. They are becoming dissatisfied with what they have accomplished. There are prophets arising here and there. Rauschenbusch, Stelzle, Gladden, Steiner, Shailer Mathews—they are the forerunners of a new time. If only the mighty power that is pent up

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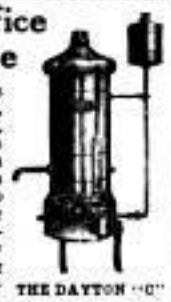
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in our churches can be loosed; if these people can be rightly educated and rightly led, it will not be long until there will be a revolution here.

Take the social creed of the churches, as enunciated at Chicago last winter. Neither the tariff nor competition is mentioned in that creed. Yet does it not go infinitely beyond the platforms of the old parties? It is more radical considerably than our Progressive platform. It is less radical than the Socialist platform only in that it does not profess to see all the ways by which the reforms it demands are to be worked out. When these leaders of the churches declare "for the abatement and prevention of poverty" and "for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised," they are taking the steps that will make the church again, as it was in its first days, a revolutionary body.

And it has seemed to me COLLIER'S *could do a wonderful work by taking the leadership in this movement. It is a movement that frankly holds the law of supply and demand as lower than the law of love—of brotherhood, or cooperation. We've been trying for some time, without any great success, to make our civilization conform to certain economic theories that have been handed down to us from our forefathers; is it not possible that perhaps we may have better success if we make economic theories conform to the needs of civilization?*

I would above everything else like to do something to bring to people this thought: that we must solve our problems in the spirit of brotherhood, and that in carrying out this ideal we must set no bounds, nor hold to any preconceived notions, but go as far and as fast as may become necessary.

And perhaps, after all, I might have said all I wanted to say in just this: That it has seemed to me, at times, as if you didn't just exactly know what your policy is—whether to hold to the old theory of competition—that is war—or to launch out in support of the newer faith, cooperation. This is a time when bold leadership is needed, and it strikes me COLLIER'S is the logical paper to assume that leadership. But bold leadership cannot hesitate between two opposing policies. R. M. MCCLINTOCK.

Compulsory Education in South Carolina

EASLEY, S. C.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I NOTICE your comment on the bill introduced in the Legislature of this State last January by myself. I assure you I appreciate your kind interest in the matter, and beg leave to correct one wrong impression you have: that is, the cotton-mill people are opposed to compulsory education. As a matter of fact the mill officials and a great many of the operatives strongly favor a mild form of compulsory education. They realize that some education will greatly improve the help and elevate their citizenship.

The trouble in this State is our people have never had compulsory education held up before them in the proper light. So many of our public speakers in discussing the subject have lugged the negro question into it, thereby exciting the prejudice of our people. They do not seem to understand that negroes are attending school without compulsion; that it is our white people that compulsory education benefits and not so much the negro.

The Constitution of our State requires one applying for a registration certificate which entitles him to vote in our general election to be able to read and write. The negro is fast preparing to comply with this clause of the Constitution, while many of our white people are neglecting to do so. At the same rate things are going, a few years will bring about a political revolution. The negro will be led by an unscrupulous white politician, which will result in bad trouble in the South, unless something is done to compel our white people to acquire at least some education, that the ballot may be kept in the hands of the whites. E. P. MCCRAVEY.



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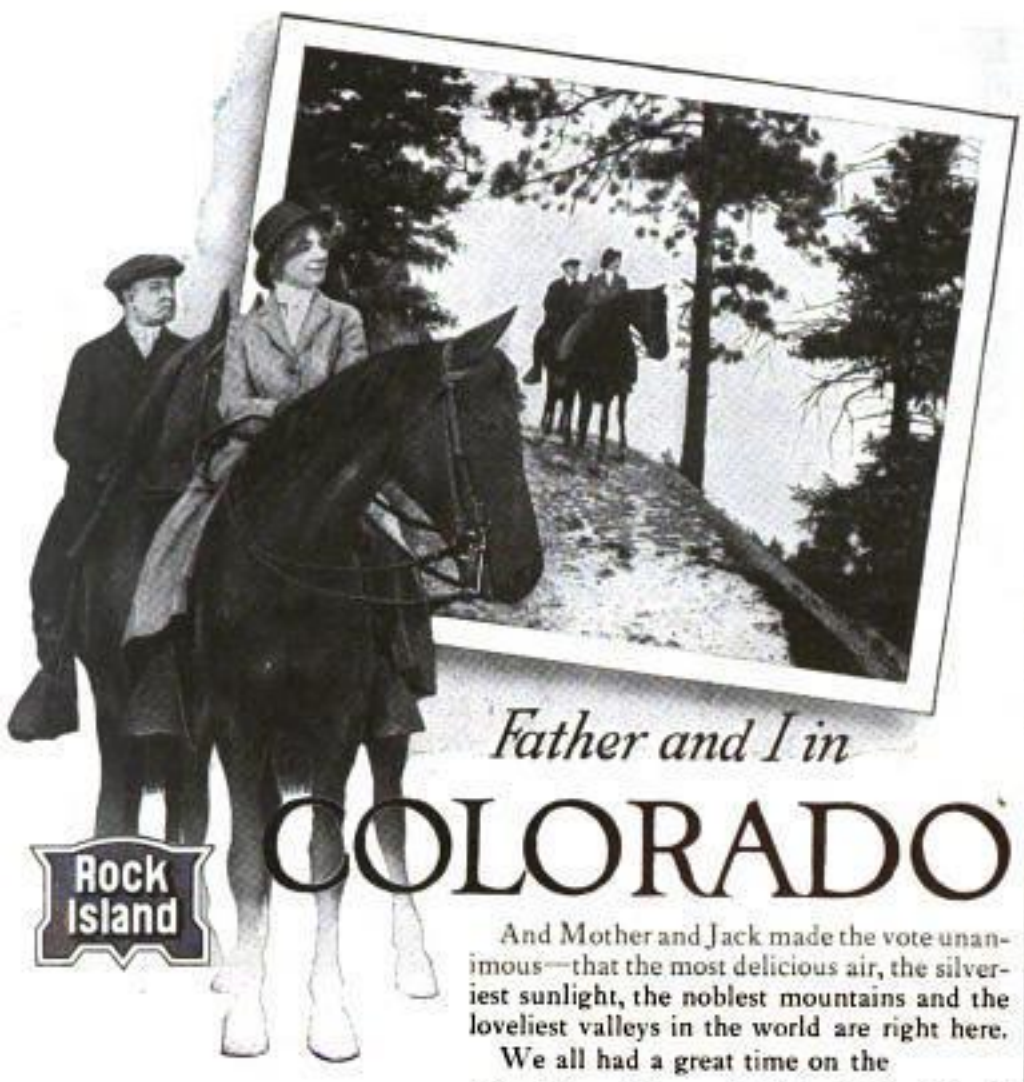
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Dr. Friedmann

Not His Desire for Profit, but His Failure to Cure, Is the Cause of Criticism and Skepticism

By DR. JOHN B. HUBER

DR. FRIEDRICH FRANZ FRIEDMANN, since his arrival in this country, bringing the claim of a remedy for tuberculosis, has had a troubled time. Some citizens believe a square deal is being denied him. It is the opinion of many persons that physicians are opposing him because he has not altogether conformed to medical ethics.

But that is not the real ground of criticism by American doctors of their German colleague. It is only that their attitude has to be one of skepticism. Any citizen will conclude, on reflection, that they have no other choice, by reason of their responsibilities, both to their patients and to their communities.

It is admitted that Dr. Friedmann's medicament is being "commercialized." This is not precisely in accord with medical ethics; but physicians are perfectly ready to waive that point. All they want to know is whether the remedy has made good, whether it is doing what is claimed for it; which is precisely what any business man would require in the circumstances, ethics or no ethics.

THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE

DR. FRIEDMANN avers that his product will cure tuberculosis of any kind—lung (consumption), bone, joint, organic, glandular—in a reasonable number of patients, who are not so far gone in the disease that they are manifestly about to die. Well, what all the doctors want is to be shown this.

If Dr. Friedmann wants to patent his product, let him and welcome; but first it should come up to specifications. Indeed, it must do so, because the Federal law (an excellent one) requires that all serums and vaccines (the Friedmann product seems to be one or the other of these) must pass the tests of the United States Public Health Service at Washington before such substances can be transmitted in interstate commerce.

Nor could Dr. Friedmann, in any event, practice in New York State, for instance, no matter how valid his claims, unless he has a license to practice medicine, which is issued after examination by the Board of Regents at Albany; although demonstrations may be made before the medical profession upon volunteer patients in hospitals and clinics. But there would be no hardship and no persecution for him in this, because there is especial provision made for licensing distinguished foreign physicians of well-known abilities at once on the answering of a few perfunctory questions.

And certain it is, that if he has found a cure for tuberculosis he will be entitled to as many millions, and whatever other desirable riches any Arabian Nights imagination can conjure up. For, as everybody knows, consumption has been destroying one life in seven between infancy and old age; and one in every three or four between adolescence and maturity; and every other adult negro life; while consumption and rum, the twin and paramount executioners of the law of the survival of the fittest, are fast removing the poor Indian from the face of the earth.

THE OPPORTUNITY

YES, between the fifteenth and forty-fifth years, when youths and maidens are entitled to contemplate marriage, when mothers should be strong to rear their children, when husbands should be virile to maintain their families, when you and I should be fit for the world's work, the Captain of the Men of Death has got to be saluted and meekly followed by every third or fourth among us.

Consumption is by far the most tremendous medical, social, and economic degeneration in existence. Besides its mortality, greater than that of any other disease, it is preeminently the destroyer of the poor, since by far the most of its victims are taken from humanity's submerged stratum. It causes our nation alone an annual loss exceeding a thousand millions of dollars. Certainly, let any man who can cure this disease have anything in the cosmos he has ever dreamed of wanting!

DEMONSTRATION IS WANTING

BUT is Dr. Friedmann's product really a remedy; will it cure tuberculosis? Thus far the demonstration is wanting; and we are not likely to be wiser than we are now about it for months to come. Dr. Friedmann has provided the United States Public Health Service and the New York City Department of Health with specimens of his product; and the following has been reported concerning it by Dr. Rupert Blue, the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service:

"On March 8 the Secretary of the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, caused a board of medical officers to be detailed to make a thorough investigation of Dr. Friedmann's alleged cure for tuberculosis.

"These officers proceeded immediately to New York and arranged with Dr. Friedmann for demonstrations of his remedy upon persons suffering from tuberculosis. These demonstrations are being carried on in certain New York hospitals through the courtesy of their respective authorities, and will be continued until sufficient information has been obtained for the forming of an opinion as to the merits of the treatment.

"Dr. Friedmann has submitted to the board a culture of the bacteria (bacilli) which he states are used in this method of treatment. In addition to the observation of persons under treatment by Dr. Friedmann, the board of officers will make experiments to ascertain whether this culture is, as Dr. Friedmann claims, harmless to warm-blooded animals.

"Considerable time will necessarily be required to carry out these investigations. The work will be carried on as rapidly as possible.

"In the meantime the public is informed of the inadvisability, in the great majority of cases, of traveling long distances in the hope of receiving the treatment, as those selected for demonstration purposes constitute only a small proportion of applicants.

"Certain statements purporting to be expressions of the Board of Officers of the Public Health Service carrying on the investigation have appeared in newspapers. These officers have expressed no opinion and will not be in a position to do so until the work has advanced sufficiently far to warrant some conclusion in regard to Dr. Friedmann's treatment."

Since then both the Government and the New York City Department of Health have issued further warnings.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR'S VIEW

NOW about the attitude of the family doctor, who is in a position entirely different from that of his fellow citizens. If Smith has a cough, and Jones advises him to try Brown's Bronchitis Banisher, without having the remotest idea what the bottle contains, except perhaps alcohol, Jones isn't held blameworthy if Smith comes to a bad end through his advice.

But when the doctor prescribes something or injects something into a patient, he would be most seriously at fault if he did not know the nature of the remedy he is using or what its ingredients are. Well, up to date, medical men not in Dr. Friedmann's confidence, except the officials mentioned, have no essential knowledge of his product; at present it is a secret medicament. This much, however, is known to medical men; and when lifted out of the maze of vaccines, serums, agglutinins, anti-

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gens, bacteriolysins, and several dozen other technical considerations like that, the situation may be put to the man on the street about as follows:

AGAIN—NO PROOFS

DR. FRIEDMANN declared December last before the Berlin Medical Society that the bacilli used in his remedy are derived from the turtle, these bacilli being the kind of germ that gives the turtle tuberculosis; that the curative properties of these tubercle bacilli from the turtle are retained, while their virulence, their poisonous properties, are eliminated by a method he has devised. But he would not explain or divulge this method, though challenged to do so. Such reticence in the presence of great medical colleagues is, to say the least, not wise, for reasons already given.

And it must be observed that there has been a lack of confidence in the scientific world regarding Dr. Friedmann's activities since; indeed, as long ago as 1904, the validity of previous statements made by him has been doubted. Why has he now crossed the water to demonstrate his treatment here, as if there were not enough consumptives in Germany for its demonstration? And why did he withdraw his treatment from test by his own Government, the Prussian Government, which gives scientific consideration to such matters, of a kind unexcelled throughout civilization? Here is certainly a case where the label "Made in Germany" carried no guarantee.

Now one way to test a remedy for human beings is to try it on the lower animals, and Dr. Friedmann has explained to his Berlin colleagues that he took a number of guinea pigs, divided them into two groups, injected his product into one group, and left the other untreated. Then he injected virulent human tubercle bacilli into all the guinea pigs.

Those not subjected to his product all died of tuberculosis; those he had subjected to it did not die so soon; but he had not completely immunized them by his procedure, because they also all eventually died of tuberculosis.

But if his product is really a cure, it should cure tuberculosis in guinea pigs and other warm-blooded animals, as well as in human beings; and this it has not done. Then he has made "prophylactic"—that is, preventive or immunizing—injections into the muscles of infants and little children born of consumptive parents. This is on the theory of vaccinating them against tuberculosis as we vaccinate against smallpox.

But there is no evidence that this method—really a cruel one unless you are absolutely sure of its efficacy—has immunized children, nor could any such statement be proved for years to come.

In point of fact, there are many children of consumptive parents who have been immunized against the disease by the very fact of the parental consumption. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

NOW about the idea that there is nothing harmful or virulent in those tubercle bacilli of the turtle. Assume that they are "avirulent," not poisonous. It is known in every laboratory that "avirulent" bacilli oftentimes undergo reversion to virulence; in which event such a "cure" as Dr. Friedmann's would become an added danger in circumstances at best dreadful and pathetic.

And medical men are asking, "How did those tubercle bacilli get into Dr. Friedmann's turtles?" (Like the small boy's exhaustive questioning into the natural history of milking—"How did the milk get into the cow?" etc.) It is difficult to detect turtle tuberculosis and to isolate those turtles which have the disease and can supply the bacilli. Did Dr. Friedmann originally inject virulent tubercle bacilli of a human strain into turtles, and then by successive processes render the bacilli in the latter "avirulent"? If so, reversion to virulence would be rather likely than otherwise.

Dr. Friedmann does not seem to have satisfied his colleagues who ask such questions—very important ones, if they are to inject his product into their patients.

Dr. Friedmann has been given all kinds of tuberculosis cases to treat, including cases of bone, gland, and joint tuberculosis. No one need be surprised if the latter cases get well. Send children thus afflicted to the seashore, and they will get well, injection or no injection, no matter of whose preparation.

And Dr. Friedmann has been given cases of advanced pulmonary tuberculosis to treat. None of these has he cured. Such cases sometimes get well under the modes of treatment now recognized. His preparation may well be remedial in early, incipient, uncomplicated cases of tuberculosis, in conjunction with other means of cure. Yet precisely the same is true of Koch's tuberculin and of other tuberculins now and for a score of years past in use. But the physician cannot comprehend how Dr. Friedmann's product would cure advanced cases of tuberculosis, because the vast majority of them, practically all, are "mixed cases," in which germs other than the tubercle bacillus, and usually even more virulent than it, have become mixed with it; and they are an even graver factor in the disease than the tubercle bacillus. But if Dr. Friedmann's product is as he states it to be, it contains no curative agencies against those other germs; it is not for "mixed infections."

Again, the newspapers tell of improvement in hospital patients after a single injection of Dr. Friedmann's product. (He injects it variously under the skin, into muscles or into veins.) This is so under any treatment, and the explanation is by way of hypnotic anesthesia. But relapses are pathetically the rule. An injection of cold water, with an assurance of its efficacy, will satisfy the *spes phthisicorum* (the blessed hopefulness which is so proverbial in the consumptive); but every doctor who has seen the lungs of advanced consumptives post mortem knows that such a phenomenon cannot mean a cure.

NO NEW PRINCIPLE

AGAIN, Dr. Friedmann's procedure, so far as it can be discerned, is not new, not by any means. He has not discovered or announced any new principle of cure or immunization against tuberculosis. He has only followed methods which were demonstrated first in this country by Dr. Trudeau and others.

And it must be emphasized that doctors are dealing not with a business proposition, but with human health. Only time—months and perhaps years—and the judgment, based on facts, of competent physicians, can satisfy the profession; and to exploit the poor, who furnish most cases of consumption, by means of an undemonstrated product would be sorry business indeed!

So the observation of the authoritative Journal of the American Medical Association is right: "The psychology of the excitement of the public over Friedmann is hard to understand, except on the basis of clever press-agent work. There is not sufficient warrant for any other attitude toward Friedmann's treatment of tuberculosis than one of critical neutrality and judicious skepticism, for it concerns an essentially secret procedure without adequate experimental basis and without any better results to its credit than are produced by tuberculin properly used."

"Corn Club" Smith's Dinner Hour

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THAT was a mighty fine story you told on my friend "Corn Club" Smith of Mississippi. It was thoroughly enjoyed by those who *know Smith*. But there was *one* serious mistake—that is, it may prove *serious* to *Smith*. Let me explain that in Mississippi they think Smith may some day be Governor, and think it will be a good day for the State when he is. But there is one thing that story which would be very damaging should Smith have an opponent in any race for Governor. Your writer tells the public that the professor "rose from his dinner table one night." Now folks in Mississippi do not eat dinner *at night*, and Smith is just "folks," and it would ruin his chances for Governor forever should it get out on him that he eats *dinner* at night.

I am sure that you want to do the professor no harm, and it will be in order for you to make this correction.

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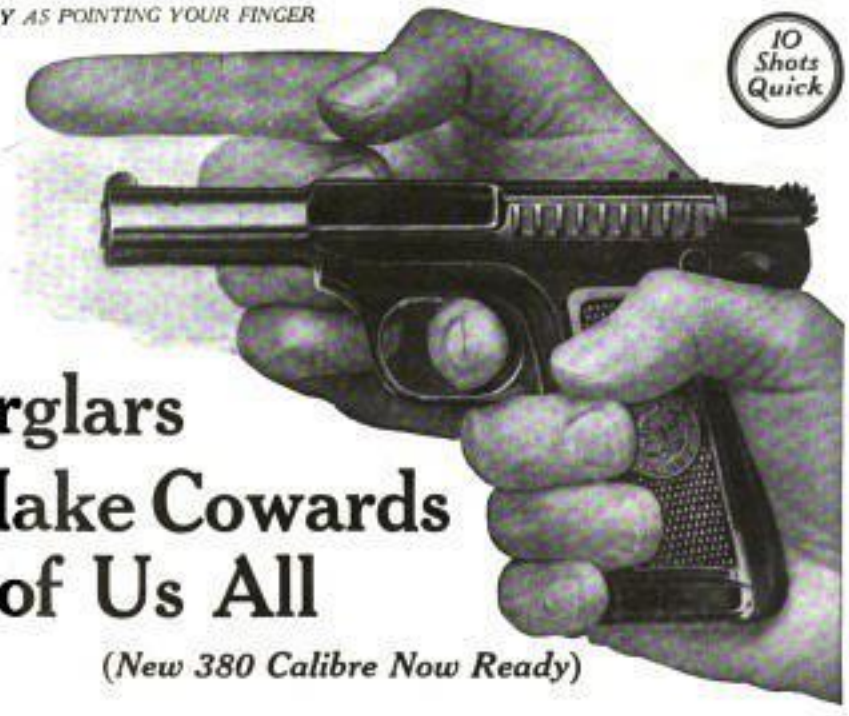
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National Motor Vehicle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"The World's Most Menacing Problem"

To the Heart of the Question

THE editorials in COLLIER'S WEEKLY usually run to short paragraphs, scattered over subjects as diverse as possible. When a national publication with so fixed an editorial habit breaks its rule and devotes a whole editorial page to a single subject, it is some indication of the importance of that subject. COLLIER'S does just this with the California alien land bill.

The editorial also admirably grasps the situation. Facing down the prevalent Eastern snarl, and rising out of the immediate issue of policy as between ways and times of doing the thing, COLLIER'S goes straight to the heart of the big question—the permanent relation of the two racially divergent halves of the earth. This is the issue as Japan now raises it, and on this COLLIER'S takes squarely the California side. Dismissing all questions of superiority or inferiority of races, and conceding in this case their entire equality, the editorial rests its case on the fact of permanent, hereditary, physical difference of race. People separated by this barrier cannot dwell together on any terms which Japanese would accept. In fact, even negroes would not accept them if there were a powerful negro republic next door to which to appeal. If there were such a negro republic, say in the West Indies, the negro question as it now stands would soon involve us in war with that republic. And if there were half a million Japanese in the United States, that fact alone would make war inevitable. The time to begin to handle such a subject is while it is small. And this is not news to any Californian. But it is pleasant to know that so widely circulated a periodical has undertaken to see to it that it is not news anywhere.

—Fresno (Cal.) *Republican.*

The Word in Season

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Allow me to heartily congratulate you on the excellent article in this week's (May 31) number on the very vital subject, "The World's Most Menacing Problem." This is the first intelligent article I have seen in any Eastern publication on this question, and it is high time that the people of the Eastern States should be educated in regard to this menace of the Japanese: they are astonishingly ignorant. The silly attitude of the majority of the newspapers—that of treating as a matter of ridicule every suggestion that the Japanese would ever use a foothold gained in this country against us, and that the only way to avoid a war with Japan is to do just as she wishes us to do in the matter of admitting her subjects—can be attributed, I suppose, to politics, and very cheap politics at that. It is evident from your article that you know just what you are talking about—that you have investigated and thought about the subject. You also seem to appreciate the importance of the question, so I sincerely hope that you will see fit to make a campaign of education and not let this be your last article regarding it. If the Eastern States, through ignorance and short-sighted politics, force these Orientals on the States of the Pacific Coast, the explosion is as inevitable as the setting of the sun at close of day, and, as you say, the time to "think it over" is *right now*.

Let me thank you again for your "word in time"—your influence is great, and it is a splendid thing for us all that it is usually for the good and right.

EDNA GOLDSMITH RILEY.

Senator Smoot's View

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I have read the article, "The World's Most Menacing Problem," with a great deal of interest, and desire to express my full approval of the same and congratulate the writer upon the plain and straightforward way of dealing with that most serious question.

REED SMOOT.

A Keen Conclusion

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

The editorial on the Japanese trouble in its relation to the whole Far Eastern problem to come, in COLLIER'S, seems to me comprehensive and sound, with the imaginative illumination which every comprehensive and sound analysis of public problems must have.

No man can travel in the East—particularly in China—without drifting into some pretty deep speculation as to the coming relations of the Orient with the rest of the world—with their enormous population, their growing alertness of mind, and the swift increase of the means of communication that are bringing all nations so close together.

And your conclusion that we must face the necessity of excluding all peoples that have nothing congenial to contribute to our kind of a democracy is keen. It may mean, of course, that we shall some day have to exclude some kinds of immigrants that we have not hitherto excluded. But why not? Perhaps by doing so consistently we may force some of these other peoples to turn back on themselves and work out a better standard of living for themselves at home, instead of running away from trouble and coming here to undermine our standard.

As one reader I feel that in taking the position of this week's Far East editorial, and in your attitude on the reform of State governments, COLLIER'S is setting up a statesmanlike editorial attitude that begins to suggest real leadership.

SAMUEL MERWIN.

Not Understood by Majority

KENT, WASH.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

The article, "The World's Most Menacing Problem," in your issue of May 31 is O. K. This subject is not understood by the large majority of the people, especially at points remote from the Pacific Coast.

W. GREENLEAF.

A Problem of the Future

MEMPHIS, TENN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I want to take the opportunity of saying to you that your presentation of the Japanese issue in your paper of May 31, under the caption "The World's Most Menacing Problem," is by all odds the most masterly argument of this problem I have ever had the good fortune to read. Every American citizen should study this article and prepare himself to act firmly on this question, which he shall surely have to do sooner or later.

H. A. MENTZ.

"Congratulations"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Congratulations on your editorial, "The World's Most Menacing Problem."

EDW. J. DEACKAY, JR.

"Up to Collier Standard"

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Allow me to be one of those to express my appreciation of your editorial, "The World's Most Menacing Problem." It is up to COLLIER standard: it is fearless and goes to the root of the question.

GEO. M. PAYZANT.

An Indorsement

MEMPHIS, TENN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I heartily indorse the position you take in your article, "The World's Most Menacing Problem."

J. B. BUCHANAN.

Like the Negro Problem

BALTIMORE, MD.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I do not know who wrote "The World's Most Menacing Problem," but it is all right, and I wish that that particular editorial article could multiply its circulation a thousand times. It is, I believe, a negro problem, aggravated or made dangerous by external conditions.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

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NATIONAL CAMERA CO. 915 Lucas Av., St. Louis

Akron and the I.W.W.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

AKRON'S recent rubber strike is unique in the annals of American industrial disturbances. Akron was enjoying unexampled prosperity because of the remarkable growth of its rubber industry.

The city showed a growth of 61 per cent in population between 1900 and 1910. Careful estimates show that the growth during the next two years was even still more rapid, and the population of the city at the present time is about 90,000. The principal factor in this growth is brought out in compilations made by the Akron Chamber of Commerce showing that the sixteen rubber factories then in the city in 1910 gave employment to 13,630 persons, while the number employed in the seventeen rubber factories in January, 1913, had increased to about 22,600 persons. The pay roll of the six largest of these factories for 1912 aggregated $12,022,780.

IN February one of the large companies installed machinery to improve upon the old hand method of making tires.

A disagreement, largely fomented by local followers of the I. W. W., arose between the tire builders and the management over the price per tire which should be paid the men for the tires turned out so much more rapidly on the machines, and about fifty of the men walked out without waiting longer to ascertain if a satisfactory adjustment could not be made.

This was an opportunity the agitators of the I. W. W. did not overlook. They flocked into Akron from all parts of the country. By their inflammatory speeches and easily made promises of the higher wages, these agitators soon had several thousand of the rubber workers in the banner-carrying processions which marched through the city.

On account of the sensational reports sent out through the daily papers, the Ohio State Senate sent a special committee to investigate the strike situation. This committee in a lengthy report just submitted to the Ohio Legislature says in regard to the first cause of the strike:

"Had there been a reasonable amount of time between the date on which the notice providing for a readjustment of prices was posted and that fixed when it would take effect, so as to insure due deliberation and conference, the strike might have been averted."

That but few of the thousands who went out on the strike and paid fifty cents each for enrolling as members of the I. W. W. actually knew the real teachings of that organization was brought out in the testimony before the Senate committee, which says in its report: "The Industrial Workers of the World teach among other things: 1. All employees shall belong to one general union. 2. No contract providing for wages or conditions of employment shall be entered into for a definite length of time between employer and employee. 3. Sabotage. This means that if an employee, or a group of employees, have grievances and cannot secure a settlement thereof, instead of ceasing work, they should do poor work, turn out inferior products, loaf during working hours, injure or destroy machinery, create expense, and inflict damage upon the employers until the grievance about which they complained should be satisfactorily adjusted.

"We submit to the General Assembly the consideration of this dangerous doctrine as a matter of grave importance and public concern, not only to the State of Ohio, but to the nation at large."

IN regard to wages paid, the report says:

"The testimony shows that the wages paid generally compare favorably with those paid in other industries. In the automobile tire building and tire finishing departments the wages earned are evidently higher than the amount earned in other industries where like skill and effort are required."

Most of the rubber workers returned to the factories before the Senate committee's report was made. The I. W. W. formally declared the strike off, and Akron is now again assuming its ways of prosperity.

J. EDWARD GOOD,
President, Akron Chamber of Commerce.

Correct automobile lubrication is a serious problem. But its fundamentals are simple. We will cover them in a plain question-and-answer form.



Question: What moves your car?

Answer: Power.

Question: What determines your power?

Answer: Your motor, your fuel and your lubricant. If any one of these factors falls short in full efficiency, you receive less than full power. The greater part of the power lost is taken up by friction—wear on the moving parts.

Question: What will give you the most efficient lubrication?

Answer: An oil of the highest lubricating *quality* whose "*body*," or thickness, is best suited to the feed requirements of your motor.

Question: Suppose you use oil of lower lubricating *quality* or of less correct "*body*." What are the penalties?

Answer: Many. Among them are:

(1) Escape of the explosion past the piston rings and loss of compression. (2) Unlubricated cylinder walls at the upper end of the piston stroke. (3) Imperfect lubrication of many of the bearings. (4) Excess carbon deposit. (Due to the oil working too freely past the piston rings and burning in the combustion chamber.) (5) Excessive oil and fuel consumption. (6) Worn wrist pins. (7) Rapid and unnecessary deterioration of your motor. (8) Loose bearings. (9) Noisy operation.

Question: How can you determine the correct oil for your car?

Answer: By consulting the lubricating chart—printed in part on the right.

Question: What assures the reliability of this chart?

Answer: The chart is the result of the most far-reaching and most thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been undertaken.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is recognized throughout the world—the Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and each model of American and foreign car.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of lower lubricating quality or of less-correct "body" than that specified for your car, your motor faces unnecessary friction, loss of power, and ultimate serious damage.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel, or a **sealed** five-gallon or one-gallon can.

Look for the name and the red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart, together with points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Avery			A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	D	A								
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carhartt	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Cont'd	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case					A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.
Daniels	A	L	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"					A	E	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Fiat	B	A	E	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders			E	E	B	E	Arc.	Arc.		
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	A	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Cont'd							Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Garford										
Garford Legal	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.				
" (6 cyl.)		E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile "32"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "20"									A	A
I. H. C. (air)									B	A
" (water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A		
Interstate	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Jackson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly										
Kelly Springfield									Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Cont'd			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar									Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kraft			A	A	A	A	B	A	A	A
Lafayette	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Locomobile										
Lorraine	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marion	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Maxwell (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige Detroit			E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder									A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont'd					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Rayfield							A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.					B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Service					A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Singlet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"									A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E		
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit			Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Gas)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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KAHN Building Products

The Cotter's Saturday Night

New Version : : By Walt Mason

THE labor of the week is o'er, the stress and toil titanic, and to his humble cottage door returns the tired mechanic. He hangs his weather-beaten tile and coat upon a rafter; the housewife greets him with a smile, the bairns with joyous laughter. The supper is a merry meal, and when they've had their vittles, the mother plies her spinning wheel, while father smokes and whittles. But now the kids, a joyous crowd, must cease to romp and caper, for father starts to read aloud the helpful daily paper:

A cancer on the neck or knees once meant complete disaster; but Dr. Chowder guarantees to cure it with a plaster. He doesn't use an ax or spade, or blast it out with powder; don't let your coming be delayed—rely on Dr. Chowder!

Outdoors there is a rising gale, a fitful rain is falling; they hear the east winds sadly wail like lonely phantoms calling. But all is peace and joy within, and eyes with gladness glisten, and father, with a happy grin, reads on, and bids them listen:

If you have pimples on your nose or bunions on your shoulder, if you have ringbones on your toes—ere you're a minute older call up the druggist on the phone and have him send a basket of Faker's pills, for they alone will save you from a casket.

The clock ticks on the cottage wall, and marks the minutes' speeding; the firelight dances in the hall, on dad, where he sits reading. Oh, quiet, homely scene of bliss, the nation's pride and glory! And in a million homes like this, dad reads the precious story:

Oh, countless are the grievous ills, afflicting human critters, but we have always Bunkum's Pills, and Skookum's Hogwash Bitters. Have you the symptoms of the gout along your muscles playing? And are your whiskers falling out, and are your teeth decaying? Have you no appetite for greens, and do you balk at fritters? We'll tell you, reader, what it means—you need some Hogwash Bitters!

The children nod their drowsy heads, their toys around them lying. "I'll take them to their little beds," says mother, softly sighing. "It's time they were away from here—the evening is advancing; but ere they go, O husband dear, read one more tale entrancing." And father seeks that inside page where "Household Hints" are printed, where, for the good of youth and age, this "Household Hint" is hinted:

If you have maladies so rank they are too fierce to mention, just call on good old Dr. Crank: you'll find it his intention to cure you up where others fail, though t'others number twenty; but don't forget to bring the kale, and see that you have plenty.

Cutting a Food Highway

(Concluded from page 19)

No Metallic Contamination

In your investigation have you found any material difference in the sanitary conditions of fruits or vegetables packed in glass containers; and if so, what was the result so far as food values were concerned?—H. L., Omaha, Neb.

Where glass containers are used, there is no chance for contamination of the contents by salts of tin or lead from the can. The new enamel-lined tin cans, however, are practically doing away with metallic contamination, which was formerly very marked, especially in pumpkin, squash, or any vegetable of low acidity. We believe there is no difference in food value, if foods are packed in enameled tins or in glass containers, provided the quality of the original products was identical.

Not Unreasonable

I have recently purchased from a local store a pound of peppermint candy for ten cents. It seems unreasonable that, with sugar at four and a half cents per pound, a candy of this type can be made to retail at ten cents. Does this candy really contain any sugar and essence of peppermint, or is it simply a combination of glucose and flavoring material? If so, is glucose harmful, or simply lacking in food value? That you may test it, I am sending you by parcel post a package of this candy.

Trusting to see your reply in COLLIER'S, *and thanking you for your courtesy, I am,* C. A. Y., Maryland.

The candy is composed of sugar and starch and is flavored with peppermint. There is nothing in its composition to indicate that it should not be sold at a considerable profit for ten cents per pound. The objection, if any, might be raised to the fact that raw starch is present—a compound not easy of digestion, and in many instances causing more or less severe gastric disorders.

The food value of pure sugar and pure glucose is practically identical. In Senate Report No. 516 we find the following: "In my opinion glucose is not deleterious to health. It is wholesome, somewhat sweet, readily digested, and when used carefully, in my opinion, is not an injurious product. The fraud is a financial one, the substitution of the cheaper for the dearer sweet, and the selling of the cheaper article for the natural and dearer article."

Drugged Drinks

I want to inquire about the advertised drink, Coca-Cola. Is it a harmful, habit-forming beverage? Some of the W. C. T. U. reformers place it in that list. It is advertised in some of the Sabbath school helps. If there is anything about it that will weaken the will power or increase undue thirst, we do not want to set it before our children.—W. H. H., Leesburg, Ohio.

The beverage you mention contains caffeine, which, you are probably aware, is the alkaloid or active principle of tea or coffee. In our opinion one might acquire the habit as he might acquire the coffee or tea habit. It does not appear to us as the part of good hygiene to allow young people, especially children, to drink caffeinated beverages. It has been our experience that religious or pseudoreligious papers are not safe guides to follow in the selection of either beverages or medicines.

Its Claims Are Correct

There has recently come to my attention a product which is very similar to beef extract, but which, it is claimed, contains no animal matter in its composition. I refer to Millenium Extract, "not made from flesh." I have used this extract, but would like to have your opinion of it, as I am a vegetarian and would not like to eat anything that contains animal matter. Also, what proportion of salt does this product contain? I should very much like to see your answer to my communication in COLLIER'S *Pure Food Department.*—Miss L. D., Beverly, Mass.

Analysis by several chemists of note shows that this product is entirely free from animal matter. It contains less than 3 per cent of salt. In our opinion the claims of the manufacturers concerning its composition are correct.

Four Letters

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN a recent number of COLLIER'S there was an article, "Answering a Question," by Mrs. Fremont Older.

In that article there appears the following paragraph:

But I was able now to answer the question which had brought me across a continent. THE PROVOST MARSHAL WAS THE ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Assuming that you wish to publish only the truth, let me say that the quoted paragraph is absolutely untrue: the provost marshal was not the Associated Press correspondent, nor had he ever been.

We have carefully examined the thousands of words sent from West Virginia by our correspondents since the difficulties arose between the mine owners and their employees. We should be glad to show this large volume of news matter to you, Mrs. Older, or any other fair-minded person, as we are convinced that we have covered the news events of that territory amply, accurately, and fairly.

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN,
Assistant General Manager.

✦

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"ANSWERING a Question" in COLLIER'S of recent date—in which a San Francisco woman attempts to answer the question: "Why don't we get news from West Virginia?" relative to the coal miners' strike on Cabin and Paint Creeks—by stating: "The Provost Marshal was the Associated Press correspondent," strikes one as rather a poor answer to the question since the answer is not based on fact.

I was "the Provost Marshal" referred to and was not "the Associated Press correspondent," as anyone could have ascertained by the mere asking. I have not been the Associated Press correspondent for nearly two years, and when ordered to duty in the strike zone as Provost Marshal last February I turned all my newspaper work over to another.

The Associated Press correspondent frequently visited the strike zone during my tour of duty and I know personally that he was never denied any information.

JOHN C. BOND
(Captain, West Virginia National Guard).

✦

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

MAJOR DAVIS, second in command at Paint Creek Junction, told me that Captain Bond was the Associated Press man. When Major Davis found out that I had permission to photograph Mother Jones, he said: "I'm glad of it." Bond may not be the official Associated Press correspondent in that district, but there is no doubt that he gave out news to the correspondents.

CORA OLDER (*Mrs. Fremont Older*).

✦

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THE coal strike in West Virginia began in April, 1912, but it was not until February, 1913—ten months later—that the outside world got even a glimmer of what had happened in those ten months. This was brought on by a battle between miners and mine guards at Mucklow and the arrest of Mother Jones. Even then the Associated Press dispatches were so unsatisfactory that the New York "World" found it necessary to send its own representative to the scene.

Now what had happened in the preceding ten months? There had been three battles of Mucklow; martial law had been declared upon three separate occasions; the military court had been set in operation and the miners railroaded to the penitentiary without trial. Besides this, a special mining commission had heard testimony concerning the deplorable conditions of the miners, covering 1,600 pages, which the Associated Press correspondent covered in a few sticks.

Nearly every line of my "Everybody's" story was gotten before Christmas of last year. The only conclusion possible is that the Associated Press man, who had his desk in the office of the Adjutant General, was incompetent or else under the influence of the mine owners and that the Associated Press editors were asleep at the switch.

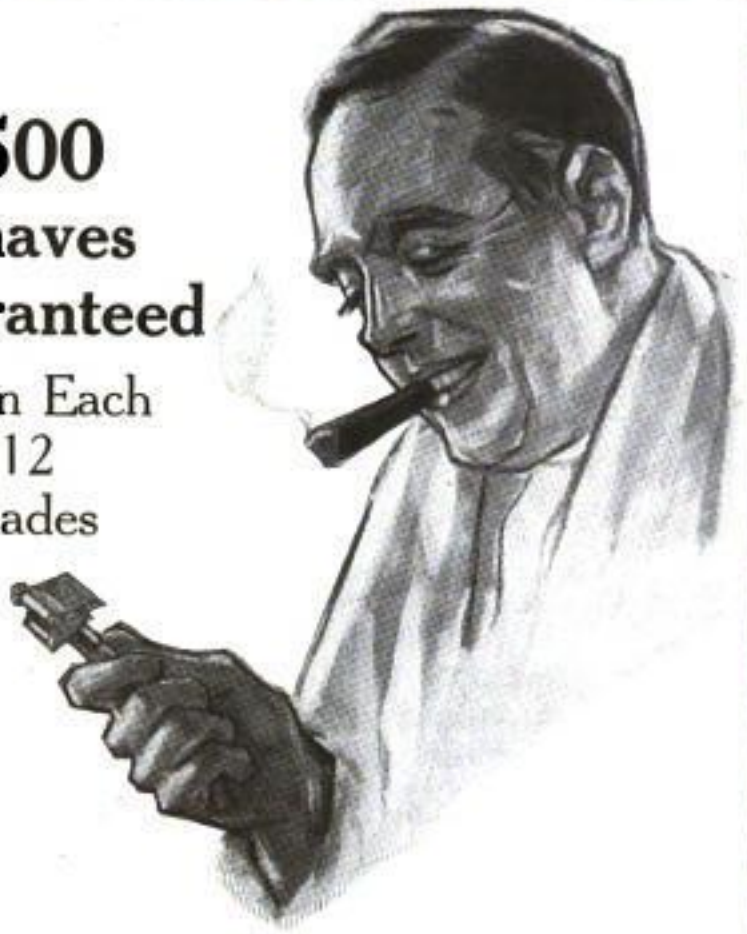
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(Concluded from page 8)

at the Peugeot pit and drank a pint of champagne. Then he went on and won the race. Ho, publicity men! The tires, the oil, the gasoline, the cams, gaskets, transmission, carburetor, magneto, and all other things that helped Jules Goux take the prize have been blazoned to the world, but no one has arisen to shout aloud the name of the wine that he drank!

So now we come to the finish, and we almost come without paying a passing tribute to the bold young militiamen who guard the track. Brave boys they are, with clubs in hand, and a pert and authoritative way of poking you in the bosom with the club while they ask you where you are going, and insist upon seeing your badge. Within their rights, and executing their duties, no doubt—but how glad you are when one of them tries to put Jap Clemens, the veteran driver, away from beside the track, and Jap entertains five of them in a beautiful tussle wherein he takes the club away from the one and bats him joyously over the head therewith. This almost makes us miss the finish.

AND now the boss jinx of them all presses the button for the Stutz. Anderson is walloping his car to a fare you well, and the crowd is praying that something mild but effective may happen to the Peugeot—just the loss of all its wheels at once, or something of the sort. Pilette, in his Mercedes-Knight, with the smallest cylinders of them all, is arguing for a place in a most strenuous manner. The Peugeot is four minutes ahead of Anderson, and Anderson has opened her up and is flying around the ellipse like a great white moth. One hundred and eighty-six laps he goes, then the one hundred and eighty-seventh. Seven miles and a half to finish the race, and he turns in at the pit. He jumps out, throws the crank around, throws up his hand, and leans against the pit wall. It is all over for him. The cam shaft, or something, has been broken. Down at the Peugeot pit the French crew go into ecstasies. Now it is a race between Wishart and Merz for second place. So we come to the 199th lap for Merz. Goux has finished.

He has won. His confrères have kissed him on both cheeks, through the dust, dirt, and smoke upon them. The crowd has cheered for him.

MERZ is doing his level best. So is Wishart. Merz comes down the stretch for his 199th lap—with his car on fire! Does he stop? Oh, brother, Lincoln J. Carter never dreamed of such a spectacular effect for one of his shows! Charley Merz keeps on and does his last lap like a man riding a torch. He comes in for the finish—Wishart has taken second place, but the boss jinx doesn't want the Stutz to have anything. Merz comes down the stretch, the hood of his car enveloped in flame, his mechanician straddling it and beating the fire with his hands, and the crowd yelling like demons. Across the line he goes, then stops to help put out the fire.

Goux's time is not fast enough to break last year's record, but his victory has made the Speedway race a world affair from now on. The "in the money" finishers, in their order, are: Peugeot, Mercer, Stutz, Sunbeam, Mercedes-Knight, Gray Fox, Mercedes, Case, Tulsa, and Mason.

Two Men

(Concluded from page 18)

"Why, this is a darn good little old world after all," laughed Burton with sudden and irrelevant pleasure.

After a while he turned to the third man.

"Pal," he said, "I'm sorry, mighty sorry for roping you in. I've been sick or I'd have made a try at it alone."

"Oh, that's right enough. I'd have never made her anyhow," said the third man.

Bravery is an easy game if you have good leaders.

The boat tooted three times before any of them looked up. Each had heard it the first time. Each had thought the sound the result of an overheated imagination and so said nothing.

But the boat was steaming back through the acrid smoke and blistering heat. An unwilling captain turned the wheel. On one side of him stood a lantern-jawed American holding a revolver to the captain's head. On the captain's other side stood Burton's native foreman. He faced the boatload of refugees and swept the sea of dilated eyes with another revolver.

WHEN that tank exploded the lantern-jawed one was a considerable distance away from the camp. But a handy horse brought him close. Excitement like that was too rare a thing to be passed up even for caution. The first person he met was Burton's native foreman, who could think of nothing else but "the sick Señor Burton."

They searched for the sick man but found him not. The native foreman had imagination. They raced back, crossed the river, followed the bank, and waited for the sluggish boat whose captain was an unbeliever.

They swam out, boarded her, and searched for Burton. The captain swore that no one was left in that hissing furnace but a Mexican or two. But two men, one a native and the other an Englishman vowed that they had caught a smoke-stained, heat-smothered American phrase or two as the boat was pulling out.

The lantern-jawed one ordered the captain to turn back. The captain refused. Hence the revolvers. Hence the rescue.

The two Americans carried Pomeroy on board.

"Lucky thing that I carry the twins with me," remarked the lantern-jawed one.

"Darn lucky," agreed Burton.

"It's about as easy and as justifiable to kill a fool coward in this country as it is in Wyoming," cryptically observed the lantern-jawed one.

WELL, that little experience set Pomeroy's rheumatism back about three months. But Burton picked right up, and when, in a month, his wife and children arrived he was as immaculately garbed, as big and radiant as ever.

As soon as Pomeroy could talk for five consecutive minutes he gave orders that Burton's house was to be equipped with every possible convenience. When he had partially recovered he told his messmates what he thought of them and what he thought of Burton. He told them as forcibly as his proper vocabulary would let him. One day he sent for Burton, and for two hours he apologized and ate his humble pie right gallantly. After all some things do steer that kind of an Englishman past his conventions, and then the man of him is apt to be surprising.

Burton felt very uncomfortable.

"It's all right, Pomeroy, old man, don't mention it. And remember that it wasn't me that turned the trick but one of the pipe hands."

"Ah—but that—that gentleman would never have thought of coming back for me," insisted Pomeroy seriously, for Pomeroy was still a serious man. It is curious how sciatic with complications will twist a man's tongue and clear his head.

"Well, Pomeroy, it's over and everybody behaved rather well, all things considered. Don't be hard on the mess. They just forgot about us, we had been so long in bed. You get well now and come up to meet my wife and the kids."

BURTON was an easy-going man. Pomeroy did finally get rid of his troubles, and the first day that he stepped out he called on the Burtons. He entertained Mrs. Burton with an accurate account of the rescue, and demoralized the four young Burtons with money in all sizes.

Of course the general manager—English in all things—never forgot what he owed to Burton. He mentioned it at every opportunity. He told and retold it till the mess gnashed its teeth. In short, he made such a nuisance of himself that there were times when Burton said he almost wished that he had left the man to his fate on the mess steps.



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The Wedding at Possum's Glory

(Continued from page 6)

"I ain't heard him play yet, to speak of," Bash went on. "But he gave 'em a taste o' what he could do at the store last night, an' Jim Turner picked him out to lead the band right off. Jim blows a flute in the band himself, an' knows what's what. The gypsy's got an extra fine fiddle too—if you can ever believe a word the thievin' vagabonds say. But they're fiddlers, though—I've stepped it to gypsy fiddlin' before now! We'll give this rooster a chance to tune up after supper, an' hey—mighty souls—ain't mother ever goin' to *have* supper?"

THE five of them sat down together, Evan having been washed and brushed up so as to wait on table. Bash, however, must take another squint at the weather first. On the way back, in his rage, he snarled so at Evan for dragging his feet that the poor white-faced lad all but dropped the stack of hot plates he was carrying.

It could not be said, anyhow, that the meal began too hilariously, what with Bash's lowering, paternal bitterness toward the heavens and Mert's generally odd and subdued tone of behavior.

But this cold and unfamiliar constraint at table could not last. Bash himself was never the host for it: glooming over good victuals was as impossible a thing to him as a page of book arithmetic. His rage against the storm, without abating, simply took another course. It turned to recklessness—big, gay, stentorian, high-feather recklessness.

"That's it, that's it!" he imprecated, shaking a huge fist toward the windows where the soft, silent flakes could be seen eternally drifting by. "Keep it up, you little devils—let her go an' be danged to you!"

"Now you're talkin' like your own man, dad!" says Sam. "What's it to us? Give me another cup of that able-bodied coffee, mother."

After that the meal sped more heartily. Mert, to be sure, still refused to cross eyes with the gypsy. But nobody except the man himself dreamed of noticing. And he, of course, always intently but covertly watchful, gave no sign. The fine fire of slabs on the dining-room hearth threw out a strong ruddy glow. The food on the table smoked generous and savory. And to these warming influences was now added good drink.

"Jee-hosaphat, mother!" cries Bash. "If we ain't clean a-forgettin' their healths! Hand us down a bottle o' that famous old homemade grape wine o' yourn!"

MRS. STEVENS'S homemade wine was smooth stuff, and the first quart went so rapidly, to so few a number of toasts, that a second had immediately to be called for. Bash, backed up by Sam, even implored for a third. But against this Mrs. Stevens, who had a suspicion of Sam, and who knew her husband only too well, steadfastly set herself.

"Then, by gum," exclaimed Bash, slapping the table, "we'll have cider! Here, you, Evan, you young dog, where are you? Take that biggest stone pitcher out there, an' go into the storeroom an' draw it full o' cider—the end bar'l, that old-lookin' one! An', mind you, if you touch anything, or spill a drop o' that York State cider—"

Evan hurried out on teetering legs, and thereafter, during the meal, his duties chiefly resolved themselves into the ancient one of cup bearing. Bash began to assume the look of a medieval German baron holding wassail in his halls after the day's stag or boar hunt. He and Sam drank most, of course, as became their greater size and capacity. But everybody round the table at least pretended to a decent share. As for the gypsy, that unpromising gentleman soon rose to be the very breath and spirit of the party. He gave the full-blooded festivities a tinge all his own; told innumerable queer, exciting stories, recited snatches of side-splitting doggerel rimes, and sang snatches of incomprehensible gypsy songs. He seemed to talk out of an inexhaustible fund of travel and experience; certainly made himself frankly at home. To Mrs. Stevens, in particular, he devoted waggish compliment after compliment, till that abashed lady was altogether charmed. His lean, mobile face said as much as his voice, his beady eyes fairly sparkled. Only the intractable Mert stood out against him. She, big and blond beside his small dark figure, sat quiet through every roar, her eyes downcast, her hands restless and unsteady.

JUST before they pushed back from the table, Bash simply insisted on one more bottle of the wine for a farewell health. Then the three men drew their chairs up before the hearth to smoke. Mrs. Stevens and Mert cleared the table and withdrew into the kitchen to give Evan his supper and to wash the dishes. When they were gone, and the door shut behind them, Bash slipped over to a cupboard and got out a handsome jug of whisky. (What lumberman could celebrate any real occasion without whisky?) Already they had a full pitcher of the hard cider warming before them on the hearth. Sam, chuckling, hugged his knees. The gypsy showed them a famous way to mix the two drinks.

At a shout from Bash, Evan came in and threw more slabs on the fire, and in the high light from these the incessant down whirl of snow past the windows could plainly be seen. The soft, mysterious mounds of white on the ledges were an inch taller than when they had sat down. But who cared now? The three roisterers before the fire smoked and drank a solid hour, without sign from the women. Bash, suddenly aware, jumped with a loud smack of thigh to his feet.

"Well, dang my danged eyes!" he said. "Here we ain't never heard a toot from the fiddle yet!" He drove unsteadily to the door. "You, Evan, fetch in that fiddle there, an' look alive! An' holy Moses, mother, it's certainly takin' you an' Mert an almighty spell to red up to-night! Come on in, ev'rybody—come on in, I say! The gypsy's goin' to rosin his bow!"

EVAN gingerly appeared in the doorway, carrying the green baize bag. The gypsy met him there with outstretched hands, turning back into the room with a smiling flash of his white teeth which betokened the utmost willingness to please. The two women, though, did not immediately follow. They were neither of them squeamish. But the dining room was by now hardly a decorous place for women to be in. The merriment had grown a trifle too unbridled. Nevertheless, Bash, misty and dishevele, must pompously usher them in.

"The fiddler man's goin' to play, I tell you!" he kept foolishly insisting. "An' ain't you got to hear whether he's good enough to lead the band or not?"

From its greasy bag the gypsy slowly drew forth the large brown violin. Smilingly, but with all care, he lifted it clear and held it up to them.

"It's an Italian instrument," he explained proudly, "—a great prize! The label inside says Brescia, 1690; a true Maggini, perhaps. One of our people was hanged in Austria because of it seventy years ago. So I carry it in this old green bag."

"Hooray, folks!" cheered Bash. "A Ma-gin-ty., hey—whoop-la, a Ma-gin-ty! Well, strike up, old Ma-gin-ty!"

Mert watched the man, who, in his intentness upon the violin, had for a moment taken his eyes off her. As she did so, suddenly a curtain in her simple and undevious mind flashed up, and she got her first—her only *real*—glimpse into the secret recesses of the creature's dark soul. That old brown violin was his soul! It was his power, his enigma! It was not merely his soul; it was his god, his devil, his everything!

HE pinned his eyes on her again and began to play. The heel of the bow dug deep into a stopped string, and it was exactly as if that narrow band of horsehair had grated upon fibers actually within her own being. Every tiniest nerve in her shook like the vibrating strings of the violin itself. Her limbs trembled, her eyelids fluttered, a faint dew of perspiration broke out upon her. She strove to brace herself. What an idea—that she—she, who measured inches taller, weighed pounds heavier—that she, Mert Stevens, should be hunted by this fiddling little roadside blackguard of a gypsy! As he played he carelessly moved a step nearer. She tried to rise, but her muscles did not now answer to her own will. A rabbit snared in a wire loop in a wood was a freer thing. This man commanded her *from within*. She was mere wet clay in his shaping hands—they both knew it perfectly.

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be advanced another step. It was not the call now, but something equally wild and sinister—some mad gypsy incantation of love. And little by little the frantic impulse of flight died out of her. That throbbing swell and fall of passionate sound enveloped her like sleep. The gypsy's smile deepened as he watched her grow still under his hands.

"Well, what the Jee-hosaphat!" roars out Bash at last.

"Yesh—fine fiddlin'—that is!" sneers Sam.

"What are you a-sawin' off there, stranger, anyway?" Bash demanded angrily. "Why, my head aches fit to bust with that rot! Give us 'The Devil's Dream,' can't you—or 'Come all you young men in your wicked ways'—or 'Gone again, skipped to Baloo'? Good Lord, I say!"

THE gypsy released the violin from his neck and sat down. The music had so bored Bash and Sam that they instantly expressed in one voice the need of more drink.

"Oh, Bash, Bash!" pleaded Mrs. Stevens.

He inquired with great dignity if a man might not drain a social glass with the bridegroom on the eve of his one daughter's wedding. Then, recollecting, he clinched the argument with a rather slinky forefinger stuck out at the window.

"An' look at that!" he bellowed, "—just look at that, I ask you, madam! Do you see that dod-rotted, sneakin', featherin' snow out there? Is that enough to drive a man to drink, now, or ain't it? An' all your fault, too, by the eternal powers!"

Mert took no part in the controversy whatever. In this distracted interval her one thought was again of escape. But the gypsy had only to glance down at his violin to check her. Mrs. Stevens abruptly cut the knot by catching her arm and indignantly leading her away.

"Come, Mertie," she cried, weeping. "We'll leave these hogs to their swill!"

The gypsy was up in a twinkling to open the hall door for them. By a clever maneuver he contrived to intercept Mert and hold her a second after her mother had passed through.

"When the violin calls, you are to come!" he breathed peremptorily. "Remember—when it calls!"

SHE shivered, not daring so much as to lift the lids of her eyes. He watched her trail wretchedly away into the darkness; and then, as if dismissing her with a snap from his mind, turned briskly back into the dining room and shut the door.

Thenceforward, to the inevitable conclusion, the sport in there went at headlong pace. Sam, for one thing, conceived the brilliant notion of making Evan join in the carouse. So they stood the dazed and grinning young simpleton up before them, and plied him with the hard cider and whisky till his few weak wits were scattered utterly abroad. After that, his uncouth antics when he tried to pour the cider filled them with primordial joy. But it was, above all, the gypsy who kept the ball rolling. He pushed back the table into a corner, took to his violin again, and never did barn or harvest-home grove echo with a more rousing note.

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BASH and Sam and Evan, by no means sober, responded like good hounds to the view halloo. Hand-locked fast together in one ludicrous triple figure, they leaped high into the air; staggered and swayed and plunged against each other; sang, shrieked, bit their tongues, cursed; went heavily down and were dragged grotesquely up; relentlessly whipped on past all control by that demoniac playing. If now and then they cried aloud to their tormentor for mercy (as ever increasingly they had to do), he gave them time only for more drink. Then to it again, remorseless jig and reel and mad quadrille, let him stop who could! Like another Pied Piper he swept them, on and on and on and on, till their wayward legs would no longer stand to the work. So, at last, that crazy carnival of dance came to an end. The three whirling der-

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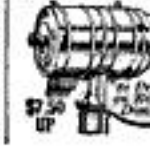
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vishes dropped, almost simultaneously, to the floor.

Outside the magical white procession of the snow went on past the windows without ceasing. The gypsy went to the hall door, listening intently for sounds from the remote bedroom quarter of the house. There were none. He put down the violin, and stepped keenly back to where the three senseless bodies—the two big ones and the lank, gangling form of Evan—were strewn prostrate along the floor. He was a slight man, but he yet briefly managed to get Bash and Sam stretched out side by side on top of the long table against the wall. He even made them snug and seemly there with rug coverlets from the floor.

"So, fine fellows," he smiled, "I think, now, you'll do till morning."

WITH Evan he pursued quite other tactics. Him he bleakly undertook to arouse, pulling and shaking him through the first stubborn stages of wakefulness with a pitiless hand. The task proved so difficult, though, that he presently resorted to a small sheath knife (he produced it from a hidden place under his arm somewhere), the cold blade of which he pressed against the stupefied boy's throat with a very businesslike air. He did not scruple even to let a little blood flow before he was through. Eventually he got the bean pole standing slackly on his legs in the middle of the floor.

"There!" he admonished wickedly. "Now, you keep awake, my young cock! If I see you nod—so much as blink an eye—I'll kill you with this knife!"

The promise had a ring, a certain passionate note of sincerity in it, which penetrated even to the drunken brain of Evan. He strove with himself superhumanly.

Then the gypsy resumed his violin. Stilly, yet piercingly, he sounded his call—the call to which everything in Mert was slave. He filled the night with it, until, for the second time, she drooped before him in an open doorway.

He caught her gayly by the hand and led her in. As they skirted a low chair on the way, he carefully put down the violin upon it, with the same motion warning Evan—who was literally rocking on his legs—not to approach too close.

"Mert—Mertie, is that you?" It was Mrs. Stevens's voice, coming faintly from somewhere in the distance.

"Answer!" commanded the gypsy. "Has she been to bed?"

"Yes," said Mert.

"Tell her you are seeing to the fire and lamps," he prompted swiftly. "Tell her not to come—that it is all right."

WITH his narrow brown hand clasped viselike on her large fair one, he hurried her back to the door and opened it for her to speak. She replied haltingly to her mother in almost the exact words he had supplied to her.

"Are those sots asleep at last?" returned Mrs. Stevens's incensed, tearful, muffled voice.

"Yes," breathed the gypsy.

"Yes," said Mert.

"Then just put out the lights an' let 'em be!" says Mrs. Stevens. "We don't care what becomes of 'em—they shall pay for this! At daylight we'll hitch up an' start for 'home!"

They heard her bedroom door go shut, and a lock snap in the keeper. The gypsy, softly laughing, drew Mert inside the dining room again, and gently closed the door.

"Good!" he exulted. "Now that's over—the way's clear! But we must be off before daylight, my big yellow girl! We must be off this instant!" He still held her hand in his, stroking it as he talked fast and low. "You and I—just you and I together, with perhaps Evan to help! Does that please you? You don't wish to marry that red pig on the table there—that boozy quicksand—that snoring lout? No, no, madonna, it's impossible—too impossible! You shall marry *me*—the artist—the master of a great violin! Is it not so? We shall go to Europe together! You shall have the world—*the whole world*, understand—you shall have the whole world at your beautiful feet! Think! Do you wish to be loved like that? It is your due! Ah, I see it all! But come, come—we lose time! There's a train, I know, at six! We shall have to take the Red Pig's horses and sleigh and fur coat! Ha, ha—I shall like to remember that—his fur coat! Evan can bring them back! Look—Evan is wide awake and ready! He knows what will happen him if he makes any sound—betrays us!"

He pivoted sharply round to enforce the threat with his terrifying eyes. But he was too late to avert the catastrophe.

The hushed snowy house shook under the dull thud of a fall, accompanied by a small, splintering, twanging crash. Evan, it proved, had been left too long to his own devices. Unable to cope singly with the insidious devil of sleep, he had at this crucial moment pitched blindly off his feet—waked—partly caught himself—and then lurched with saving instinct on the nearest chair. It chanced to be the one where the gypsy had so carefully placed his violin.

THERE was murder—the instant horrible fury of the trod-upon snake—in the gypsy's wild face during his two jumps to the bag. He had reached back under his arm for the knife; but, as he upraised Evan's lank form, the sight uncovered stayed his hand. His violin—the Maggini—that somber, brown, Old-World spoil of his mysterious people—that antique, golden-voiced shell of beauty for which past murders may very well have been done—the violin was no longer a shape, an integral thing. It was a mere heap of mellow débris—dust, varnish, cut strings, jagged slivers, and triangles of wood—back, belly, sides—even the neck broken! A more complete demolition of a work of art was never planned.

The gypsy remained standing at gaze, his right hand back under his arm, still mechanically clutching the haft of his knife. Evan, with silly fuddled eyes that comprehended nothing of his danger, lay sprawled out just where he had been flung. In her remote part of the house Mrs. Stevens made no sign or sound. Nor, on their table, had Bash and Sam missed a single stertorous breath.

Mert looked on in her old dumb, helpless despair for a moment, dazed. Then of a sudden understanding, she felt herself gloriously foot-loose and free. Her first generous thought was for Evan. Heedlessly advancing close to the gypsy, she raised the drunken young vandal up, and pushed and bore him easily from the room.

Heart and soul absorbed in the contemplation of his wrecked violin, the gypsy did not stir. Mert quickly reentered alone. He started spasmodically at the sound of her voice.

"You must go away," the big girl said simply—she moved toward a window—"or I'll call to the other houses for help."

WITHOUT a word he got the green baize bag and swept all the dusty litter of the violin into it. Then he enveloped himself in his many droll wrappings again; and, still silently, with never a glance back, went out by the kitchen into the whirling snow.

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The New Jones this year will be in use on 200,000 cars, or more. We can hardly supply a much larger output, for the New Jones isn't made in a hurry.

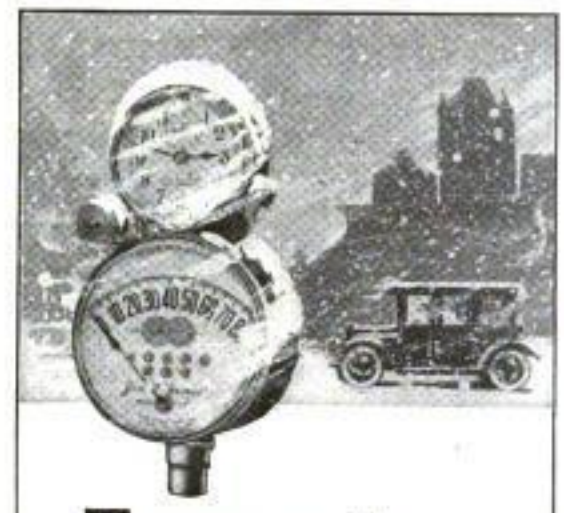
You will get it on some of the better known cars as regular equipment. But any maker will equip single cars with it if you state your preference for it plainly.

Gyroscope Principle

A Gyroscopic ring revolves at an angle in the New Jones. The faster it spins, the more nearly horizontal the ring has the tendency to set—the higher its lower edge is raised.

That change in its angle directly effects the movement of the hand on the dial. There is no surer way to indicate speed.

Write for the Jones Books, which describe this principle in detail, before you accept any other kind on your car.



Temperature Doesn't Affect It

Write for the records of competitive tests in all temperatures by the United States Bureau of Standards, Columbia University and Armour Institute, in which the Jones was the only instrument to get a perfect score for accuracy.

Ask for the charts that show variations of from 20 to 35 per cent.

You want a speedometer that remains accurate regardless of any outside conditions, for you use your cars now both in summer and winter. The Jones is that speedometer.



The Jones Speedometer Broadway at 76th Street New York City

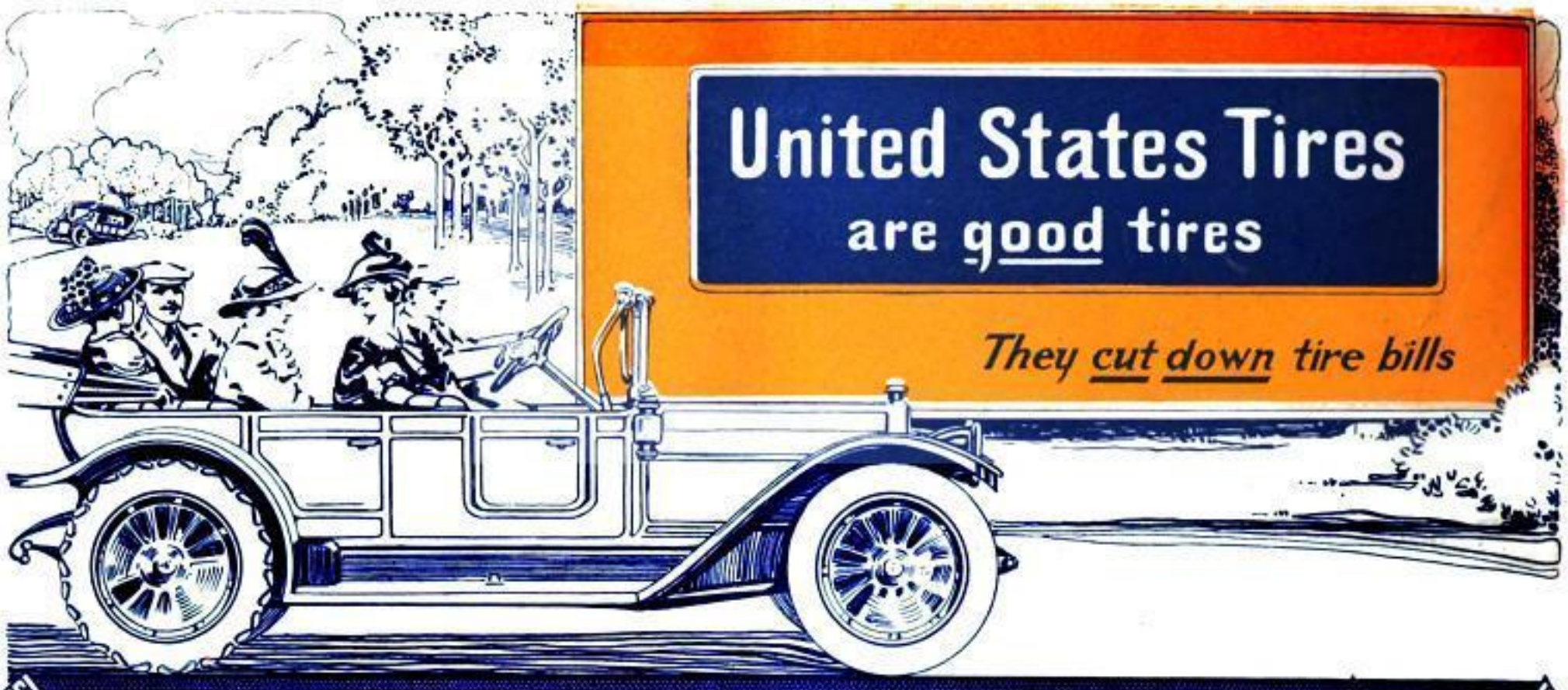
New York, Broadway at 76th St.
Boston, 109 Massachusetts Ave.
Philadelphia, 1427 Vine St.
Chicago, 1430 Michigan Ave.
Baltimore, 217 W. Saratoga St.
Detroit, 872 Woodward Ave.
Buffalo, 20 Goodrich St.
Pittsburgh, 5904 Penn Ave.
Cleveland, 1845 Euclid Ave.
Charlotte, 209 Church St.
Omaha, 1608 Harney St.
Denver, 1600 Broadway
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Seattle, 1510 Broadway
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Birmingham, 18 S. 20th St.
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The New Jones Speedometer

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It will pay you to switch from the tires you are now using to United States Tires and this advertisement tells why

No matter what make of tires you have been using—

No matter how satisfactory the service they have been rendering (for almost any standard make today will give you reasonably good service)—

The fact remains that if you have not been using United States Tires you have not been getting all that your tire money will buy.

Take the tires you are familiar with and compare them with United States Tires. You will find that United States Tires more than match them at every point and in addition have several decided advantages possessed by no other tire.

United States Tires today yield from 25 to 50 per cent. more mileage than any other tire ever gave previous to the time the United States Tire Company was organized.

United States Dunlop Tires are the only tires absolutely guaranteed against rim cutting.

They are the most easily manipulated of all tires, due to the round toe—an exclusive feature.

No tire has ever been made with a larger average air capacity or larger diameter measurements. Use your own eyes to prove this.

By a process which we have perfected and control exclusively we have practically doubled the fabric strength of United States Tires and reduced blow-outs to a minimum.

If you knew of a car that at the same price possessed every good feature of your present car plus a number of exclusive advantages of its own, most assuredly you would switch to that car the next time you purchased.

Why not use the same reasoning in buying your tires?

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds



"Tires by Satisfied"

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for air or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is withdrawn.

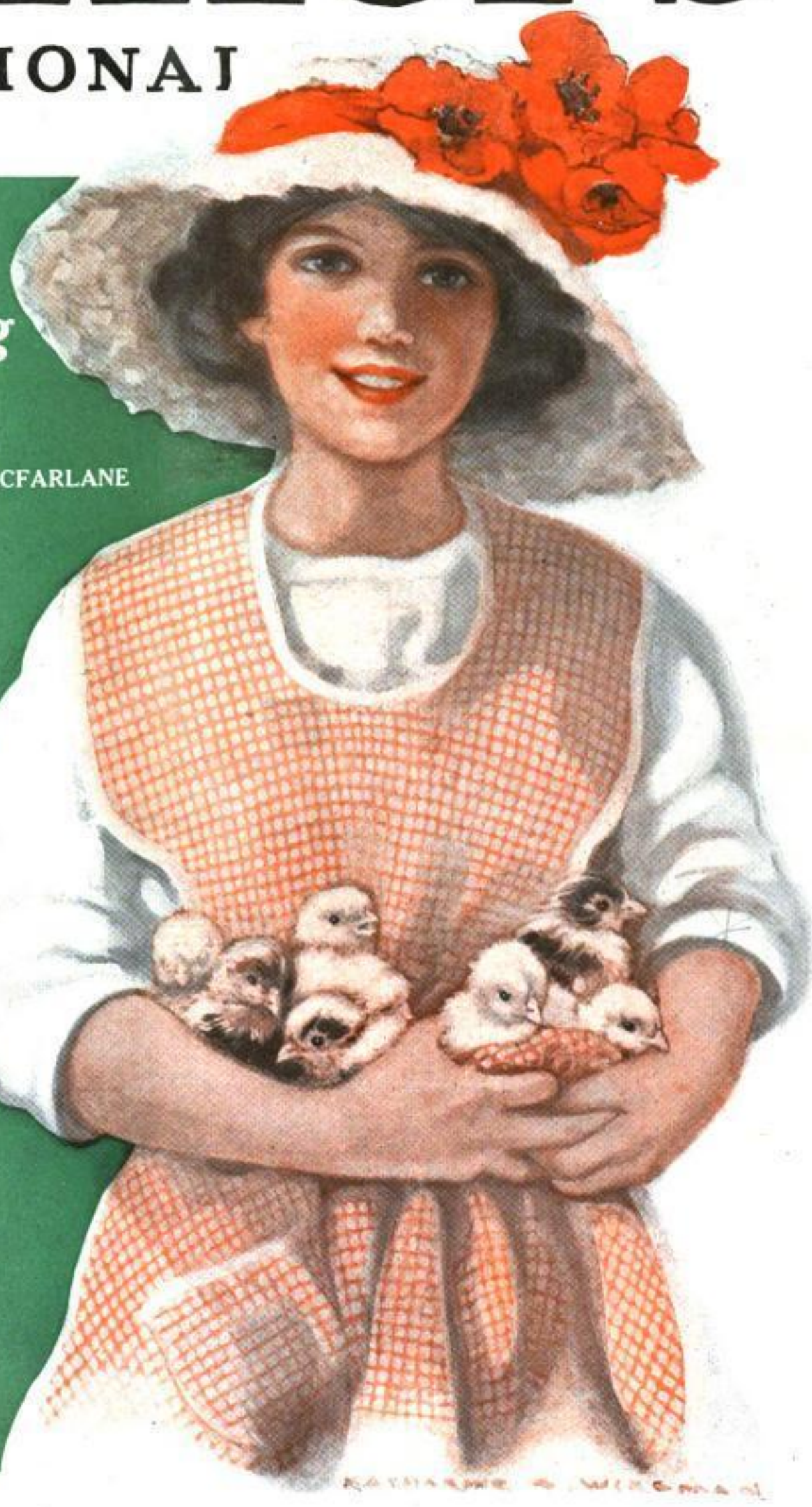
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New York

JUN 24 191

Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL



Explaining Keeley

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

The Black Knobbers' Poet

Fu-Manchu

In the House of the Living Death

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 15

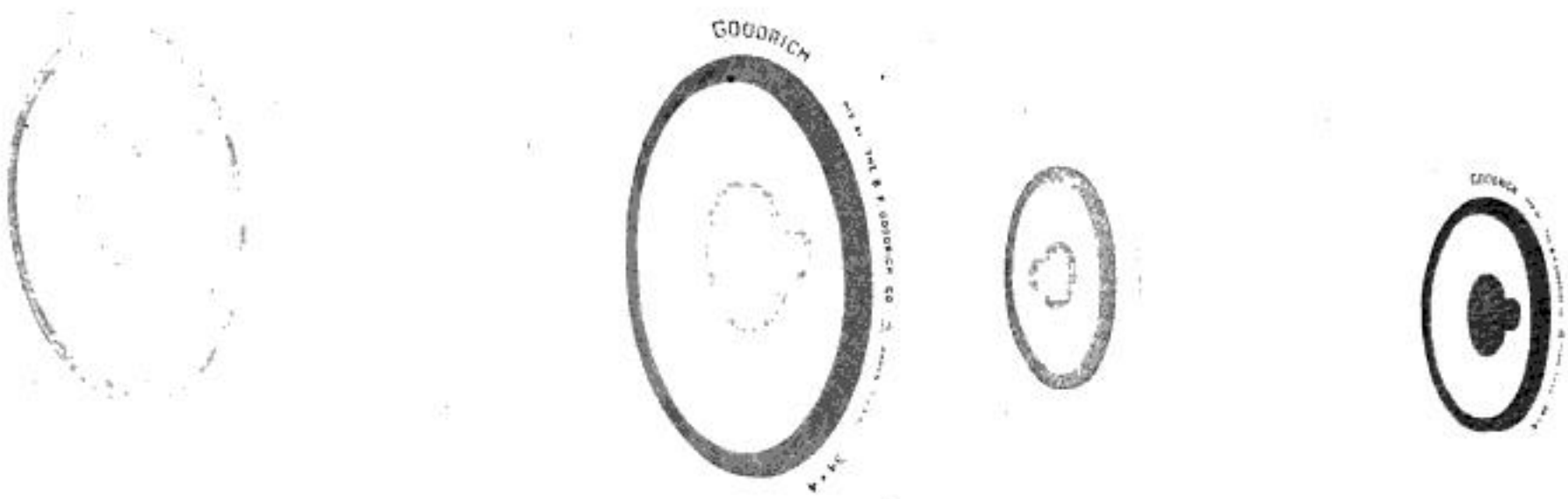
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You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires





EVERY Goodrich Tire is a "first." You always know when you buy Goodrich Tires that you are getting all the "best" that can be put into tires, and that you will get that "best" from them.

Forty-three years of buying crude rubber, compounding it and manufacturing things of it means a lot. It means that the rubber, which is the life of your tire, is compounded so that every bit of the buoyancy, resilience, resistance and tough, *mileage-giving wear* is there.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES
BEST IN THE LONG RUN

It is the Goodrich principle of Unit Molding which makes each Goodrich Tire—tread, body and all—a single, layerless structure full of life and durability.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires "make good" for themselves

The usual guarantee goes with each Goodrich Tire, but remember that *the tire itself* makes good. Unit Molding puts the guarantee in the tire—gives it the liveliness and road-resisting quality which insure you long, continuously-uniform wear and service.

We are keeping up with the great demand for Goodrich Tires

Orders for Goodrich Tires to equip 175,000 of 1913's new cars came in before January 1st. These and other preliminary orders indicated to us what the demand would be and we prepared to handle it. Tell your tire dealer you want Goodrich Tires and you will get them.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich dealers, Goodrich branches and Goodrich service stations are alertly ready to satisfy the wants of the tire user immediately. You can get any size or style in Goodrich Tires—*but only one kind and quality.* Write for our free folders telling you how to get the best service from any tire.

Any car you own or buy will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you simply specify them



Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto route you select. These books are sent free on request.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

TRADE MARK

Branches and Service Stations in all Principal Cities Agents Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

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How Balanced Construction Has Reduced Operating Cost

OF all things consider this—in the purchase of a motor-car the big, vital, all-important point is—*weight and its distribution.*

Weight distribution directly influences tire wear, comfort and safety

Franklin construction has produced a light, evenly balanced car. Every part is balanced in weight by every other part. There is a fine distribution of strength and reliability.

Excessive "unsprung" weight and useless overloading is avoided in every part. Unsprung weight which is made up of the parts between the road and the springs of the car, has a great deal to do with cost of operation, with comfort and with safety. The big items in unsprung weight are rims, wheels, hubs, axles, gears and the transmission when located on the axle.

Few unsprung parts, light quick detachable rims (half the weight of the usual demountable rims), light axles and the transmission carried by the springs reduce Franklin unsprung weight to the minimum.

When a wheel of the car drops into a hole or hits a stone the force of the blow on the tire is directly proportional to the unsprung weight. Since the springs do not support the unsprung weight they cannot absorb any of the shock. Therefore the tire takes all the blow. The result in injury to the tire when weight is added is probably greater than the ratio of weight as the tire is undoubtedly stressed beyond the elastic limit with the heavier blow.

Make a test with dumb-bells

Jump off a platform with a ten-pound dumb-bell in each hand. Then make the same jump with twenty-pound dumb-bells. You will notice a wonderful difference in the blow. In fact, you will probably drop the heavy dumb-bells. The tires get the same treatment when subjected to heavy blows from excess unsprung weight. But instead of dropping the weight, the tires take the strain and finally blow out.

The same tire will go *twice as far* on a Franklin

Don't blame the tire man. Get motor-wise and buy a light car with small unsprung weight. It is the solution, and the only solution, of the tire problem. It cuts the cost; kills worry.

A car is no more reliable than its tires. There can be no balanced construction, no fine distribution of strength and reliability that does not include tires.

Requirements for tire reliability are as carefully computed in the Franklin as are the requirements for reliability in other parts. The tires are in balance with the weight and speed of the car which means that the tires on Franklin cars are larger than on heavier cars.



Engine and Vehicle Patented July 2, 1908

Franklin Little Six "30," 5-passenger touring **$2900**

Weights and Tire Sizes of the Fact-Backed Franklin

Six "38" touring or phaeton	3328 pounds,	tires	4½ and 5"
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3480 "	"	5"
Little Six "30" touring	2993 "	"	4½"
Four "25" touring	2520 "	"	4"

The capacity of a tire to carry its load comes practically all in the width or cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. The above weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. Compare these weights and tire sizes with other cars. Franklins, 700 to 1200 pounds lighter, are equipped with tires as large or larger.

Here is the result—over 10,000 miles per set

Franklin owners in 1912 reported an average of 10,746 miles service per set of tires, with an average of 3,663 miles without puncture. Let us back this statement with the facts by sending you our "tire folder" which gives these reports in detail. Ninety-eight per cent of Franklin owners do not carry extra tires.

You may think your car is light. Weigh it.

Cuts gasoline consumption in two

Franklin light weight and the Franklin direct cooled engine are saving Franklin users big fuel bills. Gasoline consumption is cut squarely in two. Direct cooling permits the motor to be operated at the temperature of maximum efficiency for gasoline vapor. Higher thermo dynamic efficiency is secured and the full power of the gasoline is utilized. Fuel is saved from two ends, the amount consumed per unit of horse power and the amount necessary to produce power to drive the lighter car.

What is direct cooling?

Direct cooling is sending a continuous, vigorous stream of fresh air directly over and around the cylinders, which does away with the air cooled water radiator, water pump, jackets, pipe and hose.

Into the Franklin flywheel is built a Sirocco fan. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. There is no water to limit efficiency. The Franklin is the only motor engine that can be operated with consistent success in hot climates, in mountainous and sandy sections. In winter there is no freezing.

Built for lowest total cost

Franklin cars are built for the lowest total cost during the use of the car, not for a low selling price. Any lack of economy in operation very soon runs into more money than any saving in the purchase price. A car to be economical in the use of gasoline and in cost of tires and upkeep charges, must be designed and built to take care of those things.

First of all a car must be light. It takes money to move freight. When you move a certain tonnage you have got to pay a certain price; you cannot get away from that. When the tonnage is the weight of your car the collector is at your heels all the time.

The motor cannot stall

The Entz electric starting system used on Franklin cars makes it impossible for the engine to stall. One switch controls both the starter and magneto. Throw on the switch and the starter goes to work. If by accident you cut off the gas the starter picks up the motor, and, as you give it gas again, away it goes.

Enclosed cars

Franklin dealers have cuts and specifications of our new line of enclosed bodies built on the "Little Six" chassis. The line includes coupes, limousines, Berlins and sedans. Order now for early fall delivery.

A remarkable trip

We have just published O. K. Parker's story, "A Strenuous Trip into the Grand Canyon of Arizona". Entirely aside from the fact that it is a story of a remarkable and seemingly impossible automobile trip into the Canyon, the book with its beautiful views and strikingly strong description of the most stupendous natural wonder of the world, is of deep interest. Mr. Parker is chief engineer of the Automobile Club of Southern California. We are glad to mail the book free to any address.

Franklin cars are made as follows:

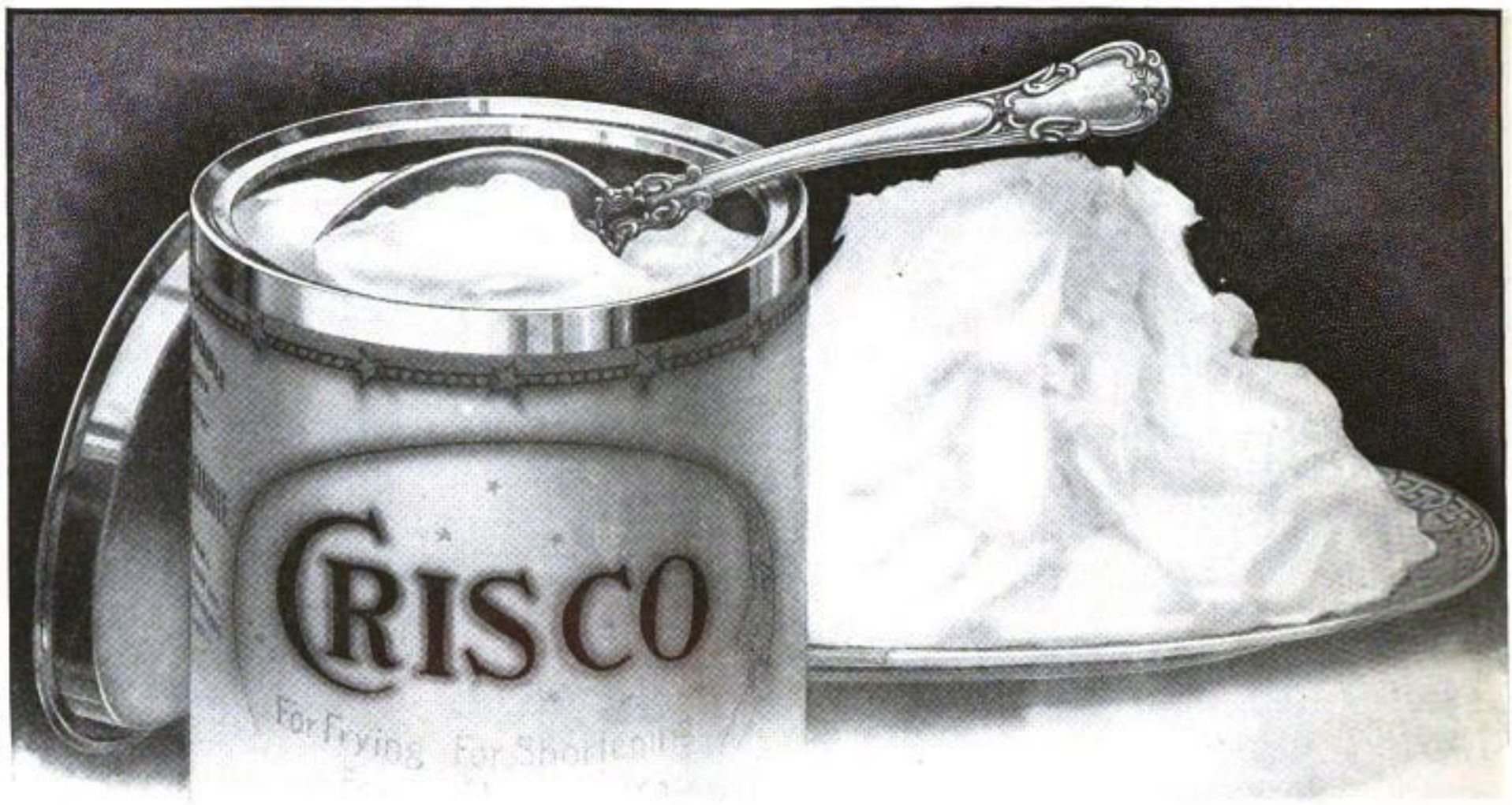
Franklin Six "38" 5-passenger touring	$3600
Franklin Six "38" 4-passenger phaeton	3600
Franklin Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3850
Franklin Little Six "30" touring-car or 2-passenger phaeton	2900
Franklin Four "25" touring	2000

Write for our catalogue—a book full of real automobile facts.

Franklin Automobile Company 21 Franklin Square Syracuse N Y

June 25

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The rich solid cream of the oil

Crisco is an entirely *different* cooking fat. You never have used anything like Crisco for frying, for shortening or for cake making because the Crisco Process of treating vegetable oil is new. And only this process can make the Crisco, or cream, from the oil.

Cream represents the richest, or *best*, of the milk. Crisco represents the richest yet most *digestible* form of food oil.

Crisco is different also in this respect: it remains sweet and pure indefinitely. For the properties of the oil which cause it to turn rancid are eliminated by the Crisco Process.

Do not confuse Crisco, therefore, with other cooking fats. Crisco possesses advantages which none other has.

None is of the high quality of Crisco; no more than milk is of the quality of cream.

Try Crisco yourself, for frying, for hot biscuits and for cake. You will be delighted with it. You will see *why* it is so different. And then you will insist that your cook use Crisco.

Crisco Facts

You can fry onions, fish, and potatoes in the same Crisco merely by straining out food particles after each frying.

Crisco cakes have butter richness without butter expense. Add salt to Crisco when using in place of butter.

Crisco is a rich fat that digests readily and perfectly.

Crisco bread and cake keep fresh, moist and sweet longer

Crisco does not smoke at frying temperature; your parlor does not know what happens in your kitchen.

Needs no refrigerator. Stays fresh and pure in ordinary room temperature.

Crisco is cheaper than pail lard and costs one-half to one-third as much as butter.

Crisco is sold at *net* weight, in three sizes, and under the Pure Food Laws.

Send at once for Free Cook Book

Besides telling you more about Crisco, its discovery and manufacture, this valuable little booklet gives 100 Tested Recipes which will be much appreciated by every housewife. Send for your free copy. Dept. P6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.





JUN 24 1913



Thirty years ago there was a bullet-headed youngster on the streets of his native Whitechapel in London who alternated between selling newspapers and blacking boots. He could scrap in a flash — fight for a sale, fight for a shine, fight for fun or for principle

Explaining Keeley

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

NUMBER IV of the life stories of "Everyday Americans"— chronicling the adventures of a bold young fighting man; showing that romance clings no less now than of old to the youth who fares gayly forth to try the luck of far trails and towns; proving that in this land of ours the door of Opportunity still opens when Courage knocks.

THERE are many things about Keeley that require explanation. Thirty years ago there was a bullet-headed youngster on the streets of his native Whitechapel in London who alternated between selling newspapers and blacking boots. He was alert and strong-handed. He could scrap in a flash—fight for a sale, fight for a shine, fight for fun or for principle.

Fifteen years later the Chicago "Daily Tribune" had a bullet-headed city editor. He was a man of ferocious energies, who wasted few words and no sentiment. He drove his work like a demon; he got what he went after; and he compelled his reporters to get what they went after. Excuses never interested him.

That Whitechapel kid and this demon-driving city editor in Chicago were the same man, and the name of that man was *James Keeley*. One day Mr. R. W. Patterson, who was in control of the "Tribune," came out of his office, beckoned to Keeley, and said: "You are managing editor."

Myth and Legend Overlie Him

NOW to pass from this London street lad to that managing editor of the Chicago "Tribune" in fifteen years is a stride that requires explanation, for the "Tribune" was accounted one of the great newspapers of America. Even Mr. Patterson seemed to feel that to commit such interests into such hands required explanation, and so he said, as he appointed him: "Because you are always *on* the job, I *give* you the job."

But great as the "Tribune" was then, it is greater to-day. And, aside from the paper, Keeley, the man, has become great, and—to many people—mysterious. The secrets of his rise, the elements of his power, his tricks of manner, his seeming ruthlessness, the great good he does, his superlative genius as a news getter and news publisher, each becomes the occasion for speculation and gossip. Myth and legend overlie the man. Nettles are woven into the laurel on his brow. He is loved by a few; he is hated by many; he is respected and reviled; he is feared and flouted.

The fact probably is that Keeley the man in Chicago wielding the "Tribune" is not such a different sort from Keeley the lad in Whitechapel wielding his fists; but with this difference: He fights for different things. He fights Lorimer. He fights Roger Sullivan. He fights to get the news, and then he fights to print it. Just now he is fighting to make the "Tribune" sound what he believes to be the new note in journalism in which a newspaper is not a thing of "beats" and "scoops," but a bureau of public service.

London to Leavenworth—Quite by Accident

WHEN, at fifteen years of age, Keeley decided to emigrate to America, he exchanged the larger part of his savings for a ticket reading to Leavenworth, Kas., which some London booking agent had retained in stock so long it was flyspecked. The youth supposed Leavenworth was some port of New York—like Hoboken, for instance—but discovered his mistake as he rode for days and nights upon a crowded emigrant train.

Nor did the Kansas town receive the future lord of the "Tribune" with trump and fanfare. Indeed, it appears that Leavenworth did not know that greatness was in its midst. It allowed Mr. Keeley to sell peanuts, to scrub pots and kettles, and generally to live precariously, exactly as he had in London. The only occupation that afforded anything like regular sustenance was when he became household helper to four officers who lived in bachelor quarters out at the fort.

Yet none of this time was Keeley discouraged. He was hard as cobblestones and growing thicker of arm and rounder of chest daily, while the Yankee spirit of "get there" was fanning in his breast so fast that vicissitudes and hard work could never quench it. In fact, Jim did not know his fate was hard. He thought he was having a bully time, and did not know this Western world was putting its heel in his face. He thought that fortune was merely tickling him upon the cheek.

After a time a quite natural feeling that he had grown too big for Leavenworth came to Keeley, and, patronizing the ties of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, he walked down toward Kansas City. By this time the lad had become a cautious, prying soul. He did not rush rashly into the metropolis of the West, but paused for a while at Wyandotte and gazed across the Kaw at the boom-crowned heights of the Missouri town. Yet while he gazed he needs must live, and did so. Being handy with the brush, he painted signs for all the merchants in Wyandotte, and thereby got him meals at restaurants, cheese and crackers at grocery stores, and various articles of wear at merchandise emporiums. Also being handy with the comb, he curried horses at intervals, which got him a bed on the hay. However, when the weather was fine he preferred to sleep in the old Indian burying ground at one side of the town, where he used to pillow his head on the rounded sod and dream of being a Big Chief some day.

All these years Jim's interest had been centered in a newspaper career. He had sold newspapers so long, he had seen the eagerness with which people clutched at them, and the quick discrimination with which they buried their noses in some pages and left others cold and neglected, that he developed theories as to what people wanted in newspapers and how it should be arranged. In Wyandotte Keeley at length definitely broke into the newspaper game as carrier for the Kansas City "Journal." One day the paper's local correspondent got sick and went away. Jim appropriated the job. He was not appointed, he just took the place and began to send in the news of the day in Wyandotte. For days he was the busiest war correspondent that ever winnowed news from the gutters and alleys of a small town.

The Source of His News Faculty

BUT eventually it dawned on Jim that not as much news was being printed from Wyandotte as he wrote each night. Something must be wrong. He invested in carbon paper and kept copies of the stories he wrote; then he compared his copy with what of it was printed. The difference was amazing, but it gave the boy his first training in newspaper style.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Wyandotte as a news producer, Keeley, after three months, promoted himself to a place on the local staff of the "Journal." Here he swiftly developed a most remarkable faculty for knowing what was news and what was not, for discerning what story and what angle of a story would most excite popular interest. This was his old slum and newsboy training. He knew the great mud-soaked Adam-and-Eve heart of the common people, its longings and its curiosities, and he gathered and sorted the news accordingly.

Another quality made itself evident. Young Keeley

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was indefatigable in ferreting out facts. Nothing could stop him. In those days the "Journal" allowed its reporters no expense money, not even car fare; but that never halted Jim Keeley. He was like a bloodhound on the trail, and like a bulldog when he once set in his teeth upon the possible source of information. He would walk his short legs off to run down a clue. They tell a story in the "Journal" office to this day of how Jim, one Saturday afternoon with three men's work piled upon him, sore and savage as a bull, discovered a note shoved under the coroner's door which sent him on a foot-back chase nine miles into the country and nine miles back, out of which he turned in a "scoop" on a tragedy the reading of which left the city editor bathed in tears—and city editors in that early Kansas City day are not reported to have been specially addicted to tears.

But Keeley did not last with Kansas City, or Kansas City did not last with Keeley, one way or the other. He went first to Memphis and then to Louisville, and in each place did the grand tour from extra reporter to city editor, and then moved on. About a year before the World's Fair he seems to have concluded that he was ready to tackle something of British bulldog size.

Ready for Conquest

CHOOSING Chicago as the scene of his operations, he came in and walked round and round a building standing at the corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets until he had decided upon it as the exact scene for his triumphs. This building housed the Chicago "Tribune." Keeley went to work upon the paper as a reporter. His chief characteristic, as his associates remember him, was a gruff tenacity of purpose and the rarest instinct for news, mingled with a good deal of the dare-devil spirit. His rivals recall him as a man who went after his facts with a ferocious impetuosity which was unlike anything Chicago newsmen had seen before. Keeley would coil himself around the elements of a story like a boa constrictor, and squeeze and squeeze until the details he wanted came out. It was a part of Keeley's code to get the story and another part of it to keep rival reporters from getting it, or from sending it back to their papers if they did get it. The word "ruthless" is used to describe the methods by which he impeded their progress toward the same news goals as himself. Telephones in the outlying districts were scarce in those days. There are tales of Keeley hiring all the telephones in the neighborhood at the critical hour, tales of wires cut, and of men going to a telephone which Keeley had just used to find that a pencil had been rammed through the transmitter or the instrument otherwise put out of commission. Some of these accounts, no doubt, are legendary, but the fact that the legends have grown up shows the impression he made even then upon the minds of his contemporaries.

Off for the Cattle Rustlers' War

THAT Keeley did do some such things in his reporting days is very evident by the details which I have been able to confirm of his first big out-of-town assignment on the "Tribune." They also illustrate the rough readiness of the man to do the work assigned to him. It was in March, 1892, when the cattle rustlers' war was on in Wyoming.

"Here is $300," said Mr. Sherman, city editor of the "Tribune." "Get up there and get us the news. The train leaves in twenty minutes." Keeley had no overcoat, he had no baggage, not even a handkerchief, and a blizzard was on in Wyoming. Nor did Keeley know where to go, or have time to ascertain. He merely bought a ticket to Douglas, Wyo., which seemed to be the jumping-off place, and started. As he boarded the train he snatched a complete line of the morning papers from the news stand and learned from a page story that one of them, the "Herald," had a correspondent, Sam Clover, right at the scene of action. When, after a forty-eight hours' ride, Douglas was reached, Keeley found the country under a heavy blanket of snow. The scene of trouble was vaguely known to be one or two hundred miles to the north, where something like one hundred of the First Gentlemen of Wyoming and their company of hired "bad men" from Texas were besieged in a ranch by a much larger force of "rustlers." The promise of much killing and therefore of much exciting news seemed good. There was a telegraph line running up into this country over which Sam Clover's first story had come out; but the rustlers had cut it, not, however, before a message from the entrapped "First Gentlemen" had got out to Washington, and Major Fenchet with four companies of the Sixth Cavalry had been dispatched to the rescue. The prospect delighted Keeley beyond measure. Here was a whole three-cornered campaign on and he had the news story all to himself, provided he could get up there, and provided also that Sam Clover could get no more of his stories out, and certainly he could not so long as the rustlers kept that open gap in the upper end of the telegraph wire.

Bottling up the News

KEELEY started north with a one-eyed cow-puncher, named Dick Tate, as his guide and escort, traveling in a buggy, which was not the best adapted vehicle in the world for their snow-breaking task. Before leaving Douglas, Keeley had made an arrangement with the operator which, he felt, would insure getting his stuff into Chicago once the copy was filed in Douglas, and as he forced his way northward he kept sprinkling parts of his $300 at points along the way which would guarantee his dispatches being relayed into Douglas on horseback as fast as they came along. All that first day out Keeley chuckled over Sam Clover with his big story and no way to get it out. But the second day Keeley was looking hard at the telegraph wire and reflecting that about fifteen minutes after the cavalry got on the ground the cut in the wire would be located and repaired.



He has poured his life into the "Tribune" day by day for twenty-one years as a roll of white paper feeds into the press

Right here the story of what happened begins to be obscured, but the details whispered about tell of an iron hitching weight in the buggy, and of forty feet of tethering rope attached thereto, of Dick Tate standing up in the buggy swinging the weight around his head and letting fly at the telegraph wire. Dick, in spite of the absence of one eye, was a very sure shot with the hitching weight. It would drop over the wire, he would give a sharp pull, the wire would snap; the weight would be hauled back into the buggy and the buggy moved on a half mile, when Dick would stop and sight at the wire again. By this method the wire was downed repeatedly and there were no tracks or marks upon the snow near the wire to give a clue to what had happened. Also Tate and Keeley encountered the lone lineman who had the job of repairing the breaks. As a result of a confidential conversation the lineman became convinced that it would take at least four days to get the line working.

The third day out Keeley encountered Major Fenchet with his relieving squadrons, and stood innocently about while effort after effort was made to get the telegraph line into commission. With the cavalry were three officers whose boots Keeley had blacked at Fort Leavenworth years before.

The lineman's guess was a good one, and the first news of what had happened, written at 10 a. m. from stories told by the advance guard, was carried on horseback into Douglas and reached the "Tribune" office at 11 p. m.—a scoop. The means were not ethical, but the game was war, and the fervor of youth was in him. I make no excuses for him.

He Couldn't Be Stopped

KEELEY rose rapidly on the "Tribune." In a few months he had left reporting for the copy desk, and passed on to be night city editor and then city editor—passed on over the men who a little before had been giving him orders. His capacity for work was enormous. To paraphrase an expression of Carlyle's, he was a dynamo in breeches. He worked seven days in the week, he worked all hours of the day, he worked harder than anybody else on the paper, and was absolutely merciless in his demand upon those around him. Nor was he very pleasant to deal with. His manners were brusque, his decisions were sharp and apparently feelingless. He was never excited. He turned the wheels of his news-gathering organization as mechanically, as voraciously, as efficiently as one of the great presses downstairs.

As managing editor, Keeley developed still further his marvelous prescience of what the news is or is going to be. Again and again his paper reported a beat either because Keeley felt a thing coming or because when it did come he was quicker than lightning to take advantage of it.

When McKinley died the "Tribune" was the only Chicago morning paper that had the story in its first edition. This was because Keeley, sitting alone in his office as the forms of his paper were closing, felt a mysterious hunch that the death was coming, and he kept Buffalo on the wire and held the presses forty minutes until the news did come.

The Manila Scoop

IN HIS first year as managing editor, Keeley gave an example of that alertness to opportunity which makes him Keeley. The little gods of luck and chance also played a part, but the point is that Keeley took advantage on the instant of what the Billikins gave him.

It will be remembered that the first news from the battle of Manila came from Spanish sources, and that thereafter Dewey cut the cable and there followed three days of suspense, while the revenue cutter *McCulloch* was speeding from Manila Bay to Shanghai with Dewey's official report, and the American world waited and wondered. On the *McCulloch* were a number of newspaper men, including Ed Harden, representing the New York "World" and Chicago "Tribune"; Joseph L. Stickney for the New York "Herald," and John T. McCutcheon for the Chicago "Record."

Once the official messages were off at Shanghai the newspaper correspondents flipped coins for turns at the wire and began to file their copy. Harden was not the first nor second—in fact, he was away down in the list, but somewhere or other he had acquired a knowledge of the intricacies of cable rates and message transmission as practiced in Asia, and when his turn did come at the wire he filed ahead of his main story a flash message of thirty words in which he summed up what had happened, and for this message he paid at a rate called "Public Express Prepaid." The result was that somewhere out in India Harden's flash passed all the other stories filed ahead of him and reached New York at 4.20 on Saturday morning. At that hour there was nothing stirring in the "World" office but a poker game. The morning editions were off, and only the reporters and correspondents of the dog watch were on duty, and their attention was engrossed by the cards.

Now here is where the Billikins began to favor Keeley. Murphy, correspondent of the "Tribune," was sitting in this game, but at the moment when the telephone rang with a message from the cable station, he, holding only a pair of deuces, had dropped out. Naturally he answered the telephone, and nearly fell over himself as the significant words of Harden's flash echoed in his ear. He dropped the telephone and hurried to the key.

Embroidering the Message of Victory

WHILE the poker players were still raising and bluffing, the message was ticked into the "Tribune" office in Chicago, where the first editions had already gone to the trains and the presses were thundering off the city run. Keeley had gone across the street to get a drink. Ed Insley, the night editor, saw the significance of Harden's flash and stopped the presses.

Keeley, missing the rumble of the presses, dashed back, learned what had happened, dispatched boys on bicycles to overtake the paper wagons carrying the first editions to the trains and bring them back, after which, with his coat and vest off, he went to work. On the long-distance telephone he got President McKinley out of bed, gave him the first authentic news of the battle of Manila, and interviewed him upon its significance. He next called in order the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of War, and numerous other important personages in the Government, giving each of them the first news of the victory and securing from each a few sentences that went to embroider Harden's message. It was not only a scoop but one of the most impressive demonstrations

(Continued on page 28)

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The Black Knobbers' Poet

By Marianne Gauss

GENIUS may flare up anywhere, even in the rain-soaked Ozarks, but when it comes into conflict with inherited feuds and passionate love the story is wild and picturesque and the outcome problematical. But the rain is sweet on the elder flowers.

ATHENS is a settlement in the Missouri Ozarks. A winding creek runs nearly around the town, and on the creek banks are huge, frail white trees. These are often decayed at the heart, and come crashing down in windstorms, to lie for years after, rotting in the muddy water. Vines down there are hairy and poisonous, and grow as large as a man's arm. Ferns stand waist deep. The coverts are full of red squirrels, rattlesnakes, and skunks. And to the left of the main street of the settlement stands the historic mountain, Black Knob.

Once it was the haunt of a gang of outlaws known as the Black Knobbers. Their rendezvous cave remains, a spring bubbling in its floor, the name "Allen Johnson" cut in its soft sandstone wall; and timid people still give it a wide berth when they ride up the mountain. The Black Knobbers used to come down at dead of night to punish any enemies they chanced to have. When they chose they summoned a valley man from his bed and took him away to the woods, where he was flogged with hazel sprouts.

But such scenes of vengeance belong to the past. Never again will the wild Knobbers sweep down from their mountain cave to terrorize the valley. One summer night they called Debo Holt from his cabin and shot him in cold blood; then one of their number emptied a revolver into Holt's aged father, the miller. Four were hanged for this crime, and the wild spirits of the others have since been broken forever in the Missouri penitentiary.

THE Knobbers were in full swing the summer I went down to Athens; it was not long before the killing of the Holts.

It looked a peaceful enough place. There was a drowsy malarial haze floating up from the creek banks, to lie, blue as smoke, over the fields. The main street of the settlement ran between a double row of frame cabins, smelling of kerosene and bad whisky, and there, it appeared, the whole of the male population dozed all day long.

I had come down for material; it was just after I left my good reporting job and struck out as a free lance among the magazines. Of course I had heard of the Black Knobbers; I wanted to see them and their country.

On the second day of my stay I drove up to the store and post office. Rain threatened in the drowsy atmosphere; a thick, dirty cloud came muttering up behind Black Knob. Through the murkiness of the atmosphere the sound of a banjo trickled—it seemed with difficulty.

Suddenly I saw the musician. His face in other and different aspects—as it appeared later—will always haunt me at times. But I shall never forget that first glimpse of him. He looked as if he might be the evil spirit of the mountain. The long black hair which strayed into his eyes he tossed back now and then daintily with two fingers. He had the dark complexion which is often traceable to fever and ague, quinine, and six cups of cheap coffee a day. His eyes were not the lusterless ones usually met with in the less enlightened counties of the Ozarks, but very black, sparkling with laughter. He was dressed like a bandit, with a soft black felt hat, a bright pink shirt, trousers tucked into the tops of very high riding boots, and the wide leather belt sometimes affected by country beaux.

"How do you do, sir?" I addressed a native who ambled by with a string of bleeding squirrels, "Can you tell me the name of that young man in the pink shirt?"

"That ar? That boy with the banjo? Why, mister, that ar's Ally Spencer."

I was new to the country, but I had heard the name: the Spencers were notorious. And there seemed a large family of them, notwithstanding that only a small proportion, apparently, lived to middle age. Almost every Spencer, I understood, became involved while young in some desperate affair of the heart. Often jealousy developed. Then either the Spencer was shot by his rival or he killed the other suitor of his lady. In the latter case he was hanged by the county. And, in either, the valley heard the news with a sigh of relief.

I responded: "Oh, so this is another Spencer?"

And the native continued: "Well, mister, I mostly names him Ally Spencer. His mammy was a Spencer—she's daid. His pappy was a preacher, name of Brother Job Johnson. Ruel good preacher Brother Job was tell he taken worms. En finally the worms bored into his bones en killed him."

"I see. Very thoughtless of the worms. This young Mr. Johnson, does he live around here?"

"No, mister, he mostly stays ove' in town, whuh the jail is. But he taken the fever awhile back, en kem up hyah for his aunt to nurse him; en he ain't went back there yit, Ally ain't."

"I see. Does he work at the county seat?"

"Well, mister, part the time, Ally, he works, en part the time he don't."

This bit of information might have been applied to any other male citizen of Athens. "What does he work at?" I inquired.

"He's a pome writer," replied my friend.

"A *what?*" I cried.

"A pome writer. Writes pomes, to print in the paper."

AGAIN I looked at the poet. He had tucked his banjo under one arm, and was telling a story to the men about the store. A few moments before they had felt some languid interest in my appearance among them. I was now forgotten. They crowded about his horse, to hear him, and their guffaws of laughter drowned his thin, high-pitched voice.

I think he was making game of me that afternoon just out of my hearing. But I was not angry; I liked him then, as I loved him afterward. And when I shut my eyes and recall him as he looked entertaining the crowd at Athens, I forget—the other things.

While he discussed me I continued to question the squirrel hunter. This young bandit looked to me like a Black Knobber; I did not want to put any direct question concerning the gang, but resumed: "I say, I've heard this spoken of as the Black Knobber county. Now, is that merely because of the mountain or might there be another reason?"

The squirrel hunter let his game flap against his blue-jeans leg, smearing it with blood. His eyes took such a far-away look—so overstupid, even for Athens eyes—that I felt sure my Black Knobbers were not far away. I repeated my query.

"Well, mister," he replied, "you sholy has got *me*. I've lived hyah forty years en I never heahd that name called tell you-uns called it just now." With that he shuffled away from me.

BIG green flies settled hungrily on my horses, and the rain cloud, now resting on the mountain, rumbled incessantly. My squirrel hunter repelled all further attempts at conversation, and I soon drove out of the town.

The sky, as the shower approached, became royal purple. Every sound of the summer woods was hushed; there was only the noise of wheels as I made my way toward the cabin where I had lodging. On my right rose a bank of raw, yellow clay; to the left of the road was a precipitous drop of thirty feet to a tangle of wild roses, in which floated immense films of elder flower.

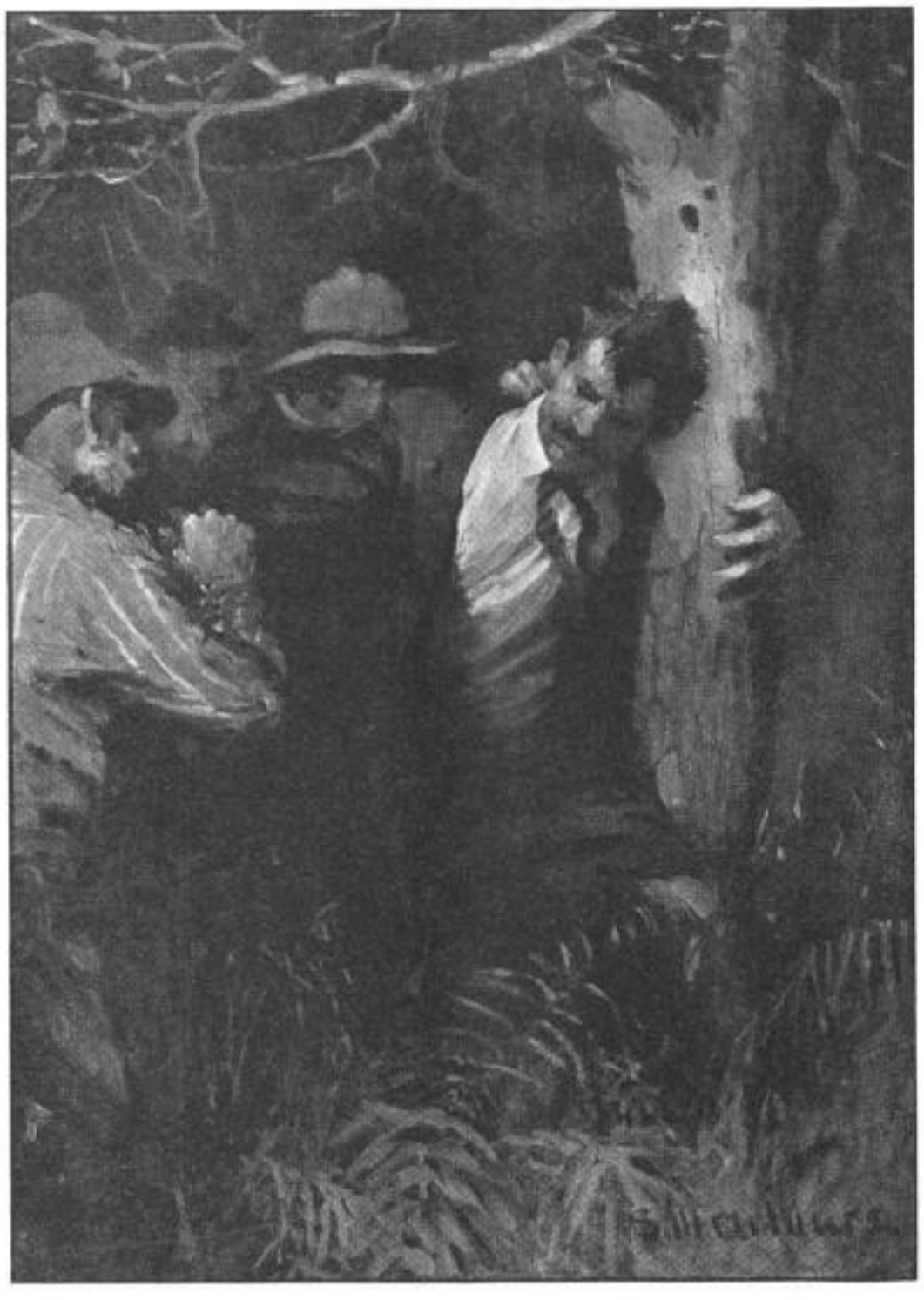
A splatter of mud flew against my buggy. I turned and recognized the horseman who was trying to pass me.

"How do you do, sir?" I began affably. "Mr. Spencer, is it not? I believe I should say Mr. Johnson."

The poet halted, sawing his bridle rein.

"I was going to ask you, Mr. Johnson, if you happen to know why this is called the Black Knobber county."

"The—what?" The poet appeared puzzled for a moment, then broke into a most engaging laugh. "Excuse me, sir, but I don't know what you have



I was nerved again by the rage stirred in me by that laughing voice. I do not think I felt afraid of him. I laid hold on a tree. Everything was confused, and it began to rain

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Her brothers were bandits; she and her mother were never absent from the church meeting. Gambling, drinking, shooting, all forms of sin, they regarded as the prerogative of men

One on the Judge

By Ed Cahn

THIS *is not a moral tale. We do not expect it to uplift anyone. We publish it as an amusing illustration of the adage that it takes all kinds of people to make the world.*

ALL was gloom in the two rooms and kitchenette shared by the Bimbs family and their guides, friends, and councilors, the Myrons. The rent was paid up to and including the following night, but there was no money to pay it further and no prospect of any.

The last quarter had been swallowed by the gas meter that morning, and a big ironing had eaten up nine-tenths of the gas. There was half a pint of sour milk on the table, a bottle of olives in the cupboard, and a feeling like a coalhole under the belts of Mr. Bert Bimbs and Mr. Bill Myron. The ladies were hungry, too, but, of course, they would not admit it. Things, surely, had come to a desperate pass, what with a succession of disasters which were too painful to discuss.

"Well," said Milly Bimbs at last. "I guess, since you boys have the big hoodoo, it's up to me and Polly to hustle up something ourselves. Gee, when I got married I thought my working days were over!"

POLLY, with a fervent "Me too!" reached for her hat.

"No, you don't!" cried her husband, while Bert unfolded his lanky self with all the suddenness of a steel spring and forced Milly back into her chair. "You stay where you are!"

After favoring her with a stern look, he pulled a yellow-backed bill out of the sole of his shoe. "Just lamp that."

Milly drew back in horror. "Oh, Bert! You ain't going to shove the queer again, are you?"

"Look out, Bert!" cautioned Myron with an uneasy glance at the windows.

"I'm a-lookin' out. Now, don't you kiddos worry. I just thought of a good stunt. Come on, Bill."

"No, sir! Bill's going to stay here." Polly's voice was firm.

Bert put on his coat, flicking some imaginary dust off his sleeve and polishing his beautiful nails with his wife's buffer.

"On the dead level, now, what do I look like?"

He paraded before them, his lanky figure held erect.

"You look like somebody's college-boy brother," said Polly. "You're the swell guy all right, and you don't look hungry."

"Fine! But I am. Say! In no time at all now me and Bill will be back with real money. Get yourselves all dolled up, so's we won't have to waste any appetite waiting for you."

"What's doing?"

"Eats. Come, on, Bill."

Bimbs carefully battered Bill's hat and wiped some dust on it from the floor. Then he insisted upon his wearing an old pair of shoes and a tattered coat. The clean shirt came off and a soiled one went on. It was providential that he had a day's growth of hair on his face. They left together, and, while they listened to the clatter of their departing feet upon the stairs, Polly and Milly sat down to await the outcome and tried to amuse each other by deciding what sphere of useful endeavor would claim them in case their lords should be unlucky.



The florist, with the help of his clerk, took the advice and plundered the fuddled one's pockets with thoroughness and dispatch. They found a fifty-dollar bill

BIMBS acquainted Myron with his scheme before they reached the street. The girls, leaning far out of their upper-story window for a last glimpse of them, saw Bimbs leave alone and Bill shamble after him.

Six blocks away, and some twenty minutes later, the passers-by were startled to see a well-dressed young man, slightly the worse for strong drink, stumble and fall against the window of a florist. The florist happened to be, as any of his neighbors would have told you, the stingiest and most rapacious man for blocks around.

The unfortunate young man had broken the window quite badly. He stood and stared stupidly at the splintered glass as if trying to account for its condition, while the florist rushed out and berated him soundly.

A crowd gathered. The florist, seeing his victim was a little befuddled, was most abusive. He collared him and violently threatened to take the matter out of the young man's hide.

"Search him!" cried a man in the crowd.

The florist, with the help of his clerk, took the advice and plundered the fuddled one's pockets with thoroughness and dispatch. They found a $50 bill.

"Ah, ha! My window cost me $20. Here is your $30 change. Thank you. Call again." The man of flowers released the now utterly bewildered man and walked into his store well pleased.

THE crowd laughed and melted away after the young man, his face filled with dejection, had moved off uncertainly. A policeman, suspecting that something interesting was happening, was hurrying up, and passed Bill Myron going in the opposite direction, meditatively rubbing his chin.

Bert met him at the corner agreed upon. "Good lad! Say, Bill, you sung out at just the right second. I wonder how soon that florist person will take that queer to the bank."

"That's his worry. Let's beat it for home, the girls must be near starved."

On the way thither they approached a police court.

"Last time I was in there," remarked Bill, "I noticed that the clock on the wall of old Judge Mara's courtroom was a mighty swell one." (Concluded on page 28)

He meditated. "Well, seh, I don't know; I ain't really a resident heah. You might ask my cousin, Bud Spencer, or any of Cy Meighton's boys. Or, say, I saw you conversin' with an old man that had a string of squirrels. He'd know if anybody would.

"Oh, you say you asked him? Well, then, I reckon they ain't any Black—Black—I can't think what you called 'em—"

I prompted.

"Yes, seh, Black Knobbers." He finished with his charming laugh. The first drops of the shower now sprinkled the roadside puddles. Together we took refuge in a covered bridge at the foot of the hill.

I remarked: "That's a nice mount you have," and then asked: "What do you call him? Pegasus?" just to see what he'd say.

He did not reply, but his eyes danced; he understood. "You say you're not a resident here?" I persisted as a roll of thunder shook the bridge.

"No, seh," he replied. "I get out a little newspaper over heah at the county seat. I do the writin', and a friend of mine—Fletcher—puts up the money."

HE PAUSED; I observed him. And the look on his face was one I knew. A man who smiles in that way is a fire worshiper. Nor does he merely worship the genius of others—he believes in himself. He is sure of his own genius, and once in a great while he's right about it. By the flickering light of his eyes I read the poet's heart. Like myself, he burned for recognition. He, too, was consumed with the love of his own stuff. Like all our clan, he felt himself the peer of great masters of old. He may have realized his lack of education. Minor deficiencies, he was sure, might cause the defeat of mediocrity, but could not interfere with the true fire.

He spoke modestly—they are always modest when on their guard. "It ain't much of a paper. Now, I reckon you're quite a newspaper man. From St. Louis?"

I had told the miller, at whose cabin I lodged, that I was in the Ozarks to buy timber for a St. Louis firm. I knew the poet would not receive a lie, so I answered curtly: "No. Chicago." By this time the shower was over. Through a chink in the bridge wall we saw the sunlight slanting over the tops of buttonwood trees, far below the creek's edge. We rode out together.

"I don't love a city," the poet said. "I love a home lak this mountain valley." And I understood. Meditatively, against his burning ambitions, he was weighing something of which I did not know—some duty or love.

THE west was still very black. Across a rail fence hung the decaying carcass of a huge black snake; but the wind, blowing another way, brought only fragrance from the woods. The ground was purple with violets.

I saw a young fellow on a brown mule, evidently waiting for the poet. "Yonder's my Cousin Bud!" the poet joyously announced. "Oh, Bud!" he shouted. "this heah gen'leman has heahd this county called the Black Knobber county. Did you-all eve' heah that name?"

Bud sullenly shook his head. His sensual face and dull black eyes were in strong sunlight; shadows flickered on his thick neck and the broad chest from which the gingham shirt was rolled away. He had the dashing figure peculiar to the young Spencers, who always became blear-eyed, shambling creatures before middle life, like that old fellow with the squirrels. The squirrel hunter, I afterward learned, was Bud's father. The young man bore to his cousin a physical likeness so strong as to be almost confusing. But he was dull and dissipated, low-minded, sodden, even for the settlement of Athens. And the resemblance seemed really

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most important phase of Washington affairs continues to be the question: Will the Senate pass the tariff bill? The beneficiaries of sugar and wool protection, as well as other special interests affected, are still steadily at work. The narrowness of the Democratic majority gives them hope. The probable date of the close of the session must be put very far ahead. The bill has not really been debated in the Senate yet, and the fight on it will consume many weeks. If the present intention of the Administration, to pass a banking bill also at this special session, is carried out, it may very well be that Congress will still be in session in late September.

Vested Wrongs

ONE of the most effective fighters on President Wilson's side in the contest over free sugar has been Senator Ollie M. James of Kentucky. His answer to the plea of Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, that sugar has had protection for 125 years, is worthy of a place in any treatise of the fundamental philosophy of government:

I will say to the Senator that no right becomes a vested right because special privilege happens to get it through Congress. You have no right to claim for the people of Louisiana who have been producing sugar a vested right to extort tribute from every other consumer in America to enable them to do a profitable business.

Then Senator James dropped into colloquial humor:

For 124 years the sugar industry of this country has had a right to lay tribute upon every other industry and upon every individual of this Republic who uses sugar, and after 124 years of enjoyment of that bounty we hear the Senator say that it cannot stand alone. In the first 75 years of its existence it was an infant; it was too young to have this tariff tax taken from it. Now, in the last half of its existence, it is too old to have the tariff tax taken from it. After you have had this industry encouraged by countless millions of money poured into the coffers of the men engaged in this business, you say here that your industry will be destroyed if sugar is placed upon the free list. One hundred and twenty-four years old is this infant that is not now ready to be weaned.

Afraid of a Phrase

ONE of the brilliant flashes which frequently come from Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi was uttered in reply to a taunt from Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan that the Democrats were presenting a dogma of free trade to the country:

So far as I am individually concerned I have never been afraid of the word "free." I have never been afraid of freedom of thought, of freedom of religion, or of freedom of trade.

This is not meant to imply that Senator Williams wants this country to adopt free trade at once. He knows that is not possible. But his intellect distinguishes between what is fundamental in the relations of men with other men and what is expedient as men and nations are now constituted.

Waste

FROM the top of page 2115 to the bottom of page 2119 of the current Congressional Record is taken up with the debate on what was, to quote Congressman John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn:

A very difficult, delicate, and unpleasant question—the question arising between two members as to which of them should be entitled to a particular room.

This represents a thousand words of talk and an hour of the time of 435 men who earn $7,500 a year. The sight of 435 men spending $100,000 worth of the nation's money debating whether a doorkeeper should be paid $800 or $1,000 a year is not uncommon. A nation that respects efficiency in business so much as ours does will not long tolerate this after the cause of it is understood.

An Interesting Debate

WHILE the Senate is busy with the tariff bill the House has nothing to do. For this reason interesting debates spring up on subjects as to which there is no immediate prospect of legislation. Recently it was proposed to add to the large list of committees, into which Congress is divided, one on roads. Instantly the question arose whether the National Government's function in regard to roads shall consist of building them on a national scale, which shall begin somewhere and end somewhere, or whether it shall consist in giving fragmentary appropriations to local roads. The latter would be more popular because it partakes of the nature of pork, like public buildings and river and harbor bills. Also, there arose increased evidence of the break-up of parties which is soon to come on the issue of State rights. It was interesting, for example, to hear a standpat Republican, Philip P. Campbell, who represents Neosho and eight other Kansas counties, talk like this about the distinction between State and Federal rights:

I am ready to yield . . . to any gentleman in the House who is still a believer in the old doctrine of State rights and State sovereignty; who believes in that simple government which was advocated by the father of the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, that people in the townships were better judges of a road that should be built in a township than a bureau with its headquarters in Washington. . . .

Alexander Hamilton believed in a government from Washington, while Thomas Jefferson believed that there could be better government from Walnut Grove Township than from Washington. But as years have come and gone the country is veering toward Hamilton's view of government, and one condition of life after another is being turned over to the bureaus in Washington rather than being left in the hands of the people themselves.

Questions About the Tariff

Collier's maintains an office at Washington which will be glad to answer questions about the tariff. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Washington Bureau

Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Campbell's personal position is indicated by the following passage:

Mr. MURDOCK—And, as I understand the gentleman, he would favor the proposition of the people of a given county determining what roads should be improved first?

Mr. CAMPBELL—Undoubtedly; although I have always subscribed myself as a political follower of Alexander Hamilton rather than of Thomas Jefferson.

Then comes the most conspicuous Standpatter in Congress, Sereno E. Payne of New York, with this ardent anti-Federal conviction:

As far as I am concerned I would not appoint any committee. I would not have the Government go into the business of building the roads.

This sentiment in favor of the Federal Government building roads came from a Democrat, Edward W. Pou of North Carolina:

I was going to ask the gentleman if he did not think, inasmuch as up to this time we have spent $620,000,000 in digging out rivers and harbors, and have dumped a good many millions of money into New York Harbor and Philadelphia Harbor, that it is time we were doing something for roads out in Walnut Grove Township?

Thereupon a standpat Republican, Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, uttered this taunt:

This is a wonderful illustration of the compelling power of an appropriation. In the years that I have been a member of this body I have noticed our Democratic friends rising in their places whenever opportunity offered to declare their undying allegiance to the doctrine of State rights, always to desert that position in the face of an appropriation, present or prospective.

Then Congressman Mondell made this declaration, surprising in a thoroughgoing standpat Republican:

Mr. Chairman, I am opposed to this legislation because I am of the opinion—and I voice that opinion as something of a Federalist and something of a Hamiltonian, if you please—that it is impossible for the Federal Government to embark upon a broad policy of national road building and to carry out that policy in a fair, just, and equitable manner. *I believe it is another and a questionable step in the direction of breaking down the very proper line established by the fathers between the powers and responsibilities and duties of the Federal Government and the sovereignty of the people within the States.*

All this debate occurred on the mere question of having a Congressional committee on the general subject of roads. Nothing of any consequence about roads will be done at the present session of Congress, but these utterances are important nevertheless. It is certain that within a few years the Federal Government will enter the field of national highways, and it is important that it begin *right*—and the right way is not the method of fragmentary local appropriations after the manner of river and harbor pork. Also, one of the most certain facts about the future of politics is a general break-up of parties on the issue of State rights. The distinctions between State and Federal rights laid down by the Constitution have been made obsolete by electricity, commerce, and progress. Those who cling to them do so only through tradition. A new alignment must come through the necessity of dealing with conservation, national forests, water-power sites, electricity, national highways, and railroads.

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Preparing for "War in the Air"

EVERY few days an army or navy officer in some part of the world meets death in an aeroplane. This is only one evidence of the strong rivalry of the powers for supremacy in the air. With startling abruptness we are made to realize that the day of a new navy—the navy of the air—is here. Whatever may be the ultimate future of the airship, it now appears as the most terrifying of all modern engines of war.

Five years ago the invention of the Wright brothers placed the United States at the head of all nations in aviation. To-day we are at the foot, doing even less than Japan. The reason usually assigned for our inactivity has been that our geographical position makes us less liable to aerial attack than the closely grouped European countries.



A section of the motion-picture film made by Robert G. Fowler in his flight over the Panama Canal. The film is practically a relief map. Fowler declares that by dropping a bomb at Gatun he could ruin the canal

Within the past few months, however, an event has led some of us to doubt whether we are as immune as many have imagined. Robert G. Fowler, an American aviator, flew across the Panama Canal. Scientific men, including several of the engineers of the canal, have heretofore held that such a flight was impossible on account of the dangerous air currents. Fowler found that much of what was said—namely, that the currents were dangerous—was true. He flew in spite of warnings, and made a successful trip, showing that what seemed impossible a year before was quite practicable with a modern aeroplane. After his flight, in an interview with the writer, he declared:

"I could have done such damage to the canal that no ship could have passed through it for a year. All that was necessary was to drop a bomb on the Gatun Spillway, and the Government could not have repaired the damage in less than twelve months."

It should not be supposed from this that the aeroplane is to be much used in warfare as an engine of destruction, for it is too unstable to do much of the work that a dirigible safely may perform. The aeroplane may be used for offense and defense, but finds its greatest service in scout duty. The French Government, which has done more for aviation than any other nation, has made the aeroplane a "fifth arm" of the military organization. The people fondly refer to their 800 air craft as the "protecting wings" of the army.

The aeroplane is the scout ship of the air; the dirigible balloon is the dreadnought. Great warships that can swoop down out of the darkness of the night to direct a terrific fire upon a besieged city are no longer figments of the fiction writer's imagination. They are facts which only Germany, the most scientific nation in the world, has realized until the present time. Unlike the aeroplane, the dirigible can fly by night. It can outride a gale. It has a radius of over 1,000 miles. Count Zeppelin, within the month, flew from Baden Baden to Vienna, 430 miles, in 8 hours—less time than any express train has ever made the trip. The dirigible can carry 3 tons of explosives and armament. The guns can be operated without fear of disturbing the bal-



The King of Spain and the President of France inspecting 75 French aeroplanes



The Delta airship, latest of dreadnoughts, on her trial trip at Aldershot, England. The easy voyage of the German dirigibles through the air to France has convinced the Britons that they cannot hope to compete against these monsters with aeroplanes



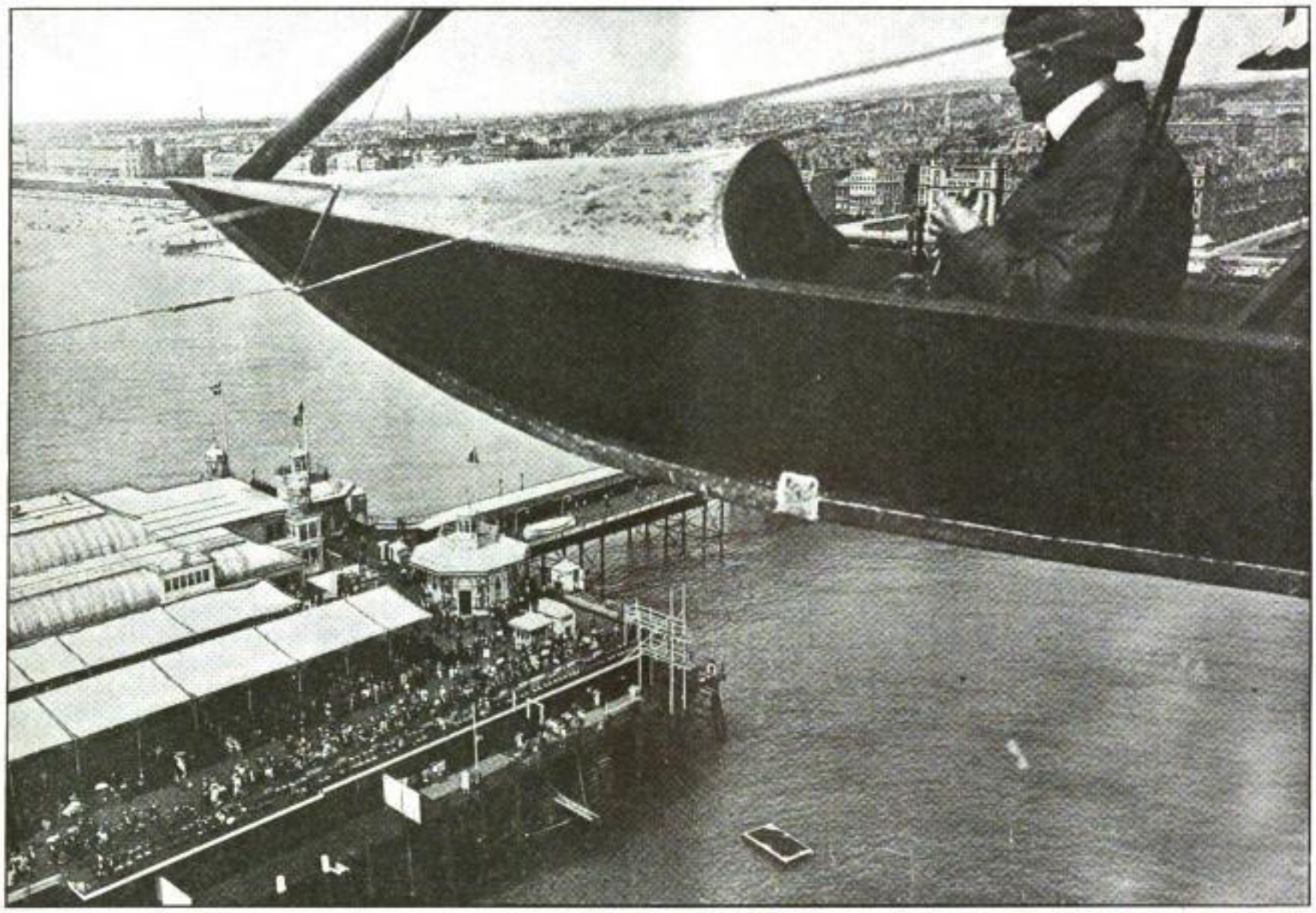
Japan, alert and progressive as always, is preparing for the future



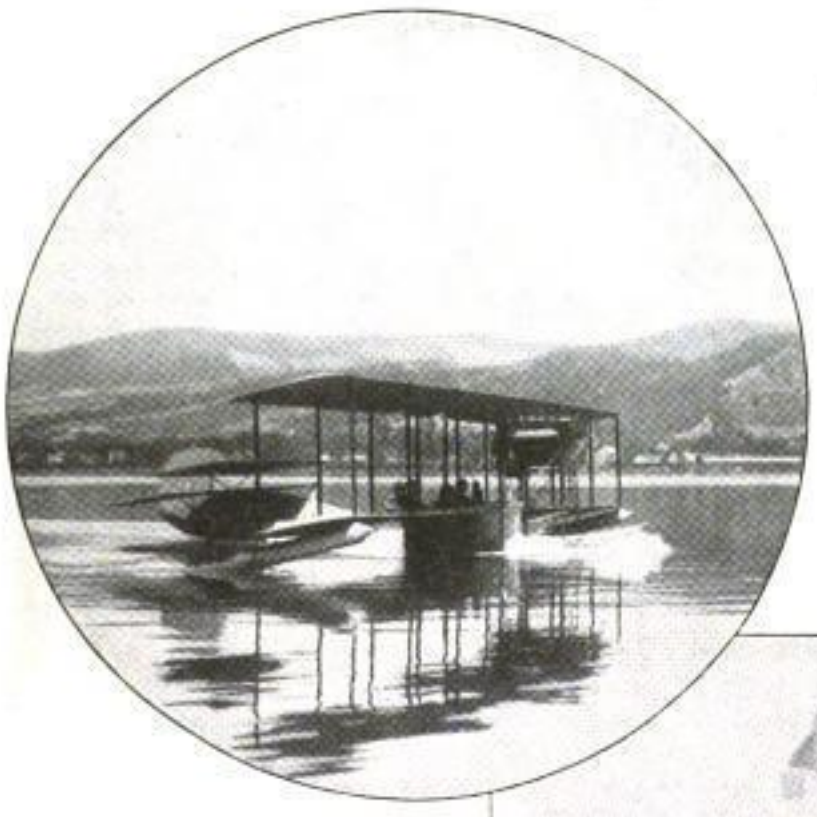
This, the invention of an Australian, is a torpedo which may be shot through the air



The menace from the air has resulted in the invention of new weapons of defense. This is the latest German gun to ward off aeroplane attack



Gordon England flying in his waterplane over Brighton, England. This photograph, taken from his plane, suggests what an aviator might do by dropping a bomb on the pier below. Such views as this have done much to excite the English with fear of an invasion by a foreign air fleet



The Flying Boat—Linking Air and Water

The hydroaeroplane forms a link between the navy of the sea and the navy of the air. This new type was built by Glenn Curtiss for Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller. Curtiss flew with three passengers in a trial trip on Lake Keuka, N. Y. The machine went through the water at a speed of 50 miles an hour, but when this speed was increased it took to the air, traveling at the rate of a mile a minute. Twenty sportsmen have taken up "water flying" as an exciting form of recreation. Nearly all the great European powers now have hydro corps

loon's stability. It is capable of remaining in the air for 40 hours, traveling at a speed of 45 miles an hour.

Germany, while France and England have been building aeroplanes, and while our own Government has been doing practically nothing, has been steadily at work perfecting types of war balloons, but at the same time not neglecting the heavier-than-air machine. Its war program calls for the expenditure of $32,500,000 for an air navy.

According to figures compiled by the editor of "Flying": "The United States at present ranks about twentieth in military aeronautics, behind all the first- and second-class powers and their colonies—very much behind Japan, China, Belgium, Switzerland, Brazil, Argentina, Australia, and Morocco. The actual equipment consists of 15 aeroplanes."



Count Zeppelin (with the white cap) and the Prince of Wales (checked cap) watching maneuvers at Berlin. Germany has 30 of these dirigibles



Chevillard making a daring turn at the French army maneuvers

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

What Is Happening

ENOUGH TIME HAS NOW PASSED to hear from the rank and file, and it must be clear to Senator CUMMINS, Senator KENYON, Senator BORAH, and the others who took part in the Chicago conference that there isn't going to be any such amalgamation of the Republican and Progressive parties as they quite naturally hoped would make their somewhat equivocal position between the two parties more tenable. It is odd that men of sufficient familiarity with popular prejudices and convictions to have had fairly successful political experiences should so completely fail to grasp the spirit of the rank and file of the Progressive party. People who really understand the Progressive movement know that the individual voters in it are actuated by a sort of evangelistic zeal to which the very word compromise is repugnant. They would rather go it alone and emphasize their isolation even if some advantage for their propaganda were to be gained by compromise. Not everybody realizes that the Progressives constitute by far the most powerful political party in the United States to-day. They are the largest *homogeneous* political unit. If you find this generalization surprising, consider that it is based on the assumption that a party which contains WOODROW WILSON at one extreme and at the other extreme CHARLES F. MURPHY and ROGER SULLIVAN is not more homogeneous than the party which a year ago contained THEODORE ROOSEVELT and WILLIAM BARNES. The split in the Democratic party, when it comes, may not be violent, but the realignment is as certain as the principle that like seeks like. It was MACAULAY who observed that the minds of all mankind are so constituted as to fall naturally into two roughly equal groups—those who cling to the past, distrusting change, and those who instinctively challenge precedent. This makes the English political divisions, Conservative and Liberal, natural. Something like this, something spontaneous and natural, is going to come out of the present chaotic condition of American politics, and it can't be hurried by conferences and talk of amalgamation. Meantime we are reminded of Senator CUMMINS's declaration at the Iowa State Convention in 1910:

> The Republican party cannot endure half progressive and half standpat.

The cleavage he looked for has come, but apparently Senator CUMMINS hasn't fully decided which half he belongs with.

The Human Side of the Protective Tariff

WE ARE INDEBTED to Dr. HEARD H. WEST of Gulfport, Miss., for sending us this advertisement from the Biloxi (Miss.) "Daily Herald":

> WANTED
>
> FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN
>
> mostly twelve years of age and up, to work in cotton mill. Good pay, regular work, comfortable houses, healthy location near city. Apply
>
> MOBILE COTTON MILLS . . . Mobile, Ala.

We don't know what are the hours in these particular mills, nor what laws Alabama may have regarding child labor. The advertisement on its face carries a sufficiently sinister suggestion. Dr. WEST adds:

> The hours in Southern cotton mills are from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., one hour at noon. As a rule, the roof is of glass, to give plenty of light. You can imagine twelve hours in a semitropical climate under a glass roof. I know because I have worked many a long day in the cotton mills when a child.

In the same mail that brought this clipping from Dr. WEST we received from Mr. SAMUEL RUSSELL of Salt Lake City, Utah, a letter which contained a timely quotation from the writings of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. HAMILTON was the father of protection in the United States. In his report on manufactures (Hamilton's Works, Federal edition, Volume IX, page 9, October 29, 1790), he said:

> It is worthy of remark that in general women and children are rendered more useful, and the latter more early useful by manufacturing establishments, than they would otherwise be. Of the number of persons employed in the cotton manufactories of Great Britain it is computed that four-sevenths of them are women and children, of whom the greater proportion are children, and many of them of a tender age.

The theory of political economy that is just about crystallizing in the United States, whatever it may think about the protective tariff, has a different notion of the position of women and children in organized society.

Child Workers

THERE IS A SLOWLY DAWNING CONSCIENCE in buying. Many women, even before the law intervened, out of pity for dumb animals, refused to wear birds' wings. But we measure the distance to go when we think of the many things on sale in the shops which represent, in whole or part, the stunting toil of children kept from play by parental need or greed.

The World Grows Better

FOR THE THREE YEARS ending with 1909, New York City yielded 1,339 killed and injured by reason of fireworks—more than the combined American casualties in the Revolutionary battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Fort Moultrie, White Plains, Fort Washington, Monmouth, and Cowpens combined—and these losses of ours were not among fighting men, but among youths and maidens, almost all under eighteen, and children, the sufferings of many of whom have been the most awful and pitiable known to medical science. Ten years ago there were 466 deaths (more than 400 of them lockjaw—tetanus) and 3,983 wounded; for 1909, 5,397 dead and injured. The 1909 Fourth was on Sunday, so that the shooting, the uproar, and the shouting did not die until three days had passed. In 1910 the casualties were 2,923; in 1911, 57 dead and 1,546 wounded; in 1912, 41 killed and 947 wounded. In Illinois the casualties last year were 39 as against 546 in 1909; in penitent Massachusetts there were 45 as against 430 in 1909. Even in Pennsylvania, which has had the largest number of casualties for each of the last five years, there has been marked improvement, evidently the result of a powerful campaign in that State, and especially in Philadelphia, for more enlightened celebrations. Who will dare say that patriotism is lacking in Alabama, Florida, New Mexico, the Carolinas, South Dakota, and Maine, yet in these States absolutely no casualties whatever have been recorded? Baltimore was, it would seem, the pioneer city in the agitation which has resulted so beneficently, with her ordinance that "no person shall cast, throw, or fire any squib, rocket, cracker, torpedo, grenade, or other combustible or explosive preparation within the city." Denver, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Louisville, and Omaha soon fell into line, and the honor roll is likely soon to become inclusive of pretty much every municipality in the land. In other years hospital lists of casualties came back filled; last year they were returned with but few names or with a legend like this: "No cases this year; this city has had a sane Fourth."

Matrimony and the Income Tax

THE DIFFICULTIES which modern life throws in the way of reasonably early marriages increase every day. The high cost of living, the increasingly high standards, the ever greater length of time required in preparation for life, all combine to defer marriage until late in life. One would think that, with all the unavoidable obstacles in the way of marriage, any law passed by our legislators which has any relation to matrimony would be as carefully framed as possible to encourage the founding of families. Instead, the income-tax measure has a clause which deliberately penalizes matrimony. Paragraph D of that measure contains a clause to the effect that the tax with its $4,000 exemption shall be imposed on a family as a whole. The effect of this is described by the "Woman's Journal":

> Assume that a single man and a single woman each have an income of $3,000 per year. Neither one is then taxable. But if they marry, found a home, and raise a family, thereby greatly increasing their expenses and responsibilities, and also, presumably, their usefulness to society, their incomes immediately become taxable, though they are actually much less well off financially than they were formerly. Such a tax is not properly termed an income tax. It should be called "A special tax upon marriage and families."

Of all unnecessary and stupid encouragements of race suicide and penalizations of youthful happiness, this is one of the most flagrant. It hits hardest the very persons, neither very rich nor very poor, whose children are most needed for the future. If the income tax were arranged with the wisest attention to the present necessities of the United States it would not only avoid the penalizing of early

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

marriage, but would also encourage large families by granting exemptions from the hardships of the tax for every child added to the family.

Under the Sun

THE WORLD is very old, but very much the same now as it was when the Gospels were written or when COLUMBUS sailed the seas. In VICTOR HUGO'S "Hunchback of Notre Dame," QUASIMODO, the hunchback, is brought before ROBERT D'ESTOUTEVILLE, Keeper of the Provostry of Paris, for trial and sentence. This was in 1482. Not a head of any distinction but passed through the hands of the Provost of Paris before it was delivered up to the executioner. At night the Provost retired to his charming home, situated in the Rue Galilee, to rest from the fatigue of having sent unfortunates to the block or to the little cell, 11 feet long, 7 feet 4 inches in width, and 11 feet high, where the victims of the judicial wrath awaited flagellation or death. His days of ill humor were the days on which he performed his judicial functions, that he might be sure to have somebody on whom to vent his spleen in the name of the King, of the law, and of justice. The wheel, the gallows, and the rack watched for their prey as sharks prowling around a ship; and the populace, brutalized by the tyranny of law in the name of the King, made holiday of the sport of justice and brought their lunch baskets to the auto-da-fé. Were newspapers and periodicals then known, editors would have been sent to the block for reproving the King or his ministers, but the liberty of the press would have been advanced beyond its present limits, and Colonel NELSON of the Kansas City "Star" would not have been compelled to await the slow process of legal quirks and quibbles to determine in his own mind whether an editor is to become a periodic jailbird or a free citizen of the twentieth century. But to go back to the hunchback. He never knew what his offense was. "Here, vergers," pronounced the judge, "take this fellow to the pillory; let him be flogged, and then turn him for an hour."

Still Alive

BULLYING is a habit difficult to break. Formerly the patent-medicine combination, blithely conceiving themselves to be the masters of a slavish daily press, cracked the whip of the famous "red clause" contract over the back of any editor who refused to do their dirty work, editorially. Still the old spirit breaks out occasionally. Here it is, the "red clause" essentially unchanged, in a $10.40 advertising contract offered by Nelson Chesman & Co. for a fake "woman's remedy," known as Wine of Cardui, to the "Cumberland Progressive" of Appalachia, Va., and embodying this humiliating proposition:

> In case any law unfavorable to patent medicines is enacted during the life of this contract . . . contract may be canceled pro rata if desired.

This is the ingenious scheme of which its inventor, FRANK CHENEY, former president of the Proprietary Association of America, said:

> I have carried this through, and know it is a success. I know the papers will accept it. Here is a thing that costs us nothing. It throws the responsibility [for legislation adverse to patent medicines] on the newspapers. I think this is pretty near a sure thing.

By no means "a sure thing" with a paper like the "Cumberland Progressive." Its editor sends us the contract form with colloquial and emphatic comment as follows:

> Here's one of those festive patent-medicine skin-game propositions. Do we bite? We do not.

And he informed the nostrum makers that they were "exploiters of newspapers and that they might go to Limbo for all he cared." This, we believe, is the characteristic spirit of latter-day journalism.

Popular Whisky Brands—No. 4



Black River Whisky. "The Whisky with the Mourning After"

Self-Conquest

HOW IMPORTANT loom the thousand and one things that fill the daily life, yet how trivial is the bulk of them! To separate the realities from the unrealities, the significant from the trifling and nonessential—that surely is the first step to self-knowledge, the one and only royal road to self-conquest. And self-knowledge, the brief but grand summary of the Socratic philosophy, can come only from self-contemplation. Ten minutes a day saved from the turmoil of existence and given to meditation are enough to illumine and beautify life. How simple it is to judge another: he is honest or shifting, brave or cowardly, firm or vacillating, according as he meets life under our gaze. We judge easily, automatically almost, with scarcely an effort. But no sooner do we apply that method of judging to ourselves with calmness and sincerity of purpose than at once life is lifted to a new, a higher, plane. We view it then as a valley is seen from a hill, with every one of the myriad objects falling into the perspective proper to its size. Then the judge that is within us separates the real from the unreal, the gold from the dross. We appraise ourselves as strangers and, perhaps for the first time, make our own acquaintance. Ten minutes a day, if no more, but those minutes faithfully and sincerely employed, must surely lead far toward ultimate self-conquest, and will in any case flood life with contentment and open vistas of happiness.

Solving the Social Evil

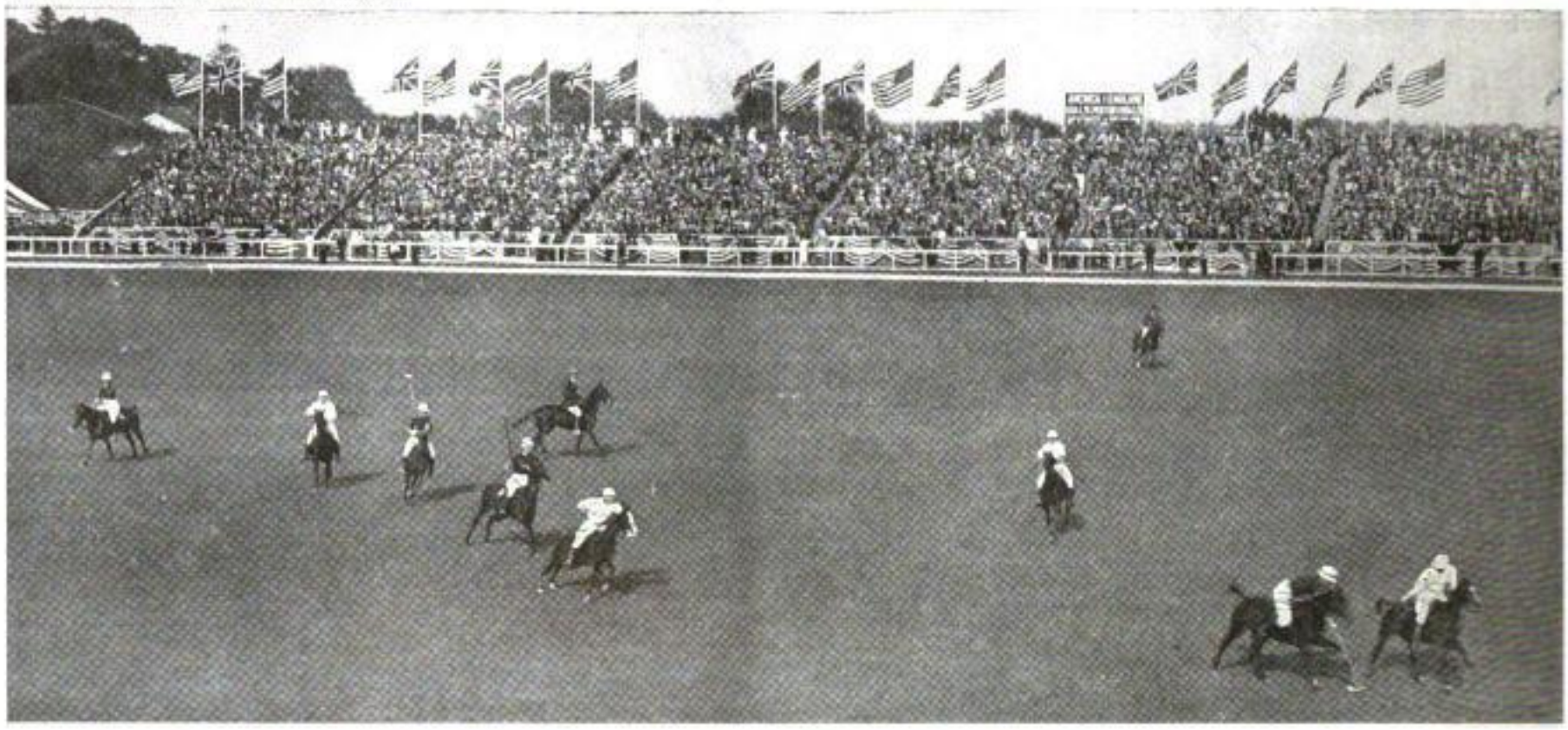
IT WILL take all the fine white light of the "superior person" and all the heat of the strong man to make so much as a dent. Who solves the problem, even in small part, will have more lasting glory than if he had stormed through the world masterfully, or were an "interesting temperament," sitting aloof in all the loneliness of wings.

The Working Girl

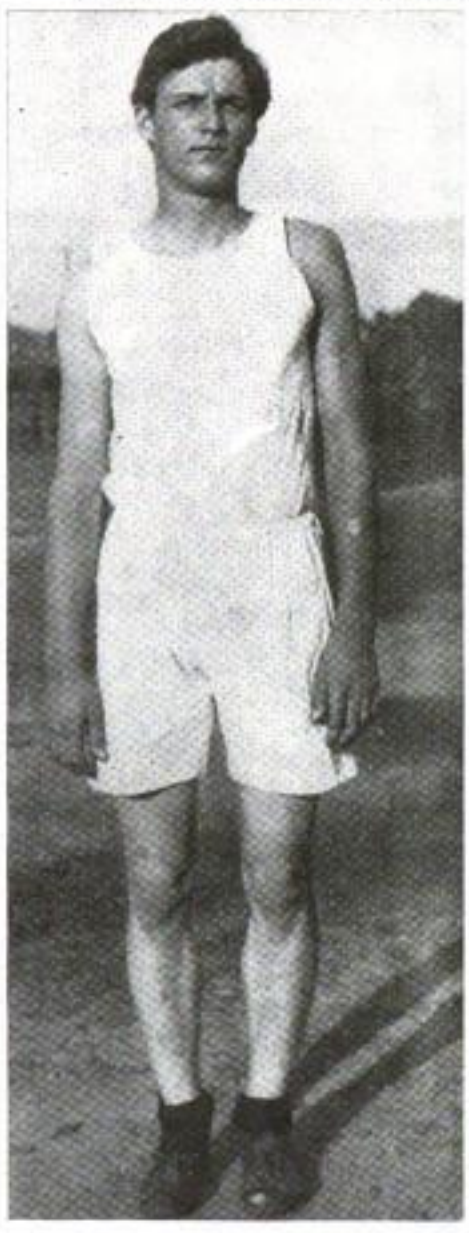
IN DAYS when all in the community lived hard, there was not so much mental suffering as there is now, where some live brightly and others are as sharply marked in drabness as the ugly duckling. These contrasts in richness of dress stuffs and liveliness of entertainment are nowhere so emphasized as in the modern city, where working girls are gathered by thousands. Dress and amusement are the two early expressions of personality to the girl. It is through them as mediums that she enters into possession of her world, that she achieves her sense of being alive, a member of the community. She longs for the easements of life which she sees more favored women enjoying, the graces which dress reveals and leisure enhances. For what does life mean to the girl? It means late hours of work at rush seasons, the sudden discharge from work the being out of work for many weeks, fines for lateness, but no extra pay for overtime work. It means slim meals, shabby clothing, a dreary hall bedroom (if living alone), or sharing a room with several children (if living at home). Her recklessness is fed by the nagging rules and fines of the store. She is not permitted to find pride in her work, because many little things humiliate her. She learns to accept her lot with a toss of her head and without investing too much of personal caring in it. Life confronts the girl with that choice between overwork through dull years and a leap into excitement. She thinks she can win the desirable beauty of dress and the evenings of happiness only by selling that precious essence of her being which all previous ages have guarded for her. Always her chastity has been protected by father and brother, by church, and by the watchful community. Now for the first time in history that chastity is intrusted to her young eager self for safe-keeping or for bartering.

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Photograph by James B. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer



For three matches in succession, America has defeated England at polo. Our photograph, taken on the Meadow Brook, Long Island, field, is a glimpse of fast play in the first game, which ended with a score of 5 1-2 goals to 3. The second match was won by the narrowest possible margin, 4 1-2 to 4 1-4



A New All-Around Champion

BY a margin of 22½ points, F. C. Thompson, a Princeton theological student, has bettered James Thorpe's totals as all-around world's champion in athletics. Their showings follow:

	Thorpe	Thompson
100 yards	.10 3-5	.11
Shot put	44.3 1-8	43.2 1-2
High jump	6.1 1-8	5.1 1-2
Half-mile walk	3.48	3.32
Hammer	122.10	126.6
Pole vault	9.6	10
120-yard hurdles	.16 2-5	.16
56-pound weight	26.2	27
Broad jump	23.3	21.4 1-2
Mile run	5.26	5.25 1-5





The Kaiser, with his cousin, the King of England—a photograph taken the week of the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter to Prince Ernest Augustus. Following this fete, the Kaiser has been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the German throne

As a Memorial, Georgia Clubwomen Issue a 126-Page Newspaper

THE Atlanta "Constitution" appeared a few weeks ago with a Wednesday edition of 126 pages, every line written by Georgia clubwomen. The edition is dedicated to the late Mrs. Ella F. White, and its profits are to be given to an endowment fund to meet some of the annual expenses of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, of which Mrs. White was president. The clubwomen worked for three months to make their memorial memorable. They not only wrote every line of the news; they also solicited every advertisement. So successful were they that for many days afterward the "Constitution" was deluged with letters and telegrams of appreciation. The Mayor of Fitzgerald, Ga., was so exultant that he telegraphed the "Constitution" to send a copy to the Mayor of every town in Kansas.

"The clubwomen of the West have accomplished much for their States, and I want them to know what our Georgia women are doing," he explained.

Our photograph shows three of the clubwomen reporters interviewing Mayor James G. Woodward of Atlanta. They found him "most affable and noncommittal—very." He refused at first to say anything at all about suffrage.

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Snapshot Glimpses of the Close of an Eventful School Year



The policy of the Manual Arts High School of Los Angeles is to encourage originality and constructive ability. Sanford Williams, seventeen years old, did something in the nature of "thesis work" by building a motor boat 23 feet long with a 10-horsepower engine



Minnesota's County Jail Schoolrooms

AS THE result of experimental work by Mrs. Ada Van Wormer Siewert of Duluth, the State of Minnesota has adopted a measure providing that schools may be established in county jails. It had not been generally believed before that the plan would prove practical for short-term offenders. Mrs. Siewert found, even in the early stages of her experiment, that men in jail, with nothing to distract their attention, can, if they will, make surprisingly rapid progress. A prisoner who was unable to read when he first became one of Mrs. Siewert's pupils **mastered the First, Second, Third, and** Fourth Primers in two and a half months. His spelling kept pace with his newly acquired knowledge. At the end of that time he was able to write an intelligible English letter—this with only two lessons a week. Most of the prisoners, moreover, have been found eager to learn and to help instruct their fellow students. A number of those taught in jail have continued studying after their release. Many short-term men sought instruction in night classes in the public schools. Our photograph shows two of the prisoners who are receiving instruction under the new system.

The new law does not require all counties to adopt the plan, but leaves action optional with the county boards.



Journalists Who Won a New Degree

By H. J. MACKAY, B.J., U. of Mo., '13

UPON the seniors in the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri was conferred this year a degree new in the history of education, that of Bachelor of Journalism.

The new degree was given in this the fifth year since the establishment of Missouri's School of Journalism, to twenty-two young men and women who have been combining professional with academic training. They are students who, for example, in the course of a day have attended classes in Greek and classes in advertising, a lecture in ethics, and a laboratory period in news gathering. If the *school* has accomplished its purpose, *they* have gained more from this *combination* than they would have *found* in an academic course followed by an apprenticeship in a newspaper office.

The photograph reproduced above is of this year's graduates at work in the school's laboratory. Realizing that in newspaper work, even more than in other lines, practice makes proficient, Missouri set her young journalists not to theorizing but to practicing the profession itself. The "laboratory" work is done on the "University Missourian"—an evening daily covering the news both of the university and of the town of Columbia.



In the spirit of hundreds of June's reunions. Columbia graduates burlesquing polo



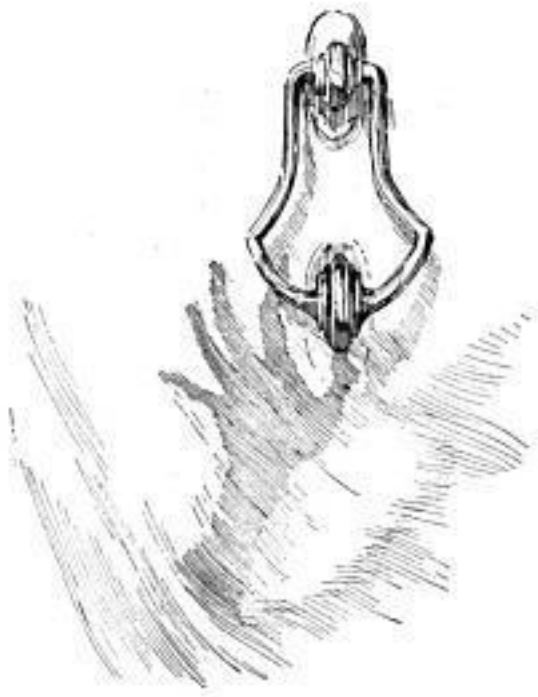
Wellesley's crew of 1913, which lowered by seven minutes the record of its college for the Charles River course

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The Knocking on the Door

Fu-Manchu X

By Sax Rohmer



THE departure of Fu-Manchu is as lurid and ambiguous as his coming. It is with regret that we present the last account of him and of Smith and Dr. Petrie and Kâramanèh.

"OUT there in the mist," said Nayland Smith, "it all seemed very unreal."

"I wish it had been!"

"Amen to that, Mr. Weymouth. But your brother made a gallant finish. If ridding the world of Fu-Manchu were the only good deed to his credit, his life had been well spent."

James Weymouth, brother of the well-known Scotland Yard man, smoked a while in thoughtful silence. Though but four and a half miles south-southeast of St. Paul's, the quaint little cottage, with its rustic garden, shadowed by the tall trees which had so lined the village street before motor busses were, was a spot as peaceful and secluded as any in broad England. But another shadow lay upon it to-day—chilling, fearful. An incarnate evil had come out of the dim East, and in its dying malevolence had touched this home.

"There are two things I don't understand about it, sir," continued Weymouth. "What was the meaning of the horrible laughter which the river police heard in the fog? And where are the bodies?"

The girl seated beside me shuddered at the words. Smith, whose restless spirit granted him little repose, paused in his aimless wanderings about the room and looked at her.

In these latter days of his Augean labors to purge England of the unclean thing which had fastened upon her, my friend was more lean and nervous looking than I had ever before known him to be. His long residence in Burma had rendered him spare and had burned his naturally dark skin to a coppery hue; but now his gray eyes had grown feverishly bright, and his face so lean as at times to appear positively emaciated.

"This lady may be able to answer your first question," he said. "She and her brother were for some time in the household of Dr. Fu-Manchu. In fact, Mr. Weymouth, Kâramanèh, as her name implies, was a slave."

WEYMOUTH glanced at the beautiful, troubled face, with scarcely veiled distrust.

"You don't look as though you had come from China, miss," he said, with a sort of unwilling admiration.

"I do not come from China," replied Kâramanèh. "My father was a pure Bedouin. But my history does not matter." (At times there was something imperious in her manner, and to this her musical accent added force.) "When your brave brother, Inspector Weymouth, and Dr. Fu-Manchu were swallowed up by the river, Fu-Manchu held a poisoned needle in his hand. The laughter meant that the needle had done its work. Your brother had become mad!"

Weymouth turned aside to hide his emotion.

"What was on the needle?" he asked huskily.

"It was something which he prepared from the venom of a kind of swamp adder," she answered. "It produces madness, but not always death."

"He would have had a poor chance," said Smith, "even had he been in complete possession of his senses. At the time of the encounter we must have been some considerable distance from shore, and the fog was impenetrable."

"But how do you account for the fact that neither of the bodies has been recovered?"

"Ryman of the river police tells me that persons lost at that point are not always recovered—or not until a considerable time later.

There was a faint sound from the room above. The news of that tragic happening out in the mist upon the Thames had prostrated poor Mrs. Weymouth.

"She hasn't been told half the truth," said her brother-in-law. "She doesn't know about—the poisoned needle. What kind of fiend was this Dr. Fu-Manchu?" He burst out into a sudden blaze of furious resentment. "John never told me much, and you have let mighty little leak into the papers. What was he? Who was he?"

He addressed the words half to Smith, half to Kâramanèh.

"Dr. Fu-Manchu," replied the former, "was the ultimate expression of Chinese cunning; a phenomenon such as occurs but once in many generations. He was a superman of incredible genius, who, had he willed, could have revolutionized science. There is a superstition in some parts of China according to which, under certain peculiar conditions (one of which is proximity to a deserted burial ground), an evil spirit of incredible age may enter into the body of a new-born infant. All my efforts thus far have not availed me to trace the genealogy of the man called Dr. Fu-Manchu. Even Kâramanèh cannot help me in this. But I have sometimes thought that he was a member of a certain very old Kiangsu family—and that the peculiar conditions I have mentioned prevailed at his birth!"

SMITH, observing our looks of amazement, laughed shortly and quite mirthlessly.

"Poor old Weymouth!" he jerked. "I suppose my labors are finished; but I am far from triumphant. Is there any improvement in Mrs. Weymouth's condition?"

"Very little," was the reply; "she has lain in a semi-conscious state since the news came. No one had any idea she would take it so. At one time we were afraid her brain was going. She seemed to have delusions."

Smith spun around upon Weymouth.

"Of what nature?" he asked rapidly.

The other pulled nervously at his mustache.

"My wife has been staying with her," he explained, "since—it happened; and for the last three nights poor John's widow has cried out at the same time—half-past two—that some one was knocking on the door."

"What door?"

"That door yonder—the street door."

All our eyes turned in the direction indicated.

"John often came home at half-past two from the yard," continued Weymouth, "so we naturally thought poor Mary was wandering in her mind. But last night—and it's not to be wondered at—my wife couldn't sleep, and she was wide awake at half-past two."

"Well,"

Nayland Smith was standing before him, alert, bright-eyed.

"She heard it, too!"

THE sun was streaming into the cozy little sitting room: but I will confess that Weymouth's words chilled me uncannily. Kâramanèh laid her hand upon mine in a quaint, childish fashion peculiarly her own. Her hand was cold, but its touch thrilled me. For Kâramanèh was not a child but a rarely beautiful girl, a pearl of the East such as many a monarch has fought for.

"What then?" asked Smith.

"She was afraid to move—afraid to look from the window!"

My friend turned and stared hard at me.

"A subjective hallucination, Petrie?"

"In all probability," I replied. "You should arrange that your wife be relieved in her trying duties, Mr. Weymouth. It is too great a strain for an inexperienced nurse."

OF ALL that we had hoped for in our pursuit of Fu-Manchu, how little had we accomplished! Excepting Kâramanèh and her brother (who were victims and not creatures of the Chinese doctor), not one of the formidable group had fallen alive into our hands. Dreadful crimes had marked Fu-Manchu's passage through the land. Not one-half of the truth (and nothing of the later developments) had been made public. Nayland Smith's authority was sufficient to control the press.

In the absence of such a veto a veritable panic must have seized upon the entire country, for a monster—a thing more than humanly evil—existed in our midst.

Always Fu-Manchu's secret activities had centered about the great waterway. There was much of poetic justice in his end, for the Thames had claimed him who so long had used the stream as a highway for the passage to and fro for his secret forces. Gone now were the yellow men who had been the instruments of his evil will; gone was the giant intellect which had controlled the complex murder machine. Kâramanèh, whose beauty he had used as a lure, at last was free, and no more with her smile would tempt men to death—that her brother might live.



I am ashamed to confess the extent of the horror that came upon me. James Weymouth raised his hands, as if to thrust away from him that awful thing in the door. He was babbling — prayers, I think, but wholly incoherent. "Hold him, Petrie!"

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Many there are, I doubt not, who will regard the Eastern girl with horror. I ask their forgiveness in that I regarded her quite differently. No man having seen her could have condemned her unheard. Many, having looked into her lovely eyes, had they found there what I found, must have forgiven her almost any crime.

That she valued human life but little was no matter for wonder. Her nationality—her history—furnished adequate excuse for an attitude not condonable in a European equally cultured.

But, indeed, let me confess that hers was a nature incomprehensible to me in some respects. The soul of Kâramanêh was a closed book to my shortsighted Western eyes. But the body of Kâramanêh was exquisite; her beauty of a kind that was a key to the most extravagant rhapsodies of Eastern poets. Her eyes held a challenge wholly Oriental in appeal; her lips, even in repose, were a taunt. And herein East is West and West is East.

Finally, despite her lurid history, despite the scornful self-possession of which I knew her capable, she was an unprotected girl—in years, I believe, a mere child—whom Fate had cast in my way. At her request we had booked passage for her brother and herself to Egypt. The boat sailed in three days. But Kâramanêh's beautiful eyes were sad; often I detected tears on the black lashes. Shall I endeavor to describe my own tumultuous, conflicting emotions? It would be useless, since I know it to be impossible. For in those dark eyes burned a fire I might not see; those silken lashes veiled a message I dared not read.

NAYLAND SMITH was not blind to the facts of the complicated situation. I can truthfully assert that he was the only man of my acquaintance who, having come in contact with Kâramanêh, had kept his head.

We endeavored to divert her mind from the recent tragedies by a round of amusements, though with poor Weymouth's body still at the mercy of unknown waters Smith and I made but a poor show of gayety; and I took a gloomy pride in the admiration which our lovely companion everywhere excited. I learned in those days how rare a thing in nature is a really beautiful woman.

One afternoon we found ourselves at an exhibition of water colors in Bond Street. Kâramanêh was intensely interested in the subjects of the drawings, which were entirely Egyptian. As usual she furnished matter for comment among the other visitors, as did the boy, Aziz, her brother, whom we had rescued from a living grave in the house of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

Suddenly Aziz clutched at his sister's arm, whispering rapidly in Arabic. I saw her peachlike color



"The professor was out East the last time I was there, sir. I often used to see him. But he's an eccentric old gentleman. Seems to live in a world of his own. He's recently back from China, I think"

fade; saw her become pale and wild-eyed—the hunted Kâramanêh of the old days. She turned to me.

"Dr. Petrie, he says that Fu-Manchu is here!"

"Where?"

Nayland Smith rapped out the question violently, turning in a flash from the picture which he was examining.

"In this room!" she whispered, glancing furtively, affrightedly about her. "Something tells Aziz when *he* is near; and I, too, feel strangely afraid. Oh, can it be that he is not dead!"

She held my arm tightly. Her brother was searching the room with big, velvet black eyes. I studied the faces of the several visitors, and Smith was staring about him with the old alert look, and tugging nervously at the lobe of his ear. The name of the giant foe of the white race instantaneously had strung him up to a pitch of supreme intensity.

Our united scrutinies discovered no figure which could have been that of the Chinese doctor. Who could mistake that long, gaunt shape, with the high, mummylike shoulders and the indescribable gait which I can only liken to that of an awkward cat?

Then, over the heads of a group of people who stood by the doorway, I saw Smith peering at some one—at some one who passed across the outer room. Stepping aside, I, too, obtained a glimpse of this person.

As I saw him, he was a tall, old man, wearing a black Inverness coat and a rather shabby silk hat. He had long white hair and a patriarchal beard, wore smoked glasses and walked slowly, leaning upon a stick.

Smith's gaunt face paled. With a rapid glance at Kâramanêh, he made off across the room.

Could it be Dr. Fu-Manchu?

MANY days had passed since, already half choked by Inspector Weymouth's iron grip, Fu-Manchu, before our own eyes, had been swallowed up by the Thames. Even now men were seeking his body and that of his last victim. Nor had we left any stone unturned. Acting upon information furnished by Kâramanêh, the police had searched every known haunt of the murder group. But everything pointed to the fact that the group was disbanded and dispersed; that the lord of strange deaths who had ruled it was no more.

Yet Smith was not satisfied. Neither, let me confess, was I. Every port was watched, and in suspected districts a kind of house-to-house patrol had been instituted. Unknown to the great public, in those days a secret war waged—a war in which all the available forces of the authorities took the field against one man! But that one man was the Evil of the East incarnate.

(Continued on page 31)

In the House of the Living Death

By C. Hilton-Turvey

CHILDHOOD is innocent everywhere, and sordidness and sin are never sadder than when seen through its candid eyes. But children are the ones to find goodness wherever goodness is, even in the unsuspected places, and "Bubbles" sought it out unerringly.

"BUBBLES" sat down on the bottom step in the hall and considered.

All day the house had slumbered, with heavy curtains drawn over the windows and the doors shut. Soon, very soon, Bubbles knew, it would wake up to life and gayety. Meanwhile the moments hung on her hands. What should she do to amuse herself? She frowned prodigiously and slid her small slippered feet to and fro on the soft rug. Presently her brow cleared. A smile stole over her face and made little dimples at the corners of her mouth. She had thought of a new game to play. It was to see how far back she could remember.

She drew a long, deep breath—she could 'member way back! The first memory was of a dog that frightened her. She didn't remember if it was as high as the balustrade she leaned against, or a tiny one; but it barked, and Pearl came and picked her up, and Bubbles was comforted and happy in a moment. Then there was the fluffy white kitty that Pearl had brought her. Bubbles had loved it "mos' to def," and Pearl had given her a new ribbon every day to tie round its neck, until—until one day Bubbles dropped the kitty out of the window to see if it could fly—*and it couldn't!* And when Bubbles ran down to it, the kitty had gone to sleep, and there was red paint on its fur, and it got all over Bubbles's fingers too! And it wouldn't wake up—and it *wouldn't* wake up! And Mme. Rosa said it was *dead*, and so did Elise and Maud and Vivienne and Maybelle, and—oh, all of them! And Bubbles ran upstairs and asked Pearl what it meant to be dead, and Pearl said that it meant that the kitty had gone to sleep and would never wake up, and it would never be sick or hurt or sorry again. And Bubbles asked her what kitties had to be sorry about? And Pearl laughed a little and told her it was only people who had to be sorry about anything—and to "run away and don't bother Pearl with questions!"

AND then—and then—Bubbles sighed and stretched her arms over her head. She could remember a lot, but most of it was mixed up with Pearl—oh, yes, all the girls were sweet to Bubbles, but Pearl did the nicest things for her. Pearl used to let her creep into bed with her sometimes in the morning and lie until Bubbles got restless—then she had to go downstairs and stay with Lily, the black cook. It was Pearl who told her why they called her Bubbles—when she was a little, weeny, teeny baby she used to try so hard to talk, and nothing would come but bubbles! But now she could talk as fast as anyone, and she could count up to five—'most up to ten! But Pearl called her something else—Bubbles disremembered just what—and sometimes, when she cuddled Bubbles up and kissed her, she called her "Mother's Candy Lamb!"

NO ONE called her that any more—not since the day they found Pearl lying in bed—fast asleep, like the white kitty—*and so cold!* And there was a tiny little bottle in her hand, and some of the stuff had run out over Pearl's lacy dress, and it smelled—oh, so queer! And they said Pearl hadn't had time to put the cork back before it took her. Now what did they mean by that? And they waited till night, and then they carried Pearl downstairs and put her in a long, black box. And they lifted Bubbles up and told her to "kiss poor Pearl." And when they put her down again, Bubbles told Mme. Rosa that Pearl would never be sorry again. And Mme. Rosa said: "My goodness! what put that into the kid's head!" Elise took her upstairs and kept her a long while, and when she came down again Pearl had gone. Bubbles had never seen her since. And then—

The hall door opened. A man stood swaying in the doorway.

Bubbles shrank into the shadow of the balustrade. It was "Mr. Sam," and he was "full again." She waited till he staggered past her to the end of the corridor, leaving a trail of tobacco smoke and whisky fumes. Oh, yes, he was full all right, Bubbles observed aloud, nodding wisely after him, and he would get

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his from Mme. Rosa! She let him get as full as he liked in the morning when there was "nothin' doin'," but when he came in at this hour—my! madame depended on him to shake the rough-housers, and when he couldn't, then Lily had to come tearing up out of the kitchen, and she and Mme. Rosa pushed the rough-housers on to the pavement and shut the door. But Mme. Rosa said it didn't look well—and neither it did!

There was a swish of soft, soft draperies upstairs along the hall. Bubbles was halfway up before the bathroom door closed. She rattled at the knob. "Oh, Elise, is it you?"

"No, lovey dove," answered a drawly voice from within, "it's Maybelle. Run and get the powder box off my dressing table—there's a nice kiddo!"

Bubbles skipped gayly on her errand, singing under her breath a song heard the night before. She didn't know all the words—just the chorus: "You've got to get a strangle hold to keep your mash!" Bubbles thought it was "right pretty."

The powder delivered, she peeped into the other rooms. Verna was still sleeping, tossing about restlessly, her head tied up in a wet bandage. Daisy was in a bad temper. She chased Bubbles out and locked the door. But Elise was wide awake, fixing her hair in a new way. Bubbles came and stood beside her, watching interestedly while Elise twisted and patted and put in hairpins and took them out again.

PRESENTLY Vivienne lounged in, half dressed and yawning. With her came Carmen, the inevitable cigarette between her lips. Bubbles snuggled up closer to Elise. She didn't like Carmen—Carmen teased her and blew smoke right into her eyes till she blinked and coughed.

"Hello, Bub!" she sang out to the child in her deep loud voice. "Been out playing with the neighborhood brats to-day?"

Bubbles wriggled with embarrassment, standing on one foot. It was a sore point with her. She would never forget the time she ventured gleefully out and joined a group of children playing ring-a-round-a-rosie in the street. A horrified shriek resounded.

Half a dozen indignant mothers swooped down and dragged their offspring away, leaving Bubbles standing dazed and alone, her hands still stretched out as if they clasped those of her new-found playmates. After that Bubbles had been content to stay in the kitchen or play lonely games in the back yard.

"Oh, Carmen!" Vivienne protested, "do quit pickin' on that kid!"

Carmen smiled lazily. She put a fresh cigarette between her full red lips, lighting it from the stub of the old one. She was fond of Bubbles, but love in her tropical nature ran side by side with cruelty. "Do you [puff, puff] remember the night [puff] that Bubbles chased away the young goody-goody who was just getting on to the game—making goo-goos at Verna? 'Have you got any little girls?' says Miss Bub, and climbs up in his lap and takes his cheeks between her hands. 'X-no,' says Goody-goody, as red as a beet. 'But you'll have them some day, won't you?' she goes on as innocent as you please. And up jumps Goody-goody as pale as his shirt front. 'I pray God I may be worthy to have them!' he chokes. And out he flies, and poor Verna was out one mash!" Carmen laughed wickedly and flicked the ash lightly off her cigarette with one slim finger.

Bubbles began to edge toward the door. Her lip quivered. She dug her fist into her eyes.

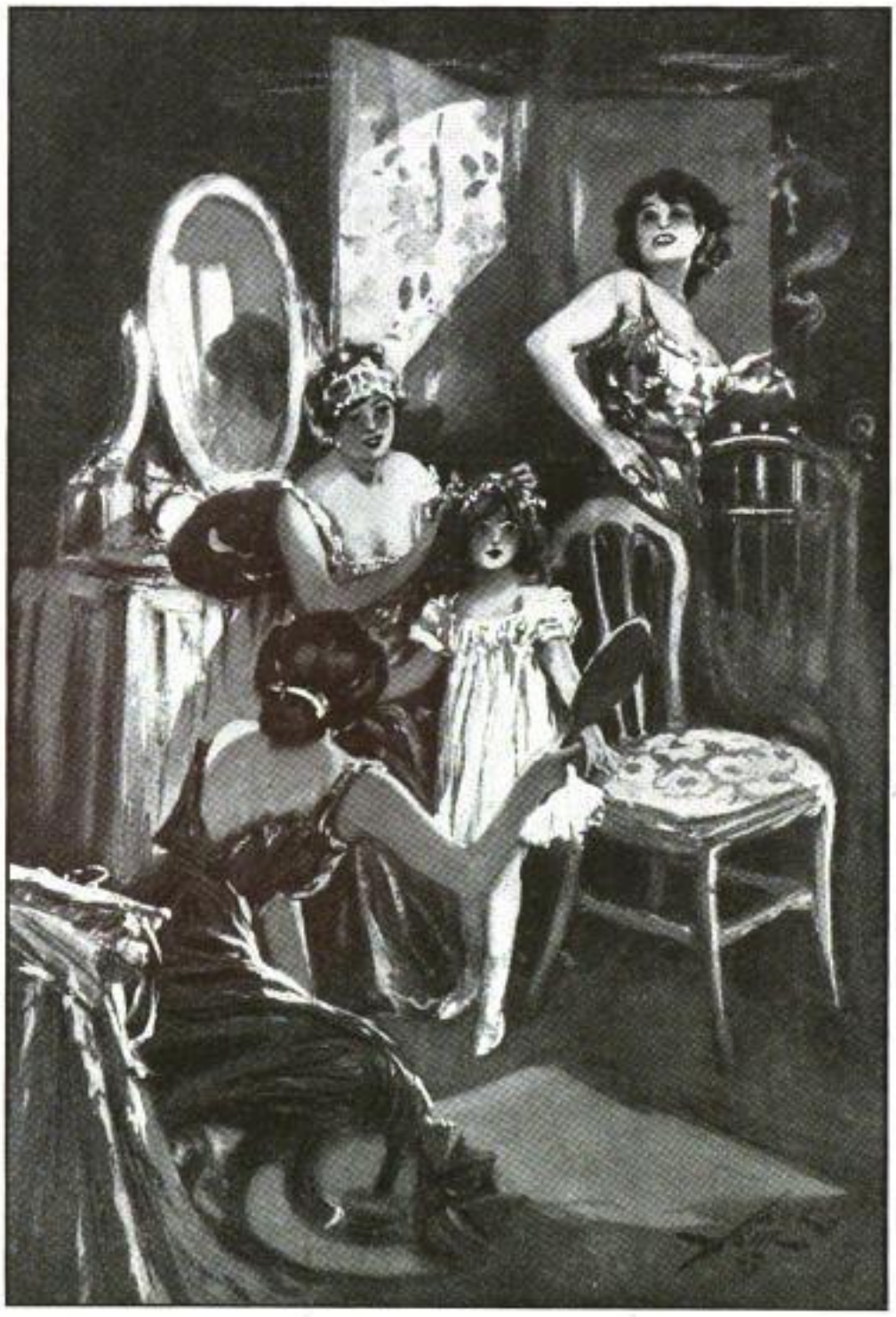
"Come back, honey!" called Elise after her. "Come back and I'll dress you for to-night; and perhaps madame will let you help serve the cocktails—won't you like that?"

BUBBLES came skipping back to hang around Elise's neck in a rapturous hug.

Elise rose and went down the hall with Bubbles tagging after. Presently she came back, her arms full of dainty things from the youngster's wardrobe.

"Now nobody is to kid Bubbles—she's stood enough nonsense!" announced Elise with determination. As she spoke she unbuttoned the child's linen frock, danced her over to the washstand to sponge off her hands and face, and, perching her on a chair, changed the scuffed slippers for fresh white ones, and pale blue socks.

"Now, honey," she chirped, "I'm going to make a little princess of you!" Bubbles turned round slowly for inspection



Carmen smiled amusedly and threw herself on the couch.

Vivienne trailed across the room and ran blue ribbons in the filmy white dress.

Soon Bubbles stood before them, looking like a lovely dream child. She palpitated with eagerness to be admired, hardly able to keep still till the two girls finished. The abbreviated frock showed the soft dimpled shoulders, the babyish curves of the arms and throat, the chubby knees emerging from the short lacy skirt.

ELISE looked at her with pursed-up lips, then clapped her hands. She fluttered over to the chiffonier and rummaged, returning with a wreath of forget-me-nots that had adorned a hat.

"Now, honey," she chirped, "I'm going to make a little princess of you!" She brushed the child's thick gold hair till it glistened, and crowned her with the tiny blue flowers and their pinky buds and green leaves.

Bubbles looked like a small and very innocent dryad. She turned round slowly for inspection.

Carmen nodded languid approval. "You'll sure get a meal ticket to-night," she averred.

"Cunnin' 'ittle sing!" murmured Vivienne, drawing Bubbles to her and kissing her affectionately. "But you're too pale—come let Vivienne touch you up a bit." As she spoke, the girl took Elise's rouge box off the dressing table and tinged the baby cheeks till they glowed like pink roses, to Bubbles's infinite delight.

The child hung round while the girls dressed, trotting from one room to another, but very primly, not to "muss up" her clean dress. In each room she heard unrestrained conversation—the girls were careless—and she put many an obscure remark away in her serious little head to disentangle at her leisure.

In the gayety of the evening that followed, Bubbles was overjoyed to mingle as fully as she was allowed. The revels that waxed wilder and wilder seemed a perfectly legitimate part of life to the innocent mind that had never known any other modes and manners. But her naive comments thereon would have been infinitely pathetic, tragic revelations of terrible things, to those outside her world who knew and cared. The sinister happenings that made up the foul current in which the child drifted were the mere commonplaces of life to her meager understanding. So she went bobbing about with a little tray helping the two maids serve the drinks, much in the spirit of one taking part in a church fair.

The evening grew late. The small feet in their white slippers flagged on their errands. The great blue eyes misted with sleep. Bubbles sought an out-of-the-way corner, and, curling up on a pile of cushions, was soon asleep, drowsily conscious of the music a young man was coaxing out of the piano, and of the other voices that sang with his.

She woke with a start. Some one rushed past her, knocking over a chair, and jumped out of the window—a coatless, hatless man. He ran down the side yard. Another man followed him. A woman screamed shrilly from the top of the stairs.

The hall light shone on the uniform of a police sergeant blocking the door with his portly figure. Mme. Rosa stood before him, expostulating in a loud voice.

"I am being made a scapegoat for others!" she cried passionately. And even in the terror of the moment, Bubbles sat bolt up and looked for her horns—but Mme. Rosa had none!

THE coatless man hurled himself in through the window again, crying out to some one: "The back's blocked too!" He went diving about, cursing and swearing like a man in a nightmare.

A group of half-dressed men stood by the mantel, talking distractedly. They looked around them furtively like wild animals caught in a trap. One of them went over to the sergeant and whispered earnestly. He drew from his pocket a roll of bills and offered it to the officer, his hand shaking so that he could hardly hold it. The sergeant smiled contemptuously, and turning aside spat on the rug at his feet.

The man sank into a chair, deathly pale. He wrung his hands, muttering over and over in a tone surcharged with remorse: "Oh my God—my wife!"

"Mr. Sam," wakened by the pandemonium, stood in a doorway swaying drunkenly. The clamor of a gong sounded outside—horses' feet—the rattle of wheels.

A SQUAD of police entered and hustled the men out. They went like sheepish schoolboys—spiritlessly, and without resistance. Some joked feebly; others sulked, muttering under their breath.

Down the stairway came all the girls—Elise very pale and quiet, with a poppy-colored evening cloak over her filmy robe; Verna sobbing and crying; Vivienne hysterical; Daisy fighting like a wildcat as the officers half pushed, half carried her down; Carmen smiling insolently, and still smoking the inevitable cigarette. All Bubbles's little friendly world was slipping away from her! She gazed terror stricken at the scene, her baby face pale under its rouge.

The tumult in front of the house lessened. Wheels rattled once more. The sergeant shouted an order. Two officers came in, and, going back to the kitchen, returned presently with a colored maid, struggling and pleading. Then after a prolonged search, they dragged black Lily from her hiding place in the cellar and led her out, yelping with indignation, to the patrol wagon.

TREMBLING with horror of the unknown, Bubbles burrowed deeper into the pile of cushions and held on tight to her courage. She hardly dared to breathe as the officers passed her hiding place, opening and shutting doors, peering behind draperies, looking under couches and tables. The child's teeth chattered with fright—what would these bad men do if they found her? What was happening to her friends even now? A lump rose in Bubbles's throat. The matter was more terrible because of its vagueness. And there was no one to take care of Bubbles! If only Pearl— At the thought came a burst of grief so overwhelming that the child could hardly restrain it.

"All right!" called the sergeant at the door. "We have the bunch. Let's get out of this." (Concluded on page 37)

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New York's Cinderellas of Art

By Marion Michelson

EVERY girl who believes she can play, sing, or draw, no matter how much or how little talent she may have, hears the call of New York—and trusts to Providence to care for her after she gets there. More often than not the burden is too heavy for Providence. It is often necessary for other students to take up a collection to send the candidate for immortality back to her home. If she does manage to stay, she often lives in a hall bedroom and makes her way by dancing in a cabaret, by copying designs for dressmakers, or by other shifts as hard and as far away from the pinnacle of dreams.

WE ARE an ordinarily peaceable household. We are good tenants as New York tenants go. We are never more than three weeks behind in the rent, which is just long enough to impress the landlady with our temperamental qualities and not long enough to cause her to confiscate our trunks. But there is a limit even to our patience.



A favorite haunt of the artistic presence is one of those East Side streets, black with ragged tenement children and red and yellow and blue with the week's wash

The limit comes when She tries to reach high C. Then Burton gives vent to his exasperated feelings in the "Window-Washing Motif" of his own composition. The colored maids join in, and from apartment to apartment the wild song travels with ever-increasing volume until, at last, the whole area way resounds with the disharmony of the bedlam chorus. But when the last note of protest has died away Her voice may still be heard, patiently striving onward and upward in the persistent confidence of genius unappreciated.

Living on Air and—Hope

THERE is no great tragedy in the fact that She cannot sing. Nor is there in the fact that She has not yet discovered that fact. But some day she must find out. Then, instead of the triumph which would have shamed the scoffers, she must look back with bitterness upon all the wasted years. In the meantime she lives in a hall bedroom, eats delicatessen luncheons, and pays $5 a lesson to an unscrupulous music teacher while waiting for the triumph that will never come. There is just a dash of sweet in her cup. When she returns home, her failure will be attributed to the low Broadway taste. At the same time, such is our inconsistency, she will always have a certain prestige for having studied in New York.

Dr. Frank Damrosch, director of the Institute of Musical Art, has turned away over a thousand girls whose misguided ambition has led them to New York. He spoke of one case, that of a St. Louis seamstress. She had slaved for over five years in order to get the chance to study at the institute. For over five years her patient needle had done its work, and when at times the confining work seemed too much for her frail body, there was New York and the Institute to keep her at it. Then, in less time than it takes to tell this, her dream had vanished. She had chosen the Jewel Song from "Faust" to sing to the director. In a flutter of nervous excitement she had launched forth, but Damrosch had interrupted her almost immediately.

"Why, my dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you can't sing."

"You can't sing!" She could not believe that he was speaking to her. How could that be possible? Hadn't she a hundred different proofs that she could sing? Her friends had told her that she had a great voice; her old teacher had encouraged her in the same belief (she had always paid him regularly), and above all she had always had that absolute confidence in self that we are so often told is the one thing needed to succeed. But, nevertheless, Damrosch was speaking to her. For the first time the little seamstress had heard the truth and knew it for the truth: "You can't sing!" A million stitches had gone for nothing.

Thousands Seeking Fame

HAD they? So it had seemed to her in those first minutes of disillusionment. Then Dr. Damrosch, with a gentleness and tact hard to reconcile with his first abrupt announcement, pointed the way out. He spoke of the possibilities of European travel, of the opportunities over there to hear good music at a minimum cost. He told her where to go and how to live, and within a few days she had packed her disappointment in a steamer trunk and was bound for Vienna. After all, the Damrosch way is the best way.

Five thousand girls and young women drawn from the Pacific Slope, the Rocky Mountain States, the Mississippi Valley, the South, and the East are now studying music and the fine arts in New York City.

New York is the home of two or three very well-known masters of music, among them Josefly, one of the greatest pianists of modern times, who is barred from public appearances by a highly nervous temperament; Walter Damrosch, conductor and composer of international note; his brother, Dr. Frank Damrosch; Reuben Goldmark, one of the younger men, whose composition has the bigness and the dramatic quality of the West; William Mason, Nestor of American pianists and favorite pupil of Liszt, as well as Alexander Lambert, whose home is the stopping place of all foreign artists of note when they visit New York.

Here, likewise, are the art schools, of which the best known is the Art Students' League, an institution which was founded by students and is associated with the National Academy. Then there is the art department of Cooper Union, where only such girls as intend to earn their living through their art are accepted as students; the fine arts department of Columbia University; the Academy of Design, which teaches both the fine and applied arts; the New York School of Applied Design for Women, where the girl pupils learn to design everything from a bridal costume to a mosaic; and Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, which is organized upon somewhat similar lines.



In the meantime she lives in a hall bedroom and eats delicatessen luncheons

And New York is getting more Continental in its tastes each year—note the cabaret, a Paris importation. In this feature of its night life it has outdone Paris, giving employment to over 3,000 paid entertainers who receive at least $20,000 a night.

Naturally the students as well as the artists have their part in creating this atmosphere of the Continent. This is seen in the studio craze. In New York a studio may mean anything from a barber shop to a fashionable apartment on Fifty-ninth Street or a room over a stable in Greenwich Village. One pays a much higher rent for a studio than for a mere apartment.

The essentials of a fashionable studio are a new phonograph and a hardwood floor. As for the rest it doesn't matter much—rich Oriental hangings, a rug or two, and here and there a piece of bric-a-brac. Life for many of the artists has become just one grand turkey trot after another, whether in a Broadway lobster palace or in the inexpensive studio of a hostess who has more money than she knows how to use. They go not only for the pleasure of dancing but as a matter of business. Many a painter depends upon his feet rather than his hands to market his wares. One man told me that last month he had received orders to do three portraits simply because he had been a faithful attendant at studio dances. It follows, you see, that if he has the soul to appreciate the rhythmic distortion of the latest tango, how much better still may he not give expression to the poetry within him through the medium of the brush?

The Lure of the Studio

IT IS a new world that Fanny steps into when she arrives here from Girard, Kas., or Portland, Ore. At last she feels that she has room to expand; to get out of the rut; to be with kindred souls. Of course her first desire is to have a studio of her own. Under

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she has parents with a studio-sized purse, she comes no nearer the achievement of her ambition than the tango party. But she will hear art and music discussed to such an extent as to satisfy even her innermost cravings. And with the exhibitions of the Academy, the Futurists, the Post-Impressionists, and the hundred and one other exhibitions in the Fifth Avenue galleries, as well as the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, the Oratorio Society and the numerous musical societies that give concerts at Carnegie Hall every night in the season, it will not be surprising if she has nervous prostration after three months' pursuit of a career.

You can never escape the artistic presence in New York. It lobs up in most unexpected places. A favorite haunt is one of those East Side streets, black with ragged tenement children and red and yellow and blue with the week's washing. Recently I came upon a mere slip of a girl with her easel set up in one of these busy streets. A hurdy-gurdy played near by; the tenement children danced and the girl painted. At her back was a group of urchins who regarded her work with half-jeering, half-serious attention. One youngster squinted at her canvas, measured it with his finger, then grinned:

"Say, miss," he asked, "ain't that out of drawing?"

"Cheese it," corrected another, "can't you see de lady's one of dem Cubists?"

When the children of the slums speak of art in the language of artists, we may get an idea of how far down in the social stratum this influence makes itself felt.

It was a deaconess of the Episcopal Church who discovered the girl student as a social problem. Her work in the slums had taken her into many dark tenement houses where girls, who had come fresh from country homes, were struggling to make a career. In the same way she found others in the rescue homes. The deaconess was Miss Jane Hall. She decided to found a club where these girls could live at a minimum cost in proper surroundings.

Miss Hall secured enough money to take ten girls into a home. That was the beginning of the Three Arts Club which has since become the leading club of its kind in the world. It now has its branches in Chicago and in London, while the American Art Students Club of Paris is modeled after it. One is almost startled on entering the Three Arts Club on Eighty-fifth Street to see Miss Hall, a trim little old lady in her deaconess's gown, surrounded by a bevy of very modern young women in boat-shaped hats and up-to-date dress. Within the past few years, this club has restricted its membership to girls who are earning their living through one of the three arts, acting, music, and the fine arts. In its place has come the Studio Club on Sixty-second Street, which is exclusively a students' club, and which Miss Newman, its secretary, is endeavoring to make the Latin quarter of New York.

But, of course, the Studio Club isn't large enough to house all the girl students. As a result, they are scattered out over the city, those who are studying art being housed in the neighborhood of Fifty-ninth Street and Central Park, and those who are studying music living in the vicinity of Columbia University. How many New York apartment dwellers will at once identify our "She" as their legal excuse for serving notice on the landlord?

Many of these girls come to New York without sufficient funds to live after they get here. They rely upon luck or Providence or some protecting divinity to care for them when they arrive. But the supply of manna usually ceases to fall before the twenty-four-hour train arrives at the Grand Central Depot, and it often happens that the trusting candidate for fame finds herself stranded with only her suit case and her ambition to fall back upon.

One Girl's Venture

VIRGINIA came to New York from the West. She had no money when she arrived, but she had what she considered the equivalent of money—a valise full of manuscripts and illustrations. At home the paper had been glad to publish both her stories and her illustrations, partly on account of the family name and partly because the editor had to fill space on Sundays. And so the home folks decided that she was an unusually gifted young person. Perhaps she was; but she never had the opportunity to find out.

Her precious manuscripts were returned by one magazine editor after another. Still she persisted. She had heard of some of the great masterpieces that had been treated in just the same way. She decided that there was only one thing to do—to keep right at it. She was right in that. Her mistake had been that she had failed to provide rations for the siege. She would have starved if it had not been for the generosity of two or three girls who clubbed together to keep her alive. This comradeship is one of the beautiful things of student life.

Tempted Beyond Her Strength

ONE day Virginia called on a friend at the club. This friend was out. She saw a diamond ring lying on the dresser. She picked it up. She thought how little that bauble meant to its owner, how much to her. She could raise $50 on it at a



"If you have sisters at home, for Heaven's sake don't let them come unless they have money enough to pay their way for a year. If nothing else will stop them, tell them about me"

pawnshop. That much money would keep her alive for another month. She slipped it on her finger. At the same time, she kept saying to herself that she did not intend to take it, but she knew that was just what she did intend. She walked down the stairs. A girl spoke to her. She answered lightly, but her cheeks burned. She was afraid the girl had seen. She started to turn back. Then she checked herself. She was out the front door.

"Well," she told herself, 'it's only a borrow. In a week I'll sell my stories and my pictures. Then Gertrude can have her ring again."

Confession and Oblivion

BUT, of course, she didn't sell the stories. And she didn't get $50 for the ring. An unscrupulous pawnbroker induced her to pawn it for $20 and charged her an exorbitant rate of interest for the loan. In a surprisingly short time the money was spent. She had to have more. She took other things. Then one day the girls of the club were called to the big reception room to hear her confession.

"If you have sisters at home or girl friends who want to come here, for Heaven's sake don't let them come unless they have money enough to pay their way for a year," she said. "If nothing else will stop them, tell them about me."

She sat down. She didn't cry or sob or have hysterics. It would have been much better if she had. To relieve the tension, the house mother suggested a prayer, and they all prayed while Virginia sat in silence. Then the girls came up to tell her what a fine thing she had done. She still sat in silence. She hadn't heard them. Her mind had gone. Back home they say she is studying art in New York.

"Don't let them come unless they have money to pay their way for a year." That had been her last message to her sisters, her terrible warning issued just as she slipped into the dark world of the insane.

There were two girls at the Institute of Musical Art who came from Kansas. One day they failed to appear at their classes. Investigation developed the fact that they were both suffering from indigestion. Since coming to New York they had been living on a cereal diet that cost them $2.80 a week. The father of one of the girls, a farmer, had sent them some ham and they had a feast with disastrous results.

But women are not the only devotees who believe in starving the material being in order to feed the esthetic.

Dr. Damrosch told me of a man who had attended the Institute last year. One day the director, noting his ill-nourished condition, stopped him in the hall to warn him that he was not eating enough. The student laughed at the warning; said that he had discovered that people ate too much. He had found that a raw egg, a quart of milk, and crackers were quite sufficient to sustain an ordinary man for twenty-four hours. His mind was clearer; he felt stronger than at any time in his life. "After all, there is just as much in scientific feeding as there is in scientific management."

"I went to see him in the hospital," continued Dr. Damrosch. "He had typhoid fever. He died. It was entirely unnecessary. He had simply weakened himself so that he had no strength to withstand the disease."

"Did he have unusual talent?" I asked.

Dr. Damrosch shook his head. The man had within himself a beautiful appreciation of music. He loved music, but he did not know how to express it."

The Weapons of Struggle

THERE are ways in which the student can pay her own way after she arrives here, but she has to learn the ropes. She has to find her own market, understand her limitations. For instance, one of Dr. Damrosch's best pupils could not hold her job in a moving-picture show. She knew Grieg and Chopin, but her ragtime did not come up to the standard of the moving-picture theatre.

In the spring and fall of each year you will see any number of busy girls, sketch books in hand, in the neighborhood of Thirty-third Street. They are the art students and these are their harvest seasons. The importers have brought over their spring or fall models. From all over the country the dressmakers come to view these models.

The art students are employed to make sketches of the models for the use of the dressmaker. Now, if the importer is simply selling the findings, he is perfectly willing that his models should be copied. It means business for him. But if he is selling the model, he takes every precaution to see that the design is not copied. Then it is up to the artist to get it in spite of him.

"It's just plain stealing," one girl told me. "We go up to the importer with the dressmaker. The importer gushes all over when he sees her. 'Why, how-de-do, Mrs. Dowdie!' he says. 'Just got in from St. Louis, have you? Won't you come to the Waldorf for dinner?' Then he looks at me and asks who I am. 'Oh,' answers madam in an off-hand way, 'she's just a little friend of mine who wants to see the new styles.' Of course, he has to take her at her word and in we go, but just the same he never takes his eyes off me once we are inside. I never have a chance to use a pencil, but I take in every detail of the gown, and when I get home I make a sketch of it from memory. From my sketch madam can build her model, which she advertises at home as an original Paquin."

Engracia had just twenty cents when she got off the limited at Chicago.

"How much did you have when you came here?" I asked her.

"Oh," she laughed, "I was rich. In fact, I had twice as much money as I had when I hit Chicago."

Her only other asset was her ability as a dancer. Her father, a Spanish gentleman, had given her that and had then promptly forbidden her to dance in public. But she had pluck and determination and ideas very different from those of the old Don. That was how she happened to come to New York without money. She tried to secure a position as a cabaret dancer. Two restaurant proprietors rejected her because her dance was too clean for their patrons. At the third place she was promised a try out. But in order to get the try out she had to have an evening gown, and hers was at home in California.



"I just had to have that job," she said. "That night at the club I watched every girl as she came into the dining room until I spotted the gown that I wanted. Then I went up to the girl who wore it and asked her to lend it to me and she did. I got my try out and a regular job."

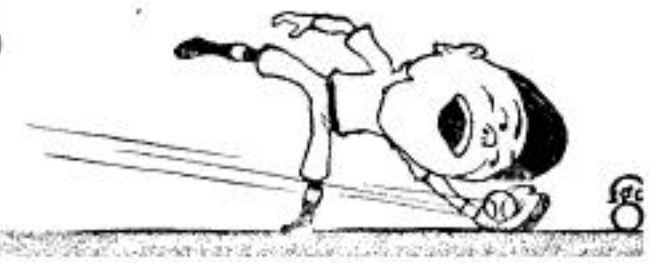
"When I wanted to put on my West Indian dance, I was without a costume again.

(Continued on page 24)

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Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



Concerning Coming Back

SOME one has said: "They don't come back." The slogan is correct as long as anyone is willing to believe its truth.

Many a contender has hit the chutes and taken it for granted that the way back was barred by an unbroken law of the game that knows no exceptions. This law stands as relentless as the Fates for the bulk of the field who bow before it—or who fail to meet it in the proper way.

But fortunately the right man in the right way can either beat it or give it a regular battle. The best example we recall just at this moment drags in the name of Fred Falkenberg, who has introduced a moral well worthy of contemplation.

Falkenberg, sold from Washington to Cleveland in 1908 and regarded as being through, hung on with Cleveland until 1912. Apparently he had come to the end of the road and Cleveland shipped him over to Toledo in a minor league.

Ninety-nine ball players out of every hundred would have taken it for granted their day in the Big Show had been completed, and so would have been content to pike along and take the situation as it came.

Falkenberg was the 100th case. He was a veteran and two clubs had discarded him, but once back in the minors he began to use his brain as well as his arm toward starting back again. He had a chance with Toledo to experiment with certain pitching devices that the Big League had never afforded. He began to experiment on a form of the "fadeaway" and better control of a low curve ball.

In the spring of 1913 he started back. Cleveland gave him another chance, and when June arrived the tall shabman known as the Human String had amassed his tenth straight victory without a defeat. Back of him along the Pitching Highway were such renowned artists as Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh, Joe Wood, Chief Bender, and Grover Alexander—a fairly effective and established cluster of class.

In place of easing up, Falkenberg continued fighting, and not only "came back," but traveled a bit farther on than he had ever been before.

Double-Crossing Tradition

Concerning the episode of one Heinrich Schmidt, who at St. Andrews overcame all Scottish opposition and was only beaten in the sixth round by the English champion at the nineteenth hole

WHEN a Schmidt at St. Andrews can beat a MacPherson
And beat him a good city block;
When a Heinie can handy a cleek with a Sandy
And finish two up on a Jock;
When the swirl of the kilts at the top o' the swipe
Finds a German is nearer the plat,
What is left in the name or the shout of a game
That can stand for a spatter like that,
Aye, mon,
That can stand for a spatter like that?

When the home of the stymie, the green, and the putter
Finds Rabbie and Jock by the fer,
Gazing wildly at chronic approaches Teutonic
That trickle up dead for a "three"—
When it's ape downright certain that Scotia's curtain
Must yield to a Heinrich or suck,
Where's the future in store that can heal up the sore
Of a stymie set up by the Dutch,
Hoot, mon,
Of a stymie set up by the Dutch?

Nearing the Limit

A WONDERFUL field had gathered at the recent intercollegiate games under perfect weather conditions over a perfect track.

But it is worthy of note that of the thirteen established track and field events only one record was broken, when Jones of Cornell shattered his own mark by the single tick of a second.

No one has been found to run the 100 yards or the 220 any faster in 1913 than Wefers was able to run both in 1896, a matter of seventeen years ago; 9 4-5 and 21 1-5 seconds for these two dashes appear to be fairly close to the limit of human speed. More time may be clipped from the longer runs, as the quarter, half-mile, mile, and two-mile marks have been cut down within the last two years, but for the dash, where only pure, unadulterated, raw speed counts, the human hoof has apparently come to a barrier that may not be crossed.

Evolution

(A trifle in the manner of Langdon Smith)

WHEN you were a Busher and I was the same,
Back in a Class D league,
And side by side in the battle's tide
We fought through a year's fatigue,
Or hammered many a three-base hit,
Or whirled to a double play,
Our hearts were filled with the game that thrilled
And beckoned us on the way.

Careless we lived and careless we played,
And careless at last we came
To the blazing glow of the Game's Big Show,
And the flare and the glare of Fame;
And loud they cheered as we ruled the field,
Gods of a golden age,
Who were born to dwell through a kingly spell
And rule on the Printed Page.

And that seems a million years ago
In a time we know not when—
And here to-day, in the same old way,
We toil in the Bush again;
Our eyes are bright and our chests are thick,
Our hair is dark as jet,
Our years are few, our life is new,
Our souls untried, and yet—

Our trail extends from the Fort Wayne field
To the sod of the Polo Grounds;
We have heard the cheers of a thousand years
That come as a dream rebounds;
But our arms are gone and our legs are bad,
And here in the cast-off cleft,
Pushed to the edge of the yawning ledge,
What is the next move left?

Returning Certain Bric-a-Brac

MR. THORPE'S Olympic trophies have been returned to Sweden and disbursed from the leading port of that flaxen-haired commonwealth.

The American committee has been congratulated in many quarters for its promptness in returning these mementoes of the chase, the chuck and the jump after it was discovered that Thorpe had batted .207 in a defunct Carolina circuit.

But has the committee yet done its full duty? Hasn't it forgotten something? Exactly when does it intend to return those touchdowns to West Point, Penn, and Brown?

There are more than a dozen of these in Mr. Thorpe's possession, and he states that he is willing to make complete restitution as soon as some one will pay for the crating and guarantee the freight.



America to Be There

OF THE seven original starters for the Davis Cup, the dope upon the ultimate victor narrows down to three. It now rests largely with America or Germany as to whether England is to maintain the leading tennis trophy for another year, and the battle between the two former as to which shall dash rampant against the British Lion promises to be one of the international clashes of history.

America's entry averages young, but it has the speed and the punch. And the victory over the Australian invaders should be just enough to find it at top form against the robust opposition which awaits it on the other side.

Summer Baseball

WE RECEIVED a letter a day or so ago from a famous Yale athlete summering in Canada. He stated in this letter that he had been invited to play upon the home ball team in the small Canadian town where he was living, but that one member of the team had at one time played professional ball, although the others were amateurs.

He further stated that he intended to go back to Yale next fall, and that he had never received any money for athletic play and never expected to. He didn't want to do anything to affect his amateur standing at Yale—but he DID want to play a little baseball. "Can I play a game or two with this club," he added, "and still be called an amateur?"

You might take this for a foolish question. It doesn't appear to be logical in any way. But the queer part of it is that if he had played on that club he would have been branded, by the present inane regulations, as out and out a professional as Christy Mathewson or Ty Cobb. The only thing to write him was that he should under no conditions take the chance, even if he was willing to pay money for the privilege of a little fun.

Without going into any lengthy or heated oration over this "summer baseball" question, hasn't the time about arrived when we should take this matter up with at least the essence of common sense and common fairness? Hasn't the hypocrisy of the thing—the utter unfairness and the complete inaneness of it—gone far enough?

Any student who has been in college one full year—a rule now enforced—and who has maintained his class work properly, should be entitled to represent his college.

Who is going to pay a professional ball player a salary to stay in college one full year where the "one-year" rule or the "freshman rule" would bar him from the team? Who will pay this same man a salary to remain there a second year to play in maybe fifteen or twenty games?

What ball player will be willing to grind through two college years—to keep up full class work for the pay he might receive in these limited contests?

In the old days professionals were undoubtedly hired for a brief period of college play. But the one-year rule, and faculty regulations that a student must keep up his work, would have ended that ancient system automatically.

As things now stand, the summer baseball rule has merely manufactured liars out of one section and prevented the other section from enjoying a favorite sport or earning some honest money with which to pay collegiate expenses for an education.

The Girl of the Game

SHE has the "curves"—she has the "speed,"
She also has "control" to dangle;
If it should please she'll try "the squeeze,"
Provided it's the proper angle.

She likes a "fast one round the waist,"
A "salary whip" that's trained and steady,
A "home-run guy" whose batting eye
Is on "the plate" when meals are ready.

"The diamond"? Yes, it goes with her,
A "good catch" finds her mitts extended;
But through the fight this "bleacherite"
Calls for a "tie game" when it's ended.

Pot-Hunting the Goat

OUR Messrs. Travers, Evans, and Herreshoff, three of America's leading golfers, cross the Atlantic at various seasons to compete in the British championship. Very promptly in each case they are dismantled and sent back as if they had never swung a cleek.

This spring a young Mr. Schmidt, three handicaps, starts across, and England is immediately warned that the gentleman, while a likable chap and all that sort of lally rot, is not to be accepted as a standard of American play. At which point Mr. Schmidt breezes in, mows down the field for five rounds over the prostrate forms of many of Britain's best, and is only stopped by the champion Hilton through a 25 putt on the 19th green.

The joke is apparently upon some one, but whether upon America or England has not yet been announced. It may be even that the joke is upon Mr. Schmidt, who was so utterly unsophisticated as not to understand what an amazing stew he was brewing for everyone concerned.

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Suppose You Had a Foreign Chef

A chef, for instance, like one of ours—from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

You could not then serve home-baked beans anywhere near like Van Camp's.

The reason is this:

Such beans must be baked in steam-heated ovens, without the steam touching the beans.

Otherwise the heat would crisp them. Or the steam-soaked beans would become mushy and broken.

Van Camp's beans reach you nut-like, mealy and whole. None crisped, none broken.

Yet they are made digestible by baking for hours at 245 degrees.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Nor could you get such beans as ours, for we buy the choicest crops.

And we pick out by hand just the whitest and plumpest—beans of equal size.

Nor could you get a tomato sauce such as we bake with Van Camp's.

Such sauce must be made from whole, ripe tomatoes, grown from special seed, picked just at the proper time.

Let Us Bake Them

So it's wise, Mrs. Housewife, to let us do the baking.

We bring the beans to you ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor.

If you see that your grocer gives you Van Camp's, you will always serve the finest beans in the world.

You will have a dish, at little cost, which we spent 51 years in creating.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Indiana

The City Man on

By Robert

CAN the city man, with a capital of $8,000, but no practical knowledge of farming, succeed if he rents a small farm having an abundant water supply, and near a good market, and engages in intensive market gardening?

Obviously the above question has the merit of suggesting to the theoretical city man a plan whereby his farming experiment may be rendered less discouraging and hazardous. Many of the insurmountable difficulties confronting Charles Walker, whose experiences were related last week, arose from his having invested nearly half of his limited working capital in an unimproved farm of considerable acreage and without water supply.

By renting or leasing a farm on which there is plenty of water for a period of at least three years, with an option to purchase when the lease expires, the city man has ample time and capital to test his capacity for the work, and can abandon his project at any time without having a farm on his hands which he must sell at a sacrifice. Moreover, by working five acres under irrigation, instead of twenty-five or more acres none of which is irrigated, he materially lessens his risks without lessening his profits in the event of good crops; for the secret of success in agriculture today is not to be found in extensive but in *intensive* farming.

THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD

THE problem of the city man on the farm is here taken up in detail with the object of suggesting a plan that would be both feasible and practicable. It has a threefold aspect: First, it serves to show the city man the methods used by scientific farmers to reclaim the soil, and the expense and labor incidental thereto; second, it informs him how he may supplement his theoretical with a practical knowledge of the soil at small cost and without delaying his work on the farm; and, third, it invites him to test his aptitude for country life without landing himself in bankruptcy.

Market gardening is the most obvious form of farming for the city man. Market gardening "is the business of producing a large variety of vegetables and small fruits on an intensive scale for a near-by market." In selecting a farm, the first thing to do is to make certain that there is a good market near at hand, and preferably a small one, for near a large market there is keen competition which may prove fatal to success. The farm should be well drained, have medium to light soil, and a supply of water ample for irrigation purposes. Experience has proved that irrigation is essential to genuine success in market gardening. A farmer in southern New Jersey raised potatoes in adjoining fields—the one irrigated, the other not. The



Frugal, industrious, and aggressive

former produced 350 bushels, the latter 150 bushels to the acre. Other experiments have produced similar results. To ascertain the value of the soil, samples from different fields should be sent to the State Agricultural Experiment Station, where they will be examined by soil experts as to their needs and crop-producing capacity. From disinterested persons in the locality, some knowledge should be obtained as to the history of the soil and the climatic conditions.

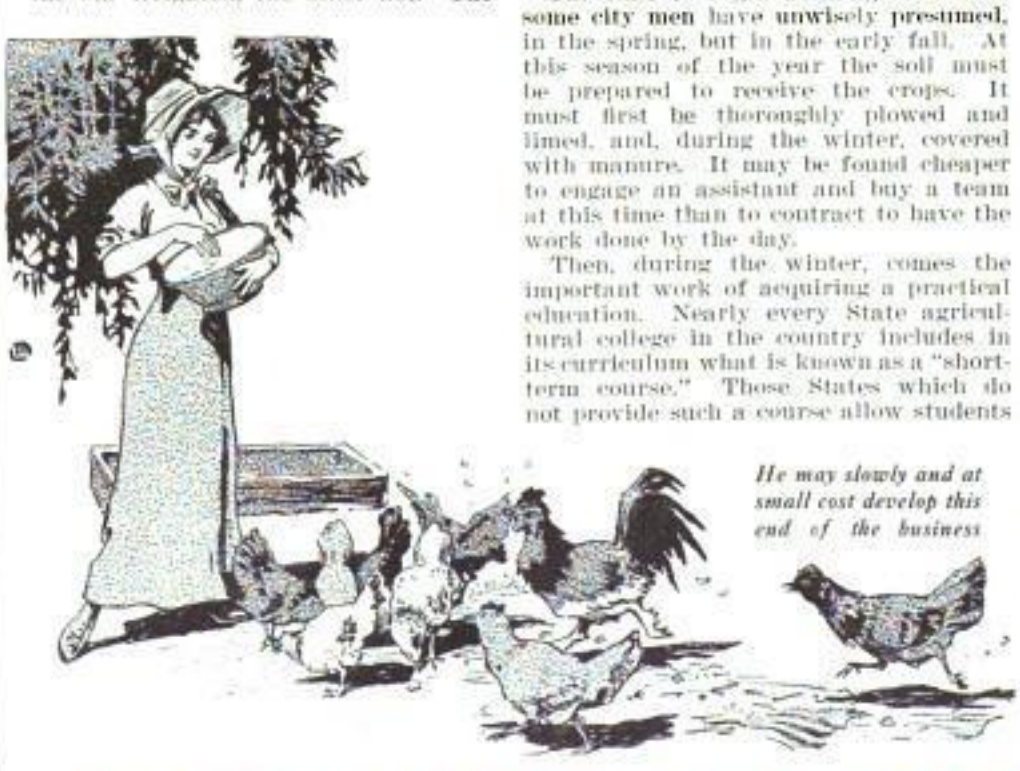
THE WAY TO BEGIN

THE value of the land determined, the prospective farmer should lease the farm for at least three years, with an option to purchase at a specific price at any time before the lease expires. The rent will depend somewhat on the tax rate in the community and the condition of the buildings; but he should not pay more than $25 a month for a farm of from twenty to twenty-five acres with house and other buildings available for winter use.

Be sure they are large enough to meet the requirements of the family and the needs of the farm.

The time to begin farming is not, as some city men have unwisely presumed, in the spring, but in the early fall. At this season of the year the soil must be prepared to receive the crops. It must first be thoroughly plowed and limed, and, during the winter, covered with manure. It may be found cheaper to engage an assistant and buy a team at this time than to contract to have the work done by the day.

Then, during the winter, comes the important work of acquiring a practical education. Nearly every State agricultural college in the country includes in its curriculum what is known as a "short-term course." Those States which do not provide such a course allow students to elect a special course designed to equip them for the work which they propose to do. The only charge is an "entrance fee" of not over $5, so that the city man may get the benefits of his practical training at a total cost, including books and board, of about $100. If he is married, there will be an additional expense of supporting the family while he is taking the course.



He may slowly and at small cost develop this end of the business

WHAT TO LEARN

NOW the market gardener anticipates his crop schedules for the coming year. The city man will be trained to do this. He will also be taught how to test and plant seeds; how to transplant; the structure of plants and the different methods of propagating them; their diseases and how to detect them; the soil, its chemical and physical properties as related to fertility; and all about irrigation systems and how to install them; fertilizers, manure, and lime. He will have opportunity to do much practical work; to experiment himself and to observe others experiment. He will meet and discuss questions with practical farmers of the State, possibly of his locality. He will inspect important farms in the State in the company of an expert. And when he returns to his farm on March 1 he will have the correct perspective from which to judge soberly his own qualifications for the work. If, then, he has lost his enthusiasm, doubts his ability to succeed, it is better that he abandon his plan of intensive farming, and farm as a diversion and for the renewed strength which the out-of-door life will bring to him. If, on the other hand, he is certain of his ground, he can enter into his work with vim and confidence. He knows how to purchase and install his system of irrigation; how and what farm equipment to buy; what vegetable crops he will grow and how he will grow them. His schedule will appear something like this:

Asparagus—One acre. Plant in rows 4 feet apart, and in the row 2½ feet apart. Get them set during the first week in May, and, after having twice cultivated, interplant with early string beans or sweet corn or late peas.

Strawberries—One-half acre. Plant in rows 30 inches apart, and in the rows 18 inches apart. Interplant with radishes every ten days, so as to have a supply from early spring to July 1.

Early Tomatoes—One-half acre. Follow up with fall-planted spinach to winter over for spring market.

Early Potatoes—One-half acre. Follow up with late beans or lettuce for fall market.

Late Potatoes—One acre. For seed, home use, and balance for market.

Succession of Sweet Corn Plantings—One-half acre.

Variety Acre—Turnips, beans (early and late variety), beets (two plantings—early spring and June), carrots, parsnips. Vine crops: Muskmelons, cucumbers, summer and winter squash.[1]

He is also able to draw up a table of expenses for the first year which no scientific market gardener will sniff at, though it may cause his theoretical city cousins to exclaim "Ouch!" By way of contrasting theory with practice, it may interest the reader to compare the following table of expenses with that of Charles Walker, given last week:

HOUSE ACCOUNT

Rent at $22 per month	$264.00
Living expenses	600.00
Short course, State college	150.00
Life and fire insurance	85.00
Extras	100.00
	$1,199.00

[1] This schedule of market crops was prepared by Professor H. F. Tompson of the New Jersey State Agricultural College. The succession of plantings and the kinds of vegetables planted will vary according to climatic conditions and the quality of the soil. There are any number of combinations that may be used in interplanting, all of which are equally good and profitable. Bush fruit crops are purposely omitted and properly so, for this is a first planting in worn-out soil. It will, therefore, give better results to the beginner and at less risk than a heavier and more intricate schedule would.

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the Farm—II

The Way to Win

V. Hoffman

Live Stock		
Team	$250.00	
Upkeep of team	250.00	
Cow, $65; chickens (25), $25	90.00	
		$590.00
Irrigation (Overhead System)		
For five acres, including engine, pump, and galvanized iron piping, at $130 per acre	$650.00	
		650.00
Hotbed sash, frame, mats, and equipment	$ 50.00	
		50.00
Material for Soil Improvement		
Manure,[1] five acres, 50 tons to acre	$150.00	
Fertilizer, five acres, ½ ton to acre at $30	75.00	
Lime (calcium hydrate), 1 ton to acre at $7	35.00	
		260.00
Help		
Assistant at $30 per month and board for six summer months	$180.00	
Assistant at $25 per month and board for six winter months	150.00	
Two helpers by day, four months	324.00	
		654.00
Farm Utensils		
Horse Tillage Implements		
One two-horse plow	$ 14.00	
One double-action disk harrow	25.00	
One smoothing harrow	15.00	
One surface-fitting harrow	18.00	
One small potato digger	15.00	
One cultivator (shovel)	7.00	
One cultivator (spike tooth)	7.00	
		111.00
Farm Rolling Stock		
One team wagon, second hand	$ 50.00	
One market wagon, second hand	50.00	
One democrat wagon	85.00	
One one-horse tip cart and harness, second hand	50.00	
One barrel spray, pump, and fittings	$25.00	
		$260.00
Horse Equipment		
One team harness	$ 45.00	
One express harness (single)	20.00	
Two collars	8.00	
Blankets, curry-combs, etc.	16.00	
		90.00
Hand-tillage implements, forks, etc.	$ 50.00	
		50.00
Seed		
Asparagus roots, set 4 by 2½ feet, 4,350 roots, at $5 per 1,000	$ 21.75	
Strawberry plants (½ acre), set 3 feet by 18 inches, 4,840 plants	31.00	
Potatoes, 6 bushels (½ acre) at $1	6.00	
Potatoes, 12 bushels (1 acre) at $1	12.00	
Balance of seed	25.00	
		95.75
Total		$4,018.75
Capital	$8,000.00	
Expense	4,018.75	
Balance[2]	$3,981.25	

[1] Soil on a newly rented or purchased farm is almost invariably in an impoverished condition. An application of 50 tons of manure to the acre, while at no time excessive to the market gardener, seems excessive to the general gardener or man of little experience.

[2] This table of expenses was prepared by Professor Tompson. The prices quoted are based upon a scale of averages. They will vary in different localities.



The time to begin is in the early fall. At this season of the year the soil must be prepared to receive the crops

With good management, his second year's expenses will be comparatively small, and ought to be offset by returns from his crops. He has a working balance of approximately $4,000. But not only will his skill be put to the test as an agriculturist, but also in other side branches of the business. He can repair his house and barn and farm implements, and make labor-saving devices, homely but useful. He can invest at least $3,000 of his balance so as to make it yield an income sufficient to pay half of his rent. He can sublet half of his extra land to neighboring farmers, and sow the balance to hay for his live stock. He may find it more profitable to sell his garden products at retail, peddling from house to house, and establishing a "select trade." Certain that he has a reliable assistant, he can devote a few months in the winter to earning money at some occupation that will increase his efficiency as a farmer. There will be days when he can conveniently hire out his man and team. As chicken raising is a coordinate branch of farming, he may slowly and at small cost develop this end of the business. He must be frugal, industrious, and aggressive, working to be scientific in all things, and to keep enough money on hand to purchase the farm when the lease expires. He must also enter into the spirit of the community life, become a factor in its growth and well-being, assist and be assisted by others in promoting the science of intensive farming and in encouraging cooperation in methods of production and of selling.

Get Knowledge of Soil Culture

By Professor HAROLD F. TOMPSON

IT is my judgment, based upon observation and experience, that eight out of every ten city men fail in any kind of farming enterprise unless they get a practical knowledge of soil culture. Farming is an art. The city man of limited means and no experience who succeeds in it is the exception that proves the rule of failure on the farm. To win he must learn how.

I make this statement without regard to locality. There are sections of the West where the city man would have no chance at all. Near the large cities of the Middle West, east of the Rockies, the market gardener labors under disadvantages which do not obtain in the East or the extreme West. Here commercial vegetable growing is largely controlled by foreigners.

But no matter what section of the country is selected by the city man he cannot rent improved farm land. I doubt if such land is on the market, either for sale or for rent, and, if for sale, certainly at a price beyond his limited means. Consequently, he must rent unimproved land and stock it with plant food. No scientific farmer—and he is the man who wins in the long run—or farmer who aims to be scientific in his methods will neglect or misuse his land. He will irrigate and use plenty of good manure and commercial fertilizer.

Even then he is a long way from success. He is still a theorist. He does not know the history and character of the soil or the local climatic conditions. He must select a competent assistant—but how will he know whether his assistant is competent or not? He must select his seeds—but how will he judge from the varieties of seeds for sale which varieties are best? He must buy manure and commercial fertilizer—but he may pay too much for his manure and his fertilizer may contain cheap and worthless materials. Then there are the other important details—spraying, weeding, cultivating, marketing, etc,—all of which are peculiar to the soil and the locality and demand skill and experience.

The city man has been told a number of things which, in his enthusiasm, he has construed as a positive guarantee of a fortune in farming. The rule is that a fortune cannot be made in a day or a decade. It takes just as much time to develop a farm as any other kind of business enterprise. It needs to be a gradual, painstaking, thoroughly scientific development. I speak not only for myself but for others who are engaged in intensive farming when I say that the first three years are years of preparation—studying the soil, the climate, and the market conditions of the locality, the latest methods of packing and marketing farm products, keeping in close touch with successful farmers and studying their methods. The fourth and fifth years may yield a small return, but no actual profit on the investment. Profits do not come, as a rule, until the sixth year, and from then on the scientific farmer confidently expects to make money. His profits may vary from year to year, because of conditions over which he has no control, but they ought to average large and to increase with experience. It takes considerable time, money, and intelligent effort to become the most independent man in the world; and all city men should be very clearly informed of the difficulties that will have to be met before attempting the life of a farmer.



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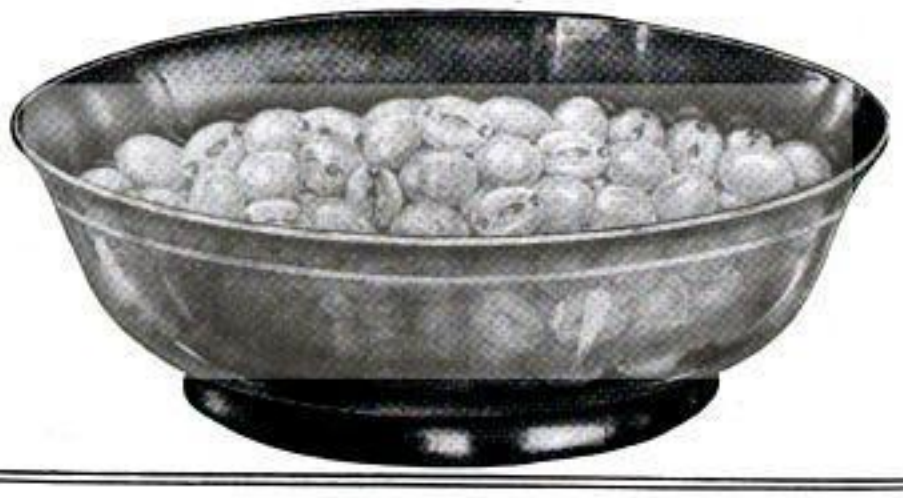
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"Japan in California"

The White World's Question

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

COLLIER'S is to be commended for its honest investigation of the Japanese question in California and its straightforward statement of facts in the article, "Japan in California." Mr. Macfarlane has discovered the truth. There has been too much criticism of this State on the alien land ownership matter by Eastern publications which have not taken the trouble—or are too prejudiced—to put themselves in touch with Western opinion and the *facts* of the case. Lack of imagination on the part of the editors, too, has played a large part in their faulty conclusions. The situation is in no wise desperate *at present;* but the future holds a very serious threat for the Pacific Coast unless the Asiatic is debarred from further peaceful conquest of the land. If a firm legislative policy is not adopted now it will mean war later on. The question is not one of petty local politics at all, even though some politicians and labor organizations may utilize it for their own benefit. It is an expression of a fundamental human instinct—the instinct of racial self-preservation. The question is big and vital to the whole white world. California is the frontier of Western civilization as opposed to Orientalism, and so she has been naturally the first to sense the danger. Her act is for the protection of the whole nation. LANIER BARTLETT.

Information for the East

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Congratulations on the article by Peter Clark Macfarlane, on "Japan in California." This article will no doubt do more to clear up the atmosphere in the East as to what is going on in California than anything heretofore written. Never before have I appreciated this matter from the standpoint of the inhabitants of California. This article cannot help but be beneficial to all patriotic citizens of this country. Good luck to you. HENRY DAVIS.

Fair and Truthful

NEW YORK.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I wish to commend the fair and unbiased attitude of Mr. Macfarlane in his article on the Japanese question in California, for I consider it by far the fairest and most truthful that I have read on the subject in an Eastern publication. With considerable chagrin and not a little wrath, I have read articles in the dailies, weeklies, magazines, etc., mostly by those absolutely unfamiliar in any respect with true conditions on the Pacific Slope, making countless wild and foolish misrepresentations, jumping all over the people there, and speaking of them as unfit to bear the name American, and as anxious to plunge the country into war. Thank you, COLLIER'S, The *National* Weekly. OSCAR H. ROESNER.

"California Welcomes Collier's"

California welcomes COLLIER'S to her side. She will have need of such powerful support. Many of the leading journals are not with California. Unlike COLLIER'S, they fail to realize the importance of the issue that has arisen in California, or what is behind it. California, perhaps, must take the lead in conducting a campaign of education. In such work the aid of COLLIER'S will be invaluable.—Visalia (Cal.) *Times.*

A Voice for Japan

COLLIER'S, alas, betrays what we have found to be at the bottom of every anti-Japanese advocate—a fear lest the alien race may, by its superior qualities, if allowed free ingress, one day control this country.—Pasadena (Cal.) *News.*

Broad and Logical

The broadest, most logical, and all-around best presented editorial comment that we have yet seen on the California Alien Land Law, and the questions involved, appears in COLLIER'S.

—Tulare (Cal.) *Register.*

The Point Well Put

Up to this time both the Eastern press and Eastern statesmen, as well as platform speakers, seem to have missed the point that troubled us here in California and on the whole Coast. For this reason they could not sympathize with our efforts to exclude the Asiatics. Now many see the peril, but none puts it so well as does COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Oxnard (Cal.) *Courier.*

The Best Exposition

Through the courtesy of COLLIER'S, that most progressive of progressive weeklies, the "News" prints the editorial concerning the Japanese problem—the best exposition of the problem that has been written.—Modesto (Cal.) *News.*

Finding Out on the Spot

COLLIER'S WEEKLY desired to secure accurate knowledge of the Japanese problem in its relation to California, and so it sent Peter Clark Macfarlane out here with instructions to "find out, on the spot, what were the conditions that had led California to the conviction that the agricultural invasion of the Japanese must be stopped by legislation forbidding persons ineligible to citizenship from owning or leasing farm lands." Mr. Macfarlane's report, published in COLLIER'S, is such as must have been made by any honest investigator, but it is not calculated to comfort those persons and papers who have been inclined to reproach California for the attitude which, in justice to herself, she has felt it necessary to assume.

—Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

New York's Cinderellas of Art

(*Concluded from page 20*)

One of the girls here got some old brown cloth which we tore into rags to resemble autumn leaves. Then we sewed them together. It's funny I was never able to get that dance over until I took off my shoes and stockings. You see a barefoot dancer was a novelty in cabaret. Another thing, my dance was clean and people liked it for the same reason that the old-timers around the cafés, in whom you would suppose all sentiment was dead, ask for the 'River Shannon' after a night of 'Jingle Bells.'

"That's the reason I say that you can be just as clean in a cabaret as any place else. You can be one person to yourself or you can be one of three thousand. Lord knows, I wanted the swell dinners just as much as the others, but I knew what went with the dinners.

"One of the girls in our company was as beautiful a creature as you can imagine. But she used the most awful language, told the nastiest stories I ever listened to. When I told her what I thought about her, she would only say: 'Well, I should worry. I get the money.'

"One time I told her the story of the princess out of whose mouth toads used to drop instead of pearls. That punctured her armor, and one day she surprised me by saying that she was going to 'cut out' her 'rough talk.'"

Yes, this dancer of the cabaret was right. You can be one person to yourself.

"The cabaret is the beginning and the end," she went on in her fresh, unspoiled, un-New York-ified way. "It's the beginning for those who are going up and the end for those who are coming down. We all meet here. I'm beginning and I like it. I like this I-don't-know-where-next-week's-board-is-coming-from feeling. And I like the fight."

Wonderful city, this New York; wonderful things they do there, but none more wonderful than the heart-breaking struggle, the great sacrifices they make just to live in a three-by-four room located anywhere between the Hudson and the East River.

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Explaining Keeley

(Continued from page 6)

of news-publishing sagacity that the country saw during the Spanish-American War.

THE WALSH BANK SCOOP

AS Keeley came more and more to be recognized as a power in journalism, stories began to come to him. He was feared and courted, and often consulted as to the probable effect of news incidents upon the public mind and the best way in which to let the facts come out. This often gave him opportunity to score additional beats.

For example: One morning at 3:30, when the last editions were running off, Keeley was astonished to see the president of a leading Chicago bank walk into his office. The expression on the man's face indicated dire calamity.

"Who has absconded and how many hundred thousand did he take? What's the story, quick!" demanded Keeley.

"Come with me and I'll tell you," was the reply in a significant tone.

"Is it big?" asked Keeley sharply.

"Yes," replied the bank president, "it is."

Keeley stopped the "Tribune" presses and hurried out with his visitor. He was escorted one block to the First National Bank Building, where he found the rooms upstairs crowded with the leading financial men of the city, headed by Marshall Field. It was evident they had been making a night of it. Some dozed in chairs, some were curled up on settees, some were in their shirt sleeves; others sat about in groups conferring in low tones; many were munching sandwiches or drinking coffee which had been brought in the janitor's buckets. Field himself half dozed upon a desk with an empty coffee cup beside him and the remains of a sandwich between his fingers. The buzz of conversation ceased as Keeley entered the room. "What's up?" he asked.

They told him Walsh's banks had failed. Keeley gobbled the details eagerly, and started for the door, but the door was locked.

"Wait," they said blandly. "We want you to advise with us."

Keeley was willing to be very free with his advice, but he wanted to get back and start his presses with the biggest scoop the "Tribune" had scored in months. However, the bankers would not let him go.

They passed him suavely from one to another, discussing the gravity of the situation, getting his views on the effect of the news, but keeping the doors locked. Keeley resolved upon strategy. Apparently he gave up any thought of leaving, took off his hat and moved about indifferently among the men, but all the time was gravitating toward the rear door. Once in its vicinity he eluded the watchful eyes for a moment, picked up an empty bucket in either hand, and accosted the doorkeeper with: "Dese guys wants more coffee."

Keeley's imitation was perfect. The doorkeeper was deceived and permitted him to pass. Dropping his buckets on the stairway where they clattered down behind him, Keeley bounded to the street, and dashed toward the "Tribune" office. As he arrived he saw the long lines of paper wagons from the other printing offices loaded and waiting for the "Tribunes." This was the sort of situation that Keeley enjoyed to the limit. The papers of his rivals were already off the press and standing at his door. He could hold them while he printed his own flare head beat on the Walsh failure.

In half an hour the "Tribune" presses were going again and by the time the bankers began to wonder what happened to Keeley the newsboys had the story of the Walsh failure on the street.

"THEY WANT TO KNOW WHO IS DEAD!"

DOUBTLESS the supreme exhibition of Keeley's news-handling genius was displayed in his treatment of the Iroquois Theatre fire story, the greatest disaster, so far as mortality is concerned, that ever befell Chicago. The news features of this horrible tragedy—in which more than 670 persons died—were of the most colorful kind. The "Tribune's" comprehensive story, gathered by more than a score of men, and worked into a clear and forceful narrative, was taking shape by ten o'clock on that terrible night. The "Tribune" first page was to carry one of the greatest news stories in history.

But Keeley walked out of his office, chewing the stump of a cigar, and in unemotional tones gave the city editor the order:

"Put nothing on the first page but names of the dead." Then he added over his shoulder as he retired: "People don't care about descriptions or incidents. What they want is names—to know who is dead!"

So the descriptive lead went on the second page.

Until the last minute names were gathered and arranged alphabetically, and the paper went on the street carrying nothing on the front page but the roll of the dead. It made a peculiar looking sheet, but proved a master stroke. No other paper did it, but each editor recognized, the minute he saw the "Tribune," that Keeley had beaten him. He had sensed the most eagerly sought fact. He alone of them all had put the first news first.

Of course the most spectacular exploit of Keeley's career came when a well-known banker disappeared from the sight of crying depositors and prying officers of the law, and when Keeley traced him to his hiding place in Tangier and brought him back by moral suasion. This man was sent to prison, but Keeley stood by him, helped him out on parole and has been associated with him since in business transactions by which the man is getting back upon his feet.

The first part of this story has been told so often that the details need no repeating here, while the last part shows a side to Keeley's nature that some people deny exists.

THE OUSTING OF LORIMER

THE campaigns which have given Keeley the most prominence in later years are the ousting of Lorimer and the attempt to turn Illinois into a Progressive State.

Keeley bought White's jackpot story that laid the foundation for the undoing of Lorimer, and Keeley threw every energy of his dynamic soul into the fight—only to be beaten in the first campaign.

But neighbor Kohlsaat, then of the "Record-Herald," began pounding away on the $100,000 fund that was raised to "put Lorimer over," while Keeley continued his own vigorous assaults until the backwash of popular revulsion swept in like a tide, picked Lorimer up and carried him helplessly out to sea, so that however one parses the sentence of the Senate, the expulsion of Lorimer was a Keeley victory; and this notwithstanding that Keeley himself affirms it was a victory for the newspapers of the whole country, pointing to the fact that they clamored for the usurper's expulsion with a unanimity probably never displayed by them before upon any two-sided subject.

THE PRIMARY FIGHT

THE fight for Progressivism in Illinois was one that shows the present-day Keeley. Going down to Oyster Bay on January 2, 1912, Keeley told Colonel Roosevelt he must run for President and was unfeazed by the volley of that doughty one's denials.

"The people demand you in Illinois—I'll prove it," declared Keeley, reaching for his hat.

He went home and asked Governor Deneen to call the Legislature in extra session to pass a direct primary law. Deneen was, nevertheless, unenthusiastic over the proposal. Finally he yielded to the newspaperman's importunings, to the extent of naming the, as some believed, impossible condition that if Keeley could get a two-thirds majority of the legislators pledged by a certain day to vote for such a law, he would call an extra session. Keeley accepted the challenge, and went at the task with his usual high initial velocity, employing all the Illinois resources of the "Tribune" organization. At three o'clock in the morning of his last day Keeley was two men short. He sent his veteran night police reporter, John Kelley, to get Alderman Mike Kenna, better known as Hinky-Dink, out of bed and ask that he furnish Keeley with one more legislator. Hinky-Dink issued the or[illegible] ibilingly



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Cherries	Sour 2½ / Sweet 1½	¾ / ½	1½ pts.	15
Currants	3	1	1 pt.	15
Peaches	1½	½	1 pt.	10 to 15
Pears	1½	½	1½ pts.	15
Plums	2	½	1 pt.	20



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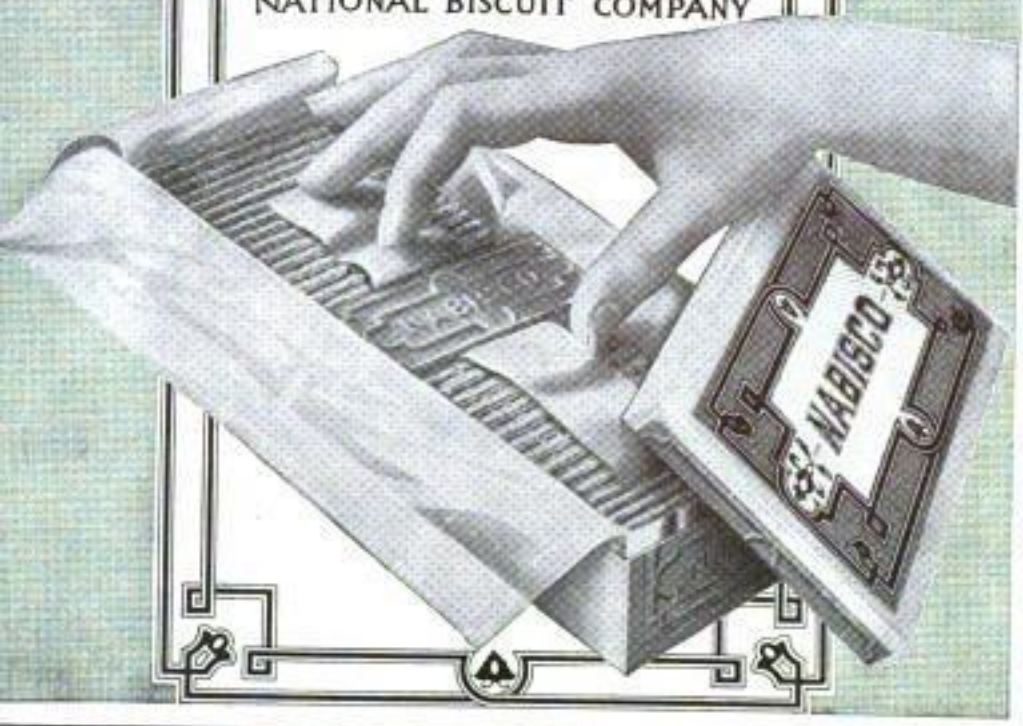
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The Hawkeye "Tonneau" Basket—Made of rattan, reed, finished in beautiful dull green; inside lined with heavy, non-rustable nickel plate, surrounded with asbestos wall. Ice compartment detachable; made of zinc, nickel plated. Basket is insect and dust-proof. Strapped with nickel-plated hold-fast buckle. All prices most reasonable.



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and went back to bed. At 5.30 in the morning—Keeley was not sleeping much that night—he turned a screw on another politician and got his final pledge.

The extra session was called; the primary bill was passed, Roosevelt won over Taft in the primaries, and won over him again in the election, although Wilson carried the State. The Republican party thus, instead of being a proud and presumptuous first, became a sorely disgruntled third.

Now, did Keeley do all this by audacity alone? One of his shrewd newspaper rivals says: "No, it was just a piece of Keeley's sagacity. The rest of us thought Illinois was a reactionary State. Keeley, with that darned hunch of his for knowing what people are thinking, saw that it was progressive and he made the 'Tribune' cater to it. It has paid big. The 'Tribune's' circulation jumped enormously during the year."

THE CRUSADE FOR A SANE FOURTH

KEELEY has again and again hurled the great power of the "Tribune" behind some important social or humanity issue. Take, for example, his crusade for a sane Fourth. The idea came into his mind in a perfectly natural way, but he hit it with the Keeley punch and the "Tribune" reach.

It began on the Fourth of July, 1910, when a little daughter was hanging in the balance between life and death. The air about his home was filled with the din of that barbarous demonstration which as a matter of unquestioned fact we had come to associate with the demonstration of patriotism. Keeley hovering over his little child, anxious to the point of frenzy, thought this noise was pushing her out of the world. Late in the afternoon in the midst of his distraction he called up the "Tribune" office to speak to his secretary, but there was so much of the clatter of celebration at both ends of the line that for a time neither could hear the other. An idea came to Keeley:

"Get reports from thirty cities on the number of killed and injured by this blankety-blank foolery," he said, "and let's see what it looks like."

Ten minutes later he called up again and dictated the exact form of the message to be sent, and added: "Make it a hundred cities, get the figures in shape, and we will print them."

The next morning on the front page of the "Tribune" there was a column devoted to the Fourth of July horror. On the following morning, with more data at hand, the results were elaborated in three terrible columns. This was the beginning of the "Tribune's" campaign for a sane Fourth. At first, papers and people jeered, but year after year the "Tribune" continued to tabulate the ghastly results. More and more cooperation was secured and the result is seen in the comparison between the high record of 1903, when the list of casualties was like the news of a battle, dead 406, injured 3,983, and the low record of last year, but 41 dead and 947 injured. There is a difference of 425 funerals between the high year and the low one and the curve is still descending.

When a man has both the originality of conception and the propulsive force to think hundreds of funerals and thousands of casualties out of existence each year it must be conceded that he is a man to whom it is not amiss to pay some tribute of respect.

It was Keeley also who launched the "Good-Fellow" movement which has gone through the cities like an epidemic of heart softening, and put new meaning into the Christmas celebration for both men of plenty and the homes of the needy. Mr. Keeley treasures yet the original letter of the original "Good Fellow" whose name has never yet been disclosed.

THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

AND now, having followed Mr. Keeley as far from his native lair as our space permits, we needs must pause and cast up our totals. In these totals we find contradictions, black figures and red; credits in great number, but also debits.

It is conceded that Keeley is a great newspaper man, one of the greatest in the world; that the extent of his public service is immeasurable; and it is apparent that Chicago is justly proud of him, and that the better elements of society are generally grateful to him. But he has no personal popularity, partly no doubt because, so far as the personal side of his life is concerned, Keeley is a stranger in the city in which he has lived for twenty-one years. He is a recluse. When his wife was asked to name his intimates, she was puzzled. He has a few, but not many men in Chicago can call Keeley friend in the true meaning of that word. This is not at all because the man has no capabilities for friendship—he has them in a high degree, as a few fortunate ones can testify—but it is because he has given himself up so entirely to his business. He has poured his life into the "Tribune" day by day for twenty-one years as a roll of white paper feeds into the press.

There has been neither room nor time for the making of friends.

NEWS AND FEELINGS

BUT the charge one hears pressed against him most frequently is lack of feeling—feeling for his own employees and for the unfortunate innocent victims of the shame and disgrace which inevitably result from the publication of some news stories. Keeley's reply is: "*When you print a newspaper you enter into a contract with your readers to give them the news of the day.*"

In pursuance of this principle he reserves the right to determine what is news, and thereafter he will get that news, and once gotten he will print it. An accident or any untoward happening in the plant of a big advertiser will be printed as regardlessly in the columns of the "Tribune" as if the institution in question were an enemy.

In vain the most intimate friend, the richest, the most powerful man in Chicago, or the poorest and most helpless, will plead with Keeley to suppress a news item, no matter how much disgrace or suffering it may cause, if Keeley thinks its publication is a duty to the public.

"Suppress the news of one crime and you breed a dozen others," is his frequent rejoinder to critics.

At a time when an issue between private suffering and the public good is raised, Keeley sits in judgment like a czar of stone. The sight of tears and the sound of sobbing does not move him.

At such times it seems hard to believe that Keeley sees or hears the individual before him. The inference is that he has trained his eye to see and tuned his ear to hear the public as a whole and not as individuals.

It is this stern quality that makes people call him ruthless. His own employees say that he is ruthless. This charge Keeley thinks is unjust. His eyes snap, his lip curls hotly, and he declares as he bangs his fist upon the desk or paces wrathfully up and down the room:

"It is not because I have no heart; it is because I also have a conscience that I make these decisions."

THOSE NOTES SIGNED "J. K."

THERE is no doubt that in this sentence, uttered when Keeley was roused, he blazed out the key principle of his conduct as a news publisher. Perhaps his conscience is wrong, but he follows it. Perhaps he does fight hard and with savage intensity. Perhaps he does regard all men with suspicion till they have disclosed themselves. These things were bred into Keeley in his early environment. He fought to live in the jungles of Whitechapel. Every hand was against him. He had to conquer or be conquered. Before he was half grown his soul had become saturated with distrust of individuals and of life.

The world fought him and he has fought the world and whipped it. When he was an employee he rendered unquestioning obedience. He went the limit. He demands no more than he himself gave.

He dominates every part of his manufacturing and news-gathering organization. His orders to his staff go out in notes signed "J. K." His employees stand in awe of him and in awe of those initials. No man is immune from his biting sarcasms, from the stab of his searching eye. And yet he knows how to drop a rare word of commendation in such a way that it will be stored in memory like a priceless treasure. It is said there are reporters scattered about who cherish among their possessions telegraph forms upon which are written the two words "Thank you," and signed "J. K." Those messages, fired, perhaps,

halfway round the world, are Keeley's appreciation of some good job done, and the recipients guard them as sacredly as if each were an Iron Cross.

THE STAMP OF CONFLICT

IF there are more contradictions in James Keeley than is usual in a man of such aggressive nature, my own conclusion is that they are merely the conflict between the man's past life and his present. His present life of power and opportunity is softening him. Another managing editor said as much to me. "Keeley is changing," he declared, "he is softening.

In further confirmation of this there is an interesting rumor of a wonderful midnight talk recently when Keeley sat down in his office with a man almost a stranger and poured out the story of his life and aspirations, revealing an entirely unsuspected side of his nature, admitting he had been a hard man, but maintaining that his life had made him hard, and unfolding a dream of retiring from the newspaper world to devote his business abilities more directly to the solution of the pressing problems of the common people from among the lowest stratum of which the man himself had climbed in thirty years to his present commanding position.

AN EVERYDAY AMERICAN

KEELEY'S detractors often refer to him slurringly as a cockney, thinly veneered. This is wrong. Keeley is an American, a plain *everyday American*. He came into this country through the door our fathers opened. He has built himself up by building up one of those institutions by which we maintain and enlarge our liberty. He brought with him a battle spirit, bred in British soil, which he has consecrated to America by unfaltering fight upon a hundred fields. America has given much to Keeley, but Keeley has repaid the debt and heaps high the measure by a continuance of conspicuous service in behalf of the people of his city, his State, and the country of his adoption.

Would there be more Keeleys in Whitechapel? one wonders. If so, opportunity awaits them.

In the House of the Living Death

(*Concluded from page 18*)



A moment later and they were gone, banging the door and having made all secure after them.

BUBBLES waited till the sound of the wheels died away. Then she crept cautiously out of the cushions and looked about her. It was dark.

Around her was the atmosphere she knew best—the odor of liquor, of tobacco, of manifold perfumes—all intermingled in the closed house. But the *dark!* It pressed on her—unfamiliar, sinister. The house she knew of old blazed warmly at night—slept safely in the daytime, wrapped in a soft dim light. But this!—

A sob escaped her. She dug her fist into her eyes.

A faint ray of light streamed through the transom over the hall door. Bubbles groped her way into the hall and sat down on the lowest step of the stairs. She whimpered with fright and loneliness. What *should* she do? The ray outside waxed brighter. Bubbles's courage rose with it. She would play the new game!—see how many things she could remember.

But all that came to her bewildered little head was Pearl—pretty Pearl, lying so still and white, with the queer-smelling stuff dropping out of the tiny bottle on her lacy dress. And the white kitty that couldn't fly, and went to sleep, and would never be hurt or sorry again—the fluffy little kitty that lay on the pavement and wouldn't wake up—and *wouldn't* wake up!

A RATTLE of wheels came nearer in the stillness outside. When the noise was at its loudest it stopped. Bubbles heard voices—men's voices.

Some one ran up the steps to the front door and stood there jingling keys and talking. "It's a wonder they couldn't think of the kid before," he grumbled, "givin' us a extry trip!"

Bubbles clutched the balustrade in terror. They had come for her! They would hunt for her till they found her! She turned and fled up the stairs as fast as her baby legs would carry her—fled into the black cave of the house—better even the dreadful dark than this! She caught her breath in little half-choked sobs as she went, and called softly on Pearl—her Pearl—in the confusion of fear.

Down at the door the officer tried key after key, keeping up a running fire of conversation with the other man.

"The society'll git the kid, I guess. A good thing, too—unless some one private was to adopt her."

"Who'd want to?" returned the other. "They'd have to know where she come from—and there's always the taint. No one would take the risk of her. Pretty hard sleddin' fur a kid in the underworld, I say!"

"I'd like to know what's the matter with these keys, anyway. They—"

SOMETHING white fluttered from above and fell with a soft thud on the pavement.

The two men stared a moment in the dim light of the street.

"Good God!" whispered one, and reeled against the door.

The other sprang forward. He bent over what lay on the sidewalk. A match flickered up in his hand. He gazed intently upon the limp little figure in its filmy white dress—at the dimpled arms outstretched like impotent wings—at the smiling mouth—the flower-crowned head.

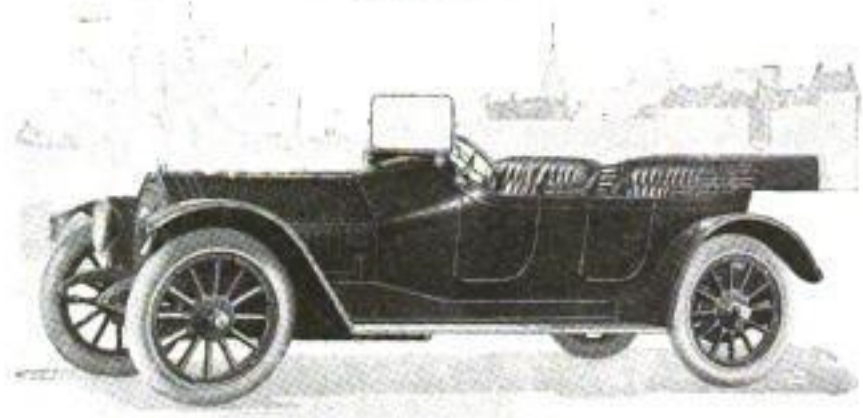
The match died down.

"Is she?" stammered the man from the doorway.

The other nodded gravely.

But neither of them knew, as they lifted the tiny body and bore it away, that Bubbles had deliberately chosen. Never—like the white kitty that couldn't fly—would she be hurt. Never—like Pearl, her own dear Pearl—would she be sorry!

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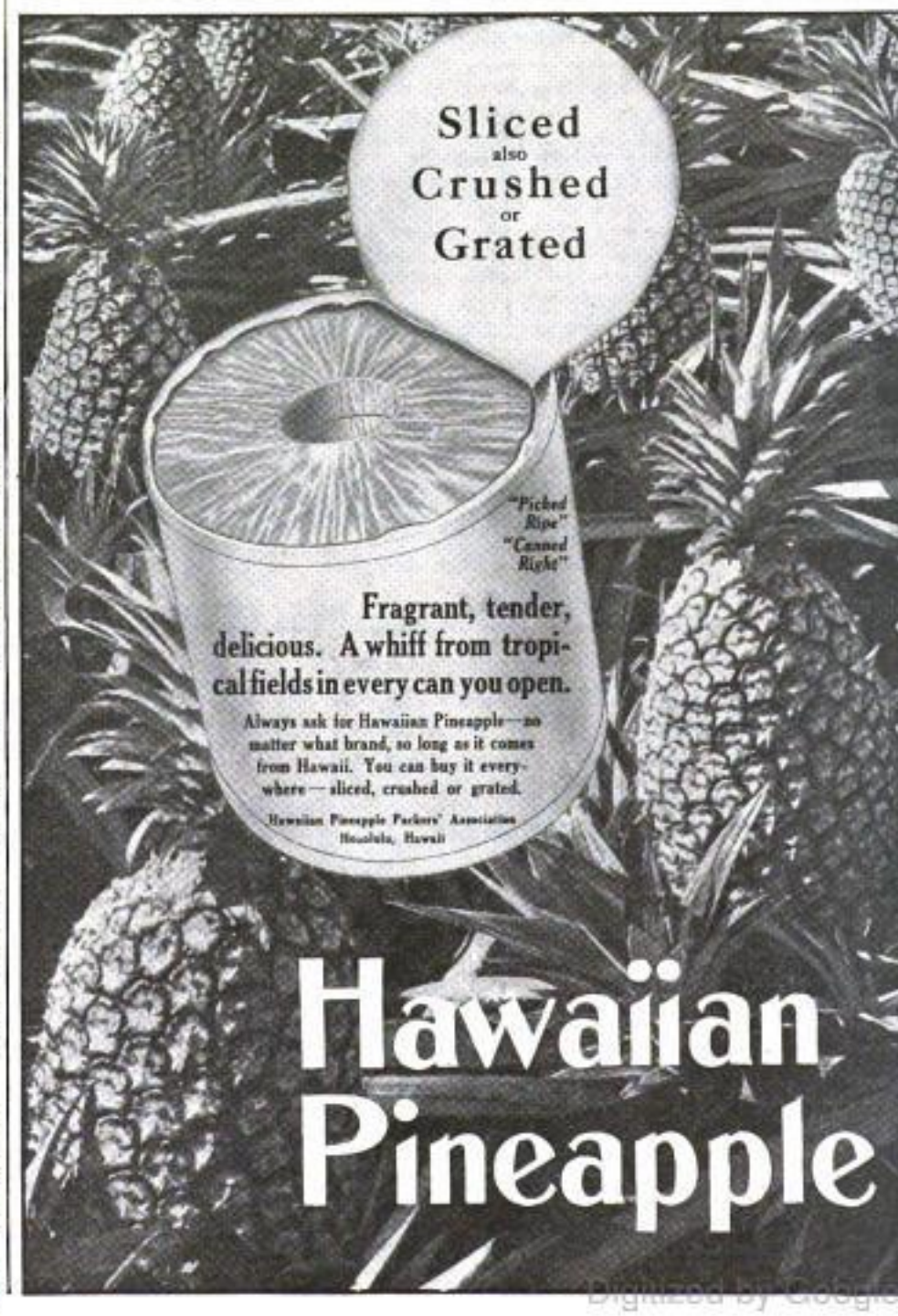
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One on the Judge

(Concluded from page 8)

"You mean the one with the nifty tattoo chime?"

"Yes."

"How much could it be hocked for?"

"Twenty bones, easy."

"It ain't quite noon. They must be trying some beggar now."

"If we had twenty bones more, then we'd have fifty, and we could have a bang-up feed and a trip to Coney for a dip, and enough to pay the rent again."

It was a warm day, and the door of the police court building stood wide open. The hum that drifted out proclaimed a busy session, but there was not a soul in sight in the big bare hall.

BILL and Bert glanced innocently through the door. There, leaning against the wall, stood a janitor's step-ladder.

Instantly Bill muttered: "Stick around," and left his astonished partner gazing after him.

He took the ladder under his arm and mounted the stairs to Judge Mara's court room. He walked in with the confident air of a free-born working man in good standing with the union, pay for overtime, and a clear conscience.

The Judge looked up impatiently, but as Bill made no noise and the lawyer's point was both interesting and well taken, he did not speak.

Myron placed the stepladder against the wall, climbed it, and removed the clock from the big hook upon which it hung, tucked it carefully beneath one arm, took the ladder under the other, and reached the door without making a sound.

The lawyer resumed his seat and the Judge looked toward Bill.

"What's the matter with that clock?"

"Nothing, your Honor, only it has to be cleaned. We do it reg'lar."

"Well, next time don't come into this court while it's in session."

"All right, your Honor; excuse me." And Bill closed the door.

Bimbs, waiting in a doorway, took the clock, while Myron sought a barber shop, where he invested in a shave and a brushing and a shoe shine, the while his hat was renovated, and a spare bootblack bought him a clean collar.

Once more wearing the appearance of a gentleman, he was joined by Bimbs, who had realized $21 for the clock, and just two hours and a half after leaving them they rejoined their patient wives and repaired to a quiet but good café for a well-earned luncheon.

The Black Knobbers' Poet

(Continued from page 8)

to emphasize that airy charm peculiar to the poet.

The poet turned smiling to me. "I reckon you sholy have the wrong county. I'd love to lend you any he'p in my power; I always like to serve a newspaper man. And if I find anybody that knows 'about the Black—Black—"

Again I prompted.

"Yes, seh, Black Knobber—I cayn't get that name. If I find anybody, I sholy will let you know."

That night, at the cabin where I lodged, I asked Holt, the miller, if he had ever heard of Black Knobbers.

HOLT sat bolt upright, suddenly. "Black Knobbers!" he repeated. "The Black Knobbers, mister, es them thah Meighton boys en Ally Johnson en Bud Spencer en some more of their friends. Hangin' es too good for 'em. They'd ought to take the whole bunch out here in the bresh en tie 'em, en then sit the bresh afire—en begin with this hyah Ally Johnson."

"Why, I thought he was a preacher's son, and a poet."

"Some say he's son to a preacher—name of Brother Job Johnson. But I 'low hit war just the ol' devil—he sholy acts heap more like the devil than like Brother Job. Brother Job laid off to make a preacher of him, en larnt him some in books, en sent him off to git schoolin' somewheres. But the matter of Ally is, he ain't got no *religion*.

"Him en Bud Spencer en them thah Meighton boys tuk my son Eb out'n his cabin, and tuk en whupped him, en 'lowed he stole Meightonses turkeys. En Eb, he 'lowed he never stole nothin' yit, en ef he did, he wouldn't begin with no roupy turkeys. En 'lowed he'd have the law on them Knobbers! They kep' their hats over their face, but Eb, he 'lowed he'd know Ally Johnson's voice, ef he was to hear it in Heaven."

"Well, he won't never meet up with Ally in Heaven," the old woman shrilled out, from inside the house. "Ally'll come to the gallows yit, lak Jesse Spencer done—en *he* sholy went to the ol' bad man. He was own cousin to this hyah Bud, en own uncle to Ally—en plum lak Ally, too, all them Spencers favor. En he 'lowed to a man name of Lutes—'Ef you-uns speak to my wife ag'in I'll kill you'—en tuk en shot him dead. En every week, tell he was hung for that crime, Brother Job Johnson rid over to the county seat, to save his soul. En Jesse's wife was a Meighton, own sister to Ollie Meighton. En now, Ally Spencer lays off to marry Ollie. Ollie ain't lak them other Meightons.

"En she ain't going to marry with no Spencer trash lak Ally. She knows where she can git a better man, en a farm en three horses, by marryin'. But Ally, he keeps layin' around here after Ollie. He thinks he'll pester her till she takes him. En so he stays; en there ain't no peace, no more than if the old devil was here."

I had heard of Ollie Meighton. She queened it over the young men of Athens. And I understood: Debo Holt was the fortunate suitor possessed of a farm and three horses.

Debo's brother spoke from within, quaveringly. "I ain't forgotten how Ally tuk me out en whupped me lak a dog! The day will come when I stand under the gallows in town, en see him hung, lak Jesse—en I cayn't take no rest tell that day is here. I 'lowed to him—'Ally Spencer, I look to see you hung.' En he 'lowed quite likely he'd hang, but I wouldn't be there to see, because he looked to hang for killin' all the Holts around hyah."

OUT of the cabin stalked Debo. He was bigger and brawnier than the younger son, and deeper voiced. You knew, at sight of him, he was the kind of man to be shot. This brother Eb was as evidently one his enemy would dare to drag into the woods and flog.

"You-uns hold yo' haid!" growled Debo. "You-uns es plum crazy. Looks lak you want to set them Black Knobbers after us. You ain't got no call to bring charges ag'in Ally Spencer—leave him be." He glowered at his brother. In his hands, not Eb's, the vengeance of the Holts was to be.

Turning fiercely on me: "And you hol' yo' tongue, too!" he ordered. "Up yander to the store, Bud Spencer's pappy 'lowed you-uns was a deppity sheriff. Them Black Knobbers knows what to do with deppity sheriffs—you hear?" He strode away into the night.

On the following day the miller's family displayed a sullen reticence. They vaguely denied all they had said regarding the Black Knobbers. Especially they took pains to say they were not sure of the poet's connection with the gang. It was "the talk, up yander to the store."

During the next few days I sought the acquaintance of the poet. He was quite an enlightened person, through natural mind. I fancied, rather than because of his desultory schooling. And I had no difficulty in making friends with him, as he was always hanging about the post office, and always looking for diversion.

ONE afternoon I stumbled on the Meighton cabin halfway up Black Knob. In front of it was a cornfield, the blades knee high and swishing in the wind of June. The slope beyond was covered with a dense thicket in the shade of which I sat down to rest.

There was a light rustle among the corn. I looked; and for the first time saw Viola Meighton.

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Perhaps no man ever looked wholly unmoved on Viola. She was a tall woman, fair like the other Meightons. She carried her head with all the pride of the South. Her blue calico bonnet dangled by its strings from about her arm. Her hair was almost the color of yellow corn; and there was a proud, beautiful curve, from the coil on her neck to where the sunburn ended and the neck, alluringly white, disappeared under a blue cotton dress. The Meightons were silent, obstinate people. She had the hard profile of the tribe, but her mouth was soft, alluring, scarlet; her face dimpled everywhere when she smiled. With its hardness and its sweetness it made one think of a rock overgrown by a flowering vine.

She did not hurry when she saw the poet waiting for her at the cabin door. Yet perhaps she was conscious of his eyes. Seated on the edge of the porch, she used her blue bonnet as a fan; and under her cotton dress her bosom rose and fell.

THE wind brought a smell of elder flower from the valley. Far below a thin line of smoke was visible, and the St. Louis express thundered through, leaving behind a pungent taint on the fragrance of the woods, and shrill, angry echoes among the rocks. As these died away, I heard a mocking bird. In the coolness of the thicket he wooed his silent mate. And I was bewildered by the wonder of it—that she could refuse him.

An old woman came from the cabin. Stooping, she snatched the poet's hat from the cabin step. Then she crowded it, with its soft brim, on Viola's head, around her face.

"Kiss her, Ally, kiss her!" she cackled. "Ef a girl wears a man's hat, cayn't he kiss her?"

Viola did not deign to touch the hat. She smiled up at him, her chin dimpled, the provocative lips slightly parted.

The poet was trembling; he had folded his arms, and was quite pale from excitement. "I reckon Ally don't want to," calmly remarked Viola. "You see, mammy? You-uns cayn't git Ally to kiss me, noway."

"I dassen't!" suddenly declared the poet. "That man you lak better than me—he sholy would shoot me." His lip curled ironically. "I ain't got no fahm nor three horses!" he remarked.

Viola was unperturbed.

"But if you'll give me yo' wo'd to marry me, Ollie!—if you'll give me yo' wo'd, I'll drive that 'Bo Holt clear ove' into Taney County. And then, ef he comes back here, Ollie—if he lifs his eyes to look at you, I'll kill him. I'll lay for him, en I'll shoot him down. I'll fill him plum full of lead, lak I would a squirrel."

Viola looked at him indulgently from the moral height assigned by her kind to women. Her brothers were bandits; she and her mother were never absent from the church meeting. Gambling, drinking, shooting, all forms of sin, they regarded as the prerogative of men. "They cayn't help it, lak wimmen folks can," Viola was accustomed to say.

"You quit yo' bad talk, Ally Spencer," she admonished; "en keep yo' guns put away lak I tell you. The Book says to forgive yo' enemies, Ally."

The poet bent above her, his long black forelock mingled with her corn-colored hair. "If you we' to treat me different, Ollie," he continued, "looks lak I might find peace. And then I reckon I could get religion."

She answered him sternly: "Religion or not, you better keep the law, you-all. You-uns es liable to wish you had."

HE was stung by the suggestion of punishment. "The law!" he repeated. "I don't keep any law but the law of Almighty God. I know what you have in yo' mind, Ollie. And I tell you, if any deppity sheriff comes heah to this mountain en tries to lay hands on me or mine, I'll kill him. I'll shoot him lak a dog."

Viola lifted her eyes to his. Their blue shadows vanished, the depths showed. "Ally!" she cried. "Ally, please don't talk that-a-way. Something sholy will happen to you."

Again he bent toward her. She smiled luminously, laying her head backward on the bench. A wind came up. Wild fruit shook out its odors; there was a spicy smell of young nuts, a scent of roses. From the thicket came the exultation of the mocking bird.

Her face shone on him. Nevertheless, she felt herself the priestess of decorum. "You 'lowed you came to see the boys, Ally," she remarked. "They all went up the mountain; ef you-uns take the ol' road, you're liable to meet up with 'em."

Thus he was dismissed. But the woman stood watching till he had disappeared.

I too went up the mountain. After clambering for some time over the rocks, I dived into the undergrowth. In this tangle a path appeared and led upward, winding in and out wherever the trees left room for a horse to go. Overhead the wind rushed nightily in the branches. Near the earth—where the leaf mold of centuries felt soft to the foot—was twilight; but when I looked up, I saw little green walnuts gilded by the sun.

I EMERGED from the shadow at a large rock, much worn by human feet. It is now pointed out as the one from which the Black Knobbers fired on a sheriff's posse, as they were being hunted through mountain fastnesses, after the killing of the Holts. Then it had no history. Standing on it I looked into the valley, down a yellow road which twisted sharply, so that it looked like a new, coiled rope. At my right hand was a grapevine with immature fruit. A bird dashed through, and I saw that the vine hid the mouth of a cave. I entered.

The front was to the west, and the afternoon sun beat in, so that I saw the name cut in the wall, a place where fire was made when the Knobbers met, and the spring, from which a tiny stream trickled, to lose itself in the grass below.

When I came out, the woods were hushed for a coming storm. I saw the sun shining above, but the sky was concealed by branches. The world darkened; there was a roll of thunder.

A twig snapped stealthily; I stopped, seized by a great fear. Near me, in the hushed woods, I heard a quick intake of breath; and I felt the presence of a man—of the poet. I touched my gun. But instinctively I knew it would be of no use to me. He was very near, though unseen.

FOR some moments all was still. Another sound startled; but it was only the swish of a wing. I turned to leave the place, and the poet did not molest me. Very cautiously, keeping my eyes on the tangles, I made my way down to the county road.

That night, and for several days after, it rained—torrents of rain—till the creek that ran around the town like a hoop was so swollen only a fool would try to ford it. It cut off all roads leading to the hills, making me almost a prisoner in Athens.

On the third day of the storm I took a drive on the only passable road. It was not raining, and the dirty sky over Black Knob was touched with white, as if there might be a prospect of clearing. The purple violets had a chilly look, the blue spiderwort had remained closed all day.

As I rode I read.

I know it by heart now—it's a mere half dozen stanzas. Some of my friends have not cared for it, but I hold that we fire worshipers—we little people, who have struggled so to light our own candles—have earned the right to say we know.

My heart quickened with the great delight it is to find a new poet. I smoothed the little country paper, and read again. The rhythm was new. He had needed a new rhythm for the country he wished to paint; and he wasn't afraid of new things. He wasn't afraid of anything. My friends who do not receive the poem say it is at least daring. It is about a summer night in the Ozarks, and a mocking bird, and a man's passion for a woman. It has a sound exactly like the mocking bird's song when he springs from a dead tree at night to poise, palpitant, in the air. And I love it; I love it.

A THIRD time I read. Then I glanced up, and the fellow was seated at the side of the road, on his wild little horse, watching me. There rushed over me the feeling of men to poets—gratitude, and devotion. He laughed with a wave of his hand.

"Come here," I said, and he came. I began shaking him by the shoulder. "I read your poem."

The fire—of delight—flashed up in his eyes.

"Why, man," I went on, "you've got



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it in you!" I wished to tell him about it, but no words did any better for me than those. I repeated, "You've got it in you." For my own sake, I had to praise him; it would have hurt to hold that back.

And it was rather well for me that I did not. Until afterward I did not know he was grateful. He seemed to think my tribute wholly his due, and laughed back at me—gloriously triumphant—as he galloped away toward Athens.

NOW, thus far, I had never distrusted the poet when I was in conversation with him. But I experienced uneasiness that afternoon, when dusk fell, finding me some miles from Athens, with heavy roads between. I reflected, anxiously, that this young bandit knew in what direction I must return. The red sunset gave way to struggling, wind-driven clouds. I pushed on rapidly.

Just out of Athens was a bit of road almost closed by hazel sprouts; a bluff on one side, on the other a creek, which boiled up level with its banks that night. The wind through the wet foliage sprayed my face cold. And suddenly, my horses stopped, the skittish one shying toward the bluff.

I made out a horseman in the road. "Look out there, you're scaring my team!" I cried.

There was no reply except the splashing of hoofs about me, and the darkness gave up other figures.

My hand went to a pocket. I found myself unarmed. "What do you want?" I demanded. "Now, see here, if you fellows intend any violence, you're fools. I have friends, I tell you. You daren't molest a man with friends."

They did not answer. One snatched my reins, and turned the buggy into a road leading down to the ford, which was possible only in very dry weather. My horses shied and trembled when they heard the water.

Now and then, in the Ozarks, some drunken fool or ill-advised stranger attempts to ford a mountain creek in freshet time. Next day they find his body lodged in a buttonwood tree; at a little distance, perhaps, will be a buggy on its side, and two dead horses, tangled in their harness. The county papers print an item entitled "*Man Drowned Fording Stream*," and no more is said. The inquest is a hurried formality.

I SUDDENLY saw what was intended for me. I knew no one would ask whether or not I had entered the death trap of my own motion. For the first time in my life I was outside the law. The cunning of the plan numbed me. Over the roar of water I heard the hoofs of a new arrival. And for some reason my mind leaped to the poet.

I believed that this fate, for me, was of his devising. As the enemy assumed his personality, my numbness gave way to rage. I regained my senses, and could think.

The horses refused the water. A tall fellow stood there lashing them forward. They made a dash to one side. His whip drove them again to the brink. There they stood trembling, sobbing as brutes do when they see they must yield to man's cruel demand. My opportunity had come.

I slid from the buggy into the edge of the creek, then ran toward a thicket, which was near the bank. I think I knew I could have no chance against the gang.

Yet I defended myself with a piece of the buggy seat. They were not powerful men. The ague of their summers, their quinine and bad whisky, had told on their bodies. I was able to hold off two of them. When they seized my wrists I broke from them, and I continued to fight my way backward into the hazel thicket. But I crashed into a tree and went down.

THEY laid hold on me and dragged me forward. I caught at the tough and willowy sprouts in a futile effort to get foothold. And we came out where the earth was very slimy, with a smell of pennyroyal. It was a place where the bank overhung the creek. I was within sound of a flexible, high-pitched voice which I knew. The roar of water drowned what the poet said. But I recalled poor Eb Holt's words: "I'd know Ally Spencer's voice, I 'low, ef I was to hear it in Heaven!" I was nerved again by the rage stirred in me by that laughing voice. I do not think I felt afraid of him. I laid hold of a tree. Everything was confused, and it began to rain.

Bud Spencer began: "You let go a-holt of me, Ally Johnson. En you-uns hold yo' jaw, or I'll knock yo' teeth down yo' throat." He made a dash at the poet, who leaped, laughing, to his horse.

Still I did not grasp the fact that the poet was defending me. "Go ahead! Kill him!" he cried. "And to-morrow I'll tell it right and left ove' this county. You hear me?"

The others were dumb with amazement. This was rebellion. He had been the darling of the gang and its wildest spirit. But there was one law for him—the law of all outlawed men.

He continued coolly: "You-all are plumb foolish. This ain't no deppity sheriff; he's only a fool newspaper man lak me. He ain't got sense enough for a sheriff; cayn't you see that?" They were sullen, ominously silent. Bud Spencer stood at his saddle, a menacing figure. "I see," the poet continued. "You're sholy beat on carryin' out yo' purpose. Then I reckon you'll have to go ahead. But you-all better kill me first, to make sure."

THERE was a series of revolver shots. The rocks repeated them. A dog, with yelps of terror, spread the alarm to other dogs. A man roared: "Who fired that ar gun? I 'low ef a man has got to be a fool, it's time for him to die. Drown him lak a kitten—a-shootin' off his gun lak a fool!"

"Quit yo' jawin', Dave Meighton," drawled the poet. "I fired that gun. It was Bud's, and he acted lak he didn't know how to use it." With a turn of his bridle rein he faced them from his horse. "What you-all going to do about it? Drown *me*?"

In his emphasis of the word he appealed directly to their love. They were at the moment angry with him. Without danger to themselves, they could take his life and mine.

But he was a poet. All men love poets; and perhaps we do not realize what a poet is to a man who cannot read. Through that flexible voice came all that stirred the imagination in them. At night, around their fire on the mountain, his wild fancy peopled the woods for them with the unseen. It was his passion for freedom—ignorant and presumptuous though he was—which had fired them. Without him they had been organized for petty tyranny, dumbly feeling, but unable to formulate the deeper yearnings of their untamed natures. He saw them as righteously arrayed against the law. What matter that he did not understand the law? He saw life passionately, as a simple thing; and he had given them his vision. They loved him for this.

He sat erect on his horse, as when he invented—one hand picking the banjo—the words of a comic song. With two fingers he threw back his forelock, which was like that of a wild horse. The wind, rising, made the trees groan like the imprisoned ghosts of his midnight tales. "I ain't no 'count," he said to his band. "I reckon you-all better jus' drown me."

Not a man, though it had been to save himself from the hated law, could have been induced to lay a finger on him.

HE helped me turn my horses and lead them back to the road. I tried to speak. "You hold yo' head!" commanded the poet.

But when we had gone some distance toward Athens he addressed me. "I answered for you. I tol' the boys you wouldn't make no complaint to get them into trouble."

"You can't make promises for me!" I retorted. "I'll punish those fellows if I live!"

He softly replied: "I reckon you won't. You see, you'd get me into trouble that-a-way. I belong to what they all call a gang—they tell me that's felony. Of co'se I'd be arrested with the boys. And after promisin' you wouldn't make no complaint, I'd sholy take all the blame I could. I reckon you won't complain on me."

I was silent.

"But if you want to swear out a warrant, of co'se I'll go with you." He became gleeful, misleading me like a will-o'-the-wisp. "I know every man there to-night. I can be all kinds of help to yo' sheriff. Beside myself, there was Bo Holt, Eb Holt, Noah Mecker—he's their own cousin—and—"

"I'm not going to complain, and you know it."

He laughed triumphantly. "I sholy knew you for a writer; I couldn't stand for no deppity sheriff. There ain't no deppity sheriff in this county would know true poetry when he sees it. There ain't no such deppity around *here*."

Undying gratitude burned in his eyes. I saw that he had loved me so for one word of mine. "You saved my life," I said, "and now, before God, I'm ready to save yours." I laid hold of his arm. I had seen the inevitable doom, the fate to which he was hurrying. "Let me save you," I begged.

But the poet's eyes strayed toward the mountain. It had ceased to rain; the moon was out, in a haze. He knew, no doubt, just where the Meighton cabin clung, like an eagle's nest.

I RUSHED on: "Come with me to Chicago. I'm poor enough myself, but you won't starve. Come and write. We'll all teach you."

"I don't love a city," he answered. "I love a place lak this mountain valley, en a home with one I love."

What to him was any fate—life or death? He was not the first man to toss aside success, fame, life itself—for the one thing which becomes everything to men.

"Come with me to Chicago!" I begged.

"I reckon not. I'm going to get married to-morrow mornin'," he answered.

As the moon grew brighter, somewhere in the wet thicket a mocking bird began to sing.

AGAIN I went to Athens. The poet was dead. Never to be taken alive, he had been shot by the posse of deputy sheriffs. I went the same old way, along the creek, through the woods. But a charm had gone—a wildness and sweetness which were like fragrance.

A wood wagon creaked by, in which sat a very beautiful tall young woman with the Meighton profile and hair. I knew her, but she had never seen me. There was a child in her lap—blood of a Meighton and a Spencer.

It may be a long while. Every year dewberries will ripen, to dry in the sun of late summer. The canebrake by the river will grow tall and die. Through it, at midnight, will come ghosts on horseback, from riding down the mountain—or perhaps only winds, blowing in the dark. The air will be filled with smell of nuts, with frost, with flying red leaves, and now and then the sound of a persimmon falling from afar with a ripe thud. Wahoo and bittersweet will redden along the river. All the valleys will be silenced by snow like death. Then flowers will come and mocking birds return to complete the cycle. And some day, of the blood that gave the outlaw, will come that other outlaw, an interpreter, another poet.

The Knocking on the Door

(*Continued from page 17*)

When we rejoined him, Nayland Smith was talking to the commissionaire at the door. He turned to me.

"That is Professor Jenner Monde," he said. "The sergeant here knows him well."

The name of the celebrated Orientalist, of course, was familiar to me, although I had never before set eyes upon him.

"The professor was out East the last time I was there, sir," stated the commissionaire. "I often used to see him. But he's an eccentric old gentleman. Seems to live in a world of his own. He's recently back from China, I think."

NAYLAND SMITH stood clicking his teeth together in irritable hesitation. I heard Kâramanèh sigh, and, looking at her, I saw that her cheeks were regaining their natural color.

She smiled in pathetic apology.

"If he was here he is gone," she said. "I am not afraid now."

Smith thanked the commissionaire for his information, and we quitted the gallery.

"Professor Jenner Monde," muttered my friend, "has lived so long in China as almost to be a Chinaman. I have never met him—never seen him before, but I wonder—"

"You wonder what, Smith?"

"I wonder if he could possibly be an ally of the doctor's!"

I stared at him in amazement.

"If we are to attach any importance to the incident at all," I said, "we must remember that the boy's impression—and Kâramanèh's—was that Fu-Manchu was present in person."

"I *do* attach importance to the incident, Petrie. They are naturally sensitive to such impressions. But I doubt if even the abnormal organization of Aziz could distinguish between the hidden presence of a creature of the doctor's and that of the doctor himself. I shall make a point of calling upon Professor Jenner Monde."

FATE had ordained that much should happen ere Smith made his proposed call upon the professor. Kâramanèh and her brother safely lodged in their hotel (which was watched night and day by four men under Smith's orders), we returned to my quiet suburban rooms.

"First," said Smith, "let us see what we can find out respecting Professor Monde."

He went to the telephone and called up New Scotland Yard. There followed some little delay before the requisite information was obtained. Finally, however, we learned that the professor was something of a recluse, having few acquaintances and fewer friends.

He lived alone in chambers in New Inn Court, Carey Street. A charwoman did such cleaning as was considered necessary by the professor, who employed no regular domestic. When he was in London he might be seen fairly frequently at the British Museum, where his shabby figure was familiar to the officials. When he was not in London—that is, during the greater part of each year—no one knew where he went. He never left any address to which letters might be forwarded.

"How long has he been in London now?" asked Smith.

So far as could be ascertained from New Inn Court (replied Scotland Yard), roughly, a week.

My friend left the telephone and began restlessly to pace the room. The charred briar was produced and stuffed with that broad-cut Latakia mixture of which Nayland Smith consumed close upon a pound a week. He was one of those untidy smokers who leave tangled tufts hanging from the pipe bowl and, when they light up, strew the floor with smoldering fragments.

A RINGING came, and shortly afterward a girl entered.

"Mr. James Weymouth to see you, sir."

"Hullo!" rapped Smith. "What's this?"

Weymouth entered, big and florid; in some respects singularly like his brother, in others as singularly unlike. Now, in his black suit, he was a somber figure; and in the blue eyes I read a fear suppressed.

"Mr. Smith," he began, "there's something uncanny going on at Maple Cottage."

Smith wheeled the big armchair forward.

"Sit down, Mr. Weymouth," he said. "I am not entirely surprised. But you have my attention. What has occurred?"

Weymouth took a cigarette from the box which I proffered and poured out a peg of whisky. His hand was not quite steady.

"That knocking," he explained. "It came again the night after you were there, and Mrs. Weymouth—my wife, I mean—felt that she couldn't spend another night there alone."

"Did she look out of the window?" I asked.

"No, doctor; she was afraid. But I spent last night downstairs in the sitting room—and *I* looked out!"

HE took a gulp from his glass. Nayland Smith, seated on the edge of the table, his extinguished pipe in his hand, was watching him keenly.

"I'll admit I didn't look out at once," Weymouth resumed. "There was something so uncanny, gentlemen, in that knocking—knocking—in the dead of the night. I thought" [his voice shook] "of poor Jack lying somewhere among the slime of the river—and, oh, my God! it came to me that it was Jack who was knocking—and I dare not think what he—what it—would look like!"

He leaned forward, his chin in his hand. For a few moments we were all silent.



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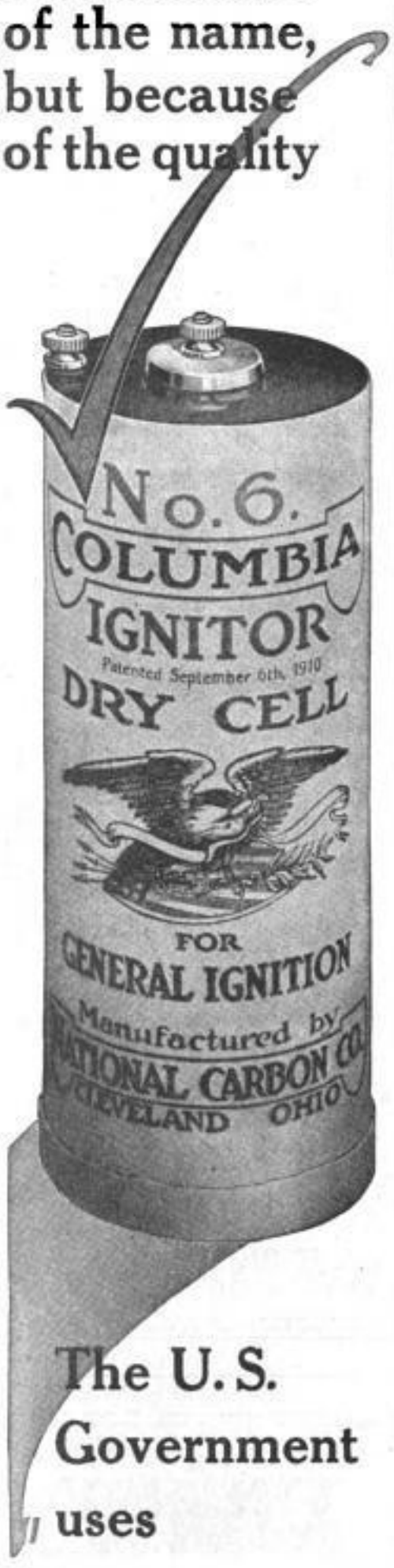
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"I know I flunked," he continued huskily. "But when the wife came to the head of the stairs and whispered to me: 'There it is again. What in Heaven's name can it be?' I started to unbolt the door. The knocking had stopped. Everything was very still. I heard Mary—*his* widow—sobbing upstairs; that was all. I opened the door a little bit at a time."

Pausing again, he cleared his throat and went on:

"It was a bright night, and there was no one there—not a soul. But somewhere down the lane, as I looked out into the porch, I heard most awful groans! They got fainter and fainter. Then . . . I could have sworn I heard *some one laughing!* My nerves cracked up at that; and I shut the door again."

The narration of his weird experience revived something of the natural fear which it had occasioned. He raised his glass with unsteady hand and drained it.

Smith was intensely excited now. "I rely upon you to arrange something, Petrie. Mr. Weymouth"—he turned to our visitor—"I shall be with you this evening not later than twelve o'clock."

"What do you think this knocking means, Smith?" I asked.

He tapped out his pipe on the side of the grate and began with nervous energy to refill it again from the dilapidated pouch.

"I dare not tell you what I hope, Petrie," he replied, "nor what I fear."

DUSK was falling when we made our way in the direction of Maple Cottage. Nayland Smith appeared to be keenly interested in the character of the district. A high and ancient wall bordered the road along which we walked for a considerable distance. Later it gave place to a rickety fence.

My friend peered through a gap in the latter.

"There is quite an extensive estate here," he said, "not yet cut up by the builder. It is well wooded on one side, and there appears to be a pool lower down."

The road was a quiet one, and we plainly heard the tread—quite unmistakable—of an approaching policeman. Smith continued to peer through the hole in the fence until the officer drew up level with us. Then:

"Does this piece of ground extend down to the village, constable?" he inquired.

Quite willing for a chat, the man stopped, and stood with his thumbs thrust in his belt.

"Yes, sir. They tell me three new roads will be made through it between here and the hill."

"It must be a happy hunting ground for tramps?"

"I've seen some suspicious-looking coves about at times. But after dusk an army might be inside there and nobody the wiser."

"Burglaries frequent in the houses backing on to it?"

"Oh, no. A favorite game in these parts is snatching loaves of bread and bottles of milk from the doors, first thing, as they're delivered. There's been an extra lot of it lately. My mate who relieves me has got special instructions to keep his eye open in the mornings!" The man grinned. "It wouldn't be a very big case even if he caught anybody!"

"No," said Smith absently; "perhaps not. Your business must be a dry one this warm weather. Good night."

"Good night, sir," replied the constable, richer by half a crown—"and thank you."

SMITH stared after him for a moment, tugging reflectively at the lobe of his ear.

"I don't know that it wouldn't be a big case, after all," he murmured. "Come on, Petrie."

Not another word did he speak until we stood at the gate of Maple Cottage. There a plain-clothes man was standing, evidently awaiting Smith. He touched his hat.

"Have you found a suitable hiding place?" asked my companion rapidly.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Kent, my mate—is there now. You'll notice that he can't be seen from here."

"No," agreed Smith, peering all about him. "He can't. Where is he?"

"Behind the broken wall," explained the man, pointing. "Through that ivy there's a clear view of the cottage door."

"Good. Keep your eyes open. If a messenger comes for me, he is to be intercepted, you understand? No one must be allowed to disturb us. You will recognize the messenger. He will be one of your fellows. Should he come—hoot, three times, as much like an owl as you can."

We walked up to the porch of the cottage. In response to Smith's ringing came James Weymouth, who seemed greatly relieved by our arrival.

"First," said my friend briskly, "you had better run up and see the patient."

Accordingly, I followed Weymouth upstairs and was admitted by his wife to a neat little bedroom where the grief-stricken woman lay, a wanly pathetic sight.

"Did you administer the sleeping draft, as directed?" I asked.

Mrs. James Weymouth nodded. She was a kindly looking woman, with the same dread haunting her hazel eyes as that which lurked in her husband's blue ones.

THE patient was sleeping soundly. Some whispered instructions I gave to the faithful nurse and descended to the sitting room. It was a warm night, and Weymouth sat by the open window, smoking. The dim light from the lamp on the table lent him an almost startling likeness to his brother; and for a moment I stood at the foot of the stairs scarce able to trust my reason. Then he turned his face fully toward me, and the illusion was lost.

"Do you think she is likely to wake, doctor?" he asked.

"I think not," I replied.

Nayland Smith stood upon the rug before the hearth, swinging from one foot to the other, in his nervously restless way. The room was foggy with the fumes of tobacco, for he, too, was smoking. At intervals of some five to ten minutes, his blackened briar (which I never knew him to clean or scrape) would go out. I think Smith used more matches than any other smoker I have ever met, and he invariably carried three boxes in various pockets of his garments.

The tobacco habit is infectious, and, seating myself in an armchair, I lighted a cigarette. For this dreary vigil I had come prepared with a bunch of rough notes, a writing block, and a fountain pen. I settled down to work upon my record of the Fu-Manchu case.

Silence fell upon Maple Cottage. Save for the shuddering sigh which whispered through the overhanging cedars and Smith's eternal match striking, nothing was there to disturb me in my task. Yet I could make little progress. Between my mind and the chapter upon which I was at work a certain sentence persistently intruded itself. It was as though an unseen hand held the written page closely before my eyes. This was the sentence:

"Imagine a person, tall, lean, and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green, investing him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect." . . .

DR. FU-MANCHU! Fu-Manchu as Smith had described him to me on that night which now seemed so remotely distant—the night upon which I had learned of the existence of the wonderful and evil being born of that secret quickening which stirred in the womb of the yellow races!

As Smith, for the ninth or tenth time, knocked out his pipe on a bar of the grate, the cuckoo clock in the kitchen proclaimed the hour.

"Two," said James Weymouth.

I abandoned my task, replacing notes and writing block in the bag that I had with me. Weymouth adjusted the lamp, which had begun to smoke.

I tiptoed to the stairs and, stepping softly, ascended to the sick room. All was quiet, and Mrs. Weymouth whispered to me that the patient still slept soundly. I returned to find Nayland Smith pacing about the room in that state of suppressed excitement habitual with him in the approach of any crisis. At a quarter past two the breeze dropped entirely, and a stillness reigned all about us such as I could not have supposed possible so near to the ever-throbbing heart of the great metropolis. Plainly I could hear Weymouth's heavy breathing. He sat at the window and looked out into the black shadows under the cedars. Smith ceased his pacing and stood again on the rug very still. He was listening: I doubt not we were all listening.



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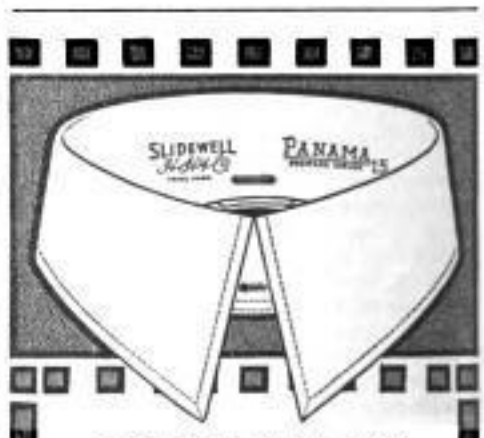
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Find the name on the back of the shield; don't buy unless you do find it.

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*
7 Chicago and New York



SLIDEWELL HALO COLLARS

If you think the difficulty in tieing your tie is a necessary evil, it is only because you have never tried "Slidewells."

These have a little shield that frees your tie from the back button and frees you from all tie-tieing troubles.

All Popular Styles—All Sizes
15c—2 for 25c
At All Good Dealers

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The Perfectly Portable Garage



THE Porto Metal Garage is built of galvanized steel of just the right gauge to insure perfect portability combined with the utmost strength. If you own a

PORTO METAL GARAGE

you have a handsome building that enhances the attractiveness of any property. And due to its lightness of design, **wherever** you move to, you can take your garage right with you. Fire insurance is eliminated with the Porto Metal Garage because it is

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It comes in parts and can be erected in a few hours. It will accommodate any size automobile as it is built in seven different sizes. Beautifully illustrated catalog, giving full description and prices, sent free, upon request.

PORTO METAL HOUSE & GARAGE CO.
1406 Burnham St. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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Some faint sound broke the impressive stillness, coming from the direction of the village street. It was a vague, indefinite disturbance, brief, and upon it ensued a silence more marked than ever. Some minutes before, Smith had extinguished the lamp. In the darkness I heard his teeth snap sharply together.

The call of an owl sounded very clearly three times.

I knew that to mean that a messenger had come; but from whence or bearing what tidings I knew not. My friend's plans were incomprehensible to me, nor had I pressed him for any explanation of their nature, knowing him to be in that high-strung and somewhat irritable mood which claimed him at times of uncertainty—when he doubted the wisdom of his actions, the accuracy of his surmises. He gave no sign.

Very faintly I heard a clock strike the half hour. A soft breeze stole again through the branches above. The wind, I thought, must be in a new quarter, since I had not heard the clock before. In so lonely a spot it was difficult to believe that the bell was that of St. Paul's. Yet such was the fact.

And hard upon the ringing followed another sound—a sound we all had expected, had waited for; but at whose coming no one of us, I think, retained complete mastery of himself.

Breaking up the silence in a manner that set my heart wildly leaping it came; an imperative knocking on the door!

"My God!" groaned Weymouth—but he did not move from his position at the window.

"Stand by, Petrie!" said Smith.

HE strode to the door—and threw it widely open.

I know I was very pale. I think I cried out as I fell back—retreated with clenched hands from before *that* which stood on the threshold.

It was a wild, unkempt figure, with straggling beard, hideously staring eyes. With its hands it clutched at its hair—at its chin; plucked at its mouth. No moonlight touched the features of this unearthly visitant, but scanty as was the illumination we could see the gleaming teeth—and the wildly glaring eyes.

It began to laugh—peal after peal—hideous and shrill.

Nothing so terrifying had ever smote upon my ears. I was palsied by the horror of the sound.

Then Nayland Smith pressed the button of an electric torch which he carried. He directed the disk of white light fully upon the face in the doorway.

"O God!" cried Weymouth. "It's John!"—and again and again: "O God! O God!"

Perhaps for the first time in my life I really believed (nay, I could not doubt) that a thing of another world stood before me. I am ashamed to confess the extent of the horror that came upon me. James Weymouth raised his hands, as if to thrust away from him that awful thing in the door. He was babbling—prayers, I think, but wholly incoherent.

"Hold him, Petrie!"

SMITH'S voice was low. (When we were past thought or intelligent action, he, dominant and cool, with that forced calm for which, a crisis over, he always paid so dearly, was thinking of the woman who slept above.)

He leaped forward; and in the instant that he grappled with the one who had knocked, I knew the visitant for a man of flesh and blood—a man who shrieked and fought like a savage animal, foamed at the mouth and gnashed his teeth in horrid frenzy; knew him for a madman—knew him for the victim of Fu-Manchu—not dead, but living—for Inspector Weymouth—a maniac!

In a flash I realized all this and sprang to Smith's assistance. There was a sound of racing footsteps, and the men who had been watching outside came running into the porch. A third was with them, and the five of us (for Weymouth's brother had not yet grasped the fact that a man and not a spirit shrieked and howled in our midst) clung to the infuriated madman, yet barely held our own with him.

"The syringe, Petrie!" gasped Smith. "Quick! you must manage to make an injection!"

I EXTRICATED myself and raced into the cottage for my bag. A hypodermic syringe ready charged I had brought with me at Smith's request. Even in that thrilling moment I could find time to admire the wonderful foresight of my friend, who had divined what would befall—isolated the strange, pitiful truth from the chaotic circumstances which saw us at Maple Cottage that night.

Let me not enlarge upon the end of the awful struggle. At one time I despaired (we all despaired) of quieting the poor demented creature. But at last it was done; and the gaunt, blood-stained savage whom we had known as Detective Inspector Weymouth lay passive upon the couch in his own sitting room. A great wonder possessed my mind for the genius of the uncanny being who, with the scratch of a needle, had made a brave and kindly man into this unclean, brutish thing.

Nayland Smith, gaunt, wild-eyed and trembling yet with his tremendous exertions, turned to the man whom I knew to be the messenger from Scotland Yard.

"Well?" he rapped.

"He is arrested, sir," the detective reported. "They have kept him at his chambers as you ordered."

"Has she slept through it?" said Smith to me. (I had just returned from a visit to the room above.)

I nodded.

"Is *he* safe for an hour or two?" indicating the figure on the couch.

"For eight or ten," I replied grimly.

"Come, then. Our night's labors are not nearly complete."

LATER was forthcoming evidence to show that poor Weymouth had lived a wild life in hiding among the thick bushes of the tract of land which lay between the village and the suburb on the neighboring hill. Literally, he had returned to primitive savagery, and some of his food had been that of the lower animals, though he had not scrupled to steal, as we learned when his lair was discovered.

He had hidden himself cunningly; but witnesses appeared who had seen him in the dusk and fled from him. They never learned that the object of their fear was Inspector John Weymouth. How, having escaped death in the Thames, he had crossed London unobserved, we never knew; but his trick of knocking upon his own door at half past two each morning (a sort of dawning of sanity mysteriously linked with old custom) will be a familiar class of symptom to all students of alienation.

I revert to the night when Smith solved the mystery of the knocking.

In a car which he had in waiting at the end of the village we sped through the deserted streets to New Inn Court. I who had followed Nayland Smith through the failures and successes of his mission, knew that to-night he had surpassed himself; had justified the confidence placed in him by the highest authorities.

WE were admitted to an untidy room—that of a student, a traveler, and a crank—by a plain-clothes officer. Amid picturesque and disordered fragments of a hundred ages, in a great carved chair placed before a towering statue of the Buddha, sat a handcuffed man. His white hair and beard were patriarchal; his pose had great dignity. But his expression was entirely masked by the smoked glasses which he wore.

Two other detectives were guarding the prisoner.

"We arrested Professor Jenner Monde as he came in, sir," reported the man who had opened the door. "He has made no statement. I hope there isn't a mistake."

"I hope not," rapped Smith.

He strode across the room. He was consumed by a fever of excitement. Almost savagely, he tore away the beard, tore off the snowy wig, dashed the smoky glasses upon the floor.

A great, high brow was revealed, and green, malignant eyes, which fixed themselves upon him with an expression I never can forget.

It was Dr. Fu-Manchu!

One intense moment of silence ensued—of silence which seemed to throb. Then:

"What have you done with Professor Monde?" demanded Smith.

DR. FU-MANCHU showed his even, yellow teeth in the singularly evil smile which I knew so well. A manacled prisoner, he sat as unruffled as a judge upon the bench. In truth and in justice, I am compelled to say that Fu-Manchu was absolutely fearless.

"He has been detained in China," he replied in smooth sibilant tones, "by affairs of great urgency. His well-known personality and ungregarious habits have served me well here!"

A House-cleaning that is of Interest to YOU

SIX states now have adequate laws against fraudulent advertising: Ohio, Washington, Minnesota, North Dakota, New Jersey and Nebraska. In addition to those states, New York, Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Indiana, South Dakota and Iowa have laws that are *not* adequate. Some of them prohibit lying about certain things only, and the rest specify that the lie must be told "knowingly," or "with intent to defraud" in order to hold its utterer liable. A law which provides that lying about certain qualities is reprehensible, while tacitly admitting or even specifically providing that lying about other qualities is legitimate, may be better than no law at all, but it certainly is not adequate.

The movement for clean advertising is bigger than any proprietary association, and stronger than any alliance between venal newspapers and crooked advertisers. When "Printers' Ink" first suggested the campaign two years ago, there were very few men willing to predict marked success for the legal propaganda, though most earnest advertisers were ready with encouragement for the general end and object of the crusade. The advertising men of the country have succeeded in writing adequate laws against fraudulent advertising upon the books of six states in less than two years after organized effort was started.

(Reprinted from "Printers' Ink," May 8, 1913)

Please note this:

Amid all the hue and cry for progressive legislation for making wrong conditions right, ***here is a business whose members are themselves asking, demanding, fighting for legal correction of abuses in that business.***

Every one of these laws was drafted by advertising men, presented to the state legislatures at the instance of advertising men, and passed because of the pressure brought by the best advertising men in each state to have advertising put on an absolute plane of honesty and fair dealing, with legal redress against any one profiting by misleading the public.

It is a wonderful tribute to advertising that this should be so—that advertising men want to clean up and throw out of print altogether the constantly decreasing number of those who don't belong there.

This is not so important for the class of people who read the leading magazines or the best newspapers; they are not likely to be misled by untruths, even if the publishers of Collier's and the other high-standard publications would allow such advertising to come to them.

But it is important to protect the whole 90,000,000 of this country's people; that is why the advertising business is making such a thorough housecleaning of itself.

H. C. F. Hamerstrom.

No. 124 *Manager Advertising Department*



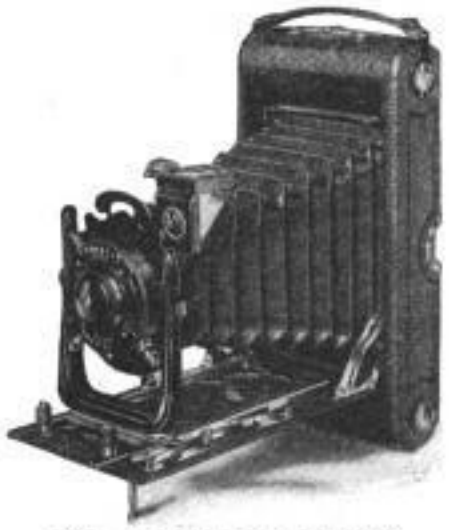
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KODAK

Illustrated catalogue at your dealers, or by mail, Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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Cameras

Unique in Design

$2.50 to $240.00

All Sizes All Styles

These Imported "Ensign" Cameras occasion favorable comment wherever seen. They are preferred for fine workmanship and excellence of results in use. The prices compare favorably.

Ensign Double Instantaneous Non-Curlable Orthochromatic Films preferred by all earnest workers. Won't you try them? They fit your Camera and will keep a full year in any climate.

Note—Many Trust Dealers discriminate against Ensign Cameras and Films. Write to us for Catalogue and name of nearest Ensign Dealer.

G. GENNERT

NEW YORK 24 E. 13th St. CHICAGO 320 S. Wabash Ave. SAN FRANCISCO 682 Mission St.



Everyone can now Own a Bicycle

We are now selling "Ranger" bicycles (the highest grade) direct-to-users at prices so low they will astonish you. You can now easily

Earn your bicycle

Write for special offer. No canvassing or pestering the neighbors. Your "Ranger" will make your friends want one. When they buy you'll get the benefit. Before you actually buy the bicycle, we let you

Ride it for 10 Days

on approval. See its beauty, how easy it rides, how superior to $15 to $25 bicycles of a few years ago. Return at our expense unless it suits.

Free catalog, big bargains

1913 models for men, women, children $10 to $27. 1911-12 models, $7 to $12. Good second-hand wheels, $3 to $6. 50 per cent savings on tires, lamps, coaster brakes, and cycling goods. Write today.

Mead Cycle Co., Dept. L-51 CHICAGO



"Bristol" Bait Casting Rods

Ask your dealer to show you "BRISTOL" No. 28, the new light bait casting rod. Weighs about 5 oz. Nos. 25, 27 and 33 are other fine models you'll be glad to examine. Your dealer has the "BRISTOL" you want. If not, we will supply you. Send for Catalog—FREE.

HORTON MFG. CO.

56 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

ROUND THE WORLD

Six months leisurely travel *de Luxe*. Limited private tours leave Westbound Sept. 11, Eastbound Oct. 18, Nov. 8, 29. Southbound (the Antipodes) Oct. 28. SPECIAL SHORT TOURS Westbound Oct. 4. Eastbound Jan. 10, 1914. Send for illustrated program No. 8.

THOS. COOK & SON

245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Information of Vital Interest to Inventors. Send 10 cents postage for Valuable books.

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, E 12, Washington, D.C.

Established 1869

ADVERTISERS My Baldwin Finback Drinking Cup is one of the best advertising mediums ever used. It appeals to everybody.



Send for samples and prices.

Baldwin Finback Cup Co., 217 Ford B'dg., Boston, Mass.

Binder for Collier's

$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inverted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

Smith, I could see, was undetermined how to act; he stood tugging at his ear and glancing from the impassive Chinaman to the wondering detectives.

"What are we to do, sir?" one of them asked.

"Leave Dr. Petrie and myself alone with the prisoner until I call you."

The three withdrew. I divined now what was coming.

"Can you restore Weymouth's sanity?" rapped Smith abruptly. "I cannot save you from the hangman, nor"—his fists clenched convulsively—"would I if I could; but—"

Fu-Manchu fixed his brilliant eyes upon him.

"Say no more, Mr. Smith," he interrupted; "you misunderstand me. I do not quarrel with that, but what I have done from conviction and what I have done of necessity are separated—are seas apart. The brave Inspector Weymouth I wounded with a poisoned needle in self-defense, but I regret his condition as greatly as you do. I respect such a man. There is an antidote to the poison of the needle."

"Name it," said Smith.

Fu-Manchu smiled again.

"Useless," he replied. "I alone can prepare it. My secrets shall die with me. I will make a sane man of Inspector Weymouth, but no one else shall be in the house but him and me."

"It will be surrounded by police," interrupted Smith grimly.

"As you please," said Fu-Manchu. "Make your arrangements. In that ebony case upon the table are the instruments for the cure. Arrange for me to visit him where and when you will."

"I distrust you utterly. It is some trick," jerked Smith.

Dr. Fu-Manchu rose slowly and drew himself up to his great height. His manacled hands could not rob him of the uncanny dignity which was his. He raised them above his head with a tragic gesture and fixed his piercing gaze upon Nayland Smith.

"The god of Cathay hear me," he said with a deep guttural note in his voice; "I swear."

THE most awful visitor who ever threatened the peace of England, the end of the visit of Fu-Manchu, was characteristic, terrible, inexplicable.

Strange to relate, I did not doubt that this weird being had conceived some kind of admiration or respect for the man to whom he had wrought so terrible an injury. He was capable of such sentiments, for he entertained some similar ones in regard to myself.

A cottage farther down the village street than Weymouth's was vacant, and in the early dawn of that morning became the scene of outré happenings. Poor Weymouth, still in a comatose condition, we removed there (Smith having secured the key from the astonished agent). I suppose so strange a specialist never visited a patient before—certainly not under such conditions.

For into the cottage, which had been entirely surrounded by a ring of police, Dr. Fu-Manchu was admitted from the closed car in which his work of healing complete, he was to be borne to prison—to death!

Law and justice were suspended by my royally empowered friend that the enemy of the white race might heal one of those who had hunted him down!

NO curious audience was present, for sunrise was not yet come; no concourse of excited students followed the hand of the master; but within that surrounded cottage was performed one of those miracles of science which in other circumstances had made the fame of Dr. Fu-Manchu live forever.

Inspector Weymouth, dazed, dishevelled, clutching his head as a man who has passed through the Valley of the Shadow—but sane, *sane!*—walked out into the porch!

HE looked toward us, his eyes wild but not with the fearsome wildness of insanity.

"Mr. Smith!" he cried, and staggered down the path, "Dr. Petrie! What does it mean?"

There came a deafening explosion. From *every* visible window of the deserted cottage flames burst forth!

"*Quick!*" Smith's voice rose almost to a scream, "into the house!"

He raced up the path, past Inspector Weymouth, who stood swaying there like a drunken man. I was close upon his heels. Behind me came the police.

The door was impassable! Already it vomited a deathly heat, borne upon stifling fumes like those of the mouth of the pit! We burst a window. The room within was a furnace!

"My God!" cried some one, "this is supernatural!"

"Listen!" cried another. "Listen!"

The crowd which a fire can conjure up at any hour of the day or night, out of the void of nowhere, was gathering already. But upon all descended a pall of silence.

From the heat of the holocaust a voice proclaimed itself—a voice raised, not in anguish but in *triumph!* It chanted barbarically—and was still.

The abnormal flames rose higher, leaping forth from every window.

"The alarm!" said Smith hoarsely. "Call up the brigade!"

TO a shell the place burned with incredible rapidity, which pointed to some hidden agency; to a shell about ashes which held no trace of human bones!

That Fu-Manchu had produced the fire I do not, cannot, doubt. Had he escaped in the ensuing confusion? Read what was written upon a sheet of vellum which Inspector Weymouth discovered in a pocket of his ragged garments:

To Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie:

Greeting!

I am recalled home by One who may not be denied. In much that I came to do I have failed. Much that I have done I would undo; some little I have undone. Out of fire I came—the smoldering fire of a thing one day to be a consuming flame; in fire I go. Seek not my ashes. I am the Lord of the Fires!

Farewell. Fu-Manchu.

The letter of a madman contemplating self-destruction by strange means? Or the gibe of a preternaturally clever scientist, and the most elusive being ever born of the land of mystery—China? Questions which the future may answer, which I cannot.

Shall I tell you finally of my parting with lovely, dark-eyed Kâramanêh on board the liner which was to bear her to Egypt?

No, let me instead conclude with the words of Nayland Smith:

"*I* sail for Burma in a fortnight, Petrie. I have leave to break my journey at the Ditch. How would a run up the Nile fit your program? Bit early for the season, but you might find something to amuse you!"

Collier's, The National Weekly

VOLUME 51 JUNE 28, 1913 NUMBER 15

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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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IPSWICH White Hosiery

Cool and comfortable with neat, dainty frocks, on warm summer days.

The smart, snug-fitting appearance of trim ankles is assured with elastic SEAMLESS IPSWICH HOSIERY knit snug at the ankle and wide at the leg.

IPSWICH No. 223 Gauze lisle, reinforced at the heel and toe; high spliced heels where low shoes chafe; double soles for grinding wear and 4½" double top. White, tan and black at 15c a pair.

IPSWICH No. 2280 Silk-lisle, reinforced heel and toe; high spliced heel; double sole and 4½" double top. White, tan and black at 25c a pair. Box of 12 pair, $3.00.

IPSWICH No. 2305 Silk-lisle, reinforced heel and toe; high spliced heel; double sole and 4½" "HEMNIT" top. The famous "HEMNIT" top which stops all garter-tear runs at the "Knit-in" hem is indispensable. White, tan and black at 25c a pair.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name with your order. Many styles for men, women and children at 15c and 25c a pair.

IPSWICH MILLS, 5 Bay St., Ipswich, Mass.

Established in 1822



Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains
Aymar Embury II, Architect, New York

Moss-green and Tile-red Roofs
Bungalow-brown and Silver-gray Walls

and many other beautiful and artistic color-combinations that you cannot get with paint, are made with

Cabot's Creosote Stains

They cost less than half as much as paint, and look twice as well. The colors are softer and richer, with no gloss or "paint" effect, and the Creosote thoroughly preserves the wood. They are the original, genuine Creosote Stains, made of refined Creosote, and strong, lasting colors finely ground in pure linseed oil. Avoid the cheap, tawdry colors and dangerous inflammability of the kerosene oil imitations.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for free samples of stained wood.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 9 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

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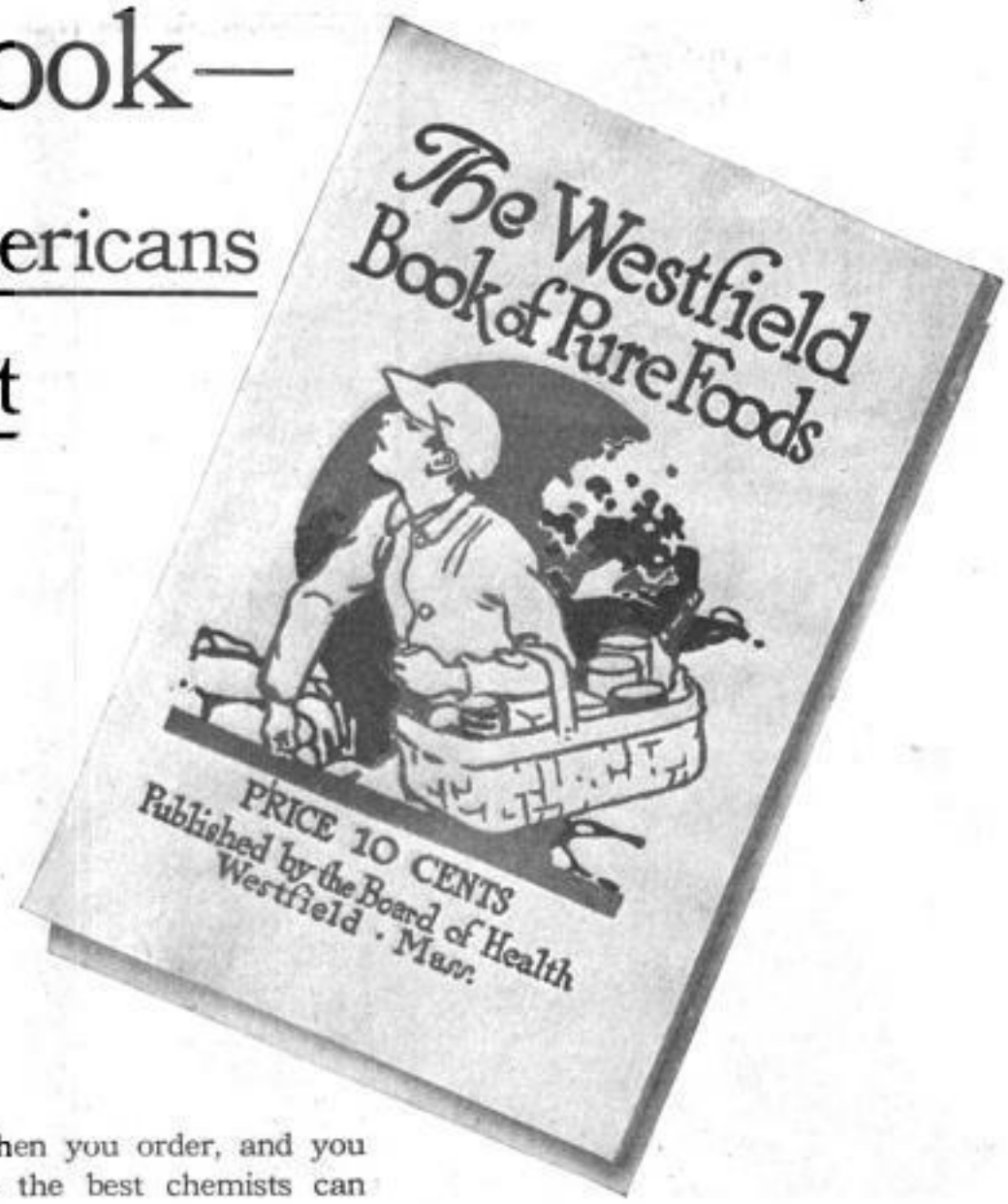
as we teach it to you by means of our new correspondence course offers you the chance of putting your artistic talents to commercial use. Advertising illustration—lettering—designing of covers, posters, trademarks, and other practical forms of pictorial advertising, with methods of reproduction are included in these lessons. If you will send us a sample of your work enclosing postage for return, you will receive our advice as to your abilities.

The Academy of Advertising Art
3743 Wilton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Send for this book—

It is making 250,000 Americans sure of pure foods—let it do as much for *you*.



THE Westfield Book of Pure Foods is the simple solution of the food-buying problem—the sensible, practical means by which *you* can buy your foods with the certainty that everything you buy is pure, clean, wholesome, and honestly-measured.

In these days of clever food-faking, that seems almost too good to be true; but

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

really does this for you, without the least bother, pains, or study on your part. It is simply a handy, classified list of a wide range of PURE brands of food-products, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., "the Pure Food Town," during the past ten years.

One glance at its pages tells you the name of the brands of soup, sugar, or canned goods, for example, which have passed every test and proved themselves of high merit, free of every taint or adulterant. Simply specify any one of these brands when you order, and you are as safe as the best chemists can make you.

"The Westfield idea" is the right one. It does not harrow your mind with tales of the dreadful impurity of the faked foods, it does not waste your time with condemnation or exposure—it simply tells you how you can surely and easily avoid any risk, protect yourself and your family against bad foods, and be sure of getting full value for your food-money. It does not name *any* of the bad foods, and it does not name *all* of the good ones, but it does give you a wide range of choice among the latter.

The Westfield Book is absolutely unbiased. The Westfield Board of Health prepared it for the people of Westfield, and in their interest only. No product has been listed except after unquestionable proof of purity and quality; none has been excluded after analysis except for failure to measure up to the "Westfield standard." ***You can trust it absolutely.***

Send for it today. Ten cents in stamps or silver to cover the costs, and the coupon below, if you like, will bring it to you. Until you get it, you are taking chances every time you buy; when you have it, you, like the quarter-million now protected by it, can be *sure* your food is *pure*.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 6-28-13

Enclosed find 10 cents, in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

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STAG TOBACCO



DECLARE YOUR INDEPENDENCE from DRIED UP tobacco.

Chuck it overboard, fellow citizens, just as our forefathers chucked the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, 1773.

In The 5¢ TIN

REFUSE to buy more tobacco at a time than you need.



In the 5 Cent Tin of Stag you get just enough to keep FRESH and PERFECT till it's smoked.

Try it, and see what a glorious thing it is to smoke nothing but fresh tobacco.

And the 5 Cent Tin slips easily into any pocket without crowding or bulging.

Great point—especially in summer when clothes are light and pockets few.

And REMEMBER THIS: The 5 Cent Tin is filled with STAG—first in FRAGRANCE, first in FLAVOR, first in the hearts of all smokers who have tried it.

Walk right up to your tobacco dealer and say to him:
"Give me Stag or give me nothing."

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

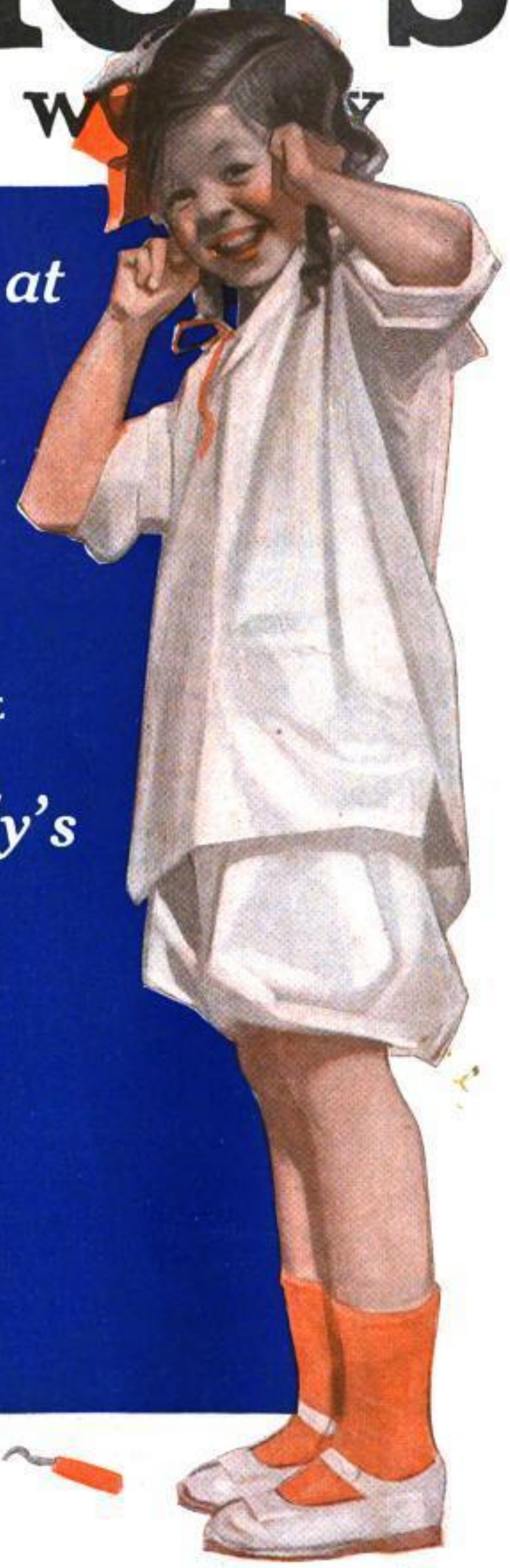
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JUL 1 1913

Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL W[illegible]Y



The Lady's Man at the Show-Down

By HERBERT COOLIDGE

Your House in Order

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

In Michael Brady's Sand Bank

By ARTHUR COLTON

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 16

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

JULY 5 1913

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Every Day is Independence Day with Jimmy Pipers



The old Liberty Bell boomed till it cracked when our minuet-dancing, fire-eating forefathers decided they'd had enough oppression—by heck! And the spirit of '76 flamed out again when several hundred thousand free-born, pipe-smoking Americans found in P. A. that long-hoped-for freedom from tongue-torture and throat-parch. And so we always link up the old bell and

The tidy red tin 10c

The toppy red bag 5c

A light, flexible cloth pouch sealed in glazed paper that protects from damp and dust; lined inside with waxed paper that keeps the freshness and aroma in. Always fresh and clean, just as it leaves the factory.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

whenever we can. One announced the change in a world map. Prince Albert, with the sting and bite taken out by a patented process, has changed the smoke map of this good old U. S. A.

P. A. will not bite *your* tongue nor leave *your* throat parched and dry. When you say "P. A." to the tobacco man you recite the smoker's declaration of independence.

P. A. is sold wherever the flag flies—in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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Christy Mathewson, famous pitcher of the New York Giants, a great favorite with the "fans" all over the country, says:

"Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco — the kind to stick to."

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TEN chances to one, your favorite ball-player smokes Tuxedo. We have scores of testimonials from the *crack men* of the *crack nines* all over the country, saying that they enjoy Tuxedo and recommending it to *you*.

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Size up the men who are smoking and endorsing Tuxedo. They're *real men*, full of life and the joy-of-life. They're out for a good time—and they get it from



ED. A. WALSH

Ed. A. Walsh, famous pitcher of the Chicago White Sox, the "Iron Man" of the American League, says:

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Tuxedo

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"Tuxedo gives to my pipe smoking a keen enjoyment that I have experienced with no other tobacco. Supreme in mildness and fragrance is Tuxedo."

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Tuxedo is in a class by itself. It has many imitators—but *in the pipe* it has no equal. It is made of the best selected Burley tobacco, the finest that Kentucky grows, ripened, cured and aged until it has reached the tip-top of mildness, mellowness and sweetness. Then it is treated by the *original* "Tuxedo Process" which takes out all the sting so it *cannot possibly bite*—even if you should smoke it all day long.

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Hughie Jennings, manager of the Detroit "Tigers," three times champions of the American League, says:

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Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c



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Heinie Zimmerman, 3rd baseman of the Chicago Cubs, champion hitter of the National League last season, says:

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Larry Lajoie, famous 2nd baseman of the Cleveland "Naps," for years one of the leading hitters in the American League, says:

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IT has always been an acknowledged fact, in the industry, that the moment a truck was brought to a point where it could be thoroughly standardized and, in consequence, built in large quantities, the price would come down.

For several years we have been developing and perfecting a truck that could be standardized, built in large quantities, and thus reduced in price.

The Willys Utility Truck is the final and practical result.

A reduction of 30% to 50%

The chassis of this powerful and rugged truck is priced at $1250—which is from 30% to 50% lower than existing market prices of other similar trucks.

This is the most economical truck of its size and price that has ever been offered.

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This is due to big production. We are now producing commercial trucks in lots of ten thousand. This is the largest production of trucks ever attempted. We are duplicating our pleasure car production methods. And just as we have reduced pleasure car manufacturing costs so have we reduced commercial truck costs by the application of quantity production methods.

Heretofore this plan of production would have been impractical. No truck was highly enough developed to put it on a basis of thorough standardization. What was new today was old and obsolete tomorrow. So no big production could be attempted by any one.

But circumstances have altered. The Willys Utility Truck is a proven standard and staple truck. In it are embodied everything that is practical and up-to-date.

Developed by practical and experienced men

The men who worked out this truck are, in addition to being scientific truck builders—practical transportation men. We have the best truck engineers and most practical truck builders in the industry. Our staff consists of trained and experienced men—not theoretical mechanics, but men who have developed and perfected this truck by operations and experiments in the teeth of dense traffic—by finding out its shortcomings in actual use under all conditions.

All modern improvements

The Willys Utility Truck is right up-to-date. It has every practical modern truck improvement. The powerful 30 H. P. motor, for instance is controlled by our patented governor. It cannot operate over 18 miles per hour. The pressed steel frame is built to stand the most severe strains of heavy loads and the worst possible road conditions. It is thoroughly reinforced. Both the front and rear axles are unusually rugged, and are made in our drop forge plant. It has a three speed transmission—three forward and one reverse. We found that 34 in. x 4½ in. pneumatic tires on the front and 36 in. x 3½ in. solid tires on the rear give the most practical service, so we equipped the truck accordingly. It is a big practical commercial truck—built purely and simply for commercial purposes.

Thousands can now afford a truck

Thousands of smaller merchants, who heretofore believed trucks beyond their reach, should equip their business with one or more of these new profit producing trucks. It will pay for itself in no time.

You can deliver to 200% as many customers as formerly without employing any extra help and with practically no more investment than the cost of your horses.

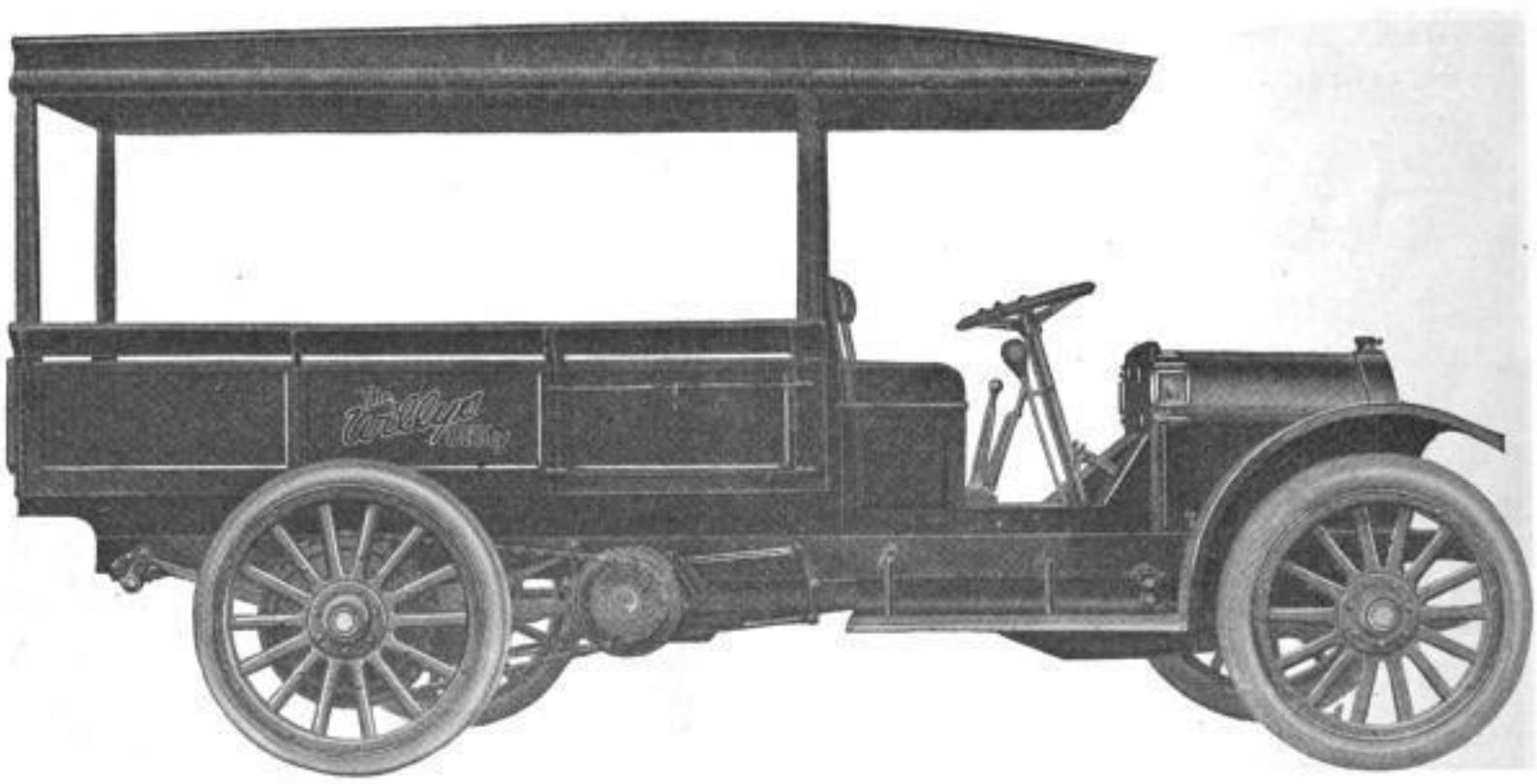
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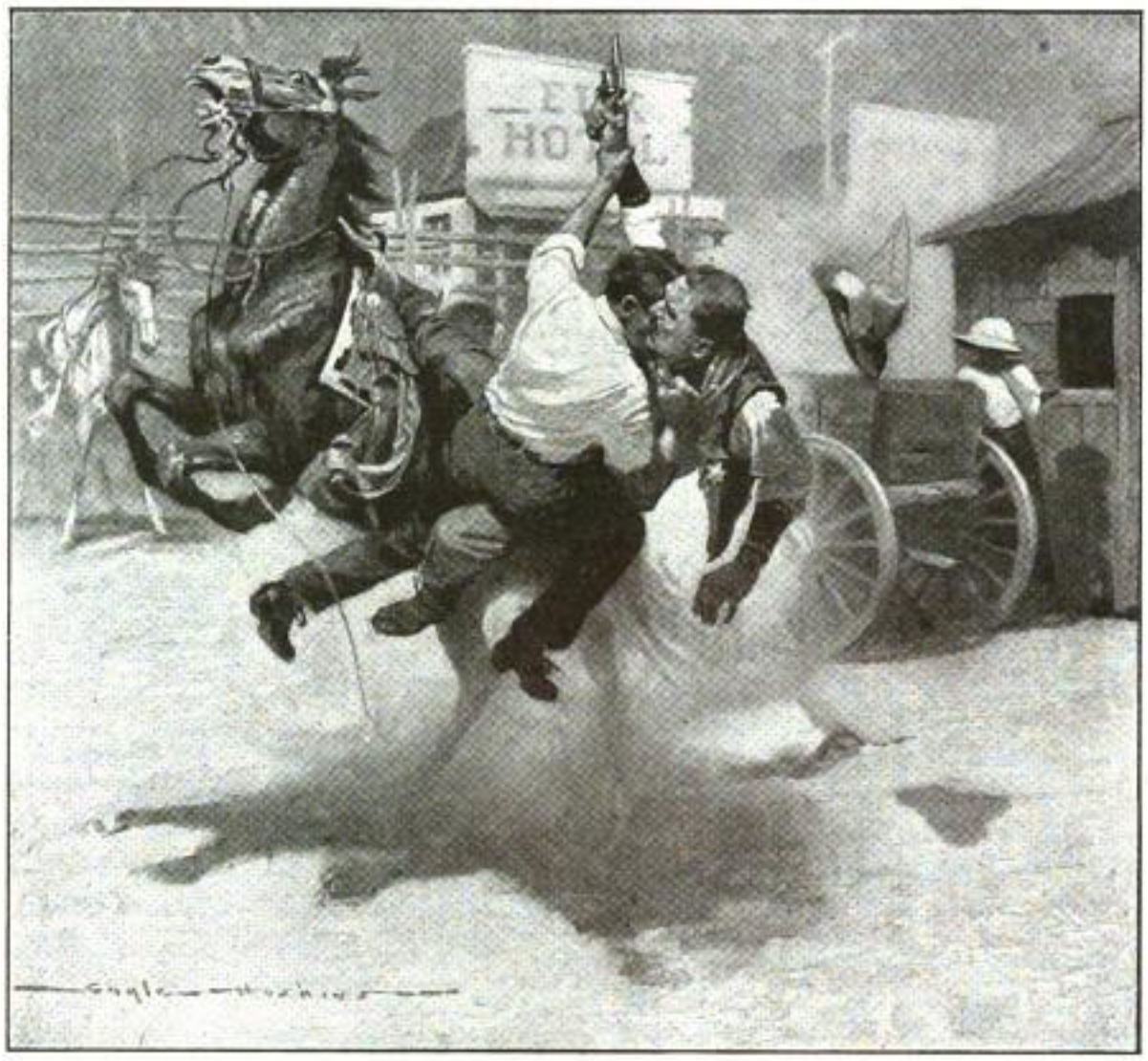
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He grasped the marshal by the throat and pistol hand, and yanked him . . . out of the saddle

The Lady's Man at the Show-Down

By Herbert Coolidge

OUT of the West comes Mr. Coolidge with a tale of chaps and chaparral, mustangs and ranchmen, a girl, a villain, and a tenderfoot—old stage properties and figures almost fallen into dust. But they are wonderfully alive here, and it is possible to rejoice in their resuscitation.

COLORO looked from the distance like something brown that had dried firmly on to the smooth, hard, arid mesa. While their train slid out from the parched granite cañon and drove straight across the level toward the old adobe town, the young man, with sober, contented interest, scanned the landscape—and The Lady scanned the man.

Brenton's was the mind of a steadfast male, and behind his look of contented interest was the thought that soon he and she would be driving into the heart of that vast tanned land. And The Lady—but just then the train, whistling down for Coloro, precipitated her mental summary: "Yes, he is certainly just a little too *yielding* sometimes, and almost *too* kind." Yet, she reflected, what a relief it had been when she had intimated, and ever so gently too, that it looked—well, so awkward for a person to toe in when in a sitting posture, and he had from that day on toed out. How readily, indeed, he had responded to all the suggested modifications of dress and address and mien. But, oh! she just wished and wished that that dear bluff old dad of hers had not so often said: "When you get ready to marry, Grace, for Heaven's sake marry a *man!*"

Then—it always scared her even to think of a gulf coming between them—she looked fondly up into his eyes. And how could a poor obtuse male understand that there can be a storm beneath a smile that so plainly said: "I love you"?

When the train stopped at Coloro, Brenton and his Lady stepped down to the splintered, sun-huffed platform. As they were looking about, expecting evidently to be met by friends, a tall, tanned, white-whiskered, fiercely mustachioed old man broke from the line-up of loafers and walked stridently toward them.

"Air you that young eddicated feller and his girl that's comin' out to see Joe and Sis Foley?" he inquired, approaching Brenton stealthily in speaking, and peering intently with his reddened, desert-squinted eyes.

"I am Mr. Brenton of Harvard University," stated the young man with amiable dignity. "And this," he continued, noting with lightening eyes the pleasing effect of vivid color in the cheeks of the embarrassed Lady, "is Miss Danverson, also, until last year, a resident of Cambridge."

"I fergit what Joe called you," said the fierce old man crossly. Then, with the wary, judicial air of a sheriff serving a warrant, he handed Brenton an envelope. Opening the letter and silently scanning its contents, Brenton read:

This will introduce Old Dad (his kind name is Mills), our major-domo—i. e., ranch boss. We are fighting a big fire out here (Sis is cooking for the fire fighters), so neither of us could come to meet you. Old Dad will make you mad enough to kill him, but please don't do so, as he has one great virtue—i. e., he can get any kind of a team over any kind of a road in any kind of weather. As we managed to get him off with well-broken stock, you will be sure of a safe trip to Rancho Hernandez.

P. S.—Don't be hurt if Old Dad "dangs your heart" on short acquaintance. And be sure to believe all he says.

Brenton finished this characteristic scrawl from Joe smilingly, and was about to complete the introductions when the picturesque old major-domo blurted out: "I expect you're a dang-sight too eddicated to ride a horse, ain't you?"

"No, indeed," responded Brenton with polite good nature. "I am very fond of riding horseback. I ride whenever I get a chance," he added cordially, his mind flashing back to the lively gallops he had taken out from the university with The Lady at his side.

And The Lady, reflecting on the gallant figure he made when mounted, reflected also that she wished he wasn't—well, quite so polite before this rough-and-ready old man.

"We got to take along a *h*-horse that don't lead up good," explained the major-domo, manifesting a degree of satisfaction that this "eddicated" youth could actually ride. "That red-headed broncho twister of ourn—Palsano Red, we call him—rode the plug in and got drunk and tried to arrest the marshal of Coloro and got properly beat up and thrown in. I wuz down to the calaboose this mornin' and gave him a cussin' and some tobacco, and told him that we wuz goin' to take his outfit back to the ranch and that he could *walk* out when he'd done his turn in the bull pen. I'll learn *him* to tank up in this robbers' roost of a town. Also, I sez to myself, that young eddicated feller's girl will have a trunk as big as a house, so makin' the young feller ride will be jest that much less meat for the team to drag over the mountains."

"If riding the horse will help you in any way, I am sure I shall be very glad to do so," returned Brenton genially, noting again out of the corner of one eye that "his girl," who was smiling at her own embarrassment, was altogether charming.

THE Lady had decided that she liked the picturesque old major-domo despite his disconcerting directness. He was so genuinely rugged and sharply hewn, comparing, well, perhaps favorably with Mr. Brenton, whose politeness, she feared, was on the verge of becoming a mannerism.

Suddenly, then, it occurred to her that the best way

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to prevent Old Dad from again repeating that embarrassing allusion to the engagement relation would be to enlist him in conversation. So, as they started toward Machado's corral, along the alternation of jump-offs and rattling, sun-huffed planking which constituted the sidewalks of Coloro, she opened on a subject which she opined would be pretty sure to develop the old desert man's powers of picturesque expatiation.



"You spoke about Mr. Red's trying to arrest the marshal of Coloro," she began demurely, turning to Old Dad with just enough of a smile to show that she appreciated the humor of the situation. "Is the said peace officer still at large?"

"Yes, you bet he's at large," boasted Old Dad defiantly. "He's hidin' out in the chaparral—from—*me*. The marshal of Coloro is a young, lop-eared hound that's been put into office here by a bunch of danged cow thieves that run this town. Whenever he goes on a tear he's a terror—a regular desperaydo. He's on a tear now, but you bet he's got sense enough, drunk or sober, to stay in the high brush until *I've* pulled *my* freight for Rancho Hernandez."

"But," said The Lady, much interested and not a little impressed by the fearless abandon of the veteran major-domo, "if the marshal of Coloro is such a dangerous character and intoxicated, I should think you would be, well, just a little afraid of coming across him."

"I'm *lookin'* for that hombre," declared Old Dad valiantly. "Dang his ornery h-heart, he'll stand around and laugh while that Pierce outfit, every one of 'em whisky-drinkin', cow-thievin' desperaydos, ride up and down these plank sidewalks and shoot up signs. But let anyone from the Hernandez come in to celebrate pay day, and before he's had time to get ten drinks he's shot up, or else jumped by a gang of deputized barroom bums, and properly beat up and thrown in. But the next time *I* meet up with *him* I'll make him crawl—the hulkin' hound!"

THE old man's naive exposé of social and political unrest in Coloro made The Lady feel just the least mite nervous; and, as she and Brenton and the major-domo made their way through the strange adobe town, she fell to wondering if, in case of danger, she would really have anyone but the stanch old frontiersman to defend her.

When they arrived at Machado's corral, Old Dad walked over to where the team was standing and pulled a pair of black Angora chaps out of the wagon.

"Here," he said, handing them to Brenton, "these belong to that red-headed broncho twister. The danged fool never wears 'em except when he rides to town; but here they are, and we don't want an extra pound draggin' back over them mountains."

Now, chaps are riding breeches, the imposing leathern kind which make you look and feel like a rider. And when it comes to Angora chaps—well, the most modest rider in the world could not wear a pair of Angora chaps without appearing to swagger. When the quiet Brenton stepped into Paisano Red's ostentatious properties, The Lady viewed her man with intense, although properly concealed, satisfaction. Then, as Old Dad threw him a pair of silver-mounted spurs, she had to suppress a desire to walk right over to the "young eddicated feller" and kiss him.

"Come on with that *h*-horse, dang your heart," bawled Old Dad. And a moment later a grinning stable buck led a lean, saddled mustang out from the corral *ramada*. The animal walked gingerly and with a very noticeable hump on its back. Also, it glanced with low, subdued snorts from right to left as though in fear of being scared into fits at any moment by the dangling stirrups. There is no doubt in the world that Brenton, even under the spell of wearing a broncho-twister's chaps, would have had sense enough to stay off a horse like that; but—well, sometimes, and especially when you are traveling with The Lady, there are the conspiring circumstances.

"He ain't gentled yet," explained Old Dad, surveying the spraddled mustang grimly. "But Paisano Red took the buck out of him—and he's been rode five times."

"What is that broad, leathern band above his eyes?" asked Brenton with an off-handedness that was largely genuine, thanks mostly to the fact again that he was wearing the riding breeches of a cowboy.

"That plug is subject to headaches," snarled Old Dad with a vicious display of disgust.

UPON this remark the stable buck's grin suddenly expanded into a guffaw—over what the uninitiated Brenton was wholly unable to decipher.

When Brenton took the horsehair rope from the rude attaché of the stable and walked toward the mustang, that "ungentled" brute snorted resonantly, and, whirling about, would have dragged the "young eddicated feller" clear across the corral had not a stalwart bystander come to his rescue. The Lady's heart was going pit-a-pat from apprehension—but at the same time she was tingling to her toes in anticipation of the brave figure her intended liege lord would make when, in jingling, tufted, cowboy equipage, he rode an untamed mustang out through the streets of that romantic old adobe town. Anticipating a manly disregard of her interference at this juncture, she called pleadingly: "Oh, please, George, don't go near him!"

Brenton's obtuseness and his habitual regard for the feelings of The Lady caused him to pause a moment. But instantly the strident voice of the veteran major-domo broke in: "That plug has got to go out to the ranch—and no team of mine is goin' to pull on a skate that drag-lags worse than a mule."

Turning determinedly then, Brenton approached the mustang—that is, he tried to approach him. But the moment he reached for the saddle the animal cow-kicked and, with a resounding snort, lurched sidewise.

"Oh, please, *please* stay away from that awful beast!" pleaded the distressed, but jubilant, Lady.

This plea, coupled with his own sound judgment, decided Brenton. Turning courteously to the major-domo, he said: "I don't think, Mr. Mills, that it would be wise for me to attempt to ride this unbroken horse. I am not accustomed to handling bronchos, and—"

"Why, you *said* you could ride, dang yore *h*-heart," bawled Old Dad belligerently. "You don't *expect* to get on a horse that's only been rode five times, do you, without pullin' his *blind!*"

ALLOWING Brenton no moment of time to answer, the now fiercely disgruntled major-domo snatched the horsehair rope out of his hands, and, approaching the scuttling, snorting mustang from the front, with a wary and experienced lookout for hoofs and teeth, managed by a series of long-armed, overhanded dabs to work the broad leathern band down over the animal's eyes.

"Now," snarled Old Dad, "a college pruffessor could get on him."

But by this time Brenton had definitely decided to go no further with the performance. He had, in the first place, sense enough not to. And, in the second place, he noticed that The Lady was sending him appealing glances and seemed violently perturbed.

When Brenton, with a courteous explanation, declined to take the horsehair rope out of Old Dad's hands, the major-domo was too aghast with rage to speak. And The Lady—she saw all her dream of love and home come tumbling to the ground.

"But, George," she said in her most sedate and argumentative manner, "Mr. Mills says that the horse will not lead well behind the wagon."

This was confusing to a poor, obtuse dub of a male who generally meant all he said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Simply," replied The Lady firmly, "that I don't see how we can get the pony to the ranch unless *some* one rides him. And we have such a long way to go—and it's getting dreadfully warm already."

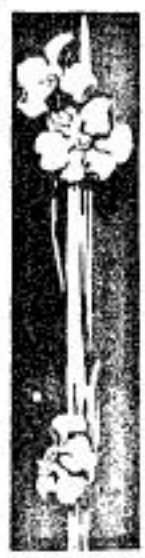
"But it would be nothing less than idiotic, Grace," he expostulated, "for a comparatively inexperienced rider—"

"I think we have always considered you an excellent rider," interrupted The Lady. Then, with the air of a prepared-to-be-disappointed woman, she waited.

"But Grace," exclaimed Brenton, "listen to reason! What possible—"

That settled it. With desperation in her eyes, The Lady advanced to Old Dad and reached out for the horsehair rope that held the blinded broncho.

"I'd get on him myself, Mr. Mills—if—if there weren't so many men in the room—I mean, of course, the inclosure."



OLD DAD handed her the rope with no audible attempt to express his unholy horror of the "young eddicated feller's" capacity as a quitter.

Brenton had only a glimmering of why this thing was happening to him. But his emotions were distinctly those of a man who had been kicked in the face. Without saying a word he took the horsehair rope from The Lady and, coiling it as he walked, advanced upon the mustang.

As he finished tying the coiled rope to the saddle, the coterie of loafers was swelled by a contingent from a near-by saloon, where the news had spread that a young man wearing store clothes, a stand-up collar, and Paisano Red's Angora chaps was going to show off before his girl by riding a "Chualar bronc" over at Machado's corral. As the Chualars are about the meanest strain of range stock in the Southwest, Brenton's audience came prepared to witness a spectacular downfall.

Brenton mounted in good form—for an experienced rider of livery-stable horses. But as the blindfolded mustang then remained spraddled and motionless, except for sundry nervous twitchings, the "young eddicated feller" was somewhat at a loss as to procedure. At that moment, however, Old Dad bawled fiercely: "Dang yore *h*-heart, why don't you pull up yer blind?"

Wincing angrily at the insolent scorn of the veteran major-domo, the young Harvard man leaned forward in the saddle and awkwardly raised the broad, leathern band so as to uncover the broncho's eyes. Now, if Paisano Red had mounted the Chualar and had raised the blind, it is ten to one that there would have been nothing to interest the corral loafers that morning. And, as it was, the mustang merely stood spraddled, although softly snorting, until Brenton punched him respectfully with the spurs. Then the brute, lawlessly rooting its head and yawing its neck defiantly from side to side, advanced in a humped, stiff-legged trot for about ten paces. To Brenton this was distinctly disconcerting. In fact, it is hard to imagine anything which is more disconcerting to a skilled rider of broken horses than to feel for the first time an absolutely irrational response to the rein.

ANOTHER thing. In riding, Brenton had always been used to seeing a horse's ears and neck and mane out ahead of him. It was as much a part of being mounted as feeling the horse with his knees. And now, suddenly, he found himself looking down over the horn of the saddle, and staring blankly for one second at the ground. And the ground, viewed from this position, seemed a good ways below him. The next moment the wiry Chualar bounded into the air like a bounced rubber ball, and gave its back a violent, snapping wriggle. Brenton grabbed ignominiously for the pommel. When the broncho descended to hardpan with all four legs braced like posts, the rider was more than half unseated. The next jump of the mustang was a "half around" toward the fence, and this, to the tremendous delight of the local audience, shot Brenton up and over—clear over the fence, where he landed in a most ungainly sprawl on a pile of baling wire, barrel hoops, and old tin cans.

It is difficult, when flopped by a twenty-five-dollar mustang, to arise in good form even from the floor of a corral. A cowboy can do it, but he springs up very quickly. Brenton made the mistake of pulling himself lamely to his hands and knees, and, in addition, was unfortunate enough besides to get his Angora chaps tangled in the meshes of a snarl of wire.

Upon this, of course, the local audience redoubled what is technically known on the frontier as "the horse laugh." But the sight of the "young eddicated feller" in his spurs and chaps having to crawl back over a fence to get to his mount threw the assembled loafers into the final stage of merriment—that is, as they say in the West, they "jest *hollered* and laughed." And some threw dust into the air (most of these, to be sure, were Texans), and some beat their hats on the ground, and some convulsively lapsed their arms across aching abdominal regions. And The Lady—well, the strain of final examinations had left her nerves unstrung, and, moreover, she was dreadfully relieved to see that her man was not injured—at any rate, she laughed, too, just a little, partly to keep from being conspicuous before that horrid crowd of men.

AS BRENTON had arisen from that pyramid of débris in the rear of Chin Laey's restaurant, he had become fired with the intention of whipping some one in that crowd. But he had recoiled from this instantly upon the thought that The Lady would be a witness to the brawl. Then, his fighting spirit at white heat, he determined to ride that mustang if it bucked him to pieces. When, however, from the top of the corral, he saw The Lady laughing, that settled it for him. He would not make a fool of himself for her any longer.

"Miss Danverson," he said, passing her to get with his chaps and spurs to the wagon, "so far as I am concerned, the performance is over. If you are satisfied with the publicity we have attained, I move that we proceed to Rancho Hernandez."

"Uncalled-for," "unprovoked," "ungentlemanly," "outrageous," were some of the tentative, fragmentary retorts which rushed through the mind of the indignant Lady; but she held her word flow firmly in check until she could formulate something which would fittingly and with finality break an engagement. Then providentially, so far at least as Dan Cupid was concerned, the marshal of Coloro returned to town—and not from the high brush, as the valiant major-domo had led the strangers to believe, but from a mescal joint in the Mexican Gulch quarter. Spying a few belated saloon loafers hurrying toward Machado's corral, the inebriated peace officer spurred his foaming mustang straight for this excitement center, approaching with a rush of hoofs and a warning "*pese*-PAH" just in time to snap off The Lady's swift compilation of severing, biting phrases.

WHIRLING in the direction of the fierce yell, Brenton saw, by the saucer-sized silver star on the flapping vest of the drunken horseman, that this indeed was the marshal of Coloro. Instinctively recalling Old Dad's recently expressed intention of making the unworthy peace officer "crawl like a hulkin' hound," he turned toward the seasoned frontiersman, only to see that belligerent individual making a headlong dive at a

(Continued on page 32)

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Your House in Order

By Peter Clark Macfarlane



"AND *when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home, unto his city,* and set his house in order, *. . . and he died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father."—2 Sam. xvii, 23*

DEATH comes rather suddenly to one's neighbors at times. You remember, for instance, the man you met last Tuesday afternoon at the club. He was a delightfully companionable chap. You were surprised to discover that he lived in your own block. Each of you laid plans to pursue the acquaintance of the other. That, as I said, was on Tuesday. On Saturday, as you were cranked up to motor out to the links, there was a funeral in the block that held up your car for a minute. Six bareheaded men were carrying something out from the brown front half a dozen doors below your own. The delay irritated you. Funerals should be regulated, you reflected, so they could not block the streets. Just as much to fill the interval of waiting as anything else, you asked your chauffeur whose funeral it was, and he asked the policeman, and the policeman, judging by your chugging six cylinders that you were somewhat, asked the hackman. The hackman inquired of the undertaker's assistant. For a wonder the undertaker's assistant knew whose funeral he was conducting, so that the name of the deceased came back to you. It was that of your newly made friend. Tuesday you clinked glasses with him at the club. Saturday his funeral got in your way.

Appendicitis? Yes, or a bad heart, or a quick pneumonia, or a blood clot. There are plenty of exits. Just think! Every week some friend or acquaintance trickles out of life. Think again. It might have been your new acquaintance who was motoring to the links and it might have been your funeral that got in his way.

DYING is such a ridiculously easy thing! You are in your library. The door is open. You can hear the piano strumming in the living room. The children are playing in the hall. The telephone bell rings. The piano stops. You hear your wife's voice, soft and melodious, answering the telephone. You are dimly conscious of all this, but your attention is centered upon what you are reading. Abruptly you feel a touch of pain and a sickening sensation as if some of the machinery staggered, as if the mainspring in your breast had suddenly run down. The lines of print wabble and knock into each other. Large white spots appear upon the page. The light seems to sputter and then go out. . . .

The paper is lying on the floor now. One of your hands swings idle and empty for a moment and then is still. Your chin is on your breast. Your eyes are half closed. The light is really still shining, but you do not see it, for it was your life that sputtered and went out.

The voice is gone from the telephone. The piano is strumming again. The children are singing now. It is ragtime, but you do not protest. You know nothing of it. You are gone. And the people of the home do not know that you are gone. They are laughing and talking and singing. By and by some of them will come tiptoeing in to speak to father; but he will not hear them

And now that you are gone, in what condition did you leave your family? Did you make a will? Does it represent exactly what you wish to be done with your property? Did you have any life insurance? Is it payable to the persons to whom you want it to go? Have you any money in the banks? Do you know that, though you may have large sums on deposit, unless you have made a will or some other legal provision to guard against the contingency, your wife cannot touch a penny of that money until the estate has been administered and tedious legal processes gone through with? She is moneyless, and is dependent upon friends or upon the professional lenders, even perhaps the loan sharks.

Let me cite you a case taken from the books of a law firm in New York City.

The man was a loving, indulgent, well-meaning sort of husband, perhaps very like yourself. He was employed by the city. On his death he left a wife, a profligate son, and a foster daughter. There was unpaid salary coming to him from the city, and accounts were standing in his name in several banks, but no will was found.

The widow, although nearly prostrated by grief, found herself in immediate need of funds for many necessities, and applied to the city for her husband's unpaid salary. The pay clerk told her that she could not obtain it until she had qualified as administratrix of the estate. Greatly disturbed, she hurried to one of the banks, but was there notified that not only must she qualify as administratrix but also obtain a waiver of the inheritance tax from the Comptroller of the State. She went from bank to bank, only to hear the same conditions imposed. At the time when more than anything else in the world she wanted to give her heart up to its sorrow, she was compelled to go with her weeds upon her, trailing her grief and distress from one money lender's office to another until she found one who would furnish her with funds upon conditions she could meet.

HAD this husband's house been decently in order, a will would have been found among his papers, which made his wife or some trustworthy friend his executor without bonds, and those moneys and other assets of the estate would have been available within a very few days.

But there are other and far graver consequences that may fall upon the loved ones through failure to have a will prepared. Take the very case in point. The son of this man had virtually been cast out of the home because of his profligate habits. The father had frequently stated that he would never leave him anything. The property was all to go to the wife and the foster daughter; but unfortunately this intention was never expressed in the form of a will. After the father's death, too, an apparent defect in the adoption of the foster daughter developed, and it is more than possible she will inherit nothing, under the law, although she has been in the family since infancy. This means that the wife must give up two-thirds of the estate to this vagabond son, who will waste it in dissipation. As if to make the conditions still worse and furnish a more ominous warning of what a neglectful husband and father may inflict upon his loved ones by sheer carelessness, this profligate son has not been heard from for two years. According to New York State laws, no presumption of his death will arise until he has been absent and not heard from for seven years. Before this estate can be distributed it will be necessary, therefore, to advertise for this son at least two or three times, and even then, in all probability, a share representing his interest will be set aside and tied up for a long time.

Thus the plans of a lifetime were shattered, and two-thirds of the savings that the wife's frugality had helped to gather were endangered and locked up, because this man had neglected to spend one hour with his lawyer.

THE records bristle with warning examples. One which comes to mind is the case of a woman, who was the money earner of the family. She had accumulated several thousand dollars. Her husband was a weak sort of fellow. He attended to the simple bookkeeping and he deposited the money in the bank. For convenience in signing checks, the bank account was in his name, although he was not the producer, and neither in his thought nor hers was the money his. She died, leaving three children by a former marriage. A few months later the husband died. The woman had left no will, nor did the husband. In the judicial settlement of that estate two-thirds of the money in the bank went to the husband's relatives whom this hard-working woman had never seen, and to whom she owed no obligation; while her own children, who should have had it all, received but one-third. This woman's house was not in order. That bank account should have been in her own name. It was as much her duty to prepare a will that would protect her children after her death as to provide for them while she lived.

ANOTHER case ranges farther afield and opens the door of imagination to a network of complications which may come hurrying in upon the heels of negligence.

A young man engaged in a prosperous business was prostrated by serious illness, but for which no fatal termination was anticipated. During his incapacity the business was managed by his chief clerk, to whom he gave a power of attorney. This power of attorney enabled the clerk to sign checks, to meet the pay roll, and make other financial dispositions necessary to the conduct of the business. Quite unexpectedly the young man died, leaving a mother and a sister and no will.

Instantly the business was thrown into chaos. For, according to the law, a power of attorney dies with the person who makes it. The clerk could no longer draw checks. The bank account was absolutely inaccessible. It was like money in a safe with a time lock set *sine die*. To meet this contingency the sister was compelled to give bond of a surety company at considerable expense in order to administer the estate. Even then the business must have been closed out with great resulting loss had it not been that friends were found who appreciated the situation sufficiently to advance money for operation in the period which must elapse between the young man's death and the qualification of his sister as administratrix.

And even then it was only possible that she could continue the business because all the heirs happened to be of full age and all consented in writing to such a continuance. Had there been any minor children or heirs-at-law who were under age it would have been necessary for the protection of the administratrix that she should sell this business. Otherwise she ran the risk of being sued by one of the minors when he became of age for any loss incurred during her management of the business.

This young man's house lacked very much of being in order. There were two ways in which he could have put it in order. One would have been to make a will providing for the continuance of the business by his executor. This would have saved the expense of surety-company bonds, and would have avoided the risk incurred by the administratrix. Another way, so far as his business was concerned, would have been to incorporate it. His death then would in no wise have disturbed the operation of the corporation, beyond the removal of his own guiding mind.

NOW, what ought these perfectly well-meaning people to have done? Quite obviously they ought to have reflected that the issues of life are uncertain, and they should have provided against them. With these examples in mind, would it not be well for you to make an immediate appointment with your lawyer? Go and sit down with him. Project your mind into the situation upon the day after the funeral and ask your attorney how to build a bridge from now till then over which your properties and moneys may pass safely into the hands of those you wish to receive them.

Do not allow yourself to suppose that your estate is too small to make such provision worth while. The smaller the estate the more your dependents are likely to need it, and the smaller the estate the quicker court costs will devour it. On the other hand, do not suppose your properties are so large that you need not consider making a will, just because there will be enough of it to supply abundant picking for all the heirs. You can hardly expect courts and public administrators, or legislative enactments dealing after a hit-or-miss fashion, to apportion your estate as wisely as you could apportion it yourself. Having had brains enough to accumulate property, the law presumes you to have brains enough to distribute it wisely, and therefore it gives you the right to make your will and to nominate the executors of your will.

Of course, numerous readers are snapping their fingers vigorously to get a chance to observe that often

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wills are broken like fragile china. That is perfectly true. We have numerous historical instances of eminent men, themselves skilled lawyers, who have carefully framed their wills and provided for the disposition of great properties after their death, only to have their intention defeated. There is the case of Samuel J. Tilden, one of the most brilliant of American lawyers. Tilden had been practicing before New York State courts for a lifetime. If any man could be expected to know how to lay down the lines of a will and chart its course through the sinuosities and involutions of court decisions, Samuel J. Tilden should have known. But he did not. He put four millions of his estate in trust for certain great philanthropic purposes. He gathered that money; he knew where he wanted it to go; but his heirs attacked the trust provision and broke it. They, and not the philanthropies, got the four millions. Tilden did not have his will. The heirs had theirs.

The moral of this to will makers who have philanthropic designs, or who wish to do anything with their property besides give it to their heirs, is: Be your own executor. Start your trusts while you live. Officer them, endow them, direct them, stamp them now with the force of your own personality and initiative.

IT IS a very singular and a very common human weakness that men allow their charitable motives to be defeated by making the enterprise a posthumous one. It is common to see men of great business genius spend ten or twenty of the closing years of life sitting around in the chill air of their bank vaults. They are no longer trying to make money. They are trying to keep what they have and hold what comes to them through the power of money to attract money. At the same time these men are often known to cherish plans for the disposition of their money. They plan trusts and foundations and various other methods for the employment of this money in supposedly unselfish service of the race. But curiously these plans are usually made to take effect after the donors themselves are dead. Why is this? They no longer need it. What better use could they make of their own rusting business ability than to apply it to the active organization and operation of the philanthropic purposes they have in mind? Can it be that they cannot trust themselves to direct a benevolent enterprise? Can it be that having trained themselves to acquisitiveness they cannot break the habit, that so long as they live they must hoard their gold, and only in death, when they know they must part with it, can they command resolution of soul even to contemplate its employment in another behalf than their own?

I once talked to a multimillionaire in the interest of a certain benevolence. This millionaire was a kind-hearted man of great simplicity of character. He was plain in manner and easily approachable. Benevolence was his hobby. Plans for helping others, and especially for inducing rich men to part with their money for philanthropic purposes, made up a large part of his conversation outside of business hours. Yet the man himself was miserly in all his giving. He gave tens where he should have given ten thousands. Often he gave nothing at all. In the privacy of his luxurious library, which was but one corner of a home that was like a palace, I pressed this man very closely for a gift to the benevolence which I represented. He threw up his hands helplessly and his face took on the expression of a hunted animal. There was a terrible look of fear in his eyes and his voice quavered as he whispered hoarsely:

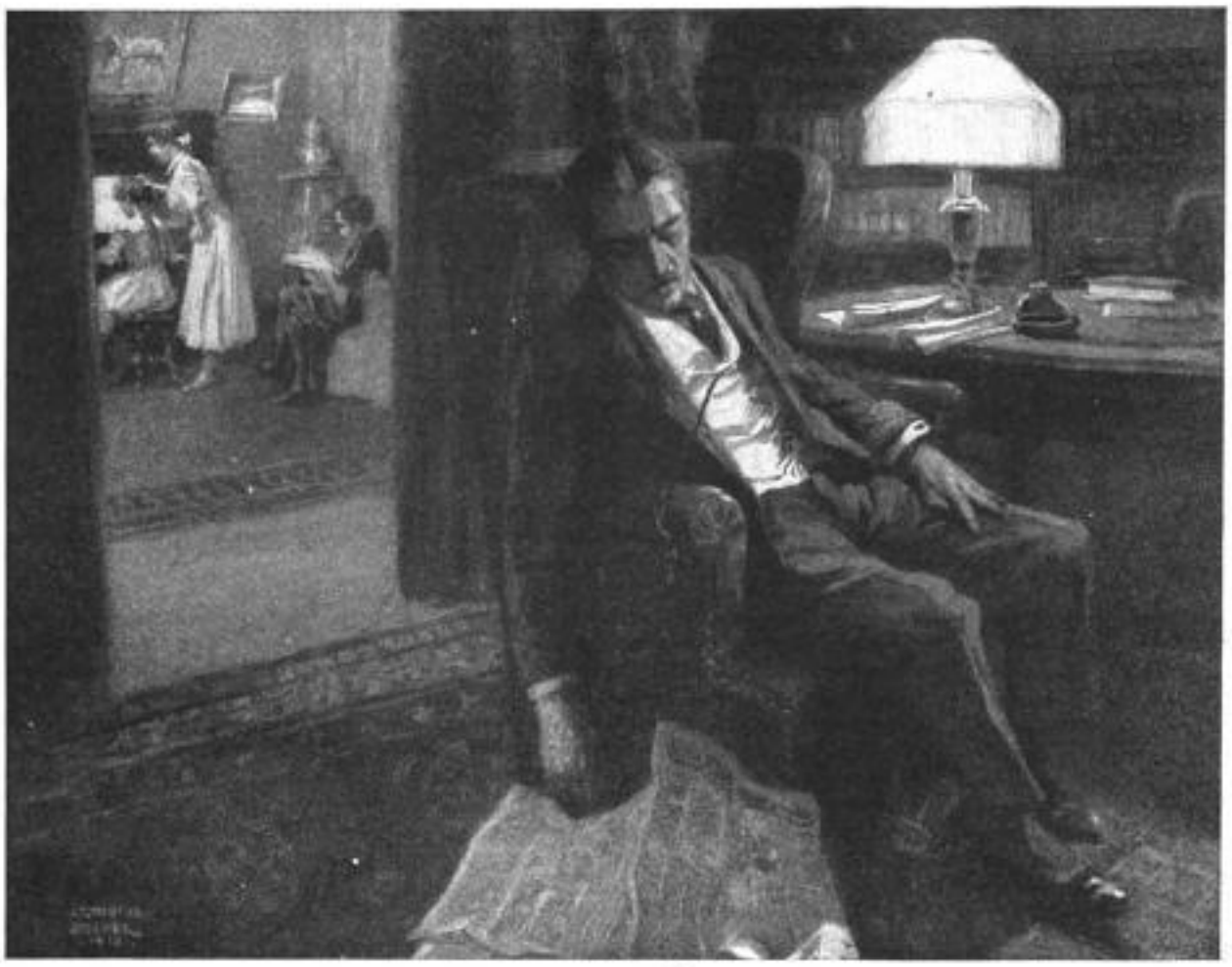
"Mr. Macfarlane, *I have always had a fear that I might die in poverty!*"

THAT was his answer. He could not give me the money. Every line of his face and every accent of his voice showed that he spoke the absolute truth. I went away feeling a real sympathy for that kind-hearted, poverty-haunted old man, who with all his millions could not give. In his early youth he had fought with poverty face to face as you might fight with a dog for a bone. The fear of poverty made him rich—*and kept him rich!* His fingers had been so long clenched that he could not force them open when he would.

Don't let yourself get that way. Try to execute as many of your benevolences as possible yourself. Then you know your intentions will be carried out. Dr. Pearson died the other day in Illinois. He had given millions of dollars to small colleges. He died with little more than a lot in the cemetery, and no courts are clogged and no lawyers are fattening through disputes over the execution of his will. There is no possibility that his intentions will be defeated. He was the executor of his own will.

IN FACT, one reason wills break is that they are overloaded. Rich men may relieve the strain upon their wills by administering their benevolences in their lifetime; and both rich and the moderately circumstanced, by means of trust deeds which only become effective at death, can apportion much of their property directly, and greatly simplify the task of their executors as well as greatly increase their own assurance that their appurtenances and hereditaments go where they want them to go.

The disposition of a man to center all the reins of



By and by some of the children will come tiptoeing in to speak to father; but he will not hear them

control in himself often leads him to have his life insurance made payable to his estate. We have already seen how greatly needful ready cash is to the wife or heirs of a decedent. You can further execute your own will by making your life insurance policies payable directly to your wife or your children. Such policies, payable to the widow, for instance, are usually collectable within a few weeks and sometimes even within a few days. To many a distraught woman, perplexed by the entangling loose ends of an estate, which are inevitable when a man is in active business, the checks of the life insurance companies have come like gifts from heaven.

BUT there is no reason at all why one need distrust wills when one is making the ordinary and simple disposition of property to care for dependent ones. A will drawn by any competent lawyer usually will prove an adequate safeguard to them. It is when a man of large fortune seeks to dispose of his property in some new and unusual way, where the precedents are not clear, or when a man of any fortune at all, through eccentricity, attempts to make some freakish or unjust devise, that wills are broken most frequently.

The size of the bequest alone invites cupidity. Often a will disposing of one million dollars is broken when the same will disposing of ten thousand dollars would stand, simply because the prize was not big enough to warrant going at it with the burglar tools of the professional will cracker. The simple fact is that the ordinary will of the ordinary man, drawn by the average lawyer and disposing of the average estate in the way that a judicious husband and father would wisely provide for his loved ones, will be sustained in most all cases and will save many sorts of trouble to the heirs at law.

At about the same time when the brilliant lawyer Tilden was elaborating the document which his heirs smashed, an ignorant old farmer in Missouri was writing his own will in a dozen lines upon a slate without the assistance of either lawyer or notary. Concerning that will, some writer, whose name I do not remember and whose exact words I cannot recall, reported that it had withstood the determined assaults of a round dozen of lawyers and successfully distributed a very considerable property. As to bequests, therefore, be your own executor in so far as you can. In so far as you cannot, make your will with the advice of your lawyer, and provide for posthumous executors, making your intentions perfectly clear and as easily dischargeable as you can.

One very great care to have in mind when in a testamentary mood is the matter of bonds. Remember that when you die without a will some one must apply to a court to be appointed administrator of your estate. If that one cannot prove his right to administer the estate to the satisfaction of the court, the petition will be denied, and the final winding up of your affairs will go to the public administrator, who is concerned with the handling of the property of hundreds of other intestates. In the very nature of the case, he can give your affairs no especial consideration; he will merely grind them as rapidly as possible through the wasteful mills of legal procedure, and the amount of meal that finally comes out in your hopper may be distressingly small.

ON THE other hand, supposing that the petitioner for letters of administration is possibly the one you would have chosen yourself had you made a will, and that the court approves the petition, the next question is a bond. Had you named this person as executor in your will, you could have p r o v i d e d that he serve "without bonds." Since you made no will and he has the protection of no such forethought upon your part, he must face the full rigor of the law in this regard. In most States the law requires that an administrator can qualify and receive letters of administration only after filing a bond in a sum *double* the amount of the personal property of the deceased; and in some States there must be added to the amount of personal property the probable value of the annual rents, profits, and issues of real property belonging to the deceased. In two States, at least—Iowa and Massachusetts—this rule is not absolutely hard and fast, as the judge of the court of jurisdiction fixes the amount of the bond. Usually, however, these courts will make it double the value of the personal estate, which, as we have seen, is the statute law in most commonwealths. The Massachusetts law does loosen up to the extent that security may be waived if all of the heirs are of full age and legal capacity, but if any are minors, incompetent persons, or creditors, the minors and incompetent persons must be cited through their appropriate guardian and the creditors notified to show cause why security should not be given. Even after the parties thus waive, the court may revoke the order and require a bond.

Yet a man may spare all this expensive and burdensome technicality to his administrators by the simple expedient of the making of a will in which he names his own executor or executors and in which he provides that they shall serve "without bonds."

Mention was made a moment ago of life insurance. At this tick of the clock it is almost axiomatic that the man who has no life insurance is a bad housekeeper. The poor man cannot afford to be without it and the wealthy man dare not. The man who, having a family and perhaps a business dependent upon him, does not protect one or both with life insurance is a gambler. He is betting on the red to win; but there are just as many black pockets as red ones, as well as some that are neither. Therefore red loses oftener than it wins every day, and there is one day when it is *sure to lose!* In that day what are your wife and children going to do and what is your business going to do? The advantages of carrying life insurance are so obvious and the disadvantages of not carrying it are so much more obvious that it seems hardly necessary to urge it upon anyone. Yet I am going to cite two cases to show that it is necessary to urge it.

ONE of these was a business man on the Pacific Coast. He had a business which with him at the head of it was worth $400,000. It could probably have been sold for that amount. It was incorporated, but he owned all the stock except the nominal allotment to the

(Concluded on page 30)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT IS now generally conceded that both the tariff bill and the banking bill will probably pass in the shape in which the Administration has framed them. This is because the confidence that the country has in the President gives him a prestige which enables him to impress his will upon Congress in a way that is not often the case. It is generally conceded that there will not be more than two Democratic traitors (the two from Louisiana) to vote against the tariff bill, *and* it is very likely that while the progressive Republicans will debate against the bill and point out its defects, several of them will at the end vote in favor of it as something better than the existing Payne-Aldrich Bill.

The Boomerang

THE Senate spent ten valuable days conducting an inquiry into the existence of a lobby. This episode began with President Wilson's public expression of a wish that the lobby would go home and leave Congress free to attend to the public business. The President had nothing more in mind than to free Senators and Members from the annoying importunities to which they are subjected, and expedite the passage of the tariff bill. But some Republican Senators, led by Mr. Cummins of Iowa, took the President's utterance as a reflection on them, proposed an investigation which was called by an innocuous title, but which was really meant to embarrass the President by creating doubt of the accuracy of his assertion. It is the clearest proof of the innocence of Senator Cummins's mind that the investigation has much more than justified all the President said. Also it has greatly enlarged his prestige, and has increased the power of dominating the Senate which that prestige gives him.

Time

THE introduction of the banking bill will give the Lower House something to do. Otherwise it would be idle while the Senate is discussing the tariff bill. It is not likely the Senate will conclude its discussion of the two bills before October.

"Jones Wants a Clerk"

THERE isn't any dishonesty in the Senate. Even that subservience to big interests which caused the uprising of a few years ago remains only in a few such cases as Penrose and Oliver of Pennsylvania, so small in quantity as to be negligible. The real bane of the Senate now is incompetence, and a glaring example of low efficiency showed itself one day in June. The Senate opened at two o'clock. After prayer the first Senator to speak was Jones of Washington; he suggested the absence of a quorum, which necessitated a roll call; three minutes later he objected to dispensing with the reading of the Journal; three minutes later he asked for a vote on the approval of the Journal; one minute later he called for a division; five minutes later he again made the point of no quorum; twice more in the next twenty minutes he made the point of no quorum. In all of this, of course, Senator Jones was merely making himself a nuisance by delaying routine business and causing as much inconvenience and loss of time as possible. The explanation came when Senator William J. Stone of Missouri arose with a good deal of heat and said:

> Mr. President, the remarkable performance of the Senator from Washington [Mr. Jones], which he has been carrying on here to the absolute disgust of every Senator on the floor for nearly a week, is predicated, as we all understand, upon the failure of the Senate to adopt a resolution giving him an additional $1,200 clerk. This is a most grievous thing and a great public wrong which no doubt justifies this remarkable and most unusual action on the part of the Senator from Washington. With a view to ending this farce, I am going to make the proposition that if the Senator from Washington will prepare a subscription paper, I will get one of the pages to circulate among Senators, and I think we can raise enough to pay a clerk for six months, and then go on with the business of the Senate.

Senator Stone's expression of sarcastic indignation was interrupted by the expression of an opinion from the chair that his language was "bordering pretty closely upon a violation of the rules of the Senate," and so Senator Ashurst, when he arose to protest, used more gentle words:

> Mr. ASHURST—I desire in a spirit of friendship to say that I believe when the Senator from Washington reflects upon his conduct and observes that he is not only wasting his own time but the time of the ambassadors from forty-eight sovereign States, called here under the Constitution to deal with the complex and ever-present propositions of State and national sovereignty, and the destinies of 90,000,000 people, he will realize that the time of these ambassadors, these Senators, should not be wasted in frivolity. We should be about the business of the people. We should be attending to our duties. I hope the Senator from Washington [Mr. Jones] will no longer continue this filibuster, which does no credit to the Senate and reflects no credit upon himself.

It remained, however, for Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi to put the case in words which were not only clear but had a sparkle of humor:

> A moment ago I asked the Senator from Washington why he was holding up the business of the Senate and of the country, and obtained no reply except a sort of a defiance hurled at me, inviting me to make a reply for myself. That left me to guess at what his intentions were. I had much preferred to have had him state why he was holding up the business of the country. He leaves me, therefore, to draw my own inference.
>
> Something over 100 years ago Patrick Henry described American women as standing upon the tiptoe of expectancy, waiting to hear of American defeats or victories. He then described the American soldiery as in full panoply of war, fighting for liberty against British oppression. After drawing a picture of all America at that day at a very acute stage, he said that there was hurled at the ear of night the hoarse voice of one John Hook, who was screaming through the American army: "Beef!" "Beef!" "Beef!"
>
> I have never seen anything come much nearer a reproduction of that picture than what is going on now. Here are the sworn representatives of 90,000,000 people, expected to attend to the public business and to expedite it to the best of their ability, when there is hurled upon the startled ear of night the hoarse voice of the Senator from Washington, or perhaps the hoarse voice of a parrot somewhere, exclaiming: "Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!"
>
> The Senator from Missouri [Mr. Stone] comes into the Chamber and tries to get a hearing for the Indian Appropriation Bill, and there comes an objection to everything. Somebody asks why, and echo answers: "Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!"
>
> But that is not all. There steps into the Senate the Senator from Mississippi, desirous of making brilliant remarks relevant to public issues, and he is silenced, too; and the gentle shepherd asks why, and echo answers: "Because Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!" "Jones wants a clerk!"
>
> Mr. President, since John Hook went through the American army, disregardful of all the great acute crises of patriotism surrounding him, screaming "Beef!" "Beef!" "Beef!" nothing precisely like this has presented itself to the American people. We cannot do a thing; we can scarcely get this body adjourned to go out and attend the meetings of subcommittees; we cannot prepare tariff bills, because we must be here to see what is going on; and no business can be done on the floor of the Senate because the Senator from Washington wants a clerk.
>
> I served in the other House with the Senator from Washington. I served with him here. I am very fond of him. But I really do think he is making too much of a big thing about his wanting a clerk. That it is a large thing, I have no doubt. That it is of immense importance, I have no doubt. That it is a national issue, I have no doubt. But I do contend that it is not so great a national issue as attending to the people's business day by day.
>
> Mr. President, in my opinion there is a sacred right to filibuster now and then when a great cause is at stake, when a great principle is at stake, when a people's civilization is at stake, when something that is vital is up for consideration, and when it is desired that legislative action shall be held back until the American people can take due notice and instruct their representatives. But this is the first time in my life I have ever known the entire business of the country to be held up by a one-man filibuster, with no rime nor reason in it except the constant iteration and reiteration of the phrase: "Jones wants a clerk." I submit to my friend from Washington that the issue is entirely too small, that the amount in the pot is entirely too little for the ante demanded in order to play the game.

Senator Jones's only comment on this was again to make the point of no quorum.

It is fair to say that probably Senator Jones ought to have his clerk. Every Senator should be given ample clerical assistance to answer his letters and attend to the public business. It is also true that the Senate rules which permit this sort of filibuster are antiquated and far from perfect. But these facts do not alter the part Senator Jones played in an episode which the country will think less creditable than he seems to. To persons of simple common sense it will seem pretty irritating for time to be used up in this way at a moment when the business of the country is marking time until tariff and banking bills can be passed. The episode is told here at some length in the hope that it will come before the eyes of every voter of the State of Washington. Senator Jones's term expires March 3, 1915, and he will come before the people of his State for renomination and election during the coming eighteen months.

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Mr. Bryan Pays a Visit to Washington (D. C.)

AFTER three months of brilliant striving after the title of Gadabout Champion of all United States Cabinets, Secretary Bryan appears to have encountered such serious discouragements that experts now declare him practically disqualified from further competition. The blow fell at the height of the season of commencement addresses and almost on the eve of Bunker Hill Day.

The snapshot exhibited above, which shows the Commoner at Old Point Comfort costumed in his new silk hat and welcoming Dr. Lauro Müller, Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is prized as a photographic souvenir of the time when Mr. Bryan had attained his top speed as a distance man. In the three months from March 4 to June 4 he had put behind him 12,634 miles by rail and approximately 250 miles by motor car—a pace that in four years would have carried him 75,000 miles ahead of the record holder. And Mr. Taft is generally credited with having done a man's share toward mitigating the grief of railway and steamship owners over small dividends!

On June 7 Mr. Bryan added to his three months' mileage another 604 miles to attend a testimonial dinner at Pittsburgh in honor of George W. Guthrie, the new American Ambassador to Japan. The Old Point Comfort trip on June 10 brought the grand total close to 14,000 miles.

Washington correspondents are inclined to place the blame for the disqualification of the Commoner upon Mr. Wilson. A request that the Secretary of State stop over at Washington to attend some Cabinet meetings caused Mr. Bryan to cancel dates at Boston and Lowell and threw him completely out of his stride.

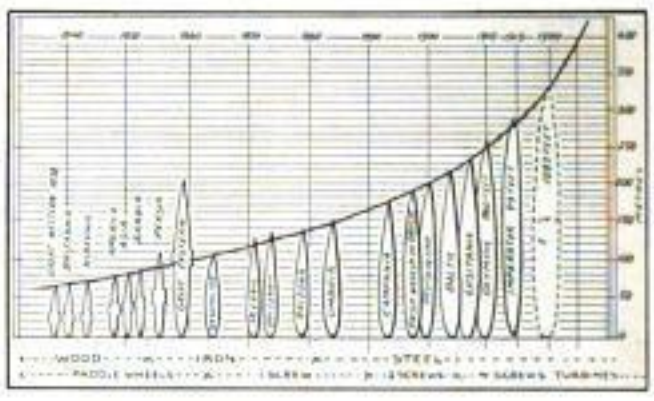
Mr. Bryan's marks are based on the following records: Washington to Chicago to Springfield to Lincoln and back—3,554. Washington to Trenton and return—338. Washington to Philadelphia and return—272. Sacramento via Chicago, Omaha, and Ogden, with a side trip to San Francisco, returning via Los Angeles, El Paso, Kansas City, Chicago, and Akron—6,754. Baltimore and return—80. New York and return—452. Harrisburg and return—247. New York and return—452. New Rochelle and return—485. Pittsburgh and return—604. Old Point Comfort on the *Mayflower*—378. By motor car—250. States visited—21.



A token of the great size of the Imperator is that she carries four captains and a commander. Hans Ruser, the commander, is the center of the group

Measuring the Liner of 1920

THE liveliest discussions set going by the arrival of the *Imperator* at New York on her maiden trip concern the new ship's luxuriousness and amazing size. When the limit in luxuriousness in ocean liners will be reached appears to be more difficult to forecast than to plot a curve indicating future dimensions. The chart here reproduced, the work of Julio F. Soranze of the American Society of Civil Engineers, shows that the growth of liners in the past seventy-five years has been remarkably consistent except in the instance of the *Great Eastern*, which was a generation ahead of her time. The progress that has been plotted indicates that in another decade we may sail on a ship nearly 1,100 feet in length. The *Imperator*, for all her many tokens of hugeness—her four captains and a commodore, her five anchors, a bridge ninety feet above the water line, and the like—is to be exceeded in size by two other boats now building.



A chart of the progress of 75 years in the building of ocean liners. The curve indicates 1,083 feet in 1920



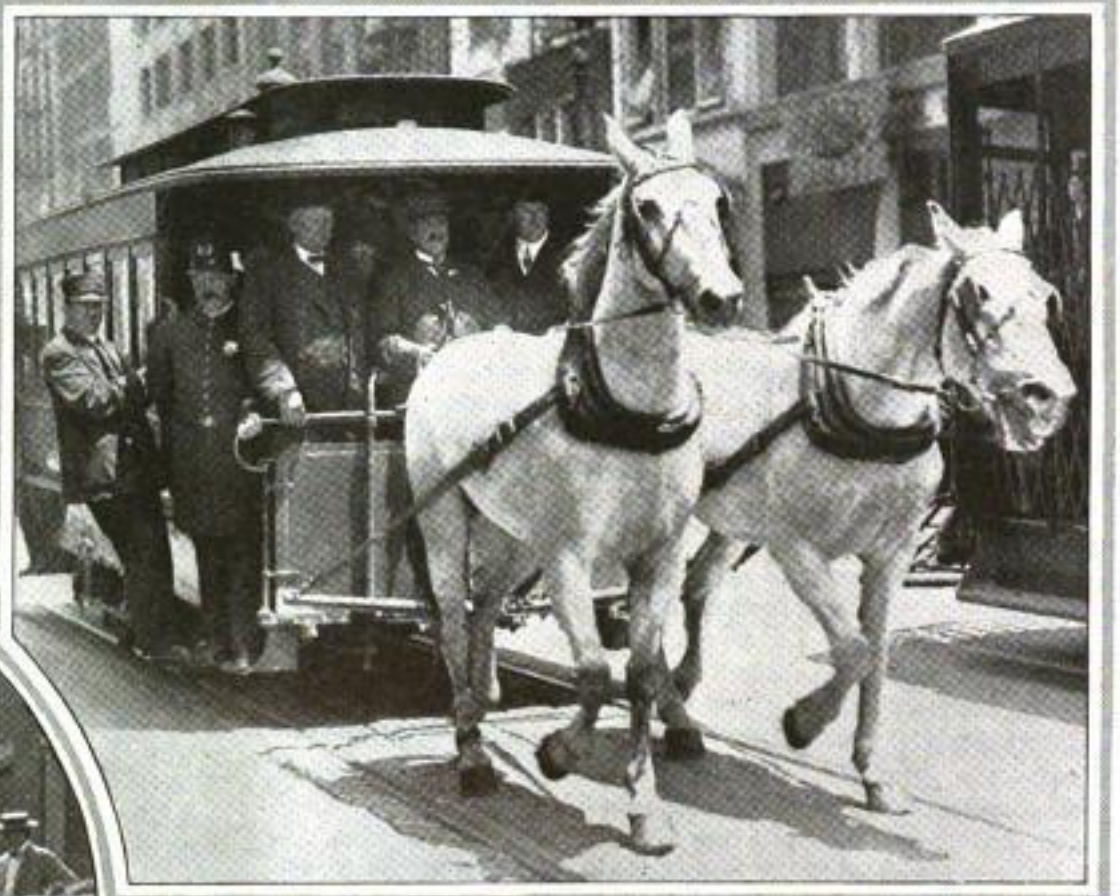
A New Record for Submarines

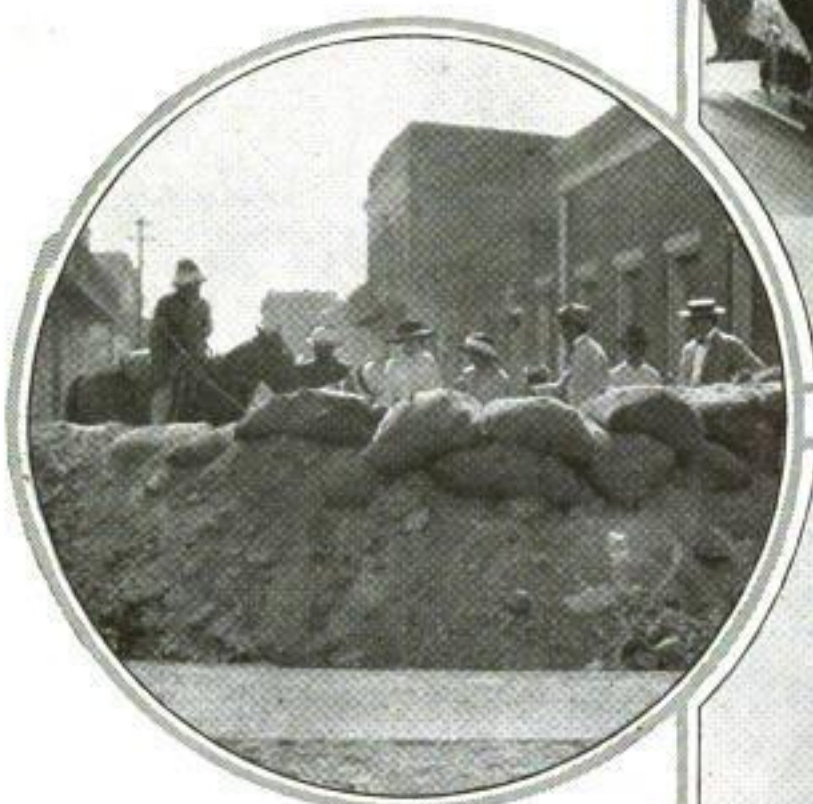
THE world's record for submergence in a submarine, set six years ago by the *Octopus*, was bettered twelve hours by John M. Cage's new boat in a test at Long Beach, Cal. The *Cage Submarine*, manned by the inventor and a crew of five, remained twenty-five feet below the surface for thirty-six hours. Our photograph shows the boat just after the test ended. The men made their experience something like a holiday, and, safe from interference from wives or constables, topped off with a twelve-hour poker game. While they played they smoked, and two 110-horsepower gasoline engines, working under water, purified the air. The inventor declares his submarine could have stood a test of a whole week

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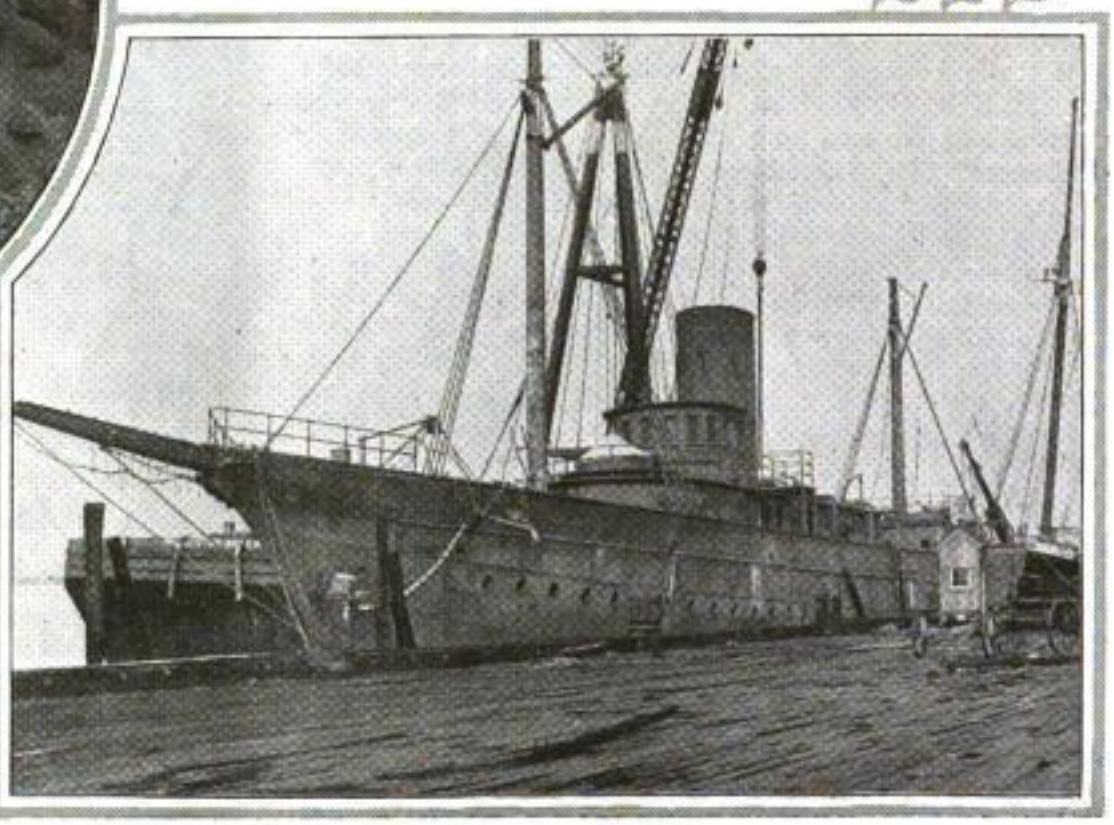
San Francisco Bids Farewell to Its Last Horse Car

SAN FRANCISCO has celebrated the end of horse-car traction. After trading his derby for a gold-braided cap, Mayor Rolph mounted to the front platform of the last of the city's chariots and drove up Market Street at noon while the midday crowds cheered and applauded. Beside him was J. H. Lee, the regular driver, who has piloted San Francisco horse cars for thirty-two years. The first of the big electric cars that are to succeed the chariot line whizzed past on the other track.





Matamoros, a port of great strategic value, is in the hands of the Mexican Constitutionalists, following a lively battle in barricaded streets. Our photograph shows one of the hastily constructed defenses



A Pawned Navy's Inglorious Finish

HAITI'S navy, the gunboat *Ferrier*, which has been displayed for sale in Philadelphia for more than a year, has found a buyer. He plans either to convert the navy into a freight barge or to sell it as junk. The boat has practically been in pawn ever since the Haitian Congress heard that to repair her would cost $50,000.



A Pirate in Snug Harbor

A PEACEFUL old age is at last the lot of one of the most venerable and wicked ships afloat. American capital has bought the Chinese pirate ship *Ning-Po;* and after crossing the Pacific in an eventful voyage of 159 days she is now cruising safely in California harbors. The *Ning-Po*, though built in 1753, is almost as stanch as ever. She is said to be the first ship built with water-tight compartments. The timbers are camphor wood and ironwood fashioned to represent a dragon—the tail at the bow.



A six-horse Conestoga wagon and an escort of troopers in the uniforms of 1812 are following the route from Wilmington, Del., to Erie, Pa., over which Commodore Perry's powder wagons journeyed one hundred years ago. The trip is a prelude to the celebration in Erie, July 6-12, of the centenary of the battle of Lake Erie—a victory made possible by powder from Wilmington

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

An American Woman

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON was the name of only an obscure Southern newspaper man till it appeared on the wrapper of a whimsical novel called "Queed." That was in 1911. This year a story named "V. V.'s Eyes" is issued over the same signature. Now this new title rather prejudiced us against the book; it suggested a type of hammock-by-moonlight literature, which is not for us. But the prejudice was mistaken. The heroine of Mr. HARRISON's novel, Miss CARLISLE HETH, is flesh and blood, not fluff and fudge; her impulses of body and mind are real, and might almost have been observed by GEORGE MEREDITH, midway between LUCY and CLARA MIDDLETON. In this reality she is unlike the ladies too obviously "created" by other young Americans—novelist W. B. TRITES, for example, or playwright EDWARD SHELDON. In her pettiness, little by little overcome, though at a high cost; in her failures and limitations outlived, and in her final achievement—the evolution of the finest modern womanliness—the CARLISLE HETH of "V. V.'s Eyes" is consistently the American girl, studied by a keen, humorous, and high-minded American man. But it is not for this fine figure alone that the book is worth the room it will take up in that holiday suit case. There is inspiration in the character of the quixotic slum doctor whose trustful orbs give the novel its catchy title. If you want to see for yourself how an artist and a journalist can live under one skin in harmony and mutual service, read HARRISON's tale of the Heth Cheroot Works, the daughter of the House of Heth, her suitors, and her friends. Not since we read Mr. HOWELLS's "The Rise of Silas Lapham," long, long ago, have we found anything new in American fiction so characteristic, so genially and indigenously critical.

How High Will Steak Go?

THESE FIGURES come to us from official sources, the Department of Agriculture and the Census Bureau:

	No. of people in U. S.	*No. of cattle in U. S.*
1907	87,178,958	72,534,000
1913	96,765,573	56,527,000

Any person who looks upon these figures long enough will arrive upon several truths, whose recognition will be profitable to himself and useful to the country. We set down merely two:

There is no way for a man to serve his fellow men during the immediate future more powerfully than by raising cattle, and no way more certain of reward.

There is no principle of political economy more necessary for the Government of the United States to practice than to withdraw the premium which a high tariff has put upon the manufacture of every kind of luxury, and restore the people from the factories to the farm.

A Conscience

THE WASHINGTON NEWSPAPERS announced that the refrigerating plant which was installed some years ago in the basement of the White House offices would be started up as usual on July 1. Some of the papers went on to make humorous and ingenious remarks to the effect that in an endurance contest with the Senate over his tariff and currency bills the President would have the advantage of a twenty degrees lower temperature. Thereupon this piece appeared in the Washington papers:

NO ICE-COOLED OFFICE

PRESIDENT WILSON TO BEAR SAME HEAT AS LEGISLATORS AT CAPITOL

President WILSON proposes to take his doses of hot weather along with Senators and Representatives, and will not permit an ice-cooled office, as has been suggested. The refrigerator plant in the cellar of the White House will be called off, and the President's offices will be about the same temperature as the Senate Chamber or the offices of Senators.

The President has let it be known that he does not seek and will not have a refrigerating plant operating for his benefit, and that he will make himself as comfortable as possible in the same temperature that others must bear.

This is a very interesting sidelight on the President, from which some folks will argue one thing and some another. Of course the refrigerating plant is there, having been installed by the order of some less spare and Spartan President. Not to use it is not merely refraining from an indulgence, but is an affirmative act of self-denial which some persons will be cynical enough to call ostentatious. What is the exact extent of the President's point of view? Does he regard all such devices as enervating luxuries, repugnant to Jeffersonian simplicity? Or is he merely conscientious about having any advantage over the Senate—eager to train down to the same weight, so to speak? If the Senate should adjourn, would the President then start up the cooling plant? Or does he have in mind not merely the Senate, but all the workers who will spend the summer in Washington, and decline to possess himself of an advantage over them? Such a theory of his relations to his fellow servants of the Government, carried out consistently, would lead to some queer readjustments. Suppose some one should point out that the cooling plant would greatly increase the efficiency, not only of the President, but of all those who must share his offices, and thereby measurably benefit the nation? What would the President say to that? The episode makes more certain one impression of the President's personality, a soberly conscientious man who takes his relations to his fellow human beings with great seriousness.

Insurance Money in Land

WE SPOKE RECENTLY of the gain that would have come if the insurance company investments had been in land instead of in loans which were largely on land. We are quite aware of the experience of the insurance companies with land which led to the New York enactment forbidding large land holdings. But this enactment was directed chiefly against the tall buildings which were run up all over the country, largely as advertisements. Our suggestion looked to the simple ownership of the land and the leasing of it on short or long term rentals. This would be in effect ground rents, so that the companies would deal only with single tenants. This ought to mean as good a return on investments as at present, with a steady increment in value, instead of a steady decrement with the depreciating dollar, as at present. If these investments were made exclusively by a single officer in each company ranking next to the president, and if the companies were compelled to report both their investments and the individual returns from them to a national insurance commissioner, we believe that the publicity and direct responsibility thereby secured would leave little danger of extensive dishonesty. Both the total and the annual investments in any one State or section could be limited by law. If such a policy had been in force ten years ago, the four billions of nominal assets of the insurance companies would now be worth above six billions, and the average return to the policy holders would be at least 50 per cent more than it now is. We think this is a matter worthy of the serious attention of the companies, and just now seems a propitious time to begin. For several years or more land values have been generally at a standstill, or declining. If a serious depression should ensue, this decline would go much further. On the other hand, if the insurance companies in the next five years should be pouring several hundred millions a year into attractive land investments at low prices, this would go very far to stop a violent decline, and at the same time insure reasonable, profitable investment, whether or not the currency inflation, with the consequent rise in all realty values, should continue. The currency inflation can now only be stopped by an international agreement, necessarily a slow matter. A single law by New York State could practically change over the whole of our insurance investments.

Journalese

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS generally make a point of their terseness and sanity, and are likely to speak satirically of the rhetorical flubdub of more pretentious artists. Why should the man assigned to write the fancy introduction to the story of the international polo game for our neighbor the "Sun" feel obliged to use such an absurd and hysterical descriptive phrase as: "The 30,000 or more *pale-faced maniacs* rimming the field"? The polo audience might be attacked for various things, but why apply "pale-faced maniacs" to perhaps the most urbane and politely decorative audience that could be gathered in this country, people rather particularly noticeable for their general air of health and lack of worry of any kind, amiably viewing on a pretty June day one of the prettiest sights in the world—polo ponies racing about on carpetlike turf? One might as well use a coal shovel to serve champagne.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Attacking Goliath

THE "POST" is the organ of the common folk of Cincinnati. It was the most potent force among those that destroyed the Cox political machine. It has fought for a compulsory workmen's compensation act. More recently it championed a bill before the Ohio Legislature to annul the fifty-year franchise of the Cincinnati Street Railway Company, a legislative steal engineered some years ago by Senator FORAKER. More lately, during a strike by the street railway workers, the "Post" gave large publicity to the grievances and demands of the strikers. Naturally all this sort of activity has caused the "Post" to be very much disliked by a section of Cincinnati which is largely dominated by Mr. CHARLES P. TAFT. Mr. TAFT is a large holder of the threatened traction stock. He is also a large holder of gas, electric, and other public-utility stocks. As a very powerful figure in many Cincinnati banks and as the largest owner of Cincinnati real estate, he is both landlord and banker to much of Cincinnati's big business, and consequently able to dominate it. (Incidentally, he is the owner of the "Post's" evening newspaper opponent, the "Times-Star.") All these facts constitute the background of an attempt on the part of some big Cincinnati advertisers to boycott the "Post." The "Post," in fighting back, has taken the public into its confidence and publishes the frank letter of one of its advertisers:

THE CINCINNATI "POST," Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: We have decided to cancel our advertising contract with the "Post." . . .

We believe it a civic duty to tell you why we make this cancellation. We are of the opinion that the "Post" encourages and stands for things and elements that are detrimental to the welfare of Cincinnati. We think it seeks to destroy and not to build up. In our opinion it is an organ of violence and disorder and a publication that does public harm. For that reason we exercise our right to no longer patronize it.

We regret the situation exceedingly, for our relations have been extended and, on the whole, harmonious.

We understand that we cannot in any manner influence your editorial utterances or dictate to you what your policies should be, nor do we expect to. We simply refuse to patronize a paper that, in our opinion, brings harm to our city instead of good.

You will please cancel the Brownatone advertising as well.

Very truly yours, M. C. DOW.

This letter, on its face, constitutes an outrageous act, and ought to be subject to the criminal law. There is no question of the merit of the "Post's" editorial policy involved. To attempt to influence that policy, no matter what it may be, by the using of advertising patronage as a club is more menacing to the public good in the long run than many acts of conspiracy in restraint of trade which land men in the criminal courts. Incidentally it is one of the most stupid of the many methods by which money tries to buy its bullheaded way. The "Post," in its editorial reply, says in part:

From a number of sources the "Post" has learned that an organized effort is being made to have as many "Post" advertisers as can be induced to do so withdraw their patronage from the "Post." . . .

The "Post" says to every such advertiser: Notify the "Post" that you are not in sympathy with its policy of publishing a newspaper in the interest of the people, upon whose prosperity your prosperity as a merchant depends, and that you desire to have your advertising contract canceled for that reason, and it will be canceled.

But whether you ask to have your contract canceled or not, be assured of this: *The editorial policy of the "Post" will continue to be dictated in the future as it has in the past, by the conscience of its editor.*

The "Post" has a difficult fight ahead. It has begun gallantly; we extend our heartiest well-wishes.

Far Afield

INVESTIGATION is a specialty of the New York "World." This is a worthy and oftentimes valuable function of latter-day journalism, and it is not surprising that, in the exercise of it, the great metropolitan daily should have selected the Friedmann consumption serum for authoritative inquiry, and should have announced in heavy type:

FRIEDMANN "CURE" TO BE TRACED BY EMINENT MEN RETAINED BY THE WORLD

PROF. FRIEDRICH KRAUS, PROF. GEORG JOACHIMSTHAL, AND DR. ALFRED WOLFF-EISNER, NOTED BERLIN SPECIALISTS, WILL EXAMINE EVERY KNOWN PATIENT INOCULATED IN GERMANY BY DISCOVERER OF TUBERCULOSIS SERUM AND REPORT TO THIS NEWSPAPER WHETHER TREATMENT HAS BEEN A SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

What is surprising is that the leading newspaper investigator of the country should have wandered so far afield in its search for interesting and important phases of this question. In the same issue in which this Friedmann announcement appears in the "World" news columns are two other announcements concerning the cure of tuberculosis: one by a Dr. ANDERSON, who exploits himself as "one of New York's leading specialists in throat and lung diseases, and the inventor of the Anderson X-Light"; the other by a patent-medicine concern which manufactures Eckman's Alterative. These two are paid advertisements, appearing regularly in the pages of the "World." Now the "World" declares itself, doubtless with truth, as being professionally interested, as a matter of news, in ascertaining whether or not a cure for humanity's worst scourge has been found, and yet accepts a steady income for announcing the existence of such a cure; in fact, of two of them! Why, then, should it send to Germany, at great expense, for the solution of a problem which, it declares, has been determined at its very doors? Why not send out qualified investigators to ascertain whether Dr. ANDERSON actually diagnoses tuberculosis in the early stages by means of his "X-Light" (a process of inestimable value if it be truly practicable); also whether his form of treatment actually cures? With due regard for the law of libel, we have no hesitancy in declaring our belief that Dr. ANDERSON is an obvious quack, and that Eckman's Alterative belongs in the same class. But the element of error is possible in all human calculations. Perhaps we may be wrong. On this basis will not the New York "World" come to the rescue of its own advertising patrons and arrange for a commission of recognized authorities to determine the question once for all? To go a little further, the newspaper accepts and prints the most cruel and life-destroying of all quack advertisements, those of the cancer "cures." Since the leading authorities are unanimous in agreement that the only possible cure is prompt use of the knife, will not Mr. PULITZER admit a reasonable doubt of the reliability of this kind of "copy"? And if so, will he not join in an investigation along these lines? COLLIER'S will gladly pay half the expense of a reliable medical commission named by the State or County Medical Society, the city or State Board of Health, the Academy of Medicine, or other body of scientific standing, to conduct an inquiry into the tuberculosis, cancer, and other "cure" claims published by the New York "World," on one condition—that is, that if the claims are found to be false and pernicious, the "World" shall promptly eliminate them, together with all that class of quackery, thus bringing its advertising columns into some degree of consonance with the principles of progressiveness and integrity upon which its splendid news and editorial policy is based.

Ollie Taylor

A FEW WEEKS AGO COLLIER'S, in the course of a paragraph on amorphous justice, alluded to the case of OLLIE TAYLOR. We have since received a number of letters, especially one from Mr. CLARK HOWELL of the Atlanta "Constitution," which convince us that, although the facts are substantially as stated, nevertheless the best possible disposition of the boy for his own good was made.

Sunday Baseball

PROBABLY Mayor O'NEILL of Auburn had amateur play in mind when he told the recent conference of New York State Mayors that Sunday baseball was what his town needed above everything else. There are two views at least about sport on the seventh day; frankly, we agree with the Mayor. So does Mr. GAYNOR of New York, and has the courage of his conviction, for in New York parks it is no offense for a lad to knock out a two-bagger or catch a fly some time between church time and bedtime. Mayor O'NEILL has probably observed that there is a little less illegal drinking, a little less patronage of commercialized vice, less loafing on street corners, in towns and cities where physical exercise in one of its cleanest and cleverest forms is not tabooed. Some one has declared that baseball is a strong force in America against the relaxation in manners and morals that is one of the present-day menaces. By this view the game takes the place of war in cruder civilizations. Of course baseball, like war, may be associated with certain indulgences or vices. But we would rather see youngsters we know play ball, Sundays or week days, than see them line the curb before the town drug store, or suspect them of entering certain doors after cautiously peering up and down the Sunday street. Let us be honest, all of us, and perhaps our towns will be pleasanter to live in, and we shall have to listen to less preaching from the eugenists about "Damaged Goods."

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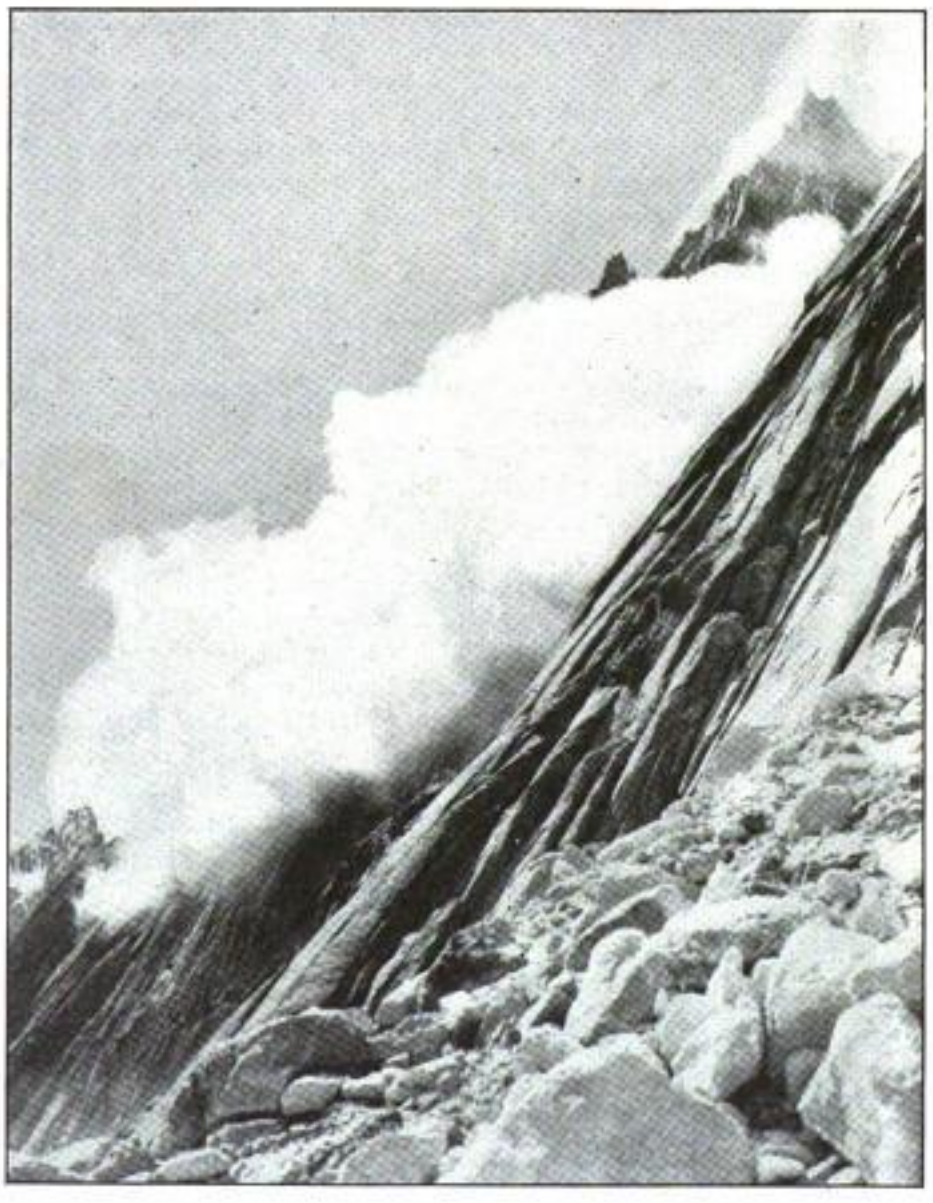
General Warren's statue on Little Round Top above the Valley of Death
Left: General Lee's headquarters. *Right: General Meade's*



The Blue and the Gray to Camp Again at Gettysburg

PENNSYLVANIA and the National Government have prepared to be the hosts this week of 40,000 veterans of the Blue and the Gray at a $300,000 celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. The battle field where 180,000 men fought back and forth on the first three days of July half a century ago now is a national military park, 25 miles square, with more than 700 monuments marking the battle lines and commemorating heroes of the conflict. The committees in charge of arrangements promise that the camp of 5,318 tents will be a model for health and comfort. The hosts pay all expenses.

Our picture of General Meade's shell-scarred headquarters is from a print taken a few days after the battle. The building has been restored to almost its original condition. General Lee's headquarters appears to have suffered little change in fifty years.

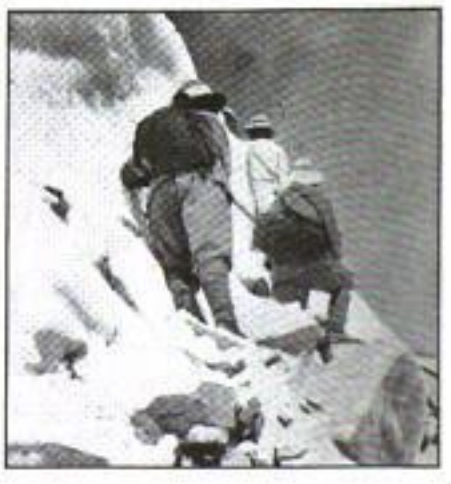


The explorers had a close escape from death when this avalanche cloud crossed their path, so near to them that they were powdered with snow



A Woman Names New Peaks in Asia

TWO deaths and several perilous escapes are in the reports of Dr. William Hunter Workman and Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman upon their latest explorations in the Himalayas. They have just returned from an expedition to the Great Siachen—the largest glacier in Asia. They explored 900 square miles of new country, climbed to an elevation of 21,000 feet, and named the peaks at the head of the glacier the "King George V" group. The photograph above shows the rescue of Chenoz, an Italian porter, after a fall into a crevasse. What he had suffered from shock and exposure caused his death a few hours later. Another porter perished in a subglacial river. The whole party barely missed death from an avalanche which Dr. Workman's camera reports in a snapshot.



Mrs. Workman leading the way across a snow cornice on a glacial peak

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Militant Suffrage Claims Its First Martyr

HOW the woman that England's militant suffragettes now honor as the first martyr to their cause went to her death is recorded in the extraordinary snapshot reproduced above.

A crowd of 60,000 at Epsom Downs was roaring with excitement as fifteen of Europe's swiftest horses, racing for the Derby's stakes of $32,500, rounded Tottenham corner. As the horses reached this turn, Miss Emily Wilding Davison stooped, glided under the wooden rail, and ran out on to the track. The leaders rushed past her, but she blocked the course of three racers who were bringing up the rear. She sprang in front of King George's horse Anmer and clutched for the bridle, but failed to seize it.

The impact of the collision struck her down with tremendous force and sent the horse rolling over in a complete somersault. The jockey was dragged with one foot still in the stirrup. In our photograph he is under his horse and Miss Davison is falling backward unconscious, with arms outstretched. Her hat is caught up in the breeze. Only a few of the spectators see what is happening.

Miss Davison died four days later. She had been unconscious all of the time but a few minutes. In the opinion of Christabel Pankhurst, expressed in a telegram from Paris, Miss Davison was "a soldier fallen in the war for freedom." The telegram declares:

"Miss Davison has died for women, died to call attention to their wrongs, to win them the vote.

"The Government's refusal to grant the vote drove her to make a protest. Argument did not convince Premier Asquith of the seriousness of the position; perhaps the woman's death will.

"Miss Davison's memory will live in women's hearts and history for all time."



From the clouds, England's most exciting Derby in history was a peaceful picture rather than a thrilling one. This photograph was taken from a biplane at an elevation of 2,000 feet. It shows the record-breaking crowd of 60,000, and diagrams much of the course over which the Derby (1 1-2 miles) was raced. Craganour, the favorite, finished ahead of Aboyeur, a 100 to 1 shot, but was disqualified

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In Michael Brady's Sand Bank

By Arthur Colton

THE humor of the sea has a richness of its own. It is not easily reproduced in black and white. Some few authors, like Mr. Colton, nevertheless have succeeded in this difficult feat.



"I was in that kind of business"

WE WERE sitting along the front of the warehouse on Jamaica Dock, and old Payson Biddle was saying that in early youth he used to dig clams below the sand bank on Michael Brady's farm, which overlooked the flats of Jamaica Bay. He said that the bank was thirty feet high, and you could see it from far out on the bay, and some thought Captain Kidd was wont to row up the creek to bury his treasures there, only it had come to be agreed he must have taken them away again.

"Well," said Uncle Biddle, "I do' know. But I recollect one time I was going to South America after parrots and anteaters, because I was in that kind of business, and there was a dealer wanted eight dozen assorted parrots and some anteaters for a zoological park. I was going on the *Mary Rose*, and she was tied up here at Jamaica Dock, and I met a man on the dock named Juan San Blas del Valle. He had flowing English and his appearance was handsome, with a bristly mustache, and he said he might be going on the *Mary Rose*. We sat a while in Reuter's saloon, and he wanted to know about my moral character, which I said was no good.

"'What might be the matter with it?' he says.

"'Treachery and deceit,' I says, 'lawlessness and disrespect. I'm a combination of violence and forswearing.'

"'You're the man I want for a friend,' he says.

"'If so,' I says, 'what's your character?'

"'Bad,' he says, heaving a sigh, 'very bad. I'm a patriot.'

"'What country do you patriot with?' I says, and he mentioned the Spanish-American name of it, which shall be nameless. 'But it was incubating,' he says, 'a bit of an uprising. Now,' he says, 'seeing you're an underground character, I shouldn't wonder, if you took twenty-eight boxes of ammunition under your name on the *Mary Rose*, and they were labeled implements of agriculture, maybe it would be agreeable,' he says, 'to your instincts.'

"'It would,' I says, 'but wouldn't betraying the same to the powers that be where you're patriotic,' I says, 'wouldn't that be—I don't say profitable—but wouldn't it be more gratifying,' I says, 'to this here appetite I've got for disloyalty?'

"'It would,' he says, 'no doubt of it. But that might be restrained by arguments. First, if it wasn't restrained, I'd be obliged to have you assassinated; second, if you'd help me see the implements through to the agriculturists that want them up the river, I'd engage to see that you got eight dozen assorted parrots and anteaters to specifications,' he says, 'for nothing.'

"'Just so,' I says. 'Duty is duty. It looks like that appetite ought to be restrained.'

"BUT he didn't put no twenty-eight boxes of agricultural ammunition on the *Mary Rose*. He come to me that night, about ten o'clock, in tribulation.

"'Biddle,' he says, 'come along. Can you drive?' And he hurried up South Street and Greggs Alley, and we come to a big dray wagon covered with canvas and two horses hitched. We climbed aboard and he gave me the reins, and says: 'Get out into the country and do it quick.'

"Then he sat pawing his mustache and saying nothing, till we was well out on the road going southeast. By and by I says:

"'There's nothing I like better,' I says, 'than driving by starlight with a mystery, when it ain't grumpy. But just to make conversation,' I says, 'I take it somebody back there is on to your patriotism and don't like it.'

"'Sure,' he says. 'Something U. S. and official. They were fixed to confiscate the stuff when it went aboard to-morrow. It's not going. But they seemed to have some notion where it was stored, too, so I've got to plant it off.'

"'Off where?' I says.

"'That's what you're for,' he says. 'Saint Jago!' he says. 'What do I know about Long Island! I want a sand bank.'

"'Juan S. B. del V.,' I says, 'be calm. Long Island is mostly sand bank. You want more than a sand bank. You want a sand bank and seclusion.'

"THINKING it over, I took a notion to the back of old Michael Brady's farm, which lies off the road, with the marshes and Jamaica Bay beyond. Michael Brady had a brogue that might have fertilized his farm, which was mostly sand. When we got to near Brady's, I turned into the old cart path in the scrub, and drove down along under the bank.

"'There can't anybody see us here,' I says, 'but the clams.'

"We buried the twenty-eight boxes, labeled 'Agriculture,' in the bank. Some of them were long and some small, and mostly heavy. We shoveled the sand above, so it slid down over, so it looked like a peaceful-minded sand bank that had never done anything but contemplate clams. Then we drove back toward South Brooklyn. San Blas said his plans were upset, and he wasn't going on the *Mary Rose*, but he was going to dig the stuff up later.



"'There can't anybody see us here,' I says, 'but the clams'"

"The moon was up and glimmered over the flat fields, and he said there was a girl down there in the tropics that was a wonder, a flame, a star, more beautiful than moonlight on the grass, and her name was Fedora. Also he had an enemy named Fondez, who thirsted for his life, namely for Juan S. B. del Valle's.

"'Me too,' he says, 'on the contrary, I will have his life. But because he is a caballero I will bury him honorably like a caballero.'

"'It smells to me more like Fedora than patriotism,' I says.

"'Hum,' he says, 'I'm telling you too much.'

"Maybe he was. It was daylight when we come to South Brooklyn. He didn't go on the *Mary Rose*.

"AND yet when I was collecting parrots in the country where he was patriotic, some months later, the man that brought me parrots and three anteaters from up the river, he said that rebellion was a squashed egg, and J. San Blas del Valle had been there, and now he was dead under the rubbish, so it was rumored.

"'Saint Jago!' I says, 'I grieve to hear it. And are Señor Fondez and Señorita Fedora dead, or only married?'

"'Hola!' he says. 'Where did you hear talk of these? Señor Baltasar Luiz Fondez de Puyredon is too rich to fight, and his teeth are too black for Señorita Fedora, so they say. What do I know? I am a common thing, and they are gentlemen rancheros. It goes on the river that San Blas come unexpected before the Fondez wedding, and the girl ran away with him to the woods. Bah! He had not two hundred men in his camp, and badly armed. Puff! They are gone! San Blas is doubtless full of bullet holes, because he was a fool, and his soul is gone to heaven because he was a brave man. Very well! Do I know what happened? San Blas was forced to start the trouble before he was ready. Eh! Doubtless. And the girl? La, la, la! What does Señor Fondez want with a spoiled one? It is not caballero honor. These gentlemen do not say what becomes of spoiled women.'

"'There now!' I says. 'You fellows give me a hot collar. Besides, you've stuck me 10 per cent on your parrots, and the little anteater looks sick.'

"Then I came home. Those revolutions on the river there, they're nothing but little feud wars among the big landholders. That there little anteater was named 'Dubious.' I shipped three barrels of salted bugs to keep the anteaters alive. Well—the trouble with Dubious was, he was always licking the paint off things, and the white lead made him feel languid, not real ailing but just languid.

"ONE day I went down toward Jamaica Bay, and back of Michael Brady's farm, and heard the bobolinks singing over the flats as I come along under the sand bank. I poked in the sand with a stick, and hit wood all along. It looked like San Blas had never touched the boxes. Likely something called him south, sudden, so he hadn't time. Likely no one but me knew about them.

"I climbed up and sat on the top of the bank, and harked to the bobolinks, and the wind whistling in the swamp grass below, and argued whether a man like me, that was a combination of treachery and deceit and lawlessness and disrespect and violence and forswearing, would be apt to collect that benefit and put the price in a savings bank, or whether his morals wouldn't let him, or how he'd be likely to fetch the stuff away without disturbing the public calm.

"A man and a woman were working with hoes in the turnip fields that run along the top of the bank. Mighty foolish place to plant turnips. They were close by, but the man wasn't Michael Brady. He was younger. They were quarreling, and the woman says:

"'Oh, what did I marry you for?'

"Seemed to me she ought to answer that herself.

"'Isn't it a wonderful question now?' he says, seeming to think so too.

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"And the next thing he'd hoed the sand off the top of a long box. 'Holy Mother!' he says, and Nora Brady slid off the bank . . ."

"Then they went on hoeing weeds out of the turnips, and me sitting on the bank wondering where was old Michael Brady, till the man saw me and stopped hoeing.

"'Where's Michael Brady?' I says.

"'Ah, he's not in the living land, rest his soul!' he says, 'or he'd be me uncle now,' he says, 'but we wouldn't be here.'

"'Whereby he left you his farm,' I says; 'whereby you married a handsome wife on the strength of it and came to America; whereby the farm didn't turn out much good; whereby Michael Brady owned a good deal of land and might have done well with the milk, if he'd kept grazing stock; whereby you don't know yet this is the poorest spot on the farm for turnips, but potatoes will grow well on a sandy soil, only not with the same planting you use in an Irish bog; whereby you may think me a good guesser, Mr. Brady, if that might be your name.'

"'Will you hear it, Nora Brady!' he says to her, and come over to the bank with his hoe, and she come after slowly.

"'Now, how did you know all that?' he says.

"'How did I know Mrs. Brady was handsome?' I says. 'Isn't it a wonderful question now!' I says. 'Michael Brady was a friend of mine.'

"HE SAT down beside, and Nora Brady sat down on the other side, silent and sullen and some distance off. He was a size or two smaller than she, and had a lively eye, and said his name was Martin Brady, and I'd guessed right. The farm was not good.

"'It's the ancient sea throwing sand at it since the dawn of the world discourages thim weary vegetables,' he says. 'Nora Brady do be becoming restless like the sighing grass.'

"'Why wouldn't I be sighing,' she says, 'with nothing before but what's too little now? It's a lonely place to plod with miseries, and him telling of America, where the gold and the glory would drop on my head.'

"'What wouldn't a man say that come to his mind,' he says, 'when he's wanting his Nora that had he'd lie the biggest lie that ever was and never knowing but it might be the truth?'

"'I'm not saying he wasn't a fine lover while he was twisting me round his finger, happy as a wedding ring,' she says. 'But I'm saying it's bad to live with the sea winds wailing like me mother's ghost, and not able to buy a pig or a cow, and him driving me wild with his peacefulness.'

"'Ho!' I says. 'Well, you folks are some problem. I wish you'd sit quietly till I think it over. That there language you handle is upsetting to a practical man.'

"'Didn't I used to watch the ship go out by Clonakilty,' she went on, 'going westward to America, and think it was a fine country where all the ships do be running to, like the girls that run down the glen to the dancing with the laughter in their hair? Now I'm thinking it was a fine country I come from where the girls run laughing down the glen.'

"'Well,' I says, 'when I'm to home I wish I was off again, and when I've gone down the hot seas, I wished I was home. That's the way it goes. If a man's digging turnips by Jamaica Flats, he'd rather dig gold in California, and viey versy. The trouble is he don't half dig in either place. He don't dig valiant and various. He don't dig miscellaneous. He don't even dig under his feet. Here we sits, we three, with our feet hanging over the sand bank. Dig in the sand bank, Martin Brady, that's my opinion. If you dig in the flats, you get clams; if you dig in the fields, you get turnips, and if Mrs. Brady digs in herself, she gets discontented. That's the way it goes. You dig in the sand bank under your feet, Martin Brady, so as to be valiant and miscellaneous, and who knows?'

"'D'ye think that!' he says. 'Sure, I'll dig in the water after foam bubbles, and not mind at all.'

"And he jumps down the bank and begins hoeing sand, with a wink in his eye for Nora Brady.

"'I'm thinking it's nothing but hoeing sand we'll be doing all our lives long,' she says gloomy looking.

"And the next thing he'd hoed the sand off the top of a long box.

"'Holy Mother!' he says, and Nora Brady slid off the bank with her hoe in her hand and fire in her eye.

"Martin Brady went up into the turnip field, and come back with a crowbar to pry off the roof of the box.

"'Dig valiant and various, Martin Brady,' I says. 'It's the ways of good luck,' I says, 'but if you ask my opinion between breaths, it's only Captain Kidd, the pirate, that used to sail into Jamaica Bay to repent of his sins. He rowed up the creek to bury his sins in Michael Brady's sand bank. They was shiny gold sins and ingots of the Incas and diadems of diamonds,' I says. 'For the land's sake!' I says, sliding down the bank, 'what you got there?' because Martin Brady had pried open the long box.

"Now, was it ammunition and rifles and the like of that inside? It was not.

"IT was a coffin. It was a coffin covered with black plush, with a silver plate on the lid, and on the silver plate was the name 'Baltasar Luiz Fondez de Puyredon.' Then we took off the lid.

"Now would you mind asking if there was a corpse inside corresponding to the label? There was not.

"There wa'n't anything but a white silk dress in the coffin and a pair of white satin slippers, all proper to a woman, provided she wa'n't anywhere near the size of Nora Brady. But the next box was full of rifles, and the next was a small one full of cartridges.

"Then I see how it was that the long box had come first out of the dray, and been planted first in the line, so that San Blas would know where it was.

"'Sure he was a queer man, Captain Kidd,' says Martin Brady. 'What way would he be having a fine burial and no lady inside it?'

"I was busy remembering San Blas. I was thinking it was a very neat combination he'd meant to take south with him.

"'He was a queer man,' I says, 'but he wa'n't Captain Kidd. His name was Juan San Blas del Valle,'

"'Was it so!' says Martin (Concluded on page 31)



Taking Life

By Frank F. Whitfield

BUSINESS has its dramatic side, and whichever way you take life it is full of humor and picturesque events. Against the background of a prosaic life insurance agency this story is bizarre as well as ludicrous.

THE genial Mr. Spears strolled leisurely into his private sanctum on a sultry summer morning, incessantly dabbing at his perspiring forehead. Immediately, he plunged into a chair beside his huge mahogany desk and busied himself with the mail that demanded his personal attention. New business was rare these midsummer days, and on this particular morning things were unusually dull.

Mr. Spears placed his hands upon the edge of his desk and pushed himself backward in his chair, mentally calculating, until he was suddenly disturbed by the brusque entrance of Fenton, his secretary.

Fenton stood motionless in the doorway a moment before speaking, then, as his superior nodded for him to advance, he approached the manager of the World Wide Insurance Company with a peculiar smile and an air that signified mystery or—perhaps intrigue.

"What is it, Mr. Fenton?" asked Spears. "Something happened; or perhaps you are just coming in to strike me for a raise," this last good-naturedly.

Fenton did not smile in return. He seemed greatly agitated, for a time finding it difficult to answer.

"Wh—what would you say, sir, if I were to tell you that a gentleman is in our offices who wants to take out a policy on his life for $100,000?"

Mr. Spears gulped hard, then leaned forward in his chair.

"I should certainly say that we are in luck!" he cried. "How old is he; and—*who* is he?"

"That's just it," returned Fenton. "Ever since I first came in contact with him I have been wondering myself. I take it, he's about thirty-five years old, but yellow men are hard to size up when it comes to identifying them and guessing their ages!"

"Yellow men!" surprised.

"He's a Chinaman, sir. But—" Fenton raised his finger to allay any question in Mr. Spears's mind—"he's a polished gentleman."

"They all are," agreed Spears. "Tell me, does he look healthy?"

"Couldn't look better."

THE manager drummed on the arm of his chair for a moment, then whistled:

"One hundred thousand! Whew! Show him in right away, Fenton, and tell Dr. Wadsworth to be ready in order that he may examine our risk."

"Yes, sir; here's his card before I go."

Mr. Spears scrutinized the thin wafer while he awaited Ah Lung. He had not long to wait. Fenton ushered the Oriental in and introduced him to the expectant Spears. Spears shook hands gladly; the Chinaman bowed ceremoniously and smiled blandly. His almond eyes glittered like jet beads.

"Thees is the—manager?"

"Yes," replied Spears amiably.

"I thank you; and again I thank you for the trouble I give to you."

"Not at all." Mr. Spears rubbed his hands in anticipation.

Said the Chinaman, without further preliminaries:

"Would you insure me for $100,000?"

"We should be only too glad to do so—providing you are sound physically.

AH LUNG seemed to understand, in a way, for he said:

"What I must do?"

"Submit to a complete physical examination by our attendant physician, who will inform us in just what condition you happen to be, and, if he adjudges your health first class or even good enough to warrant a risk, you shall most certainly have a policy."

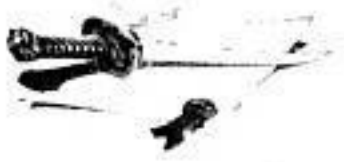
"I thank you," bowing graciously.

"Don't mention it. It's business pure and simple with us. We are just as anxious to insure you as you are to be insured."

"I shall be—glad. I have big, big family." The Oriental smiled, exhibiting two rows of even, well-preserved teeth.

Dr. Wadsworth entered presently; was duly intro-

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ducest to the yellow man, and, following a bit of questioning, examined Ah Lang in an anteroom.

The doctor's report was of the highest order. Ah Lang, he declared, was in perfect health. Indeed, an ideal risk!

Mr. Spears was gratified to learn this. He lost no time in having a policy made out for Ah Lang, who, without a moment's hesitation, asked the cost of the premium and paid the rate without a word of comment.

He went his way with a satisfied smile, which might have signified relief also. Had he not a wife and six children dependent upon him?

"Several more such policies thrown our way will tend to help me enjoy my vacation," said Mr. Spears, his eyes sparkling delightedly. "I leave just a week from to-day."

Yet, to the great astonishment of Fenton, Mr. Spears bustled in the following morning with the information that he had changed his mind regarding the date of his vacation and intended to leave that very day. The heat, he declared, was abominable; could stand it no longer, and as business was falling off he had made his mind up overnight.

THE clerks scurried hither and thither, carrying messages to and from Mr. Spears, and everything in general was lively.

Finally Mr. Spears got his grips together. Shaking hands with Fenton, he started down the hall, when directly in his path was the polished Oriental whom he had but recently insured. He was greatly surprised.

For a moment the manager paused. Something told him to wait and find out what Ah Lang had to say. The individual in question came up to Mr. Spears, looked at him carefully, then took him by the arm and gently persuaded him inside. All this pompously and without a word. His face was grim, his eyes mere slits; and when he looked at Mr. Spears his visage betrayed not one thought of what must be transpiring within.

"Good morning," greeted the impatient manager, assuming a pleasant front. "What can I do for you this morning?"

The Chinaman grunted a greeting, then answered the question:

"Lot; a whole lot."

"I'm interested. What can it be?"

"Me—me gonna—die," calmly and monotonously.

"What!" Mr. Spears felt a cold feeling envelop his whole body. He dropped his hat from nerveless fingers; his form found an easy-chair. At the same instant he dispatched Fenton for the doctor's report on the Chinaman to see that no error had been made in the case.

"Me gonna die," repeated Ah Lang, to emphasize the fact.

"Why—why—what do you—er—mean? You, a perfectly healthy man—so adjudged only yesterday—say you will die!"

"Me gonna die," droned the stoical man.

"So you have said—several times. But how—how are you going to die; and—when?" dazedly.

FENTON interrupted by handing Mr. Spears the report, which tallied in every detail with what the doctor had declared verbally the day previous.

The Chinaman went on: "Perhaps now—perhaps ten minute—perhaps year. But"—with a positive air—"me die!"

"Of course," agreed Spears, "we'll all die some day. That we naturally expect, but—"

"Me gonna die—" broke in Ah Lang, with a low wail to his voice.

"For the love of— How—when—where—" bewilderedly.

"You like know? Yes?"

Spears violently nodded his head.

"Highbinder—he get me."

"What!" shrieked Spears.

"Yes; Ling Ting, he and friends get me. No like me, Ah Lang."

"That means—you are going to be killed?"

The Oriental slowly nodded in affirmation.

"Tell me, are you joking with me, or did you know you were to be killed when you came in here and took out insurance yesterday? If you did, you are a clever crook. Why did you do it? Don't you know that our company will be out a great amount of money?"

Ah Lang smiled wanly. "Me have wife and chil drens," craftily.

"Oh, you have!" sarcastically.

"Me have," shortly. He paused and reviewed the ceiling. Then, after a long pause:

"Maybe—maybe Mr. Manager he hire detective for me—Ah Lang."

The effect of this last on Mr. Spears was more than he could tolerate.

"Hire a detective—for you!" he cried. "Not if I know it first. Get out—and stay out!" He was trembling all over with wrath. "Let the Highbinders kill you!"

The Oriental slowly got to his feet.

"Oh, velley well, velley well. Highbinder—he get me; my wife, she get one hundred thousand—"

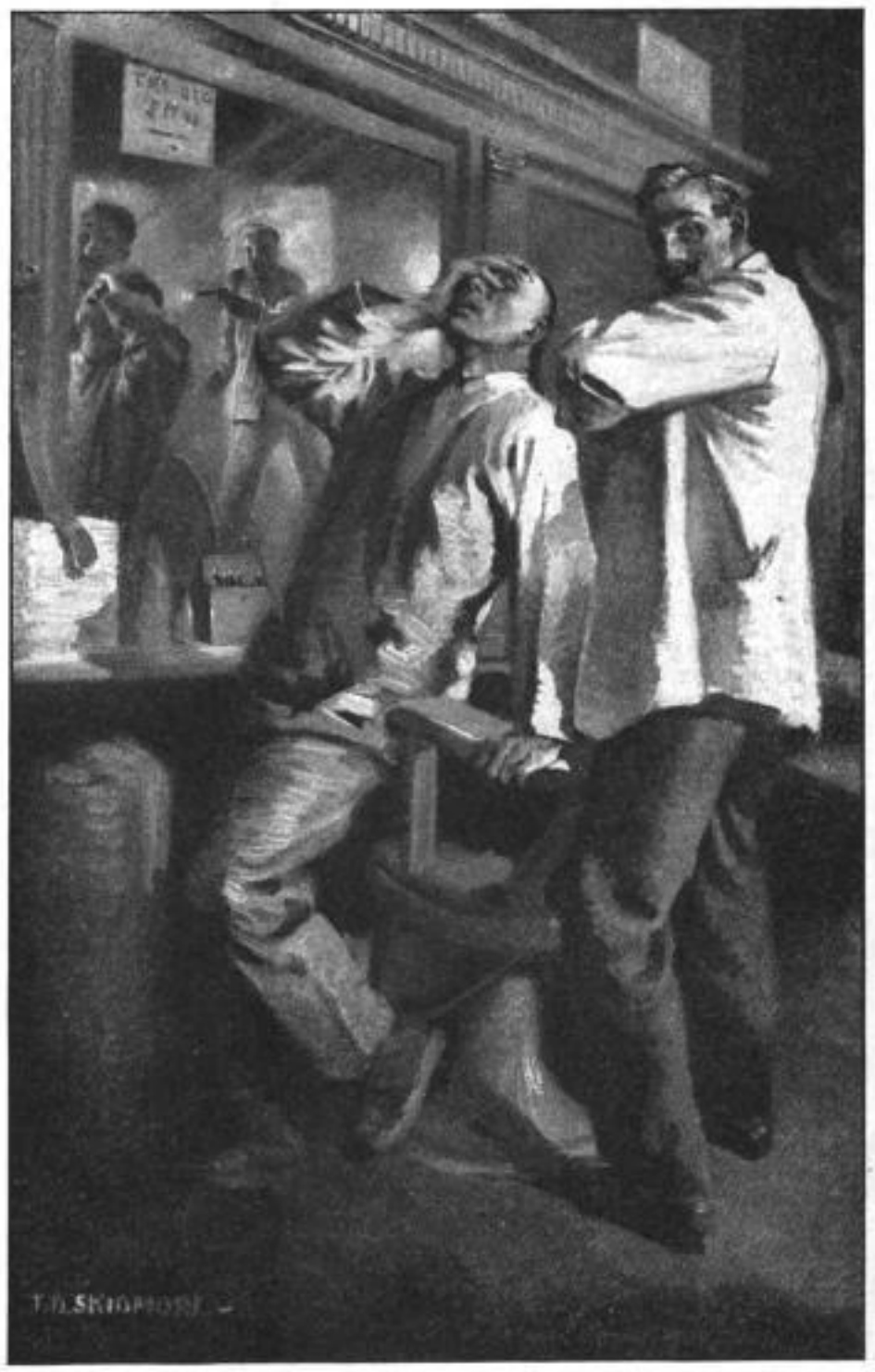
Mr. Spears groaned helplessly. A neat trick had the Chinaman played on him. It all seemed too strange to conceive.

"Here—wait—sit down!" flourished Mr. Spears with his arms. (For all he knew they might be outside awaiting to assault Ah Lang now.)

THE yellow man kept his eyes upon Mr. Spears as he crept back into a chair. Said he:

"What you do?"

"I think that this game of yours is a—" He paused and beckoned to Fenton. "Call up the Reliable Detective Agency and get Mr. Farney on the phone."



"They plugged him through the doorway while the detective was washing up"

Then to the unruffled Oriental: "We'll attend to your case in a hurry-up style." His jaws snapped like those of an alligator.

Fenton lost no time in getting the desired number and turned the wire over to the fretful Spears.

"Hello, is this you, Farney? . . . Well, this is Spears. Say, what do you think? . . . Insured a Chinaman yesterday for $100,000 and he—he comes back here to-day with a beautiful tale of woe. He says he is going to die. D-i-e. Get that? . . . Yes, . . . What! . . . You don't mean to say that you know all about it! . . . You have? . . . Say, come over here at once, will you, old man? . . . Thanks; good-by." The receiver clicked in place and Spears's body rocked to and fro in his chair. He wrung his hands in a lamentable attitude. Fenton appeared alarmed.

"Is there anything that I can do, sir? Do you feel ill?"

"Ill? No! Just mad; d'you hear? *Mad!*"



THE Reliable Detective Agency, but a few doors away, gave Farney easy and quick access to the World Wide Insurance Company. Farney, eager for a new lead, lost no time in getting over. He was a large, powerful man and strode forcibly into Spears's office, eyes roving everywhere at once, yet his bearing would not brand him as a detective. Farney took the whole situation in at a glance: The Sphinxlike yellow man, whose demeanor revealed nothing—just nothing; the perturbable Fenton, who very much resembled an excited woman at a marked-down sale in a great department store; and the all but frenzied Mr. Spears, who fidgeted about in his chair as an armless man in a bathing suit might whimper at the onslaught of a swarm of mosquitoes.

Said Farney abruptly: "Well, Spears?"

And Mr. Spears, excitedly, extending a nervous hand: "Tell me all you know—about this tong war!"

"From what I know, it seems that this gentleman here, if he is Ah Lang—and he looks like him—is the head and brains of a clan that is warring with the Ling Ting gang here in San Francisco. To date, two of Ah Lung's men have been done away with. Am I right?" —this to Ah Lang.

For answer a shrug and a nod.

"And I have also been informed authentically that he is, of all men, the most hated and feared; most certainly—this man is marked to die!"

"Oh, my good Lord, deliver me! Can this be true, Farney?" Spears wrung his hands dejectedly.

"I am positive of it; two of my men have been watching both sides."

"If I had only known! If—And what do you think, Farney? This wily Chink wants a detective to look out for him; wants me to hire one to guard him!"

"Not a bad idea!" declared Farney at once.

BROKE in the quiet yellow man: "Maybe—maybe detective for night, too," he suggested.

"Night as well as day!" echoed Spears. "Ever hear of such a bald nerve, Farney?"

"A capital plan!" disagreed Farney.

"But, Farney—it can't be done. I— Think of the cost!"

"My wife and childrens go back to China with money," chimed in Ah Lang. "Be velley rich in China. One hun—"

This reminder only increased the desperation of Spears's wrath.

"Enough!" he bellowed.

Ah Lang placidly folded his hands, cast his eyes on the frescoes along the wall, and relapsed into silence.

Farney continued: "The cost would not be excessive; besides, the crisis of the feud is at hand."

Spears groaned dismally.

"What would you charge?"

"For night, day, or both?"

"Both." Spears's voice seemed to be falling down his throat; it seemed so far away.

"Fifty dollars a week and expenses, to watch Ah Lung both night and day," replied Farney.

Spears looked at his watch and deliberated.

"Very well," he said, "have a man assigned to this fellow at once. You can take immediate charge of him; I wash my hands of the whole thing, physically but not mentally. It's up to you now, Farney."

"Remember," cautioned the detective, "I don't guarantee he won't be—plugged."

"I know," weakly; "only do your best."

MR. SPEARS heaved a great sigh. At last he could set out for his train! This Ah Lang affair was settled and he hoped the feud between the factions would blow over.

He picked up his belongings and made for the door, pressing it outward as some one, just as persistently, struggling to enter, pushed it in. This so annoyed Mr. Spears that he released everything he was carrying, placed both hands on his hips, and awaited developments. Whoever he was, he'd not hold his position after he had once crossed the threshold.

The door banged open violently and—Mr. Spears jumped back and shuddered. There, before him, (Continued on page 34)

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Pure Food Campaigns



The Way to Conduct Them

By Professor
LEWIS B. ALLYN



IN THE February 22 issue of COLLIER'S was published an article on "Municipal Campaigns" in which certain general principles were briefly stated. From the large number of inquiries it is apparent that more specific and detailed information is required.

Below we print a number of the queries:

We desire to hold a pure-food show, and would like to follow a plan of some hard and fast restrictions, or, in other words, have each and every demonstrated article able to stand the chemical tests to which the Westfield products have been subjected. If you can offer us any suggestions, we would appreciate your cooperation.—W. A. M., Indiana.

Tell me how to start something in a town like Evanston. Most people here and abroad know our suburb for many things, but we have nothing to compare with your work for the public good, and we need it.—A. A. S., Evanston, Ill.

We are about to engage in a pure-food exhibit, and do not wish to admit any manufactured article which may be questioned. Any assistance you may be able to render will be greatly appreciated.—President St. Louis Pure Food Association.

Here in Nevada we have a good pure-food and drug law, but it is not enforced to any alarming extent. This part of the country needs awakening.—A. L. S., Nevada.

As an alderman of the First Ward and chairman of the Board of Health, I await further instructions how to get at this question. Any pointers you can give will be greatly appreciated.—D. M. W., Michigan.

What should I do to inaugurate better food conditions in our little Western town?—F. B. N., Nebraska.

What the Questioners Wish to Know

A COMPILATION of more than a hundred letters of this nature shows the following questions:

How could I start a pure-food campaign in my city? Just what should I do to get my club to start a pure-food movement? What should I do to arouse the interest of the local board of health? How can I get grocers and provision dealers interested? What can be done to interest food manufacturers in a pure-food campaign, and where can a list of eligible firms be obtained? Is there any way in which speakers or lecturers may be secured? What literature deals with the subject of pure foods? Are there any books which will enable me to perform simple chemical tests on foods?

The communication of F. B. N. (Nebraska) expresses in four words the motive which should underlie all pure-food agitation—"*to inaugurate better conditions.*" It was expressed by the Eastchester Food League as "To Enlighten, Not to Frighten."

In the past some have traded upon the term "pure" as applied to food and sought to exploit it by public demonstrations for financial reasons.

The Importance of Quality

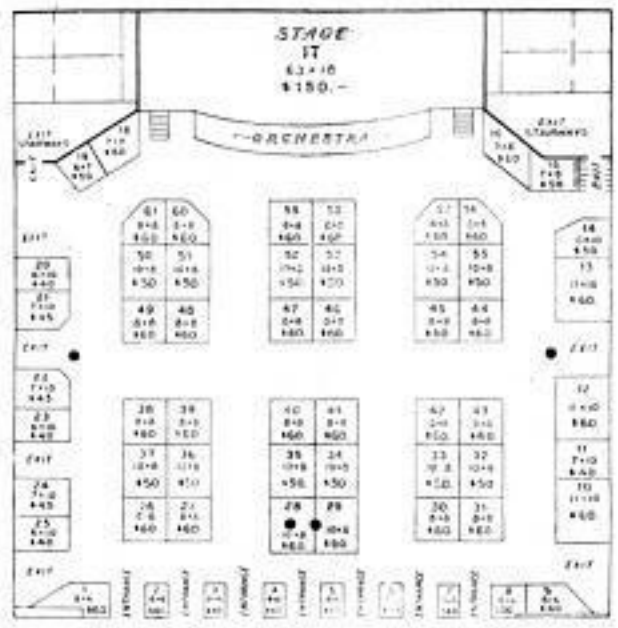
THAT quality is daily becoming more of an asset is evidenced by the steady trend of advertising in that direction. In the May issue of the "Retailers' Journal," a trade paper, the following occurs:

"Feature pure food in your advertising. The trend of the times, the vigilance of State and Federal authorities, attach more importance to the exploitation of purity in foods. Purity in manufacturing conditions of all articles intended for human consumption has, during the past few years, grown to tremendous proportions of importance in the minds of the consuming public."

This statement is of deeper significance than is at first apparent. When the provision dealers preach purity in their advertisements, and push articles of quality in their practice, one may read auspicious omens.

There is probably no better way of stimulating quality in food products than by the public exhibit. This may take at least two forms—that of the show or fair type, or that of the museum or exhibition type. This article will deal with the former and discuss certain methods of arousing public interest.

By the exposition is meant that show or display of food products held in some large and suitable hall where the running expenses are in part met by the exhibiting firms through the purchase or rental of space. By referring to the accompanying plan, one may note a common method of dividing floor space and affixing a price for the same.



Plan of exhibit space

An admission of from 25 cents to 50 cents is charged the public. It is usually the part of good business policy to charge enough for the space to allow a good margin for advertising purposes.

How to Begin

"JUST *what should I do to get my club to start the pure-food movement?*" There is no question concerning the efficacy of organized action in a movement of this kind, any more than in other movements. Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and women's organizations are among the leaders in such work—previous to which some few individuals must have the "vision"—not one of financial gain, nor yet of faddism.

> *"That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,*
> *And follows but for form,*
> *Will pack, when it begins to rain,*
> *And leave thee in the storm."*

Many times organizations have been stimulated to decisive action from lectures by some live advocate of pure foods. In nearly every State the Commissioner of Public Health is vitally interested and can usually either give the address or send a delegate for that purpose. Among the lecturers of more than local fame as pure-food advocates may be mentioned: Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Washington, D. C.; Miss Alice Lakey, Cranford, N. J.; Mr. Alfred W. McCann, New York "Globe"; Dr. C. Houston Goudiss, "Forecast Magazine," Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Paul Pierce, editor "National Food Magazine," New York City; Dr. L. F. Kebler of the Drugs Laboratory, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Bernard Smith, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. George Slocomb, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Julian Heath, president Housewives' League, New York City; Professor E. F. Ladd, Bismarck, N. Dak.

Several far-reaching campaigns have resulted from lectures and talks by these speakers. COLLIER'S welcomes the names and addresses of any other effective, whole-souled pure-food lecturers.

It is important to invite the members of the local board of health and the grocers and merchants to such lectures. The clergy and press can, almost without exception, be counted on as helpfully cooperative.

The public libraries can be of service by preparing for distribution books and magazine articles bearing upon the subject. It is the custom of some librarians to circulate printed lists of articles and books dealing with pure-food topics. The local papers will publish extracts from lectures, articles, and even from books; and in addition will frequently give liberal editorial comment. One should never underestimate the value of thus preparing the public mind.

The schools should be relied upon for this preparatory work by means of talks by the teachers and essays by the pupils. There is an unlimited field for the teacher in this direction. The public sentiment must be cultivated.

The following list of books, periodicals, and bulletins will prove of value:

Informational

"FOOD AND FLAVOR" (Finck), Century Publishing Company, New York City; "Starving America" (McCann), F. M. Barton, Philadelphia; "Foods and Their Adulteration" (Wiley), T. Blakestons Sons, Philadelphia; "Human Foods" (Snyder), Macmillan Company, New York City; "Pure Foods" (Olsen), Ginn & Co., Boston; "Milk Hygiene" (Jensen), Lippincott, Philadelphia; "Nostrums and Quackery" ("Journal of American Medical Association"), Chicago; COLLIER'S, New York City; "Good Housekeeping," New York City; "National Food Magazine," New York City; "Forecast Magazine," Philadelphia; Bulletins of State Boards of Health, particularly of New Hampshire, North Dakota, Kentucky, Indiana, and Michigan; Reports of Connecticut (New Haven) and Maine (Orino) Agricultural Experiment Stations; food publications of the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, D. C., secretary of public documents, request list, and select pertinent topics; food inspection, decisions, investigations, and judgments, United States Department of Agriculture, office of the Secretary.

Technical

"FOOD INSPECTION AND ANALYSIS" (Leach), Wiley & Sons; "Foods: Their Composition and Analysis" (Blyth), D. Van Nostrand Company, New York City; "Elementary Applied Chemistry" (Allyn), Ginn & Co., Boston; "Bulletin No. 107" (revised), United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, D. C.

The reading and discussion along the suggested lines furnish an important background for the leaders of the campaign. It is not enough to have the impression that food conditions should be improved; one must have the definite knowledge; not sentiment but facts are required.

(Concluded on page 22)

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Getting Wall

By Frank



IF YOU care to—and have the money—you can skip down to Wall Street at this writing and sit down on the New York Stock Exchange for something like $41,000. Less than four years ago this privilege would have cost nearer $96,000. As there are 1,100 seats on the Exchange, it is plain that their aggregate shrinkage in value has been, in round numbers, $60,500,000. In short, Wall Street, or, more properly, the Stock Exchange, is in the doldrums—peevish, harassed, sore in body, mind, and check book. The cause—don't all shout Tariff! at once—is the public. The American people are not buying stocks in the quantities of old. John Smith has got Wall Street's goat!

The Street has had three lean years of it now, and is getting worried. It is a common saying in the financial district that everybody is making money but the stockbroker. The banks are prospering; the general outlook is good. But—chorus of groans from the brokerage houses—John Smith is not speculating! The color of his money, flashing so conspicuously during the period from 1896 to 1907, has grown dimmer and dimmer, with recurrent flashes in 1908 and 1909, and finally has almost disappeared. This June, to be sure, ushered in something of a return to old-time form; but trading was at the expense of values. The St. Louis & San Francisco receivership brought about heavy liquidation, which was increased by the Minnesota rate case ruling. Stocks that formed the backbone of the market slumped badly, and on the day after the rate case decision transactions totaled 857,000 shares.

WHERE ARE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

IN the high tide of speculation, transactions of 1,000,000 shares a day were not at all uncommon. In 1901, when chorus girls and waiters were taking flyers in Steel Common, even 2,000,000-share days weren't unusual. Nowadays the 1,000,000-share day is decidedly the exception, and the transfer of a puny 100,000 was recently recorded. The day's commissions of a brokerage house whose per diem expense is probably $500 amounted on a recent occasion to the princely sum of $3. In view of such stagnation eighty odd firms or individuals withdrew from the Street during the fifteen months ending in March of the present year, and more than 150 branch offices were closed.

Generally clerical forces have been reduced, leased wires abandoned, expenses otherwise trimmed. For two Christmases past spoiled employees in the Street have complained of the decided cut in holiday largesse. Some of the big houses used to present to their more important employees at Christmas time 50 per cent, or more, of their yearly salaries. This has now been reduced to 15 or 20 per cent, with sharper shading down the list. Even a house of untold millions and international reputation is said to have enforced this policy.

Genial Larry, who runs a string of soda fountains in the financial district, including one next door to the Stock Exchange, will tell you a lot about the disappearance of the Wall Street spender. For Wall Street's most popular lunch of late has been obtained at the soda fountain. You may draw your own conclusions, as has Larry. He is certain that the old-time spender is nearly extinct. Where you saw ten of him at first nights ten years ago, says Larry, you see one or none of him now. Checked suits and hectic neckties are still worn, but the chorus girl's friend, the giver of staggering tips, the financial sport, take it from Larry, is on the wane.

THE SPECULATION OF YESTERYEAR

THE present difficulty, as stockbrokers themselves view it, is that the Street arranged its affairs on a scale called for by conditions which now appear to have been abnormal. Facilities for trading were expanded tremendously, hundreds of branch offices were opened. Everybody was making money on a big scale, and spending it in the same magnificent way. Salaries were big, offices supersumptuous. In the last three years, what with John Smith's foresight, conservatism, or stinginess, according to your way of looking at it, drastic readjustment was necessary. There are some men in the Street—pessimistic perhaps—who predict that this readjustment will be permanent. They profess to believe that the heyday of stock speculation is over, that the "little man," he who with $10,000 or $100,000 meant so much collectively and went so far toward keeping the market active, will not come back. They base their belief on the passing of the trust-formation period and incident colossal stock issues with their opportunity for speculation.

Instead of forming new trusts just now, Wall Street is busy dissolving some of the old ones, under the painful necessity of complying with the decrees of the courts. The three stocks in which speculation has been most active in the last few years—Steel, Reading, and Union Pacific—all were floated years ago. For John Smith, their sheen has to some extent worn off.

THE TONGUES OF RUMOR

THERE is another reason: John Smith has become insurgent in finance as well as in politics. It hurts him to realize that he isn't on the inside. This realization has, of course, grieved him all along, but of late apparently more poignantly. It has come home to John Smith more and more that no matter how the game is played he is at a disadvantage. The first five months of this year were fairly speckled with examples of stocks moving in a mysterious way—unfathomable to Smith.

An important factor in John Smith's turning from stock speculation to stable securities was his appreciation that he was always handicapped by not being able, as is the professional trader, to keep his thumb and forefinger on the pulse of current events. Minutes are sometimes eternities in the stock market.

If it is flashed to the Street that the President has been shot or that a great bank has failed, the man on the spot speeds his order to sell long before John Smith has heard the news.

Wall Street is incredibly superstitious and childish. Nothing in the world, not even a woman, is more sensitive to impressions than the Stock Exchange. It literally lives on rumors. J. P. Morgan died three times during March before he actually succumbed in Rome; E. H. Harriman likewise succumbed repeatedly before the end came one afternoon in that great silent house at Arden, in the hills of Orange County, New York. The point is, both were ill months before their deaths; both were powerful factors in the stock market, so that, no matter how absurd on its face appeared a premature report of death, it *might* be true. All rumors, therefore, must be reckoned with instantly on account of the extreme rapidity with which the machinery of the market moves. Their effect lies in the shrewdness of men taking quick advantage of a combination of circumstances. Look up the quotations and you will see that a rumor of Mr. Morgan's death on February 18 affected stocks more than did the confirmed cable reports of his demise on March 31. On February 17 the market had been frightened by reports from abroad that the great financier was ill and on his way from Cairo to Genoa with two physicians and a nurse. Next day, while the Street had this in mind, a report was circulated that Mr. Morgan had died that afternoon. The precisely most effective time was chosen—just before the market closed—making it impossible to verify the truth or falsity of the report before the end of the day's session. Accustomed as it was to such situations, the Street was frantic.

Telephone bells began ringing, newspaper men flew breathlessly about, and in a wink elevator boys, messenger boys, everybody, was on the qui vive. Stocks went down with a bang. The Bears made money. Mr. Morgan was not dead, but the rumor got in its work.

When news of Mr. Morgan's death did reach New York it came early on a Monday morning, and was announced by the posting of a notice on the door of J. P. Morgan & Co. at 8.55 a. m. This was an hour and five minutes before the Exchange opened, and every stockbroker was thus thrice armed. Preparations had been made to support the market superbly, but many of the supporting orders were never executed. It wasn't necessary. The decline was negligible and was followed almost immediately by a rebound. For the Bears to have tried to make money in the circumstances would have been suicidal. They refrained for the same reason that a man with a club doesn't charge a man with a loaded, cocked gun in each hand.

In such an atmosphere of rumors, news competition is as keen as a razor blade. Where, in the newspaper world, a beat of twenty minutes is an achieve-



By thumbing the button as agreed it buzzed meaningly in the hall many floors below

Street's Goat

B. Elser

ment, twenty seconds is the measure of putting one over on the financial news ticker. Consequently the district is fleabitten with reporters. One agency alone has nearly forty men on the job within the narrow confines of a few blocks. They write little and telephone a great deal. In the days before telephones men would be strung out for blocks between a directors' meeting and the news-agency office. By means of handkerchief wigwagging, news of a passed dividend, a change in the rate or anything else of paramount importance, was flashed along the line with great swiftness.

SHIFTS OF THE REPORTER

THERE are usually twenty or more reporters covering every quarterly meeting of the United States Steel Corporation. Each squad works under a captain. The captain stands at the door and accosts the first director who comes out. When the director says shortly, "Dividend unchanged," the captain yells it down the hall to man No. 2. No. 2 shouts it to No. 3, who in turn passes it to a man at the nearest telephone. If the Steel Corporation would let everybody come in the office and provide telephones for all, the system would be greatly simplified. As it is, it's a case of getting the nearest phone. If a reporter can commandeer one in an adjoining office he is lucky. Otherwise he may have to relay his announcement all the way downstairs to a public booth.

Not long ago an ingenious chap beat the crowd by using the elevator push button. He had an assistant downstairs, and they had agreed on a code of signals. By thumbing the button as agreed, it buzzed meaningly in the hall many floors below, and the assistant stepped to a telephone with the line already open. With such unflagging regularity and zeal have these Steel meetings been covered by the same men ever since the corporation's formation in 1901 that they have organized the Nineteen-One Club of veterans.

DECISIONS AND THEIR INFLUENCE

WALL STREET waited Mondays for three months or so for the commodities-clause decision, which held that the railroads could not own coal mines and transport coal from them at the same time. Each Monday morning when the Supreme Court was in session—Decision Day it is called—brokers watched the news tape closer than they did the stock tickers. From ten o'clock till noon business lagged. For many weeks the busy little wheel would buzz off: "No commodities' decision to-day," and the Street would breathe with disappointment and relief.

Both of the big financial news agencies had the best of their trained men at Washington with instructions to forget that life had any other object than to get that decision when it came out—and get it first. If you have heard some of the Supreme Court justices read a decision you will realize that "to get it first" is some job. The decision is usually full of legal verbiage, and has so many pros and cons that it takes a man with second sight to guess whether it will end up with a pro or a con. Very often it is hard to tell which way the ruling is going until the last sentence.

One Monday the commodities-clause decision did come down, and the rival reporters listened. Intoned rapidly, with accent on the in, it was as clear as mud. But before the justice was half through, one of the reporters flashed to his New York office: "Government wins!" Two minutes later his rival flashed: "Railroads win!"

Now some brokers have both news tickers in their offices. Those who had the "Government wins!" ticker began selling Reading as if it were worth two cents a share. Those who had the "Railroads win!" service bought Reading as if its coal lands had suddenly turned to gold lands. Those who had both tickers went insane.

THE ACROBATIC TICKER

FOR twenty minutes Reading did weird stunts, then the puzzle as to which ticker was right was solved. They both were. The Government won the legal victory and the railroads the moral—that is, from the Wall Street point of view. Wall Street had thought a Government win meant that the roads would have to give up their coal lands. The decision left a loophole, however, by which the properties would remain under the same control and the stockholders lose nothing. In fact, in the case of the Lackawanna and the Lehigh Valley, they got a melon. All it was necessary to do was to organize "independent" coal-selling companies whose profits—greater than ever—went to the same old stockholders, while the coal went over the same old roads.



Before the justice was half through, one of the reporters flashed: "Government wins!"

The man who flashed "Railroads win!" was a keen one, but the conflicting verdicts gave Wall Street one of the worst upsets in years.

For a cryptic puzzler, however, the Minnesota rate case decision takes all prizes. Dusk had settled over the financial district before the reading of this decision was finished. Two reporters in desperation flashed: "Railroads win!" Another gave the victory to the State. A third, nervous but determined, wired his office that he couldn't make head or tail of it. Two New York newspapers shot extras on the street screaming under four-column heads of a railroad victory. The news tickers staggered under the strain and tried futilely to meet the situation with extended quotations. Meanwhile brokers and speculators fervently thanked the gods that the market had closed for the day. (In this connection, it is worthy of note that the decision did not come down until after the Stock Exchange session was over, as was the case, whether by the court's design or not, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases.)

THE WASHINGTON PULSE

MANY offices were kept open till after midnight, while frantic efforts were made to pry from eminent lawyers a nutshell analysis of what it all meant. But so heavy was the decision that lawyers and railroad presidents alike were loath to commit themselves. It was not until the next day that the sloughing off of standard issues emphatically bespoke the Street's interpretation. A complex compromise as between State and Federal authority, yet recognizing the dominant power of Congress, and tending toward centralization of control, the decision was nevertheless hailed by Minnesota as vindication of her right to fix intrastate rates. Apparently, it had been a hard blow for the railroads. Twelve hours later the Street modified considerably this gloomy view, appreciating that fears as to the ultimate effect of the ruling had doubtless been exaggerated.

As a rule the Street "dopes" out pretty correctly just what the Department of Justice is going to do. This is partly due perhaps to the guilty conscience of trusts expecting an attack, partly to keeping an ear to the ground. Early this year the President of a great corporation not only knew that a dissolution suit was in the air, but issued a statement denying that his concern was a trust before the suit had actually been filed. He was hurrying away to attend a funeral, and he wanted to give out his side of the case simultaneously with the Government's action. He put his statement in the past tense and referred to the Government allegations. Sure enough, the United States District Attorney walked into the Federal Building at New York that afternoon with the papers, and the suit was on. The ticker carried the corporation president's statement several hours before.

According to Wall Street, everything leaks but the Supreme Court. Concerning its decisions, they can guess, shrewdly perhaps, but there it ends. Like everybody else, they regard the great tribunal with something akin to awe, and that's the reason so many brokers hang over the news ticker on "Decision Day." What they read then is *news*. What the President is going to say in his next message is not. Somehow or other the Street always manages to get copies of presidential utterances days in advance of their delivery. Mr. Roosevelt's messages were invariably hashed over before they went to Congress. On one occasion bound copies could be bought for something like $5 each.

Mr. Wilson seems to view this practice as extraordinary, to say the least. Newspaper stories informed him before he left Princeton that Wall Street was enjoying his inaugural address, and he said then that he would start an investigation. What he has learned and what steps he will take to guard against such a contingency in the future he has not made public.

WALL STREET'S SECOND SIGHT

THE stockbroker's lenient view of such breaches is that he is sitting on dynamite all the time, and is entitled to get any and all information he can about any and everything affecting the market. He maintains that he must discount conditions six months or so in advance—why not a President's message? The successful trader is one who can see ahead.

A good example of this is to be had in the Standard Oil dissolution. The stock of the parent Standard never was listed on the Stock Exchange, for the reason that it never would furnish reports of its earnings as required, presumably because it did not want to disclose the earnings of its many subsidiaries. When the dissolution came, only the farseeing, probing students of the situation were able to visualize the gold that was to flow from those subsidiaries. Those who rushed off when the dissolution decree was announced and sold their Standard Oil stock later regretted it very, very much. Those who held on were to participate in a regular Georgia crop of melons.

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The New Police

By The Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON

***CRIME PREVENTION** by police officers—men and women—fit for social service, and trained to it, is the idea advanced by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kas., author of "In His Steps." He would have on the force only men and women educated in all lines of sociological work. Mr. Sheldon is Secretary of the Topeka Civil Service Commission, and in that capacity has arranged a list of questions for candidates for the police force. The set here given is for candidates for the position of policewoman. Two young women already have been appointed and are serving on the regular police force.*

The Questions

GIVE your definition of a city policewoman.

Have you ever had any experience in missionary or social settlement work? Church work? Work in the home?

What do you consider the first qualification of a policewoman?

What do you know about matters of sex hygiene? Could you give intelligent instruction to women on this subject?

Do you make friends easily with all sorts of people?

Do you like boys and girls and do you understand them?

If you found young women leading immoral lives in any part of the city, what would you consider it to be your first place as an officer to do?

Name anything you could do to prevent lawlessness or vice.

If you were assigned to duty at a theatre or any place of amusement to report on the character of the play or pictures presented, what features of such play or pictures would you consider dangerous to moral standards?

How late at night do you think boys and girls unaccompanied by older people should remain in the public parks or any public places?

Would you consider it a part of your business as a policewoman to notify parents of what seemed to you dangerous habits on the part of their children?

What, in your opinion, is the real cause of immorality on the part of girls and women in a city?

Have you made any special study of crime or poverty or lawlessness?

What, in your opinion, is the main business you will be expected to attend to as a policewoman?

Do you have any race prejudice?

What would you say to an immoral woman who asked your advice about leading a good life?

What do you think would be the greatest source of lawlessness for you to help correct in this city?

What do you know practically about the real conditions of life here in Topeka?

What books have you read, if any, on the problems of a modern city?

Do you love people regardless of their condition or their race, color, or social standing?

For the evil you will constantly have to face, what is the one great fundamental remedy?

Why do you think you would make a good policewoman?

My Views

FOR centuries police officers have been defined as men in uniform armed with a club and a gun, whose main business is to detect crime and arrest criminals, preserve order and protect property. Acting almost invariably as the agents of a military rule, representing the "strong arm of the law," the police force of the civilized world has up to the present time been defined and employed as a detective and punitive agency.

But a change of definition is going to revolutionize the police idea. This change is being compelled on account of disclosures all over the world of corrupt conditions, on account of the failure of the police force to lessen vice and crime, and most of all on account of a new vision of what a policeman ought to be.

The church for the last 150 years has picked out the flower of its youth, college-bred, seminary-trained, home-nurtured young men and women, and sent them to the depraved anywhere in the world to preach and teach and redeem and civilize.

They have gone unarmed, with no weapons, into the midst of appalling crime, depravity, and disorder and actually changed conditions that seemed to be absolutely impossible of changing.

TRANSFORM YOUR POLICEMEN

THE city has for the last 1,000 years chosen for its police, to take care of its depraved and lost and criminal classes, men who are armed to kill or punish, men who make it their business to spy upon the sinful to catch them at sinning, and in many cases men who themselves are as bad at heart as the sinners they are supposed to guard the city against.

The world has seen miracles of transformation in heathen lands brought about by men and women who love humanity and have a passion to redeem. How about our failure to redeem by the same process among our own heathen at home?

The policeman in the very nature of the case is in a position to be the greatest human "mixer" in the city. The average minister, business man, and professional man can never know a city as a policeman can know it. He is the one man in all the town who knows the inside life of the people. His very business calls him into places and situations absolutely impossible for the average citizen.

And that is only one item in the long list of advantages the policeman has for touching life at its most intimate points of interest in the city. He is in a position to meet the people day and night, to see them from every point of vantage for getting acquainted with them at first hand.

If the new definition of the new policeman is going to prevail, as I believe it is, what changes will be necessary in the kind of man required to make up the force and what will be the qualifications necessary for service in the coming city administration?

THE NEW QUALIFICATIONS

HERE is a list of qualifications for the coming policeman, defining him as a life-saving force, basing his day's or night's work on the same basis as that of the foreign missionary.

First—The coming policeman or policewoman (for half the police force at least should be women) will have as thoroughgoing a preparation for his life work as the best minister, school-teacher, or doctor now has for h' life work.

Second—The coming policeman will be an educated man in the best sense of that word. No man is too well educated, too good, or too intelligent to be a policeman.

Third—He will be a man who, above everything else, will have a passion to save life, prevent crime, protect the honor of the city as if it were (as it is) his own hearth, and help the people in every way he possibly can.

Fourth—He will have a practical knowledge of sex hygiene and be perfectly competent to instruct youth or parenthood in that tremendous subject.

Fifth—He will counsel with parents about their children, helping them when necessary in solving the problems of the streets, the theatre, and the home.

Sixth—He will be a constant student of *causes* of vice, crime, poverty, depravity, injustice. He will be constantly reporting at headquarters his findings as to *causes*. Why should a policeman simply be a constant arrester of evil? Why not be a student of its constant presence?

Seventh—The coming policeman will make it his aim to be the friend and counselor of all the people on his beat. He should be a lover of boys and understand boy nature.

Eighth—The coming policeman will be a man of devout religious life. He will be a man who says the Lord's Prayer out of his heart. At this point the average city administration will probably want to know, with a sneer, if cities can be run like Sunday schools. It would be a good thing for them if they were. I know nothing that is more useful

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Police

M. SHELDON

nd morally economical than a well-rganized Sunday school. When the odern city has reached as high a de-ree of moral efficiency as a Sunday chool, let it criticize. The average city s it is now policed is absurdly inef-cient in getting ethical results.

Ninth—The coming policeman will be iven the task of instructing the people n matters of sanitation, the laws of ealth, of food, of exercise, of general hysical uprightness. He will be fitted o be the bishop of the particular section f the town or city to which he is as-igned.

Tenth—The saving in vice expense, in graft, bribery, crime, and general dis-rder, will enable any average city to pay arger wages to a larger body of men and omen police than they can afford now.

Eleventh—The material for such a olice force is at this very moment avail-ble from the ranks of enthusiastic hristian young men and women gradu-ating from our seminaries and universities. If such policemen as are here described were asked for now by the cities of this country, it would not be very difficult to secure, at least in a comparatively short time, all the recruits needed. This country has plenty of heroic and capable material for missionary police officers both men and women.

Twelfth—If I could have the selection of the kind of men and women I know and could put them in charge of the newly defined police work of the cities, I would guarantee to cut the crime, vice, disorder, and lawlessness in two within five years' time.

The present police system is wrong because it is based on a wrong principle. It will never produce ethical results until it is based on the redemptive idea. How long will it take civilization to learn that nothing is so expensive as evil, and that nothing can overcome it so quickly and economically as good?

Two Feet and a Thousand Miles

By STANLEY R. OSBORN

I WENT out one morning in July and walked a thousand miles. I did not walk the thousand before luncheon. I was two months upon the way. I went a three years' office slave. I came back a sun-browned outlaw—uncivilized, lacking habits, routine, or hours.

For sixty days I knew but two masters—the blisters on my feet and the God of Miles. Oh, I was a blood brother to that man Achilles! But I contrived little nightcaps of velvet to tie on my heels inside the shoes, and plodded forward. As for the God of Miles, here was a paradox. Upon the road to nowhere—all roads, all destinations were mine—I hoarded my miles like a miser. Traveling a snail's pace, I was speed mad.

I set out from Mankato in Minnesota, a blanket roll across my shoulder. I marched down the Minnesota to old Fort Snelling and the falls of St. Anthony. Thence, with an occasional exploration back into the hills, I followed the waters down the Mississippi to the southern Iowa line. From Keokuk I turned westward and crossed to the Missouri and to Kansas City. I left my footprints in five States. Often I broke the trail—a farmer's wagon may invite like a fairy chariot—but these miles I did not count in the thousand. And though I rode with farmers I never, never once rode with trolley or with steam.

NATURE'S FRIENDLY BEDS

I SLEPT where night found me. Sometimes it was a haystack. Once it was oak leaves upon a hill—oak leaves nine months in rain and snow, yet crisp as new. Once there was rain—the roads were puddles for a week—but I did not hear the downpour. I had burrowed deep under a haystack, cutting my way with a knife, and awoke snug and dry. As for the wheat fields, it was but the work of a minute to throw a shock apart and to make my bed. A half-dozen sheaves propped against it would cover me with their spreading heads and keep me warm. Then, the crickets sounding taps, I would throw my rubber poncho over all and, in another minute, be asleep. But the crickets, bold bad bugs, were traitors. They spared my life but they ate my clothes. One morning I sewed a full hour before I could seek the village clothier. Small boys threw coal at me. I was an outlaw. I would have sold those boys and all society for twenty pieces of copper. But, outlaw though I was, I put the shock together again.

I ate as I slept—anything to forget the boarding house and the slavish rules of life. I did not know mealtime. I had no watch; I ate when I was hungry. Often enough I found myself eager for—sirup. Why I do not know. I boiled it in a cup, my little fire sending warm prehistoric flickers up among the trees. I was a cave man and I wanted sirup. Berries I ate from the roadside; anything, everything that was not to be had à la carte. "Mr. Farmer," I would say, "lend me a bowl and sell me a quart of milk. I have the spoon and the breakfast food." Or in tamer, more civilized moods I would even suffer myself to be led to the farmer's table. I carried ten pounds weight—ten pounds too much. Winter flannels in place of a blanket, knife, fork, spoon, tin plate, cup, revolver, a toilet article or two, a change of shirt, and "athletics," all rolled in my army poncho. Laundry was a problem. Usually I bought as I went and mailed the soiled things home.

PRIDE OF DISCOVERY

MY pack and my plodding feet both proclaimed me the alien. No one along all the upper Mississippi walks. They drive or they motor, but never do they ride a horse or walk. "What d'you sell?" they would ask. "Why don'tsha hop a freight?" A man who walked for pleasure? They could not, they would not understand. You were a peddler or a thief. Women trembled, strong men grew uneasy. To see timidity in the eyes of others, to learn how easily fear may be inspired, is a new sensation, not altogether unpleasant, for a meek 130 pounds of office man.

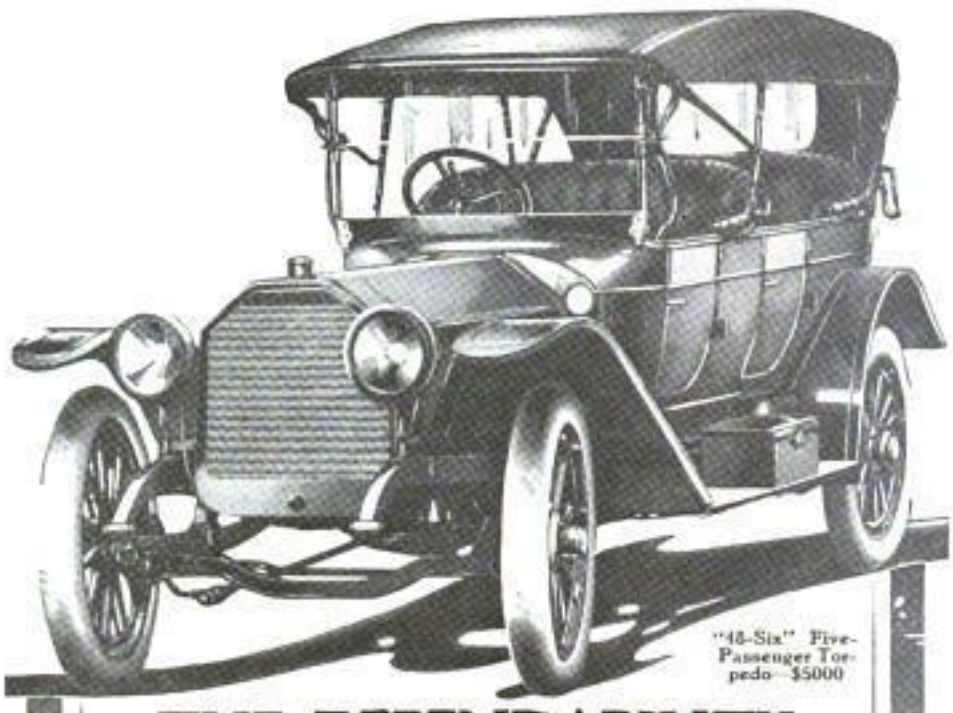
To him that hath feet shall be given many things denied those who ride in Pullmans and in six-cylinder cars. He crosses fields and ravines, an explorer. Behind yonder clump of trees, perhaps, "sights as good as Europe" await him, and him alone. Thus I claim St. Bonifacius. It is mine by right of discovery; the railway stops far down the hill. St. Bonifacius has two streets. The church stands in one right angle where these meet, the cemetery in another raises its wooden Christ upon the tree. Across the way are the village houses. St. Bonifacius is all German, all Roman Catholic, all peasant. English is unheard, the church bell tells the hours. It is thirty-five miles from Minneapolis, thirty-five hundred from the United States.

Mine, too, are the pearl fishers of the Mississippi. Afoot I found the one small town in Iowa that gives us three pearl buttons of every five we wear. Even the river mussel, it seems, has his silver lining. These prospectors, living clamshells, dreaming pearls—once upon a time a clammer did actually find a pearl that brought him $2,000—are to-day the typical men of the upper river. Steamboat captains, raftsmen, all the good old characters, are few enough; only the pearl hunters, and the patient channel men who keep open a way for the commerce that never comes.

WHO WOULD RIDE?

WALKING, I evolved a text: Who would ride, day in and day out, to pass the familiar old front door of life; to see Adventure issue forth, smug, conventional, described for you in a hundred books? Better to vault the gate and to stride away—some paths have not yet been brought into the map of things. There, as you sit out a shower, perhaps, a wood robin may perch in the bend of your knee, or a trackman show you the bowlder that, but for him, might plunge the decorous swashbucklers of the Pullman into real adventure—the river and death.

Who, I say, would ride?



"48-Six" Five-Passenger Torpedo—$5000

THE DEPENDABILITY OF THE PEERLESS

YOU can step into a Peerless for a transcontinental tour with as much confidence as if you were going for a spin in the park. Constructional accuracy, from the selection of the proper materials to the last inspection before delivery, places the Peerless first among motor cars, in safety, strength, comfort and beauty.

Everything that human ingenuity can devise to eliminate doubt has been realized in the Peerless: Scientific heat treatment of steel by methods originated in the Peerless factory has raised every steel part to an efficiency previously unknown; minute attention to details has placed the Peerless first among motor cars from every viewpoint.

Three Six-Cylinder Models, "38-Six," "48-Six," "60-Six."

The Peerless Motor Car Co. Cleveland

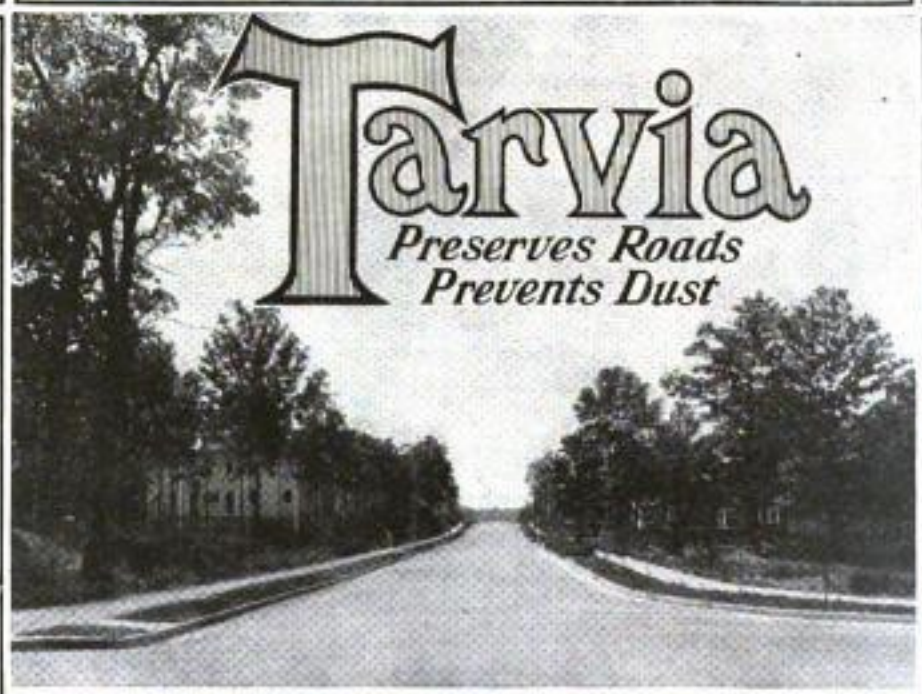
Makers also of Peerless Trucks

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Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust



28th Street, Norwood, Birmingham, Ala. Road built with "TARVIA X."

The Modern Road Binder

PLAIN macadam roads are adapted to slow horse-drawn traffic. Modern traffic, with its high speed, disintegrates and destroys the ordinary macadam. Its mineral binder cannot resist the thrusts of a driving wheel.

Roads adequate for modern traffic must be bonded with something adhesive, ductile and resisting. Such a binder is Tarvia, a specially prepared coal tar compound which retains its good qualities through all weathers and seasons and holds the stone firmly in place resisting all classes of modern traffic.

Tarvia is made in three grades:—"Tarvia X" is a very dense material to use as a binder in the large voids of new construction; "Tarvia A" is of thinner consistency for surfacing operations; "Tarvia B" is used cold, can be applied from a sprinkling cart and is sufficiently limpid to percolate into the pores of an old and well compacted road.

"Tarvia X" is required where new construction is called for. "Tarvia A" and "Tarvia B" are used in improving and protecting roads already in use.

A tarviated road or pavement is practically dustless and mudless and the maintenance cost is, in most cases, so reduced as to more than save the cost of Tarvia treatment.

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BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

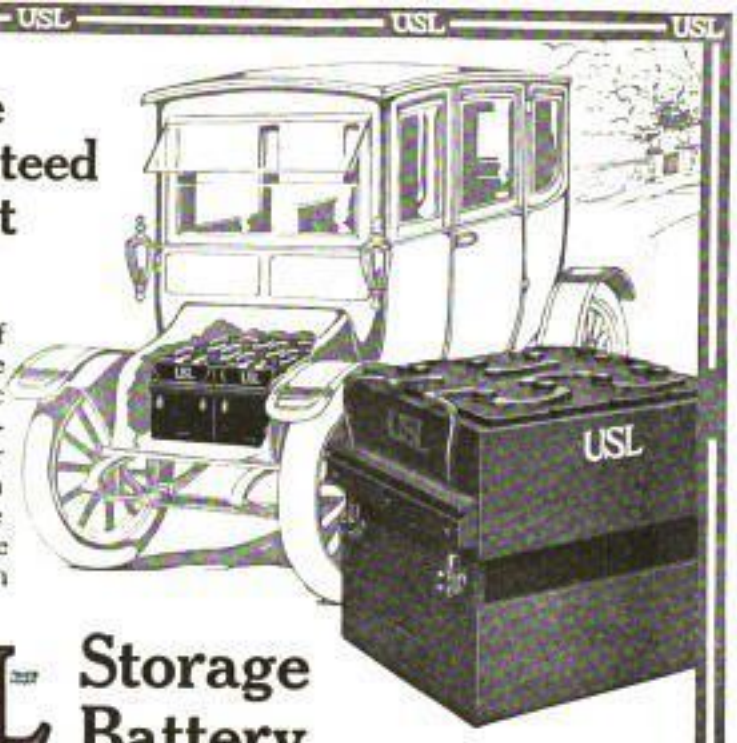
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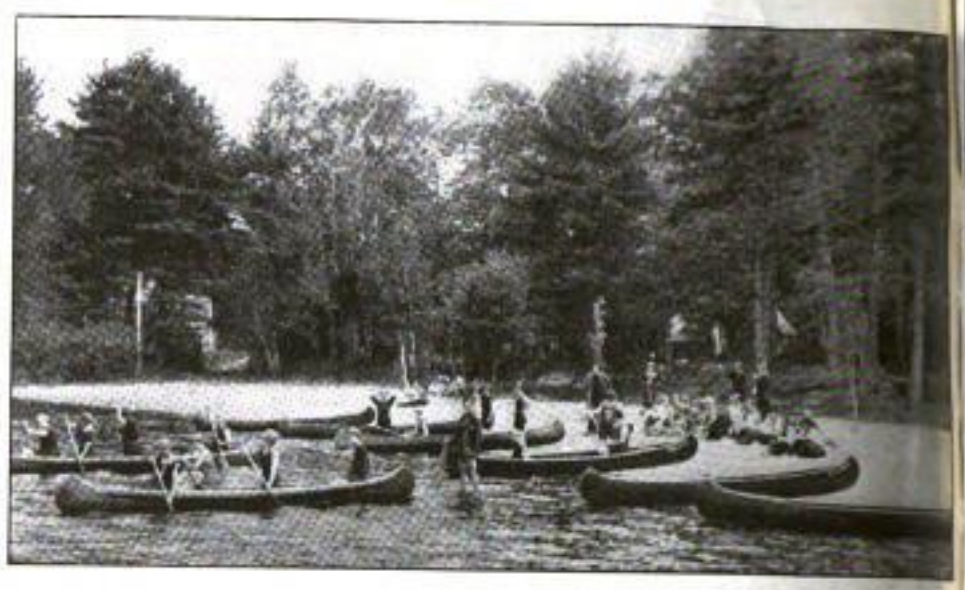
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Girls Encamped

By G. A. TURKINGTON

IMAGINE a camp of 250 acres of woodland, lake, and plateau. Imagine, further, all the resources of these 250 acres given over to successive groups of girls from June until October, and providing the most scientific and complete facilities for instruction and practice in every form of water sport—diving, swimming, water polo, canoeing, rowing, fishing; tennis, soccer, football, baseball, basketball, vaulting, hockey, golf, quoits, horseback riding, and all forms of lighter gymnastics! This newest of girls' camps, which has been originated by, and is under the general direction of, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard University, exists for the individual girl, and plans for her that combination of rest, strenuous exercise, lighter exercise, and fun which she needs to bring her development up to the normal. She may secretly sigh for French verbs, light fiction, or hammocks, as the case may be, but what she gets is plain, unvarnished exercise, food, air, and sleep. During July and August the girls rise every morning at six o'clock and go to bed every night at nine.

SIMPLE HABITS, SIMPLER CLOTHES

JUNE and September in this camp are given over to the regular classes of a gymnastic and physical culture school, and it is during this time that the camp is truly athletic. The Cambridge school in its three years' course is supposed to give a thorough drill in all forms of gymnastics, athletics, and sports, but the limitations of a suburban city are such that sports like horseback riding, hockey, swimming, and even tennis can be taught, for the most part, only theoretically. With the addition of the New Hampshire camp, however, June and September of each school year are to be spent out of doors, supplementing the gymnasium work of the winter months.

The camp shows no unhappy faces. In spite of fogs and cold rains, practically all the June girls sleep out of doors—that is, nominally under tents, but really out in the open, for they fasten back all four tent flaps and let bugs and air sweep through. Often the girls scorn even the tents, and, in groups, go into an edge of a wooded section, within earshot of the central lodge, roll themselves in their rubber blankets, and sleep the sleep of the happy and care free, waking in the morning to take a plunge in the lake.

The campers may rise as early as they please, and many of them have a lake plunge, a game of tennis, or a short "hike" before the seven o'clock rising bell rings. At twenty minutes past seven all assemble under the pines near the lake and, led by an instructor, go through simple leg and arm exercises as a mild preparation for breakfast.

Everything in the camp is done regardless of weather. A heavy rain may shut out such things as tennis, but there are still swimming, rowing, horseback riding, and walking. The girls are always lightly clad, their invariable rudimentals being middy blouses, bloomers, and sneakers. Only when in the hot sun or in heavy rain do they wear anything on their heads. Most of them wear their hair down their backs, or simply knotted and tied at the neck. They are much too busy to be bothered with hairpins or side combs. Either the bloomers or the style of headdress gives the girls such a youthful appearance that it is hard to believe any of them to be over sixteen.

The main practice field is a level stretch of land, skirted on one side by a half-moon lake and on the other three sides by thickets of pine, ash, and maple. At the side nearest the lake stands the main lodge, which contains kitchens, dining room, reading room, executive offices, etc. And extending from this in an arc for a third of a mile are the students' tents, half hidden in the trees. The practice area is so extensive that four sets of tennis and games of baseball, golf, and hockey, hurdling, and horseback riding may be going on simultaneously without interfering with one another.

Swimming and water sports instruction is given in two sections—one in the morning and another in the afternoon. Perhaps to the spectator these periods of the day are the most interesting. The attitude of both instructors and pupils is that learning to swim is a perfectly simple thing, and this atmosphere of confidence is so stimulating that many a girl learns all the essentials and gets a genuine start in three lessons.



Perhaps to the spectator these periods of the day are the most interesting

Next to the swimming periods, the "hiking" trips arouse the most enthusiasm on the part of the girls. A squad of between thirty and fifty, accompanied by one of the men instructors and the camp physician, will start off for a twenty-mile mountain trip. Each girl straps around her a roll made up of a rubber blanket, a loaf of bread, cheese, meat, etc., knife, fork, and spoon, and at her waist carries a drinking cup.

She still wears her blouse, bloomers, and sneakers, but in addition some kind of a cap.

The camping party plan their trip so that they will spend the night near some spring or brook, and get back to headquarters before rations give out. Sometimes they build a beacon fire to signal to the stay at homes that all is well.

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ne of the Burley Tobacco Company's "City Club" Farms—The Premier Soil

The Premier Burley Soil

of These Famous Hillside Slopes



The King Leaf from Each Plant

Down in Kentucky there's a wonderful soil that is rich in limestone deposits.

Every smoker should know about it, for it has to do with the finest tobacco ever sold in a 10-cent tin—City Club.

It is fed through those crystal-like rivers and brooks that flow from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

It forms the famous *Blue Grass* sod—Nature's *Premier Soil* for Burley.

It grows the thinnest, lightest colored, *silkiest* leaves of Burley known.

Nowhere else is there such tobacco, for here alone is this precious earth.

"The Cream" From 200,000 Acres

City Club is the "cream tobacco" from 200,000 acres of this soil.

We grade it ourselves. Then pick over grade No. 1 for the finest leaf. Nothing but the *King Leaf* from this Premier Soil is good enough for City Club.

What grade of Burley are you smoking now and what soil raises it?

Make This Test

Compare it with this unique brand. See if there's a difference. Note City Club's rare mildness, its rich, full-bodied flavor. See what pleasure it gives you—you who love a mild but satisfying smoke.

Our Way

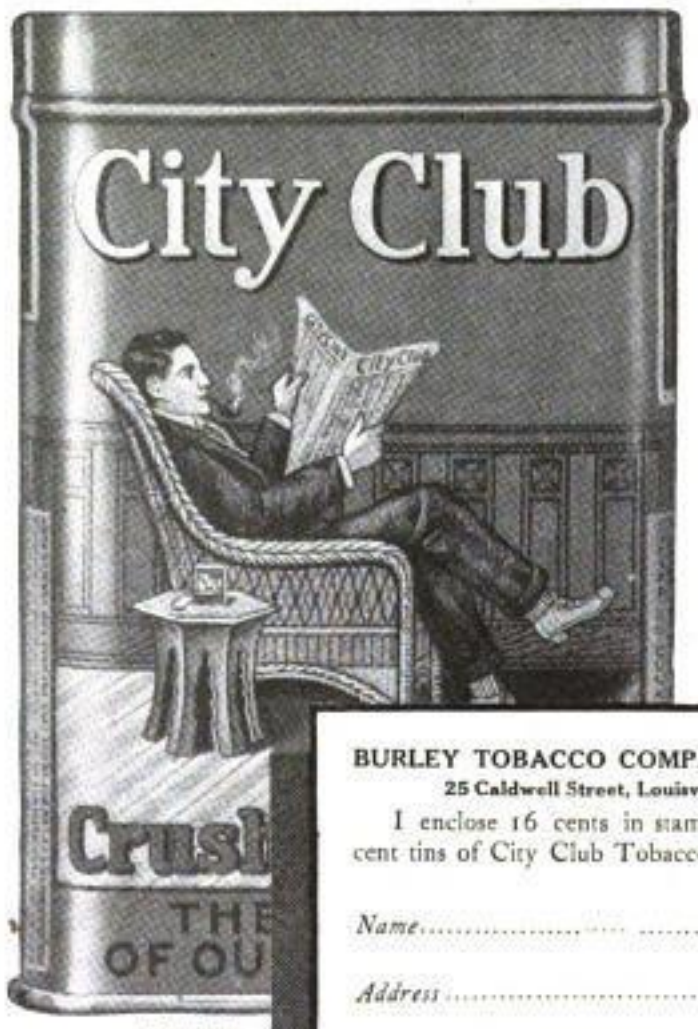
We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

We own the land. We raise the tobacco. We watch every process, from growing leaf to finished tin, with double care. That is why we can make City Club better than any brand you know.

Every smoker who wants the best from his pipe, sooner or later must buy City Club.

The dealers now have it. Go get a trial tin.

ONE TIN MAKES YOU A LIFE MEMBER



Union Made

Send 16c for 2 Tins

If your dealer has not received his supply, write your name and address and the dealer's on the coupon below, enclosing 16 cents in stamps, and we'll send you by mail *two* 10-cent tins —20 cents' worth— to try.

Dealers are authorized to refund money to any smoker not satisfied that City Club is better.

BURLEY TOBACCO COMPANY (15)
25 Caldwell Street, Louisville, Kentucky

I enclose 16 cents in stamps for which send two 10-cent tins of City Club Tobacco.

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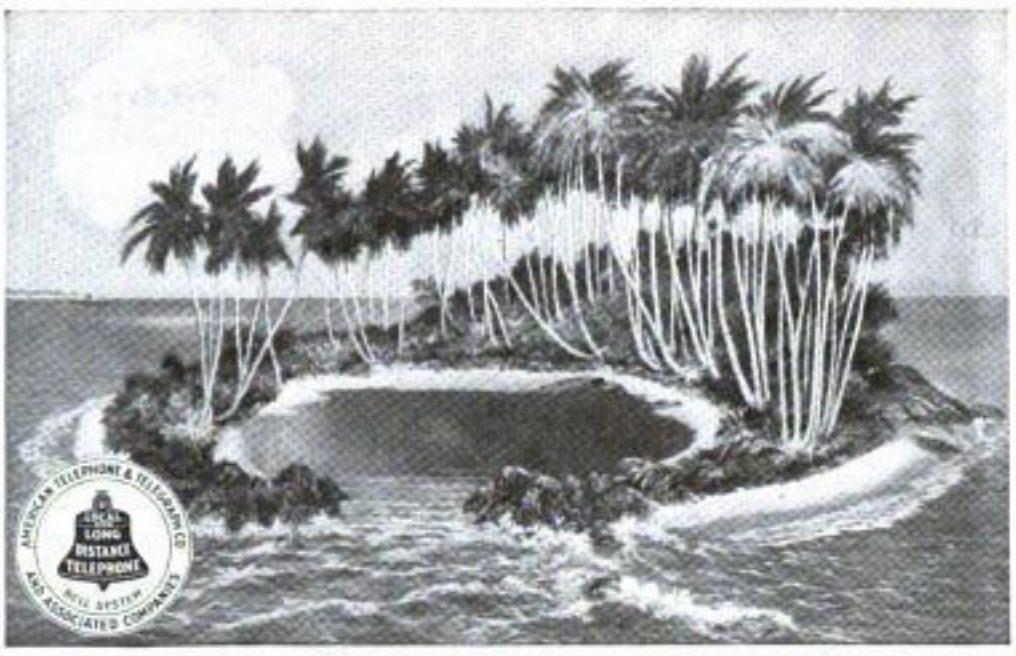
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Address.....

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

GROWERS & MANUFACTURERS OF CITY CLUB
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World

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Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

A Chance for One City Man

What May Be Done with $1,000 and an Intelligent Desire to Go on a Farm

By FREDERIC BRUSH

MR. BRUSH wrote at the end of this account of what it is possible to do with $1,000 on the farm he knows about a paragraph which ought to have come first. In it he said that the main question for the city man to settle is whether or not he can fit into country life. Can he give up the really superior advantages of the modern city and grow to be content with the solid attractions of the country over a period of years? "And the woman has most at stake," wrote Mr. Brush. For her encouragement it can be said now that the next twenty years will witness tremendous betterment in living conditions on the farm and a rapid growth of interest in country life. One who goes to the farm now will reap a big "unearned increment" of satisfaction within a very few years.

IN a Northern State is a farm of 105 acres which can be bought for $2,000. Seven cows and nearly enough farm implements will be included. The owner was twice in years past offered $4,000 for it. Now he is old and lives ten miles away. Renters have tired him out, and run the place down till even the old neighbors, looking yearly at the weeds and the poor crops, have come greatly to underrate its possibilities.

There are no isolated or rocky acres on this farm, but they all lie nearly level in the very center of a circular valley and nearly all are tillable in large lots by improved machinery. The first settler, having free choice, picked this site. On its corner are a country church and school. Neighbors, of old Yankee descent mainly, are near about and good; they have organized with Grange, R. F. D., telephone, etc. Two miles distant by good dirt road is a village and a milk station on a trunk railroad. Three villages aggregating 6,000 population are five and six miles away on three great trunk lines. A quarter million people are in two cities eighteen and fifty miles distant. Local and shipping markets are excellent. Farmers thereabouts are beginning to lime and reclaim the worn lands and values are just entering upon advances.

So this is no place for half life or retreat, but a full chance for a first-class rural success by an average man from the city, with a thousand dollars or less, a courageous wife, a twelve-year-old boy—and haply a girl or two.

PROPER EXPENDITURES

PAY $400 down. Then sell for $600 cash the standing hemlock, maple, and pine timber that is on a wood lot of fourteen acres, and apply it to payment. This timber if cut clean is locally estimated to be worth $1,000, but the newcomer would probably do best in reserving some of the smaller growth and not attempting the manufacture and marketing of the rest. With mortgage debt of $1,000 at 5 per cent interest, arrangements should then be made to pay no more till the end of the second year, for hard sledding is right ahead, and a little "change" jingling in the overalls pocket beats piles of philosophy and Government bulletins.

With the $600 of city money left, buy a team of 1,200-pound horses or heavier, and a strong teaming wagon, a sulky plow, and a few other immediately necessary implements and minor equipments—another $500 gone, and not a very showy team at that. Get ten tons of lime costing $40; hand the wife $5, the boy $1, and sink $4 in the overalls; put the remaining $50 in the town bank and join hands on its staying there five years. Then take one perfectly fair working spring *day off*, fishing for suckers in the river, skipping stones, pulling trailing arbutus—seeing where you live. That day will never quite lose influence against the ofttimes encroaching clodditness of life.

Now for the first year. The city furniture proves more than adequate. The city clothing makes all well dressed there for two or three years; only some few articles for work and wet and winter warmth will be needed. The buildings are substantial and mainly large enough for years of increased production. Paint and planting and the many minor improvements and changes that cure dilapidation will go on gradually and with slight expense—as cheerfulest of all home work. The bathroom may wait a while. The first-year purchase of a new surrey-top wagon and light harness would be a pretty sure sign of coming failure. A second-hand buggy can be got in the village or at a vendue for $10. Paint and some packing will make it hum with proud service, till the boy starts for the Sunday afternoon girls; trust him to see about a shiny one then and to earn it. Firewood will be plentiful for years from the refuse of the cut timber. There is an apple orchard of fifty trees, just entering their twenty-year-old prime, which has borne some under almost continuous neglect. Trimming, fertilizing, and spraying of this means an assured and not an unimportant cash income. About the grounds the owner in his youth planted many hard maples. These with others near make a sugar bush of about fifty trees, which will yield to the boy in the spring a net income of 75 cents per tree, giving him expense money for months and much entertainment and cheer in the home.

A LARGE GARDEN

THESE and other minor producers of home supplies and auxiliary income—such as garden, bees, poultry, small fruits, cider vinegar, pigs—are apt to be overlooked or underestimated in the first survey. They are important; they appear the first year, and may be steadily increased without hiring; but main dependence for success must not be placed upon them.

Milk and potatoes will pay for this farm, and then go on putting money in bank. Other lines would succeed also, but the cows are there, and the man and boy can quickly learn to milk and care for them. A man alone can well manage eight or ten. The milk goes to New York, 200 miles, and a check comes in each month. This must buy the seed for the first crops, some artificial fertilizer, horse feed, groceries, and incidentals. There will be some close going till late summer and temptation to withdraw the fifty.

And just here is the first large opportunity for the wife. Town folks generally do well with gardens, berries, and small fruits—better than most of the natives. They come well read and enthusiastic in this. Old wasting manure and mulch are abundant. Let a large garden be started early, and with much painstaking and forcing, largely for village market production. It will respond to every thought and effort, and if the man proves to be a good salesman, driving maybe once or twice a week to the town, it will go far toward meeting the home running expenses. Buy early of neighbors a pig, twelve or twenty laying pullets, four or five sitting hens with eggs—and *not* an incubator. Don't fuss too much about the pedigrees of these first fowls and eggs; one's own pedigree rarely justifies it. Plan for from 100 to 150 hens within three years, and not more. Then surprise the natives by making them lay winters. A collector buys eggs at the door and there is steady market in the towns. A best fowl should be killed and eaten now and then to help keep up self-respect and a healthy audacity of spirit.

SOME DEVICES

THE seven cows are second-raters, but will return twofold for all extra and unwonted grain and warmth and care given. First year only about $50 gross income per cow may be expected. A neighbor draws the milk with that of others. At least two more good young cows should be bought in the fall, with money from potatoes, to keep some winter milk selling high. *One to three cows may be added* to the dairy *each* year for some time, and turn back constant increased enrichment to the land.

Before You BUILD

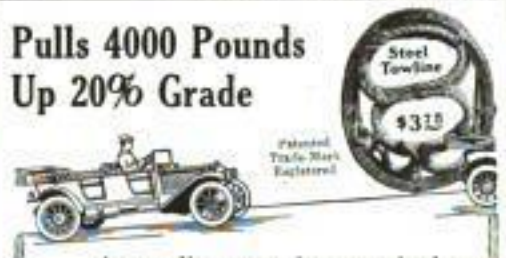
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The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull

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Makers of "Yellow Strand" wire rope, used the world over.

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The old meadows cut yearly but about twenty tons, some hay usually having to be bought. Increased fodder and some net income must evidently be got from this land the second year. Successful schemes may vary for this, but a simple and sure one follows:

Plow fifteen acres of the worst run of this land, putting five in potatoes fertilized with all that can be scraped from the stables, and with a moderate amount of artificial fertilizer. A medium crop of about 100 bushels per acre will probably result, and average to bring at least 50 cents per bushel. The other ten acres take most of the ten tons of lime and a little bought fertilizer, and are sown to buckwheat. Five acres of this are harvested, most of it sold, the rest fed to hens and made into griddle cakes. The other five are plowed under the same season, and the plot seeded to clover, timothy, and red top, and the second year there comes from it at least ten tons of hay worth as much to feed as the other twenty tons of weedy stuff. Thus in one year and a half the stock-keeping capacity of the place has been nearly doubled.

THE FIGURES OF SUCCESS

THE second summer the potato field (now limed) and the buckwheat stubble go into oats and seeding to grass, two-thirds of the oats selling; five acres more of sod are broken for potatoes. The third season there will be fifteen acres in improved grass yielding thirty tons, five with oats, five of new sod in potatoes; and, as this calls for but ten acres of plowing, five or ten more of sod may be broken, and limed and started with buckwheat toward adequate production. For at just about this period success first begins to stand out with the clearness and certainty of a fact. Hay may now be sold even, if some pinch of ill fortune comes. The family is atop of the situation.

So the rotation goes on, with some variations, as for green fodder when the old pastures begin not to support the increasing stock. By the close of the fifth year fifty to sixty acres should be under improvement, seventy to ninety tons of fodder cut, and, besides other stock, sixteen to twenty cows kept so well that they give gross income of $90 each.

FIRST YEAR'S BALANCE

OUTGO

Taxes	$ 35
Interest	50
Fertilizers	60
Home keep and incidentals	350
Grain and seed	350
Two cows bought	120
	$ 965

INCOME

Cows (average eight)	$ 400
Potatoes (some kept)	200
Garden and small sources	150
Orchard	100
Buckwheat (mostly kept)	20
Teaming	250
	$1,120
	965
Net gain	$ 155

Here shows the advisability of not making a first payment of $200 till the end of the second year, with $200 each year till the fifth, which should be $400 and with the privilege of paying more in any year. The above figures are put very conservatively. With closer home economies and very favorable season the saving might be tripled—or it might be changed to a slight deficit by reverse conditions. The $155 should go largely for betterments about the place.

SECOND YEAR

OUTGO

Taxes	$ 35
Interest	50
Fertilizers	60
Lime (five acres)	20
Home, etc.	350
Grain (some grown)	350
Three cows bought	180
Payment	200
	$1,245

INCOME

Cows (average ten)	$ 750
Potatoes	200
Orchard	100
Garden, etc.	200
Teaming	300
Oats sold	40
	$1,590
	1,245
Net income	$ 345

Again the best place for the gain will be found in more and better tools and better living.

If all goes average well a silo may be built about the fourth year; but it can wait, along with another horse and a better "two-seater," etc., until the place is paid for.

THE STRAIGHTFORWARD WAY

ALONG about the third year comes a spell of sometimes dangerous conceit, with a tendency to "branch out" in various ways. It is well then to *stay by the plans* of that first doubtful spring; having these in black-and-white helps, hold to safety. Net income will increase yearly to a certain point.

Changed local and general conditions will have modified the items considerably, but totals for the fifth year will be about as follows:

EXPENSES

Taxes	$ 50
Interest	20
Fertilizers	40
Lime	40
Home, etc. (improvements)	450
Grain (more home-grown)	400
Hired help	300
Final payment	400
	$1,720

INCOME

Eighteen cows (some home-raised)	$1,620
Orchard	100
Potatoes	200
Garden, poultry, etc.	400
Grain sold	150
Team (more need at home)	150
	$2,620
	1,720
Net income	$ 900

And this provides for an increasing comfortable scale of living, with adequate entertainment and education. Add to this the *increase in the value of the property* (at least $1,500), and the achievement takes its true proportions. The income may be further raised. Some years the orchard income will run well into hundreds. The sixth year will give money in the bank, improvements, and a trip to big cities.

It will be noted that nothing has been said about alfalfa, Angora goats, trotting mares, or catalpa railroad ties in ten years. The above advised are *straightforward things that have been and are being done* alongside this very place. It may be objected that farms as cheap as this are rare. But if timber is not present to help early payments, and but part of $1,000 is available, the plan does not fail. Only more time will be required.

There are places to be had for a few hundred, with no stock and tools, and poor buildings, where the start is to be made through gardening and working mostly for others. The country is seeking faithful and simply healthy men and boys and women, trained or not, to help do its new work for good living wages and a constant outlook into opportunity. Financial success may be slow and of modest proportions, but with good health and habits, failure there is well-nigh impossible.

The mistake oftenest made will be in taking up with low possibilities. It is generally easier to do a good thing than a poor one.

THE TRICK OF IT

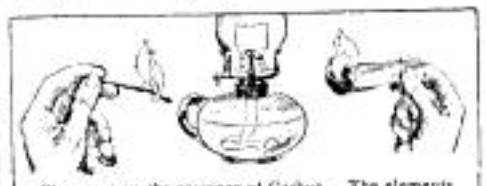
NOW to the question that has been left hanging over: how is the city man to learn farming and the other rural work? By going at it—as he would any other new and better job. There is too much fear of its mysteries and difficulties.

The old brown soil is the simplest, truest thing known: it plays no tricks. Government and other literature is of greatest value, and a large factor in making the city man so often pass, within three years, the ingrown fellow on the old home place. And country folks are pleased to get good permanent neighbors and ever ready to give freely from their knowledge and valuable local experience. A near one is often hired or "changed works with" till the main facts of soil and seeding, sowing, etc., are grasped. It very fortunately happens also that nearly every one of these farms for sale may be rented a year or two on shares before buying, frequently well equipped and offering a way of learning, under the interested owner, that has the least risk imaginable to any new venture.

CARBON DEPOSIT—How to reduce it

Considerable nonsense is current about carbon deposit.

Any product that will burn must be largely carbonaceous.



Flames prove the presence of Carbon. The elements of carbon deposit always appear in the resulting smoke and ashes.

Lubricating oil will burn and is therefore plainly carbonaceous. Non-carbon oils cannot exist.

But the amount of carbon deposited depends on the carburetion and gasoline combustion, and on the character of the gasoline, as well as on the lubricating oil itself and its fitness for the car.

The presence or absence of carbon deposit in no way determines the lubricating efficiency of the oil.

Under identical conditions, however, some lubricating oils will give much more carbon deposit than others. This is due, in part, to three conditions:

(1) The crude oil from which the lubricant was manufactured may have been unsuited to gas engine purposes.

(2) The oil may have been improperly manufactured or filtered.

(3) Its "body" may permit it to work too freely past the piston rings into the combustion chambers.

To reduce carbon deposit, it is absolutely necessary to use an oil whose "body" is suited to your piston clearance.

In our chart of recommendations (printed *in part* on the right) we specify oil of a "body" suited to the piston clearance and other lubricating conditions in each motor.

The oils themselves are scientifically manufactured from the crude bases best suited to motor car lubrication.

They are thoroughly filtered to remove free carbon and other impurities.

If you are particular about your fuel, and your carburetion and ignition, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car will put an end to unnecessary carbon troubles.

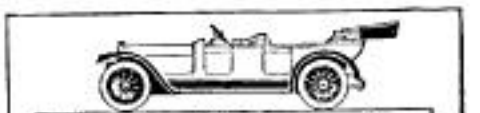
Motorists often select their lubricating oil with an indifference that is little short of reckless. The penalty is paid in a multiplicity of motor troubles.

If you use oil of less-correct "*body*," or of lower lubricating *quality* than that specified for your car in our chart, unnecessary friction must result. Serious damage will ultimately follow.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or a **sealed** five-gallon, or one-gallon can.

Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.



Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CAR	1909 Engine	1909 Trans.	1910 Engine	1910 Trans.	1911 Engine	1911 Trans.	1912 Engine	1912 Trans.	1913 Engine	1913 Trans.
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Acme	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Argonaut (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)			A	E	A	E	A	E		
Atlas									A	A
Auto	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)										
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	D	A								
" (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Centaur	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Cont.	A	A			A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers										
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	Arc
Cole										
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"									A	A
Couple Gear	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Dixie									A	A
" "Knight"									A	Arc
Detroit	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc
De Dion	A	A	B	B	B	A	B	A	D	A
Delaunay-Belleville	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Elmore	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	B	A
Fiat	F	A	E	E	E	E	A	A		
Flanders									A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									E	E
Ford	E	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	A	Arc
Franklin	H	E	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Cont.			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	Arc
G. M. C.										
Graham				A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc
Graham Logan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hanscom	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	A	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile "20"									A	A
" "32"									A	A
I. H. C. (air)									A	A
" (water)										
International	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	Arc
Interstate	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)										
Kelly									A	Arc
Kelly Springfield									A	Arc
Knox Kat	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont.									Arc	Arc
Kline Kar									A	A
Knox	D	A	B	B	A	A	A	A	B	A
Krit			B	B	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lenox	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Mack	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Marion	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Marquette	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	E		
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	E	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	A
" "Knight"									A	A
Moon			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Michigan									A	Arc
Marmon "Knight"									A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
National	A	Arc	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Overland	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Page Detroit									A	Arc
Paige	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc
" "Knight"									A	A
Pathfinder									Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Cont.									Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pullman	A	E	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
Rapid									A	A
Richfield	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Regal	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	A	A	B	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	Arc
S. G. V.							B	Arc	B	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	A	E	A	A	Arc
Service							A	A	A	Arc
Singlea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" "Mead"										
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"									A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	E		
Velie	A	E	A	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Warren Detroit			Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
White (Gas)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

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An Essential in the Dress of a Gentleman is **PAD**

Boston Garter

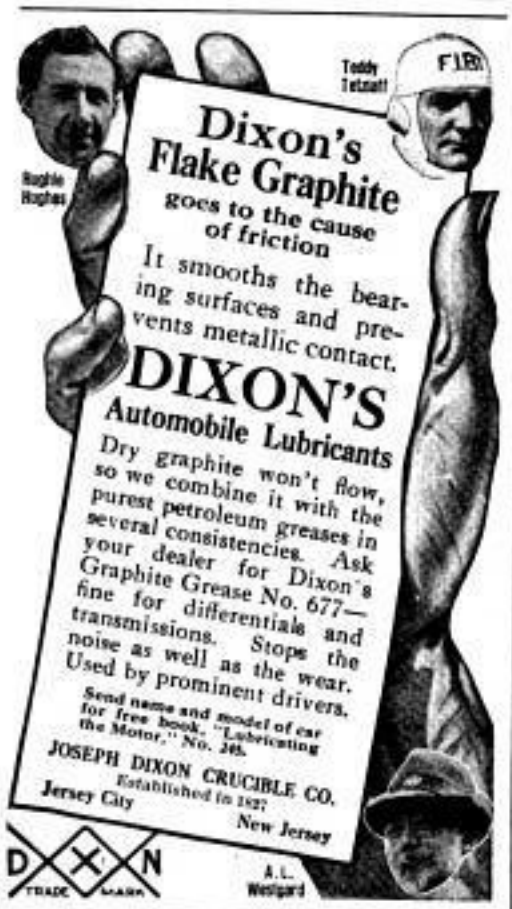
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Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

That's what counts with you. Next you want snug comfort, and finally, the service that only the best materials and making can give.

Lisle, 25c. Everywhere Silk, 50c.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



A SIMPLE WAY TO GET

Clean, Fresh Hot Water

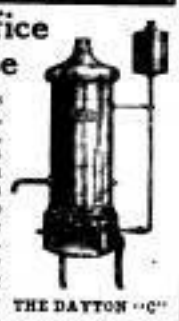
for home, office or other use



THE OHIO
"M" for artificial or natural gas $29
"A" for acetylene gas $32

Heater goes in bathroom, kitchen, office, etc. Always ready. You light it when you use it. No maintenance expense. Instantaneously heats a flowing stream of water. No storage.

Adapted for all requirements or as auxiliary to storage tank heater. Saves heat, time and expense.



THE DAYTON "C"
for gasoline . . $38

All f. o. b. Dayton

The "Ohio" gas heaters require no flue or condensation pipe and therefore can be set any place. Gas and water attachments, only, to install.

Write for catalog and particulars

McCORMICK MANUFACTURING CO.
McCormick Building Dayton, Ohio

BRAND NEW TYPEWRITER

BENNETT $18 Portable Typewriter



does work of $100 machines. Visible writing, standard keyboard, etc. $18 price because so simple. 250 parts; others 1,000 to 2,000. Durable. Rigid in grip or o'coat. Weighs 4 1-2 lbs. Rapid, neat work. Many thousands in use. Can send Parcel Post. Sold on money-back-unless-satisfied guarantee. Write for catalog. Agents wanted. S. T. Bennett Typewriter Co. 200 Broadway, New York City

APPROVAL — $18

Brickbats & Bouquets

IN COLLIER'S an article appears dealing with the California Anti-Alien Land Law which brings the matter vitally home to ourselves here, where we are gradually tightening the bonds which keep the Asiatic within control, with an ultimate view to practical exclusion.
—Charlottetown (P. E. I.) *Guardian.*

✚

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Your position on the Japanese problem in California appears to me the most sensible of any articles I have read on the subject. You have gone straight to the real question in issue and are free from the prejudice with which we here sometimes discuss the problem.
CHARLES H. ADAMS.

✚

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I have read your editorial, "The World's Most Menacing Problem." You are quite right; the two races cannot fraternize. The reasons you give for California being right in passing the Alien Land Law are the best reasons I have heard. However, I would like to take exception to that part of your editorial where you say: "In the last analysis the Japanese will be entitled to the verdict that they are just as able, just as efficient, and just as good as we are." Egotism is a dangerous disease for man or nation, but I do not think that it is egotism to say that we Americans are far superior to the Japanese in morals, efficiency, and ability.
JOSEPH JEREMY.

✚

FAIR OAKS, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

The thanks of the Great White Nation and of the Great White Peoples are due COLLIER'S for the very clear and entirely sane presentation of the California-Japanese question, which you rightly call the "World's Most Menacing Problem." You put the matter very aptly when you say that the Japanese are not clubable with the great masses of the greatest Caucasian club in the world. And the danger lies, not in their requests, but in their demands. They demand entrance to our club on equal terms. It is not, as you rightly say, a question of superiority, but a question of difference. And it is a question of hunger, of land, and (with us) of self-preservation. In the present land hunger and consciousness of military strength of the Nipponese, is it to be wondered at that they hear the voice of Jehovah and regard America as their Canaan?
JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

✚

COLLIER'S is, of course, entitled to its opinions on the tariff as upon every other question, but it exceeds its prerogative when it attempts to read a newspaper out of the Democratic party for criticizing the party leaders. The "Picayune" fought the battle of the Democracy before either President Wilson or his apologist, COLLIER'S, was thought of. The simile of "being kind to a hog" which our contemporary makes use of to round out its closing sentence is not timely nor pertinent. A hog is known to root down the tree that provides him with acorns, and that is pretty much what COLLIER'S and some of the Democratic leaders are doing in seeking to destroy the leading industries of the South, which has been the mainstay of the Democratic party for generations when some of the Northern and Western States were selling their political birthright for a mess of pottage represented by Federal patronage. The "Picayune" believes that fighting the battles of its own people is an infinitely greater obligation than complimenting and praising party leaders.—New Orleans (La.) *Picayune.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has reduced its price from ten to five cents (no charge for the ad, thank you), and a lot of people are wondering whether the change is due to a philanthropic desire to spread the gospel of reform to all people or because muckraking is no longer a circulation stimulant.
—Newburyport (Mass.) *Morning Herald.*

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been reduced in price from ten to five cents. But the publishers have only gone half way in fixing a true value on their output.
—Muncie (Ind.) *Press.*

✚

Of all journalistic fakers in America, COLLIER'S is the monumental faker of them all.
—New York (N. Y.) *Daily People* (Socialist).

✚

GREGSON, MONT.

Grantland Rice has without a doubt, in my mind, added 20 per cent to the efficiency and catholicity of your paper.
JOHN MCMANUS.

✚

NEW CASTLE, PA.

It has been on my mind for some time to write to you for the purpose of commending your courage and the brave stand you have taken in the interest of righteousness of every kind. It is sometimes maintained that it is the province of the newspaper and magazine to reflect rather than mold public sentiment. But you have been proving that a great periodical can lead in the important and necessary work of educating the people upon the questions that concern their moral welfare. It had almost come to be thought that it belonged wholly to the religious papers and temperance publications to discuss on the printed page the really vital and practical issues. You struck a tremendous blow to evil when you announced yourselves for an uncompromising fight for the things that are right. You deserve success and the people should give you whatever support is necessary and all the credit and praise that are due.
W. W. SNIFF
(Pastor of First Christian Church).

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has cut its price to five cents a week, and a fellow in Pleasanton the other day said that was all the old rag was worth.
—Pleasanton (Cal.) *Times.*

✚

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

COLLIER'S is human and progressive.
CHARLES EDWIN LOCKE.

✚

AUBURN, WASH.

The reason why I think so much of COLLIER'S and of Theodore Roosevelt is because they both believe in being not simply for the right, but aggressively for the right.
F. D. MERRITT.

✚

SELINSGROVE, PA.

I think a lot of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, only sometimes it jumps off the handle. Thanks for giving it to us common people for five cents.
EDWIN L. BERGSTRESSER.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY states that a man, by close attention to business, can have sons in the State University in five years' time. We have seen that record badly beaten in this State. Oftentimes a man can have a son in the penitentiary within a year after his arrival here and by close attention to business the father himself has been known to in some instances beat his son to it.
—Denison (Tex.) *Herald.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY discusses the moral aspect of the tariff in a manner that ought to convince any reasonable person that it is an economic fallacy, a breeder of poverty, and an impediment in the path of progress.—Altoona (Pa.) *Times.*

✚

PORT LAVACA, TEX.

My conviction that the saloon will have to go is not because of my strong arguments presented, but because COLLIER'S, with the soft pedal on, is already playing an occasional processional through its editorial page as a medium. Wait when she fires up and see the results. It will "take" just as surely as the Samuel Hopkins Adams series on patent medicines in 1903 took, or the Ballinger comedy of 1909.
F. R. WILSON.



Keep Your Car Up-To-Date

By Cleaning and Polishing it with

LIQUID VENEER

You can make your auto look as bright and new, clean and spotless as the day it came from the factory by going over it occasionally with a cheese cloth moistened with Liquid Veneer,—polished surface, leather upholstering and top.

Liquid Veneer is not a varnish. It's simply a preparation for instantly reviving the looks and prolonging the beauty of polished surfaces. It's clean and easy to handle; safe to have about the garage.

Stop at your dealers today and get a bottle. Or if you would rather make a free test, write for a

SAMPLE BOTTLE

now while you think of it. It costs you nothing.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
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Pure Food Campaigns

(Concluded from page 19)

f these suggestions have been followed, one should have secured the coeration of the organization destined be the leader, be it a woman's club or ard of trade; in addition, promises of distance from various grocers and prodon dealers, a few unaffiliated business men and women, the library, the ool, and at least the tacit consent of board of health. In addition to is, one will, through reading and discussion, have a clearer grasp of the subt. All of this is preliminary to the tual campaign.

Suppose the committees from the varis organizations decided to hold an position of the fair or show type, ich usually should not be undertaken cities of less than 20,000 population. e hall procured and suitably spaced, proper contract should be executed by attorney. It must be remembered at the success of the exposition deds in a large measure upon the ength and purity of the governing conct.

Here are a few headings and extracts m a high type of contract; the headgs are: What the Price Includes; yment for Space; Insurance; Liability Exhibitors; Decorations.

THE WESTFIELD-COLLIER'S STANDARD

THE exhibitor hereby agrees not to exhibit any impure foods; foods ntaining alum, copper, formaldehyde, lphurous acid or its salts, boric acid its salts, benzoic acid or its salts or y other noncondimental preservative; ods containing coal-tar colors or polnous vegetable colors; or foods bearing dishonest label or a label bearing extravagant statements; the penalty being e immediate forfeiture of space, booth, nd all moneys paid on account of the me."

The good name of many a pure-food position has been ruined by the char-ter of the foods exhibited. The model st quoted is the Westfield-COLLIER'S andard, and means simply pure food nestly labeled.

To say that the exhibits shall conrm to the present Food and Drugs t may mean very little in favor of eir purity.

A food product, as recognized by the esent Federal law, may be an impure d guaranteed to be impure by the nufacturer.

Among the displays should be a variety educational exhibits to include misranded or adulterated foods. These can sily be obtained through the cooperaon of the State Board of Health, the airy Commission, or from the State xperiment Stations. A traveling exhibit, under the direction of Dr. L. F. ebler, Washington, D. C., is often availble, and interesting displays showing od products in various stages of manufacture are furnished by the Corn Prodcts Refining Company, New York City; merican Sugar Refining Company, New ork City; Domino Crystal Salt Comany, St. Clair, Mich.; the Royal Baking owder Company, New York City; Chicle oducts Company, Newark, N. J.; From the Vine to the Butter," Nut-let anut Butter, Bosman & Lohman Co., Norfolk, Va. In this educational department it is also wise to equip a small working laboratory for performing simple tests upon foods, including milk. The public is always interested in a chemical experiment, and the crowds that constantly surround a working demonstrator indicate the value of the display. If this laboratory can be placed in charge of the Board of Health or the High-School Chemistry Department, much local interest can be secured.

OTHER QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"How can I get grocers and provision dealers interested?"

PUT them on the exhibit committee. Give them something important to do. When he "puts his mind to it," the grocer is in the first rank of critical label readers.

Some dealers have become intensely interested when their customers have sent back food products which did not come up to the standard suggested. Get the club members to do this. Do not expect the grocer to clean up the city alone.

"What can be done to interest food manufacturers and where can a list of eligible firms be secured?"

THIS is a vital point. It is obvious that without paying exhibitors an exposition of this character would miscarry. Experience teaches that many a food producer whose product is beyond criticism refuses to exhibit in a pure-food fair because of the presence of articles which he knows are impure or adulterated. These came in through the laxity of the committee in charge, and he naturally feels unwilling to be "yoked with unbelievers"—that is, to put his high-grade products beside those of his unfair competitor. Thus is emphasized the importance of a high-grade standard rigidly enforced. Make it worth while for a firm to come in, and it will usually do so. Certain firms have a rule never to patronize a food exposition. Some of them are willing to break this rule, however, if the purity fence is high enough to keep out low-grade competition. A large list of desirable food firms, covering all ordinary food products having a national distribution, can be obtained from the third edition of "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

In a word, the success of the exposition will depend upon the enthusiasm and specific information of the promoters, the preparation of the public by skillful advertising, the cooperation of organizations, and by well-constructed and enforced contracts. There are a thousand and one little details, such as free tickets and reduced tickets, light, heat, and power, "filers," by which is meant exhibits not food, usually classed as domestic science displays, and the like, which will occupy the time of any energetic committee for six months or more. The vital points, however, have been covered. COLLIER'S will be glad to supply further information if it is desired. The next installment of this series will deal with the exhibit of the museum type.

Close to Nature's Heart

By WALT MASON

GEORGE ADE'S highest ambition is to be a successful practical farmer. e has had dreams of being chosen to ward the prizes on squashes and string ans at the county fair. He has a large d majestic farm at Brook, Indiana, and as made desperate efforts to raise someing on it, aside from thunder and hail olumbia and other unmarketable prodcts, but with poor success. He has wn everything from rolled oats to nutegs, and nothing seems to thrive. In der to discover what and where the rouble is, he has been attending an gricultural college for some time.

Before adopting this course he tried learn farming from the farmers. He ired out to a prosperous yeoman, determined to learn the business from the bottom up.

"Treat me as you would any other hired hand," said Mr. Ade, with Spartan firmness.

SO he was sent to bed early, and before daylight next morning the honest yeoman was shaking him and telling him to get up and get ready for work.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired George, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes.

"We're going to begin the oats harvest."

"Are they wild oats?"

"No, tame oats."

"Well, if they're tame, what's the use of sneaking up on them in the dark?"

And the humorist fell back upon his pillow and did some ground and lofty snoring.

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Your House in Order

[Concluded from page 8]

necessary directors. He made lots of money, but he spent much on the extension of his business, and he spent liberally, almost lavishly, upon himself and his family. His business was earning him the income from half a million, and he lived as if it were a half million of Government bonds and all he had to do was to cut the coupons, instead of as if it were a growing bush that sun and frost could wither. Some years he lived a little faster than his business grew, and that put him in the hole. But he continued spending, depending on expanding a little faster the next year and possibly curbing his personal expense account a trifle till the two should run neck and neck again. In fact, this man was just like millions of other Americans to-day above him and below him in the financial scale. He was eating his cake while it was still so hot it burned his fingers. Yet he would have resented a charge that he was wasteful, improvident, or gambling in futures. As a matter of fact, it was the chance of life with which he gambled. That is the gamble which every man takes who goes without life insurance. He carries the risk alone instead of letting a million other men carry it with him.

And this gambler lost. His nerves broke down. But for months he fought on, directing his enterprises from his bedside. But the business, too, seemed to get a case of nerves. It also became ill. At the end of a few months the tiller ropes began to slip through the sick man's slackening fingers. He saw that the business was going down without his active directing genius, and he saw, too, that he was going down. Death was gibbering at him from every corner of the room. He had overspent, depending upon a long life to repay. This was legitimate, though imprudent, if the man were well. In his present condition it was a dangerous drag upon the business and fatal to the man. In two weeks more he died—*worried to death!*

THEY buried him from a home that cost $60,000, but upon the purchase price of which it was discovered he had paid $10,000. The widow, to get her rights out of the business, found it necessary to sue. The combined fees of the lawyers were $15,000. After litigation, which consumed a year or more, the widow received, over and above the lawyers' fees, about $65,000, instead of the $400,000 she would have had but for the fact that her husband was a very bad housekeeper. Had his house really been in order, there would have been no overdraft, and he would have had at least $200,000 in life insurance. As it was, he had no such anchor to windward, and his recklessness, I almost say foolhardiness, robbed his estate of a round quarter of a million of dollars. His wife with eight children, all minors, lost that quarter of a million. She, of course, had to give up the $60,000 house, and must look forward to the education of her children and maintaining herself through life out of this pitiful residue of what might have been a noble estate. To those who have much less, $65,000 may seem a very generous fortune, but to the widow and children who might have had $400,000, and who had been living at a $25,000 a year clip, it seemed like hardship, and it is difficult to see how they can escape reproaching at times the memory of the husband and father for his carelessness.

But here is another case. Mr. R. had a comfortable salary of $10,000 a year. He had a wife and four children whom he loved devotedly. Everything he made was not too much to lavish upon them. If any man had called Mr. R. a recklessly improvident father he would have thought his accuser insane. But Mr. R. dropped off in the bathtub one morning. He had no insurance, and left but a few hundred dollars in cash. His heart-broken widow gave him a funeral in keeping with the condition in which he had lived. That took all the cash. By selling household goods at auction she got money enough to pay railroad fare to a Western State. There this delicate woman took up a quarter section of Government land, choosing the location nearest to the schoolhouse. She is so far away that no one who knew her before her husband's death is likely to see her, as, with coarse shoes upon her feet and coarse dresses upon her back, her hands reddened and her face grown gray and old, she busies herself about the rough house and barnyard work upon her claim. Her children are going to school. Between whiles they help their mother. This kind and devoted husband was after all just another gambler, but the comfort of his wife and children was the stake he lost.

There have been a few stories in fact and many in sobby fiction telling how a gambler has placed his little child upon the table, or even brought his submissive wife into the room and wagered child or woman against another man's gold. The man who plays the game without life insurance is betting his wife and his children that he will live to make a fortune for them.

THE cases cited have been of men in the more comfortable berths of life. When we come to consider the less remunerative professions, and the clerks, mechanics, and laboring men, the crime of negligence seems all the greater. In fact, the smaller the income and the more straitened the circumstances of the family, the greater is the need of life insurance.

Perhaps you remember that young bookkeeper friend of yours. He used to commute on the same train to and from the city. Occasionally his wife was with him. You got to know her casually, and then you heard of his death. A few months after, while passing one of those little basement laundries that abound in ever so many city blocks you saw a face bending over an ironing board. There was something familiar about it—familiar enough to make you stop and look at the straining elbows, at the shoulder blades pinching themselves up through the back. The whole figure was that of a woman going to wrack. Her frame trembled, as the iron was driven to and fro, as a factory trembles where the machinery is too powerful for the frame of the building which contains it. Presently the face is raised. The features are strained and changed, but you recognize her. It is the wife of the bookkeeper. You do not need to go in and ask the reason why she is there, grinding out what remains of a mother's life in long hours of exhausting toil. The answer is: No insurance! There are hundreds of thousands of widows scrubbing floors, straining their eyes and ears over machines, or turning one-room homes into sweatshops; there are other hundreds of thousands of children forced out of school, forced into the street or driven to shorten their lives and stunt their bodies by too much work and too little food; and all this hardship, privation, and misery of mothers and children because some careless husbands thought they could not afford life insurance, or did not need it, or that it could be attended to later.

But a word must be said to wives. Wives are often to blame that their husbands' houses are in disorder so far as life insurance is concerned. The price of a hat for the wife of a man in moderate circumstances may equal the quarterly premium on three or four thousand dollars' worth of old-time life insurance, while it would pay the annual premium on that amount of the fraternal kind.

CONSIDERATIONS of delicacy often hold back a wife from bringing up the subject of life insurance to her husband. She does not like to think that he may die; and she does not like him to think that she is planning to derive a money benefit from his death. In sober fact, such squeamishness is nonsensical. Life insurance is not a benefit but a compensation, always inadequate no matter how large, assuming that a husband is worth anything at all. A wife should never stand in the way of that life insurance which is her only protection from privation and poverty. On the contrary, she should demand it. She should insist that it be regarded not as an extravagance, nor as an investment, but as a necessity. It must come before luxuries, such as supermillinered bonnets for the wife and cigars or beer for the husband. It should come before a savings-bank account. In fact, it should arrive with the wedding presents. A husband who cannot afford to put a policy of insurance upon his life in the hands of his bride is too poor to buy a marriage license or to pay a wedding fee.

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"'How's your character?' he says sort of casual. And there stood San Blas"

In Michael Brady's Sand Bank

(Concluded from page 17)

Brady. 'And who was the lady with the long name there, that missed her own burial and forgot her clothes?'

"I told them all I knew, and considerable I guessed. I says B. L. F. de Puyredon was rich and haughty, if not villainous, and had black teeth, and San Blas was killed in the woods, and Fedora sent to a convent on account of lack of ammunition planted in a sand bank. I judged San Blas meant to take a wedding dress to Fedora and a coffin for the other man, and very gentlemanly of him it was, very neat and commodious.

"One of his twenty-eight boxes was loaded with sarcasm and sentiment instead of honest warfare, but neither article got there.

"NORA BRADY was staring at the silk dress and little white slippers.

"'Oh! The poor thing!' she says and began to cry, and got down on her knees by the plush coffin. 'I'll plant the morning-glories by my windows every one, I will sure, Martin!' she wailed. 'The poor little thing!'

"Some of that sentiment looked kind of disconnected to me.

"'Well,' I says, 'it's all worth enough to buy you cows and chickens and pigs and a horse and cart, and I guess it belongs to you. Your land is poor, Martin Brady, and you ain't much of a farmer, but you might do well with the milk. I'll find out how to sell the stuff for you, and come down with a dray.'

"So I left them and went up past the Brady's house. It looked some discouraged. I see where Nora Brady had started planting morning-glories before one of the windows, but hadn't trained them. They were all falling around in the dust of the dooryard. But her seeming to think Fedora had harder luck than herself was an idea that might be in the interest of Martin Brady to encourage.

"One day I come down on Jamaica Dock, low in my mind, because Dubious was dead. He wa'n't dead on me; he was dead on the zoologists; only I had a liking for him.

"You can't really keep anteaters without you have plenty of bugs. I come along, thinking of Dubious, and I come by a man and woman by the warehouse door, and he says:

"'How's your character?' he says sort of casual. And there stood San Blas, with the ends of his mustache pointing up like two spikes.

"'For the land's sake!' I says, 'I thought you was a squashed egg.'

"'No,' he says. 'Not at all. I am, in fact, victorious by nature. This is Señora San Blas, this is my friend Biddle.'

"'If her name ain't Fedora, it's a shame,' I says.

"'But it is!' she says in Spanish. 'And I know everything about you! And we came here to look for you, our friend Biddle!'

"She was small. She was about half the size of Nora Brady, and black-eyed and cheerful. She wa'n't any better looking than Nora Brady, but then Nora Brady had a way of not being cheerful.

"'By the way,' I says, 'that reminds me I give away all that agriculture of yours.'

"'The seven diablos you did!' he says. 'And why?'

"'On account of my character,' I says. 'One of them spells of faction and deceit. I give them to Martin and Nora Brady,' and I stated the facts.

"'But,' she says, 'my wedding dress! We care not for the rest. But she cannot have my wedding dress! And my little white shoes!'

"So I drove them down to Jamaica Bay. That was a profitable acquaintance for the Bradys.

"But Mrs. San Blas wanted me to take B. L. F. de Puyredon's coffin to bury Dubious in—

"Well—I never did get it straight how they escaped from the fight in the woods when their camp was attacked, except she said she was carried over the mountains by Injuns in a hammock, and San Blas said he wa'n't going to tell anything about it on account of my corrupt and slippery character.

"I do' know. Seemed to me it wouldn't be right to put Dubious in a plush coffin, on account of Mrs. San Blas's disliking B. L. F. de Puyredon, on account of his having black teeth; because Dubious was a simple-minded anteater that never cared for sarcasm or display; and Brady sold the coffin for $18 to Patrick Murphery of White Corners, and Murphery died and used it for his wake.

"I recollect it well, because Patrick Murphery looked very natural, for he had himself buried with his pipe in his mouth, and the coffin being so handsome, it was pleasant for the family. Martin Brady begot eight children, and they used to play they was Captain Kidd in the sand bank, with him come rowing up the creek to bury his ingots and diamonds and golden sins in a black plush coffin, and carry off the bride of the Bradys, whose name was Fedora."

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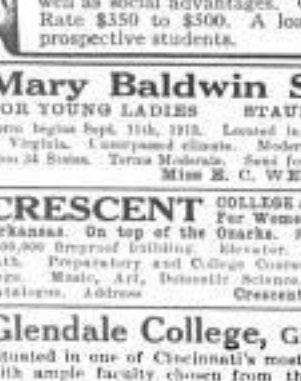


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Taking Life

(Continued from page 18)

stood a very much excited Chinaman, frowning and gibbering for all he was worth. Each second Mr. Spears expected to be his last.

"Fenton—*Fenton*—telephone Farney. Tell—tell him to come right over here, and to be quick! We're in desperate straits. Tell him that there's a Chink here who I'm sure is after Ah Lung's life—"

"*Ah Lung!*" boiled the yellow man, his eyes glowering like live coals and his frame shaking. "You speak Ah Lung. I *get* Ah Lung. I—"

"Are we to have war in our own offices? What did Farney say, Fenton?"

"On his way here, sir."

SPEARS turned again to the Chinaman. "Tell me: what have you against Ah Lung?"

The Oriental hesitated. He was endeavoring to calm himself, but all efforts to do so were futile. He became more excited than before.

"Where he is—Ah Lung?" he cried, looking about the office. "Uh? Where he is? I— When he here?"

"Perhaps we had better wait—"

"What is it, Spears?" Farney swept in full of gusto. He looked hurriedly about him, then emitted a low whistle. "Ah, so we've caught one of these slick articles red-handed? Nervy, eh, Spears?" He looked at the new arrival. "Came right into your office without a bit of ceremony, eh?" He cast a glance of distrust at the yellow man. "Put your dagger and gun on the table!"

"No—o!" with a defiant grunt.

"Be quick about it or I'll show you the neatest bit of Yankee jiu-jitsu you ever witnessed," declared the angry detective.

With a surly air the Chinaman drew forth a bejeweled dagger and obeyed the man of few words. He had no revolver.

"Now, Spears, I'll attend to him," snapped Farney. "You get your train. If anything turns up, I'll wire you."

This time the weary and nerve-racked insurance manager succeeded in getting away. Fifteen minutes later, out of breath, exhausted in more ways than one, he swung on the last car of the train that was to carry him away for a month's rest.

The distasteful crow of the rooster did not disturb Mr. Spears the next morning; not one bit. He was up just as early as chanticleer himself, losing no time in spading up a few worms preparatory for a grand day of fishing. Before breakfast he had enticed four goodly sized bass to swallow the bait, and this made him extremely hungry.

Directly after breakfast Mr. Spears sought out his favorite nook on the lake and cast his line. It was hardly over the side when he felt a quick tug, which he was sure was a strike. How luck had singled him out! If the fish continued to nibble like this he would be in his seventh heaven—

A cry at his left attracted his rapt attention and he looked up.

NOT a hundred yards distant he saw the manager of the hotel beckoning to him and calling him by name. In an extended hand Spears saw what appeared to be a letter. Why on earth was Jordan getting so obliging as to bring his mail to him out on the water? Never heard of anything like it before. He became irritated. He wished to be left alone; never took his own wife with him when fishing. And, least of all, did he care to see mail during the day.

Jordan was close by now.

"What is it, Mr. Jordan?" impatiently.

"The messenger just left this for you; I thought I had best bring it myself. I don't trust even the bell boys with telegrams."

Telegrams! Spears's sporting ardor ebbed low. "Er—let me have it; I didn't expect a—telegram," feverishly tearing open the envelope. "When did it arr— Oh!"—Spears caught his breath, gasped, and dropped his rod, forgetting the bass at the end of the line, which dragged rod and reel over the side and down to the bottom of the lake.

"There goes your rod—"

"Rod be— Say, Jordan, I'm hit hard!" A mist seemed to gather before his eyes as he reread the telegram:

Come on first train. They got Ah Lung last night. Explain when you get here. FARNEY.

"I'll row right over and get my suit case. I must catch the first train into the city," concluded Spears.

"I'm sorry," consoled Jordan.

"You're not half as sorry as I am. I am sorry for many things," reflectively. "You can tell my wife when she comes in from driving, that I have gone into town and will be back—when I get here."

SPEARS arrived at his office about noon. He sent for Farney immediately.

When he came in Spears looked at him. Farney returned the glance. Not a word was uttered for several moments. Spears was furious; Farney was crestfallen.

"And you call yourself a *detective*," with a sneer.

"It wasn't my fault, old man. One of my men had the case," doggedly.

"That don't excuse you, however. It's up to you to see that you have reliable men. How did it happen?"

"Why, this Ah Lung wanted a shave, so the detective and he went into a barber shop—"

"Yes—"

"—and—they plugged him through the doorway while the detective was washing up."

"And?" (inflectively).

"He was killed instantly!" with a helpless shrug.

"Which, in all probability, lets me out of my esteemed position as manager of the 'Frisco branch of this company," groaned Spears.

"I'm awfully sorry, Spears—"

"Cease that sorry tale; heard that once before to-day. You've not only put me in bad with the company but have ruined my vacation as well. And, take it from me, I have earned it!" Spears paused, bit his lip, and frowned. "Who shot him, that fellow who ran in here madly for him yesterday?"

Farney smiled. "Not he; no never! He'll be on his way to an asylum before many nightfalls. Why, Spears, he's crazy—stark mad—he is. He gave us a song and dance that his name was Ah Lung, too. We have him shackled in the city prison."

"Then you don't know who shot Ah Lung?"

FARNEY settled back in his chair and crossed his legs. Said he:

"It would be far easier to make the Sphinx talk than to glean any information from these Orientals—"

"But the policy, Farney; what became of that?"

"Ah Lung had it in his pocket when he was shot. The detective in charge brought it to me." Farney drew it forth and remarked: "You'll probably have his wife in here making a claim before many hours."

Spears groaned and strained his hair through excited fingers. To his great astonishment, he suddenly looked up and saw a strange man standing by his side, silently gazing down at him, waiting for a lull in the conversation to make known his presence. Farney, smiling, seemed to recognize the stranger, for he arose and shook hands with him.

"What brings you here, Wilson? Some newly developed complication in the case?" asked Farney. "By the way, old man, shake hands with Mr. Spears. I take it you gentlemen haven't met." Then, explaining to Spears: "Mr. Wilson is the warden of the city prison. Say, Wilson, I'm half crazy over this Chink affair. What's new?"

"I'll be as crazy as a waltzing mouse if the authorities don't soon rid me of that— Well," uttering a weary sigh, "you know who and *what* you brought me yesterday; that impossible Chinaman. Can't reason with him at all. His sole occupation since we have had him in the jail has been to rant, tear his hair, and"—he turned his remarks to Mr. Spears—"he wishes to see you, sir; in fact he has continually expressed that pet request since his arrival."

SPEARS edged away suggestively.

"Not I. No—never! He undoubtedly blames his arrest on me. I was the only barrier for his failing to do away with Ah Lung."

"Precisely," put in Farney cautiously. "Best not go near him."

"Oh, he's harmless," vouchsafed Wilson. "My reason for coming here was to find out, if possible, why he wanted to see you. I thought perhaps you would—"

"Are you sure that he won't—" timidly.

"I'll see to that, all right. We've had an alienist examine him and he couldn't

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find anything exactly wrong with the man's mentality. It seems that his worst disorder is a hallucination of some sort. Whatever this may be has yet to be determined."

"Has he heard of Ah Lung's decease?" continued Farney.

"That's just the strange part of it," responded Mr. Wilson. "You have told me that he was in here after Ah Lung's life; yet, when he was told that Ah Lung had been shot, he went into a frenzy! Said he was sorry Ah Lung had been killed, and wanted to see Mr. Spears at once."

SPEARS drummed on the arm of his chair thoughtfully. Said he, on a sudden:

"I'll take a chance and see the fellow. Will you go, Farney?"

"I'm *almost* as interested as you are. This case I see to a finish! I must confess I am—in a maze, as it were, for once in my life!"

Forthwith, all three went out and down to the jail. Directly, they made their way to the would-be assassin's cell. The yellow man's face lighted up but he did not smile. At Farney and Wilson he glowered; to Spears he appeared neutral.

"I thank Mr. Spears to come," he said.

"That I'm here, more through curiosity than favoritism, tell me why you wished me?" replied Spears coldly.

"You not know me?" queried the Oriental, peering at Spears, ferretlike, through the bars.

"I must say that I never could forget you—after the demonstration in my offices yesterday," abruptly and sharply.

"No—no—*no!*" persisted the Chinese. "Before—*before*. Early, you forget. In the—"

Spears looked first at Wilson then at Farney, his face a blank. Said Spears:

"What in the world can he be driving at!"

"Mr. Spears," cried the Chinaman. "My name—it is Ah Lung!"

"So you told Mr. Wilson once before, as I recollect."

"Again I say—my name Ah Lung." For the first time he smiled. "You lose $100,000, Mr. Spears?"

"Ye—s," half-heartedly.

"Maybe—you lose." The Ah Lung in question grinned more and more.

FARNEY looked at Spears and shook his head in pity. Spears, however, wished to hear what the Oriental had to say—especially about the $100,000, so he said:

"What do you mean—er—Ah Lung?"

"I am Ah Lung who get insurance."

Spears jumped, nerves all atingle.

"Do you mean—"

"When I get insurance yesterday in morning I go home. 'Nother Chinaman, velley bad man—I no like him—he come 'long behind me. His name Ah Lung, too. I drop policy and he find it. He look much like me—"

"The Siamese twins weren't in it compared to you all!" cut in Spears.

"—and when I find no policy in my pocket I hurry back to your office and see other Chinaman go in with my policy. Yes, for one minute I crazy. I wait outside till I get chance go in, but other Ah Lung gone. I ask where he is—"

"Jumping Jupiter!" cried Spears. "Can this be true?"

"—and you have me bringed here. But I am no crazy now. I wild, 'cause I want my policy and other Ah Lung, who gonna be killed, find it and think he use it." The Chinaman beamed all over. "I know Mr. Spears be glad when I tell him."

"Glad!" echoed Spears, running a hand through the bars and wringing Ah Lung's hand warmly. "Glad just to the extent of $100,000!"

The Lady's Man at the Show-Down

(*Continued from page 6*)

hole through the side of a hay shed. And the same glance showed him that all the corral loafers were getting out of sight by similarly hasty expedients. Before he was fully aware of what was happening, Brenton found The Lady and himself standing alone in the open, and the drunken horseman spurring straight at them. Instantly it flashed upon him that he, the man, must cover the retreat of The Lady. He was the embodiment of stern decisiveness as he turned to her with the command: "Grace, you run around behind the wagon, and stay there till I tell you."

"Oh, George!" interrupted the now thoroughly scared young woman, "please, *please*—"

"Hurry up!" snapped Brenton. And Grace, with a feeling that she would be spanked if she didn't, obeyed him.

Then Brenton, swiftly divesting himself of the Angora chaps, was in the middle of the corral, and the only man in sight, as the careering horseman charged across the inclosure.

"Ee—ee—cha—nuh!" yelled the marshal of Coloro, dashing straight at Brenton and pulling his horse in with a jerk that brought the animal up with its hind hoofs sliding. "You ain't Paisano Red! What you doin' with them chaps on?"

"Taking them off," snapped Brenton.

NOW it must here be admitted that Brenton's spirit was spiced by something other than stern sense of duty, for he was a man, and, in spite of "eddication," a very human one. The Lady had laughed. He sensed, too, that that same young person had been in the act of formulating something that would fittingly and with finality break an engagement. It was, in fact, the time in Brenton's life that he was mad enough to fight a circular saw. Thus, as he faced the insulting young marshal, everything in him became tensely eager to spring.

"What did you tell the chiquita to run away from *me* fer?" menaced the horseman, not fully realizing, apparently, that the stranger's answer had not been particularly respectful.

Brenton's tense desire to spring steadied calculatingly. He realized again that he, the man, must intelligently defend The Lady. Now he looked peaceful enough, standing there quietly with the chaps in his hand.

"Because," he retorted evenly, "I saw that you were a drunken and perhaps a dangerous brute."

"D'ye know who I *am*, young felluh?" snarled the marshal of Coloro, throwing his horse still closer in toward Brenton.

"I don't *care* who you are," declared Brenton off-handedly, crushing the Angora chaps into a bulky, hairy bunch. "But I want *you* to know that if you don't go away from here and let me alone, I'll make you trouble."

The bloodshot eyes of the insulted peace officer opened wide, then, with a leer, squinted murderously:

"You *will*, will you?" he whooped, making a swaggering grab for his holster. "I'm the marshal of—"

Paisano Red's Angora chaps, projectilelike, blinded the horseman's eyes and stopped his mouth. Brenton, also projectilelike, shot upward from the ground; he grasped the marshal by the throat and pistol hand, and yanked him, sprawling, out of the saddle. There was a scattering, then, among the loafers, now viewing the excitement through cracks and knot holes, and an agonized, scared little scream from behind the wagon as a revolver, discharging six times in rapid succession, sent bullets skidding across the corral. During this bombardment Brenton, who was a master hand on the mat, gave way before his opponent's thrashings, purposing only to keep the revolver pointed away from himself and away from the direction of The Lady.

AFTER the cessation of shots there followed moments in which a knife kept flashing in the sunlight, and the men on the ground twisted and floundered. The moments lengthened into minutes—to The Lady the time was of nightmarish interminability. Standing—watching—listening—held from rushing forward, as in a spell, by her lover's last stern words wheeling through her brain in endless cycles, she saw the blue haze of the sluggish pistol smoke rising lazily with the fluffs of corral dust that blurred the outlines of the combatants. Occasionally, like lightning in a cloud, the gleaming, quivering blade flashed fitfully. It became very quiet in the corral—and The Lady had always associated battle with tumult. She wondered, as in the aside of a dream, at the silence of the peering onlookers, not sensing that the sight of a knife makes a white man hold his breath and feel weak at

They Cared

THOSE men who went to Baltimore to the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, cared with all their hearts about this wonderful business of publicity, and the things that have been accomplished by them will be their own best answer.

You—the man or woman who is being affected most directly by advertising—are cared for by the men who control the different mediums of publicity; the advertising agents, agricultural publications, directories, general advertisers, magazines, newspapers, outdoor advertising, printing and engraving, religious press, retail advertisers, technical publications, trade press, specialty advertising, etc.

Every department of advertising got something from this Convention because these men cared so much, gave so freely, and emphasized so definitely, the thought that each man considered the matter of being the representative of his particular medium secondary; to be an advertising man in the new and truest meaning is the all important and vital thing.

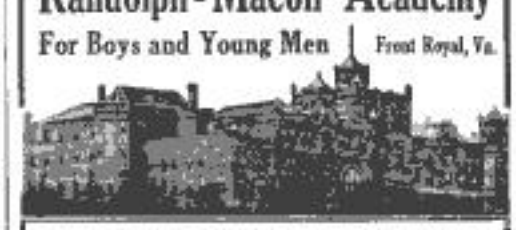
They cared much—these advertising men of America—and the definite recommendations made to the Convention tell how earnestly and sincerely they care for Truth—"And as ye would that men should do to you do ye also unto them in like manner."

H. G. Hamlesfeld.

No. 125 *Manager Advertising Department*

BOYS

Randolph-Macon Academy
For Boys and Young Men — Front Royal, Va.



A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost $100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium, physical culture and outdoor sports. Terms, $250. 29th session opens September 23, 1913. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet, address
CHARLES L. MELTON, A. M., Principal
Box 400, Front Royal, Va.

BOYS

Mercersburg Academy
MERCERSBURG, PA.

Aim of the School—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business.
Spirit of School—A manly tone of self-reliance under Christian masters from the great universities. Personal attention given to each boy.
Location—In the country, on the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America.
Equipment—Modern and complete. Magnificent new gymnasium building.
Write for catalogue and "The Spirit of Mercersburg."

William Mann Irvine, LL.D., Headmaster, Box 113



New Gymnasium

Racine College School

"The School for Manly Boys." — Chief Justice Winslow. Character building is the supreme work of this school. Individuality is recognized and encouraged by personal care. Modified military system. Location convenient to Chicago and other cities. Modernized system of dormitories; each boy has his individual room. Special provision for younger boys. Athletics under personal supervision of a physical director. Large gymnasium, Schwimming pool. Diploma accepted by all institutions listed by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, etc., Cornell and other eastern institutions. The College Entrance Examination Board of New York permits examinations to be taken at this school, which admit to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, etc. Write for our new catalogue.

Address Rev. WILLIAM FRANCIS SHERO, A. M., Ph. D., Warden and Headmaster, Racine, Wis.

A Boy's Whole Time
is filled with inspiring work and wholesome recreation at Lake Forest Academy. Prepares for any college, university, or technical school. House system. Non-Military. Five buildings. Send for catalogue.
Headmaster
LAKE FOREST ACADEMY
Box 100, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Kiskiminetas Springs SCHOOL For Boys

Each boy studied and his work adapted to his needs. Character developed along positive lines. Known and indorsed by every American University. Broad business course for boys not going to College. Beautiful new dormitory and 130 acres of land have just been added to equipment. Opens 39th year under same management, Sept. 23, 1913.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
Kiskiminetas Springs School, Dept. S, Saltsburg, Pa.

IN choosing a school for your boy you place character and scholarship foremost in your requirements. So do we in selecting boys for

Peddie Institute

OUR AIM IS: "The Best Boys' School in America"

¶ We have an endowed school with an enviable record in fitting boys for college and for life; a strong faculty of long experience here; splendid enthusiasm among our 250 boys.

¶ Location nine miles from Princeton; region unsurpassed for health. Modern equipment. New fireproof dormitory. Sixty-acre campus, athletic field, gymnasium with indoor track and swimming pool. Laboratories, library, observatory, museum. Summer camp.

¶ We prepare for all colleges and engineering schools. Thorough business course. Musical Clubs.

¶ Rates $400 to $500. Lower school for boys 11 to 14 years. Forty-eighth year opens Sept. 24th, 1913. Catalogue and booklets sent on request.

R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Headmaster, Box M-7, Hightstown, N. J.

IRVING SCHOOL for Boys Tarrytown-on-Hudson New York

25 miles from N. Y., in the beautiful historic "Irving" country. 38th year. 22 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming pool. New Gymnasium. Address J. M. Furman, A. M., Headmaster, Box 927.

St. Paul's School

Healthfully located in beautiful Garden City, Long Island, 18 miles from New York. Buildings completely equipped. Gymnasium, swimming pool, fine athletic fields. Prepares for any College or scientific school. Competent master at the head of each department.

A LOWER SCHOOL FOR YOUNGER BOYS

For Information and Catalog address
WALTER B. MARKS, Headmaster, Box 50, Garden City, L. I.

THE SHOP WINDOW

HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Managers Wanted For District Offices. To Be established at every trade center for Professor Hirsch's Moskidoo. Prevents mosquito bites. Will relieve if already bitten. A small fortune for those who take this opportunity tomake money. Also to handle our fly exterminator. Everyone is awake to the danger of the fly and is anxious to get relief from this pest. Our exterminators for all vermin are well known and are used by the U. S. Government. Large field. Ample profits. Small capital needed. References required. Professor Hirsch Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. C, 28 Elm St., New York City.

District Managers Wanted In Every City And county for "Aladdin," the wonderful household machine that, not only churns butter and freezes ice cream, but crushes fruit and mixes dough. It is putting a little pure food factory into every kitchen. Selling rights now awarded free soon will be worth thousands. District Manager must give references, have some capital, handle agents and see trade. Address at once, Aladdin Mfg. Co., 309 E. 92th St., New York.

Wanted—Progressive, Clean-Cut, Fresh-From-the-mint man every town to manage sales districts for steady repeat articles; three big sources of profit; cash sales; new selling plan; no experience needed; small capital; can make fine income annually. Bethlehem Utilities Co., 65C, Pine St., New York.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 31 State St., Detroit, Mich.

Start Mail Order Business:—Established Corporation backs you. Factory prices. Classy proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 25 E. Fifth St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents Per roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. Camera Shop, Box 42 A, Evanston, Illinois.

Your Films Developed And Criticised By My process give best results. One 6 ex. roll dev. free with advice. Price list, sample Velox print, Booklet "Film Faults" free. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

Kodakers! Very Special Offer. Send Any Six exposure roll and 30 cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints, one beautifully hand-colored. Booklet and sample print free. Kamera Shop, 259 Auditorium, Chicago.

MUSIC LESSONS AT HOME

Music Lessons At Home. "O. K."—Paderewski, Emil Sauer, Damrosch, Sousa, and other famous musicians praise our school. Do you know what their endorsement means to you? It means that during your spare time, in your own home, and at small cost, you can study music under the world's greatest teachers—learn to play any instrument, to sing, or prepare yourself for teaching. Thorough, practical, weekly lessons. We issue Diplomas and Teachers' Certificates; also confer Degree of Bachelor of Music. Our 80-page Art Catalog with complete information and sample lessons sent free on request. To send for it does not obligate you in any way. You owe it to your future to investigate our claims. State courses interested in. Siegel-Myers Cor. School of Music, Dept. 805, Siegel-Myers Building, Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS—OFFICE SUPPLIES

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

WINDOW TRIMMING

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

Money-Making Farms—13 States, $10 To $50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. Big illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

ARIZONA FARM LANDS

Roosevelt Dam Built By U. S. Reclamation Service makes a garden spot of the Salt River Valley. Under irrigation fruits ripen early and bring highest prices. Hungry market right at home. $100 acre up. Easy terms. Folder about soil, climate, crops and profits free. C. I., Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT&SF Ry., 1877 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 71, Roanoke, Va.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 643 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

You Can Earn Big Money Writing Moving Picture plays. We teach sure method. Great demand. Send for free booklet of valuable information. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Box 278, E. M., Chicago.

INSTRUCTION—CORRESPONDENCE

Complete Course In Civil Service Subjects By mail. Text books loaned to students. Preparatory, collegiate, and business courses in resident school or by correspondence. Milton University, Baltimore, Md.

AQUATIC DEVICES

The Auto-Pneumatic Swimming Belt, Pat. Self-inflating on adjustment. Weighs 1 lb. Folds 5 x 6 in. Protects sea-travellers and lovers of aquatics from drowning. $3. Dealers, or 309 Broadway, New York.

FOR YOUR HOME

Japanese Towels Or "Tenugui"—$1.00 To $1.25 per 10 pieces. Agents wanted. Send for illustrated catalogue of other Japanese useful novelties. Miyako & Co., Tamelike, Akasaka Tokyo, Japan.

STAMPS, COINS, CURIOS

We Pay Highest Cash Premiums On All Rare money to 1909. We pay up to $5000 for some and lesser amount for thousands of others. Get Posted. Send stamp for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Tex.

COLLECTIONS

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

MISCELLANEOUS

Genuine Colorado Turquoise Matrix:—The Very latest. Suitable for rings, broaches and scarf pins. $1 each. Order now. Prices advancing. A. N. Melton, Colorado Springs, Colo.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

JOBS

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Liberal Margin Of Profit On Every Sale makes our proposition yield big returns. Devote whole or part time—percentage is unchanged. Big chance for ambitious workers to establish permanent sales agency. Many working only part time earn good incomes. Patented, widely advertised bath-room specialty for modern house; easy to introduce, easier to sell. Territory being rapidly assigned. If you have it in you to sell a high-grade specialty write for particulars without delay. Sanitax Company, 2237 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Managers, etc.," our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 2425 W. Division St., Chicago.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 350, Chicago.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents—New Invention. Electric Cigar Lighter. Used on cigar cases. Quick seller to Hotels, Drugstores, Restaurants, Poolhalls, Cafes. Big profits. Special offer. Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Salesmen—Working For Us Means Cash In Your pocket every day; Household Device; duplicate orders; profits big, experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., 31 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents—Be First In Your Town To Sell New Perfume Novelty. Sells on sight. Sample 10c. Dozen 70c prepaid. Particulars free. Wilbert Co., 2529 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2366, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: Big Money. No Experience Needed. Thomas guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Lisle heels and toes. Must wear 6 months or new hose free. Ernest Sweet sold 92 pairs in 4 hours. Mrs. Field 109 pairs on one street. Wonderful seller. Big profits. Permanent customers. Write quick for agency in your locality. Thomas Mfg. Co., 417 West St., Dayton, Ohio.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Celebrated Linro Line. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 135 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linro Company, 10 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Automobile Seat Coverings Are Wanted By Every automobile owner. We want agents to sell them to automobile owners, also Raincoats, Dusters and Motorcycle Suits; we also want traveling salesmen to sell to supply houses and garages; send for latest catalog and our proposition. The John Potter Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Old Tan Shoes Made To Look New By The Use of Reprus, a tan shoe repairer and polish combined. Honest, reliable canvassers wanted. Geo. J. Kelly Co., 519 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Gold Sign Letters put on with Roller. Cost 2c. Sell 25c. Mounted Samples free. Embossed Letter Co., 231 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Ranges from wagons on notes or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ills.

Wanted: Subscription Men And Women To call on the Medical Profession and Drug Trade. Big commission. Need not interfere with present occupation. Romaine Pierson, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

Sell Hosiery; Guaranteed Against Holes Or New hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Department 1, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Anyone Can Attach. Gliding Casters. Amazing profits. Carried in pocket. No rollers. Save floors, carpets, furniture. Cost 3c, sell 10c. Homes buy dozens. Best agents articles of the century. G. Mfg. Co., 20 B. Warren St., New York

Convex Portraits, Frames And Glass. You Can better your present salary by selling our new line of portraits. Catalog, samples and particulars free. Established 14 years. C. Culver Art & Frame Co., Westerville, Ohio.

the pit of the stomach. To the young woman's racked sense of hearing there was only the occasional low, tense panting of the fighters—a scraping and thumping of their bodies on the dust-muffled ground—tremulous, soft snortings from the Chualar broncho in a further corner—the uncertain, disconcerting silences.

The Lady wondered, vaguely again, if men could fight for ages without either being injured; then, with a cutting sensation at her heart, if the drunken monster could have finished her lover without his having made a sound. She was clutching desperately at the wagon wheel for support when the spell of muffled sounds and sinister, interminable little stillnesses flared abruptly into action.

She saw her lover on his feet—the gleaming blade leaped out at him like lightning. She saw the hulking fellow lunge up out of the dust and, with brutish grunts and curses, rush forward. She noticed then that her man, although alert, seemed sagging all over with exhaustion. Distraction was overpowering her when an intuitional flash told her that Brenton knew what he was doing.

IN the moment in which she steadied herself he stepped aside to let the knife go by. Ten feet farther on Paisano Red's chaps lay piled where they had fallen, and, with two bounds and a pounce, Brenton grabbed them. When the knife fighter wheeled and came charging, Brenton, with extraordinary nimbleness for a man who had seemed exhausted, leaped to meet him. Swinging the chaps like an unwieldy whip, he slatted his opponent full in the face with the heavy tufted leathers. The marshal batted his eyes—and a little later (to the marshal it was half a second or half an hour or some such matter) dreamed that something with an awful drive to it had struck him on the point of the chin.

Marveling at the swift efficiency of that uppercut, the reassured local audience flocked out from sheds and fences and gazed without awe at the marshal of Coloro as he lay in a limp pile begging, with politeness almost, for a drink of water. And The Lady—well, when she advanced shyly from behind the wagon, she looked straight into Brenton's eyes in a way that plainly said: "Please forgive me." She seemed thoughtful, not to say reflective, when a little later the veteran major-domo stalked pompously over to her disheveled lover and stridently remarked: "It's a lucky thing you beat me *to* th' hulkin' fellow—because *I* wuz makin' a dive fer a *gun*." And all that day, as she and Brenton were being driven swiftly out into the heart of that vast, tanned land, and away and away from the nightmarish, adobe town, she kept remembering gladly that her dear, bluff old dad had so often said: "When you get ready to marry, Grace, for Heaven's sake marry a man!"

COLLIER'S

The National Weekly

VOLUME 51 JULY 5, 1913 NUMBER 16

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*

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416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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$4 a MONTH

For This Genuine

Oliver No. 3

Typewriter

$56.00

NO MONEY DOWN—FREE TRIAL



You are not asked to pay any money until this famous typewriter has been delivered to you and you have used it and found it to be satisfactory and wish to keep it.

Then the terms are $4.00 down and $4.00 a month until you have paid $56.00.

Four dollars a month is the exact amount that machines of this quality bring for rental—it amounts to 13c a day—at this rate you can make the typewriter pay for its If.

No cash till you accept it—no interest on payments—no extras of any kind—each machine delivered on this proposition is a genuine perfect No. 3 Oliver typewriter, shipped in the original box as packed at the factory. Each has the full standard equipment and each is guaranteed against defect of material or workmanship for the life of the machine.

Sold without salesmen or agents. You *get the saving.*

—No salesmen are necessary to sell a genuine No. 3 Oliver at this price.

12,000 orders have already been filled.

Be sure and send today for our celebrated book, "Your Final Typewriter," which fully describes this famous machine and tells you some very interesting things about the making of typewriters.

Just write your name on a postal card or on the margin of this page and tear it out and mail it now.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 H 31 North Michigan Blvd. Chicago

DIAMONDS on CREDIT
20% DOWN - 10% MONTHLY

Save money on your diamonds by purchasing direct from the importers. Send for catalogue and compare our prices with those quoted by others. Being direct importers enables us to give every advantage in price and quality. Guarantee certificate accompanies each diamond. *Transactions strictly confidential.*

Write today for Catalogue No. 4.

L. W. SWEET & CO.
2 & 4 Maiden Lane, New York



10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it NOW.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CHICAGO

JOBS

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money—Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 236 Y Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Why Not Double Your Income? There's No reason why you can't. It's not a question of working harder but of working better. The Sheldon School will teach you how to multiply your efficiency and your income through the application of the simple, natural laws that govern every business relation. Write for splendid book, "The Service Idea." The Sheldon School, 1385 Republic Building, Chicago.

Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by placing punch board assortments (jewelry, cutlery, chocolate, gum). We take back unsold goods. Can use only men now employed. State territory. We want men capable of earning $50.00 per week and we want them now. See Dun and Bradstreet rating. Devon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Income Insurance: Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or injuries, $5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost $10. $2000 Accidental Death, $15 wkly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost $5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Be A Detective And Earn Big Money. Interesting work, travel over the world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. Y-1, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposition in U. S. If you are making less than $200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents! Would You Take A Steady Job Where you can make big money quick? No experience required. My goods are snappy, household necessities that make and hold customers. E. M. Davis, Pres., 251 Davis Blk., Chicago.

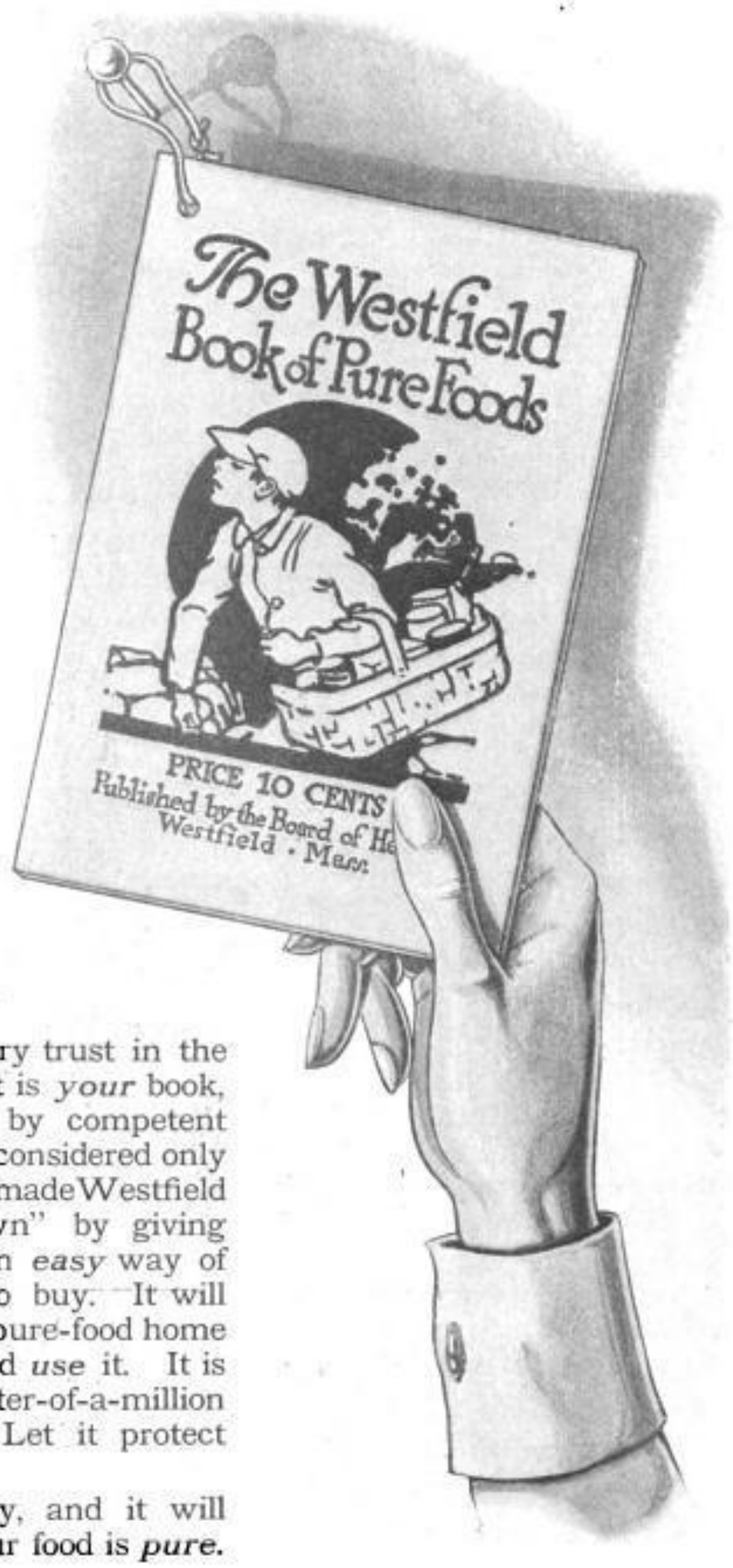
You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc.; save consumer 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free Sample. Pitkin & Co., 115 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

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This book belongs to you—

Hang it on a nail in your kitchen



The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

is printed for *you*—as a consumer of food-products. It was prepared in *your* interest and, if you will send for your copy, it will make you able to buy your foodstuffs with the certainty that you get the full value of your money in pure, clean, wholesome products, truthfully labeled and honestly measured.

The Board of Health of Westfield, Mass. (the Pure Food Town), has been testing food-products in your behalf for over ten years. In many thousands of experiments, capable chemists have sifted out of the brands offered for sale in different markets a list of those which are in every way above suspicion. This list, classified and indexed so that it can be used without the least study or bother, is printed in book form and sent anywhere on receipt of ten cents in stamps or silver to cover the costs.

The food-manufacturers whose goods are illustrated on this page have subscribed to a fund to tell you about this book. They are only a few of the firms whose goods are listed in its pages, and most of them are actually advertising their competitors in helping people to get this guide and use it. *Their* only advantage comes from making it harder for dishonest food-packers to fool *you*.

You can put every trust in the Westfield Book. It is *your* book, prepared for *you* by competent chemists who have considered only *your* safety. It has made Westfield "the pure-food town" by giving Westfield people an *easy* way of being *sure* what to buy. It will make *your* home a pure-food home if you will get it and *use* it. It is protecting a quarter-of-a-million other Americans. Let it protect you and yours.

Send for it, today, and it will make you *sure* your food is *pure*.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 10-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

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KELLOGG'S TOASTED WHEAT BISCUIT stands ace-high with men who eat for efficiency. Few men discover this food for themselves, though. They find it first at home, where wives and mothers who know both the value of whole wheat and the delight of the Kellogg flavor serve it at breakfast. It's the "Toast with the Taste." At hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms, as well as grocers.

4c Postage Brings a Sample Free

That you may try this new biscuit and learn how good it is we will send a sample free for 4c to pay for mailing.

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.
Dept. 25 Battle Creek, Michigan

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5¢ a copy

Collier's

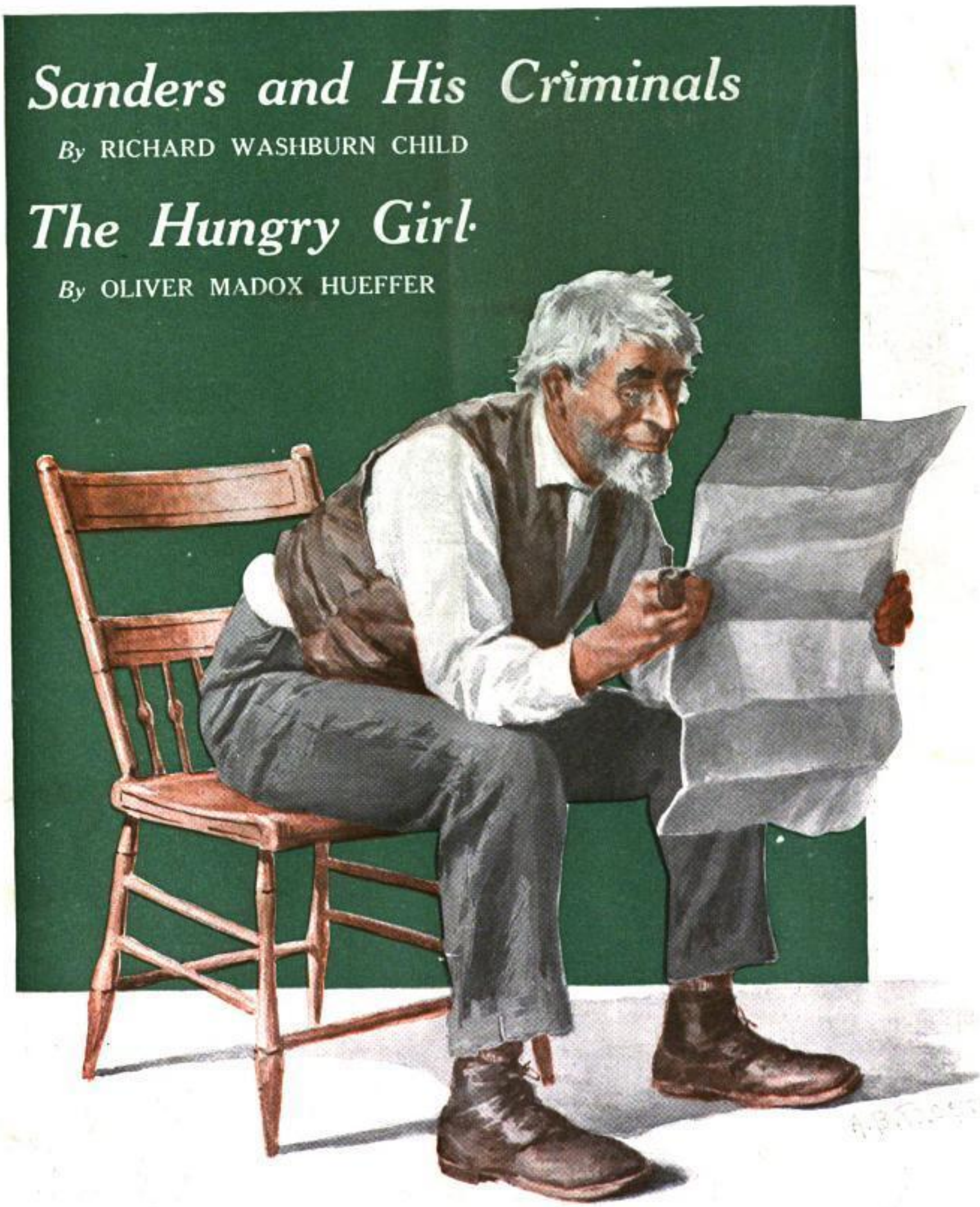
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Sanders and His Criminals

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

The Hungry Girl

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER



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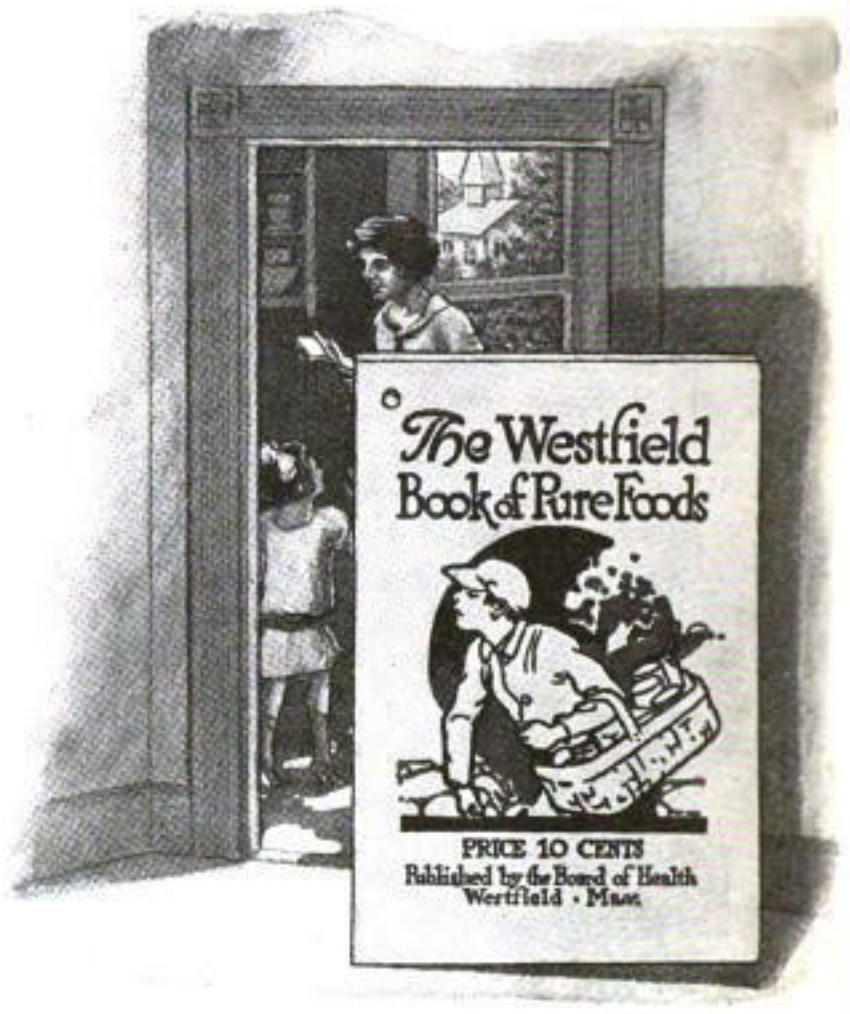
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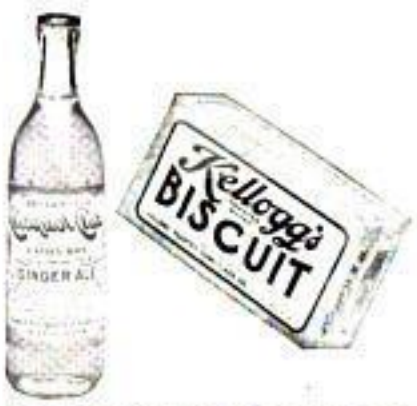
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Sanders and His Criminals



There is a sense of sociability about this Sunday scene in the Fort Madison prison yard. No man who comes to the prison is put in stripes unless he refuses to obey the rules

By Richard Washburn Child

UNTIL laws and courts and States concern themselves as much with the man who comes out of prison as the man who goes in, the wardens of the prisons bear upon their shoulders the responsibilities shirked by society. Some bear them as carelessly as society itself, but others are hastening the time of a better understanding. Such men as Sanders of Iowa remain unique only a little while —and they never work in vain.

WHILE this article is being written a long, lean, lank, sandy-haired, sinewy-armed man, serving a life sentence for a crime of violence, is in a room above the dining hall of the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison. He is squinting a keen, critical, gray eye at the result of his labors. The product he seeks is a set of photographs which shall illustrate the place where he lives, the men with whom he is associated, and the one personality toward which he has learned to look for all that remains to him of life.

The old penitentiary wall is high and thick, and from the outside one can see broad stretches of the Mississippi River and the wheat fields far away on the Illinois shore. The ancient stone cell house, built half a century ago, raises its steep roof above the red brick smokestacked contract-labor prison factory, and pigeons perch on the ridge pole against the sky line or take flight over the new and large cell house across the penitentiary yard and out into the woods on the hillside beyond.

This prison receives the worst that the iron hand of the Iowa law selects from among evildoers; here come the yegg, the burglar, the unregenerate "repeater," the incorrigible, and the killer of man. Over five hundred are here to-day.

Five or six years ago this Iowa pen was like most of our prisons. It was a place where men already pretty far gone were sent to be dropped over the abyss into the class of the irretrievably lost. It was a fair sample of one of the important institutions of our civilization, and it represented a good deal of the brutality, the savagery, the ignorance, and the senselessness of the thing which remains to-day as our barbaric penal system. It represented the conditions which will not change permanently until public opinion, legislatures, and courts take as much interest in the man who comes out of prison as in the man who goes in. Five years ago in Iowa they maintained a piece of left-over Middle Ages—a little more vulgar and cruel than felony, a little more damaging to society than crime.

Circus Bandmaster and Teacher

ABOUT that time they changed wardens in Iowa. Up in the western part of the State was a school-teacher—a high-school principal. There are distinctions among high-school principals, and this high-school principal had his distinctions.

He had been a bandmaster with a circus; he had played professional baseball and been an umpire in one of the Western leagues, and in many other ways he had come close to human life. His face was full of good nature and the eternal spirit of boyhood; his body was stocky; if you looked for it you could find a strong suggestion of will power somewhere behind his bantering eyes and in the lines about his mouth and in his thick-thumbed, powerful hands. That was J. C. Sanders.

He had introduced new methods into school-teaching. He was not content to teach and discipline for so many hours a day. He made boys and girls open their lives to him: he opened his life to them. The high school was "educating" day and night. Teachers in it had to match their time against the time of the youngsters.

"Hard Tickets," even in those days, were to Sanders like difficult game to the keen sportsman. The tough boy and the girl going in the wrong direction were to Sanders as the biggest, most wily, and gamest fish in the waters. The worse they came, the better did this man like them. When he had landed the stubborn youth in the net of his confidence, and repaired the damage done by unfit parents, or by unfair home life, or even by the crooked deal of heredity, Sanders's spirit would throw its head back somewhere inside of him and crow like a rooster. Sanders was having the time of his life. Salvage was Sanders's profession and he loved it.



He had come close to human life; his face was full of good nature and the eternal spirit of boyhood

Bang! Out of a clear sky came the stroke which notified him that the board of control of the State Penitentiary had picked him for the warden's job, had chosen him to be the custodian of the restraint of half a thousand bad ones. It was a strange call. Where are the high-school principals to say "Yes" to this stirring proposal? But Sanders thought of 500 criminals—the hardest, most illusive game in the profession of man salvage! Furthermore, there was a wife. She was a thin, gray-haired, prim, keen-eyed, straight-mouthed woman. Nowadays the prisoners who see her walking alone inside the jail walls point to her with respect and affection and say: "There goes the Duchess." She was his wife, and when he was offered the new chance, she nodded. Sanders took the job.

Plenty were the arrangements, the rules and regulations, and the manners and customs that the new warden wanted to change when he came to live at the penitentiary. Yet these were details compared to the one thing which Sanders, who is nothing of a sentimentalist, wanted to turn inside out. Perhaps he did not know just what irritated him most among the barbarisms of the big prison, but time has shown that the one thing which made his good, practical, common sense revolt was the shameful truth that civilization and modern times had galloped forward and left its penal system out of sight and out of mind. Sanders found the facts which exist everywhere—the facts which made a Federal District Attorney of my acquaintance withdraw from a prosecution of a criminal because to press that prosecution would have sent a young man to one of the States' prisons. "From the mails he stole $80," said the Federal attorney, "but damned if I'm going to send that man up to —— and steal his soul."

The whole idea seemed wrong to Sanders. Suppose you looked at pun-

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ishment from the point of view of the criminal law—as revenge, as the eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth doctrine. That is the point of view of the law handed down by precedent through the history of our jurisprudence. Under that idea, even if we take revenge, we do not go the whole way and hang the burglar, or guillotine the forger, or use the ax on the adulterer, and put them out of the way conveniently; and when we go about taking a more modest form of revenge, we create in our prisons a man who is capable of doing more harm to us than the man who offended us in the first place. The revenge we take is costly!

Suppose, on the other hand, that you looked at prisons as a place of safe keeping for dangerous men. Is there any more reason for making such men more dangerous during their stay?

Suppose you looked at prisons as reformatories. Sanders would have laughed at you. "They are not reformatories," he would have said, as he since has said to me; "they are deformatories."

Sanders had one of the direct minds. He found himself in charge of 500 men considered by the State of Iowa as the least desirable and most desperately dangerous ex-citizens within its borders.

Why Not Graduate a Better Man?

FIRST of all, he could not see any reason to treat them inhumanly. He believed that this was somewhat out of keeping with civilized manners and customs. Furthermore, cruelty and insults neither added to nor subtracted from the punishment. Sanders believes the most punishment a man gets is the punishment of the mind, which is made to see more clearly, day by day, its own wasted or perverted history, its lost chances.

Nor could the high-school principal believe that the State gained anything by depriving a man of his right to health. "Aside from common decency," said Sanders to me, "let us look at these men as 500 machines which turn out product for the State. I can show you on paper that there is money in giving them proper air, clothes, sleep, food, and education."

Finally, Sanders could not for his life see why 500 of the population, even though segregated, should not be made better men rather than worse men. Salvage was his profession, and said he to me: "Why not try to graduate a better man?"

Go ahead and answer him—you who believe in our present penal system.

I found Sanders on a hot afternoon in June standing near the front porch of the warden's residence, collarless, happy—and five men who were about him looked up as I came.

They had all been discussing a carving on a piece of repaired furniture which had been put out on the lawn for the finish to dry—the warden and the five men, who looked like those who sit across the aisle from you on the train or come to repair the leak in the roof.

The warden was in his joy.

"I've started a new department," said he, looking over his eyeglasses. "We are salvaging furniture. Come into my cellar and I'll show you a chair which one of my men pulled out of a scrap heap with a rake. I've found a lot of the boys can be used on this work. There goes B—— now to deliver an upholstery job to Mrs. M——, down in Fort Madison. We are charging a little more than union prices for all outside work of any kind. This repair work has been a great hit."

"These men are prisoners?"

"Of course."

"And that man?"

"That's C——. He's been here years already for manslaughter. He's a lifer. He goes out every afternoon into the country to drive in my cow. Ha! You look surprised. Well, this afternoon over 150 men are outside the prison walls. They're all around. Some are painting barns for the farmers eight miles out in the country, some are dragging roads, I've got a lot helping unload coal down there by that siding, some are delivering stuff—oh! all kinds of work. Guards? Let's see. There are just three guards out to-day, and not one of them carries a weapon. Let's take a walk inside the yard. I want to show you how I get scrap wood for nothing from the contract factory and make brush backs out of it."

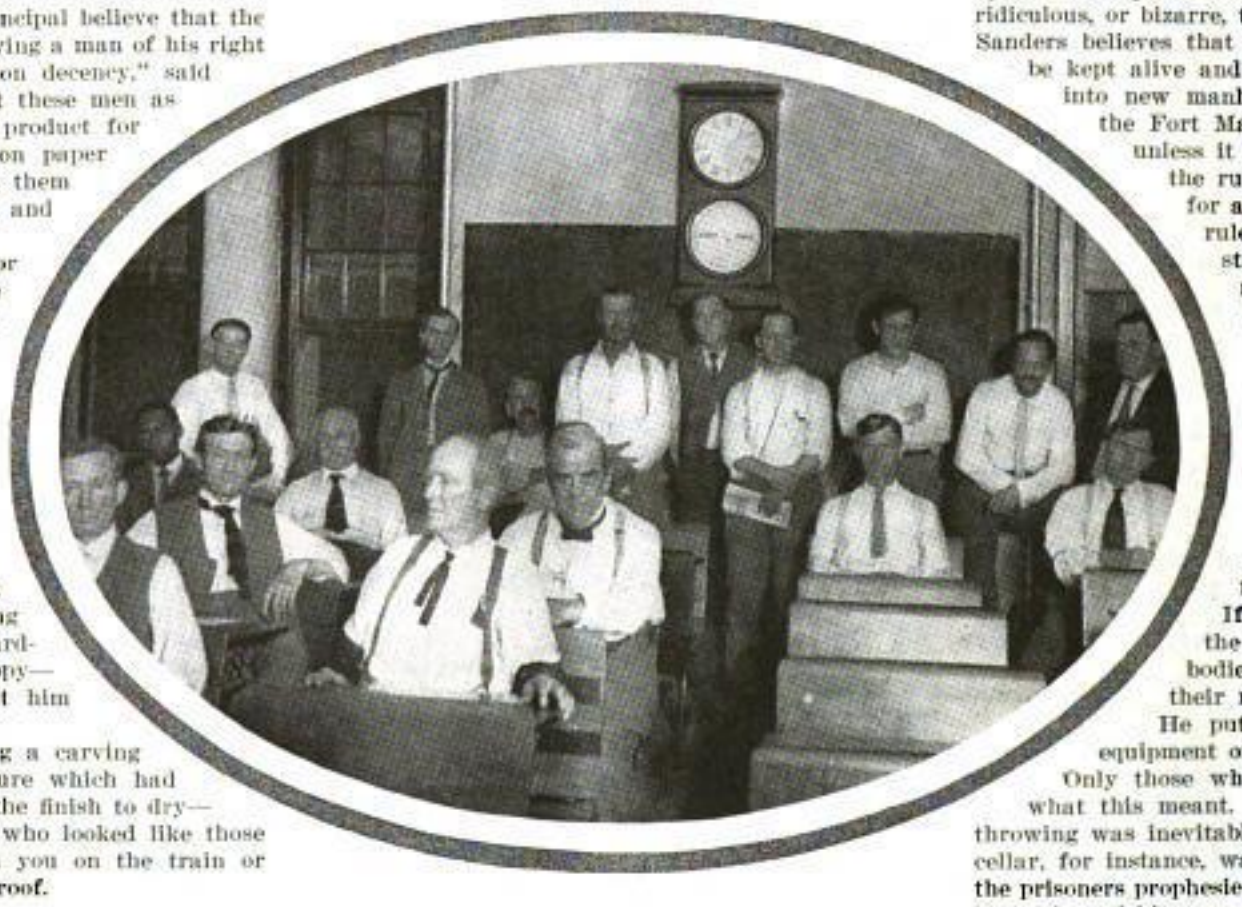


He put a bulletin board in the dining room where baseball scores are posted

To increase the revenue from prison product and labor has been one of Sanders's great problems. The State of Iowa allowed $0 per man per month for all operating expenses of the penitentiary. Until a few months ago this $0 figure had not changed a penny during a period when the cost of living outside the prison walls had doubled. In order to carry out his idea that men should be provided with decent living as a condition precedent to their repair, and even as a condition precedent to their fitness to earn money for the State, the new warden began his campaign to increase the prison earning power.

One of the worst follies of our penal system is the ordinary prison-labor contract. It is a folly from the point of view of the State, because the State sells $1 worth of available labor for 50 cents. From the point of view of the laboring man who is not a criminal, the sale of $1 worth of labor for 50 cents creates a competition which the laboring man should not be asked to meet.

Many fair men believe, furthermore, that, having deprived the convict of his liberty, it is unfair to deprive him of the results of his labor. They believe it is bad enough to send a single man out of prison without any savings to stand between him and his necessity to eat and have protection from the elements, but they believe it is almost a robbery of the innocent for the State to appropriate the earnings of convicts upon whose support women and children have been and are dependent. Indeed, it is difficult to find anywhere an honest man who will undertake to show that the prison contract-labor system is not empty of fairness and good sense.



Photographs by Number 8734

The literary and historical class; a forger learned to write creditable lyric verses, and a burglar learned the history of his country

Of course, public opinion and not prison wardens must remedy this state of affairs. It exists in Iowa, and Sanders has had to make the best of it.

To every man possible, Sanders offers encouragement and opportunity to earn money for himself. In the case of those convicts under contract, a fair proportion having completed their contract "task" are urged to work "overtime" for their own gain.

The Prisoners Run a Paying Farm

BUT many convicts by the terms of the prison contract are "rejected." Sanders has spent wakeful nights devising methods of turning the labor of these men to the best account. The money gained provides an additional general prison income which shall go to increase the allowance per man per month made by the State of Iowa, and thus make possible better conditions for the health of mind and body of the 500 convicts, and a part of it goes to the prisoner himself. A large fraction of the men to-day are able to send money to those dependent upon them "outside," or save toward a new start in life when they are discharged.

The first large accomplishment of the warden was inducing the Board of Control to buy a 200-acre farm a few miles from the penitentiary. "Yes," says a prisoner, "the warden and the boys pull off quite a rural sketch. They've spilled over now, and have to rent a lot of land or go shares on crops raised on other land. Must be working over 600 new acres, and cows and pigs and chickens. We boys gets pork, milk, fruit, and vegetables and butter once a day off'n the farm. Figure it anyhow you like, there's a profit."

The truth is that Sanders has realized that he must not only conceive the reforms he wishes to make in his eager game of man salvage, but must rest his reforms on an economic basis. This accounts for the furniture-repairing shop in his own house-cellar, for the house-painting gang, for the farm, for the ice-harvesting and wood-chopping jobs in winter. If the warden were driving home with three or four prisoners and saw a man putting up cord wood, he would pull up the horse and say to his convicts: "What do you say to taking that job on a contract—half pay to the prison and half to you?" And the "boys," as they call themselves no matter how old they may be, will jump for the chance.

Preserve the Shreds of Self-Respect

INCIDENTS of this kind often happen; by such ways and means is the money resource of the penitentiary and of the convicts made larger.

Greater earning capacity of the prison helps to make possible the plans that this persistent direct-thinking, direct-acting musician, professional ball player, umpire, and high-school principal has in his mind, or has carried out already.

One of these ideas is that the State gains little when it snatches from a man his last shreds of self-respect by putting him into prison stripes. If punishment means breaking a man's spirit, if the purpose of a penitentiary is to take a criminal and with malice aforethought go about making him worse by such indignities as clothes which are ill fitting, ridiculous, or bizarre, then Sanders is wrong, because Sanders believes that the sparks of decency should be kept alive and if possible made to flame up into new manhood. No man who comes to the Fort Madison prison is put in stripes unless it be because he refuses to obey the rules. Then he goes into checks for a while. Another breach of the rules and he goes into the old stripes—the uniform which is a relic of the hysterical pains-taken by society to prevent an escape.

He abolished the lock step. "The more you use such customs, the more confirmed criminals a prison will graduate," the warden will say. "Remember once upon a time, not so long ago, they used a surer process—a mark on the forehead with a red-hot iron. If we are wrecking men, let's go the whole way and mutilate their bodies. It's better than mutilating their minds and souls."

He put salt shakers and individual equipment on the tables in the dining hall. Only those who have been in prisons know what this meant. Prison experts said crockery throwing was inevitable among convicts, that a salt-cellar, for instance, was a dangerous weapon. Even the prisoners prophesied "rough house." But Sanders, by a plan of his own, had assigned each of the prisoners a numbered seat. "Every man who loses his salt shaker, loses it forever," said he. The salt shakers are still on the tables.

He put a bulletin board in the dining room where announcements, telegraphic news, and baseball scores are posted. After his long experience with men and music, he had learned to believe that the effect of music on men was good. He organized an orchestra and a brass band, taught most of the men how to play, arranged for rehearsals in the evening, helped men to earn money to buy music and instruments, and finally initiated the custom of having the orchestra or the band play at dinner and at supper.

He has trained quartets of singers. "I had one of four negroes," said he sadly. "Oh! it was a wonder. Four voices, real voices, trained together as no other quartet was ever trained. But we lost the tenor by a pardon, then the bass got his discharge, and so it went. The last man said it sure was a shame for the other three to go and bust up that quartet."

Sanders maintains a pretty garden in the open space in front of the old cell house; in the winter special attention is paid to (Continued on page 23)

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The Hungry Girl



By Oliver Madox Hueffer

THE chase she leads the man into is in the very spirit of adventure, and unlike many mystery stories the solution does not "let you down," but has a moving interest of its own.

"ARE you a gentleman?"

I started out of a daydream and stared at the girl on the other side of the marble-topped table. She was leaning toward me, a curious look of pinched eagerness on her face. She repeated in an excited whisper: "Are you a gentleman? And brave?"

When I tell you that I was in a tea shop in the Clapham High Street—I think it is so called—you will understand that the question struck me as remarkable. It was not as though I were an habitué of the Clapham High Street, and, as such, possibly recognized. I had never before, to my knowledge, been there—I was there only by the sheerest accident, because a motor bus had taken me there. I bought a paper the moment before, and as soon as I was in the bus I began to read an article by an eminent publicist in praise of an eminent politician. The article detailed with much eloquence the steps by which England was advancing, under the guidance of the eminent politician, toward the happy aim and end of all good government—that every English stomach should be always and adequately filled. So impressed was I by the writer's eloquence, and so convinced that "the full stomach" was the aim and object of a wisely ordered life, that, when I came to the end of the article and, descending from the bus, found myself cast adrift in the Clapham High Street, I at once sought out a tea shop to insure that my own stomach should be adequately filled there and then. It was while I was playing the good citizen with tea and buttered toast that I was asked if I were a gentleman and brave.

The girl must have been sitting opposite me all the time, though I had not noticed her. She was the most ordinary type of girl you can conceive, neither very young nor very pretty, nor interesting—a pale, flat-chested little person in what is called, I think, a rough-coat, and a little brown hat with a broken feather, both rather the worse for wear. You would have diagnosed her as a typist or a shop assistant or a council school-teacher—as belonging, at any rate, to one of those innumerable little callings in which the middle-class girl today manages, at the cost of her personality, to keep body and bones together.

I DID not answer at once: I was not at all sure what to answer. The word "gentleman" allows of so many definitions, while as regards bravery, although I habitually consider myself a paladin, I do not remember ever to have been called upon to translate theory into practice. Even while I considered, the girl rose and went on hastily: "If you are, you will follow me at once."

I did not follow her at once. For one thing, I had not finished my toast: for another, the conjunction of bravery and the Clapham High Street struck me as rather ridiculous: for a third, I was not born a Londoner for nothing.

It must have been ten minutes before I left the tea shop, only to find that the girl was waiting for me. She was staring disconsolately into the lighted window of a tobacconist's next door, and, as she saw me, her face lit up with an expression of relief that struck me as genuine. "You have come," she said. "I am glad—I am very glad. It was good of you."

I tried to explain, but she gave me no time. "Pretend to be looking into this window," she whispered: "we may be watched."

"But—I assure you—"

"Hush—speak lower. There is so little time."

I began to feel seriously annoyed, but I happened to notice in the window before us a brand of cigars to which I am partial. The girl began again, still in the same excited whisper: "You are to follow me—without seeming to. Keep at least fifty yards behind me. When I go into the house, wait at the street corner until you see me come to the window and pull up the blind. Then come straight to the house and enter. After that—we can only hope—"

"I am extremely sorry—"

"Oh, please—please! You do not know how much depends upon it. Life and death: and more—a woman's honor. I beg you—I beg you—"

"Why not apply to the police?" I suggested, but I was too late. She had left me and was now hurrying along the pavement, eastward. There seemed nothing for it but to follow her in order to explain my inability to help her.

IN THE end, cursing myself most heartily for an ass, I was thus lured out of the main road into a shabby street on the south side, lined with poor shops and presenting a stolid front of that shabby respectability that is more depressing than actual poverty. About halfway along it the girl turned off to the left along an even shabbier, darker, narrower street. I was careful to note its name—Andover Street, S. W. As I came to the corner the girl was already mounting the front steps of a desolate house about twenty yards from me. It might have been deserted, for there was no light in any of the windows, or, as I afterward saw, in the fanlight over the front door.



"You do not know how much depends upon it. Life and death; and more—a woman's honor"

As I hesitated, uncertain what to do, the girl opened the door, waved a cautious hand in my direction, and disappeared within the house. Even the sanest of us, I suppose, loses his mental balance sometimes. Only thus can I account for the fact that I did not at once make all speed back toward civilization. Wait I did for a few moments at the corner, afterward strolling slowly past the house on the other side of the road.

AS I PASSED a lamp-post—they were singularly infrequent—I was aware of a young man standing beneath it, who favored me with a malevolent stare. He seemed of the pimply, narrow-chested clerk class, was flashily dressed, and had a pink flower of some kind in his buttonhole. Although I passed within a yard of him, I could not identify him more closely if my life depended upon it. Having reached a cross-road, I turned and sauntered back, this time upon the side nearer the house. I looked for the young man as I passed the lamp-post, but he was no longer to be seen.

Just as I came abreast of the house the blind of the center window was suddenly raised, and I could see the silhouette of the girl against an inner light. While I hesitated at the front of the steps the door above me opened, and she appeared, beckoning to me to hasten. There was nothing for it but to obey, or so it seemed to me. Even as I entered I heard a shrill whistle—of the kind the street Arab emits mysteriously by thrusting his fingers down his throat. It seemed to come from somewhere in the street behind me, and I mentally associated it with the young man of the lamp-post.

I WAS in pitch darkness, and the only sound was the swish of the girl's clothing as she moved somewhere before me.

"Quick—quick!" came from the darkness, and a door handle rattled to my right. I followed the girl into a small front parlor, dimly lit by a single candle. It was comfortable and commonplace enough, crowded to excess with furniture and knickknacks of the antimacassar age, such as I had thought long since extinct even in shabby genteeldom. My eyes fell upon a flat leather case—and stopped there. I could see that the leather case was filled, or nearly so, with something that glittered brightly, even in the pale candlelight.

Before I had time to say anything there came a thunderous rapping at the outer door, a succession of single knocks that made the very house tremble. Mingled with them was a sound of a heavy body hurled recklessly against the outer woodwork, as though some madman were trying to burst through it.

There was a perceptible pause—it seemed long enough to me—during which I was conscious of nothing but the shrill whistling of the girl's breath. If she were not a consumptive, I reflected even then, she was at least on the road to it, as indeed her physique bore witness. The next moment the candle went out, and her hand groped for mine in the darkness. "Come," she whispered. "It is our only chance."

I followed the guidance of her hand willy-nilly into the front passage, along it, away from the door, on which the knocking sounded more furiously than ever, down a bare wooden staircase, and so through some kind of a room paved with stone—a scullery, I suppose—to a door, which the girl opened and led the way through it, and into a little open yard.

BY CONTRAST to the darkness we had left, it was not difficult to see about me. The girl stood, finger on lip, listening intently.

"Are you armed?" she asked suddenly.

"My dear young lady," I expostulated, "is one usually armed in the Clapham High Street?"

"Then take this—you may need it." She handed me what felt like a revolver. "And this," she added, offering me the leather case that had stood on the table. When I hesitated, "Please, please," she said breathlessly. "They must be saved—whatever happens to me."

"If you would only explain—" I was beginning, when she suddenly pushed me forward, almost violently, and closed the yard door behind her.

"Fool—I am a fool to wait here. If they have thought of—it may be already too late. Quickly—quickly!"

I began to find myself infected by her terrors, and followed her with no more words. She led the way along a sort of ditch between two rows of houses, almost to the end. There the passage suddenly turned at right angles, and, after a few yards, opened into a thoroughfare, whether Andover Street or another I had no means of knowing.

A lamp-post stood at the end of the passage, making us clearly visible to anyone passing along the street. Three men suddenly charged at us before we had advanced three steps in the new direction. I heard a sharp cry from the girl, which even then struck me as having as much surprise in it as terror; but I had no time for mental dissection. Fortunately for me, one of the men came faster than his fellows. So blind was his rage that he, as it were, threw himself at me in a heap, head foremost, as though he had

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forgotten that he had any arms to strike with. I thus found it easy enough to catch him fairly between the eyes with my fist. He was absurdly wispy, almost as a child might be, so that I felt some compunction at having struck so hard. He staggered back against the wall, and there collapsed in a heap.

I was equally fortunate with my second assailant, who also seemed scarcely of the stuff that garroters are made of. I had at least no difficulty in sending him on top of his companion, whereupon the third hero turned and fled for his life, his footsteps clanking like iron in the confined air between the walls.

I would have been more than human not to find a certain pleasure in my success. I bowed and offered the girl my arm. "I do not think we need fear further interference," I told her; "not, at any rate, from these gentry."

We had not gone twenty steps when she stopped suddenly and turned her white face up to mine, wild-eyed.

"You—you don't think you hurt him?" she said apprehensively.

"I shouldn't wonder if I had killed him," I replied bitterly, rejecting an unpleasant vision of myself manacled for manslaughter. "I hit him pretty hard—if you mean the first one. The other—"

"Killed him!" she cried in accents of genuine horror. "Oh, I must go back—I must go back. He—he—the one with the buttonhole, do you mean?"

"The one with the buttonhole," I agreed. His outrageous pink geranium—if such it was—was indeed the one thing I had clearly noticed about him. "If you mean to go back," I went on, feeling unreasonably angry at the suggestion, "I suppose there is no need for me to accompany you. Here is your property, if you will be good enough to take it." I offered her the leather case and the revolver with a bow. "I have done enough fighting for one evening," I added when she hesitated.

"No—no." She staggered a little and put her hand to her head. "It would be madness. We must go on—at once—at once. There may be more of them. We must go on."

GO ON we did, she clinging to my arm and directing me through a maze of dark streets, growing steadily shabbier, twisting and turning so frequently and with so many backward feints to make sure that we were not followed that I lost all sense of our direction or whereabouts until we unexpectedly emerged into a main thoroughfare, which my companion told me was the Stockwell Road.

"And now," I said as we turned the corner, "we are not likely to be attacked here. So perhaps you would be good enough to explain—"

"But we are not safe yet—not at all safe," she stammered. "There are—oh, there are hundreds of them. We must go—"

By what seemed to me a miracle—for I could not conceive what custom it could look for in such a district—an empty taxi passed us as she spoke. I signaled the driver. "We will drive somewhere," I said, more gently, for I could see that she was greatly agitated; "and meanwhile you can tell me all about it."

"But—but—a taxi!" she said with a little note of awe and admiration. "It is so terribly— You are sure you can afford it?"

I explained that, compared with manslaughter, extravagance was at worst a venial sin. She got in meekly, while for want of a better destination I told the man to drive to Victoria.

She was silent for a little while I waited. "It was—it was very good of you—and brave," she said at last. "I—I should have been lost without you. And then—"

"And then—" I reminded her after a little.

"They—these jewels," she said suddenly, "they were stolen."

"I am glad that we have discovered them," I said. I was glad, too, to know—if any reliance was to be put upon her word, that is to say—that we had not stolen them ourselves. "To whom do they belong?"

"To the Countess Valda Tirnovski. They are priceless—pearls and rubies and emeralds. They were stolen—by the Black Hand."

"Really. And how—"

"It was my fault—that was the terrible part of it. I—I am her foster sister."

"Indeed," I said, feeling there was nothing else to say. I should have been less surprised if she had claimed to be the countess herself. But a thought struck me. Possibly I had been unjust. "The countess is English?"

"Yes, of course. She was a Miss Blundell from Lincolnshire. I was her foster sister and her secretary. It was my fault the jewels were stolen. The worst of it was—they were not hers."

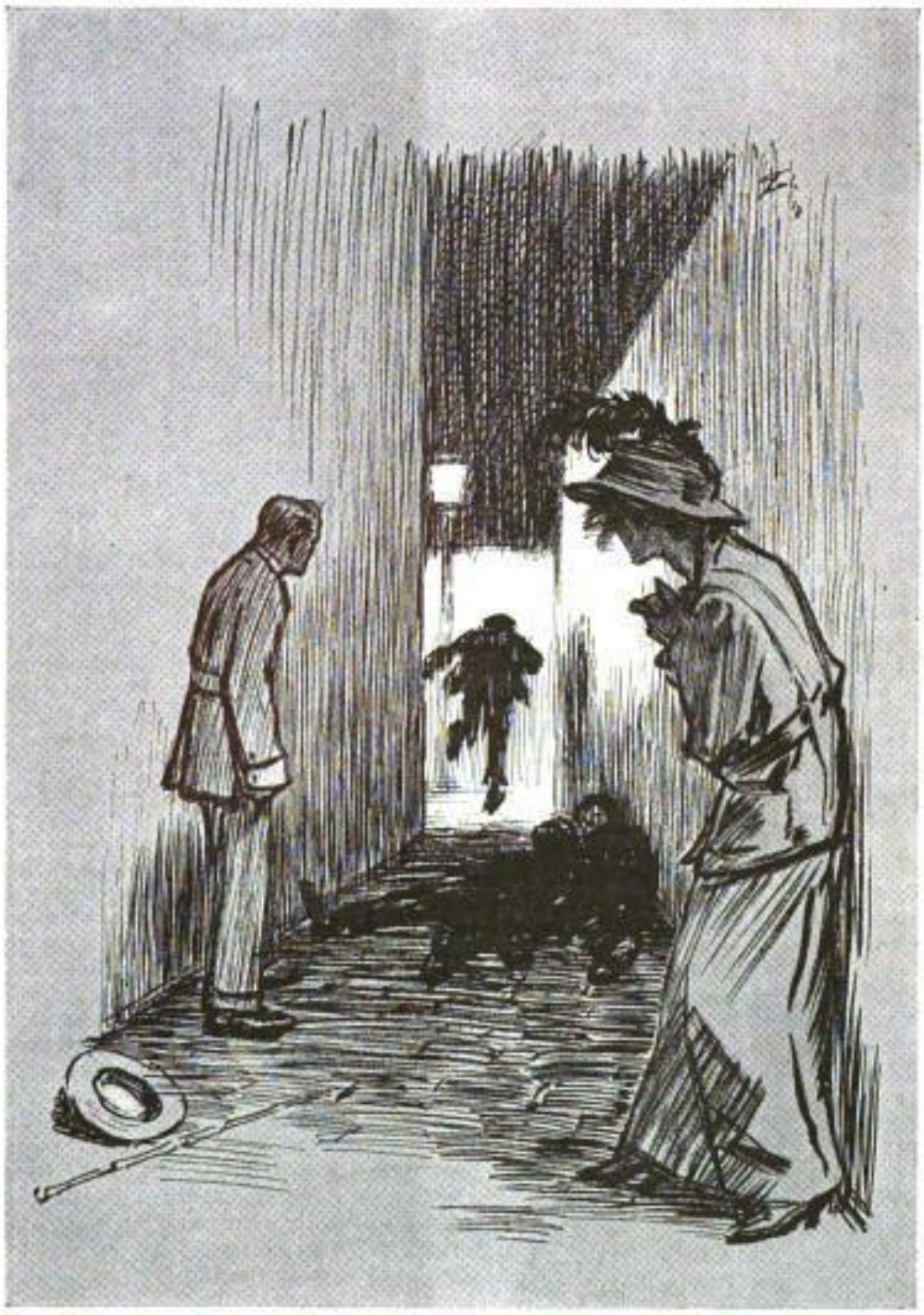
"Not hers?"

"No—they were only lent to her, to wear for one night, by—by her lover."

"O-o-h! She has a lover, then?"

"Of course—they always do. Her husband is a very old man."

It struck me as an inadequate reason, but being less familiar with the private lives of the great than was evidently my companion, I let it pass. "And so—"



I was equally fortunate with my second assailant, sending him on top of his companion, whereupon the third hero turned and fled for his life

"My fiancé—he—he—I thought he was—was only what he pretended to be—in the city. And all the while he was—I don't know—a prince or a count or something. And one of the leaders of the Black Hand."

"I beg your pardon, but are you referring to a gentleman with—with the buttonhole?"

"Yes—you—you would never have taken him for—for anything of that sort, would you?"

"It is so difficult to tell nowadays," I replied, noncommittally. "Speaking generally, I should not."

"Neither should I. I was quite deceived about him. So—he must be in disguise, of course—so one evening, when Valda—the countess, I mean—was at a ball, I let him come to see me. He must have taken them then."

"THE countess was not wearing them?"

"No. Not that time. She has so many. Hundreds and thousands of pounds' worth. Her husband worships the very ground she walks on. He denies her nothing."

"She is very fortunate," I said, seeing that it was expected of me.

"Yes, isn't she? So, of course, I knew, as soon as I found they were gone, that I must get them back or her honor would have been lost."

"Yes—I see."

"I didn't care to go to the police either. So I set to work to track him down, not letting him know that I suspected him. It was only yesterday I found out where they meet—the Black Hand, you know."

"In Andover Street, I suppose?"

"Yes. And—oh, it would take too long to tell you!—but I found out they were to have a meeting to-night to divide the jewels, and that just for half an hour the house would be empty. That was my chance, of course. I had a key—I had stolen it from his pocket while we were making love—dreadful, wasn't it?—and I knew where he had the jewels hid. Only I was afraid. I knew I couldn't get them by myself. I had to find some one who was strong and brave and a gentleman—some one I could trust. And then I saw one—in the tea shop. And I felt somehow that it was all right."

"You are very kind," I murmured. "But here we are at Victoria. Where would you like to go next? I suppose you are anxious to relieve the countess's mind?"

"I—I—won't trouble you any more. I shall be quite all right now. I will just hop on a bus. She—she is stopping at Claridge's Hotel—where all the rich people stop, you know—and there is a bus that goes quite close."

I asked for nothing better, and was about to get out of the cab when she stopped me again. "If—if you would only tell me your name," she said timidly. "I can't ever do anything to—to show I am grateful myself, but I know that Valda, the countess—"

If I had thought for a moment I should certainly not have given her my card, but the deed was done unthinkingly, and I could scarcely demand it back again at once. I could only hope—as I watched her dart across the station yard and into a bus—that I had not laid up future trouble for myself. Naturally, I did not believe a word of her story; it only remained to hope that she was a common or garden liar, and that I had not somehow been used toward some actually criminal end. I must confess that, although I had certainly escaped boredom for one afternoon, I ate my dinner that evening with less appetite than I should have expected.

I was even more *intrigué* some three weeks later, by which time the adventure had faded comfortably into the past, to find one day, awaiting me at the club, a little package containing a scarfpin and a card, on which was written in an unformed girlish hand: "With the Countess Valda Tirnovski's compliments and grateful thanks to the brave gentleman who saved her honor." It was quite a presentable little pin in its way for a person who likes that sort of thing—a tiny ruby in a plain setting.

IT SO happened that I was called abroad on the morning following the receipt of the pin, and did not return for ten days. On the day of my return, as I entered the club, Willis, the hall porter, greeted me with a certain air of sympathetic anxiety. "A young man—waiting to see you, sir," he told me. "Has called three times. Says he must see you. Most important. Here he is, sir!" At the same moment a young man burst upon me from the inner glass doors, so that there was no chance of evading him. It was the young man of the pink geranium.

I was so taken by surprise that for the moment I could only stand and goggle at him. Although he lacked a buttonhole, there was no mistaking his face: I had caught an illuminating glimpse of it at the same moment that my fist impinged upon it. Yet there seemed nothing threatening or malicious about him any more; rather something appealing, if not positively cringing, and, unless his eyes were naturally pink rimmed, which was probable enough, he seemed to have been crying.

He wasted no time in superfluous greetings. "I want you to come with me at once, sir, if you would be so good, sir. We'll take a cab—if you wouldn't mind, sir."

I was still staring at him speechlessly when suddenly he put the back of his hand to his eyes and snivveled unmistakably: "My Emmy's dying, sir. The doctor says it's only a matter of hours. And she wants to see you, sir."

"Your Emmy?" I exclaimed in natural surprise.

"Her you run off with, sir. Or thought you did. She wants to see you, sir, before she—" he choked miserably—"to say she's sorry. If you wouldn't mind, sir. It would make it easier for her, sir."

I saw a glimpse of daylight at that, though I am ashamed to say that my greatest preoccupation was to get out of the club before his tears and his explanations should arouse further scandal, for already I could see that Willis's sharp ears were curiously cocked. I followed him accordingly, entered the cab he hailed, and waited while he gave directions to the driver.

(Concluded on page 31)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE currency bill, when it was introduced, was not as good as it might have been, nor as it will be when it is finally made a law. There was a little evidence that in framing it some deference had been given to a quarter where splendid ethical impulses are unhappily associated with economic heresies. Probably the only misfortune attending this is the fact that the Administration will not be able to push this bill as energetically as the tariff bill, as to which it has been possible to say that any Democrat who resists it is a traitor to his party administration.

The Canker of Power

THE McReynolds trouble in San Francisco is the first sign of a disease that always menaces a party in power, the disposition to "oblige a friend," to show a fraternal good-fellowship, by putting private convenience ahead of public duty. It was Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor who asked the Attorney General to postpone prosecution, and he is, therefore, the real culprit. This is a pity, for he is the first labor leader to achieve so high a public position in the United States as the Cabinet, although in England labor leaders have long been given places in the Ministry. In Secretary Wilson, so to speak, labor is on trial, and he owes it doubly to labor to so conduct himself that public opinion may concede more and more the right of the representatives of labor to take a high place in government.

An Institution Outgrown

FRANK E. DOREMUS, Congressman from Detroit, has been made chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, and Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts is likely to be chairman of the corresponding Republican committee. Both of these are exceptionally high-minded men, and they will put the conduct of their committees on a higher plane than ever before. But why should these committees exist? A member of Congress is elected by a small local community. For a committee, which has its headquarters in Washington and usually draws its campaign funds from New York, to intervene is inherently wrong.

Opposition for Opposition's Sake

REPUBLICAN statesmen are opposing the consideration of a banking and currency bill just now as unnecessary. In the summer of 1908 these same statesmen, then in control of the Government, passed an emergency currency bill which expires next year. If there was need of that measure then, surely, now that it is about to expire, the same need exists again.

Editing the Record

THERE was a dispute between Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington and Congressman James Wesley Bryan of the same State as to whether their speeches were correctly reported in the Record. The Speaker, intervening, said:

> The Chair will state the rule and the practice. If it is a speech in the ordinary acceptation of the term with no dialogue, the member has a perfect right to put in his speeches anything he pleases, provided he is not violating the rule by talking about the Senate or a Senator, is not using abusive language toward the President, is not using language offensive to any member of the House, and is not violating any other rule. *When he comes to revise his remarks, he can cut out any part of that speech he pleases*, or all of it, unless there is a dialogue in it, and if there is a dialogue involved he cannot change that dialogue without the consent of the interlocutor or interlocutors.

This would seem to be conclusive proof of what many already know, that the Congressional Record is not what it ought to be—a correct transcript of what actually takes place on the floor.

Still Standing Pat

THE comment of one of the few old Standpatters left in the Senate, Gallinger of New Hampshire, on the plan to rejuvenate the Republican party was this:

> When the time comes for reorganizing the Republican party I think we must follow the men who helped build the party and not those who helped wreck it.

There is just the trouble with Senator Cummins's plan. The Republican party is still in the hands of men who think as Gallinger does, and they have no intention of letting go. Barnes, Crane, and the rest are the officials of the party. They hold the places of power, and they hold them under a plan of organization devised many years ago to be self-perpetuating. The only fact that can be recorded about Senator Cummins's dream is that up to date the scheme for rehabilitating the Republican party has made no progress whatever.

Standing Firm

SOME constituents of Senator Chilton of West Virginia besieged him—as the beneficiaries of protection have been besieging every Democratic Senator—with a request to oppose the Wilson-Underwood bill. Senator Chilton's reply contained these words:

> I am a Democratic United States Senator. . . . I was elected by a party that promised to do something substantial to bring about real competitive conditions. . . . I am committed to the idea of tariff reform, and I will be compelled to defer to the decision of the majority of my party as to the form of the bill, but when we agree upon the bill I intend to vote for it.

It is now certain that enough Democratic Senators will vote for the tariff bill to pass it, and if any Democratic Senators fail, there will be progressive Republicans to take their places.

A Herring Across the Trail

PERIODICALLY the question of freeing the Philippines shows its head in Congress. Some who bring it up are ardent souls who are actually distressed by our holding the islands. But a good deal of the agitation for Philippine freedom originates with persons who would like to embarrass the Democratic party and put a brake on the progress toward a new tariff and a new currency bill. A very effectual way to break up the Democratic program of important domestic legislation would be to get it into a snarl over the freedom of the Philippines.

Subtle

AN AMENDMENT was proposed to the tariff bill prohibiting the importation of any goods except immediate products of agriculture, forests, and fisheries "*wholly or in part manufactured by children under fourteen years old.*" This looks like a humanitarian measure. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been more ingeniously devised to make a high tariff. It is safe to say that this unique scheme was conceived not so much by philanthropists as by protectionists.

The Fight on the Forests

THE beginnings of a big national contest show themselves above the surface whenever Congress has a moment of leisure. There is no doubt that a determined assault on the national forests and conservation as a whole is planned. The opening gun was fired by a Republican Congressman, William E. Humphrey of Washington. In replying on behalf of conservation, the Progressive leader, Congressman Victor Murdock, said:

> Mr. Speaker, on yesterday the gentleman from Washington [Mr. Humphrey] made a sensational speech here, in which he criticized the Bureau of Forestry. He went to the extent virtually of advocating the abandonment of the policy of national conservation. . . . I want to say this. . . . The gentleman from Washington yesterday advocated openly what the Republican leaders in this House, in my opinion, have nursed secretly for years in regard to this subject. The gentleman from Washington came out in the open and gave us his real thought upon the proposition of conservation, and *I believe that the expression he made yesterday is the belief and desire of the men who control the Republican party here and in the other body.* . . .
>
> When I first came to Congress I saw what I believed then—and believe now—was the beginning of one of the greatest national achievements that we have ever seen—certainly one of the greatest achievements of our generation. I saw Mr. Gifford Pinchot inaugurate a policy which made for a practice of national frugality, so far as our great storehouses of natural wealth are concerned; and, along with that inauguration of a new policy which made for national frugality, I saw Mr. Pinchot, together with Theodore Roosevelt, call a halt on a high carnival of fraud, deception, plunder, and wicked waste in the nation's resources. *I believed then—and I believe now—that in the establishment of a great policy of conservation in this land, neither Mr. Pinchot nor Theodore Roosevelt had any appreciable sympathy from the leaders in the Republican party.*

When this fight comes, about half the Republicans will be in favor of conservation and half against. The Democrats will be similarly divided. Some very strange cleavages will occur in Congress during the next year, and out of them will come something new in American politics.

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Berlin Dedicates a Stadium for the Olympic Games of 1916

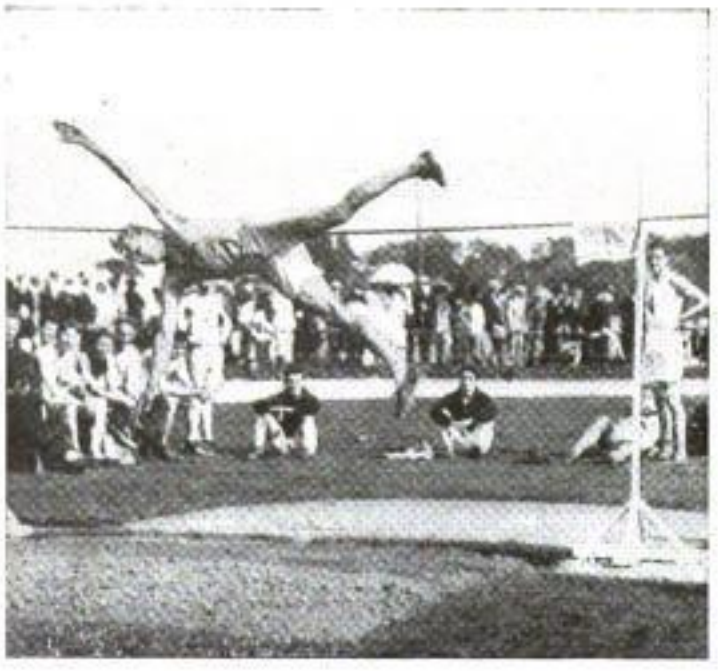


GERMANY chose a Sunday to celebrate the opening of the new athletic stadium in Berlin, and dedicated the structure with what a correspondent describes as "almost religious fervor and military pomp." The Kaiser and his sons were among the 30,000 spectators; and in the arena 21,000 men and women and 9,000 boys and girls paraded, drilled, and played games. The 1916 Olympic contests are to be held in this stadium, and the German athletes feel it their solemn patriotic duty to keep the prizes from being carried away by other nations.

The photograph above gives a glimpse of a few of the athletes and a section of the crowd at the dedication and shows in the background the swimming basin. The pool is 100 meters long. The release of 10,000 carrier pigeons, flying to all quarters of Germany with little paper rolls bearing Count von Posbielski's dedication address, announced the news that the stadium was formally open.

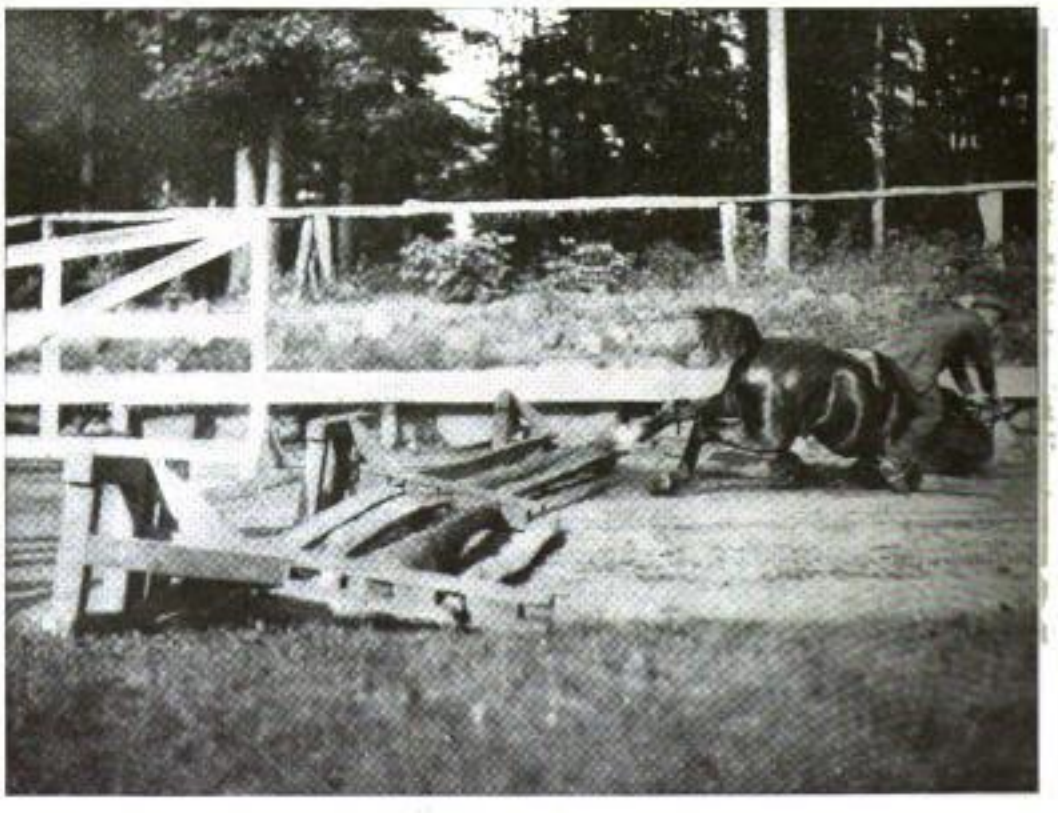
The Count's message was that the stadium should be regarded as the temple of a new cult; that Germany's athletes should train to serve the national cause like soldiers. "This theatre has been provided," he said, "for contests of peace, dedicated to the development of physical strength, to the steeling of the will power, to fostering patriotism."

W. Beach Thomas, in the London "Daily Mail," calls the stadium a "superstadium for super-Germans who are to be trained into physical perfection superior to that of Frederick the Great's bodyguard."



Breaking Another World's Record

THE leap with which L. Geohring of the Mohawk Athletic Association broke the world's record for the standing high jump was caught by a speed camera and is shown in the snapshot above. The new mark for this event is 5 feet 5¾ inches. This is ½ inch better than that set by Ray Ewry twelve years ago. Geohring's record was made in a meet at Travers Island, June 14.



A spectacular fall, but one in which neither horse nor rider was injured, is recorded in this unusual snapshot taken at the tenth annual horse show of the Plainfield (N. J.) Riding and Driving Club. The clatter of hoofs against the hurdle warned the photographer in time to catch a 1-1000 of a second exposure just as Lightheart went to her knees after the fence fell

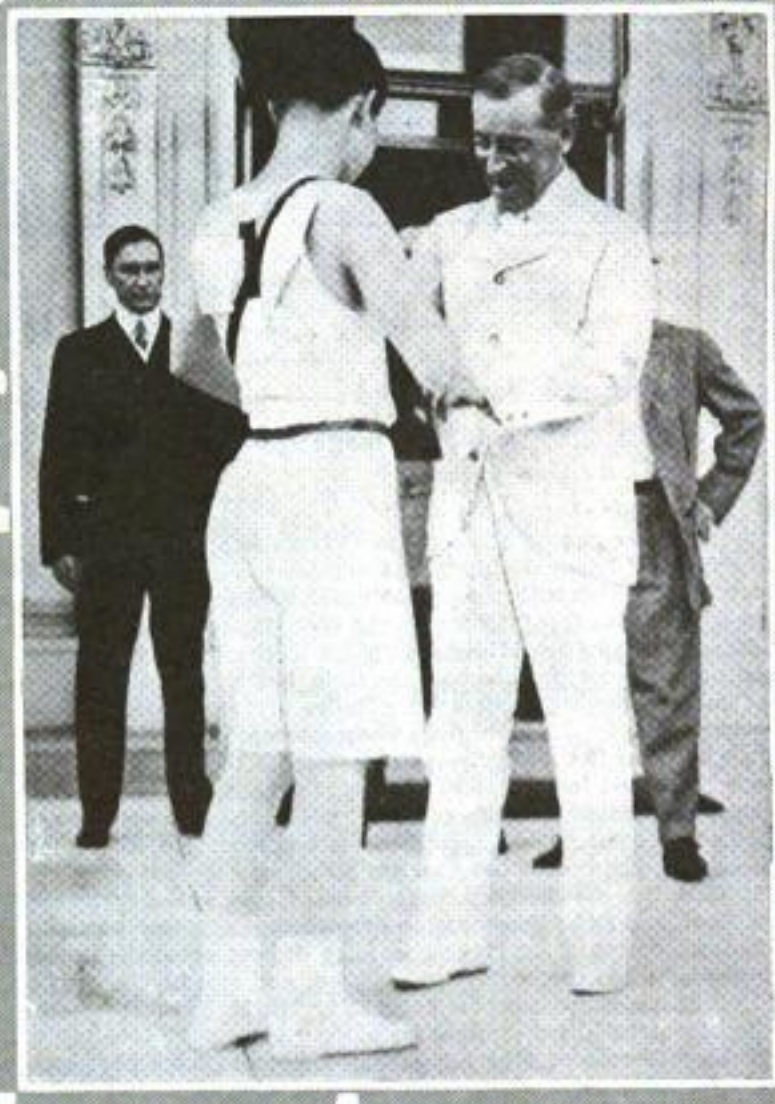
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A BLUE UMBRELLA *four feet wide now shelters Patrolman J. C. Holmes, who, stationed directly in front of the Treasury Building, directs traffic at Washington's busiest and hottest street crossing — Fifteenth Street and New York and Pennsylvania Avenues. Major Sylvester, head of the District's Police Department, ordered the sunshade recently when the mercury first boiled up toward the century mark. If the experiment is a success — and the cool Mr. Holmes says it is — other umbrellas will be put into service*



Judge Alfred Nippert of the Common Pleas Court, Cincinnati, says comfort makes for cool-headedness



BY APPEARING *in Washington dressed in tropical white, President Wilson again has embraced the opportunity to establish one of the few precedents overlooked by Colonel Roosevelt. The President's hot-weather costume, which was first seen on a warm day late in June, consisted of a four-button sack suit of white duck, white canvas shoes, a negligee shirt, white necktie, and turn-down collar. The President is shown handing to a boy scout a message which was carried by relay from Washington to Chicago*



As fire-prevention adviser to the cotton garment manufacturers of New York City, Mrs. Sarah W. H. Christopher has become a fire chief to 15,000 girl operatives employed in 150 factories. Her duties include, besides the inspection of buildings, the training of the workers and their employers in fire drills. Our photograph shows her inspecting a water tank on a factory roof



"BILLY" GRIFFIN, *fifteen years old, recently completed his third year as editor, publisher, and owner of "The Young American Golfer," a monthly magazine published in Wheaton, Ill. The first copy of the magazine was struck off in one corner of a country print shop with borrowed type. Now it is published "by contract" and goes to several thousand subscribers. The editor is still wearing knickerbockers*



In the front row of this warm-weather group from Salt Lake City four Western Governors appear. From left to right they are S. V. Stewart of Montana, Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming, William Spry of Utah, and Tasker L. Oddie of Nevada



ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK, *Episcopal missionary in Alaska, had taken no vacation for five years. He decided to roll a number of outings into one this year by making an attempt to climb Mt. McKinley, the highest summit in North America. Last month he reached the mountain's highest peak, erected a cross there, and said a "Te Deum"*

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Part of Wilson's Program

A GOOD MAN who has made the world better by living in it sent us this letter:

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

Because one cannot attribute to COLLIER'S the deliberate purpose to slander an honest and honored citizen and murder his character, it is all the more exasperating to meet with such gross unfairness in its columns as in the editorial "Serving Two Masters." Your charge that HENRY K. MCHARG betrayed his trust as director of the New Haven Railroad in the interest of the coal company of which he was, not president at the time, but a director, by getting the *highest* possible price for its product (the italics are your own), means to the reader, of course, that he got more than the market price, or, at least, the very highest price quoted in the market, or else, where is the "graft" which you profess to scent? The least inquiry as to the facts in the case of any source other than the brokers who failed of their commission in this transaction would have shown you that the "purchasing agent" whose testimony before the investigating commission you quote must have known all about:

1. That the contract for 50,000 tons of coal a month between the Virginia Iron, Coal, and Coke Company, and the Boston & Maine Railroad was the legitimate development of four years' dealings, during which the railroad company had thoroughly tested the coal, found it good, and steadily increased its orders.

2. That the contract was not sought by Mr. MCHARG on behalf of his company, but by the railroad for straight business reasons.

3. That instead of "the highest possible price," the railroad, as a matter of fact, paid less than the same coal did then, and has, every month since the contract was made, brought at the mine, less than the Boston & Maine could have bought it for anywhere else, even with the inducement of a five years' contract for 50,000 tons a month.

4. That the reason the coal company made this arrangement, by and with the advice of Mr. MCHARG, was that so it would be able to keep its miners at work right along through the slack season, instead of only two or three days a week, which latter is bad economy for the company as well as for the men.

A little further inquiry would have discovered to you who HENRY K. MCHARG is: a captain of industry, it is true; a director even in several concerns which count themselves fortunate in having his clear head, sound judgment, and uncompromising integrity in their councils; a citizen whose word is as good as any man's bond, with a heart as big as that of an ox, of whom this action in behalf of his miners was wholly characteristic, and whom it is a daily benediction to know as a man and a friend.

This is the man whom COLLIER'S is holding up as a grafter. In a long life of battling with the powers of dishonesty and greed, to which there never seems to have been any let-up, I have met some men whose very personalities made up for it all and more: it was so utterly preposterous to conceive of anything like double-dealing in their presence, and HENRY K. MCHARG has ever stood in the front rank of them all, not to me only, but to everyone who knows him. What good cause is served by abusing such a man? I have faith enough in COLLIER'S to believe that it will hasten to own the injury it has done and repair it.

JACOB A. RIIS.

We are glad to print Mr. RIIS's spirited statement that his friend is a good man who helps the weak. We alluded to Mr. MCHARG as typical of a situation common among captains of industry only because his case happened to be brought out in vivid detail by the recent investigation into the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. He is one of many men who is forced to undergo unpleasant experiences by the changing ethical standards of the day. And the fact that ethical standards *are* changing is one that all earnest people should take into account in passing judgment on their neighbors. But we are compelled to insist that the moral aspect of Mr. MCHARG's position is not altered by the fact that he is a friend of Mr. RIIS or that he is a good man who helps the weak. What current public opinion feels about interlocking directorates is concisely stated in a recent number of Senator LA FOLLETTE's weekly paper:

> The Government investigation of Standard Oil uncovered the fact that it "compelled nearly every railroad company in the country to purchase its oil at extortionate prices."
>
> This is the inevitable result of the intercorporate manipulation which establishes a silent partnership between transportation and other branches of big business. Overwhelming proofs of these connections are found in the interlocking directorates which control all railroad expenditure. . . .
>
> Where there is an absence of actual dishonesty, nevertheless the relationship begets looseness of dealing and gross extravagance everywhere. And the want of strict business methods and high standards of efficiency may entail as great a loss to the public as absolute dishonesty.
>
> With railway valuation under way, we are ready now for the next step.
>
> We must absolutely divorce transportation from all other business operations.
>
> *We must prohibit interlocking directorates, making it unlawful for an officer or director of any common carrier to serve as an officer or director of any other corporation having financial or other business relations with the railroad corporation.*

There is no getting away from either the logic or the morals of this. It has always been against the law for a member of the Legislature to have an interest in the sale of supplies to the State. With the relation which large public-utility corporations have come to bear to the public there is exactly the same reason for forbidding the analogous practice. Many a city alderman has gone to jail for having an interest in the sale of supplies to the city hall. Interlocking directorates in big corporations are in exactly the same position. Mr. MCHARG would not allow his chauffeur to be a partner in the garage that sells him gasoline, nor would he allow his cook to be a partner in the butcher shop. In a democracy we cannot have one law for cooks and chauffeurs and another for captains of industry. Neither, unhappily, can we have one law for good men, such as Mr. MCHARG is, and another for men who would use their position to line their pockets. That big business is itself beginning to recognize this situation is illustrated by the language of an announcement which we noticed some time ago in the "Wall Street Journal":

> In connection with the Steel Corporation's new bond issue, E. H. GARY, chairman, says: "As authorized by the unanimous vote of the members of the Board of Directors, *not including any members of the firm hereinafter mentioned*, the United States Steel Corporation has sold to J. P. Morgan & Co. $30,500,000 bonds on a basis of 5 1-10 per cent rate of interest."

The delicacy of feeling which prompted those members of the Morgan firm who are also Steel directors to refrain from voting on a transaction out of which they got a profit is a sign of what is coming. The interlocking directorates must go. The directors of the United States Steel Corporation are also directors in most of the country's big railroads. As Steel directors they sell rails to themselves as railroad directors; then, as railroad directors, they make freight rates for themselves as Steel directors. In this complicated capacity, to which trust are they faithful? Are they faithful to the *railroad* stockholders by getting the rails at the *lowest* price possible? Or are they faithful to the *Steel* stockholders by getting the *highest* prices possible? Or—third and most potent horn to this tricornual dilemma—do they fix the prices of both rails and freight so as to enrich both the Steel Corporation and the railroads, and make the public pay both the bills?

Only under some such form of Government regulation as is proposed by the Progressive party can interlocking directorates be tolerated; such regulation would supply that hostile and watchful check which otherwise must come from the conflict of interests between the two contracting corporations.

Most of the big fortunes in the United States, aside from those made from real estate, would turn out, on analysis, to be based on the immoral use of this interlocking-directorate device. They have been made by men who, as trustees for others, have let profitable contracts to themselves. We think this device is so fundamentally immoral, so repugnant to the common law, that no new statutes are needed to break it up—only honest and courageous courts not subject to the influence of big business. We think that one of the first remedies to which the Wilson Administration will dedicate itself will be the breaking up of interlocking directorates. When that is done the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad will be conducted by a board of directors who have no interest in coal contracts, nor in car-equipment contracts, nor in bond contracts, nor any other interest conflicting with the business of running a railroad with safety to the public and economy to the stockholders.

Major Premises

MISSOURI has in Governor MAJOR a chief executive who rivals CHESTERTON in paradox. Here is his tribute to the press:

> So influential are the newspapers in leading public opinion that I do not allow myself to read them, for fear that my judgment on matters of State policy might be changed.

Reasoning from the Major premise, one wonders whether the Governor refrains from consulting his fellow citizens of Missouri for fear he might follow their advice, eschews good eating for fear his appetite might be satisfied, and avoids reading books for fear his mind might be developed.

Lorimer Resurgent

TRUE TO TYPE runs the ex-Hon. WILLIAM LORIMER. Having been thrust out of the United States Senate with sufficient ignominy to last a less pachydermatous individual for a lifetime, he now finds another field in which to disgrace himself. He has become

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

the "angel" of a consumptive-cure quack, one PETER P. DUKET, M. D. Until the Friedmann "cure" ran its disastrous course in the newspapers, DUKET remained but a minor charlatan. In the enormous and generally misleading publicity given recently to serums, antibodies, and lymphs for the cure of tuberculosis, DUKET perceived his chance and boldly advanced as a notable discovery his "antiseptic lymph," which he had for several years more quietly exploited as a product potent to cure 90 per cent of tuberculosis cases in the first stage, 75 per cent in the second stage, and 50 per cent in the third stage. By processes best known to himself, he enlisted two powerful aides: ex-Senator LORIMER on the financial side and the Bennett Medical College of Chicago, which had never previously been involved with any quack, on the "scientific" side. Immediately a wide exploitation began. Can it be possible that, through some mysterious influence, LORIMER still enjoys his "pull" in Washington? An attempt was made to have the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service undertake a serious investigation of this arrant quackery. In fact, a preliminary investigation was made, with the result that a report was rendered, recommending "that the service refuse any further investigation." Such investigation might properly have rested upon the actual record of DUKET's dupes. The Journal of the American Medical Association traced down eighteen of the cases treated by DUKET in the last three years, with the result of showing that nearly all of the eighteen are now dead. And this is the enterprise with which the ex-Hon. WILLIAM LORIMER and the Bennett Medical College elect to associate themselves. One golden opportunity they have missed. LORIMER's support would be more influential if he had a degree to his name. What could be more appropriate than that the Bennett Medical College should honor WILLIAM LORIMER with the degree of Q. D.—Doctor of Quackery?

But Who Will Control the Government?

IN HIS ADDRESS upon the currency bill the President spoke bravely of freeing the country from the grip of a monopoly "of another and more effective kind" than the tariff, viz., the monopoly of credit. This is to be achieved, under the new bill, by a radical proposal that is to empower a Federal Board of Control to compel one reserve bank to discount the paper of another. This means that, in times of stress, this board shall have the power to take money from the reserve banks, say, of Oklahoma and Virginia and California, and give it to the banks of Wall Street. Of course the undisguised purpose is to do precisely the reverse. But the power is there. And who shall say that it will not be exercised? For half a century, until the beginning of ROOSEVELT's régime, the interests friendly to "Wall Street" have held the reins of power *continuously*. There was no substantial change under the eight years of the Cleveland Administrations. The great powers were men of the type of PLATT and QUAY and MARK HANNA. *They* never dared to put through a bill turning over the absolute control of the national banks to a board of seven men whom they should name. But once in power again, would they hesitate before such an opportunity? In the minds of many able men, it is believed that the larger commercial nations face a period of severe financial strain. If it should be followed by widespread depression in this country, can anyone doubt the outcome of the 1916 elections? Shall we agreeably face the possibility of 7,000 national banks in the control of a board named by a Mark Hanna or the spiritual advisers of the late Mr. TAFT?

Making Disorder Worse

THE NEW CURRENCY BILL would, we believe, have no such effect as the President and the leaders at Washington imagine. It seems to be assumed that the national banks are the chief part of our banking system. They are not. There are in the United States over 25,000 reporting banks—possibly 29,000 in all. Only 7,400 of these are national banks. And the proportion of deposits and business done is, roughly, in the same ratio. In the last ten or fifteen years the State banks have grown more rapidly than the national banks. Clearly then there is now no noteworthy advantage in organization under the Federal law. Will there be greater advantage under the new bill? Have any of the 18,000 State institutions indicated their purpose to change over to Federal control? So far from that, many national bankers have expressed their determination to do the reverse. Does this look like the "freeing of credit"? An ideal measure would be that which would bring into one organization, not merely the 7,400 national banks, but all banks. The great need is to make the money that normally loans in Wall Street at from 2 to 4 per cent accessible to the merchant of Oklahoma or the farmer of Idaho. This is possible only through the system which exists in every other of the great commercial nations—the system of branch banks. The new currency bill, so far from achieving this, would, we believe, simply reduce the number of national banks and aggravate the present condition of an inchoate, disjointed, precolonial system. It, furthermore, attempts to provide an "elastic" currency by a note issue limited to a fixed amount. A scientific currency should be automatic in its expansion and contraction. And to leave the issue of half a billion of fiat money (for no new gold reserve against it is proposed) to the discretion of a board of seven men, agreeable to whatever régime may be in the saddle at Washington, and to empower this board to suspend every sort of banking reserve at will, seems to us simply to invite a condition which may make our present situation worse.

Worry

CONCENTRATED THOUGHT is virtually irresistible. All the vast edifice of modern science and industry is obviously the product of thought, much of it of our own time and observation. The birth of an idea in the human mind is clearly the one and only dawn of empires and revolutions, of engines, philosophies, trade routes, civilizations. To class worry under the head of thinking, therefore, seems a glaring sacrilege. Yet worry is thought, for all that—diseased, impure, adulterated thought. It means an admixture of emotion, of the worst of all the emotions—fear—into one's thinking. Instead of concentrated, clear, serene thinking on the problem in hand, worry is thinking, muddied black with fear. It is about as helpful as clapping the brakes upon wheels toiling uphill. Yet all the world is laboring under that Egyptian heaviness of the wheels, and almost every spirit is a spirit in the dark prison of fear. But once we grasp this truth clearly, once we convince ourselves that we can rid our thought of emotionalism, of fear, the day of our deliverance is at hand. And the substitution of encouraging, healthy thought, of new channels among the worn ruts, is a powerful aid. There may be failures and backslidings, as is customary in all mortal effort and human endeavor. But fear is weakened like a choking thing, and more and more clear and unimpeded becomes our thinking. For we realize at last, once for all, that where thinking cannot help us, fear certainly will not. And then we have worry by the throat.

Making Dreams Come True

IT IS NOT GIVEN to everyone to purchase the lost delights of golden-houred boyhood. But EDWARD TILDEN, Chicago's millionaire packer, has found it possible to retrace the Road to Yesterday and to reclaim from eternity at least one halcyon day which, as a boy, he was denied. A half a century ago a tanned, barefooted country lad with a big lump in his throat stood by the roadside near Delavan, Wis., and watched a circus caravan disappear over the hills. That was as near as he had ever come to seeing a circus. The red gods had called; he could not follow. And as his hopes faded away, and his visions of a sawdust ring and pink lemonade were buried in his heart forever, he vowed that some time he'd come back and "take every kid in town to the circus." How faithfully he kept his promise, 2,800 youngsters of his boyhood home can tell you. On a recent June day the boys and girls from miles around were treated to a circus, an aeroplane flight, and a picnic on Mr. TILDEN's Wisconsin estate. Ah, and the bitterness of years was swept away by one look into their happy faces! They at least had not been cheated, and their wildest dreams had come true. That day will be written in their calendars in gold letters, while a correction will be made on that kept by a country boy fifty long years ago.

Work and Play

THERE ARE TIMES when one thinks that the only thing that really matters is making the essentials of life better for one's neighbors—above all, perhaps, in working to right industrial and social wrongs. Everything else in our lives—and most of the articles that go into the making of a magazine, and most of the words on this page—seems at such times froth, redundancy, trifling. And then one smiles in realizing that without redundancy and trifling, in word and action, we should never keep sane or whole; we should never understand or sympathize with fellow mortals; we should never be able to add our modest effort to the world's real work.

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Michigan Celebrates "Bee Day"



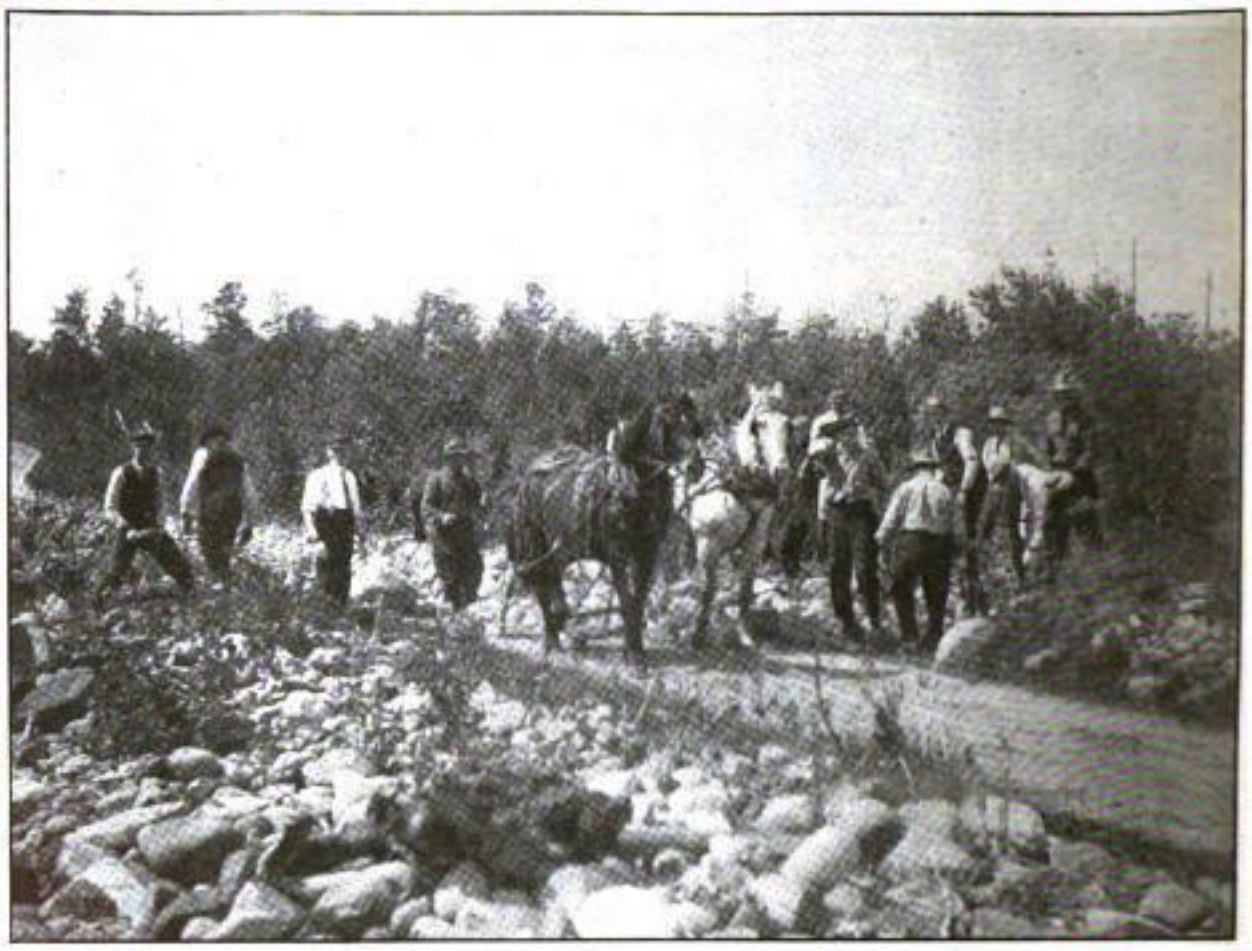
Some of the hardy Poles of Presque Isle County felt that beer was a better refreshment than water



Home cooks who aided the cause in Alpena County



L. G. Dafoe, Mayor of Alpena (at the right), put in 12 hours shoveling gravel from a gondola car



NEARLY 10,000 business and professional men, farmers, and laborers in eight counties of northeastern Michigan made road builders of themselves at five o'clock in the morning of a recent June Monday designated as "Bee Day." When they threw down their tools and plodded homeward at dusk they had completed an almost unbroken line of graveled highway nearly 300 miles long, from Bay City on Saginaw Bay to the northern tip of Michigan's lower peninsula, opposite Mackinac Island. Mile after mile of corduroy, sand holes, and swamp lands had been included in this stretch the day before.

If one pictures mayors of cities and towns, State officials, millionaire lumbermen, and millmen slaving in the hot sun, hewing with picks and axes at corduroy road slabs, throwing stones, shoveling sand and gravel, leading plow horses, or performing any other of the innumerable tasks which form part of the work of road building, one has an idea of the spirit which animated northeastern Michigan and made successful the Bee Day of the Lake Huron Shore Good Roads Association.

L. G. Dafoe, Mayor of Alpena, Mich., went without his breakfast that he might get at a gondola car of gravel to which he had been assigned to shovel for the day. William A. Comstock, regent of the University of Michigan and president of the Milwaukee Northern Railway (in the picture above, at the right, back turned), left his home at four o'clock the morning of Bee Day, and the relief automobile sent after him by friends who thought him lost on the road found him that evening helping to make a success of a farmers' dance which wound up one section of the bee. Scions of the oldest and most powerful families of the district sweated at the road bee side by side with farm hands and laborers.

To appreciate the full significance of Bee Day, one had to journey into the wilds of Presque Isle County, which is thickly settled with Polish people. No longer than five years ago these people repeatedly voted down proposals for the adoption of the county and township road system. They cleared and worked first-class farms and built substantial houses, but they shut themselves off from the rest of the world by roads well-nigh impassable.

These people turned out en masse on Bee Day. Whole towns were deserted. They closed their stores and their little cement-front banks, hung out the holiday sign, and set to work on the road in company with the farmers who for a day were letting crops take care of themselves. The Poles sang old-country songs as they worked, cheered by frequent drafts from a wagon loaded with kegs of beer to which picnic pumps were frequently applied.

It is estimated that over 150,000 cubic yards of gravel, sand, and earth were moved on Bee Day. Eight counties and forty-six townships were holding bees at once. Five thousand teams were at work, and 750 automobiles carried workers back and forth from cities along the route to help the farmers. Over two thousand women, some of whom walked long distances, because all the teams were busy on the bee, prepared and served dinner for the men beside the road.

JOHN EMMET RICHARDS.

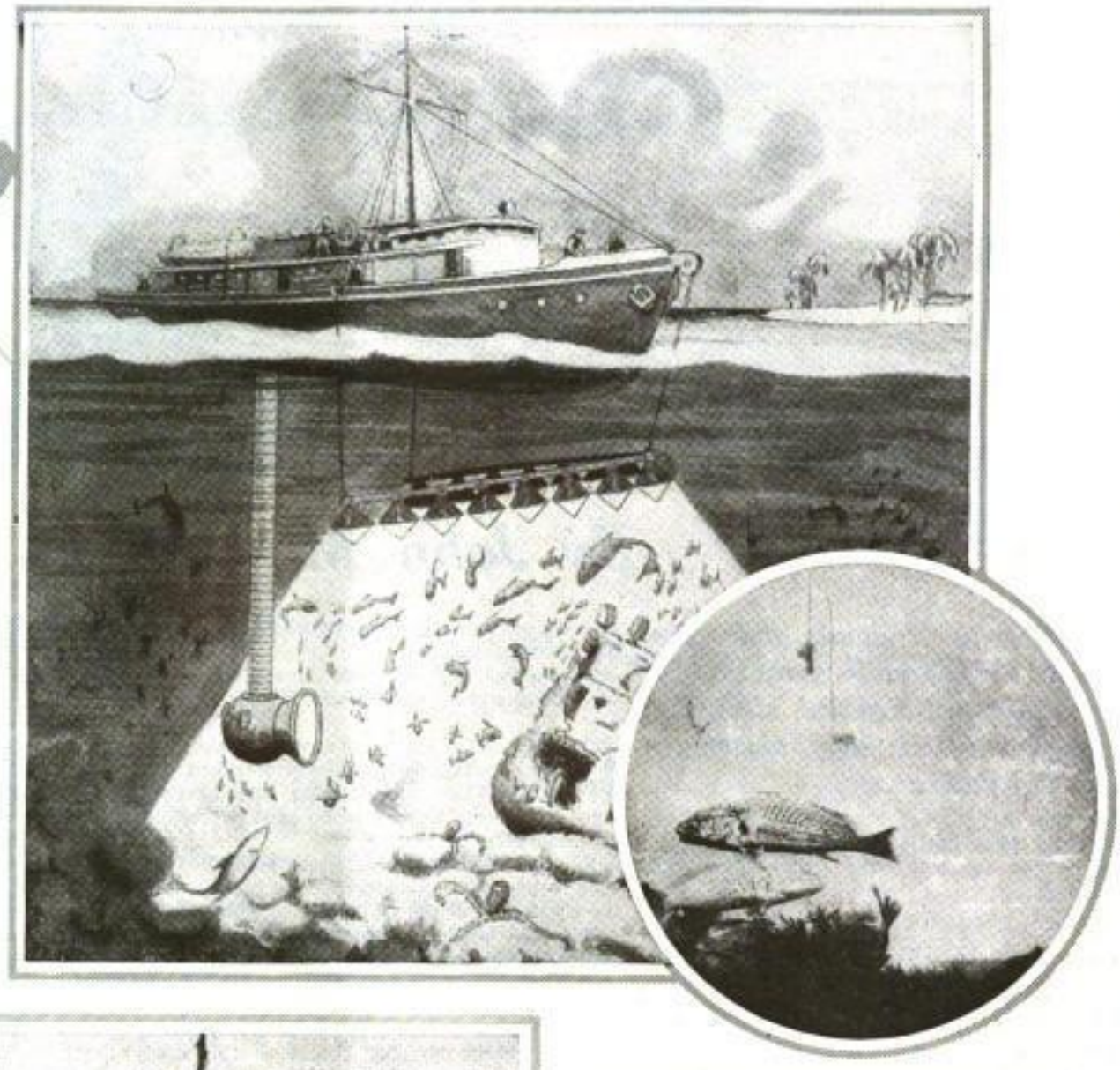


The Bee Day workers laid hundreds of culverts and covered them with new gravel

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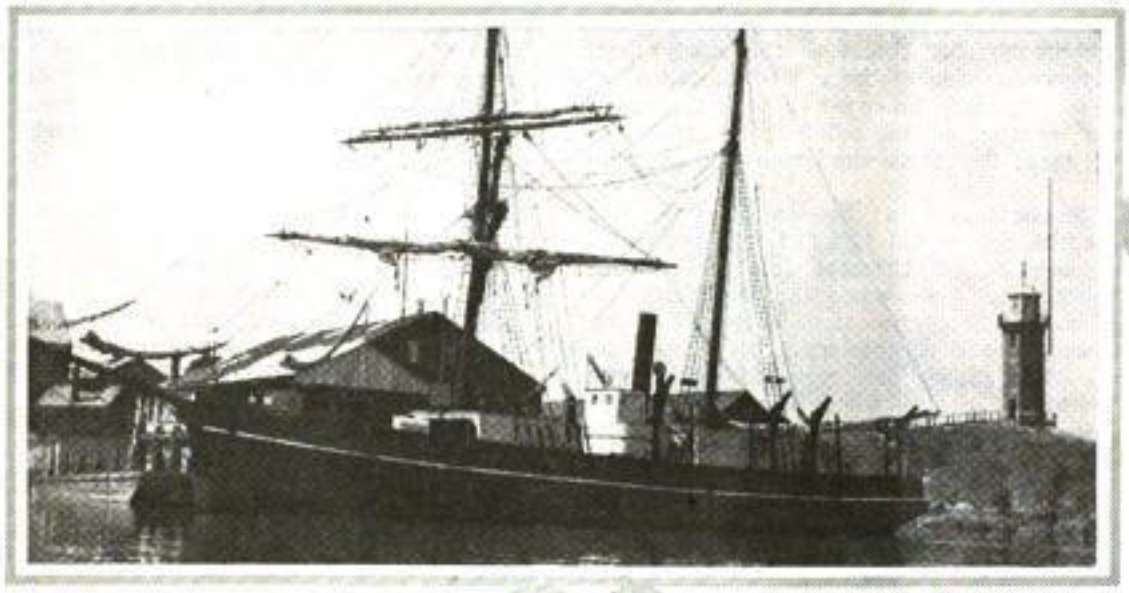
Taking Motion Pictures of Life Undersea

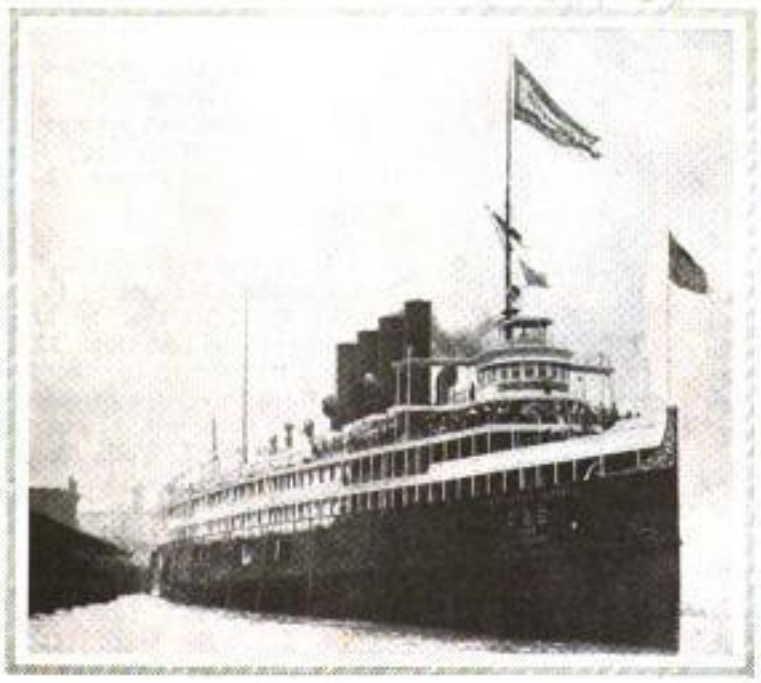




A FLEXIBLE tube which may be extended any length from 1 foot to 500 feet and a windowed chamber at the bottom in which three persons may work without diving suits now makes it possible to take motion pictures of submarine life. The apparatus is the invention of Captain J. H. Williamson of Norfolk, Va. His son, J. Ernest Williamson, who is shown entering the tube in the photograph reproduced above, took the novel portrait of fish and a hook and line that appears in the circle at the right. At night electric lights (as in the diagram) were used and scores of fish were lured near the camera by the glare.

The younger Williamson says he soon will sail for the West Indies to take motion pictures of the wonders to be found on the bottom of the ocean along that coast. His father will spend some time removing sunken objects from Hampton Roads—an occupation at which he might win a small fortune. A number of anchors, propellers, and maritime valuables have never been recovered.





The Seeandbee, the largest fresh-water ship afloat, leaving Detroit on her maiden trip. This boat, 500 feet long, plies between Cleveland and Buffalo

The "Karluk"

NO SCIENTIFIC Arctic expedition, perhaps, ever had so varied and ambitious a program as the one equipped by the Canadian Government and in charge of Vilhjalmar Stefansson. The expedition will make its final departure for the north from Nome, Alaska, July 20. The *Karluk*, which our photograph shows in the harbor of Victoria, B. C., carries a staff of fifteen scientists of international reputation. Besides charting the last undiscovered polar region, they hope to establish new trade routes, to make mineral discoveries, to collect Arctic flora and fauna, and to make further studies of the "blond Eskimos."

Three years, at least, will be required for the work.



From Battleship to Ice Box

FOUR decades have been enough to cause the descent of the United States ship *Nipsic* from a first-class battleship to an ice box for salmon. After it had served the brief term of usefulness granted to battleships, it became a receiving ship at Bremerton, Wash.; then a naval prison. The Government recently condemned and sold it and a salmon-canning company took over the ship, gutted it, and divided the hold into several vats. By means of a funnel-shaped hopper and a chute the salmon will be transported from nets and scows into cold storage until time for encasement in tin.

From July 10 to the end of the month great numbers of fish run from the ocean to spawn in fresh-water streams. They travel inland in such numbers that the cannery companies can grasp only a small part of the golden finny wealth at their very finger's end. The battleship ice box is now cruising around the San Juan Island group, Puget Sound

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Walla Tenaka—Creek



By John M. Oskison

BEHIND the Indian's stoic face there lies a kindly soul, true to its own traditions, dignified, aloof, but sometimes, as in this story, touchingly human and pathetic.

IT was a brief item in the morning "Star," telegraphed to the paper by its Indian Territory correspondent:

(Special Dispatch to the "Star.")

MUSKOGEE, June 17, 189–.—*Walla Tenaka, a full-blooded Creek Indian, was shot to-day at Okmulgee by the Indian police. He had been condemned to death for killing another Indian in a drunken brawl last December. His execution was set originally for June 3, but the condemned man failed to return from his parole on that date and the tribal officers only brought him in from the hills yesterday.*

THE paragraph was a tiny item in the day's accretion of news; it was only one of many tablet tales of crime which went out into the world as that day's report of life in a country where full-bloods, mixed breeds, rag-tag whites—men of abnormal appetites for excitement, and women who followed them, loving and hating according to the mood of their men—made rich picking for the correspondent with a nose for sensations. Shortest of all was this item, for its writer saw in the news from Okmulgee only the prosy ending of a story common as rain—or death. An Indian shot to death by authority of his tribal government—positively, the only shadow of interest in it lay in the fact that Walla Tenaka had violated his parole, had overstayed the leave given him by the tribal judge in order that he might go home, put his affairs in order, and say good-by to his family.

The tired, middle-aged man who wrote the one-line caption under which the paragraph was printed took half a minute off to show it to the young reporter sitting nearest him.

"What's this parole thing mean?" the young man asked. As the telegraph form started for the composing room, the headline writer explained briefly:

"Oh, they have a crazy notion down there among some of the tribes that an Indian never fails to keep his word, so they let him go home without a guard when he promises to show up on the day he's to be shot."

"Huh!"—That was all. The "Star" printed the paragraph, under its one-line head, and the world was unmoved.

DOWN at Okmulgee, a huddle of wooden buildings running out from the crossing of two unpaved streets into a prairie of rank green, Walla Tenaka's execution made scarcely more of a stir. In justice to the people of the tiny tribal capital, it should be said that this Indian was only one of many to pay for his mad, drink-created frenzy with his life.

White men evaded the officers of the law to peddle villainous whisky to Indians; in that Hell's Kitchen of a country a drunken Indian nearly always meant a fight—often a killing. If the affair was confined to Indians, a trial in the tribal court followed, and, as a final act, the victim of the manufactured whisky was led out, a little scrap of white paper pinned over his heart, to be shot.

There was a good profit in selling whisky—what was called whisky—to Indians if you were not caught.

DOWN one of the cross streets, ankle deep in dust, two Indian police officers marched Walla Tenaka. They were taking him to the council-house lot where he was to be kept under guard until next morning at sunrise.

For lockup there was a squat lean-to of corrugated roofing iron; it was attached, a rusty-gray leech, to the south side of the sprawling wooden council house; and in the big lot surrounding the building the long prairie grass was tramped and yellow. In a listless way, a group of boys were playing ball. Mid afternoon of a scorching June day had made of the lockup a Tophet. After a sniff inside, the tired Indian guards marched Walla Tenaka round to the shady north side of the wooden council house, and the three sat down to rest. Through the sweat shine of their faces the guards radiated a vast relief at the ending of a wearying task; they were stout men who ate regularly.

Walla Tenaka was thin; he was not sweating. Looking at him, you would think of Indian runners, of brown ascetics, of Oriental fanatics perhaps. He sat upright, at ease, while the tired guards—short, dull-metal rifles across their outstretched legs—shifted and fanned themselves with their wide black hats. The guards had gorged themselves on a 25-cent "dinner" at the Gem restaurant just before bringing their prisoner from the town to the lockup, and they wanted to sleep. One succumbed, and then the other. Walla Tenaka noted that the hat of one had slipped down over his nose, and breathing was becoming a noisy, sputtery affair; he adjusted the hat and sat back, unsmiling, to watch the half-dozen boys as they abandoned the ball game to go off to the creek for a swim.

A LITTLE breeze crept round the corner of the council house from the west, and Walla Tenaka shifted slightly to meet it breast on. The marching shadow of the building reached out to the fence posts. Before sunset, thunder clouds were rolling down from the northwest. As the pushing wind, which goes ahead of these sudden summer storms, smote the faces of the sleepers, Walla Tenaka touched them and spoke quietly, gesturing almost imperceptibly toward the storm. The sleepers woke reluctantly, grinned, and the three got up to march solemnly through the public corridor of the council house back to the bake-oven lockup.

Before the thunder storm broke the boys had come back from their swim; and one of them had gone near enough to the men to see the rifles across the laps of the Indian police. A conference followed in which the story of Walla Tenaka's crimes, trial, flight, and recapture was pieced out.

"Say, he could git away now!" half whispered one—a light-haired son of an Indian policeman and a towhead white girl from Arkansas.

"Gee!" It seemed to be a signal for the group to break up, though no boy spoke the definite word of fear.



Walla Tenaka could undoubtedly have got away. But, standing close to him so that you could see the serenity of his face, you would understand that he would not break; you would understand it as surely as did the guards. However, orders must be obeyed; the guards would stay by until sunrise to-morrow, and then join the firing squad that was to riddle the scrap of paper pinned over the man's heart.

Hardly exaltation, but surely more than serenity, was upon Walla Tenaka. Men get glimpses of radiant peace sometimes—a content which mortal business can not affect. To them, so defended, death comes with its bold threat and provokes only a tolerant smile. It was no longer merely a question of an Indian keeping his word; it seemed to be, for him, a sort of glorious, satisfying termination.

Munching the supper brought from the Gem restaurant, the guards seemed weary and peevish; through the night, as they alternately slept and kept watch outside the rusty barred door of the iron coop, they grumbled about the damp heat, the sagging cot they occupied by turns, boots that pinched their feet, and a score of other trifles. Walla Tenaka, stretched flat on his stomach, his head pillowed on his arms, slept the relaxed sleep of the tired and untroubled.

SITTING out in the afternoon shade, alert and wide awake, Walla Tenaka had seemed to want God's daylight to soak into him—maybe he would need—but that is speculation. Cooling night, and sleep, he welcomed. Things of the world had ceased to have importance—so he slept.

He was to be shot at sunrise. Half an hour before, there came four other Indian policemen, a captain of police, an Indian representative of the tribal court, and half a dozen silent, straggling citizens—there was a young white-faced clerk from the town's dry-goods store among them. Police and officials passed through the corridor of the council house and joined the guards on watch; the fence enclosing the big lot stopped the stragglers. In the dim light which holds between daybreak and sunrise the stragglers leaned, unreal, against the fence to wait. The fence ran east and west and formed the northern boundary of the council lot; it was gnawed—where the horses of the tribal legislators had stood tied.

SOME one had explained the geography of the execution ground to the white-faced clerk, so that he knew where to stand to get the best view. If that north fence had represented the line from home plate to third base on a baseball diamond, the execution place would be in a line from first base to second, Walla Tenaka standing on first, and the Indian policemen told off to shoot him standing side by side near second. When the sun came up to shine full on the paper pinned over the Indian's heart, the poor devil on "first" was to be "put out." That was how they explained it at the hotel. It was clear enough to the young clerk—too clear. When he finally dropped off to sleep in the night he dreamed that the great Umpire was crying out, in a voice that shook the hills, "Play ball!" and then the world seemed to come to an end with a crash that made him cry out in terror. It was his alarm

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clock whirring; he got up, trembling, washed his face, put on his clothes, and went down to join the few stragglers mobilizing for the short walk to the council-house lot. At the fence he found himself beside a man whom he couldn't make out—maybe a Creek Indian. The man seemed to be sure that he had found a good place to stand.

IT was full daylight, less than half an hour to sun-up. There was a heavy dew on the trampled yellow grass, and the dust wasn't blowing yet. Some one inside the old barnlike council house had lit a fire and blue smoke was pouring from the stovepipe. One of the guards came out, sniffed the air, picked up some sticks of wood for the cookstove, and went back. That fenceful of men and boys stood there like posts, waiting and speaking in whispers. The clerk began to watch the horizon and speculate as to the spot where the sun would break its soft line; when the spot began to redden and shoot out light, he first removed his gaze from it. Soon some one began to talk in a sort of undertone, drawing the clerk's attention. At first he was not quite sure of the speaker; it was hard to swing his mind away from the business of taking in impressions. At his elbow the voice was growing insistent, and the clerk turned to look square into the face of his neighbor. But what the man said he couldn't make out; he felt, however, that he must answer.

"I never saw anything like this before," he said at a venture. "I ain't been here long." Then, after a while: "They say he was a ball player." He jerked his thumb toward the old council house. "They don't play baseball, I understand—it's a kind of Indian game, every fellow with a long stick—"

"Um, I know," the man answered.

"They say he lives west of here eight miles," the clerk couldn't help going on. "I've seen him and his old woman in the store. Seen him in about two months ago and then again last week. They say he run away two weeks ago; why didn't they get him when he was in a week ago? Brought his old woman in the first time I seen him; that was two months ago, just a month after I come here. I was in Dennison, Tex., before that."

By now the man at the clerk's elbow had ceased to talk; the light was getting stronger in the east, and every second it seemed that the edge of the sun might pop above the horizon.

BEFORE the sun actually came up, the clerk turned to watch for it, silent now. He didn't see the procession out of the council house. He had got the idea that the sunrise was the thing to watch. The red disk was more than half over the edge before he turned his eyes upon the council house. Then, in a sudden panic, he realized that he was standing in the wrong place; already the man—he was probably an Indian with no negro blood—had moved along fifty feet toward the east. The clerk looked over

(Continued on page 32)

The Man and the Mother of Him

By C. Hilton-Turvey

RED-HEADED Danny McFee climbed down off his car as it slid into the barn and came to a stop with squealing brakes. It was mid forenoon, and his next trip was in the late afternoon.

The motorman on an outgoing car leaned out with a friendly word and reached him the newspaper. Danny accepted it without effusion. He was not a demonstrative man. Pushing his way through a group of carmen, he sat down on a step near the office, spread out his paper in the morning sunshine, and began to read.

The murders first enchained his attention; next the burglaries; a Senator's speech on tariff revision he blinked at, then passed over as not being worth the mental travail required for a perusal. It was "Mother's Day," and there was a column and a half on the subject.

Danny dimly understood it as a new festival in the calendar, to be observed by the wearing of a white carnation. He groped his way through the article, breathing stertorously, as one engaged in arduous labor. The last paragraph attracted him especially. He spelled it through twice.

"The mere wearing of a white carnation is not enough honor to pay your mother on this day. Go to her," the writer urged; "spend as much of the day with her as you can. Make her a grateful speech that will show your appreciation of her goodness to you. Let your love shine forth. You will never regret it."

DANNY McFEE took off his visored cap and rubbed his head till its red thatch stood on end. He sighed heavily. The idea was working its way in. Danny's head was hard and his hair thick, so it took a little time.

He looked down at the white carnation in his buttonhole. Two women members of a society of some kind had distributed the flowers among the carmen that morning. Danny had accepted his without a question—or even a "Thank you!" As we have said, he was not a demonstrative man.

Danny loved his mother—there was no doubt of it between them—but in all his thirty odd years he had never once told her so. As she said, he was "stiff in the tongue." Now, with the emblem of the day in his buttonhole, he determined upon a supreme effort.

Presently he rose, put on his motorman's cap, and strolled to the corner. He stood there a moment, then walked down the street with the unwilling air of a boy accompanying his father to the woodshed. He paused at the door of a trim two-story house, then mounted the steps and went in.

"Who's that?" asked a voice. His mother came to the door of her kitchen. "Oh, it's you, Danny. Ye're early home."

"Yes," said Danny, offering no explanation.

He hung his coat and cap in the hall, and, going into the kitchen, sat down by the table and watched his mother paring potatoes.

Mrs. McFee was a little round dumpling of a woman, with hair in which red struggled with silver for predominance, and it curled all over her head in tight little crinkles. She had small, bright blue eyes, unlike her son's large gray ones, and she stood about the height of Danny's elbow.



"Run out an' play now —loike a good boy!"

"Annythin' wrong at the barn?" she questioned anxiously, her knife suspended over the potato pan.

"No," answered Danny laconically.

HIS mother watched him furtively, but he continued to stare solemnly at her without a word.

Under the steady fire of her son's imperturbable gaze, Mrs. McFee bustled about, making preparations for dinner. When the potatoes were dumped into the stew, and the cabbage was boiling briskly beside it, she did a little ironing, wondering "what the mischief had come over Danny!"

When they sat down to dinner, Mrs. McFee was even more puzzled. Danny seemed all the time on the point of communicating something, yet unable to get it out. His behavior was that of years before, when he used to get into scrapes at school and hadn't the courage to tell her. When she heaped his plate full and passed it to him, in fancy she felt him the little boy of long ago.

Danny balanced a piece of bread on his big hand and spread the butter on it.

"It's—" he began huskily, "it's—"

"Ut's what?" questioned his mother.

"It's—it's—a foine day," finished Danny lamely, taking a gulp of hot tea that brought the tears to his eyes.

"Sure ut *is* a foine day," she agreed with some asperity. "But why wud yez have to tell me that? Don't I see wid me own eyes 'tis a foine day?"

Danny looked embarrassed. Presently he made another effort between two mouthfuls of stew.

"You brought me up," he began stolidly.

"Who else?" demanded his mother. "Did yez think ye wuz an orphint intoirely?"

Danny made no response. He looked the picture of guilt.

HIS mother leaned over the table, grasping the handle of the teapot.

"Have yez annythin' on yer moind, Danny?" she asked with motherly solicitude.

He shook his red head.

"Mebbe ye've only just murthered some wan," suggested his mother with a twinkle.

Danny responded to this pleasantry with an unwilling grin.

"Och, well!" said Mrs. McFee, desisting good-humoredly, "sure I know *somethin's* stuck in yer craw. Perhaps when ye're ready ye'll—"

At this point Danny choked violently, overcome with embarrassment.

His mother ran to the rescue.

"Is this ut?" she cried, slapping his back with her strong little hands. "Now ye'll feel betther!" she added as the paroxysm subsided.

But Danny continued constrained and uncommunicative to the end of the meal.

Mrs. McFee washed her dishes, with Danny still in the kitchen, solemnly regarding her. Perplexedly she turned over in her mind every possible reason for her son's unusual behavior. Never, since she could remember, had he come home till dinner was ready for the table, and he was

(Concluded on page 34)

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Salesmanship — Rule-of-Thumb Science

By W. Maxwell



PART I

THE lucidity and knowledge of human nature that mark this article almost contradict its title. But if anyone can teach anything about salesmanship, Mr. Maxwell seems singularly qualified.

THE young man who contemplates salesmanship as a profession may safely free his mind from the thought that the ability to read character is an essential qualification. Possibly, if a salesman could really read character he would also be gifted with sufficient versatility to apply a different method to each different kind of character. But who can read character? I don't understand my own character. You don't understand yours. How can you read mine? How can I read yours? The shallowest character lies too deep to be fathomed by the most penetrating eyes. The supposed manifestations of character which mark a long and intimate acquaintance with a given man are not to be depended upon. How much less can we rely on our superficial estimate of a stranger!

One day on a Rock Island train I overheard a conversation between a grocery drummer and a hardware salesman. The grocery man said to the hardware man: "Selling goods is all in sizing up your man. You can't handle any two men alike. I read character at a glance."

Human Nature

THE train pulled into Iowa City, and the three of us and a few others clambered into the hotel bus. Now every traveling man, who has been on the road long enough to qualify himself for commercial travelers' accident insurance, knows the etiquette that should be observed in a country hotel bus. No matter how voluble you may have been aboard the train, you relapse into a gloomy silence the instant you enter the hotel bus. You gaze with unseeing eyes over the shoulder of the man opposite you and surrender your mind to a painful consideration of the gastronomic horrors in store for you at the hotel.

At such a time no one but a grocery drummer would venture upon any form of conversation beyond a contemptuous reference to the departing train, a sarcastic comment on the bus driver and his vehicle or a self-commiserating estimate of the hardships of a traveling man's life.

This grocery drummer was no exception to the exception, and after he had set fire to a cigar and recovered his suit case, which had bounced off the seat on to the toes of a bilious-looking Marshall Field carpet and curtain man, he resumed his appreciation of himself. "Human nature," he observed, "is pretty much the same the world over—even down in Washington County among the 'Aw-mish.' I got a system now that they all fall for."

But what he said wasn't so foolish after all. This chap was very close to a great truth. He was close to it without comprehending what the truth is.

The Truth About Salesmanship

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same the world over—the United States over, at least. On the other hand, none of us are exactly alike in character or temperament. A salesman who had five hundred potential customers, and could read their characters and adapt his methods to the character of each, would have five hundred different methods—a different method for every customer. Manifestly no traveling man could have five hundred different methods. I have never known one who had as many as five. One method is the limit of the average salesman if you correctly define the word "method."

The reminiscences of the veteran salesman are calculated to impress one that he has learned the secret

There are lots of good salesmen, but scarcely any who can really tell you anything about salesmanship. Take the worst example of a poverty-stricken and unsuccessful lawyer, and compare him with the best example of a flourishing and highly paid salesman. You will find that the poor lawyer probably knows twice as much about law as the good salesman knows about salesmanship. Make the same comparison with doctors, architects, dentists, engineers, actors, and chorus men—yes, even chorus men, for a chorus man has to know more about salesmanship.

Have I a grudge against salesmen? Indeed, no. I am a salesman myself. I've done my trick at managing them. I'm through with managing salesmen, I think, but I'll never cease to be a salesman. When I roast salesmen, I'm roasting myself. Don't forget that.

I have been a salesman quite a number of years. I think and dream salesmanship and—what is more important to me—I live by salesmanship. Yet I don't know very much about it.

But, little as I know, I shan't be able to tell you as much as I know, for a man can't tell all he knows about selling goods without an honest and just analysis of himself. And who is capable of that?

Realize this and you grasp the hopelessness of learning much about salesmanship from the recounted experiences of others. A sale is a contract. One of the driest and accordingly one of the most authoritative legal commentators the world has ever known, in part defines a contract as a "meeting of minds." Therefore, knowing how to be a salesman would seem to consist in knowing how to make minds meet—your mind and your customer's mind. Does anyone know how? The reminiscences of the veteran salesman are calculated to impress one that he has learned the secret. But reminiscence nearly always recounts successes and touches lightly or not at all upon failures. As an example of that I commend to your notice Mr. Thomas Lawson's recent review of his services to the speculating public.

However, there are two desirable qualifications in a salesman which are perhaps responsible for the mistaken theory that an experienced salesman becomes able to read character. The first is the ability of the salesman to adapt the method of his approach to the apparent temperament of his customer. The second is the curious faculty of divining the proper time to risk everything on the "closing talk." The first is easily enough explained and easily enough acquired. The second is infinitely more difficult. Both will be touched upon in their proper places.

Now, I have gone as far as I can without dividing a sale into its four severable parts. This division is imperative to an intelligent consideration of the subject of salesmanship. It is even more important to the actual making of a sale. The projection of your mind to a successful meeting with another human mind requires the accomplishment of four distinct steps with your auditor: First, you must gain his undivided attention. Second, you must arouse his definite interest. Third, you must create an unqualified belief in and accord with your statements. Fourth, when you have removed all quibbles and doubts from his mind, you must replace them instantly with an impelling resolution to do the thing you ask.

The Psychological Moment

THESE four steps, whether accomplished by the salesman's skill alone or aided by the customer's previous deliberations or some freak of circumstance, must occur in every sale. It is important that the salesman be sure the first step is accomplished before he essays the second; the second before he attempts the third; and, above all else, he must proceed to the final step at precisely the proper moment—the psychological moment, if you will.

As a rule a traveling salesman who is about to take to the road with a new line of goods does not plan in advance the precise manner in which he will present his proposition. If you ask him what methods he intends to pursue, he is likely to say: "It all depends on the man I'm trying to sell. I'll probably have to handle each case differently."

What he really does is to outline in his mind the talking points which he believes will be effective. When he reaches his first prospective customer he makes use of as many of these points as he remembers or finds an opportunity to present. The salesman's imagined handling of each case "according to the man" is largely a delusion. The salesman doesn't handle the "man." The "man" handles the salesman because the latter has not worked out and rehearsed a definite plan of action. After a salesman has interviewed a number of potential buyers, he evolves a more or less uniform method of presenting his subject. This is what he calls the result of his experience. But it must be remembered that experience does not become knowledge until it is fused with thought in the crucible of analysis and reflection. I have no hesitation in

(Continued on page 20)



The most cynical buyer cannot avoid a distinct feeling of interest in any object that is placed in his hands—even if it is merely a coffee bean

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Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice

The Game's Greatest Infield

IN THE midst of a rabid midsummer pennant discussion two experts suddenly switched into a heated argument as to which was the greatest infield that ever played—the Chicago Cubs with Chance, Evers, Tinker, and Steinfeldt, or Mack's Athletics with McInnis, Collins, Barry, and Baker.

The rebuttal was finally put up to us, and we in turn passed it along to Dan Brouthers, who has been a good bit closer to ringside and who should know.

Daniel has been on some fair infields himself. He hit .419 for the old Detroit clan of 1887 with a quartet embracing Brouthers, Richardson, Rowe, and White. He hit .344 for the Baltimore infield of 1894, which embraced Brouthers, Reitz, Jennings, and McGraw. He has played on the best and has seen the others pass in parade before him, year after year.

"Why," commented Big Dan, "a choice between Cubs and Athletics for the greatest infield? They were both good, and the Athletics are still in harness. But neither ranks as the best—not for me when I think of that Boston infield of 1897 with Fred Tenney at first, Bobby Lowe at second, Herman Long at short, and Jimmy Collins at third.

"This is the one greatest infield of the game—the best combination of batting and fielding power, brains, speed, and smoothness. It has them all beaten, and I doubt if its equal will ever be gathered together again. There wasn't an angle of the game at which they were not stars. All four batted above .315, with fielding averages around .950. They worked without a slip—without a break—and in all the time I watched them play I never saw even a touch of bone-head work. There was no angle of the game at which all four were not stars. They may have had no more power than the Athletics' four and but little more smoothness than the Cubs, but in the combination of all things that go to make up a perfect infield machine they must be set out in front of the others with something to spare. Tenney, Lowe, Long, and Collins—ask anyone who saw this four in their prime whether or not I'm right?"

As between the old Cub infield, now scattered to the eternal winds, and the Athletic quartet, the former was a smoother-running machine, but it lacked the crashing wallop which has always graced the Mackian avalanche. One had the edge in alertness, the other leads with the punch. Between these rival qualities the competition in the way of supremacy is still a matter for open debate.

"The Amateur Gentleman"

"STERRETT? Who is Sterrett?" inquired an out-of-town visitor in the Press Box when the ex-Tiger star was announced as "now batting for Fisher."—"Oh, he's the young Princeton fellow," replied a scribe, "who, out of respect to his folks' wishes, decided to join the Yankees instead of playing professional ball."

Never mind what you've got. But how much of it, when the show-down arrives, can you jam into a compact mass and push over the plate?

The Last Stand

AFTER what transpired at Stockholm, what happened to the uncovered jawbone of Mr. Bombardier Wells and the recent Polo episode, England is now planning to take the Davis Cup to the top of Gibraltar and surround it with her army and navy.

In the international field this lonely trophy is all she has left, and if it is seized and carted away there'll be nothing left but a faded dream of Waterloo.

England has always boasted that she played the game for the game's sake and not for the winning thereof. This is always a clarion war cry in the days of one's triumphs. But with only a sprig of the once widespreading olive bough left, the howl that is rattling against her milk-white cliffs and across her fields of green is churning the channel into a white-flecked froth. If the Davis Cup passes, too, we shudder to think of what may take place.

"The game for the game's sake only" is one of our greatest and most beneficent little theories. But as long as the fight is clean and fair, the average human being, whether he be an Englishman, an American, a Hottentotter, or a Turkey-trotter, would just as soon win as lose. And, my word for it, old top, a jolly well bit bloomin' rather.

Concerning a Mr. McGillicuddy

THEY *speak of Baker's batting and they rant of Collins' speed;*
They'll tell you Plank and Bender frame the proper pitching breed;
They'll rise to young McInnis and to Barry on the job,
And they'll make you see that Oldring has a shade on Tyrus Cobb.

In the meanwhile there's one sitting quite obscurely in his place;
He never bats Three Hundred and he never steals a base;
You rarely look upon him and you never hear him yelp,
But he's always got one planted when he needs a bit of help.

It may be in some college that you've never heard before;
It may be in some water tank along the western shore;
But when the proper time arrives and some one's needed quick,
It's merely then the question of the bloke that he will pick.

Where rivals say they can't be got for blandishment or gold,
Though countless ivory hunters beat the bushes through the fold,
Where others spend ten thousand for an option on a time,
He goes and grabs a Collins and a Barry for a dime.

He has them growing up in Maine and down in Tennessee;
He has them planted in the bush from Lynn to Kankakee;
And when Baker's smash is over and when Bender leaves the hill,
He'll go and grab their equals while he cracks a dollar bill.



Snapshots

SOME are born golfers; some are made golfers; and the other two million are always off their game.

The race, they say, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But you might notice who happens to be leading the American League.

They whisper that Joe Jackson can't write his name. Neither can Arnold Bennett bat .335.

It is only through the alibi that most of us kid ourselves into the belief that we still belong. If we believed that every battle was won and lost on form alone, there'd only be one entry to each race.

The Downfall

I KNEW *him when his smile was keen,*
A merry pal to all around him;
I knew him when he stayed serene
No matter in what luck you found him;
Back when he hurdled trouble's store
With cheering laughter, all enticing;
But that was several weeks before
He started slicing.

I knew him when he never biffed
His loving spouse upon the cuebull;
I knew him when he'd never drift
To drowning sorrow with a highball;
Back when his laughter was a roar
Of buoyant clamor, all suffusing;
But that was several moons before
He started slicing.

First Class in .400 Batting

THERE have been two esteemed Scholars in the School of Swat who have been able to bat above .400 on three occasions through their careers. These two were Ross Barnes of Chicago and Jess Burkett of Cleveland and St. Louis. Barnes focused his batting sight above .400 in 1872, 1873, and 1876; Burkett in 1895, 1896, and 1899.

So no elastic athlete yet has been able to bat above .400 for three consecutive years. Of those now gracing the present generation, still wearing the harness, but four have ever reached the .400 mark, their names being Cobb, Jackson, Lajoie, and Clarke. And of these Cobb alone has still a chance to set a record that has never been attained in over forty years of Major League play. Cobb batted .420 in 1911 and .410 in 1912. It will be interesting to note what 1913 will show, for this will probably be the last chance through many a fleeting season for the three-year record to be established.

Late in June the famed Tiger had skidded from .500 to .400 through the poignant process of slump, but he still had hopes of reaching October with the record mark for his three years.

For the benefit of these dispatches he admitted coyly that batting over .400 was quite a job where one hit out of every three trips to the plate meant a decided slump below the proper mark. "It was a lucky matter for me," he confessed, "that I had such a flying start, as my June slump would have cut in heavily. As it is, I am not bothering about it, for the minute a man begins to bother too much over his batting he is about through. Naturally I'd like to set this three-year .400 record, but a good big part of this is up to the other pitchers. Quite naturally they happen to be pulling in the other direction. The class of pitching in the American League is now better upon a general average than it has been for some time, which means a hard battle for any man to continue picking up four hits out of ten times at bat. The only way to beat it is to hit a few where 'they ain't' and to outrun a number that are hit where 'they are' for speed figures as much in a .400 average as the Batting Eye or the swing."

The Crimson and the Blue

YALE now understands what supporters of the St. Louis Browns mean when they rise en masse every June with their battle howl, entitled "Next Year."

Next year is the harbor of Yale's drifting dreams as she attempts to blot out the sordid memory of the present. Harvard beat her football team 20 to 0, her crew by eight lengths, and her almost invincible baseball team by two games to one. Time was when Crimson flesh was Bulldog meat, but the tide of late has veered. The defeat of Yale's star nine was the ultimate straw, and the Blue is now rallying her forces for an assault upon the ancient crest of which she was once master. No one ever questioned the virility of Yale's courage, but the Crimson system has been established now where nothing short of the abnormal will dislodge it for some time to come.

The Ultimate Monopoly

BEFORE Congress starts any investigation of the so-called "baseball trust," why not insert a probe into the most extensive and palpitating monopoly that ever throttled a free people?

We refer to the White Hope heavyweight array which has absolute and final control of the cheese market of the entire world.

As It Were

BATTING *around .300 and batting around all night are widely detached sequents of two widely different pastimes.*

The Fanatical Height

WE HAVE seen and heard of rabid rooters in our day; of pop-eyed fanatics who exuded a frenzy beyond all human computation.

We thought that over a certain stretch of years our observations had come to the limit. All a mistake. We bow before the experience of a friendly reader who reports having seen at a certain game the case of a deaf and dumb fan "who cursed the umpire until both thumbs were badly sprained and one forefinger was dislocated." This closes out the chapter.

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An Impressionist's Impressions of the Circus



By Frank M. Walts



The elephant is fortunate—his salute is conspicuous and he can herald it with his own trumpeting





She runs, jumps, and dances on the wire at breakneck speed



At ease in the big top with a high wire her rocking chair



A clown's contribution to the amusement question



The baby elephant balances on a tub



Not a new dance, just a "strong ladies'" act



A black dwarf—there are numerous freaks; an 8-foot man, 800-pound woman, and other exhibits scarcely human



Polly of the Circus must earn her bread and butter by hazardous flipflops and back somersaults. The younger she is, the greater the applause



What would a circus be without the balloon man?



A manikin race





A "turn" by a contortionist trapeze artist



Stalking a decoy



A human fly who walks head downward



Trust a band on stilts to hit the high notes

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The first household pet



Invisible Values

By ISAAC RUSSELL

THE Idaho farmer on whose land the pictures accompanying this text were taken labeled them "120 Days from Sagebrush." More significantly, they should bear the legend of "270 Days from the Stage Door." They are printed here merely because they will show to the average city drudger just what one such fellow drudger has been able to do in a single season after gaining the hardihood, from the pleadings of a long-suffering wife, to tackle life anew out in the open.

The man will probably start with surprise, if he chances to see the pictures, at seeing himself styled a farmer. Actually for eleven years preceding his venture he was a sceneshifter in a Salt Lake theatre. He moved the sky pieces for the theatrical stars who came and went, but his own little home was as negligible in life's comforts as the average home of the man on a small wage surrounded by roistering companions. It was the sceneshifter's wife who urged more incessantly as the years brought an increasing number of little mouths to feed at the breakfast table that the husband make a change. She told him she would brave anything just to get the family out into the open, and would endure any hardship just to know the family was fighting with a chance to win.

THE FUGITIVE SCENESHIFTER

A YEAR ago last spring the sceneshifter learned of a patch of sagebrush in Idaho owned by a banker of his acquaintance. There were 160 acres of the sagebrush, and the water was about due to reach it from an irrigation project. The owner laughed at the sceneshifter's proposal that he move up and tackle the job of farming it. But the sceneshifter's wife put in her appearance, and that changed things.

This man went on the land in March. From the spring planting that followed shortly afterward grew an abundant crop. A passing herd of sheep left a straggling lamb, and little Mary gathered it in to become the first household pet. From a farmer eight miles away a pig was purchased for $12, and afterward $65 was borrowed from the bank to pay for a cow, since a cow in those parts "was half the living." As the autumn storms came on, the ex-sceneshifter sat down to write a letter in his little shanty home, with his family happily gathered around him, and his cow and pig safe for the winter, with the guarantee of ample fodder from a stretch of wheat that the frost nipped before it ripened.

This is what he had to report on his season's toil:

"I have been working so hard it just seems at night, when I get through, the only thing I want to do is to go to bed, sometimes too tired to undress. I have been trying to build and harvest the grain all at the same time, and it has kept me jumping. We have got the framework up of our new house. I have still got about two stacks of grain to put up. We had a severe windstorm about three weeks ago, and I lost 10 per cent of my oats, but for all that I will have sixty bushels to the acre. I will have ten or twelve hundred bushels altogether. My alfalfa looks fine, just as well as could be expected. I have got twenty acres of that, and ought to get a good crop next year.

"The wheat got frostbitten and I had to cut it for hay. I will lose $200 by that, as the hay will only be worth $70 and the wheat would have brought in $250. But I will gain something, as it would have been very hard to haul hay seven miles, and there is none nearer than that. Just as soon as I can get around to it I am going to start fall plowing. That will keep me busy for at least sixty days. I got my cistern all finished, top on, pump in, and 375 barrels of water in it, all cemented up and in good shape. We got what we consider a very good bargain in a pig. She is a full-blooded Jersey red and a fine hog, two years old. We could sell her for $20, but I don't think it a good plan, as we have plenty of food for her and her little ones, which we expect any day now, without its costing us anything. I may be able to sell three or four hundred dollars' worth of grain in a few weeks, and then we will finish our house with its two nice little rooms and pantry."

HAPPINESS

IN getting to his land and buying implements to till it, this one farming beginner had to borrow only $2,100, and winter found him in a position to pay a fifth of that back. The banker to whose land he went expected on opening the letter, giving this report on progress, to find a series of excuses covering a plan to go back for the winter to the stage door and the sky pieces of the popular attractions. The closing statement of the letter was that the former sceneshifter was never so happy in his life, out in a snowstorm ten miles from a neighbor and surrounded by a family equally happy with himself.



"270 Days from the Stage Door"



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We'd like to have you inspect every corner of our plant from roof to boiler-room. Come any day that you are in our neighborhood, and see for yourself how we make

Campbells' TOMATO SOUP

If you could see the many-thousand baskets of fresh red-ripe tomatoes coming in daily from the fertile New Jersey market gardens near at hand; if you could see and taste the choice materials we use—and smell their delicious fragrance, and see the dainty care exercised at every step of their preparation and blending—you would go straight to your grocer and order this tempting, wholesome soup for *your* dinner *to-day.*

Your money back if not satisfied.



"A baseful Campbell boy am I.
I line them out so hot,
That when I try,
the people cry,
'My goodness, what a swat!'"

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



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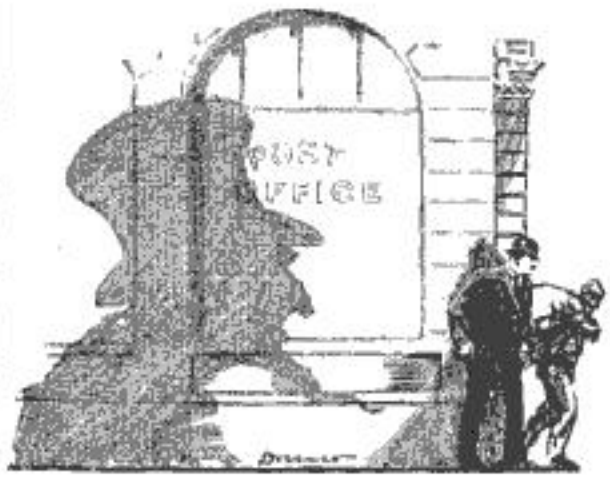
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Sleuthing

By Charles

A FEW weeks ago the postmaster in a little Western town was quietly waiting on a patron at the brass-barred window. A woman had just applied for a $10 money order to send to her daughter in a near-by city. The postmaster was smiling as he listened to her confidences regarding the family—she had been his neighbor for twenty years.

As they talked, a stranger to the woman entered the lobby and unceremoniously walked through the postmaster's private office and back of the counter. "Hello, Joe," he exclaimed, slapping the postmaster on the back. That official turned, recognized a post-office inspector, shook hands, and went on with his work.

"Guess I'll check you to-day," went on the visitor. "It's been nearly a year since I was here."

"All right," replied the postmaster—and continued waiting on his customer.

The inspector opened the stamp drawer and began counting the variicolored contents. The woman took her money order; the postmaster joined the inspector. A moment later the visitor turned to ask a question and no one was in sight. He went to the workroom and asked if the clerks had seen Joe.

"No, but the outside door clicked—guess he went out."

"Go find him," were the orders, when a short wait had given time for return.

The town marshal searched the village in vain. At last he entered the cellar of the post-office building and in a dark corner found the lifeless form of the official, an empty bottle that had held poison explaining the tragedy.

For fifteen years the official had been in charge of the office. His family was one of the most respected of the town; he was a good citizen. But his accounts were short $900—and he could not face the Government's sure punishment.

One of the reasons why the patron of the post office has good service is because of the splendidly organized inspection force that keeps every official keenly intent on having every record straight every day.

Not only must the money be on hand, but the system and management must measure up to a high standard.

A CASE THAT BAFFLED

CURIOUS are the happenings that call for the inspector's unraveling. The chase may last for months and extend over a dozen States, but once Uncle Sam is on the track capture is almost certain.

Out in the Middle West three years ago was a very wave of post-office robbing. Week after week came reports of burglaries of small country offices. The process was usually the same. Two men would enter the town in a motor car. Hiding until after midnight, they forced entrance to the post office, dynamited the safe, took all the stamps and money—usually not more than a couple of thousand dollars' worth is in such offices—and drove away. The town constable roused the sleeping inhabitants, organized a posse, and the fifty men of the community scoured the country for days—in vain.

In two hours the robbers were forty miles away, had changed the number on their motor car, and in different clothing passed for leisurely tourists enjoying the scenery along the prairie roads.

For months this went on with no traces of the robbers and no indication of what they did with their gains. Local officers gave up, baffled. The losses had run into tens of thousands—and the attacks continued.

The inspection department began work on the case at Washington. Reports were called from all the larger cities of the Western States as to the amount of stamps sold and the amount canceled. Going over these reports it was seen that in one city well in the interior the stamps used far exceeded those purchased. An inspector was put on the trail. He consulted with the postmaster of the city regarding his patrons.

"Who are the largest users of stamps?" he asked.

A medical firm, a bank, a manufactory, and other firms were named. One by one he discussed the various firms' purchases and their mailing of letters.

THE YEGGMEN AND THE BANKER

WITH a United States marshal the inspector visited the various firms and closely questioned the managers about their dealings with the post office—where they obtained their stamps and in what quantities. To his surprise it was at the bank, one of the largest in the city, that the first irregularity was discovered. The urbane president, head of the institution for a quarter century and worth nearly $1,000,000, admitted that the bank had bought some stamps outside the regular channels. "But it was all right and the Government had sanctioned it," he added nervously.

"In what way?" pursued the inspector.

"They were given to the dealer as rewards for services in the detection of crime," was the explanation.

Some of the stamps were on hand—they were unquestionably genuine. The bank had purchased several thousand dollars' worth from one individual. The inspector secured his name. After that the trail led to the slums of the city.

The dealer was found to frequent a saloon known as a "hang-out" for criminals of every sort. Weeks of detective work finally connected the keeper of the establishment and half a dozen yeggs with the sale of stamps. One morning the city was astonished by the arrest of seven men—one of them the millionaire president of the bank—on charges of defrauding the Government and of burglary.

The bank president was indignant and threatened prosecution for libel, but when it was explained to him that it was known he had been so avaricious as to buy some of the stamps personally at a large discount and resell them to the bank at a less discount, thus making him a party to the proceeding, he resigned from the bank and prepared for a legal battle to keep out of the penitentiary. Although indicted, he finally, because of his age and the claim that he was ignorant of the source of the stamps, escaped with a fine. The yeggmen, the fence, and the dealer went to the pen for long terms—and robberies of post offices in the Southwest ceased.

SEEN FROM THE LOOKOUT

IN every Government-built post office is a lookout, a concealed platform from which through convenient peepholes the inspector may view the entire working floor and office space without his presence being known to the employees.

One day from such vantage spot in a Middle State city the inspector saw every employee busy handling the incoming mail. Everything seemed working smoothly, and he was about to leave the building when something in the action of one of the men in the registry division attracted his attention. The man dropped a letter—and apparently did not notice what had happened for several minutes. Then he picked it up and went on with his work. Later he dropped another and another—but as he picked each of the letters from the floor a few minutes after, the inspector set it down to carelessness and made no further inquiry.

When there came a complaint of a missing registered letter of value which had disappeared from that office, the inspector's mind reverted to the peculiar actions of the clerk he had watched from the lookout. He went back to the town and for hours kept a close attention on the young man—this time without seeing anything suspicious.

On a chance, he sent for the employee, told him of having been in the lookout that day and on previous occasions and of his remembrance of the peculiar actions noted. The clerk was taken unawares and by his embarrassed actions gave evidence of being guilty. Later he confessed and suffered the consequences.

Often the postmaster does not know that an inspector is in the vicinity. Reports are made and sent to the department, and one day there is an official communication calling the office's attention to delinquencies, and the postmaster wonders when the information was obtained.

A CHECK ON CRIMINALS' MAIL

A CHASE that led across four States and was months in the ending concerned a clever thief who succeeded in tangling the affairs of a wholesale grocery to the distraction of its managers. This concern, instead of having its mail delivered by carrier, rented a large drawer at the post office. The key was kept in the company's safe, except when a trusted porter was sent for the mail three times a day.

When the bookkeeper reported slow remittances from some of the firm's leading customers, the manager wrote letters urging prompter payments. In reply, the firms declared that they had sent their checks promptly. But the firm had received no checks. The post office was flooded with complaints of miscarried mail. A watch was set on the porter who carried the mail to the offices of the company—nothing was found wrong. A member of the firm went for the mail himself—still letters were missing.

A post-office inspector was put to work on the case. One night he was called by telephone from the post office and hurried to respond. "I've found the grocery house thief."

Hastening to the office he found the night clerk greatly excited—but with no captive. He explained that he had heard some one enter the lobby which was left open all night. The grocery firm's drawer was opened and shut. He saw a heavy-set negro scurry out to the street—and that was all.

On this clue the inspector haunted the town's negro section and finally decided that Clay Cole, a well-known shady character, was concerned. The fact that he suddenly left town and that the thefts from the post office simultaneously ceased confirmed the suspicion.

The hunt for Clay Cole lasted all summer and part of the autumn. Here and there arose traces of the thief, but each time the inspector found on arrival that he had moved on.

TRACING A THIEF

AMONG the methods pursued by the Government for tracing the men who interfere with the mails is that of watching their personal mail. Here the Government has an advantage that no detective agency can secure. It is an axiom with the department that no matter how cautious the thief, some time, some way, he will communicate with some friends. If he has a sweetheart, she is most likely to receive messages; but, if not, some person will eventually be the recipient of a letter.

Clay Cole had a sweetheart. The inspector located her down in Texas, and a watch was set on her letters. From

for Uncle Sam

Moreau Harger

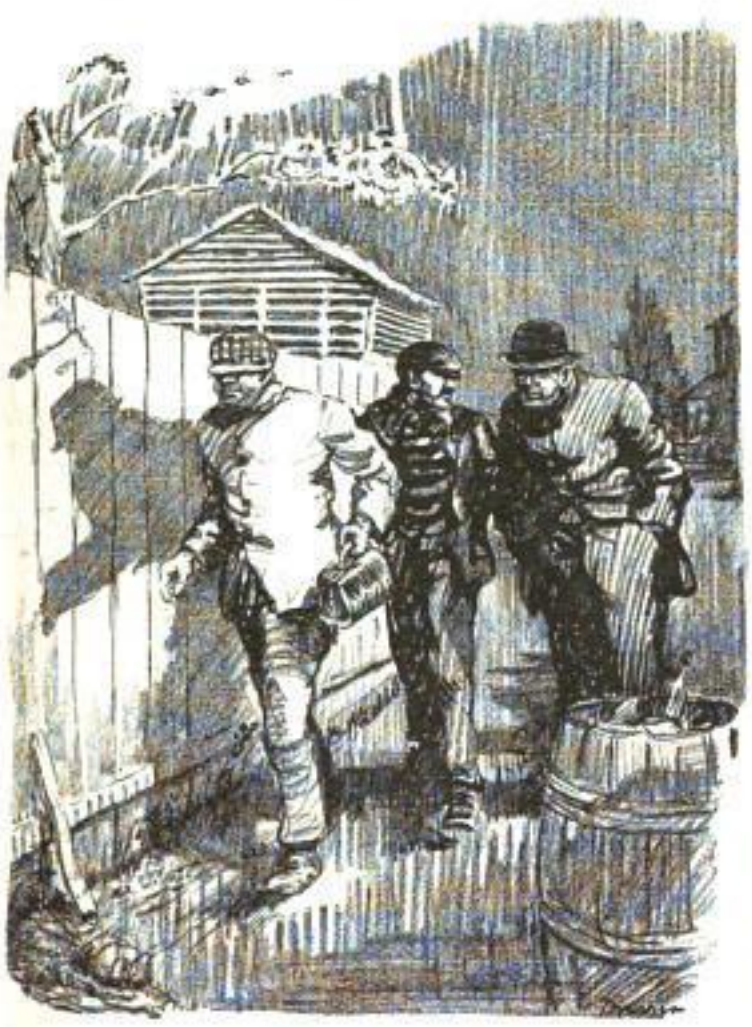


the evidence thus secured he followed the trail with greater ease. One day on a train he accidentally overheard a conversation about a negro who had just left the town toward which the inspector was bound. He learned that the man was then traveling toward an eastern Oklahoma city. Changing cars at midnight and taking the back track, he landed close on the heels of his quarry.

In an hour he had the city secured by the police and found Cole hidden in a friend's house in the "bottoms" with many of the missing drafts still in his pocket.

HOW THE SHERIFF WON ELECTION

THIS ability to trace mail was responsible for the capture of a murderer who shocked an interior village last year. A whole family was wiped out and the community terrorized. A laborer was suspected, but the police authorities were unable to track him. Even the local bloodhounds sniffed around the premises bewildered.



About two o'clock in the morning three dark forms came creeping up the alley

The position of the sheriff was ticklish. Election was approaching, and the voters of his county were indignant that he had not found even a trace of the arch-criminal of the county's history. His delinquency was being used with telling effect by the opposition. In desperation he went to a friend, an inspector, who was assigned to the case, as the murderer was also suspected of robbing a post office.

"You must help me out," he petitioned.

"But your case is not mine exactly."

"I know—yet you can give some advice on tracing this infamous criminal. I just must get him before election."

The inspector applied the simplest of rules. The sheriff found where the missing man's friends and relatives lived and asked the postmasters in those towns to inform him of the postmarks on their letters—some time the murderer would write.

Up in Montana was a sister. Reports came of letters she had received, and on the basis of these reports the sheriff slipped out of town on a midnight train and traveled into the backwoods. There in a little settlement miles from a railway he found his man working under an assumed name, serenely confident of safety and possessing the trust of his employers.

With a deputy he made the arrest, the twain being almost overpowered by the prisoner when the sheriff was recognized. But handcuffs and leg chains soon put the murderer under control, and a few days later—a week before election—the sheriff proudly stepped off the train in his home town with the prisoner in charge. There was an attempt at lynching, which attempt the sheriff prevented — and for his prowess as a detective a week later he received a reelection by a handsome majority.

A DANGEROUS VIGIL

THE duty of the inspector is by no means always exempt from danger. It means keeping in close touch with the underworld, and frequently this includes apparent association with the yeggs and assistance in their depredations.

One town marshal in Illinois is wearing to-day a scar across his scalp as a memento of the activity and shooting qualities of a post-office inspector. An informer had reported to the Chicago office that a country post office was to be robbed on a given night.

"Go down and take 'em," was the chief's order.

Four inspectors dressed in farmer clothes left the city for the little village. They took the town marshal into their confidence, and early in the evening secreted themselves in a corn-crib opposite the back door of the frame building, which was a combined grocery store and post office.

"Stay on the street in front," was the order to the marshal, "and if you hear shots do not come to the rear of the building."

Hour after hour the quartet crouched in the corncrib. About two o'clock in the morning three dark forms came creeping up the alley. The yeggs entered the rear door of the building, and the inspectors lay in ambush until they heard the dull crash of the dynamited safe, and then left their hiding place for positions near the door.

When the first robber appeared, a gun was poked in his face and he was taken to one side. Then the second was captured—all without a sound. The third had some intuition of trouble. He came out on the run and a rapid exchange of shots followed. In the darkness it was difficult to tell friend from foe, and when the country constable, forgetting in his excitement the orders given, raced around the block and up the alley toward the rendezvous, a shot went in his direction, just gashing his head. His cries for help brought the officers to him and saved further hostilities in that quarter. Two robbers captured and one dead was the department's showing for the night's work.

STOLEN STAMPS

ABOUT $170,000 worth of stamps, according to estimates, are sold illegally in the United States every year. It is exceedingly difficult to trace this sort of property. Let a post office be robbed in Maine. The robber takes the stamps to a "fence" in Boston; the latter sells them to a dealer in Chicago; they find their way into a business house and are used. It may be known that the stamps have been transferred, but in court it is not easy to prove that the given articles were those identical stamps stolen—for all stamps of a given issue look alike.

It has been proposed many times that to prevent the transference of stamps in quantities from one part of the country to another each post office have its number printed on the stamps sold at that office. This would be expensive, but might save the Government more than its cost in hindering illegal trafficking in stamps. Then when a large number of stamps with the mark of a little town in Oklahoma was canceled in a Cincinnati post office, there would be a means of tracing the course by which the stamps reached their users.

More than 100,000 cases are handled annually by the 300 inspectors of the Post Office Department. They range from the search for a lost package of sewing silk to the wholesale robbery of Government funds. No complaint however trifling is overlooked, and inspectors make long trips to settle small matters. If the postmaster has been at fault and money damage results, he or the erring clerk is assessed the amount of loss. If a patron of the office has violated the regulations he is either arrested or reprimanded as the case may demand.

A father in Ohio sent a letter containing two $10 bills in an ordinary letter to his daughter in Kansas for a Christmas present in December, 1911. The letter was not received; inspectors worked in vain on the case. Just before Christmas in 1912 the letter was dropped in the mail box and properly delivered. Tracing its wanderings it was found that it had been received at the office regularly, but had been sent out on a rural route to a person of similar name. The recipient recognized the error and laid it on a bureau, awaiting an opportunity to take it to town. Somebody set the room to rights and the letter went into a drawer. There it lay until, with the reapproach of Christmas, the drawer was overhauled to find some winter clothing.

Though the act was in violation of the rules, no punishment resulted—especially as the present was more appreciated a year after it was delivered than it would have been originally.

NERVES HAMPER GOOD WORK

THE post-office inspector is the most favored of pass holders. He carries a little pasteboard that gives him free transportation on any steam or electric railway or any vessel that carries the United States mail. He has little stability of location—to-day he is investigating a case of a delinquent rural carrier in Colorado; to-morrow he is on his way to look into the situation of a

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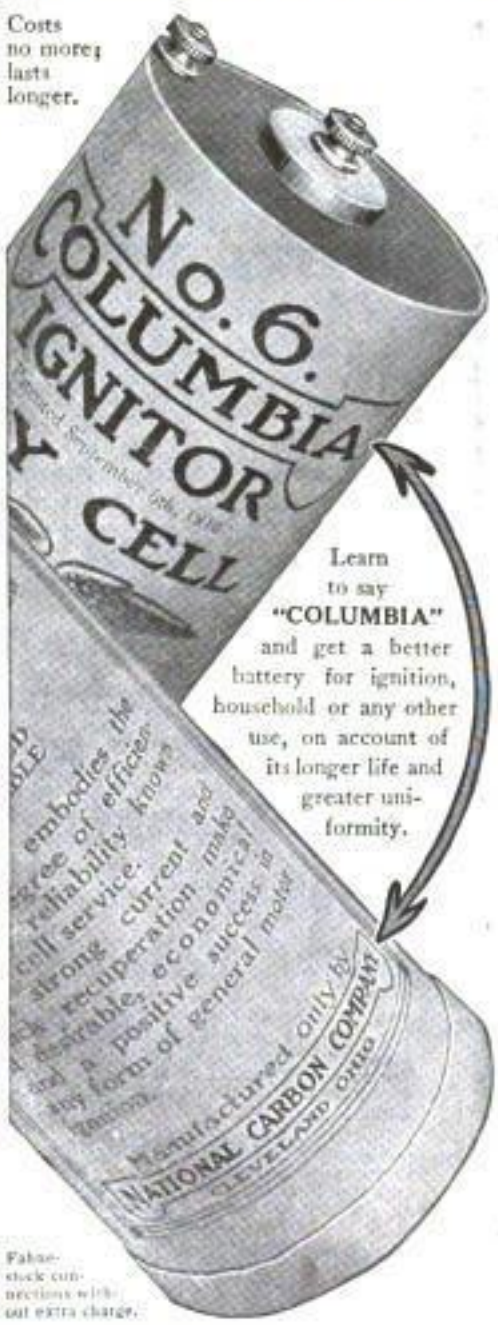
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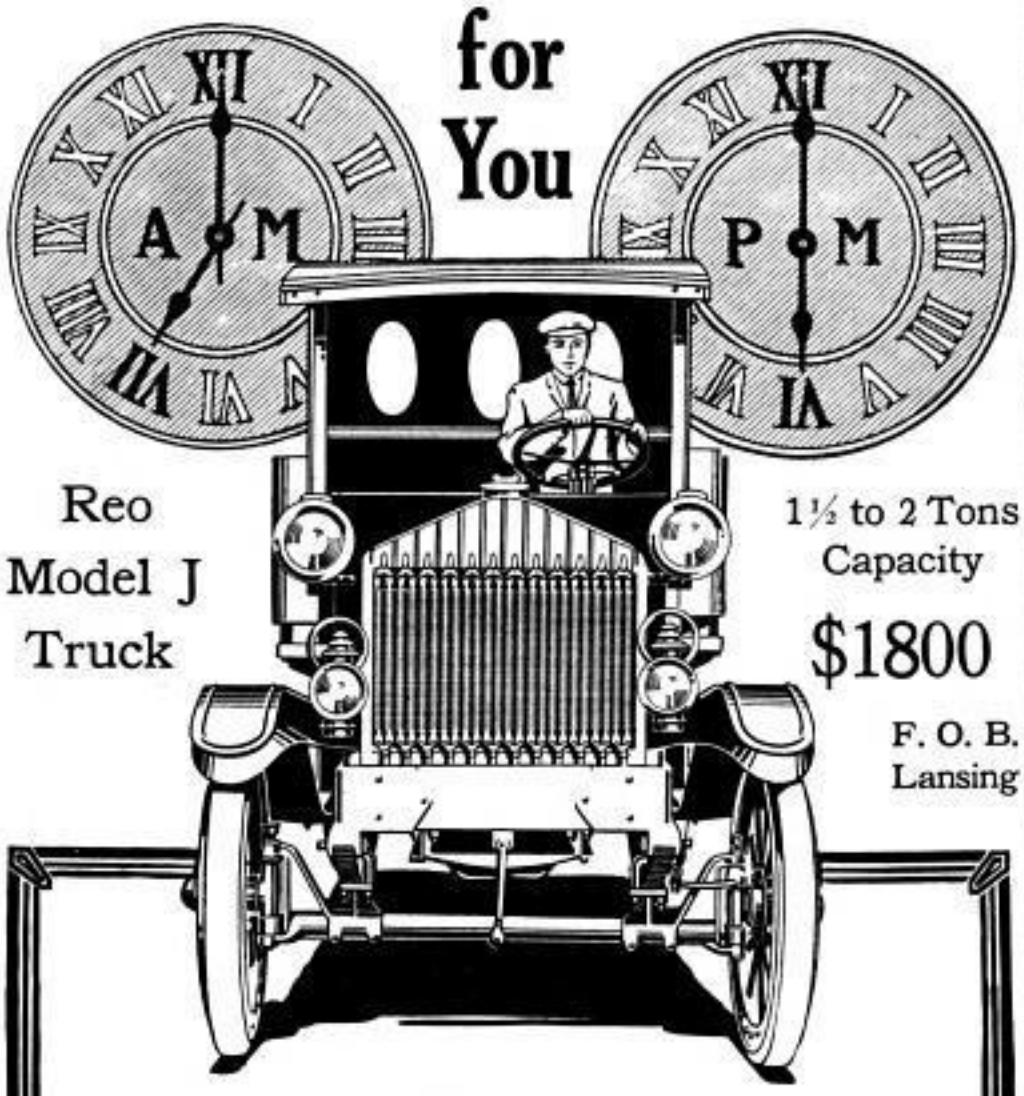


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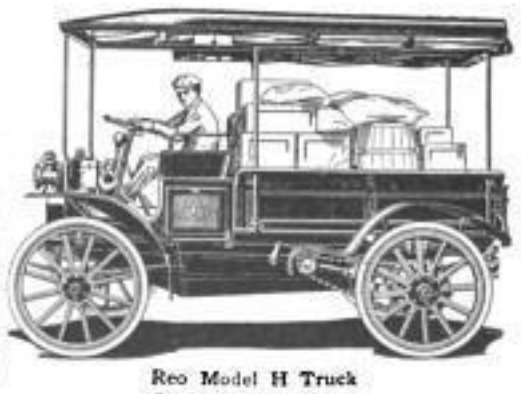
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He found Cole hidden in a friend's house with the missing drafts still in his pocket

money-order theft in Alabama. He prefers a country job to one in the city.

"It is very nice to have headquarters in a big city," said one who served several years on a city force of inspectors, "but it gets on one's nerves to trail day after day the desperate men who make the city their headquarters. And when you have convicted a man and hear from his pals the threat, 'We'll get you,' the burden grows. This was not so bad, however, as when these threats were followed by nocturnal visits to my home with mysterious rappings on the windows to frighten my family. I was glad to obtain a transfer out into the West where at least one may feel free from personal attack."

Less publicity is attached to the work of the post-office inspector than to that of any semipublic branch of the Government. To the average citizen the very existence of this corrective force is practically unknown. To the working body of officials, however, it is recognized as being exceedingly important in maintaining the discipline necessary to good service. Through it are regulated the errors and indiscretions of every employee down to the humblest rural carrier. It is the connecting link between the public good and the administrative departments. Keen, wide-awake, thoroughly trained young men are these inspectors. They must have had years of experience in the service before being appointed to responsible positions and are chosen, not for their politics nor for their term of service, but for their ability to adjust mistakes, check errors that innocently or wilfully are made, and uphold a high standard of efficiency and honesty. This they do, and their work is evidenced by the small number of law violations in proportion to the vast volume of business of the Post Office Department in its widespread utility and its close touch with our everyday life.

Down to the Sea in Ships

By WALT MASON

FOR several years Colonel W. R. Nelson, editor of the Kansas City "Star," has spent his summers on the Massachusetts coast, and it occurred to him one day that he ought to have a yacht. Having made up his mind to indulge in a yacht, he determined to build one that would embody his ideas of comfort and safety. He wasn't so anxious to have a boat that would walk the waters as a thing of life; he wanted one with a good stone foundation that would defy the elements. He interviewed the Gloucester fishermen, whose boats are built for safety, and finally made his plans.

Then he tried to hire builders who would follow his plans and specifications, but no builders of reputation would tackle the job. They said they couldn't afford to have such a boat as the colonel's plans called for pirooting around over the raging deep. The advertisement would bring them into ridicule and disrepute. They advised the Colonel to buy a second-hand cornerib and put a gasoline engine in it. Such a craft would give better satisfaction than the boat he contemplated.

THE Colonel had fifty-seven kinds of a time getting that boat built. Artisans would work on it for a while and then throw up their jobs, saying they were being ostracized by polite society for having anything to do with it. Finally it was found necessary to send to Kansas City for carpenters, and these merry men completed the job. The launching of the boat created a sensation. Seafaring men went down to the shore and looked on, and some wept, while others burst into hysterical laughter. The yacht looked more like a Chautauqua tabernacle than a ship. But the intrepid owner was well pleased with it, and said that one of the dreams of his life had been realized.

FOR a few days the yacht wallowed around in the most pleasing way, and then the Eastern Yacht Club came to that neighborhood for the annual race. Colonel Nelson had friends in the club, and they insisted that he should enter his yacht, which had been christened the *Hoosier*. They thought the boat would add a comedy feature to the event. In vain the owner protested. He said his boat wasn't a greyhound of the deep, and couldn't travel much faster than a wheelbarrow. He yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and on the appointed day the *Hoosier* loomed up for action. Among the contending yachts were two former cup defenders, one of them the *Puritan*. It happened that just after the start was made a heavy squall came up. The wind blew like a campaign orator for several hours. The swift boats had to take in sail to avoid being swamped, but the grand old *Hoosier*, being built like a soap factory, carried every rag she had on board, and went humping along so fast that the water smoked under her, and the skipper had to hold his whiskers on with both hands. She simply walked away from all the crack boats. The result was that when Colonel Nelson returned to Kansas City, he took along a beautiful trophy—a silver water pitcher; for the *Hoosier* had won the race. And never before was a yachting trophy carried so far inland.

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The Housekeeper and the Market Basket

Being the Discoveries and Conclusions of a Practical Housekeeper

By EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD



THE three great assets of to-day in the business of the butcher and the grocer are the telephone, the boy who calls for your order, and the charged account. When the grocer or the butcher urges the housewife to accept the conveniences of any one of the three he merely opens up another pocket into which surplus coin may be poured. And the average housewife of to-day accepts not one but the three.

For a number of years I was a business woman. Previous to that I had been a housekeeper to whom the charged account never had appealed. I had preferred to pay for my food as it was purchased, and I yielded to the temptation of the charged account only when I gave my house into the care of paid helpers and turned to my business with the best of my mind, my hours, and my efforts.

My home and my business both were located in a suburb of one of our large cities. It was a colony of residences and of well-to-do people, and there were just enough business houses to meet the demands of daily life. Therefore there was but little competition, and the cost of living soared on the least provocation.

THE WAY TO MARKET IS TO MARKET

IN relinquishing the general management of my home I determined to keep one special personal duty. I meant to buy the foodstuffs. This sounds very businesslike, and it was my intention that it should be so, but a place of business is exacting. It has the habit of becoming so great a law unto itself that all other matters of life are made incidents merely, and so I soon fell into the habit of thinking that an extra fifteen minutes spent in the selection of the foods I purchased meant an enormous waste of time in the management of my store. It became much easier to go to the telephone to order the day's food, or to send my errand boy to place the order, or, if I did call personally at the grocers, to go about the store ordering a certain amount of certain articles, leaving the choice to the clerk. I was following the lines of least resistance. And I paid dearly for the luxury.

I cite this plan of marketing because it is the general method of to-day among housewives. The death of the market basket has taken from household economy its most substantial friend.

BASKET ON ARM—MONEY IN POCKET

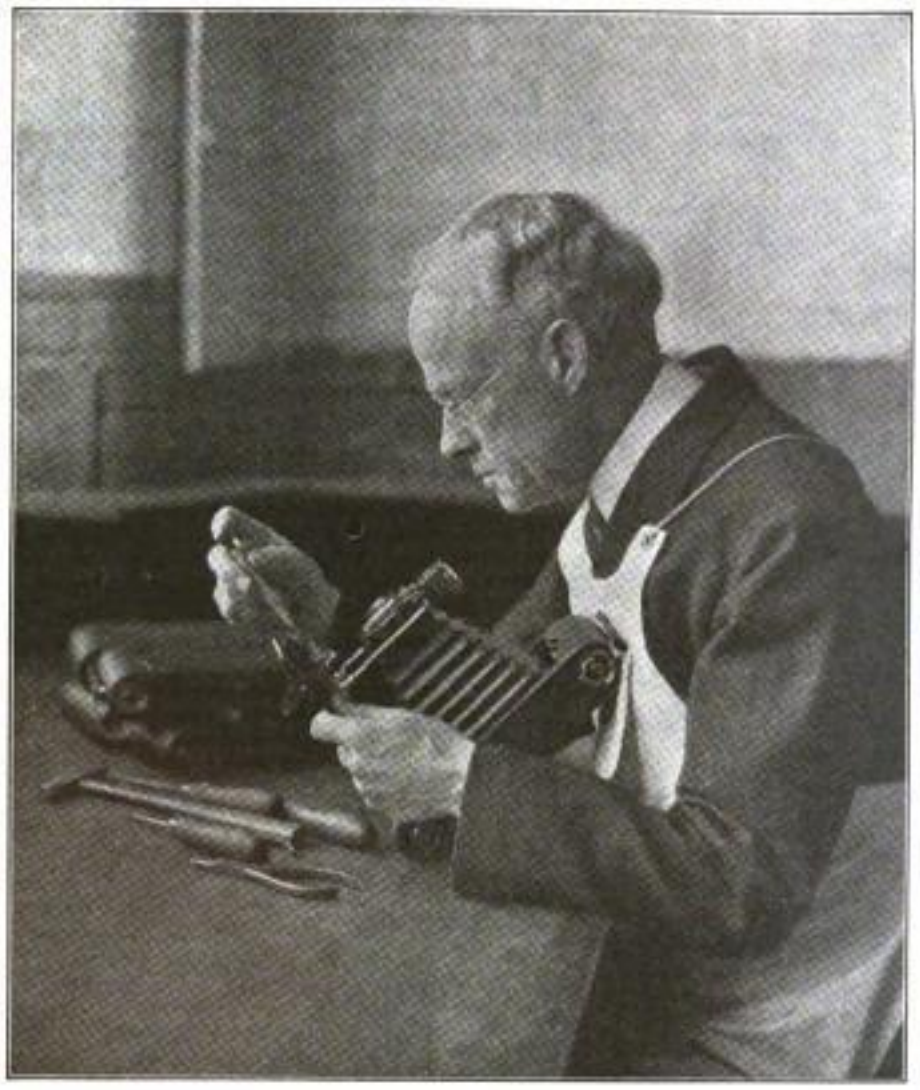
REGULARLY at the end of the month, in those days, I gasped because of the size of my bills. I sighed over the increased cost of living, and redoubled my money-making endeavors at my store. The family must have food. It never occurred to me that I was giving my extra effort to the wrong department of my daily life.

This is the situation which many of the men of to-day face, only they do not realize it and neither do their wives. It was not until I had disposed of my place of business and again had become a housekeeper that I realized wherein I had been guilty of wasting my energy, my time, and my money.

The awakening really came through the purchase of two shanks of ham. One had been ordered over the telephone. For this we had been charged ninety cents.

Two weeks later, at the market, I paid forty-eight cents in cash for a shank of the same size and quality. For the "convenience" of the telephone in this one instance I had paid almost double the amount of my purchase.

Under the system of convenience the meat and grocery bills for our family of seven never had been less than fifteen dollars a week. Usually it was more. I decided to make a business of my marketing. I never had studied the chemistry of foods, but I knew the common sense of buying if I permitted myself to make use of my knowledge. I began by experimenting with ten dollars a week. This was set aside every Monday morning as a stated allowance.



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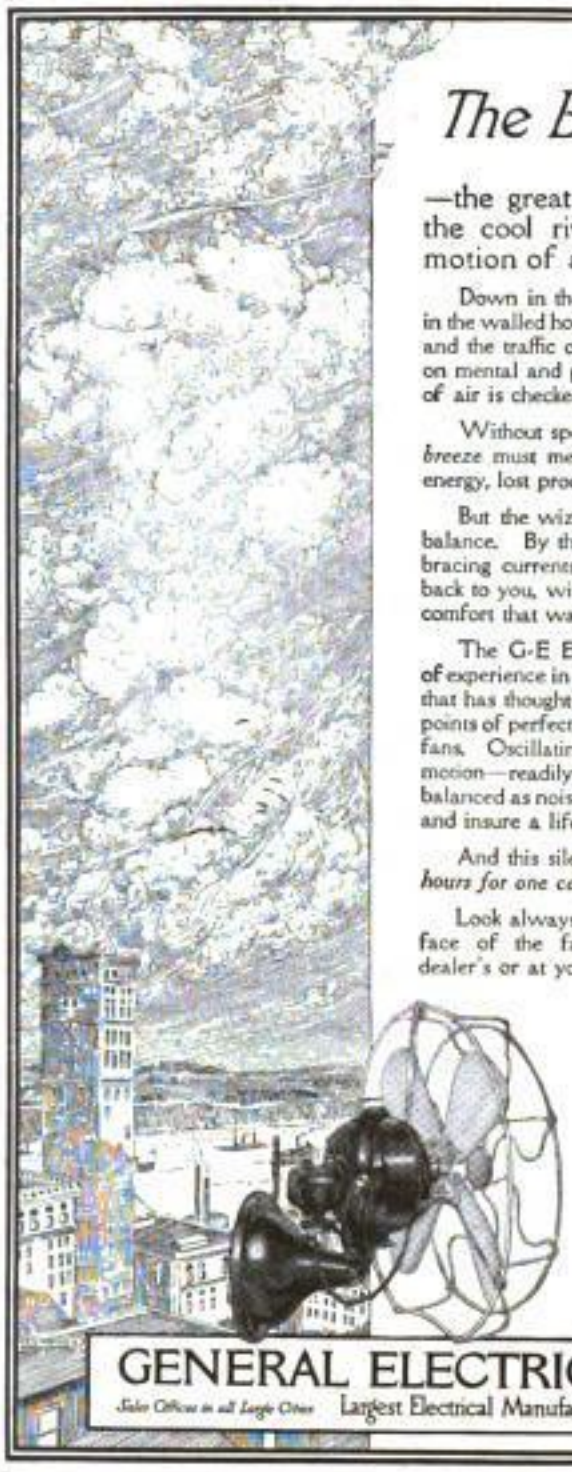
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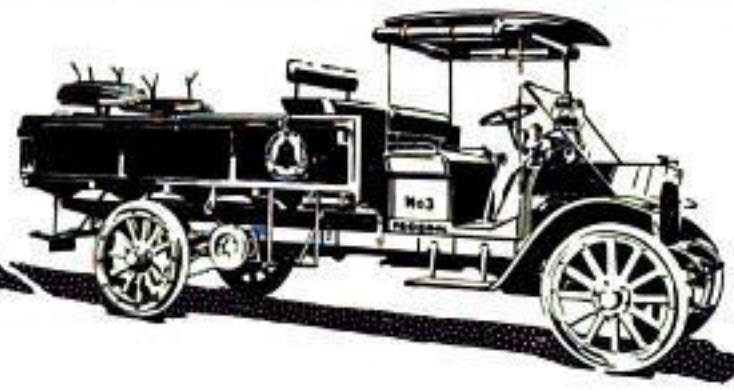
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THE TRUCK TRIUMPHANT

We have overwhelming proof of that. There is a score of logical reasons for that.

The proof is the service reports of 1000 Federal owners; the reports of manufacturers who before they bought the Federal had tried and discarded from two to five other trucks and who since they found the Federal have each bought from three to twelve Federals.

One reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal history. "The Federal was never an experiment." We sold Federal trucks for two years before we advertised them. And we built Federal trucks for a year before we sold them. We made sure that we had the first motor driven vehicle scientifically and permanently to solve the problem of economical transportation. Then—and not until then—we offered the Federal for sale.

Another reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal Policy. We build no pleasure cars. The Federal has one model, one price and one purpose—a ton-and-a-half, $1800 and the best truck that can be built.

Another reason for Federal Supremacy is Federal Service. The Federal is now the national truck. It is in continuous operation in every state in the Union. That is national recognition. The Federal has national distribution. The Federal today has a Federal representative in virtually every city in the country. Every Federal owner is not merely promised Federal Service. He gets it.

The Federal was the first to convince the American manufacturer and merchant of the scientific and economic values of the motor truck. Then it convinced him of the Supremacy of the Federal.

Price includes Chassis, Lamps, Seats, etc. **$1800** Body extra, built to meet individual requirements.

Federal Motor Truck Company, Dept. O, Detroit, Mich.

I have tried this plan now for nearly a year and I have not increased the allowance. We have had better food than we had before, we have had the same quantity of it, and we have met the cash purchases on our ten dollars a week.

By paying cash we have not been subject to overcharge. By being present at the weighing we have not been subject either to underweight or overweight—two expensive items in a month's bills. Only recently I went to the market and asked for a leg of lamb, setting the limit of my price at one dollar and a half. The butcher brought out a tempting piece of meat which he weighed.

"I am sorry," he explained with a smile, "but this is a bit heavier than the piece you asked for. It is an excellent leg of lamb, though, and will cost you only one dollar and ninety-two cents."

"Yes," I answered, "I know it is a good cut but it is larger than I need. Select a piece for me which will not cost more than one dollar and fifty cents."

He turned, cut from the piece in his hand enough to have amounted, perhaps, to three chops, reweighed the leg, and added:

"This will cost one dollar and fifty-four cents."

I took it. Instead of paying forty-two cents more than I had wanted to pay, I paid only four cents additional and had an excellent cut of meat. Had the leg of lamb been ordered over the telephone the larger piece would have been sent—and sent too late to permit its return.

At the market I pay twenty cents a pound for codfish. Over the telephone—as I have tested many times—I pay twenty-five cents a pound. At the grocers when I select my own order of lettuce I get three small or two large heads of crisp, fresh leaves for twenty cents. When all the leaves may be utilized this will make salad for two meals. A fortnight ago I ordered lettuce over the telephone. There came two tiny heads, old, withered, and the outer leaves decaying. The enclosed bill registered a charge of twenty cents. I sent it back. The good leaves would not have provided salad for one meal.

These are just instances which serve to illustrate all foods.

CONSIDER YOUR QUANTITIES

WHEN I go marketing I do not enter the shop and say "give me ten cents' worth of this" and "a quarter's worth of that," leaving the selection to the clerk. I superintend the selection myself. If I do not carry my purchases home with me I see that they are wrapped and my name placed on the packages before I leave the store. Whenever it is possible, however, I take my packages with me. Thus I am certain that I have secured the goods I have paid for and it saves the market man the time and expense of packing and delivering them.

The only thing I buy in quantity is butter. It is possible to save a few cents on the purchase price of supplies by buying in bulk, but there is the human tendency toward extravagance if an overabundance of food is in the house, and there is waste in the decay. The butter I buy in five-pound drums. There is more butter in five pounds packed in a drum than in five one-pound bricks, and nothing is lost in the wrapping.

Flour bought by the barrel is not profitable. It dries out too quickly and does not bring good results in baking. I am old-fashioned enough to enjoy baking the bread and cakes for the family. The woman who does not care to do this herself will find that having the baking done in the house is a great saving. During the time I was in business we bought regularly fourteen ten-cent loaves of bread every week and often more. Now I bake seven loaves weekly for our family, and from a sack of flour weighing twenty-five pounds, which has fluctuated in price from seventy-five to ninety cents, I make two bakings, in addition to the cakes, pies, and puddings used in the house.

Meats I never buy in great quantity. The housekeeper loses more than she gains in this. Usually—unless in the case of chops—I buy enough to provide cold meat or hash or patties for luncheon for the following day, and there it ends. The best quality pays here also. When we have steaks—which is reasonably frequent—I buy two extra short cuts or two club steaks for which I pay seventy-five cents. In this way I avoid paying for the long ends of other cuts which may not be used. Once every week we have a nice Hamburger steak made with gravy or smothered in onions. For this I insist upon having the top part of the round steak, and I watch it ground to be sure that no stale meats or strings go into the chopper. We are fond of corned beef. I get four and a half or five pounds of the beef and select a piece not too heavily corned. Always there is enough left for hash.

Sugar is bought in five and ten-pound packages. Crackers in very small quantities. Our jellies and preserves are made at home. Our fruit likewise is canned at home.

NO PRESCRIBED HASH DAY

I MAKE our own ice creams and ices. The creams are richer and there is no danger of ptomaine. Three quarts cost us just seventy cents. I use one and a half quarts of milk, which costs twelve cents, one pint of cream at twenty cents, one-half dozen eggs, now costing thirteen cents, fifteen cents' worth of ice, the salt, sugar, and gas for boiling the milk making up the other ten cents. This serves the seven of us with a big dish of cream for Sunday dinner, another good-sized dish apiece for Sunday evening tea (I repack it carefully), and six of us have a dish of reasonable proportions for Monday luncheon. When we have Sunday company, of course, we do not have Monday ice cream! One quart brick of the best ice cream for which forty cents is paid will serve seven people with a portion of average size; one quart of bulk ice cream at thirty-five cents will not do this. The seventy cents gives us a dessert for three meals, and a dessert of which the family does not tire in that time, for the cakes can vary.

We do not have a program of meals. It is not a boarding-house plan. Wednesdays have not become the personification of stew or Thursdays of beans. Our breakfasts are simple. We do not have meats unless it is bacon now and then. Occasionally we have creamed potatoes from the boiled potatoes left from dinner of the night before. We always have some kind of fruit, and for those who care for the breakfast foods there is always a supply in the house. Always we have eggs for the portion of the family who are fond of them, and always there are coffee and rolls, or coffee cake, cinnamon rolls, toast, or just plain bread and butter. The eggs we buy from a woman who brings them directly from her poultry farm to our door. We often pay more than the market price for them, but every egg may be used.

The luncheon menu depends largely upon the dinner of the night before as I have outlined. Always there is hash or cold meat or a stew of left-over meats with carrots and other vegetables (often remnants also), potatoes in some form or another vegetable, cooked or fresh, jelly, bread and butter, coffee and cake or cookies.

For dinner we rarely have soup, for we do not care for it. Always, however, we have meat or fish. Always we have potatoes. Always we have a second vegetable or a salad. Always there is jelly or preserves and often there are pickles—beet, cucumber, or olive. Our desserts vary from fruit and cake to pies, puddings, and gelatine mixtures. Occasionally there are crackers and cheese and always coffee or tea. On Sunday for midday dinner we have a roast or chicken, and a five-pound boiling chicken, costing one dollar and twenty cents, makes three meals—dinner, Sunday evening supper, and Monday luncheon.

NOT A STRANGER IN THE KITCHEN

WE are not a family of delicate appetites. One of our number is a growing boy, which in itself tells a story of consumed food. Two are workers in the city who likewise require much good food for the upkeep of the physical engine. And we are meeting our table expenses on ten dollars a week.

Two more things I want to impress upon the reader. I manage my own kitchen. I not only superintend but I do most of my own cooking. I regard the management of this portion of the house in the same light that a man regards his business. I watch for the leakages. And I am not a drudge. I have plenty of assistance and a good time.

I want it known likewise that I am not a marketer the shopmen avoid. Quite the reverse, I am welcomed, for I know what I want and I find that knowledge ever receives respect.

"Slivers," Pantomimist



By ARTHUR RUHL

IF Mr. Frank Oakley had a French or an Italian name and arrived in this country duly heralded from abroad, he might be asked at the dock what he thought of our tall buildings, and perhaps even give a few recitals at the Plaza to a selected audience capable of appreciating pantomime at $5 a head—*thé dansant* thrown in.

As Mr. Oakley is known as "Slivers," and is but a clown from the circus now doing in vaudeville much the same one-man imitation of a baseball game that he used to do under canvas, anyone can see him for 50 cents—which is probably just as well.

Thousands of people who did not know his name was "Slivers" will remember the clown with the flapping leather feet, a yard or so long, who used to play a ball game with himself in the circus. The act as he now does it is much the same, except that instead of working against half a dozen other clowns and the distractions of a three-ring circus, he has a stage all to himself and a theatre's scenery, lights, and orchestra. The chance is greater, but so are the responsibilities; and to hold the quick and critical vaudeville audience for half an hour without saying a word is a trick that isn't done every day.

"SLIVERS" ENGAGES THE FANS

THE curtain rises to slow music on a slightly darkened stage, with the baseball audience painted on the back drop, and "Slivers" enters in the usual chalk-face make-up, with little vertical black slits for eyes, and a grotesque costume of white, starched stiff, carrying bats, pad, and mask. For several minutes he stands still and conducts imaginary conversations with people on the bleachers until he has his audience with him, then, with the aid of various "business" from the orchestra, distributes the bases about the diamond. There is a loud "boom" as he drops the first bag, the clank of sleigh bells with the next. With the third his expressive feet conduct a long conversation, and with the help of various squeaks, tinkles, pops, and so on from behind the scenes, he makes the base talk too.

AT BAT—AND OUT

THE game proper begins with "Slivers" as catcher. Several men come to bat and their behavior, together with the comments of the audience and his own opinion of the pitcher, are brought out in turn. Then "Slivers" goes to bat himself and finally makes a home run. The imaginary umpire declares him out, and after a long pantomimic wrangle with the umpire he is sent out of the game—"benched."

There is a delicate accuracy and dramatic force to this episode rare in the music hall or, indeed, the more serious theatre. If the audience were reading a short story instead of watching the motions of a clown, they could not feel the whole thing more vividly from the "inside" point of view. The gradual changes in the ball player's state of mind from his first blustering defiance to his final defeat are brought out with increasing effect until at the end, as he sits on the bench rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek, picking at his glove, following the grain of the wood in his bat as the curtain slowly falls, the audience, which started out in wild hilarity, is almost on the verge of tears. It is work both delicate and sure—work which makes it necessary to regard "Slivers" not merely as a clown but as an artist.

Where McCabe Is Now

THE public generally will have no difficulty in recalling the Hon. George P. McCabe. He was that official of the Department of Agriculture under the Taft-Wilson régime whose steady hostility to the enforcement of the Pure Food Law, aided by a discreditable conspiracy which he engineered, finally forced Dr. Wiley out. Mr. McCabe is now ready to capitalize his experience. This circular letter, sent out from his office, tells its own story:

GEO. P. McCABE
Attorney at Law
410-11-12 LEWIS BUILDING,
PORTLAND, ORE.

GENTLEMEN: *You are interested in the application of the food and drug laws, national and State, to the labeling and composition of the products which you sell.*

Court cases, with attendant public notice of violation, are expensive and hurtful. These can be avoided. It is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

For that reason I desire to call your attention to the fact that I have opened a law office in Portland, and am prepared to advise manufacturers and dealers on the legality of their labels, and if necessary to represent them before the United States Bureau of Chemistry laboratories, the various State Food Commissioners, and the State and Federal courts.

For the past several years and until the third day of March of this year, when I resigned, I have been Solicitor of the United States Department of Agriculture, and until recently a member of the United States Board of Food and Drug Inspection. In those positions I was in charge of all prosecutions under the national act, and became thoroughly familiar with the food laws and regulations of the States.

I am under retainers now from a number of manufacturers as adviser on food and drug matters. If you feel the necessity of advice on these subjects, let me hear from you. Very truly yours,

(Signed) GEO. P. McCABE.

IF YOU HAVE A BOY

and if you can afford to give him the most practical education that a boy can have, send him to the Interlaken School.

This remarkable school is located on the shores of a lake in Indiana. It consists of 30 teachers and 150 boys; and it offers safety, health and instruction in the highest degree.

The Interlaken boys work as well as study. They manage an 800-acre estate. They build houses and operate workshops. They learn by *doing*. They are taught to handle tools and engines as well as books.

The Interlaken School Makes Strong Men

The purpose of this school is to make strong, efficient men, fit for big jobs and big responsibilities. It prepares for the real life of today. It makes a specialty of science and modern industrial arts, so that your boy is fitted to grapple with the new problems of the business world.

Prepares for Life and incidently for admission to College and American or European Universities.

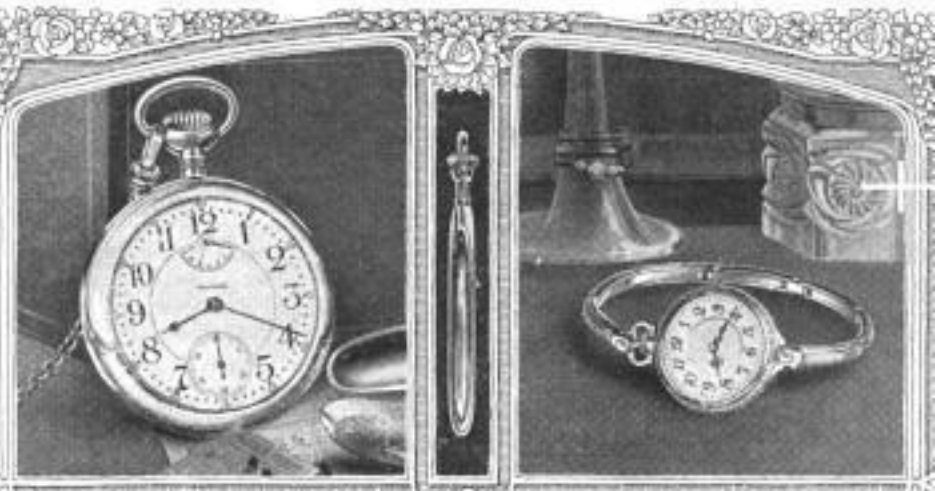
Boys taken from 9 to 18 years of age. Terms $500 and $600. Only a few vacancies. Apply at once or write for illustrated catalog.

THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

Rolling Prairie, La Porte County, Indiana

70 miles east of Chicago, 10 miles from Lake Michigan amid the beautiful prairie and woodland of Northern Indiana.

Farm session and Summer Camp begins July 1st. Fall term September 20th.



At both extremes of size and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The Watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches."

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

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The Typewriter Used By "Big Business"

—Yours for 17 Cents a Day!

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—the famous Printype Model used by the world's greatest firms and corporations—is offered to anyone, anywhere, for 17 Cents a Day.

The same model which the purchasing agents of "Big Business" buy by the *hundred*, now sold to the public for *pennies*.

—Sold at the regular $100 price, but *on terms so easy* that each machine quickly pays for itself. The price includes all the latest improvements, the special time-saving devices and the beautiful new Printype obtainable only on this model.

A Profit-Sharing Agency Plan

We now have in operation in the United States and Canada more than 15,000 Oliver Local Agencies. These agents have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in profits on sales of Oliver Typewriters.

There are still hundreds of places where no agencies are established.

Applicants for Oliver Local Agencies must be earnest workers. They need not have had previous experience.

We enroll them at once in The Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship and teach them selling—all as part of the free training given Oliver Agents.

When they have proved their worth, we promote them to the direct service, in which they may rise to the highest positions in the Company.

One of our general officials began his Oliver career as a Local Agent at Waco, Texas.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver is the best seller because it is the best typewriter. It has many exclusive features. It is the only typewriter that *prints print*. It really owns and controls Printype, now conceded to be the greatest single advance ever made in typewriter construction.

We *guarantee* Printype to be exclusively used on Oliver Typewriters.

Oliver Agents sell Printype Olivers in thousands. The demand is voluntary and steady.



Oliver Agents are permitted to sell on our 17-Cents-a-Day Plan, which puts the Oliver in everyone's reach. Agents may even secure their own sample outfits on the 17-Cents-a-Day Plan and let their agency earnings help carry the deal.

Oliver Agents are protected in exclusive selling rights in the territory given them.

When you apply, be sure to give some details about the typewriter sales possibilities of your town, village or city.

And Don't Delay

We like and reward promptness.

Full details of Agency Proposition, a specimen of Printype, the 17-Cents-a-Day Plan and other interesting information will be sent immediately on receipt of your application.

(328)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1003 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago



THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN IN 25 YEAR GOLD CASE ONLY $12.75

30 DAYS Free Trial

Now—during this Special Sale—is a splendid time to buy a fine Watch. We would like to send you this 17-Jewel Elgin in hand engraved 25-year gold case for your inspection. It sells regularly at $20.00. We save you nearly one half. If you answer this advertisement you can buy it for $12.75.

No Money Down We don't want you to send us one cent. Not a penny. Merely give us your name and address that we may send you this handsome Watch on approval. If after you receive it and want to keep it, then you pay us only **$2.00 A Month**

If you don't want to keep it, send it back at our expense. You assume no risk whatever in dealing with us. You do not buy or pay a cent until we have placed the watch in your hands for your decision. We ask **NO SECURITY, NO INTEREST.** No red tape—just common honesty among men. If this offer appeals to you write today for



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Dept. 937 KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE HOUSE THAT SELLS MORE ELGIN WATCHES THAN ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD.



For very thin lisle or silk socks such as young men wear for summer—

DOUBLE GRIP
PARIS GARTERS

are just right. They keep a snug looking ankle, the soft rubber grip doesn't tear.

Find the name "Paris" on the back of the shield before you buy.

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PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

The Voice of Our Readers

Elk Point's Way

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THE Legislature of South Dakota last winter passed a law becoming effective on July 4, 1913, allowing but one saloon to each 600 persons.

Elk Point, with about 1,200 population, then had five saloons. Three of them had to go. Some one had to be responsible for the elimination. Whose was the job?

One member of the Town Council upon whom this duty would fall was a candidate for Mayor. The other Council members, too, were in a receptive mood. Here was a dilemma.

It was solved by P. L. Kelley, who decided that the saloon business when split between only two would be profitable.

"Let's take a vote and let the people decide who shall be official saloon keepers," suggested Kelley to the Councilmen.

"Sure," came the hearty response.

So it was ordered. The saloon election was held April 15, the same date on which the regular municipal election was held, and the date on which the "wet" and "dry" elements met in battle.

When the method of election was announced, Kelley became a candidate.

"If I am elected I shall run a model saloon," said Kelley. The sentiment was echoed by W. W. Guillaume.

The fight waxed warm. The platform announced by Kelley and his running mate appealed to many. The churches took a hand in it. From pulpits went the edict that the saloons were to be eliminated if possible.

Then it was hinted: Perhaps it wasn't possible to wipe out all the saloons.

Then very softly: If the saloons cannot be eradicated, let us unite to elect the men who will run the cleanest places.

Church opposition was centered against the saloon as an institution.

The church vote proved its wisdom in doubting its inability to drive the saloon from the town.

The "drys" cast 105 votes; the "wets" polled a majority of 235.

There were six candidates in the field for the offices of saloon keepers. Kelley, the man with the idea, polled 246 votes; Guillaume had 174 votes; others: 152, 17, 9, and 5.

Thus Elk Point elected for its official saloon keepers men whom the people thought would give it the best saloon administration. It indorsed the action of the Councilmen who first were credited with originating the idea that got Kelley the job Kelley wanted. The church people could not eliminate the saloon, but they said who should be in charge of their saloons. R. M. MCCABE.

Coffee Clubs

STOCKTON, CAL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THE question, "What shall replace the saloon as a lodge room for the great army of floating men?" is worthy of serious consideration by every man and woman who believes in the uplifting of humanity. It has received serious consideration in at least fifteen different cities in California, where the public-spirited citizens have established coffee clubs.

Turlock is a dry town of only 3,000 people. Last year, through its free employment bureau, the club found employment for an average of 57 men per month, while its reading and social rooms have been crowded almost daily.

The largest coffee club in the State, so far as its floor space is concerned, is the one in Stockton, which has been established six years and has 13,000 feet of floor space divided into rest rooms, reading and social rooms, and lunch departments. All classes of people, including crowds of homeless men, patronize all its departments daily. Stockton is a rapidly growing manufacturing city of about 35,000 people, in the center of an immense agricultural district—the great San Joaquin Valley. But coffee clubs have succeeded wherever they have been properly managed in both small towns and large. The oldest and best-equipped coffee club is the one in San José, which opened for business March 22, 1900. I have often counted more than 100 men in its reading room at one time. As all the profits are used for the extension of the work, this club has been able to acquire an equipment worth over $6,000—from an investment of about $2,500—and they have an excellent library of more than 1,700 volumes. No man is too poor to feel perfectly at home in any coffee club in California. They are indeed clubs for the clubless and homes for the homeless. No man is asked about his past life or future plans; the clubs are free from conventional welcome: they are clean and orderly; and, though the prices charged for meals are low, a fair profit is made on each item, so that men frequent them with a feeling of perfect independence.

The president of another coffee club wrote to me some time ago: "Our coffee club proves beyond a doubt that men frequent the saloon for the social enjoyment it gives, and they will patronize a room where there is interesting reading, and *especially games, and leave the saloon alone.*"

ERNEST FOX.

Men of Action

BARBERTON, OHIO.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

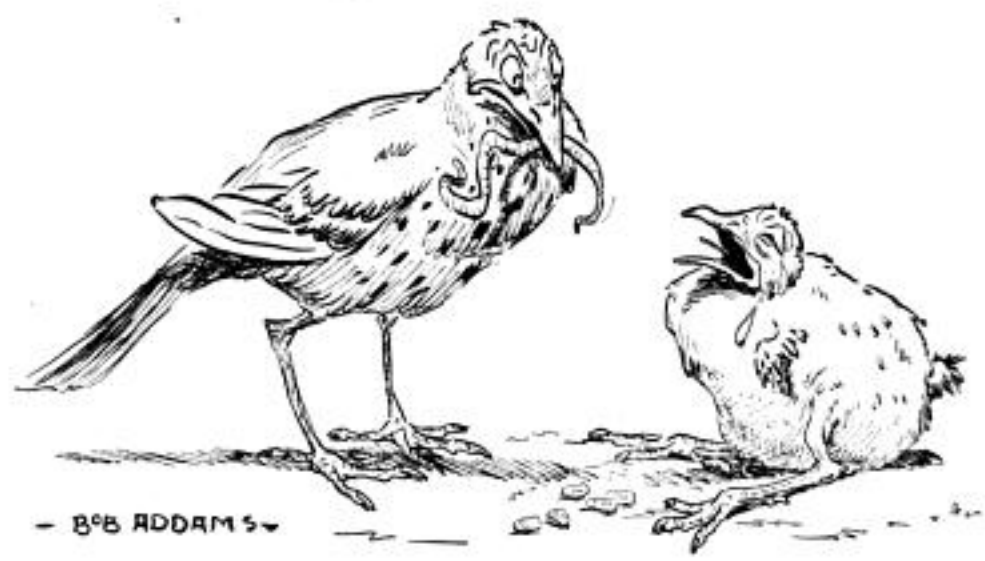
WHAT a hope, what a prophecy, is contained in your "Men of Action" photographs!

Carnegie and Jack Ferguson, diver, placed with equal honor on the one sheet.

Is not this the hope of the race? Is not this the only real adjustment?—equal honor, equal consideration to man and master. All workmen who saw this must thank you, for on that sheet they recognize the dawn of the new democracy.

I am a blacksmith.

THOS. T. COLLINS.



"Not a single worm, Willie, till you eat every bit of that corn"

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Salesmanship—Rule-of-Thumb Science

(Continued from page 18)

saying of the salesmen whom I know that 90 per cent of them fail to analyze properly and reflect upon the daily events of their experience.

While I do not think a salesman should adopt the methods of the actor, I do feel that he should know his book as well as the actor and strive for effects as zealously. I also believe that his book should be prepared with as great an effort to achieve sustained interest and moving climaxes as characterizes the construction of a play.

Now let us get back to a more circumstantial discussion of the meeting of minds which must occur in every sale. As the gaining of attention, most aptly called approach, is the first step in a sale, it is evident that a salesman who undertakes to work out a definite method of procedure should first plan his approach.

This brings us face to face with our average man, for we must create in our minds the average man against whom our selling attack is to be directed.

DON'T TRY TO BE CLEVER

THE best way to create an average man in your mind's eye is to analyze yourself and subtract from yourself all the hobbies, fads, vanities, aspirations, weaknesses, and prejudices which, so far as you are able to judge, are not shared with you by a majority of your acquaintances. Take what is left of you and add to it any of the hobbies, fads, vanities, aspirations, weaknesses, and prejudices which you do not possess, but which you believe are possessed by a majority of other men. The result will be about as close as you can get to a true concept of an average man. It is difficult to be sincere in one's self-analysis. Perhaps it is equally difficult to be just in one's estimate of others.

I am going to attempt a few illustrations of this method and my own application of it. To do so, I must present a certain amount of self-analysis, and I have warned you that it is difficult for a man to discover the truth about himself—or tell it after he has discovered it. With a reiteration of that warning, let me proceed:

I imagine myself to have a sense of humor. However, my observation of mankind is that a majority do not possess a very highly developed sense of humor and are either irritated by, or fail to comprehend, any but the broadest or most colloquial humor. Therefore, my average man's sense of humor is of a very primitive order, and when I approach him I am as serious as I know how to be.

Personally, I like clever people and dislike stupid ones, but my experience of mankind is that a majority, if not stupid themselves, are at least antagonistic to cleverness. Wherefore my average man takes no pleasure in cleverness in others, and I, therefore, make no attempt to appear to him to be clever. It is no doubt well that I do not, for true cleverness is a rare quality.

THE GLIB PERSON IS SUSPECT

I HAVE always admired in others the ability to talk easily and well. But I observed that most men are inclined to be suspicious of what they call a "smooth talker." At this stage of my career, which was shortly after I began to try to sell merchandise, I ran across an Englishman who was a very successful life assurance solicitor. He had the appearance and manner of a villain from a Drury Lane melodrama and the halting speech of an American musical-comedy Englishman. But in spite of this, he sold huge quantities of life assurance, and I observed that his sketchy way of presenting his subject seemed to kindle the interest of the people he approached, and, instead of escaping through the gaps in his arguments, his auditors were more likely to build up these gaps by their own questions and the exercise of their own imaginations, until they had completely ensnared themselves. As a result of my study of this man's methods I adopted taciturnity in place of my previous glibness of speech in approaching a potential buyer. For my previous flowing and more or less flowery sentences I substituted brief staccato utterances—more or less incoherent, but capable of extreme emphasis and, by virtue of their very incompleteness, arresting the attention and challenging the interest of the person addressed.

SOUND A POSITIVE STATEMENT

PERSONALLY, the positiveness of another's views does not impress me; instead it breeds in my mind distrust of his sincerity or the suspicion that his knowledge is superficial. I try to make it a rule to be influenced by no one's opinion unless I know the facts or theories on which he bases it. But it has been my observation that dogmatic utterance carries weight with the average man and that an excess of logical argument arouses his suspicion that you are trying



I would gaze round a man's store in a most admiring way before introducing myself

Valparaiso University

(Accredited)

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One of the Largest Institutions of Learning in the United States

THOROUGH INSTRUCTION AT THE LOWEST EXPENSE

The Institution was founded with the idea of giving to every person, whether rich or poor, a chance to obtain a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. That it is performing this mission is indicated by the numbers who avail themselves of the advantages offered.



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VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY was founded in 1873 with 3 Departments, 4 Instructors and an annual enrollment of 210 Different Students. Now there are 26 Departments, 195 Instructors and an annual enrollment of more than 5000 different students.

The reason for this growth is in the fact that this Institution constantly increases its facilities, strengthens its courses of study and offers additional advantages without making the expense to the student any greater. The University is well equipped with buildings, library, laboratories and apparatus for giving instruction in the following

DEPARTMENTS:—Preparatory, Teachers', Kindergarten, Primary, Education, Manual Training, Scientific, Biology, Civil Engineering, Classic, Higher English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Elocution and Oratory, Music, Fine Art, Law, Pharmacy, Medical, Dental, Commercial, Penmanship, Phonography and Typewriting, Review.

Department of Engineering

The Revised Course in Civil Engineering is proving a most valuable acquisition. No extra charge.

The New Music Hall

enables the University now to accommodate all who wish work in music.

Department of Law

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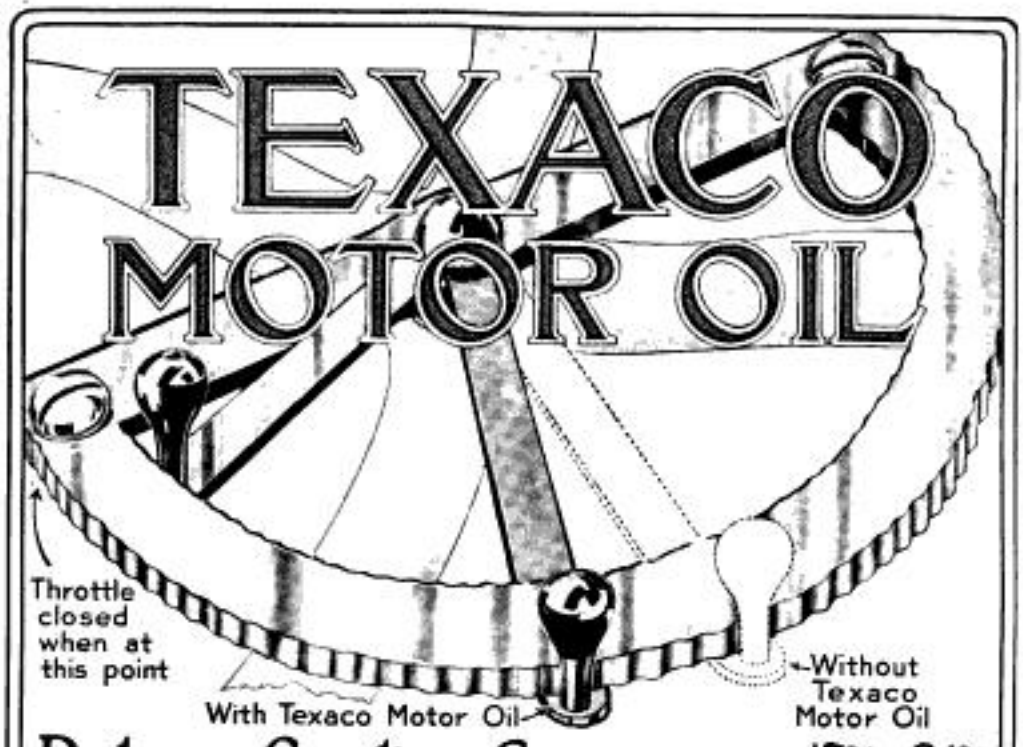
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to bolster up a weak case. Therefore, the keynote of my approach is always sounded by a positive and unequivocal statement.

The foregoing will give you an idea of some of the things I subtracted from my own estimate of myself in order to discover an average man. There were a good many qualities I didn't have to subtract from myself because I found that a majority of other men also possessed them. Vanity is one of the qualities I did not subtract. I have never known a man who was not vain. Perhaps the vainest man is the one who most thoroughly suppresses the usual manifestations of vanity.

FLATTERY IS DOUBLE-EDGED

IT is a safe assumption that every man is vain, and naturally my average man is vain. How shall we deal with his vanity when we approach him? Everyone likes flattery, but it must be most delicate and casual if it is not to excite suspicion. In other words, while your flattery may gratify me, it also makes me question your motives. Flattery has no proper place in approach. If used at all in salesmanship it should be after you have gained attention and are well into your subject. It took me a long time to learn that you shouldn't attempt to flatter a man when you first approach him. After I gave up word flattery, I tried to look "flattery." For example, I would gaze round a man's store or office in a most admiring way before introducing myself. I thought this was subtle enough to create a glow of satisfaction without an aftermath of suspicion, but I could never trace any good results to the practice and finally abandoned it after a rather disconcerting experience with an old German, who attributed my scrutiny of his place to an intent to appraise his stock of merchandise for Dun or Bradstreet. It seems that their repeated requests for financial statements had incensed him and he surmised that they had finally sent out a spy in the person of myself. While this contrition for the error resulted in an easy order, the incident convinced me that a salesman's approach should be unmixed with any form of flattery. If the flattery is strong enough to make an impression it is strong enough to set in motion the suspicions of your prospective customer, even though his suspicions do not take so absurd a form nor are so frankly revealed as those of the irascible old German.

THE KEYNOTE OF APPROACH

THEN what regard shall we have for the average man's vanity when we approach him? I am ashamed to tell you where I discovered the answer to this. A good many years ago, a friend who knows the underworld pretty well introduced me to some of its more or less celebrated characters. One of them, a confidence man, explained to me: "It's all a mistake to salve a man when you're trying to get him hooked. You want to act like you don't think he's got the brains or the coin to go through on your proposition. Put it up to him so he'll have to hook himself in order to show that your opinion of him ain't high enough."

This roughly phrased fragment of philosophy did not make much of an impression upon me until I began to test it in hypothesis upon myself. Then I realized that an almost certain way for another to gain my attention would be to imply the lack of some quality in me which I believed myself to possess. Of course, if the implication was made in an offensive form, my antagonism as well as my attention would be aroused. Evidently the implication should be very faint: just enough to make a man concentrate his mind upon you—if for no other purpose than to prove to you that he is a bigger or a cleverer man than you seem to realize.

The proper application to salesmanship of our confidence man's theory of approach dawned upon me at last: Ask an inoffensive question. Make that question almost the first speech in your approach. Suppose you are selling saws. If they are high-priced saws, ask this question the instant you can get your man to look you in the eye: "Have you an organization that can sell a very high-grade saw?" There is no possible answer he can make which will put you on the defensive until he yields you his attention and invites you to talk, which is what you are there for. Let us construct some answers a buyer might make to such a question:

First

BUYER—We're doing it now.

SALESMAN—I guess I don't make clear to you the kind of saw I mean.

BUYER—Well, what kind do you mean?

Or Second

BUYER—What we've got satisfies us.

SALESMAN—But could your organization sell a high-grade saw?—which brings the buyer back to where he was in the first place.

If a saw salesman asks the question: "Have you an organization that can sell a very high-grade saw?" and his rejoinders to the buyer's are a polite but emphatic reiteration of the original thought, the buyer must finally invite an elucidation of that thought.

Any similar question will serve. Please fix this point in your mind: You haven't properly analyzed your goods, if you can't frame an inoffensive, attention-getting question for use in your approach. The other day I was talking to a man who sells prints to shirt-waist manufacturers. He said, as nearly every salesman will say: "My line is different from any other." He also said: "There is no question I could ask a manufacturer of shirt waists, except to request him to look at my samples."

I asked him to name the chief talking point about his goods.

"The prettiest Parisian patterns in advance of competitors," he replied.

Then I suggested: "Suppose you said to a manufacturer: 'Have you any trade that would appreciate a pattern that is a positive craze in Paris right now—not yesterday but to-day?' What would the manufacturer say to that?"

"Why he'd say: 'Let's see it,'" was the answer.

"Isn't that what you'd want him to say?" I inquired.

"Gee, I guess that's right."

It's so simple that it sounds foolish—but every truth is simple in its final analysis.

So much for vanity. Now, I have observed that my eyes can deliver a message to my brain more quickly than my ears. I have observed the same of others. I have noticed, too, that my attention can be focused more completely through my eyes than in any other way. Accordingly, I always like to have some object to place before the eyes of my prospective customer. If possible, it should be the article you are trying to sell or some portion of it. If that is impossible, then you should have a picture, a newspaper clipping, or an unusual testimonial. The best time to show this object is right after you have cornered the buyer with your question. If you are selling a saw, wait until you have forced the buyer to ask you in effect what kind of a saw you are talking about. Then pull out one of the saws or a piece of steel and say:

"There it is," or "There's what it's made of." The most cynical buyer cannot avoid a distinct feeling of interest in any object that is placed in his hands—even if it is merely a coffee bean.

Give him a dramatic moment in which to examine the article you have placed in his hands. Then make the assertion which you have selected as a means of fairly transfixing his attention. This is what I have referred to as the keynote of approach. Such a speech should be as brief and emphatic as you can make it. If it succeeds in its purpose, you have won attention and you may pass on to the second step of your attempted sale—the development and enlargement of your auditor's interest. If it fails, you should go over the same ground again and again with a variation of words but not of thought or purpose, until undivided attention is finally yielded to you. Do not make the blunder of attempting to expand your customer's interest until you are certain you have fixed his attention on the identical subject in which you desire to center his interest.

WE ARE ALL AKIN TO THE AVERAGE MAN

I HAVE used a good many words in discussing how you should plan your approach of the average man, but I have by no means touched on all the traits of the average man which should be considered in planning the first step of a sale. However, if I have made clear my method of plotting against the poor fellow, I have accomplished enough. You probably know him as well as I do, for he is as much like you as he is like me.

The second part of Mr. Maxwell's article will appear in an early number.

The Hungry Girl

(Concluded from page 8)

"We are going to Andover Street?" I asked when at last he entered and sat apologetically beside me.

"Yes, sir. Where my Emmy lodges."

"Oh-h! Lodges there, does she? And—and who is she?"

"Miss Mayhew, sir. Bookkeeper at Bury's, the fishmonger, in the High Street, sir. I'm a salesman there, sir. We was to have been married in June. Money saved up—and everything. And now—oh!" And again he began to cry, though always with the same apologetic air.

"Tell me," I said when he had recovered some of his self-control, "is there no hope at all?"

"None at all, the doctor says, sir. He's the best in London, sir. I fetched him in myself." This with a faint wintry gleam of pride. "And he says there isn't a shadow. It's her lungs, sir. They was always bad. And she caught cold. She is the dearest, best girl—and now—oh—what shall I do? What shall I do?"

The poor little man actually sobbed on my shoulder, from which, in common humanity, I could not repulse him, so that, between his tears and my somewhat awkward efforts to comfort him, the explanation was still to come when we at last reached Andover Street.

An extremely smart motor was waiting outside the well-remembered door, with an admiring bodyguard of street urchins. Once more the little man's face took on the shadow of pride. "It's the doctor, sir," he explained. "Sir James Pakenham. Best doctor in London, they do say, sir. He will be with her now, sir."

THE door was opened to us by a duly sniveling landlady, and while we waited for the doctor's descent we sat upon a red plush sofa in the front parlor, and the little man made clear the mystery. I omit the innumerable "sirs" wherewith he punctuated his discourse. His Emmy, it seemed, had always been a wonderfully clever girl. Even at school she had passed I know not how many standards—whatever they may be—and carried off innumerable prizes. Reading too—she was always reading—and even writing. It was her hope some day, when they were married, to leave Bury's and live in the country, where she could write books, and he—oh, he didn't know what he would do now. And, of course, to one of her mind, life in Bury's was dull—there wasn't no mistake about that; it *was* dull, especially compared to what you read of in books. It was dull enough for him, who was only a plain man; what must it have been to her who was that clever you wouldn't hardly believe, and always thinking out the most wonderful stories—quite as good as them in the books, if not better?

And so—he hadn't known nothing of it until after she was took so bad; he didn't understand how it was himself quite, but one day, about six weeks ago, she told him how a gentleman, who had come into Bury's by chance to buy two pounds of the best cut of salmon, had fallen in love with her and wanted her to elope with him, although he had a wife already in Russia. Emmy refused his perfidious offers as a pure young English girl should, although he had promised to cover her from head to foot with diamonds and rubies, and give her a great palace to live in on the banks of some river, and get his wife sent to Siberia, where she wouldn't ever trouble them any more. But although such vicious luxury had no charms for steadfast Emmy the wicked nobleman had, or he had magnetic power, which came to the same thing.

WHEN he was with her she felt she couldn't do nothing but what he told her to do, like as it might be a bird with a snake, what you read about in some of the books. So in the end she appealed to her betrothed—whose name, by the way, was Simms, Jem Simms, telling him that the prince had arranged to elope with her on a certain night, and that if he—Jem—did not rescue her from the princely profligate, she would be lost indeed. Wise Jem engaged two friends to assist him, watched until the seducer entered, awaited the coming of the fugitives at the alley head, and shot his bolt—with what results I knew.

The following morning Emmy appeared at her cash desk, explaining how she had escaped her persecutor at the eleventh hour through the intervention of an army captain of the Dragoons, De Courcy by name, who had rescued her after a single combat with the prince and a number of myrmidons. Poor Jem accepted the odious comparison meekly, not being a soldier himself, as he very properly pointed out, and offered to join the Territorials at once if his Emmy wished it. Then Emmy took cold through riding on the top of a bus—and oh, he didn't know what he would do!

It was not made quite clear to me whether I figured in these reminiscences as the wicked prince or the chivalrous captain, and before I could inquire more closely the doctor came down, and from the first glimpse of his face I could see that Emmy would not be troubled much longer with the reconciliation of inconsistencies.

A HOSPITAL nurse was with her when I was taken to her room. She whispered to me not to excite her by talking. I am ashamed to say that I felt rather relieved, for I had no notion what to say to her. She had a curiously bright color on her cheeks, and to my uninstructed eye looked better, as she undoubtedly looked prettier, than when I first saw her. Her face brightened when I approached the bed, and as I bent down toward her she whispered so low that I could scarcely catch the words: "You do understand? And you do forgive me? Wouldn't have done it—only for your face—in the tea shop."

I told her, yes, that I understood perfectly, and that there was nothing whatever to forgive, and I pressed her thin hand gently as I said it.

"I am so glad," she whispered. "It—it—was the happiest time I ever had."

She was clinging to my hand, and from some sudden conviction that it would please her—for I am the last person in the world to give way to absurd sentimentality—I bent forward and kissed her forehead. She gave a happy little smile, as a child might, and let her head fall back on the pillows with closed eyes. I heard afterward that she died about an hour later.

As I tiptoed my way to the front door, Mr. Simms followed me, blubbering. "I—I am glad you kissed her, sir," he said. "It—it was very good of you, sir. She'll die the happier for it."

I looked at him in natural surprise.

"You see, sir, after she was took so bad, she told me she always had hopes—that perhaps you would come back some day and—"

"Come back?"

"Yes, sir. Oh, I know, I was never her equal, as you might say. I knew that—as well as she did.—And now she won't never—" And he relapsed again into tears.

"You mustn't think it was lies, sir," he explained eagerly as he opened the front door to let me out. "Not that she meant it for lies. Only—I don't know, sir—it was something different to Bury's, and, you do understand, sir. That was what she was most anxious about, most of all."

I HAVE never been able to decide whether it was in bad taste or not, but I felt that she should not be robbed of her little share of romantic mystery, posthumous though it were. Mr. Simms stoutly refused to let me bear any part of the funeral expenses, paying them, I believe, out of the money they had saved up for housekeeping. It was considered a very fine funeral indeed, I am told, and was for long the talk of Andover Street. Along with Mr. Simms, and a little dried-up aunt from Walthamstow, who was the girl's only known relation, I attended as mourner. On the hearse were a number of wreaths, among them my own offering, a huge cross of white violets from the Count and Countess Valda Tirnovski, and another from Captain Algernon de Courcy of the Dragoon Guards. I felt somehow that the child would have liked it, and understood Mr. Simms was of the same opinion. He told me some time later that Andover Street had settled to its own satisfaction that she was a daughter of the Czar of Russia, who had been kidnaped by nihilists in early youth, and only discovered by the faithful Count Tirnovski at the thirteenth hour. "She would have loved to hear all they say," Mr. Simms told me, "she would have fair loved it." That being so, and on such good authority, I am not disposed to trouble myself whether it was in good taste or no.



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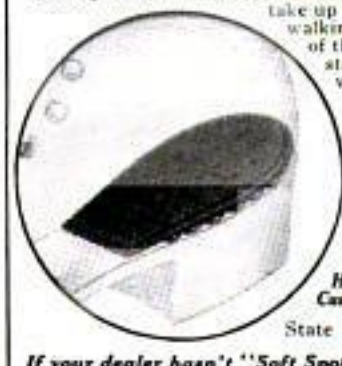
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Atlanta's Babies

A Subsidy Plan for Keeping Many of Them in Homes Instead of Putting Them in an Institution

By W. T. WATERS

THE Hebrew Orphans' Home of Atlanta, Ga., was, I believe, the first institution of its kind to adopt the "orphan subsidy" plan, under which the community contributes to the orphan's support in its own home, instead of in an institutional home.

Six years ago the Hebrew Orphans' Home applied this plan to a case in which the circumstances were slightly unusual. A widow with one son could not support both with the proceeds of her work, and was compelled to intrust the boy to the care of the orphans' home. A year or so later she begged that her son be returned to her. The board proposed to her that she undertake the guidance and support of her son with the assistance of a contribution. She accepted, and the first orphan subsidy case was on record.

Now there are twenty fatherless children being cared for by their mothers in their own homes, at an average cost of $150 per year. The average cost in the institutional home is $216 per year.

Recently in Washington the district grand lodge of the B'nai B'rith, which encouraged the foundation of the home and contributes to its support, adopted a resolution indorsing in general terms the new idea of leaving an orphan in the care of its natural guardians when that is possible. A majority of the B'nai B'rith grand lodge delegates constituted a majority of the general board of trustees of the home; and that board met in Washington at about the same time. There are some sixty trustees, including a few women, representing the whole territory of the Atlanta institution. The trustees expect the new method to work itself out gradually, but that the time never will come when they can dispense with the institution.

Authorities estimate that 40 per cent of all orphans are fatherless, 40 per cent motherless, and 20 per cent parentless. No motherless or parentless orphan yet has been cared for by the new subsidy method. The theory, however, is that motherless orphans can be supported as the foster children of blood relatives or of widows whose own children are subsidized by the home, the father contributing something if he is able. Soon an effort will be made to extend the method to other classes of orphans. Only one failure has been recorded among the twenty cases so far subsidized.

The proportionate cost is less for two children than for one, and less for three than for two. The subsidy is decreased as the earning power of a family grows. In a family of six, for instance, subsidy was paid upon three, two being wage earners. The third of the eiders graduated from a business college later and secured employment, whereupon the subsidy was reduced. A year later it was reduced again, the workers having been "raised." A third reduction was made after that. It is expected that soon the family will be independent of subsidy.

Had the old plan been pursued, that family would have been broken up immediately, and the institution would have been charged with the care of the minors until they reached twenty-one years of age. Under this, care ceases when dependence ceases.

The children call each month at Superintendent Sonn's office for their checks—or, in the out-of-town cases, at the trustees' office. The officials keep in touch with them, though not so conspicuously as to mark them as objects of a charity. Their call is returned at home.

HELP THEM TO HELP THEMSELVES

THE property of the Atlanta Hebrew Orphans' Home represents a non-revenue-bearing investment of approximately $100,000. Last year over $20,000 was spent upon its maintenance. There are about 100 children in it. In contrast with the orphan subsidy method, the old plan shows poor economy. The overhead expense of the institutional home is too great.

One argument remains in behalf of the institutional home: that in the majority of cases it improves the immediate lot of the orphans in the matter of food and clothing and housing.

"But it is better not to do that," say those who are directing the new method. "It is equivalent to creating an artificial condition. The better plan is to help the orphans to improve their own lot."

Walla Tenaka—Creek

(*Continued from page 17*)

toward "first base" and saw why the man had moved: Walla Tenaka stood as though he had taken his place, though he hadn't yet been blindfolded nor turned to face the sun. His back was toward the clerk, and the guards with the rifles were stepping away. Of course, if the poor devil *was* going to stand that way—the clerk wondered whether or not he ought to move away. . . . He walked over beside the other man.

After a minute—perhaps it wasn't a minute—call it the lapse of a perceptible time—the two Indians left with the condemned man, faced him round to the east, tied a red handkerchief over his eyes, and tied his hands behind him with another. Standing again beside the silent, dark man, the clerk saw that their position gave them a half-profile view of Walla Tenaka, standing straight against the clear sunlight to be shot.

The clerk's eyes couldn't focus on more than one man at a time that morning—now he was watching Walla Tenaka. He saw that the condemned man stood alone, but he didn't look at the Indians with the guns until his neighbor broke out with a sort of a frightened grunt as he turned his head toward the sun.

THERE it was, at last, clearing the horizon! It was red and liquid—whirly and jumpy inside like a pan of water that's just come to a boil, only red. The clerk's neighbor—by now the clerk was sure he was not a negro—turned back to watch the "Lord High Executioner," who had bound Walla Tenaka's hands, raise his hand for a signal. The clerk didn't see it. His eyes would not come away from the sun. But he heard the shots—not quite together, but more like three men firing off both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun. He saw the Indian crumple and come down in a heap. He saw the smoke from the six rifles. The spell was off then, and everything was clear to the young, white-faced clerk. There was a minute's wait among the eight officers who had managed the affair, and then they went back to the council house for coffee.

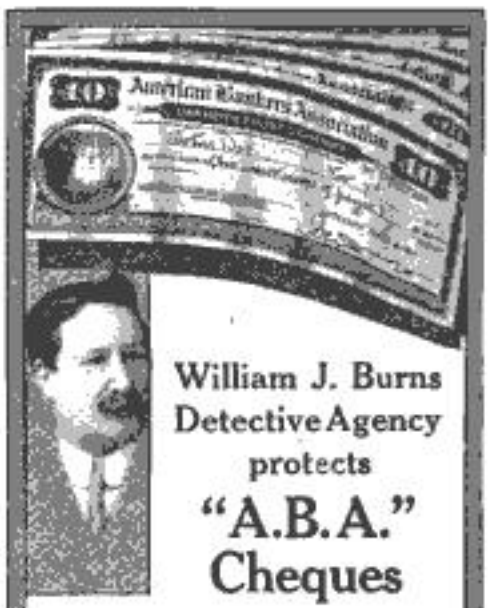
NO movement occurred to draw the attention of the watchers for a little while; then, in the sweet calm of the new June day, there came out of that old council house an Indian woman, a young Indian girl fourteen years old, perhaps, and two Indian policemen without their guns. They walked in that order to where Walla Tenaka's body lay, and then the clerk saw, for the first time, that the Indian woman carried a baby. She passed it over to the little girl, and helped to lift up the dead man. Quietly, effectively, she did her part; there was no outcry.

Suddenly into the clerk's mind came the realization of who the woman was; he turned to the Indian at his elbow to verify his guess.

"Who is that woman?" he questioned huskily.

"Him, Walla Tenaka's woman," was the answer from the man, who did not turn his head.

Behind the two men and the wife of Walla Tenaka (carrying that awkward thing that had been a middle-aged Creek Indian) trudged the young girl, silent, making no sign of grief. Across



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her shoulder, its little brown face, that seemed to be all eyes, looking solemnly into the rollicking sun, lay Waila Tenaka's baby. All the desolation of stricken women, and all the pity of the tender-hearted for stricken children, flooded the soul of the white-faced young man who watched. Though the woman and the girl marched stolidly, the young man swayed as he gripped the fence.

"How old is that baby?" The clerk's voice came thickly, with effort. This time the Indian looked round before he answered.

"Him, she's four days old."

And the clerk broke out, his voice now a high note of hysterical protest: "By God, it's no wonder Waila Tenaka stayed out in the hills two weeks longer than they told him he could!"

One of the stragglers called a guard to come and revive the young clerk when he fainted; they took him into the council house and gave him strong coffee.

LATE in the afternoon of the next day the boy who helped him in the dry-goods store showed the clerk the tiny paragraph in the morning "Star." But there was nothing he could say—it was all so incredible. The world comes to an end, and there are ten lines written about it!

Sanders and His Criminals

(Continued from page 6)

the growth of interesting and beautiful plants in a conservatory. Farther on, just the new, massive, modern, comfortable cell house, which has just been built by the labor of the convicts—and the warden—is the playground where the prison-league teams play baseball on Saturdays and holidays. Men deprived of freedom must work off their animal spirits; the most terrible of all prison problems is that created by a God-given instinct which forever and ever in the prison cannot be fulfilled in its wholesomeness. "Athletics," the warden said to me. His smile had left, and half a look of terror, half a look of bulldog determination had come over his features. "Yes—athletics, baseball, basket ball. Somehow labor, no matter how hard, doesn't help much. But sports help."

THE FIRES IN THE MIND

HE said this as he opened a door some weeks ago and as we stepped into the schoolroom where all those who wish can join night classes. A Syrian learned the English language in that schoolroom, a burglar learned the history of his country, a forger learned to write creditable lyric verses. So on. Down in the engine room of the prison is a man who acquired the knowledge of a skilled mechanical and electrical engineer by painstaking study of a correspondence-school course which he had purchased out of his own earnings. Some years ago a policeman had come to arrest him for a minor offense. Instead of rapping at the door, the policeman walked in.

There were a few words, a shot, a curse of manslaughter, and for the young man a life sentence.

"He keeps his ambition," said I. "Even in here he seeks to climb."

"He does climb," said J. C. Sanders.

The turnkey opened the wicket, the barred door closed behind us, the barred door in front opened, and we were in the receiving office. Five prisoners were standing there in a group talking. They had been out somewhere cutting wood. Three glistening axes leaned against the wall. It was growing dark and the outer door, opened, showed a rectangle of the purple evening. The warden and I were alone with the five men and these three well-ground axes.

Perhaps he saw my expression, for on the way toward the porch he laughed and told of an occasion last winter when dark came on and one of the deputies or assistants discovered that 123 men were still out and that some of them were cutting ice on the Mississippi—out of the State! But they all came back.

The "Duchess" met us as we came through the dusk.

"H—— called up from the farm," said she. "He was cutting poles and was lost so that he didn't return in time to catch the wagon when the rest came in. He wanted orders. He wanted to know whether he should stay at the farm over night or come home."

"What did you tell him, dear?"

"Well, if he wanted to walk all three miles to come back, I thought it would be all right. I told him to come in."

SENSING THE EXPLANATION

JUST then, I believe, I sensed the explanation of the mystery of these men who never run away, who could take axes and cut their way to freedom but do not strike. I understood the story of the old, yegg man who drove deputy warden Sullivan to the station because he, as all the men, likes Sullivan. On the way back, the yegg found a revolver in the deputy's coat on the back seat of the carriage and whipped up his horse to return to the prison "out of temptation." I understood the story of the "White Cow" (call him Moriarity), the one man who did "beat it" when he saw his easy chance and went as far as Denver before he telegraphed the warden to come after him.

CONVICTS BUT NOT CRIMINALS

THE explanation of the mystery—the mystery of Sanders's power over his men—the mystery of their keeping faith, lies in the fact that the men he picks out as fitted to "go outside" are convicts but *are not criminals*. That is the answer to the mystery.

Sick in the mind they may have been. Some had chronic diseases of thought, some had had acute attacks. Salvage was Sanders's profession, and the men he has under him he treats as a doctor treats patients to bring them back to health. Furthermore Sanders knows when they are cured.

The law nearly everywhere insists on committing a man for a term of years. Sanders regards this as absurd. "As well commit an insane man for a term of years," he would say. "Criminals should all be committed for an indeterminate period. Those who want to get well and do get well should be discharged. They, of all others, have had the worst punishment because it is the cured man who can see most clearly the scars the disease has left; it is the man who has been a criminal and has been cured who suffers the most terrible punishment of all—the punishment of his own clear thinking mind. No man should ever be sentenced for a term of years. No man could day after day, month after month, deceive an intelligent board as to his cure any more than a fever patient could deceive a doctor. It is wrong to keep in prison men who are not criminals; it is wrong to let those who are still criminals go."

Sanders may be right; I think he is. He may be wrong; perhaps you may believe so. Right or wrong, there is no soft sentimentalism about him. He bases his reforms on man efficiency, on the conservation of human resource. He was successful as a baseball umpire because he made decisions which seemed to him fair and stuck to them. He is a good disciplinarian to-day.

NEW FACES—REALLY

IN the spring he had passed through a long contest with a stubborn prisoner who refused to do any labor. "Put him in uniform and 'solitary'," said the warden. The prisoner succeeded in stirring up a newspaper flurry founded on the rumor that prison cruelty was driving him insane. Sanders paid as much attention to these newspaper attacks as he has paid in the past to all the cartoons and editorials and politician-inspired ridicule which was once heaped upon him. H——, the prisoner, at last, a few weeks ago sent a note to the warden. "I will match some of my talk against some of your time," it said. H—— was brought to the office. He made an unconditional surrender: he was willing to work.

"But the men will guy me," he said doubtfully. "They are with you and against me."

He had felt the pressure of community spirit—a rare presence in a prison. It had overcome his ego. For months he had been in solitary confinement. The warden looked at him with keen observing eyes.

"I'm going in my machine out to the farm, in a few minutes," said Sanders. "Would you like to jump up on the seat and go out with me?"

H—— nearly fainted away.

"A Declaration of Principles"

In referring, last week, to the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, I told you the men who went to Baltimore "cared with all their hearts about this wonderful business of publicity".

Read their "Declaration of Principles" and see just how they cared and how much they cared. This remarkable document was unanimously adopted by that great gathering of Commercial men. It speaks for itself.

W. C. D. Hamersley.

Manager Advertising Department.

At the first joint Committee meeting in the history of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, of representatives from each of the departments in advertising, viz: Advertising Agents, Agricultural Publications, Directories, General Advertisers, Magazines, Newspapers, Out-Door Advertising, Printing and Engraving, Religious Press, Retail Advertisers, Technical Publications, Trade Press and Specialty Advertising, the outstanding feature was the sincere and determined purpose of each department to work jointly for the promotion of efficient advertising, in harmony with all the other departments and interests concerned in promoting the common good of advertising, and, where abuses occur, to deal fearlessly for their correction, realizing that only by this united effort no loophole will be left through which the unfair practitioner may escape.

To this end the Committee believes that the time has now come when this great body, the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, should establish a permanent authenticated Commission, composed of the constituent elements represented in the present Committee, and such other elements as may be added, which Commission should deal in detail with the problems existent in our fields.

We recommend that each of these constituent elements, the Advertising Agents, Agricultural Publications, Directories, General Advertisers, Magazines, Newspapers, Out-Door Advertising, Printing and Engraving, Religious Press, Retail Advertisers, Technical Publications, Trade Press, Specialty Advertising and such other elements as may be added, be formed as sub-organizations of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America and that into these departmental organizations be admitted as members only those who can meet the qualifications established by the duly authorized Commission or investigating body.

We believe in Truth, the corner stone of all honorable and successful business, and we pledge ourselves each to one and one to all to make this the foundation of our dealings, to the end that our mutual relations may become still more harmonious and efficient.

We believe in Truth, not only in the printed word, but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication and dissemination of advertising.

We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller of advertising or advertising material. Governmental agencies insist on "full weight" packages, and "full weight" circulation figures. They also should insist on "full weight" delivery in every commercial transaction involved in advertising. We believe that agents and advertisers should not issue copy containing manifestly exaggerated statements, slurs, or offensive matter of any kind, and that no such statements should be given publicity.

We believe that the present chaotic multiplicity of methods of arriving at verification of circulation statements are not only confusing but inadequate, and that the time for radical revision of these methods and for standardization of statements is the present, and the opportunity for constructive work along these lines is given by the assemblage at this Convention for the first time, of representatives of all the different interests concerned in this vital matter.

We believe in co-operation with other agencies now at work on this problem, especially in the plan of the Central Bureau of Verification which has already been initiated by some of the organizations represented in this Commission, and request the Executive Committee to proceed therewith.

We indorse the work of the National Vigilance Committee, and believe in the continued and persistent education of the press and public regarding fraudulent advertising, and recommend that the Commission, with the co-operation of the National Vigilance Committee should pass upon problems raised and conduct campaigns of education on these lines. We believe it to be the duty of every advertising interest to submit problems regarding questionable advertising to this Commission and to the National Vigilance Committee.

We believe that the elimination of sharp practice on the part of both buyer and seller of advertising and advertising material will result from the closer relationship that is being established, and, that in place of minor antagonisms, will come personal co-operation to the increased benefit of all concerned, and the uplifting of the great and growing business of advertising.

We believe in upholding the hands worthy to be upheld, and we believe that each and every member owes a duty to this Association of enforcing the Code of Morals based on Truth in Advertising, and Truth and Integrity in all the functions pertaining thereto.

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No. 126

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Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

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That sounds almost unbelievable. But it's true—a proved fact. A 6-cent pound of ordinary sugar and the wonderful

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will turn the trick and do it every eight minutes, at a fair, a race track, a circus or anywhere a crowd collects.

Many men and women earning independence year after year—no expense for repairs. Nine years of big money-making experience prove this your opportunity.

Write today to Dept. C-1 for Candy Floss Machine Catalog. Catalogs of popcorn and peanut roasters and ice cream cone machines on request.

Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The Sure Way to Get Pure Ice Cream

is to make it yourself. The easiest, quickest and most economical way is with a

Triple Motion

WHITE MOUNTAIN Ice Cream Freezer

The three motions—can revolving while dashers work in opposite directions—reduce freezing time two-thirds, and make your ice cream deliciously smooth in texture. Sold by dealers everywhere. *Write for free booklet, "Frozen Dainties."*

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. O, Nashua, N. H.



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Temperature cooler than at the middle Atlantic Coast Resorts

By Twin Screw S. S. **"BERMUDIAN," 10,518 tons** displacement. Electric fans; wireless telegraphy; submarine signals. **Fastest, newest and only Steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer.**

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via Halifax, N. S., most delightful cruise of 1600 miles. Magnificent Scenery: Gut of Canso, Northumberland Strait, Gulf and River St. Lawrence and **far-famed Saguenay River.** S. S. "Trinidad" from New York July 5th and 19th, August 2nd and 16th. From Quebec July 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

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To-day he wears a new face.

"That's where you notice the most difference between this and other pens," said a discharged prisoner with a long record. "It's in the faces of the boys. You won't find the like of it in any prison in the country. The warden has his ups and downs, and ins and outs, but he sure can put a new face on a man. And he knows what a discharged prisoner is up against to steer away from temptation. See? He tries to help 'im out."

Sanders does. Salvage is his profession. I spoke to him about the effect of diet on men. I suggested less meat.

"If I only could convince the men themselves!" said he.

"Try diet experiments with two squads of prisoners," I proposed. "Do it in the dining room. Then give tests for strength and endurance and put up bulletins of the results. Make the men interested in their own bodies."

"That's right—interested in their own bodies!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

I prophesy that he will work out this diet problem too.

"This is my game," said he, gazing out over the Mississippi River at the evening mists on the Illinois shore. "I love it."

The Man and the Mother of Him

(*Concluded from page 17*)

generally off and down the street with the last mouthful.

"An' here he sets, skellyin' at me loike anny cow!" she thought exasperatedly. His large eyes followed her about, making her "thot flustered" that, under their baleful influence, she dropped a favorite cream pitcher and broke it to smithereens!

DANNY helped her gather it up. Stooping, their heads came together with a smart rap. Mrs. McFee felt her red hair getting the better of her. She was an independent soul, and liked to do things for herself.

"Ye'd no call to help me!" she exclaimed testily, then, catching sight of her son's woebegone face, she burst out laughing. After a moment he joined her. They both felt better.

"Whut ails ye, Danny?" she asked coaxingly. "Are yez ill?" She went up to him and felt his head in quest of fever symptoms.

"No," answered Danny, shamefacedly. He began to wish he hadn't read the article on "Mother's Day," but, having started to do what he thought right, he determined to stick it out. He was a bit of a bulldog in temperament.

As for his mother, she began to feel downright anxious. Something was evidently very much amiss!

Presently, her dishes finished, she came across the newspaper Danny had brought home with him. She put a pair of spectacles astride her perky little nose and began to read, finding thus a momentary surcease from anxiety even under Danny's fixed regard. Almost the first thing that met her eye was the article on "Mother's Day." She read it through. It did not appeal to her. She was nearly as undemonstrative as her son. When she had finished the last paragraph she looked over her glasses at Danny.

He had momentarily transferred his moody gaze to his boots. He looked unhappy.

An idea came to Mrs. McFee. She rose and went into the hall. Danny's coat hung on the rack.

Yes, there *was* a faded white carnation in the buttonhole!

A TWINKLE came into her eyes as she stood there a moment regarding it.

"Sure, that's ut!" she said to herself with an expression of great relief.

Returning to the kitchen, she bustled about, getting out flour, butter, sugar, and spices, together with her cake board and bowl. She began energetically to beat up a cake dough, singing snatchily the while an Irish song that sounded like the Cork directory set to an eccentric tune.

"Whin I wint down to Donnybrook fair,
There I met wid another beggair,"

she chanted contentedly in her mellow Irish voice.

Danny moved uneasily in his chair. Under the stress of his mother's cheerful song, sentiment took on new and appalling difficulties.

"An' that beggair's name was Danny,"

she caroled light-heartedly, with a glance at her son to point the personality.

"An' he had a wife whose name was—
Nanny,"

she continued, making up the rimes—like the cakes—as she went along, and nodding vigorously at each name.

"There was Danny an' Nanny, an' Jimmy an' Jinny,
Biddy an' Pat, an' all the beggairs,
Sat in a roic, singin' Fol-de-rol Ol-de-rol-ay!"

Danny's presence in the kitchen reminded her of the time when he was a solemn-eyed small boy—so like his poor father even in those days!—sitting beside the table as she worked, following her about the house, forever under her feet wherever she turned, till in desperation she would butter a piece of bread or a cracker, and bid him go outdoors and eat it.

It all came back to her as she busied herself with his favorite ginger cakes, and popped them into the oven, still emitting, as she moved about, occasional crescendos of song.

Spicy odors soon scented the warm kitchen. Danny sat up straight and began to take an interest.

Presently the cakes were done and out of the oven. As soon as they were cool enough to handle, Mrs. McFee took up two large ones, and, going over to Danny, stood looking down at him.

OLD memories stirred in Danny's bosom. Now was the time, if ever, to voice them in a grateful word. For a long moment his large gray eyes gazed into her small blue ones. Then one of the blue eyes impressively eclipsed itself in a slow wink.

"Mother's Day, is ut?" she said softly, twinkling down at him with perfect comprehension both of his affection and his efforts to express it. "Mother's Day, is ut? Sure ut's Danny's day, too!"

She thrust a warm cake into each of his big hands.

Danny rose to his feet with a sheepish grin. He shook himself like a dog coming out of deep water.

Mrs. McFee put her hands in the small of his back and pushed him gently toward the door, saying as of old:

"Run out an' play now—loike a good boy!"

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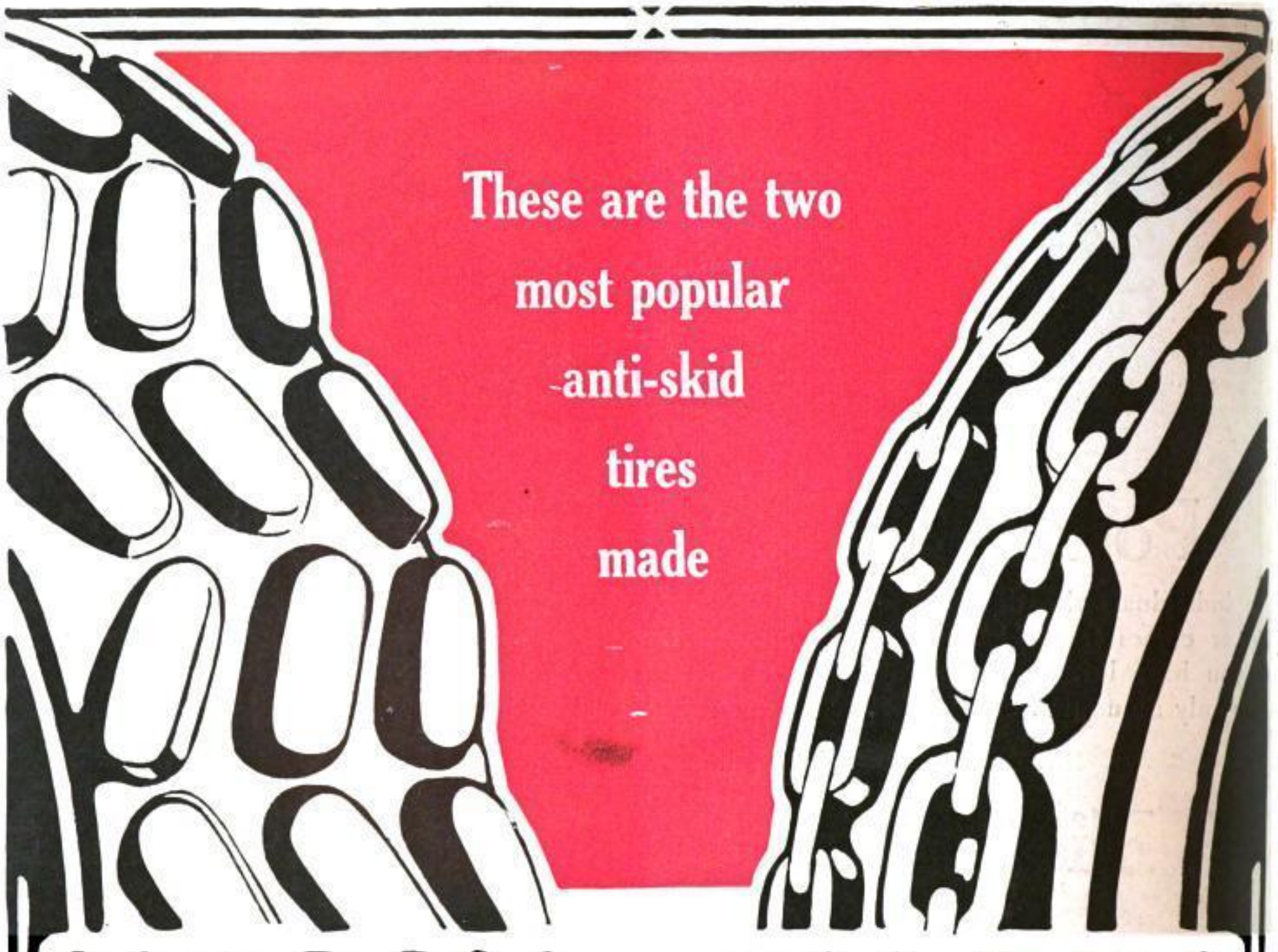
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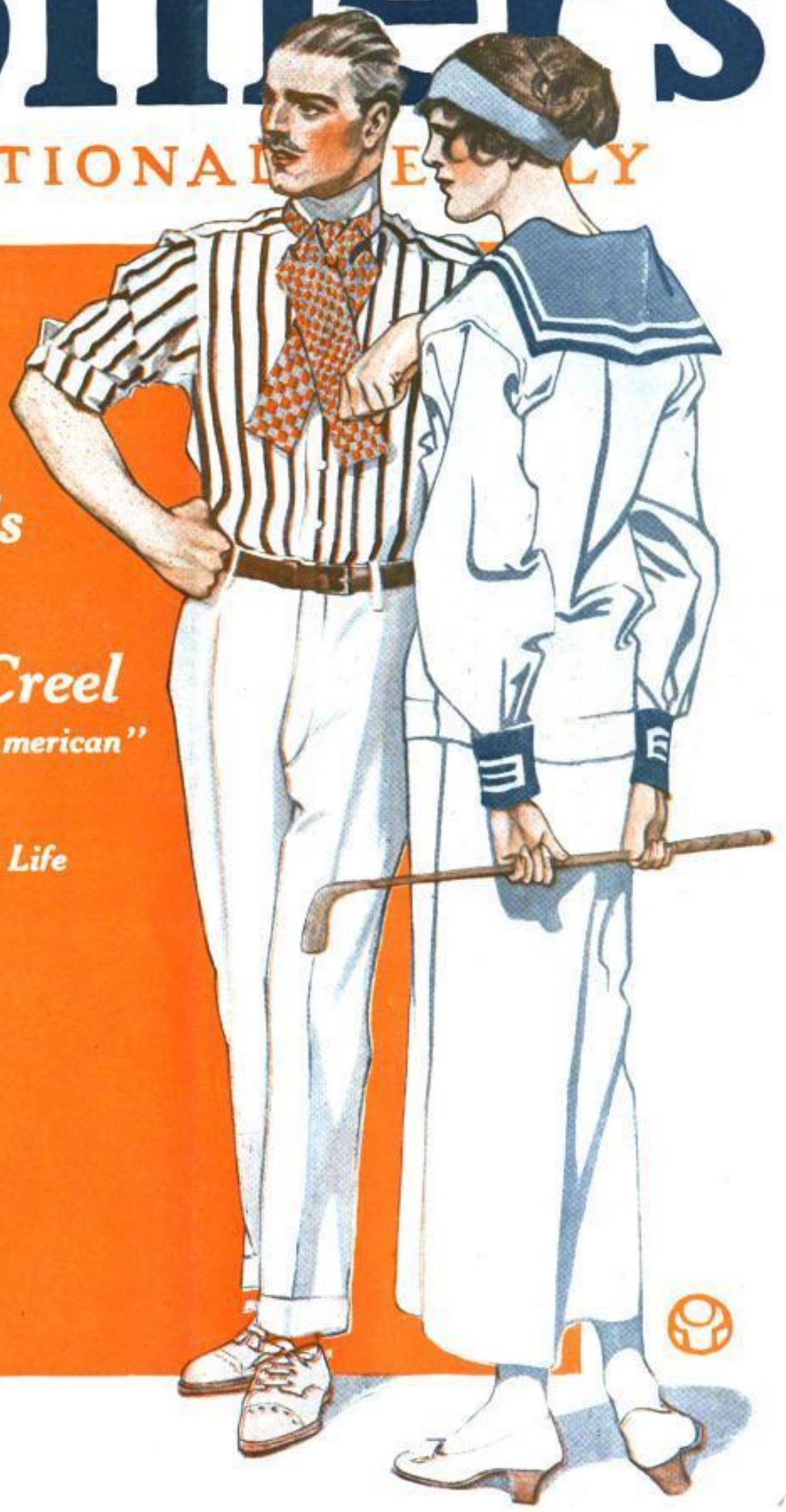
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The House of Devils

Citizen Creel
—"Everyday American"

A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet

The Left-Behind

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 18

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
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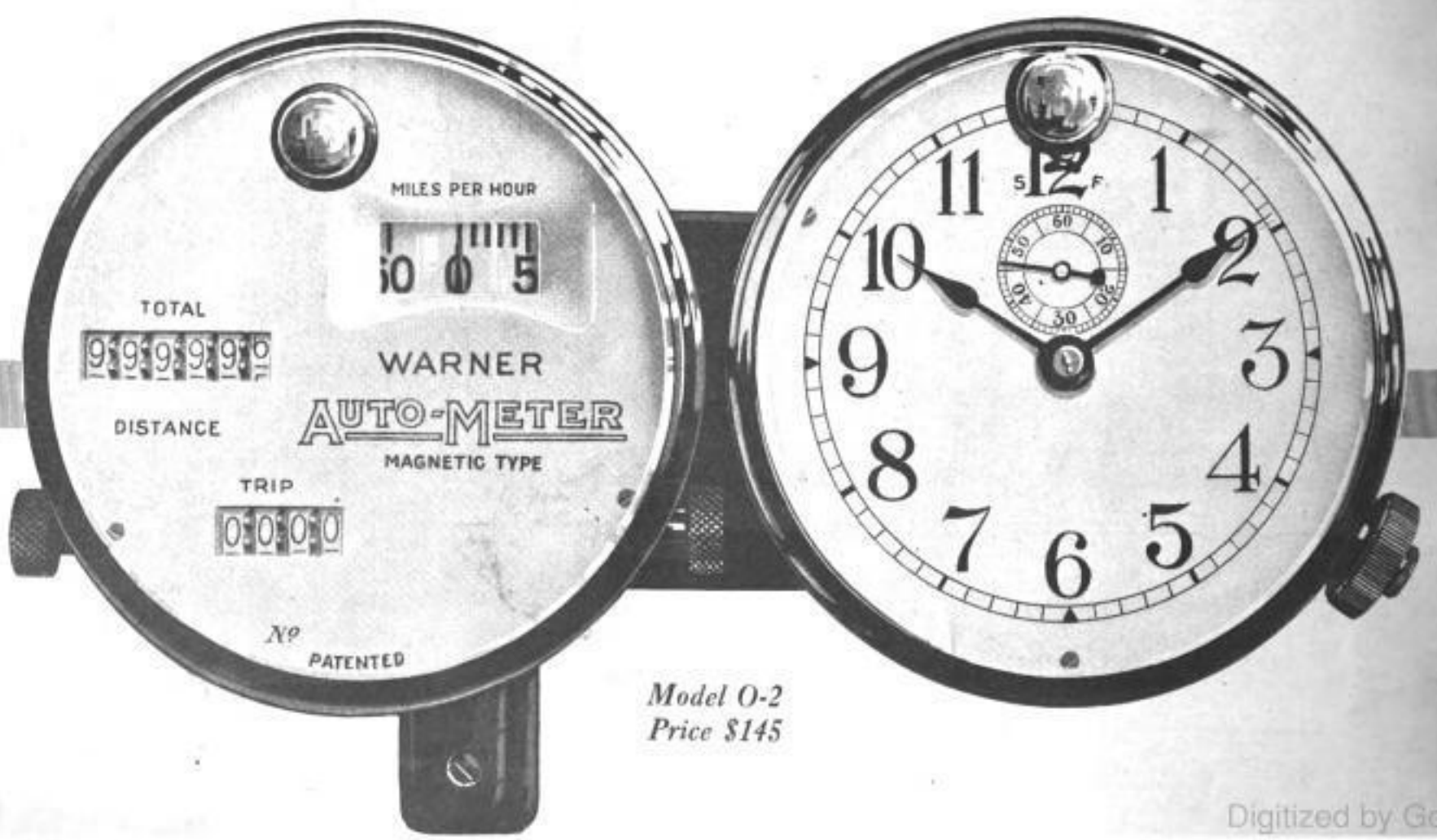
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—U. S. Chemist Alsberg

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—From a speech by Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, delivered at Mobile, Ala., June 17, 1913.

Dr. Wiley's successor tells you that the guarantee not only does not prove purity, but that *it actually misleads* intelligent people—like you, for example—into buying bad foods because they bear the meaningless phrase "guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act"!

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The introduction of the Delco System marked an epoch in automobile history.

Two years ago electric cranking was smiled at as an impractical dream.

Today it is demanded as an essential factor of a properly built car.

Automobile history has been made with amazing rapidity since August, 1911.

The real refinement of the motor car began with the elimination of the crank.

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Probably never before in the history of any modern industry has there been such revolutionary development in so short a time, and it has been due largely to the fact that Delco Equipment was a perfected, practical machine before the first Delco equipped car appeared.

The Delco System

Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

The pioneering of Delco Engineers and Designers was well done.

Engineering problems were solved, and mechanical difficulties eliminated in the seclusion of the Delco experimental shops before the public ever heard of electric cranking.

That is why the Delco system was an instantaneous success.

That is why the 12,000 Delco equipped cars that were produced last year simply revolutionized the automobile business.

That is why it has been necessary for us to produce Delco equipment for over 40,000 cars this year, and to undertake the production of practically 100,000 Delco equipments next year.

There is only one possible explanation for such remarkable development in so short a time—the Delco System was fundamentally and mechanically right from the very start.

And just bear this in mind—big as the production has grown to be, it is not supplying the demand.

A lot of automobile buyers who want Delco equipped cars this year are not going to be able to get them, simply because of the limits of production possibilities.

Delco equipped cars are now and will continue to be at a premium.

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The Fortunes of Citizen Creel



By Peter Clark Macfarlane

AN EVERYDAY AMERICAN who has been able to keep faith with his belief that life need never be dull.

GEORGE CREEL is a young enthusiast who went to Denver four years ago to write editorials on the "Post." Latterly his vehicle has been the "Rocky Mountain News." June 1 of last year this boyish idealist was appointed Police Commissioner. On February 1 of the current calendar the Mayor preferred charges against him, and he was suspended for trial. Fifteen days later he was removed from office.

For months all the newspapers of the city, except the "News" (on which he was employed), had been heckling him with criticism, misrepresentation, and abuse, which culminated in a whirlwind of vituperative assault that continued unabated during the days when he was under suspension. No insinuation or misrepresentation appears to have been too mean or petty to be employed in the public prints, while privately no immorality was too gross to be imputed, no slander too foul to be whispered about the streets. His past record was searched out like that of the meanest criminal. He was ousted from office to the accompaniment of wild shrieks of approval from his newspaper enemies, while shouts of joy echoed between the haunts of corrupt special interests on the one hand and the recesses of the underworld upon the other, like some grisly antiphonal chorus. To make the situation more humiliating, the men who plotted his downfall were the men whom his passionate enthusiasms and trenchant pen had swept into office.

Why the Hostility?

AND yet in the hour when they had stripped him he seems to have stood highest. In the week when the foulest assaults upon his name had been made, his character appears to have shone brightest. The very day before his enemies humbled him he won the greatest victory of his career in Denver. While politicians were execrating him and paragraphic Caliban's were hissing poison, audiences of citizens rose out of respect when he entered their presence, and mothers pressed forward to pat him on the back and whisper words of encouragement.

Still they forced him out of office. They will drive him from Denver—if they can; make his memory a hiss, his name a byword—if they can!

Why is this, I ask myself, turning page after page of double-leaded venom—why? How has this smooth-faced young man earned so much enmity? What child has he trampled? What woman wronged? What man defrauded? What cause betrayed?

He Came from Missouri

THINKING it must lie in the man himself, for one scruples to indict a city, I turned and studied the man's face. Undoubtedly something of Creel's rare capacity to kindle devotions and excite antagonisms is written there. We see at a glance the broadish round-cornered brow of the intuitional type of mind which sees widely and thinks clearly but emotionally. The nose is strong and full—feeling again! but not the sloppy sort of feeling—rather a tense and refined emotionalism, as indicated by the sharp inturn of the nostrils at the base and the manner in which they quiver in excitement. And now look at the long lower lip, full and red from end to end. This is the lip of abandon. If this lip started wrong, everything his enemies say of George Creel might be true. Then glance at his hair, carried straight back as if by the headlong speed with which the man dives into whatever enterprise commands his allegiance. But do not think he dives recklessly. Consider his eyes. They are brown and recessed, but gather light. They are woman's eyes, for sympathy and softness, but when wrong has roused them they are warrior's eyes and flash with battle light. For this young George Creel is a fighter, a champion in the lists for the lowly. He has an instinct for humanity: the smell of mortality is over all his acts. And so, just from looking at his picture we can begin to understand his troubles.

But we shall like him better if we can see how deliberately he cast his life in a spirit of gentleness and mirth—a spirit which he still retains—and that he was only made over into a fire-breathing fighter by the causes which he championed.

Creel was born in Missouri one year after the centennial, with good blood in his veins and generations of traditions to live up to; but even as a boy he was never able to get up any interest in traditions. Life, love of people, a sympathetic affinity for humanity in the mass were motive instincts with him. He couldn't stay at home. There were not people enough there to suit him. He loved the main streets of the village; he hung on the crowds that gaped at the street faker's oratory, and it was the crowds and not the oratory that attracted the boy. One autumn he ran away from home and followed the succession of country fairs about the State—again his passion for the crowds! At eighteen he was in Kansas City, reporting on the "World," which was one of Scripps's early ventures. As a reporter human sympathy characterized his work. Sometimes the application of this quality resulted in a great story, sometimes in none; as, for instance, when George was sent out to get the account of an elopement from the father of the girl. The weeping father met the young reporter and explained that he did not wish to be quoted. The boy forgot that he was a reporter in remembering that he was a gentleman.

"Why, certainly, sir," he murmured sympathetically. "Quite natural! Quite natural!" After which he took himself off, going back to the office with a fine warm glow in his breast.

"What's the story?" asked the city editor.

"The gentleman was feeling very badly and didn't wish to be quoted," replied the boy in confidential tones.

The city editor's teeth ground out a bulldog growl. "You fool!" he blurted. "Go to the back door, see the cook, and get the story out of her."

"Go to the back door yourself," exclaimed Creel in sudden anger; "I'm not a back-door worker."

Jokesmith and Snow Shoveler

THUS was his reportorial career blighted. He left Kansas City on a cattle train, the destination of which was New York. While en route he had hastily decided that what humanity needed was a fresh supply of stories of the Poe type, and arrived in Manhattan big with this idea, but could find no editor to agree with him. In fact, so far as Creel could find out personally, there were no editors; all he ever saw were office boys. Picking up a copy of "Judge"—no insinuations; it would have been the same

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if it were "Life," or "Under the Chestnut Tree"—he decided that jokes gave the greatest promise of easy lucre. Shutting himself in his cheap room in a mechanics' hotel, he ground out jokes by the dozens, by the hundreds—jokes in bales and jokes in bundles; but soon discovered that he had merely invented an endless chain. They all went out but they all came back again, and with their points rubbed off so that not even George himself could see them.

Giving up joke writing for a time, he became a snow shoveler. This paid much better and he quickly acquired the point of view of his new craft. On a bright sunny day his spirits were plunged in gloom, but when the sky was overcast and the promise of flakes was in the weather report, his spirits soared. By the time spring arrived, however, George had really got the hang of joke building. The doors of all the comics swung open for him, and Creel began to make the nation laugh.

But this was not a career; it was a makeshift. Creel was an earnest soul. He wanted to make things better for the people so they could laugh of their own accord without the necessary fingers of a jokester twiddling them in the ribs. He found another man of the same mind, and in 1899 went back to Kansas City to start a weekly paper called the "Independent," the particular aim of which was political reform. Kansas City, with Democratic Missouri on one side of it and Republican Kansas on the other, had not progressed very far beyond the party idea in politics. Democrat or Republican, to be regular was to be right, and to be independent was to be a traitor. In an atmosphere like this Creel's idealism sloshed around like a pint of water in a gas tank. George, for the first time in his life, was largely and sanely serious, but to the Missourians nothing was ever funnier. He became the laughing stock of the town. Yet he held on, week after week hammering out his ideals, fighting every sham, assaulting crookedness, wickedness, and graft wherever he found it.

Creel Invades Denver

AND he kept this up for ten years, every week of which was a tragedy of some sort. One time it would be to get the money to get his paper out; then he would corral some lucky bit of advertising which would seem to promise smooth sailing for a year; the week after perhaps he would come upon some sort of rottenness that needed to be exposed, only to observe that if he did his duty it would affect adversely some friend or interest of this latest advertiser. Tragedy again! With a rueful sigh, and sometimes no doubt a tear—for George was only a boy of twenty-two then, and his is a nature in which the period of adolescence has been greatly prolonged—he would look at the advertisement in his make-up, and at the galleys that stood like loaded guns ready to be fired at the breastwork of evil; but invariably he fired his gun, and generally he lost his advertising.

And then there were the disappointments and the ingratitudes, both public and personal. George was passionately devoted to his friends; they were gods who could do no wrong. And yet he was continually finding his confidence betrayed, himself blamed and in hot water, because he had trusted a man who proved unworthy. Then, too, he frequently got into controversies with the very elements in the community who should have been his backers. Often this was because of some Cervantean tilt at what he thought was hypocrisy in high places, or because of his supreme impatience that persons who meant as well as he did not see as clearly or observe the same wrongs.

But if at times he felt stung and sore, he never whimpered long and never sulked in his corner. When the next issue came on he was first in the fray.

After a while better times dawned, the Missouri State machine began to wabble, Folk became Governor, Creel supporting him with great joy and satisfaction to himself, whether others were very much aware of it or not. Things grew steadily better. The initiative and referendum were gained for Missouri, and Hadley succeeded Folk. Other and more powerful champions of the causes he had espoused were in the field. Then, too, the period of greatest personal struggle was now over. Creel's debts were paid, his paper was making money, and he could pause to fan himself and receive some profit of his labors.

Instead Creel looked across at Denver—saw the fight on there between privilege and the people, about which everyone knows, and decided to get into the scrimmage. If he had been content to await a buyer he might have sold his paper for five or six thousand dollars; but he was not content. Instead he gave it away—called in two young ladies who were eager to become publishers, and gave it to them! Ten years from the time he came to Kansas City, almost to a day, Creel left it with fifty dollars in his pocket and went to Denver to become editorial writer on the "Post."

Denver, let it be explained, is the editorial writer's paradise, for in that city it is the fashion for him to sign his articles. He thus may become a power if he will and can. And Creel both would and could. Two things he had learned in Kansas City: one was to write with the punch of a pugilist; the other was to know a crooked political layout when he saw one. The "Post" had the largest circulation of any paper between Kansas City and San Francisco. It was a great opportunity, and Creel's passionate, light-flashing editorials began immediately to illumine the political situation. The spring of 1910 saw a fight over the question of municipal ownership *versus* a franchise to the privately owned waterworks. Creel had a finger in it and municipal ownership won.

At the next session of the Legislature the initiative, the referendum, and a direct-primary law were demanded. The Lower House responded to the popular will, but the Senate, controlled by special privilege, was obstinate. Creel, through the columns of the "Post," went after recalcitrant Senators, concentrated his fire upon one after another, and publicly branded certain of them with the scarlet letter of political prostitution. In one of his editorials the champion of the people rather recklessly declared that these *scarlet-letter* Senators ought to be hanged.

Battling

ONE of the pilloried legislators sued the "Post" for $100,000 damages. The suit was filed on Saturday, the trial began on Tuesday, and the verdict, favorable to the "Post" and Creel, was returned on Friday. During the trial the people of Denver got a glimpse of Creel in personal action on the witness stand. He proved an insuppressible witness, overanswering the questions and overflowing objections. His testimony was a mere succession of stump speeches. When the cross-examiner endeavored suavely to ridicule Creel by asking if he had not meant the expression about hanging the Senators in a purely figurative sense, he replied excitably in a high voice that rang out to the auditors above every other sound in the court room: "No—the hemp! the hemp! the hemp!"

They tried to stop him, but he kept beating the arms of the witness chair and shouting dramatically: "The hemp! the hemp! the hemp!" The very extreme of his vehemence and the dauntless abandon with which he stood by his published utterance cowed his adversaries and gained the popular verdict, which was what he really cared for in every controversy.

After this verdict the Senate surrendered. After this, too, we begin to understand why some people never can feel drawn toward George Creel.

In November of the same year a county election came around. A citizens' ticket, backed by Lindsey and the good government forces generally, was in the field. Creel fought for this ticket with his editorial weapons until one week before the election, when the proprietors of the "Post" by a surprising switch withdrew their support. Creel immediately resigned and took the stump, but the ticket was beaten by a narrow margin.

Defeat and Self-Communion

CREEL was now unhorsed. He had continually spent every cent he made in behalf of the causes he was advocating, and in consequence was not only unemployed but without funds. In nine short months he had made his mark upon the city of Denver; he had stained certain wrongs before the public eye beyond the ability of any cunning political trickster ever to whiten them again; he had illumined the sky with lights which would not fade and which showed which way the car of progress was to travel, but he had no job, no *licing*. Every newspaper in the city was against him. Even his fellow craftsmen were against him. They held him guilty of treachery in deserting his paper in the midst of a campaign and shunned him like a pariah. Creel was completely mystified by such a charge. To him it was very clear that his (Continued on page 24)



Sunday Nights in Panama

SUNDAY nights in Panama
Underneath the tropic sky,
Nights without a single flaw
As the trade winds softly sigh,
And the crowds go drifting by,
Black and yellow, white and brown,
While the coaches swiftly ply
Through the quaint old Spanish town.

Where so many feet have trod
In the storied long ago,
Blithely strolls the promenade
Through the plazas, to and fro,
Girls in garb as white as snow,
Strutting dandies held in awe,
Worker, Idler, Maid, and Beau,
Sunday nights in Panama.

Shops with light are all ablaze,
And from galleries above
Women cast a languid gaze,
Lovers whisper words of love.
In its shelter sleeps the dove,
Drowsily the parrots caw;
Who could cease from dreaming of
Sunday nights in Panama?

From the band stand come the strains
Of some well-remembered air,
How the spell of it remains
With you always, everywhere!
Good it is to linger there,
Life seems quite without a flaw,
Fled are worry, fret and care,
Sunday nights in Panama.

Once you know the tropic snare
Ever tighter will it draw,
Sweet they are—but oh, beware—
Sunday nights in Panama!

BERTON BRALEY

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The House of Devils



By Katharine Baker

FROM among the royal palms, hibiscus flowers, and flaming cordia, gleams the wrecker's house at Barbados, a gloomy monument to a grisly trade. Then a young girl comes from the States and bears away a lover from the ruins.

GIGANTIC negroes shouted and balanced trunks above my head, dropping them down the ship's side into rowboats that bobbed below. Over the tumbled heaps of luggage that cumbered the narrow spar deck I climbed recklessly from peak to peak in the darkness, through the raging mob, searching for my belongings.

My boatman lighted matches and held them to the labels.

"This trunk? Yas, mistress, please. . . . Firefly!" His soft speech ended in a great startling roar. The boat came alongside. He lowered my trunk over the rail. I struggled to the gangway.

There stood the fourth officer, his boyish face severe with authority.

"Firefly, please," I begged.

"Firefly next," he decreed.

A sudden rush of negroes swept me down the ladder. The sea sucked away the boat. I slipped.

"Get back!" shouted the fourth officer furiously at the negroes.

A sure arm caught me and set me in the boat. A short, commonplace person in a shabby coat withdrew his competent support.

"Miss Johns, are you all right?" asked the harassed young officer at my side, and raced back to the head of the ladder.

"Miss Johns," deliberately repeated the man in the shabby coat. "Then I've found you."

HE STEPPED into the boat. We drew away from the tall, illuminated ship into the blackness of Carlisle Bay.

"A nice way to land passengers," sneered a stout traveler, wiping his red forehead with the back of his hand. And so I came to Barbados.

"I am the overseer's son," began the shabby young man presently. "I came on board when the *Manchester* anchored, and I've been searching for you. But in that pandemonium—" He lapsed from conversation. Small flying fish leaped about the boat, like humble little acrobats toiling for our pleasure. I leaned to watch them. "They're good to eat," remarked the overseer's son. "You'll have some for your breakfast. They're very cheap, too. Six pounds for a penny."

"Hateful pig!" I thought, and wanted to say it right out to him.

"One thing I'm bound to see in this island, if it's possible," observed the stout traveler presently to his companion. "They tell me it's the finest place of its kind in existence. One of the old great houses the sugar planters used to build. They're nearly all gone now. But this one isn't strictly a sugar confection. A wrecker built it. The old scoundrel used to tie lanterns to palms on the beach. Ships thought they saw the lights of a town. Steered for the harbor. Wrecked on a two-mile reef. He'd go out with his slaves and loot them. Nothing lost but lives. Nobody ever survived to tell the tale. They say when his niggers revolted he had their hands put between the rollers of his sugar mill." The traveler chuckled. "Regular pirate! But he spared no expense on his house. I'm going to see it, if I can get in. 'Baron's House,' they call it."



The overseer's son bent forward.

"One is reluctant to impugn the scientific accuracy of these stirring tales," he interrupted suavely. "But experienced travelers like yourselves will suspect that they are liberally designed and colored to lend romantic atmosphere. We must make our islands interesting."

"I haven't found anything in the islands to interest *me*," commented the tourist's companion, "except planter's punch and green swizzle."

"Ah! You are quite right," agreed the overseer's son. "To Northerners, accustomed to tafia, our genuine rum, made from the whole cane, is a revelation. Few outside the West Indies know what our native spirits can be. There is an old St. Croix rum that retails here at two dollars a bottle—"

They hung on his words. He discussed brands of rum all the way to the landing.

THE overseer's son dealt summarily with the customs. Outside the great shed, colored porters piled my luggage into the back of a light wagon. He took the driver's seat himself, sounded a mellow, lovely gong, and we whirled out across the careenage into the white coast road.

All Barbados to me seemed lanes and long walls and soft, sweet air, and negro voices thrilling through the dark.

We left the town behind. We passed rolling fields of cane and sugar mills with broad arms.

At the top of a hill the overseer's son stopped his horse and pointed with his whip.

"Away over there, beyond the lighthouse, is Baron's House," he said.

"Is it a bad coast?" I asked.

"The worst on the island."

"Was my great-great-grandfather really a wrecker?" I demanded.

"Scandalous gossip," replied the overseer's son, violently gathering up his reins. "You shouldn't pay any attention to such meddlesome cattle."

"Then how did he truly make his money?" I persisted.

He did not answer.

The horse's swift hoofs clattered over the coral rock. Presently the overseer's son spoke again.

"Oh, see here," he pleaded. "What's the use? If you're going to listen to negroes' lies. . . . I dare say your great-great-grandfather was a little queer. Most planters were a hundred years ago. It's a very dangerous coast. Your great-great-grandfather probably did make some salvage out of ships that ran ashore. Don't believe the rest."

I HAD been asleep. The stopping of the horse waked me. Hastily I straightened my head from where it lay on the shoulder of the overseer's son. I was annoyed and ashamed, but he paid no attention to me.

The façade of a vast house towered above us. A door opened. There stood a gaunt woman, holding a little kitchen lamp that cast its light down a flight of checkered marble steps. The steps were so magnificent, the lamp was so mean and sordid, the woman's face so old, so stern, and forbidding—a terror flashed over me like that I used to feel, when I was very tiny, at Doré's picture of the Ogre's wife in her dismal castle, lighting a welcome to Hop-o'-My-Thumb and his brothers.

But I was a young lady from boarding school, and this was my dear great-aunt.

I kissed her cheek. I might as well have kissed the marble steps, for all the response I got.

She led the way through high, carved, and pillared rooms, walled with gilded mirrors, but the gold had peeled and the quicksilver decayed, so that our figures were blotted out or faded to ghostliness, as we passed with our flickering, feeble lamp.

We climbed a carved mahogany staircase. We entered a little dressing room. My aunt set down her lamp, and through an open doorway we came to my great-grandmother's room. There were no windows. A candle gave the only light. My great-grandmother lay in a large bed. Her eyes had gone back into black caverns. Her face was as yellow as wax. It had shrunken and narrowed so that her high features seemed like a mere profile set on edge among the pillows. From her mummy ears hung golden hoops. There she lay, forgotten by death, who had gone off, it seemed, leaving his work half finished.

She had no welcome for me.

"She never speaks or moves any more," explained my aunt.

I leaned to kiss that cadaverous countenance.

"Don't. You'll smother her," said my aunt graciously.

Morning was different, and I found Baron's House very beautiful by daylight. At ease in my wide bed with carved spindle posts, I watched the sun stream into my windowless room through the open doors.

For, in spite of the tropical climate, no bedroom in that house had a window. All around the outside ran a series of boudoirs and dressing rooms, and into them the bedrooms opened. Everything was old. My clothes hung on a curious, carved rack, waist high. My chaise longue was carved. Through the dressing-room doorway I saw a carved toilet table, with flaming cordia flowers on it.

Susy had put them there, and had picked up my scattered clothes and hung them on the rack. Now, in a stiff, white turban and gown, she brought my coffee. For there were servants in the quarters, I found, though none would stay in the house after dark.

I had my bath, and felt like Cleopatra stepping down into the huge tiled tub. Susy helped me to dress, and I stuck a spray of cordia in my hair.

My dressing room looked out on a broad lawn, with a strong stone wall around it, and a gate with a stone gate house like a fort.

BEYOND the lawn was pasture with cattle feeding, and beyond that royal palms along the beach, and behind their green heads the rainbow water of the reef. Were those the palms, waving like a lady's fan in the cheerful sunlight? I tried to fancy lanterns tied to those trees, sending lying messages to ships at sea. All that was certainly nonsense.

There were velvety, red hibiscus flowers on the breakfast table, and flying fish to eat; and I had to agree with the overseer's son that nothing could be so good. Unless it were the clear, red guava jelly.

But my aunt spoiled the breakfast. Black and grim, she sat it through without a word to me. She was a tall, powerful woman, with white hair rolled high above a sallow face. After breakfast she went upstairs and shut the slatted door of my grandmother's room behind her.

Thus dismissed or excluded, I wandered into the airy vestibule that ran around three sides of the house. Doors and long windows were open. I went down the marble steps at the side.

Close to the house was an iron cage with a little animal in it. It was a strange creature, as big as a small collie, very, very thin, with a ridiculously long tail that curved against its hollow ribs, and straightened sinuously, and curved again.

The beast turned incessantly in its narrow cage, looking at me with false, steady eyes, and its mournful mouth puffed at the corners.

"Tiger cat from Demerara, mistress, please," said Susy's deferential voice.

SHE emerged from a basement doorway under the marble steps, carrying a bucket and a wisp of straw. She kneeled and began to scrub the steps, using the straw instead of a brush.

"Good morning," called the overseer's son, riding through the gate. He dismounted and came to me across the grass. "A margay," he said. "Don't get too near. They're altogether devilish."

"Why do we keep it?"

He reflected.

"Don't know, I'm sure. There's always been one ever since the house was built. When one dies, another's sent for. Maybe to intimidate the negroes a bit. Poor, lean, consumptive brute!"

Susy giggled unexpectedly.

"Once ol' mahster he put a black woman in the cat's cage. Yas, mistress, please," she remarked.

The overseer's son wheeled on her, scowling.

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"Confound you, Susy," he threatened, "you tell one more such infernal story to Miss Johns and you'll go back to the fields."

A look of abject fear came into Susy's simple face.

"Mahster, no, please!" she implored him. She got up hastily from her knees and seized her pail with incoherent apologies.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," the overseer's son reassured her. "But you must show better sense, Susy. It's all right, though. No one's going to get you."

Susy, weakly muttering with a stumbling tongue, backed away into the basement.

"Why is she so afraid of the fields?" I asked. "Is the work very hard? Or the pay very bad?"

"Hard work," he assented. "Twenty cents a day."

He looked after the retreating Susy, regret and pity in his face. "I oughtn't to have scared the poor thing. She's not quite all there, and she has a horror of the fields since—"

"Since what?" I pressed him.

"Since she lost her child last year."

"What happened to it?" I asked idly.

"Well, if you must know," he burst out in a kind of exasperation, "it was stolen from her while she was picking cotton and carried off to St. Lucia. Some—obi business."

"Didn't she ever get it back?" I asked with interest.

He stared blankly at me.

"Why, no. Obi." He kept on staring. After a moment he said appealingly: "You needn't get so white. You think we're all savages down here."

THE overseer's son came out of the Bridgetown post office with a handful of letters. I was waiting in the corridor by the stained-glass unlikeness of Franciscus Drake, Eques. The overseer's son was elated.

"By George!" he announced, "we're going to make that old plantation pay yet. I've clinched a contract here for the sugar, eleven shilling a hundredweight, and unless there's an act of God it's not going to cost us a penny over five. It's been sold by commission men hitherto, but I've secured direct consignees."

"You're the most commercially minded person I ever saw," I commented. "Your conversation is all in pounds, shillings, and pence."

He flushed and frowned.

"I have to be," he defended himself. "It's uphill work to turn liabilities into assets without credit. Those six sordid shillings between the cost of production and the sale agreement are the price of Baron's House. They make it possible for the family to stay there. And let me tell you, five shillings is just about rock-bottom cost. Why, up in Louisiana it's more than three times as much. Five shillings means getting up early, and staying on the job, and some luck into the bargain."

"Was it more than five last year?" I asked.

"Father was running it last year," he waived my question.

"Where is your father?"

"Sick. Up in the States."

"When will he come back?"

"I'm afraid never. He had to get out of the tropics."

"What ails him?"

"Oh, confound it," he began with laughing vexation, "you're getting the worst impression of everything. He has elephantiasis. You'll think this place is accursed."

"I think it's the loveliest place in the world," I said honestly.

"It is," he agreed, almost with gratitude. "It is lovely."

He stopped for a moment, considering.

"And now," he added, "I must go to the Canadian Bank. They hold some of our paper. And I must see the shipping agents. Where shall I leave you? And where find you?"

That was how I came to be in the Self Help a little later, eating a soursop ice, and listening to conversation never meant for me.

IT was tourist day. A ship was in the harbor, and the Self Help was full of American women buying lace and beads and old china, eating ices, discussing the sights. A woman near me was turning over a box of colored views.

"Where is this beautiful place?" she asked. "How can I get there? I'd like to see it."

"That's Baron's House," answered the Self Help manager. "It's too far for you to go to, and they don't admit anybody. Yes, it's very picturesque. There are dungeons and smugglers' caves under it. James Baron's daughter lives there with *her* daughter. They're queer people."

"I've heard of him—the wrecker," said the tourist.

"Yes. The daughter's extremely old, of course. An extraordinary character. The negroes used to whisper bloodcurdling tales about her. They said she even went wrecking once with her father. She was playing cards with him in the great drawing room when a ship struck on the reef. The overseer was ill, and she took command of his boat. She tore jewels from drowned men's bodies. She killed a man who tried to get into her boat. Of course they never allowed any survivors to escape."

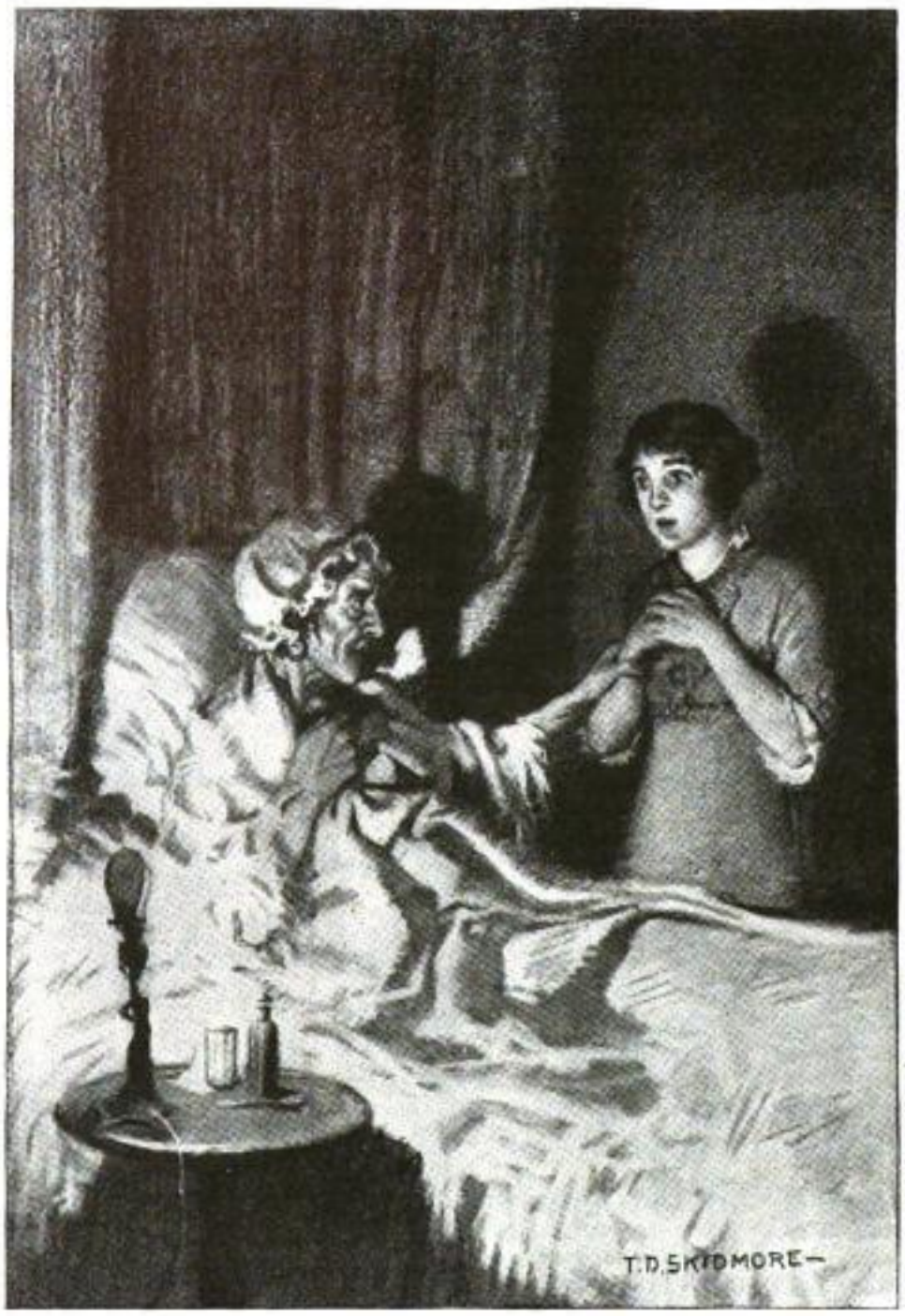
"Gracious!" exclaimed the tourist. "What an awful woman!"

"She had a wicked father. Blood tells," declared the Self Help manager. I got up suddenly.

"Don't you like your ice?" inquired the Self Help manager, much concerned.

"It's too warm here," I apologized. "I'm not used to this climate."

Her kindly sympathy followed me to the door. Down the street came the overseer's son, driving his spirited horse. He sprang out. "Was the ice good?" he asked.



"They can't get back their money. Or their goods. Or their lives. They're dead. Dead at last." She stopped

The Self Help manager stared from him to me. Red embarrassment flooded her face.

"I almost forgot about luncheon," said the overseer's son. "Would you like to try the Ice House? Or shall we drive out to the Marine, or the Savannah Club?"

So he imagined I would lunch with an overseer!

"I'm not hungry," I answered.

It seemed to me he cast a disappointed glance down at his shining white linen suit, at the shining wagon and the shining horse. But he said nothing more.

After a while we passed the Savannah, where a game of polo was beginning.

"Are you a member of the Savannah Club?" I asked.

"Why not?" he demanded quietly.

I had not meant to show astonishment.

"Yes," he added with unruffled good humor, "I have wasted my time like a planter's son. They asked me to join, in spite of my father's being an overseer, because I went to an American college. Now, of course, except in name, I'm an overseer myself."

"Why do you do it?" I flung at him.

"We need the money," he asserted. "Father's helpless. And I'm interested. There's no better opening for improved methods—for inventions."

"But it isn't good enough for you," I declared.

"Oh, yes, it is," he contradicted me. "It's a decided rise in the world for us. You are assigning us a fictitious value. My people are poor whites."

QUITE unconsciously I drew away from him a little. He smiled.

"Poor whites," he reiterated. "Pariahs. Slaves. Very shocking. Though not contagious." Guiltily I came nearer again. "Dull English farmers they were," he continued, "that fought for Monmouth, and lost, and were made prisoners. Men of Taunton that aristocratic Maids of Honor sold into slavery in Barbados over two hundred years ago. You will learn how my people live. You will see their hovels, and their hopeless women, and their anemic, rachitic children, and you'll wonder where my poor old father ever got the ambition that made an overseer of him and a college graduate of me."

We were silent for a while.

At last he brought the horse to a standstill, where the white road ran down into a valley, with little, wretched huts. Below us were fields of brown cotton bushes. Beside us stretched the blue-green cane.

"It's almost ready for cutting," he said. "And there lies the problem. If we only needn't cut it by hand. I'm working on a machine. They say it can't be done. But I don't know. And I have good hopes of the cotton. There's none better in the world. It's miraculous. The finest long-staple Sea Island, and it grows to perfection. Barbados muslin is like a cobweb. It's a new venture— I beg your pardon, you aren't interested in commerce." He stretched out an arm. "You see those huts? The poor whites live there."

He drove on again. I chose another subject.

"This is a very fast horse."

"Good dogs chase by race," he replied. "When I needed a horse, I bought the best American stock." I glanced involuntarily at his coarse straw hat. "Yes, I know," he answered my look, "but a horse isn't an extravagance. It's a necessity. A jipijapa hat keeps off as much sun as the finest Panama from Ecuador. But the family horses could never get you to Bridgetown."

THERE was a cane chaise longue in my grandmother's room. Du Barry herself might have reposed in its fragile strength. I drew it close to the bed and threw myself upon it.

Outside, the trade wind roared and shook the windows. The candle flickered. My grandmother lay motionless, blindly staring, like an effigy on a tomb.

Shadows climbed the walls and crept in through the doors. The night dragged.

After a while I slept uneasily.

I woke with a start. A bony hand grasped my arm as firmly as cogged wheels engage. My grandmother spoke in a strained, tearing whisper.

"Listen," she gasped. "They're fingering at the windows. They want to get in. But my father was too clever for them. He built the bedrooms all inside. All inside. They can't get back their money. Or their goods. Or their lives." A spasm crossed her face. "They're dead. Dead at last." She stopped. The wind rustled the blinds furtively. So poor, death-stricken hands might grope. "I beat him off with an oar," she began again, whispering confidentially. "He wasn't quite drowned. I was taking his earrings. He slashed my wrist with his knife. The negroes finished him. A very handsome, fair fellow. I liked him. My satin slippers were bloody."

She clung painfully to my arm. Across the withered skin of her fleshless wrist ran a long scar. I felt a cold perspiration.

My grandmother had not moved her head. Now she turned her cavernous eyes to me. The gold hoops in her ears caught the candlelight.

"Are those his earrings, grandmother?" I asked, horridly fascinated.

SHE stiffened. Her eyes blazed profound astonishment. "Who are you?" she cried.

Her voice was hoarse and distinct. She sat up. My aunt came running, a malignant vision.

"What have you done?" she attacked me. "You could not watch with her one

(Continued on page 32)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Fourth of July passed without serious debate on the tariff having even begun in the Senate. If the past is any criterion, this means that the tariff bill will not be a law before the latter part of October. The delay is chargeable chiefly to the fact that the Senate has been diverted to investigating itself and the lobby. When President Wilson alluded publicly to the lobby, his real notion was to save time by getting the lobbyists out of Washington. He wanted Senators and Congressmen saved from the annoyance of their harassing persistence, so that men in official life could go about the public business. Instead of having this effect, President Wilson's public allusion to the lobby started quite a different course of events. The Senate, in the hope of putting the President in a hole and of proving that there really isn't any lobby—nothing but legitimate business men on legitimate business errands—started an investigation of the President's charge. Of course the Senate did not anticipate the wide scope which the investigation has taken and the meticulous but highly interesting details it has unearthed. It is all very interesting, and probably ultimately for the public good, but it delays work on a bill which is of extreme importance to business men. However, the complete justification of his charges which President Wilson has received will give him the confidence of the public in even greater degree, and will provide him with such an increase of prestige as will enable him to drive the Senate harder to early action, not only on the tariff bill, but in other matters.

Of Historic Interest Only

IF, in the constantly widening circles of the lobby investigation, his name has not been reached between the writing and the printing of this paragraph, there is still one man who, if he should tell under oath all he knows, would contribute something not so sensational as the racy narrative of Colonel Mulhall, but nevertheless entertaining in its light on the activities of special interests during the past twenty years. However, anything that may be unearthed from now on will have nothing but historic interest. The Government at Washington as it exists to-day is purged. But it is also true that many of the old war horses of the Republican party still live and still entertain ambitions to return to public office—Jim Watson of Indiana, for example. The revelations of the lobby investigation will be useful to have on hand against the time when these men may attempt to return to power—or to rejuvenate the Republican party. Even twenty years after the Gorman tariff scandal, one of the chief actors in it, ex-Senator James Smith of New Jersey, still tries to hold on to local political power.

The Present Régime

THERE is to-day in Washington, with President Wilson in the White House and the Democratic party in control of both the Senate and House, such a condition as reformers for many years have dreamed of and fought for. The progressive element is completely and securely in the saddle. The Democrats may make mistakes of judgment; they may take action along the lines of principles which are fundamentally ill adapted to progress. When they come to dealing with the regulation of business they probably will make this sort of mistake, for they will be pioneering in a new field. Also, here and there in the Democratic régime are spots of decidedly low efficiency. But there is nothing in Washington which corresponds with the situation when Uncle Joe was in power and Jim Watson was his right hand. The cleaning out that reformers have dreamed of is complete.

Comfort to Standpatters

THE one disturbing aspect of the delay about the tariff bill is reflected in this paragraph from a speech made in the Senate by Penrose of Pennsylvania:

> According to current rumor—I know that rumors, as a rule, ought not to have much importance attached to them—a very receptive mood is supposed to exist on the part of these subcommittees toward raising certain duties on protective lines. I think the Senator overrates the stern way in which the subcommittees are guarding the consumer. I do not know whether he is fully aware of all that is going on in the inner circles. It is currently said that we are to have a repetition of the performances of Senator Gorman in this body in connection with the Wilson-Gorman bill. I do not know whether it is true or not.

Every beneficiary of the high tariff, every person who hopes the Democratic program of tariff revision will fail, thinks that delay is on his side.

The Louisiana Republicans

THE facts seem to show that there are a good many people in Louisiana who don't approve of Senator Ransdell and Senator Thornton joining the Republicans in opposition to the Wilson-Underwood Tariff Bill. This paragraph concerning the two Senators occurred in an address delivered by Robert Roberts of Minden, La., a member of the Louisiana Legislature and president of the Louisiana Press Association, at the opening ceremonies of the Louisiana State Chautauqua:

> When they announce that they are ready to wreck the Democratic program, and destroy the integrity of the Democratic party, unless the demands of the sugar producers are complied with, I, for one, propose to exercise my rights as an American citizen and as a consistent Democrat, according to the teachings of our fathers, by protesting as vehemently as I know how. I grant you that some hundreds of sugar planters and some thousands of Louisiana citizens who are in various ways allied with the sugar interests may suffer financial loss as the result of free sugar, but has it ever occurred to you that while there are some thousands of Louisianians who are benefited by a tariff on sugar, there are at the same time hundreds of thousands of people, even here in Louisiana, who would be benefited by free sugar, but who are not benefited by the protection of sugar?

It's probably the old story of Aldrich and Rhode Island repeated in a Southern State; Thornton and Ransdell are representing, not the people of Louisiana, but a small group of highly protected rich men locked together in a freemasonry of banks, politics, and big business.

One Cheerful Spot

THIS example is unique. The rule is for manufacturers, when asked about tariff reduction, to shout calamity. The New York "Sun" printed a symposium of views. This one came from an important house:

> The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, whose works are at Stamford, Conn., and whose general offices are at 9 East Fortieth Street, New York City, has followed closely the discussion of the tariff question and has studied carefully the pending proposed new tariff as affecting the products in which the company is interested, namely, locks of all kinds, builders' hardware and chain blocks.
>
> The conclusions thus reached by its managers are that while they would have preferred a somewhat less severe reduction than 44 per cent (from 45 per cent to 25 per cent ad valorem) and to have had the reduction take place gradually, say in two or three instalments, they are not alarmed and are ready to give the new rates a fair trial. If they prove not to be injurious all concerned will be content. If experience shows them to be seriously injurious it may fairly be assumed that Congress will correct the error within a reasonable time and before any permanent damage has been inflicted. Until the new rates have fairly been tested no one can know whether their ultimate effect will be harmful or beneficial. The company has long believed that the present rates are needlessly high and has favored their reasonable reduction on the ground that excessive rates tend to retard the development of business, especially in the export field.

If the persons whose business is affected by tariff reduction were uniformly as reasonable and tolerant as this, their views would be more impressive and have more weight in Washington. Most of the persons who come before Senate or House committees to advocate tariff reduction have the point of view of a police-court lawyer.

Misleading

THE "Daily Leader," published in Milwaukee, Wis., one of the two or three important Socialist papers, is edited by the only Socialist ex-Congressman, Victor Berger. In the news columns of that paper the Union Pacific-David Lamar scandal was introduced by these headlines:

TRICKERY OF BIG BUSINESS BARED BY CONGRESSMAN

STORY TOLD BEFORE LOBBY HUNTERS SHOWS HOW FINANCIERS TRIED TO HEAD OFF INVESTIGATIONS AND LEGISLATION

What really happened in that affair was this: A thoroughly disreputable and unimportant man called up certain financiers on the phone and falsely told these financiers that his name was Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania. In this impersonated character he held out to the bankers the idea that Congress could be "fixed." In this there was nothing whatever of the slightest discredit to Congress or the slightest discredit to big business. Editor Berger's headlines are as misleading as words can be made to be. If the Socialist party is to get on in the United States it rests under an especially serious obligation to be accurate.

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Gettysburg's Peace Celebration Reported by a War Photographer—



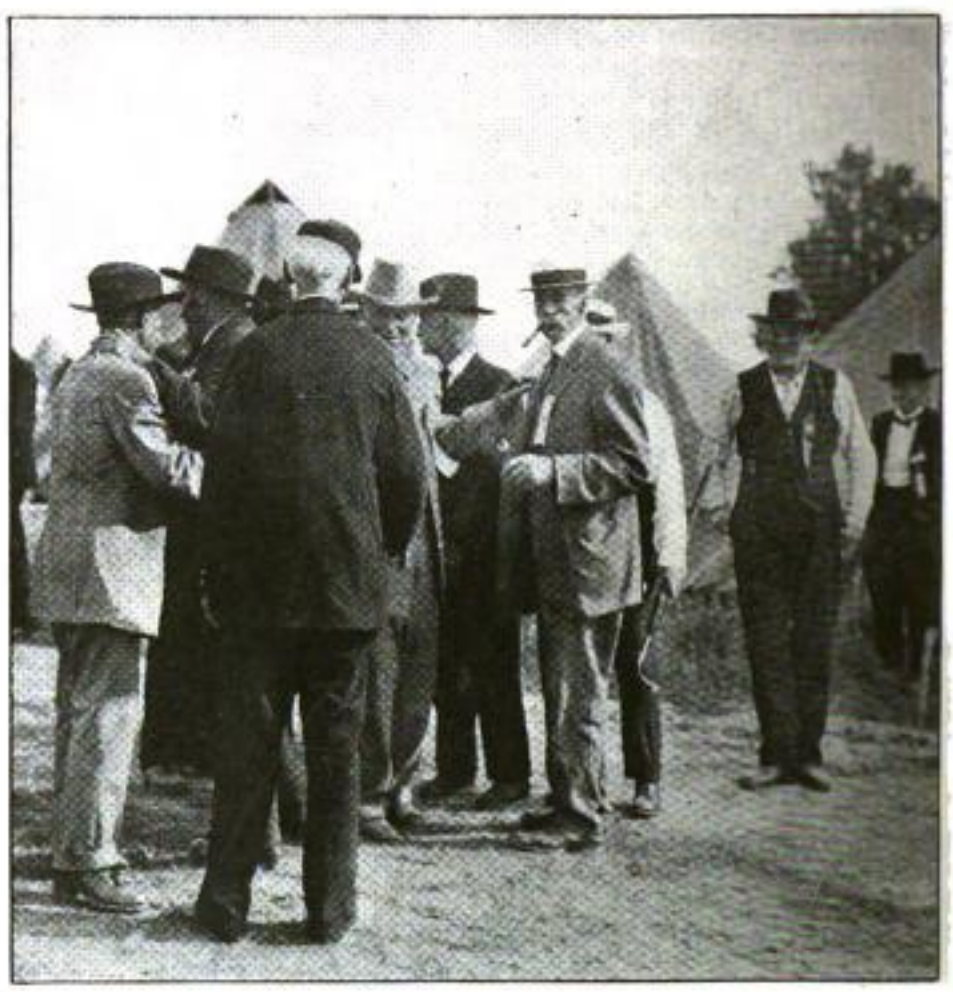


The official uniform of the "United U. S. Veterans" is either blue or gray

Back again after fifty years



Governor Mann of Virginia greets a comrade



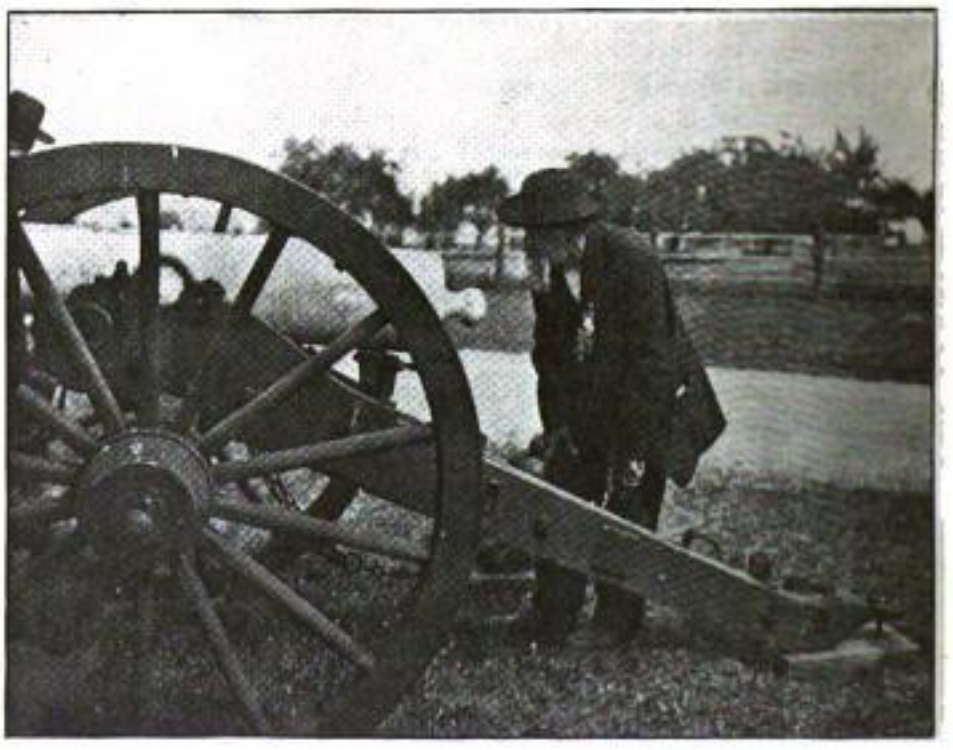
The exercises in the big canvas auditorium were not so important, after all, as the little reunions of blue and gray celebrated in the tent city's streets



Old campaigners taking their dinner in true campaign fashion



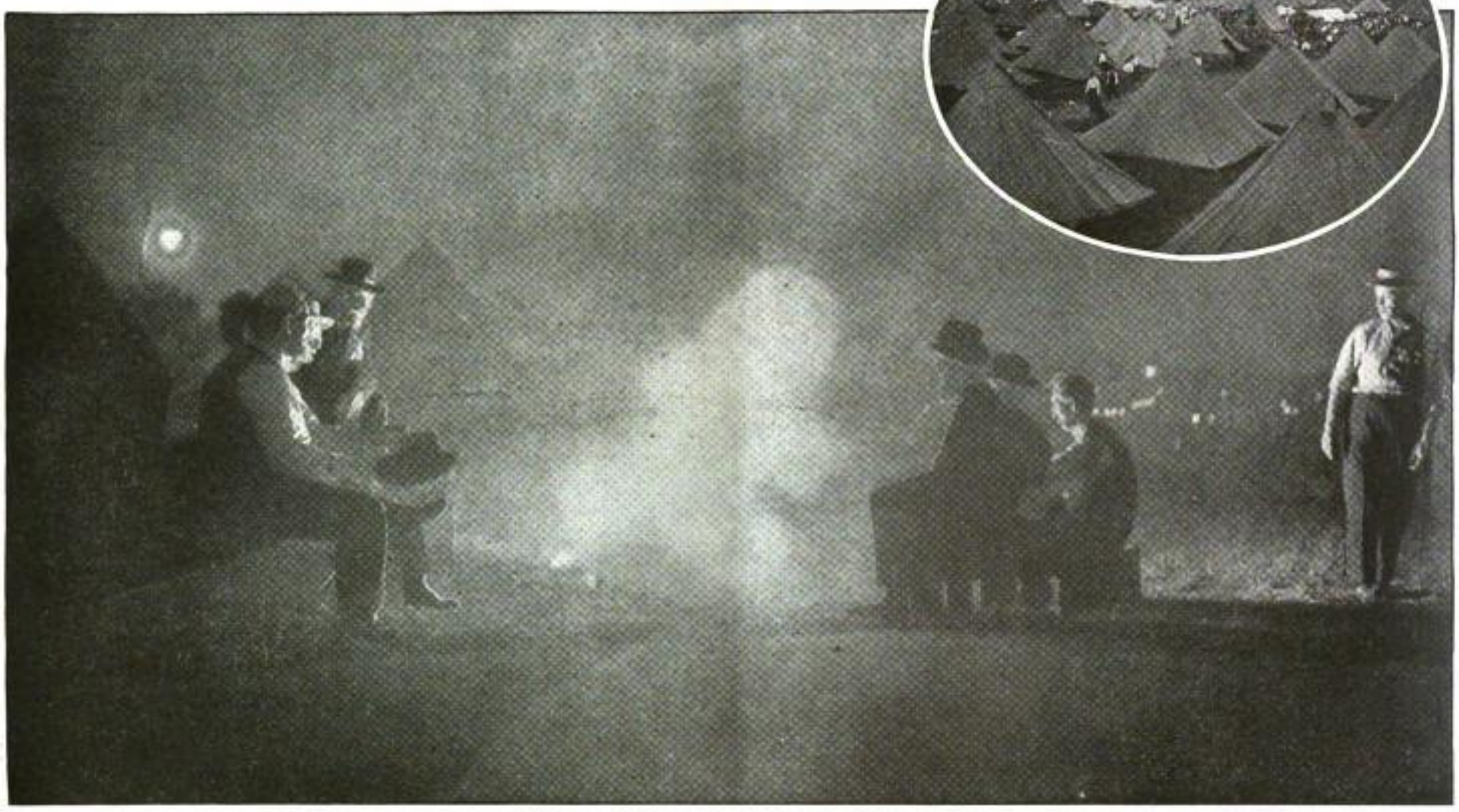
Refuge in the shade. Though the heat was intense and there were many prostrations, the surgeons were amazed at how well the veterans endured it



An old-time gunner and an old-time gun. The guns brought back the memories of the conflict more vividly than the most artistic of Gettysburg's many monuments

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—*James H. Hare's Snapshots of the Nation's Greatest Reunion of Veterans*



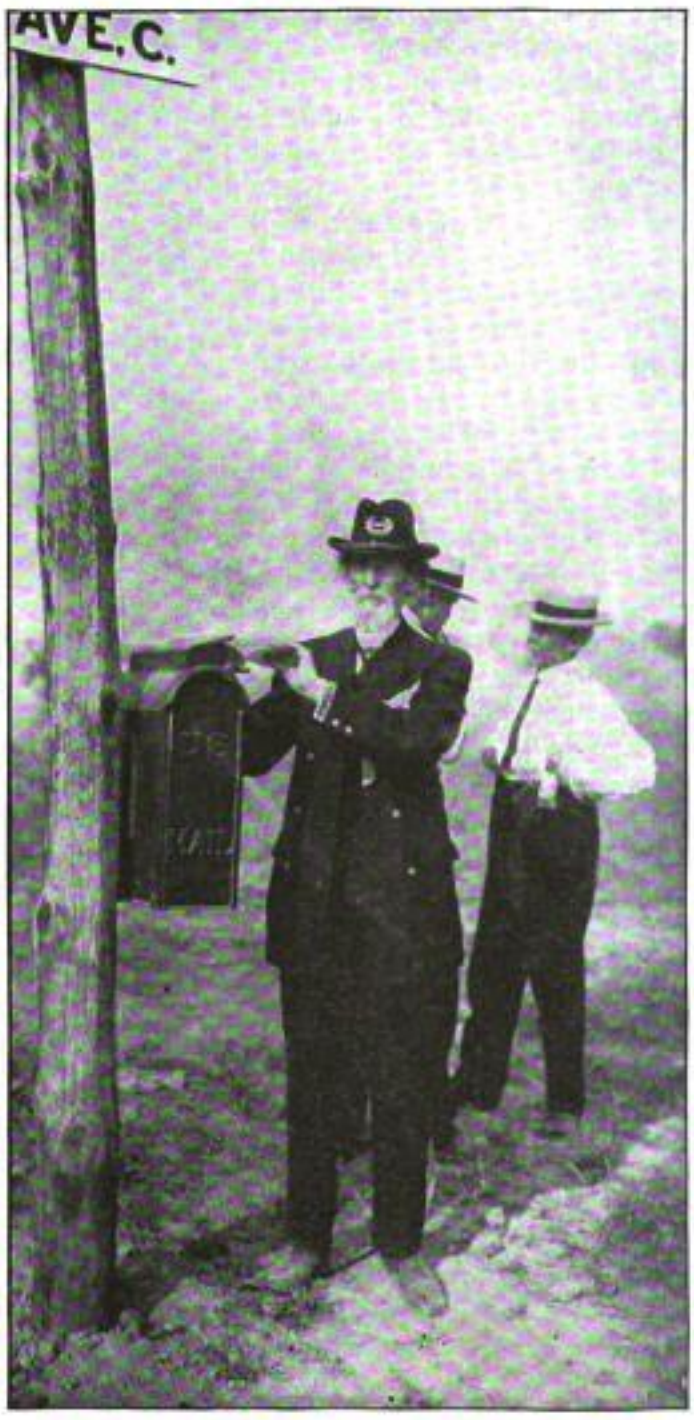
The hour of wistful memories. A group of veterans around a camp fire on the old battle ground. The upper picture is a view of some of the 5,000 tents of the encampment — a canvas city remarkable for its efficiency and sanitation. The attendance at the reunion was estimated as somewhere between 50,000 and 55,000



Under two flags. A line of veterans of the gray on Seminary Ridge saluting the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars



Quartermaster Normoyle (left), and Brig. General Liggett, Commandant



Except that its walls were canvas, the camp was a thoroughly modern city—even to street signs and mail boxes



In the tent auditorium, which had a seating capacity of 15,000, there were many notable addresses. President Wilson was chief speaker on the Fourth of July

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

V. V. Again

THAT EDITORIAL of ours on Dr. VIVIAN, slum doctor, and Miss CARLISLE HEYU, "the lovely Hun," has drawn out expressions of opinion from readers of the novel. One of them ventures the prophecy that the author of "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes" will prove to be "the coming American novelist." The case of this young author ought, he thinks, to prove inspiring to other aspirants who have some measure of self-confidence. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON resigned a steady newspaper job to write the story which he called "Queed." Several distinguished publishers (who are still at large) declined it, with or without thanks. But the publisher who knew good work when he saw it was in time discovered, and "Queed" became a best seller, not because it was so bad, but because it was so good. Yes, this does happen sometimes. "V. V.'s Eyes" seems to us a better story than "Queed"—but to one of our correspondents it appears:

A less skillful piece of work by a finer, bigger man than the author of "Queed." There is a little less of the fresh, quaint charm which distinguished the earlier work, but there is a far profounder sense of human values, of fundamental realities, of the pulsating interrelations of our complex American life. Also, the tale exhibits the distinct and almost unique quality of HARRISON: the power to make his characters glow from within.

There will be other stories from Mr. HARRISON'S pen. Perhaps one of them will be the long-sought great American novel. Perhaps not. But to us, if we may lapse into the expressive language of the sporting page, Mr. HARRISON seems, on past performance, the White Hope of our national fiction.

"Or Vegetable"

MUCH HARM may inhere in brief legislative verbiage. By the projected elision of the two words which form the title of this paragraph, an attempt was recently made to destroy the potency of the national Pure Food Law. This subversive essay was presented before Congress as "H. R. 3899," and proposed that a certain paragraph of the present law "be and the same is hereby amended by striking out the words 'or vegetable.'" Now the paragraph thus attacked provides that a food shall be deemed adulterated "if it consists in whole or in part of a filthy, decomposed, or putrid animal *or vegetable* substance," the italics being our own. Hence the striking out of the words "or vegetable" would at once exempt from the penalty of the law and thus throw the traffic of the nation open to the filthy, decomposed, or putrid fruits, berries, pickles, preserves, and canned or prepared vegetables of the crooked canners and others without restriction. The author of this delectable and appetizing amendment is Representative W. J. CARY of Wisconsin. He did it "by request." Whose request? Repeated attempts to elicit this information from Mr. CARY have failed. Locked in his faithful and innocent bosom he preserves (as it were in benzoate of soda) the secret identity of the requester. The term "innocent" is also, in a sense, used "by request," for Mr. CARY would have one infer that he did not appreciate the purport of his bill. When his attention was directed to its potential effect he guilelessly responded: "I do not wish to father a bill if it does what you say, and therefore will let it die." So this particular attempt proves abortive. But it behooves the public, which must eat to live, to keep a wary eye on CARY and his species of amenders. A less innocent and confiding person would perhaps better represent, "by request," the enlightened State of Wisconsin.

Economizing Life

POLYSYLLABIC SUBJECTS were the invariable order a few years back in medical discussions. How great a change has come over the professional spirit of the doctors is suggested by the favor with which two presentations, both monosyllabic as to subject, and neither medical in the technical sense, were received at the recent convention of the American Medical Association at Minneapolis. One was a paper on ice; the other a series of charts on milk; both the work of Dr. J. R. WILLIAMS of Rochester, N. Y. If any meaning is left to the overworked word "sensational," that term may surely be applied, in no malign sense, to Dr. WILLIAMS'S statement, backed up by proof, that the average refrigerator is only 30 per cent efficient; that 70 per cent of the ice power is used up in overcoming heat which percolates in from without. Wasted ice in a hot spell means not only wasted food but often wasted lives from spoiled food. The vitally important point brought out by the milk charts had to do with the simple matter of wagon routes. Both graphically and by carefully collated figures, Dr. WILLIAMS showed that in Rochester, whose system is that of practically all American cities, there is a tremendous economic waste in milk delivery; that in one section of the city a large number of delivery wagons covered nearly forty miles to distribute a supply which could have been distributed by the concentrated effort of a single concern in three and a half miles of travel. At first sight this may seem to be a nonmedical matter. But the possible saving in labor would mean a decrease of 2 cents per quart in the price of milk. That is often the margin between good milk and bad milk. And the margin between good milk and bad milk is the margin between life and death to thousands of children in this country every summer. Evidently the doctor of the future, to whom the public must look for health protection, will be, besides many other things, a practical economist.

Suffrage Heroes

TEN YEARS AGO believers in votes for women were accounted freaks. They were the proverbial "short-haired women and long-haired men." When male suffragists marched up Fifth Avenue in the first suffrage parade, bright young men asked them: Who would cook dinner to-night? To-day, so far have conditions changed, it takes a confidence in one's convictions almost approaching courage not to be a suffragist.

Irony

FRANÇOIS RENÉ DE CHATEAUBRIAND was only one of the distinguished Frenchmen whom the great revolution sent scampering into England and reduced to teaching school. And, as a matter of fact, he distinguished himself after, and not before, his English exile. That revolutions in states do still produce revolutions in private fortunes, one is reminded in reading the cable dispatches. Here is an advertisement reproduced from the "Minerva" of Bucharest:

MAHMET KEMEL Bey, late chief of the General Staff of the Ottoman Imperial navy, gives English lessons at a moderate fee.

Poor MAHMET! Departed are his days of gold lace and houris, and in the personal column lies his one hope of paying for coffee and cubebs. But he has his life at least, and is thus far more happy than some of the more prominent tragi-comedians of the Turkish revolution—NAZIM Pasha and SHEVKET Pasha, for instance.

On Breaking into Collier's

EDITORS SOMETIMES WONDER why an offer of special prizes for stories draws manuscripts from a vast number of persons who have never written professionally, persons who indeed often show unfamiliarity with the pen as an instrument of any kind of communication. Various letters received at this office on the subject of our Prize Contest throw light on this point. It is the anonymity of all the contestants, the chance for all the writers concerned to make an equal start, as it were, on the crack of the pistol, that raises hope in those who think there is no hope for their unknown names on ordinary occasions. One correspondent goes so far as to urge anonymity of residence. He suggests that the postmarks on all the envelopes received be obliterated, so that writers resident in such literary centers as Boston, New York, and Indianapolis may enjoy no handicap at the expense of story-tellers hailing from Kokomo, Red Oak, and Bellows Falls. This is madness. Editors may be silly, but if they were so silly as our correspondent imagines they could not keep their magazines off the rocks a year's time. We recognize in this office and are on guard against influences that tend to bring certain groups of writers and certain kinds of stories into undue prominence—influences that are born behind the scenes and do not come from the public. We think some editors succumb unduly to such tendencies to get in a groove. Yet a study of the current magazines will at any time reveal the names of a large proportion of newcomers. We in COLLIER'S office are continually on guard against the dry rot of "professionalism," striving to please, not primarily the literati, but intelligent folk—folk too intelligent to be treated with names alone, and more appreciative of a good "first story" than an inferior story signed by a well-known name. COLLIER'S has published a number of "first stories" lately, among them

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Miss SAWYER's "Paddy the Gander," Mr. WHITFIELD's "Taking Life," Mrs. DAVIS's "Geraldine's Education," and "A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet," by HERBERT TEST (which appears in this issue). Two others—"The Angel," by R. N. WALL, and "Helen Duffy of Troy," by EDMOND MCKENNA—are to appear soon. Probably within a month or two we have published or bought still others without knowing it, their authors not happening to give us the information, and no one in this office knowing anything about it one way or the other.

An Evil in the Federal Courts

THE RESIGNATION of United States District Attorney MCNAB of the Northern District of California has called attention to an evil of long standing in the Department of Justice. The Attorney General of the United States has general supervisory jurisdiction and control over the different United States district attorneys. This control does not contemplate interference with the indictments of grand juries or the verdicts of petty juries, except in rare instances and under extraordinary circumstances which may warrant such interference. The Federal judges and the district attorneys should be free from the constant interference of the Department of Justice. Perhaps, if the evil had not grown to such magnitude and had not been made the excuse for some gross favoritisms and miscarriages of justice in recent years, Mr. MCNAB's sensational resignation might not have echoed so loudly throughout the nation.

Municipal Employees

NEW YORK'S insularity is finely shown in the orders issued in several departments that employees must reside within the limits of New York County or forfeit their offices. In the same narrow spirit the Philadelphia "Telegraph" reports carping criticism in certain quarters because Mayor BLANKENBURG, who was elected on a platform pledging him to administer the city as he would administer a business enterprise, has given important appointments in the Bureaus of Gas, Water, Highways, and Public Works to men born in Boston, New York, and Atlantic City, instead of reserving them all for Philadelphians. It is a silly criticism. Mayor BLANKENBURG is fortunately not a man to be easily discouraged, and may be counted on to continue choosing municipal employees very much as he used to choose employees in his own private business—for efficiency.

Honor in Print

ADD ONE MORE to the honor list of newspapers that close their columns to advertising swindles. Following the lead of the Minneapolis "Journal," the Wichita (Kans.) "Beacon" comes out with a straightforward confession of past sins and promise of immediate reform. Its publisher, Mr. HENRY J. ALLEN, declares flatly against the proposition that advertising space is merely merchandise to be sold to honest and dishonest advertisers alike, without moral responsibility on the part of the publication; a theory invented, we understand, by BEELZEBUB, the patron devil of frauds:

> The "Beacon" is going to make an effort hereafter to be responsible for the character of advertising which appears in its columns [runs the editorial announcement]. The paper will endeavor to educate the public to believe that what it sees in the news columns and in the advertising columns is alike worthy of serious attention as truthful statements.

A sound single standard of journalistic morals. Both reader and advertiser will profit by it; the former immediately, the latter eventually. Meantime the sturdy Kansas daily turns its back on more than $10,000 a year of "easy money" by announcing specifically the exclusion of the advertisements of clairvoyants, fortune tellers, soothsayers, hypnotists, psychics, magnetic healers, quack medical practitioners of every variety, and fake sales of all kinds. There is a useful roster for any publisher, to be kept on file as an index expurgatorius.

The Breakdown

ONCE THE VIRTUE of women was safeguarded by three great controls. These were the religious control, the family control, and the control by public opinion in a watchful community. In the earlier times the evening hours of the girl were watched over. When she went out it was to a friend's house with an older woman within call. When she made an outing, a picnic, a dance, a theatre party, it was with a group of young persons, all of them known to each other. And all the group were personally known to the community in which they did their merrymaking, so that a social control wrapped round each one of them. No hour of recreation but was passed within hail of older, friendly persons. That was the life of the girl in the American community in earlier days. And now in the large cities comes a sudden removal of almost all observation from the girl's daily life. Her evenings are her own, as never before in history. She is free to go out among strangers, to be introduced by a stranger to a stranger, and so passed along to whatever unknown predatory male deems it worth his while to reach out for her. She is free to wander into the public dance halls, which are the chief form of recreation in the cities, and spend five hours in dancing with strangers till excitement, and possibly also wine, have weakened her will. And among those crowds of pleasure seekers not one person cares whether she emerges innocent or tainted. And all that night life is surrounded by the vast secrecy of the city. Of the home restraint we have the testimony of many girls that they have grown weary. Parents state that the girl is "wild" and cannot be controlled. The girl tells how, being tired of the home, she came to the town and boarded. In the anxious, toil-worn life of the family, her situation is not searched and analyzed. Families are absorbed in the struggle for existence. The father's wages have not kept pace with the steady increases in the cost of living, but his family is larger every little while, more costly, more of a burden to his perplexed mind and aging body. The mother is spent with childbearing and the constant fret of the meal getting and the younger children under foot. Often this situation is still further intensified by outside work added to the day's duties—work of washing clothes or floor scrubbing in an office building. She is troubled and overwhelmed by the insistent duties lying straight ahead of her, and she has no strength with which to cope with the more hidden problems of the daughter's life. Those subtler matters are never voluntarily set before her to solve, because the girl is reticent of her perplexities.

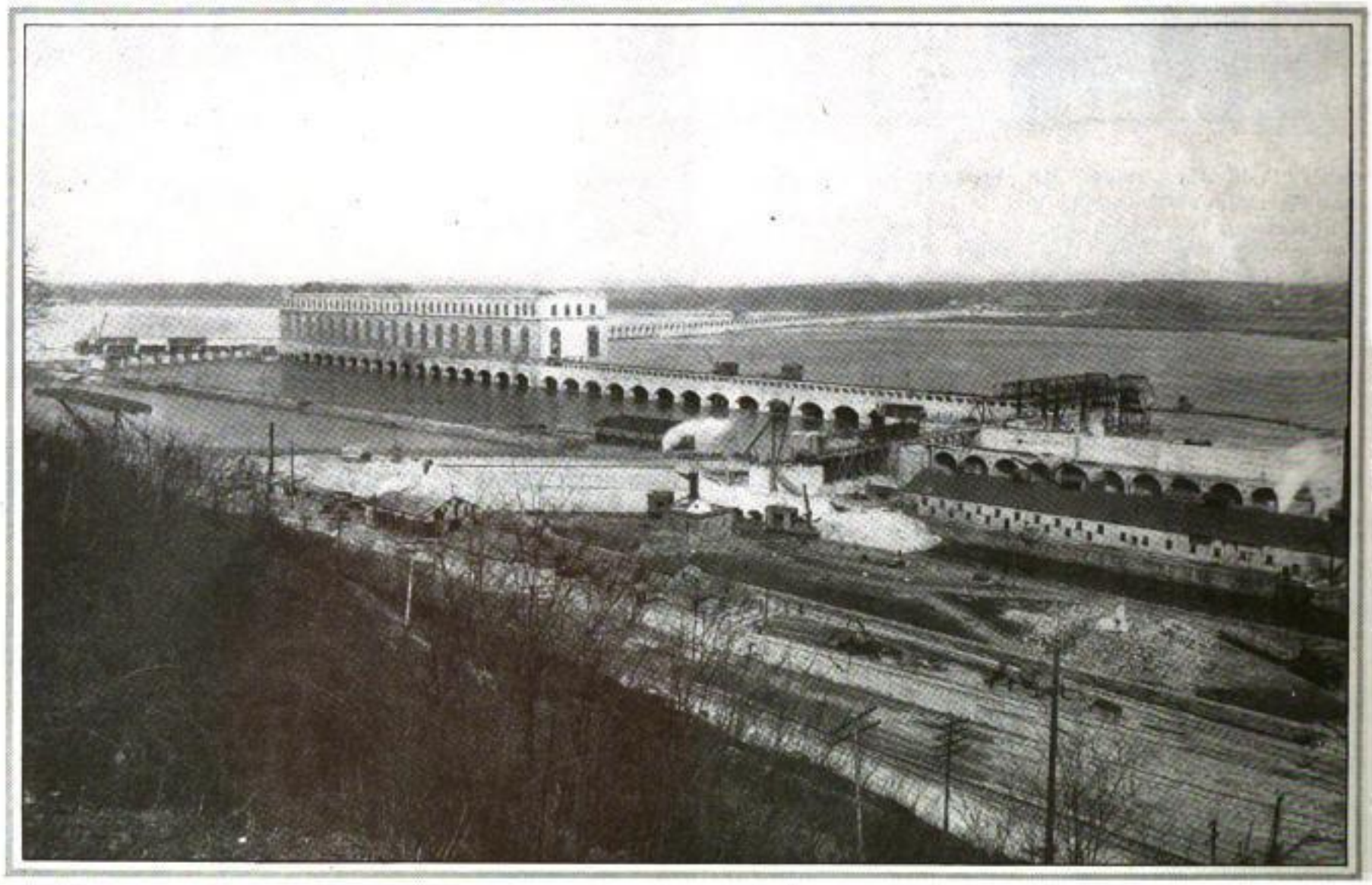


The Movies in Hades. No. 2

Summer Gladness

NOW IS THE SEASON when men make for the ocean to lave them of their sins and cares. There is freedom in a beach day full of sunshine and overhung by skies of a hard and brilliant blue. The heat and wilt of frenzied streets are forgotten and far away. Coolness walks up from the wide fields of salt. It is good to sit and watch the dancing of those waters and the sparkle of light on each tumbling wave peak. It is better yet to roll and swing in the tides, to glide with a free over-arm down the path of the waves, cleaving the water with slow, even stroke.

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The Mississippi Goes to Work for a Corporation

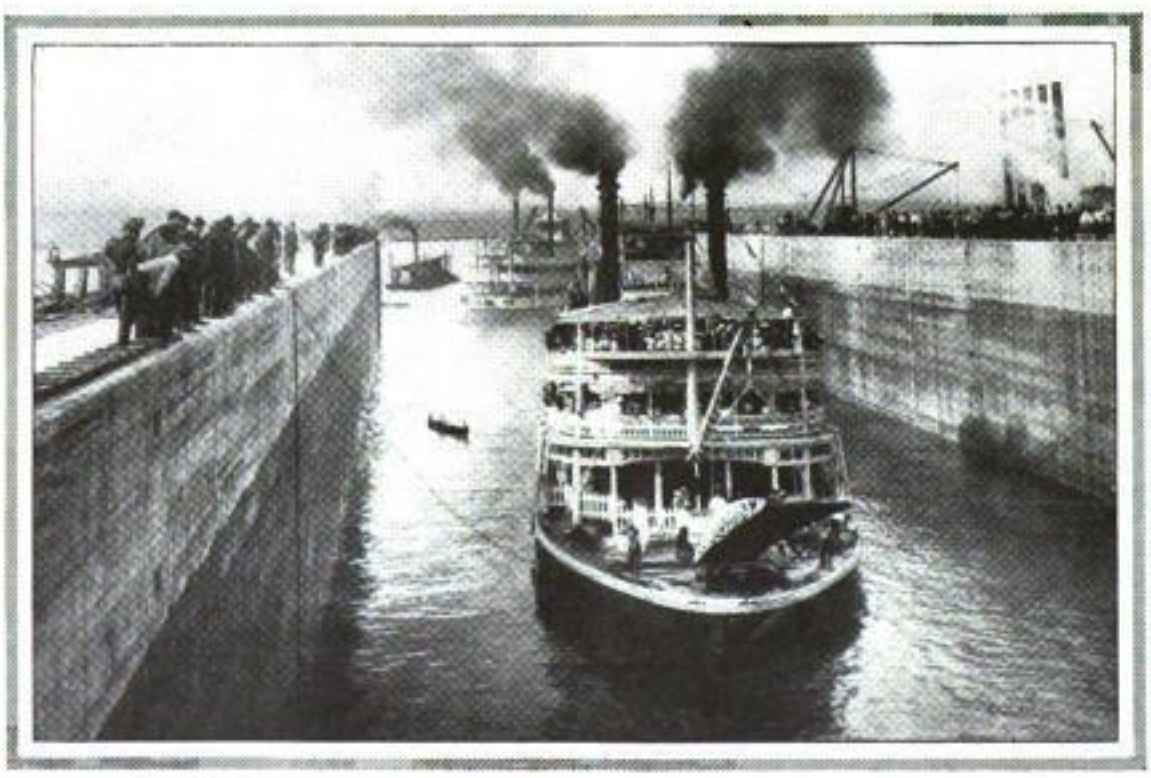
TO ROPE, throw, and harness the Mississippi, to drive the Father of Waters through a corral and set it at work in a treadmill for power, is a feat worthy of the Government that is building the Panama Canal. But the gigantic chunk of concrete that now dams the Mississippi from Keokuk, Iowa, to Hamilton, Ill.—a solid prism 9-10ths of a mile long, 53 feet high, 42 feet at its base, and 29 feet at the top—was not built by the Government but by a private syndicate. Matching big risks against the chance for big profits, the Mississippi River Power Company pitted the skill of American engineers against the force of floods, ice, and winds, and won. For the use of the power of the country's greatest river the company makes the Government a present of a canal lock and a huge dry dock—costly presents both, but poor things to exchange for so valuable a franchise. Already the dam and the power plant are beginning to pay back the $27,000,000 invested to build them. Keokuk, Hamilton, and Warsaw were the first cities to be supplied by the new system's power; and St. Louis, 143 miles away, was added to the list of customers this month by a high-voltage transmission line through which 60,000 horsepower will flow. For ninety-nine years the Mississippi River will turn giant turbines in the plant at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids for the profit of private capital.

The Keokuk dam, power house, lock, dry dock, sea wall, and ice fender (parts of all of which appear in the general view at the top of the page) make an unbroken concrete monolith with a length of 2¼ miles—the longest in the world. The concrete is not reenforced as in a modern office building, but is practically poured in one mold. The whole structure is anchored 5 feet deep in the blue limestone of the river bottom.

One effect of the dam is to deepen the Mississippi for 65 miles upstream. Three locks and a Government canal through which river boats used to pass are no longer required, and are drowned under the new water level. A new lock at Keokuk, shown in the illustration at the foot of this page, has the same width (110 feet) as the largest locks of Panama, and has a lift of 40 feet, where the greatest lift of the Isthmus locks is 32 feet. The gates, weighing nearly 1,000,000 pounds, may be opened and shut with little more effort than is required to open your front door. Pumping water into the buoyancy chambers of the upper gates causes them to sink low enough to permit the passage of steamers. The lower gates turn upon a pivot of bronze and steel in the shape of a hemisphere.

Not the least remarkable feature in connection with the project is the accuracy with which time was computed. Hugh L. Cooper, chief engineer, had to combine a dozen different industries into one in the construction of the plant. He spent $1,000,000 for the construction machinery alone. He built 15 miles of standard gauge railroad to carry supplies; he laid nearly 50 miles of pipe-line, and he manufactured his own concrete, making the river bottom yield the sand and the quarries on the railroad line the rock that went into the mixture. Before actual work on the dam could be commenced, the river had to be unwatered. This was accomplished by the use of cofferdams. The cofferdams were really cribs of rock and clay that were made to fit the river bottom. The first cribs were built in the dead of winter and had to be lowered into place through holes in the ice. After this they were joined together. After the river was turned aside, the building of the concrete dam began in January, 1911. In spite of formidable obstacles, it has progressed on schedule, almost to the day. The chief engineer proved his own confidence in the project by investing in it all of his own fortune of $150,000. In his honor the War Department recently named the lake that is formed by the dam "Lake Cooper."

Quincy, Dallas City, and Alton, Ill., and Fort Madison and Burlington, Iowa, are the latest names on the list of cities to which transmission lines extend.



Larger than the Locks of Panama—This lock through which Mississippi River boats pass the new dam across the river at Keokuk is the same width as the isthmus locks but has 8 feet more lift

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A Circus Party to 2,800 Boys and Girls



The host and hostess

THE bitter disappointment of a boy of sixteen at being so poor that he couldn't even buy a circus ticket made Edward Tilden vow, as he was leaving Delavan, Wis., for Chicago thirty-two years ago, that some day he would return to the old town and treat all its children to a mammoth free show. In lavish style, Mr. Tilden (now president of a Chicago packing company) kept his promise the other day. "All the kids within walking or riding distance" of Delavan were invited to a $7,000 entertainment; and 2,800 guests enjoyed a dog and pony show, an exhibition aeroplane flight, a vaudeville entertainment, a "brass band," athletic contests, a Punch and Judy show, motor-car "joy rides," and unlimited "eats" and lemonade.



The girls ran in a potato race



The time-honored sack race for boys was not overlooked in the excitement



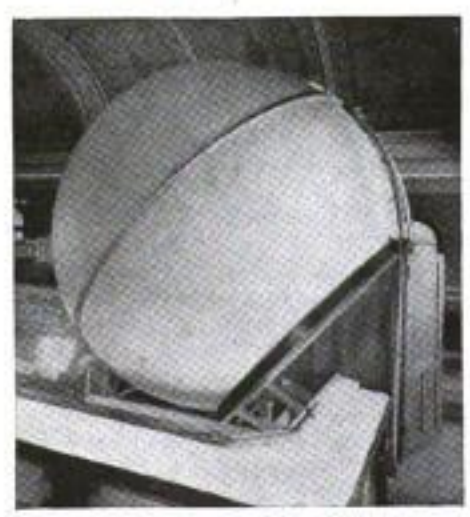
One of the features of the day was an exhibition aeroplane flight. The elders were kept in the background, for the real guests were the children

A Chicago Joshua Invents a Sheet-Iron Solar System



Tracing a constellation. Professor Atwood's pointer is long enough to reach the stars

LIKE another Joshua, Professor Wallace W. Atwood knows how to set the brakes on the solar system. First, he requests spectators to step inside of a sheet-iron globe which has just been placed on exhibition in the Museum of the Academy of Sciences in Lincoln Park. Then he shuts the door and it's pitchy night. He clicks an electric switch and 692 stars begin to twinkle. After a time the moon crosses the horizon and sets; then the sun rises while the stars disappear before its radiance. The globe is 15 feet in diameter and cost $10,000. Its weight, exclusive of the platform, is 500 pounds. The globe is a gift from La Verne W. Noyes.



The entrance is the door at the right

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The Left-Behind

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

JERRY SHANWAY was only a number and his home a cell. But in such a way does Mr. Cooper present his story, that his life and his sorrow and his frailty are brought poignantly near to us.

WHERE the one strip of sunlight shone brightest in the chaplain's office sat Jerry Shanway—Smiling Jerry, as Mr. Trevitt had named him. Before him was a large tray, filled with glittering wires and bright little stones, which all day long he converted into trinkets and brooches, that those who came to the prison might see and buy. Jerry was singing a little—even a man who has ten years still before him can be bright and cheerful. Jerry hardly ever was otherwise.

There came the sound of steps from without and Jerry turned his grizzled, kindly old face to look into the eyes of a rather young woman who had preceded the guard a few steps. She halted at Jerry's smile, and spoke to the guard. He grinned.

"He's Jerry," was the answer. "Got some funny idea about a home for somebody or something of the kind. The chaplain's taken a notion to him and brought him up here. They've got some kind of a scheme on."

THE woman—she seemed rather girlish, with her straying hair and bright, cheerful eyes, yet thoroughly a woman—stepped closer and bent to examine the contents of Jerry's tray. The smiling one leaned back and allowed his hands to go to his knees.

"Visitin'?" he asked cheerfuly. The woman nodded pleasantly.

"Yes. Are these souvenirs of the prison?"

Instantly Jerry was leaning forward with an eager interest in his eyes.

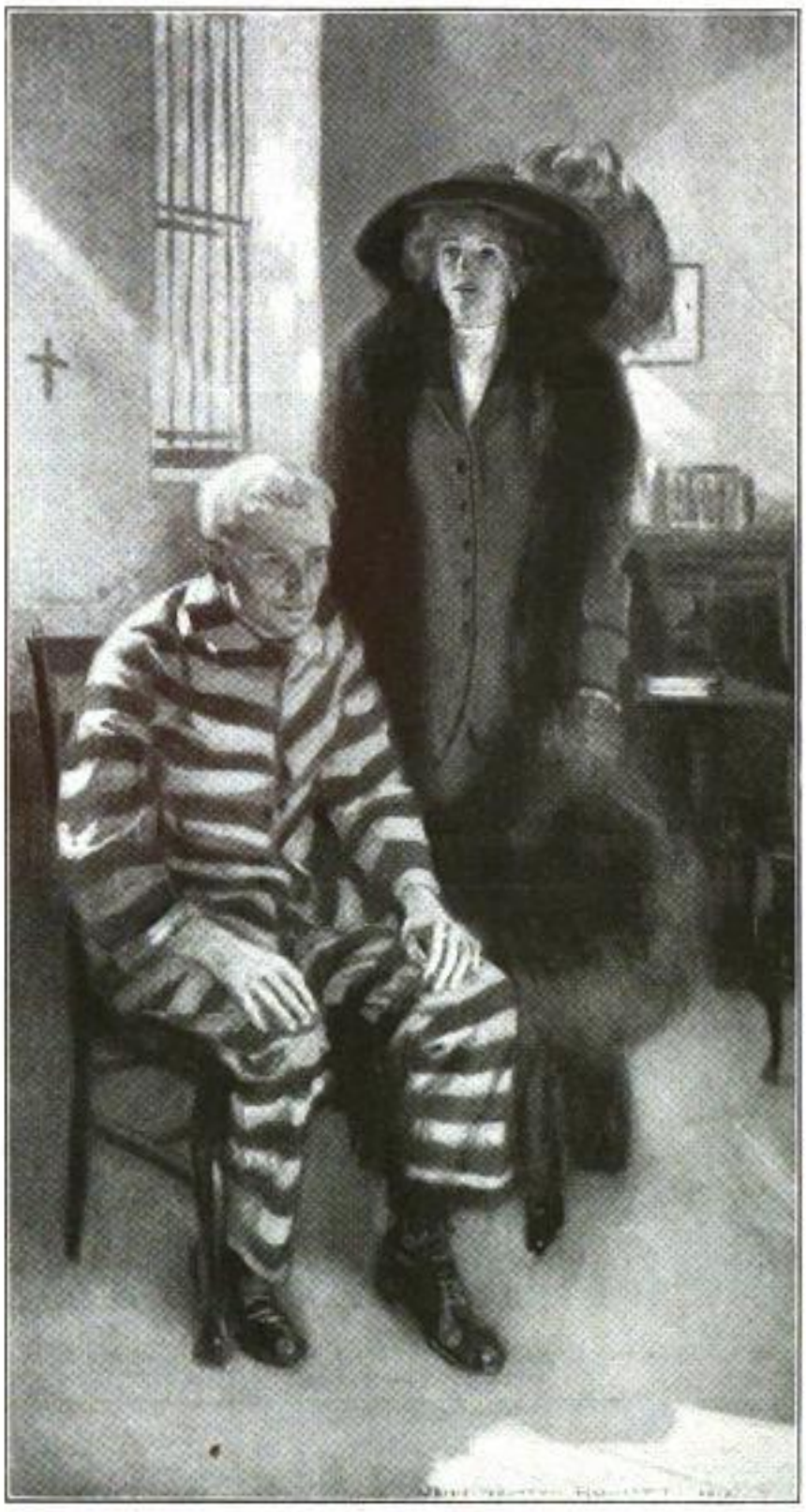
"They are and they ain't," he explained with a little laugh. "You see, it's a little scheme of mine. I'm up for horse stealin'," he interjected as though the visitor should know. She nodded slightly and picked up a small pin to examine it. Jerry went on. "I've been up most all my life—ever since I got grown. I guess I'm the black sheep of the family," he added, and there was a silence.

"But you said something about the souvenirs?" The visitor of the pretty eyes and chestnut hair was bending over the tray a bit more now, examining the works of Jerry's handicraft.

"Yes," came the answer, "you see, Mr. Trevitt—he's our chaplain—and I are working out a little something. What we want to do," he added with a new eagerness in his tone, "is to start a home for the left-behinds, the people that really suffer when a man gets sent up. You see, for a lot of us, it's a big sight better that we're sent here. We don't ever have to worry about food or clothing or a roof to cover us. Some of us are really better off. Take me, for instance; I'm happy here, in a way. I know I've got to be good. I can't be that way outside. I've been just naturally bad ever since I grew up and started playing football. Sounds funny, don't it?" he asked with a little laugh. "But, you see, what did it was this: I was workin' at the time and I got hurt. Got kicked in the head and was laid out. 'Course I lost my job and couldn't find another one. So one night I stole something—well, it just seems I just can't keep my hands off of other people's stuff." The smile had become wan. The little woman drew up a chair and seated herself, while the guard at the door yawned.

"And so—" she prompted.

"Well," and Jerry laughed, "I've been sent up so much I've just got to be sort of home folks here. I was thinking about it lately and I got this idea. It's pretty hard to be a convict—for the ordinary fellow"—his face grew serious—"but that ain't near as bad as bein' the wife or children of one, out in the world with nobody to help them. Ever think about that?"



"I ain't never seen her." There was suppressed pathos in the voice. "You see, I got sent up before—"

he asked suddenly. "I have—lots. And so Mr. Trevitt and I want to start a home—just a little place at first—where folks that have been left behind can be taken care of. I've got the name all thought up," he continued while his face beamed. "We're going to call it the—"

"Better wait until you have the home before you name it," the woman said with a little nod of the head. "And so you're trying to build this place with the money you get out of these trinkets? I suppose people who visit the prison buy them?"

"Yessum," answered Jerry to both questions.

The little woman went on:

"Don't you think it will take a long time?"

JERRY raised himself a bit in his chair.

"Yes, it will," he averred, "but, you see, maybe Mr. Trevitt can do something some of these days. If one of us could only get out in the State and see some of the people who count, you know—like Representatives and things—it'd help a lot. Mr. Trevitt'd go if he could, but he's just so busy all the time. And I wouldn't do any good because I'd be an ex-con. People wouldn't pay much attention to me. So"—there came that happy smile again, a smile which nothing seemed to dim very long—"we just keep on workin' and savin', and maybe some day there'll be enough to make a start. Mr. Trevitt keeps all the money. I wouldn't trust myself with it. I'd steal it."

There came the clink of silver as the woman rose.

"Just to add to the fund," she said. There were little wrinkles of good-fellowship about her eyes. Jerry's stammering voice gave thanks while the woman went on: "Perhaps you think too many bad things about yourself. Maybe if you could get out and had this home to think about you could keep straight. Other men have."

Jerry nodded his head slowly. "I don't know," was his thoughtful reply.

"But perhaps the idea of benefiting others would help you," the woman reassured him. "How did you come to think of the plan, Jerry?"

It was then that the smile faded, and it seemed that the face paled. Jerry looked hard at the floor. He picked up his pliers aimlessly, then dropped them. He cleared his throat.

"I—I've got a little left-behind myself," came huskily.

"A child?"

Jerry's eyes came up slowly.

"I ain't never seen her." There was suppressed pathos in the voice. "You see, I got sent up before—"

SOMETHING prompted the woman to rise and, moving closer, lay a hand on the bent shoulder of the old man

"Tell me," she prompted.

Jerry slowly, almost reverently, looked upward. "You see, when I got out before, I'd made up my mind that I was going to do right," he said, "I thought that maybe if I'd get married and settle down and have a place to call home, I could do it. After a while I found a girl that liked me—she was a good girl, too—and we got married. I kept straight almost two years," he continued with a bit of supplication in his voice, "and then—well, we needed money and all that sort of thing, and I—I came back here. Lucy was born two months later—she and her mother kind of traded lives, I guess. When the one came in the other went out." The voice had grown husky. There came a pause. The woman who stood with her hand on the prisoner's shoulder merely looked at the glowing shaft of sunlight and said nothing. Jerry at last went on—he, too, was staring ahead—"And I ain't ever seen her. Some folks that had known us—and known what had become of me—took her in, and they're a-bringing her up. Of course, she knows I'm up here, and lots of times she asks about her daddy that she's never seen. They tell her she'll get to see me some time. It's like this," he added suddenly, "I don't want her to see me until I know I can be straight and good and clean for her. And all the time I'm here I'm just fighting on that—keep straight—keep straight! I ain't mastered it yet, maybe I never will, but I'm going to try."

"Don't you get lonely for her?" came the questioning of a soothing voice.

"Lonesome?" Jerry leaned forward. "Honest, ma'am, I'd just give everything in the world if I could see her. But I wouldn't go to her now even if I should be let out just this next minute. I'd want to wait and see if I could keep straight. I'd just tempt myself first and know if I could put it behind me. Then, if I could, I'd go to her and I'd grab her up in my arms, and—well, I guess I'd kiss her a million times. I write letters to her lots of times and tell her how her daddy's going to come to see her some time. You know, she thinks I work up here. She doesn't know I'm a regular prisoner. I'd kind of hate to have her know that. But sometimes—" he paused for just a second while a hand that trembled a bit sought his lips—"sometimes I dream of how it would be if I'd be sitting here, just like I am today, and the bell up on the wall'd ring and the warden'd tell me there was some one out at the gate who wanted to see me—a little girl—and that she was coming right in. Wouldn't that be nice? If she could just come here and not know I was a long-timer or

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anything like that, and see her daddy for a while and then go away. I'd like to see my Lucy." His voice had taken on a crooning tone: "I'd sure like to see my little Lucy, I sure would."

And one day, when Jerry tried to look back on it following the expanse of a few hours, he could not remember just what had happened after that, whether he had buried his head in his hands and sobbed as he often longed to do, or whether he had said good-by to this pleasant, friendly woman with the smile which he always strove to bear. He could not remember; but, just the same, there was a strange peace in his soul, a feeling that the world was good and that life was meant for all of us to make the best of. When the "glim douse"—the convict term for that time when lights must be out—came that night Jerry sat long in his cell and smiled at the darkness. Once or twice he stretched out his arms to vacancy and whispered to himself. It was a name he spoke, that of Lucy.



The clamping jaws of Jerry Shanway had fastened on the wrist which held the light

HE SLEPT, only to be awakened within an hour by the touch of a hand on his shoulder. A lonely light was burning in the corridor outside his cell. He saw the face of a guard.

"Warden wants you," was the terse order.

Jerry dressed dreamily and followed. He hesitated at the door of the warden's office and started a bit at the fact that the door to the pardon room was open. It was in this room that pardoned men slept away their last night in prison. A suit of clothing lay across the foot rail of the bed. The warden was smiling.

"You're going out in the morning, Jerry," he said.

The convict started. His hands went forward, then dropped at his side.

"Going out?" he gasped. "Why, I didn't know—"

"That somebody was working for a pardon for you? Neither did I. The Governor telephoned to-night that he was sending the papers. They'll be here in the morning, and you'll walk out. Let's see, you've been here six years, haven't you? That pulls your release money up to $70. But we'll fix that up in the morning. I just wanted to bring you out of your cell into the pardon room. Good night, Jerry."

Dazed, almost unable to believe, Jerry Shanway reeled a bit. It seemed that ten years had been added to his life. He thought of the great outside, of the little girl, of the pet scheme on which he had worked for so many months. Perhaps, after a while out there, after he had proved that he could be straight and good, perhaps then—

JERRY'S hands twitched a bit.

"Who got the pardon for me?" he asked slowly.

"Don't know," came the answer. "The Governor wouldn't say."

"I wish I knew." The words were stumbling. "It'd help me keep straight. You know, Mr. Warden, I'm going to keep straight this time. I'm going to be straight a long time, and then, when I'm sure of myself, I'm going down to see my little girl. I bet she'll be glad to see her daddy. I'll tell her I've lost my job up here," he concluded with a dry little laugh.

But the warden did not laugh with him. He was at his desk, tapping it nervously with a lead pencil.

"I'm afraid you won't win, Jerry," he said slowly. "I'm afraid you're going to come back. The fight isn't in you, some way."

Three months later he nodded his head in an "I-told-you-so" manner. The name of Jerry Shanway had once more been entered upon the books of Traising Penitentiary, the measurements (Continued on Page 31)

A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet

By Herbert C. Test

ROMANCE appears in the queerest places and in the most unlikely characters. And sometimes the people in the midst of the romance are the last to recognize it. Such is the remarkable hero of this story.

"GOOD evening, Mr. Opt."

Mrs. Roddy extended greeting to the boarder whose delayed arrival completed our roster of regular diners. She nodded toward the one empty chair.

"We were just talking about burglars," she stated.

Mr. Opt glanced at her with scrutinizing interest.

"I was just saying," she continued, "that I never felt the least bit afraid of 'em when my husband was alive. I think every one of 'em ought to go to the chair," she continued with conviction. "Every one! There is too much stealing entirely!"

Mrs. Roddy appeared to be working herself up to a proper condemnatory attitude to do the subject justice. She glared at "Doc" Spears and another boarder, who were indulging in a low-toned discussion of coming baseball prospects. Doc Spears halted with a word half finished.

"Once a thief, always a thief," she quoted. "A young man who doesn't pay his honest debts when they are due is no better."

Doc Spears, who had been publicly dunned in the front hall for overdue board, appeared to grasp an inner meaning in the rather enigmatic conclusion.

"I guess they'd have to work the electrocuters on shifts if they did," he replied, equally cryptic.

Mrs. Roddy shifted her gaze back to Mr. Opt.

"I'm not speaking for myself—that is, not about the burglars," she declared. "Goodness knows, I've nothing to steal now. It's mighty different from when Mr. Roddy was alive," she finished plaintively.

Miss Bessie Truax, who had finished her dinner, sat back and played with a cluster ring on the third finger of her left hand. "Don't you think, Mrs. Roddy, that some poor persons are driven to steal by misfortune?" she queried with deep concern.

"That is no excuse—to my mind," Mrs. Roddy returned acidly. "No excuse whatever! You're soon going to have a house of your own"—Miss Truax blushed—"or a flat," she added pointedly. "You wait until you get away from a homelike place, where you're taken care of like a mother would; and wait until you have to tend to locking up and hear noises when your husband is out at some beer saloon with you alone at home. You just wait!"

Miss Bessie Truax seemed crushed for a moment over this picture of domestic woe; then she rallied.

"My husband"—she faltered and blushed more deeply—"or, at least, my *intended* husband, doesn't drink," she stated positively. "And, anyhow, I know he wouldn't leave me alone—"

"Cho!" Mrs. Roddy interrupted. "You'll find out!" She appealed to her entire boarding clientele. "She'll find out, won't she?" she demanded.

Miss Bessie Truax refused to retreat.

"Well, anyhow, I believe there is some good even in burglars," she insisted.

Mrs. Roddy appeared about to explode as the result of the defiant stand taken by Miss Truax, who had already placed herself outside the pale of consideration by serving notice of intention to vacate her room to enter matrimony. She appealed directly to Mr. Opt.

"Some good in burglars?" she demanded of him. "Mr. Opt, do you believe that there can be *any* good in burglars?"

MR. OPT rose, and his motions, although deferential, were quick. He bobbed a timid bow and started for the door.

"Yes, ma'am," he murmured.

Mrs. Roddy glowered down an incipient titter started among her charges. She ignored the complete failure of Mr. Opt to rally to her support.

"There's what I call a little gentleman," she told us. "Comes and goes as quiet as a mouse; always speaks most respectful, and never complains about his meals." She paused to gather together more virtues of Mr. Opt to be vocally catalogued.

"What does old Pussyfoot do for a living?" Doc Spears inquired.

"That is a matter that is less the business of any boarder in my house than it is mine," Mrs. Roddy returned. "And *I* never inquire into anybody's affairs—especially when they pay two dollars extra a week for a third-floor back—*and* pay it," she finished pointedly.

Doc Spears was unabashed. "Maybe he's superintendent of an all-night Sunday school," he suggested impudently. "I usually meet him going out at night when I come in—and I don't often blow off the avenue until the bartenders start for the hay." The final statement was made boastfully.

Mrs. Roddy rose to assist in serving dessert.

"Whatever he does, *he* don't spend his board money for booze," she retorted.

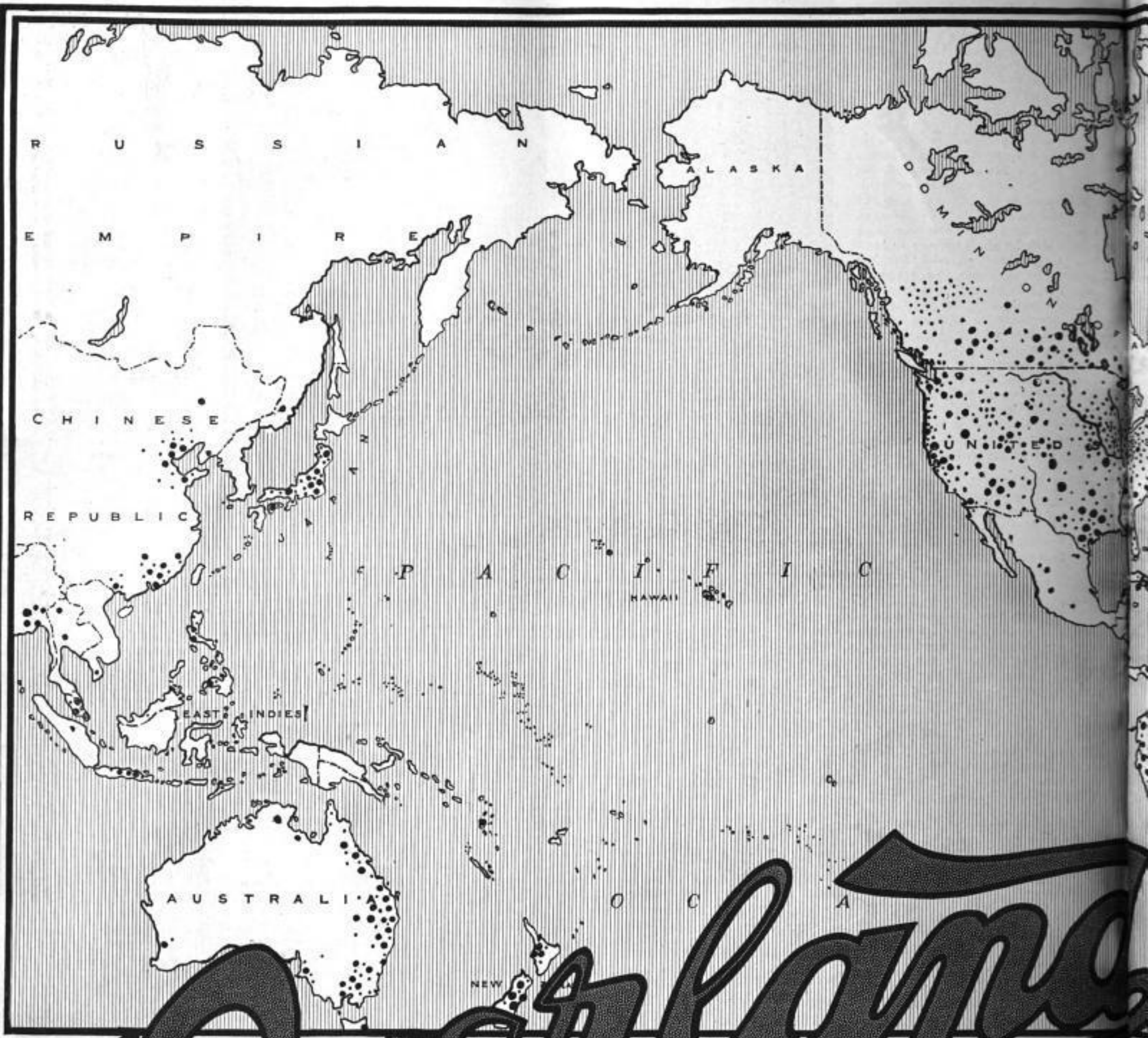
Doc Spears gulped his pudding and started toward the hall before he replied.

"Booze!" he jeered. "I'd like to see Opt with a little jag. I can't see how such rabbits as him get along without some excitement in life. Me for a little adventure once in a while," he declared as he departed.

MR. OPT'S light, double tap at my door barely drew my attention from my evening studies. He opened the door less than a third of its swing and sidled into the room. I noticed that he closed the door without causing the usual click of the latch. His progress across the floor to the chair to which I invited him with a nod was absolutely noiseless. He avoided, as though by instinct, a loose floor board which usually squeaked loudly when stepped on. He flashed a comprehensive glance around the room as he seated himself on the extreme edge of the chair. "I hope, sir, that I am not intruding, sir?" he questioned.

I informed him that I was glad to welcome him to my humble quarters. He refused my tender of my own

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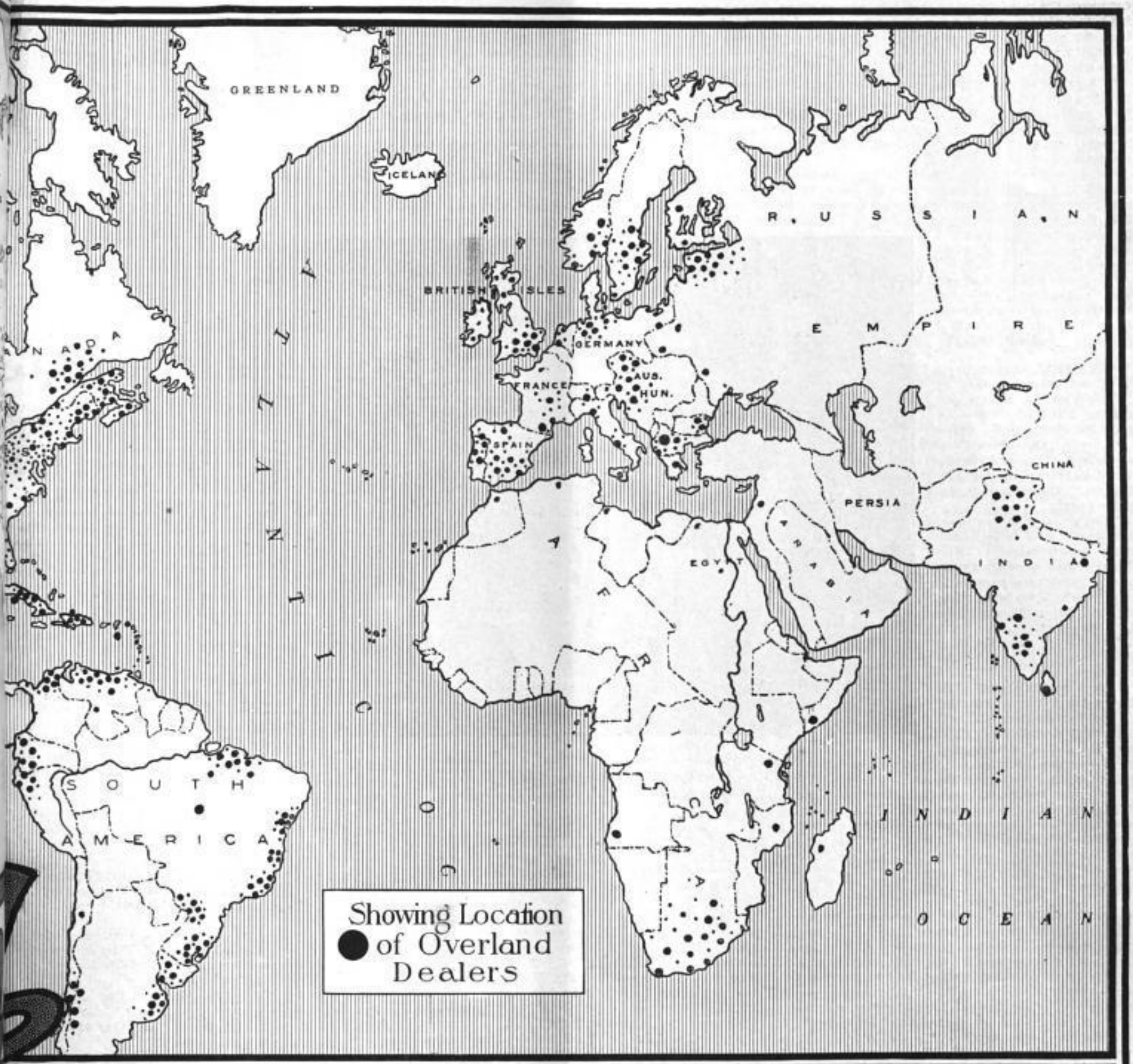


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plies and satisfies over one hundred thousand Overland owners. You will find Overland Service Stations, at your service, in every civilized section of both hemispheres.

Overland parts are stocked in every country under the sun. A special staff of "parts auditors" constantly travel all over the world, checking this stock and keeping it up-to-date. These men study and anticipate your needs in the many different countries—and see that you get what you want when you want it. A large force of men at our Executive Offices do nothing but keep in touch with and keep tab on the efficiency of this system. It is never permitted to fall below a certain standard.

Overland owners are never put to the inconvenience or annoyance of waiting days or weeks for parts to come from the factory. No matter what part of the civilized world you are in you can always get whatever you require in a few hours. And all this is the result of our establishing, developing, and maintaining what has grown to be the most far reaching system of automobile service in the world.

Service is a matter to which you should give more consideration. The establishment of the Overland system has cost us hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is always at the command of every Overland owner in any part of the world.

The Willys-Overland Company, Dept. 6, Toledo, Ohio

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comfortable rocker and waited patiently until I had completed the usual inane sarcasms concerning boarding-house comforts. "Many a young gentleman has been forced by circumstances to accept worse, sir," he said respectfully. He passed a tiny leather box from one hand to the other.

"I hope, sir, that I am not presuming in coming to you for a favor, sir," he continued without waiting for a reply. He seemed pleased at my nod of encouragement. "You see, sir, it is a rather delicate matter, sir; one that I could hardly ask anyone but a gentleman to undertake, sir—"

He stopped and held out the little box. As he extended it toward me he snapped the lid open. Inside lay a ring set with a small but perfect diamond. He laid the box and the trinket it held on my trunk, which was doing duty as an improvised desk.

"You see, sir, she's a very nice young lady, sir—very kindly; and very sympathetic, I imagine, sir. I thought I might be permitted, sir—"

HE PAUSED again. I am sure that my face revealed my mental perplexity. The faint shadow of a smile flickered across his face.

"I beg pardon, sir," he apologized. "You could hardly know, sir, just what I am asking, sir." The faint smile appeared again.

"You see, sir," he continued rapidly, "I wish to leave this little remembrance to Miss Truax—Miss Bessie Truax, you know, sir: the young lady who is about to be married, sir; and I thought maybe, sir, that you—"

"Why don't you give it to her, then?" I was getting impatient.

"Oh, I couldn't, sir!" His tone expressed a mild horror. "I couldn't do it at all, sir." He became propitiatory. "You see, sir, I—I—" He seemed to have evolved an idea and appeared pleased. "You see, sir, I am going away, sir, and—"

This time I did not have to express my thought. "I'll explain, sir," he said hurriedly, as though in answer to my unspoken query. "I'll explain, sir, why I can't give it to her before I go away, sir. You see, sir, that the young lady has been very, *very* good to me, sir, and I wish to show my appreciation of her kindness."

HE PAUSED as though to correlate his ideas. Again he showed uncanny grasp of my mental processes. I had no recollection of Miss Truax even noticing the retiring Mr. Opt during the two months since his arrival at Mrs. Roldy's and had intended to satisfy my curiosity by asking for information regarding the form of kindness displayed by the young lady.

"Oh, no, sir; not the ordinary sort of kindness at all, sir," he interjected hastily. "Not at all, sir! You see, sir, that Miss Truax has only been kindly and considerate of everybody in the house, sir; not at all of me, alone, sir. Not at all, sir."

My impression of Miss Truax during our acquaintance at Mrs. Roldy's had hardly led me to believe in any transcendent goodness or kindliness in that young lady. At times I had thought her a bit snippy. I said so. Mr. Opt appeared pained.

"Oh, sir; I'm so sorry, sir," he complained. "I hoped that everyone admired her as I do. She always seemed to me to be so ready to take up for the poor and lowly, sir. Now at dinner to-night, sir. When she took up for the bur—"

His sudden silence made me glance at him quickly. He had covered his lips with a half-closed hand and appeared frightened.

"Are you interested in the welfare of burglars?" I asked sharply.

"Well, in a way, sir," he answered quickly. He seemed distressed. "Just in a way, sir. You see, sir," he hurried on as though to cover a conversational slip, "I just used that as an illustration of her desire to shield the weak and erring. You see, sir, it made me think of my wife—"

"Your wife?" I broke in. "Are *you* married?" I'm afraid my smile was sardonic. Mr. Opt's quick gray eyes took flashing notice.

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "Yes, sir. Didn't I mention her before? In Chicago, sir. The dearest and sweetest woman in the world, sir. I have her picture here, sir."

He fumbled in his pocket, but I waved aside his proffer of the picture. I was becoming puzzled. "Go on, please," I requested. "Tell me what you wish." He seemed relieved.

"You see, it's like this, sir," he said. "Miss Truax is about to be married, sir. The young man, I take it, sir, is worthy but poor, sir. Wait just a moment, please," he pleaded to halt my intended comment. "You see, sir, that the ring—that is, her engagement ring—is plated, sir"—he seemed horrified—"merely plated, sir. I've seen it often. And the stones, sir"—he twitched his hands as though in pain—"the stones, sir, are merest imitation, sir. I thought, sir," he went on, "that perhaps you might—oh, dear, sir! I'm so sorry that you don't like her, sir—that you might give her this little ring in place—"

"Are you sure your wife—" I started the witless prod and stopped—ashamed.

"Oh, my wife would approve—entirely, sir. I have written to her, sir. She is greatly pleased. I thought I told you that, sir." The man's misery was apparent. "I hoped, sir, that you could suggest some way, sir—"

I was glad to rush to cover. I felt a sudden fear that he might break into tears. I spoke heartily.

"Why, Opt, old scout, it's the easiest thing in the world," I said. "I know the young buck she's about to marry. He's a clerk in a store downtown. Very decent chap. Suppose I just slip him the ring and let him make the change? I'll say it's from the boarders here if you don't want the credit. He'll be tickled to death. He's scraping every cent for furniture. Do you suppose you can trust me with it?"

Mr. Opt went into extremely subdued paroxysms of joy. He grabbed the little case, snapped the lid shut, and pressed it into my hands, holding it there with both of his, as though fearful that I might withdraw my offer of service. "Thank you, sir! Thank you a thousand times, sir!" he exulted. "A wonderful plan, sir—wonderful. Let me thank you again, sir."

MR. OPT started toward the door, still in that gliding, noiseless fashion. He stopped with his hand on the knob and looked back at me wistfully. I decided that the man was lonely and felt a twinge of sympathy.

"Don't hurry, Opt," I said. "Come back and sit down until I finish a little work here and we'll drift down to the corner for a glass of beer."

He came back and again seated himself on the forward edge of the chair. "Thank you very kindly, sir," he murmured. "I will be very glad to accept, sir. I suppose you don't mind, sir, if I take ginger ale?"

The man's abject humility of words and manner was too ludicrous for adequate description. Despite my sense of the demands of hospitality, I was forced to laugh. "Opt, you're a funny card," I chuckled shamelessly between guffaws.

Mr. Opt did not seem to mind. He even smiled as his eyes met mine. "It's the ginger ale amuses you, I suppose, sir," he said. "I have to be very careful of my nerves, sir—not that a drink now and then isn't all right for a healthy young man, sir," he finished with the old note of apology in his voice.

I fell to work with a great rustling of papers, but seemed unable to accomplish anything. I felt impelled to glance at my guest every few minutes, and found each time that he was watching me with his keen eyes. Then I caught a yearning look, as though he repressed a question or request with difficulty, and stopped. leaned back and lighted a cigarette. "I guess that w hold me for to-night," I remarked.

Mr. Opt brightened. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said timidly, "but you write, do you not, sir?" The question surprised me and I suppose I showed it. "I mean you write for the newspapers, or books, or something," he explained.

I grinned as I denied the impeachment, and informed him that I had no literary aspirations. "I'm a shipping clerk, and this toil with pen and paper, which may resemble the outward and visible effort of budding creative genius, is, instead, the mark of labor devoted to acquisition of knowledge and practice of bookkeeping, under the tutelage of a correspondence school," I told him half jocularly.

I was a bit proud of my rhetorical flight. Mr. Opt, however, seemed chagrined. "I'm sorry for my mistake, sir," he said humbly. "Very sorry, indeed, sir. I rathe" hoped—"

"Perhaps I can help yo I interrupted. "If you wi some ground and lofty writing performed maybe I can do it for you."

Mr. Opt again smiled his tiny smile.

"Oh, no, sir!" he declared. "It's nothing at all, sir."

WE watched each other closely for a moment, without speaking. Then Mr. Opt leaned forward. His air was most confidential.

"It's how, sir," he began oddly. "It's how, sir, somehow I got the idea that you was a writer—a paper writer, or a book writer, sir."

He pulled his chair a few inches closer and lowered his voice.

"You see, sir," he continued, "if you *were* a writer, sir, I thought maybe I could tell you something that you could write, sir; something that would be interesting, sir, and at the same time correct some great mistakes, sir."

He "hunched" his chair forward another few inches. He scanned my face eagerly, as though seeking some ray of hope for a cherished project. My curiosity overcame any scruples I might have possessed.

"I have a number of friends in the writing business," I lied glibly. "Tell me your tale and I'll pass it on."

"Would you, sir?" he begged. "It would be a great favor, sir."

"It's about burglars, sir," he rushed on. I started. "Oh, nothing wrong, I assure you, sir!" he exclaimed. "Nothing that would harm your friends' papers, sir.

"You see, it's like this, sir. I read a great deal, sir—on the trains and the like, sir. And I've been reading a lot lately, sir, about burglars, sir." He showed signs of suppressed excitement. "And they are all so very wrong, sir—so *very* wrong!"

"*How* wrong?" I demanded, careless of form in my desire to keep Mr. Opt on the leading thread of his story.

"That's exactly what I am about to explain, sir," he went on. "Exactly, sir." He gestured with his hands, which were slim and showed delicate blue

(Continued on page 28



"Mr. Opt, do you believe that there can be any good in burglars?" "Yes, ma'am," he murmured



"Locked up?" I snapped in an effort to get the story before the train started. "Yes, sir," Mr. Opt stated placidly. "You see the servants took me for a burglar"

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Salesmanship

Rule-of-Thumb Science—Part Two

By W. Maxwell

AS I TRIED to explain to you in my previous article, if you have planned a good approach of the verage man, you need not be greatly oncerned about the peculiarities of temperament of the individual man. We re now at the point of considering this ystery-enshrined problem of "sizing up our man" or "reading his character" or vhatever you choose to call it. To show or how important I consider it as a a in applied salesmanship, when ou tired with the importance of constructing a true image of an average an, I shall dismiss the subject with a ery few words. You don't read a man's character" when you see him. If you ize him up, it is merely to observe, for xample, whether he is deliberate or impetuous, phlegmatic or volatile, serious r flippant, placid or irascible, courteous r ill-mannered, patient or impatient. Naturally you try to harmonize yourself vith those phases of his temperament vhich are most apparent. You speak uickly to a quick-spoken or nervous nan. You are slower of speech, but no ess emphatic, with a deliberate man. You are self-assertive with an ill-mannered man. But why multiply examples of this so-called character reading and ts influence upon your method of approaching a prospective customer? It is argely instinctive, which is no doubt why many salesmen rely upon it in preference to premeditated speech and acts which require constructive thought.

APPROACHING YOUR MAN

WHEN you get to know a man you will naturally adapt your manner of approach to your estimate of his temperament, but do not mistake the exchange of personal amenities for real attention getting. The attention a salesman requires is not attention for himself alone. What he needs is an approach that will compel attention for some particular article in his line or some particular phase of his proposition. He does not want the merely tolerant attention of friendship. The salesman who places his reliance on the friendship of a buyer is backing a high-weighted horse at short odds.

As to the class of man you are approaching—that is to say, whether he is the kind of man who sits in a luxurious office or the kind who sits on the edge of a pickle barrel—my advice is to disregard such distinctions. Act the way you feel, unless you happen to feel subdued by Turkish rugs and rosewood desks. In that event, don't act the way you feel.

One more word and I am done with the subject of approach. I can imagine a jobber's salesman saying that my method is not practicable for a man who sells an extensive line. In my opinion a great weakness in the methods of most salesmen for jobbing houses is that they do not base their approach on one specific article, but scatter fire. I shall enlarge upon this later.

Don't try to tell your whole story when you approach a prospective customer. A common and very bad introductory remark is somewhat as follows: "I am representing Smith & Jones of Johnstown. We make a very fine line of 'Thingumbobs' and I want to see if I can't interest you in our line." Whatever else you do or say, don't say that.

CHALLENGE HIS ATTENTION

ATTENTION may be called the dawn of interest, if you can imagine a dawn that will turn tail at the slightest excuse and slip back into the darkness whence it came.

Perhaps it is closer to the mark to say at attention is a challenge, since the an who gives you his attention yields temporary interest which his mind hallenges you to hold.

Real interest is involuntary mental ncentration. Forced interest is an unilling captive, and feigned interest an iable deceit. It is never safe to assume that any talking point is of inherent interest to a buyer, nor that you can



interest him in your goods merely by describing their good qualities in a convincing way.

I never knew anyone to buy a photograph of a banquet which he had attended if the photographer failed to get him in the picture. If I wanted to impress Niagara Falls on a man's mind so that he would never forget the scene, I should photograph the falls with the man in the foreground and give him a copy of the photograph. If we want to hold the interest of a buyer as we describe our goods, we must keep him in the picture.

Our average man is always interested in himself. If we are trying to sell a high-priced saw and ask the buyer, when we approach him, whether he has a sales organization that can sell a very high-grade saw, we gain his attention because we touch his vanity, and we attach a tether rope to his interest because we make the quality of our saw part and parcel of the buyer's consideration of his own sales ability. We gain momentary possession of his interest, but if we proceed to talk about ourselves and our saw without bringing him into the story, his mind is likely to pull the tether pin and gallop off to the consideration of other subjects.

A buyer's interest in the quality of your goods can be developed to the extent only that he sees in their superior quality a means of increasing his own business profits or prestige. A quality talk should always be from the standpoint of the buyer as a seller and in the identical terms that he should use in selling your goods to his own trade. If the buyer is a jobber, take him with you on an imaginary trip over his territory and talk to his trade about your goods. If he is a retailer, place yourself behind his counter in your imagination and talk to his patrons. In addition to convincing a buyer of the superior excellence of your merchandise, you must also convince him that he can convince his trade.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

THE test of the buyer's interest in your description of your goods is whether you have made him forget that he is a buyer. It is necessary to bring him into the picture as a seller and make him see himself using successfully with his trade the same quality talk that you are using with him. If you can make a buyer desire to remember what you are saying to him so that he can say the same thing to his own customers, you have captured his real interest in the quality of your goods—and short of that you haven't.

"Was unable to interest him." I don't know how many times I have read those words in traveling men's reports. I may have used them myself when I first went on the road. It is a confession that no salesman should have to make. He might as well report: "I saw Jones, but I couldn't get him to look up from his desk." A salesman can always get attention and develop some degree of interest. Yet there are thousands of salesmen who do not always successfully negotiate these preliminary steps of a sale and many of them fail without knowing they have failed. The other day a salesman thanked me for my attention and my interest in his proposition, when, as a matter of fact, my attention had been directed to the circumstance that he was wearing a blue cravat with a brown suit and my interest engaged by the peculiar conformation of his ears. Nor was my frivolity responsible for this. The man had a fair chance to transfer my attention to the thing he had to sell, but because I looked at him he believed he had all of the attention necessary. He could have excited my interest in something besides his ears if he had brought up any point of real interest to me. But he didn't. He took up his allotted time in talking about things that interested him, and because I listened he imagined that I was interested.

I cannot lay too much emphasis on the point that the way to arouse a merchant's interest is to put yourself in his place and talk to his trade instead of to him. One of the best salesmen I know carries with him an imaginary person whom he calls Mr. Dinkenspiel. This salesman sells all his goods to Mr. Dinkenspiel. He will start in something like this:

"Now, there is Mr. Dinkenspiel up at Worcester, Mass." "Dinkenspiel is such and such kind of a man." "We go up to see Dinkenspiel." "Dinkenspiel says 'so and so.'" "We say to Dinkenspiel 'so and so.'"

Dinkenspiel is the greatest cosmopolitan in the world, for he lives wherever this salesman wants him to live. He is the most versatile person in the world because he instantly assumes any character the salesman gives him. However, the buyer can always recognize one of his customers in Dinkenspiel and unconsciously becomes a seller instead of a buyer as his mind follows the imagined sale to Mr. Dinkenspiel.

Every merchant should have a Dinkenspiel, and those who sell to retail merchants should have a Mrs. Dinkenspiel, to whom in fancy they can sell their goods over the merchant's counter while the merchant listens.

SELL HIM SOMETHING

ONE final word on the second step of a sale. No matter how many different kinds of goods you have to sell, start in on a single article and keep the buyer's interest on that article until you have sold it to him or convinced yourself that he won't buy it. Even though you are traveling for a jobbing house and carry a catalogue as big as a dictionary, you should commence as if you had but one thing to sell. Actually sell something before you commence to rifle the pages of your catalogue and drone out your inquiries as to whether the buyer needs any of this or wants a little of that. Make a clean-cut sale right at the start, and subsequent orders will come a good deal easier and faster. I suppose this is a result of the meeting of minds which occurs in an actual sale as distinguished from a voluntary offering in the shape of an order. After the minds of buyer and salesman have met in a real sale, they appear to synchronize more fully as the pages of the catalogue are turned. Perhaps this isn't the explanation, but the fact remains and I commend the method to every jobber's salesman.

The third step of a sale is to nail down what you have previously said. In developing the interest of your prospective customer you will very possibly have carried him to a point from which there will be some reaction. You must expect reaction. It is better to have it before than after you get the order. Reaction after you have gone away with the order is very likely to mean cancellation. A countermand usually means that you overplayed your hand.

SHOW HIM A PROFIT

YOU have interested your prospective customer as you sketched the possibilities of your line and told him of its good qualities. You have sold the goods to Mr. Dinkenspiel and your customer has heard you do it. While he listened he ceased to be a buyer and in his imagination became a seller. But before you get his order he becomes the buyer again. You have made him



You May Not Be A Chinese—Yet—

THE Chinese deliberately, studiously bind and deform their feet through life. They call it *style*.

Americans do the same thing, though without the thought or effort. We crowd our good, honest feet into any shaped shoe that strikes our fancy.

We do not think of the harm. But time always tells what the above X-Ray photo shows. It tells in corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. It tells in painful *consciousness of our feet*. It tells in loss of bodily efficiency.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is built in the shape of a *real foot*. It has precisely the right amount of room for all five toes—without looseness. It is handsome in shape, handsomely made—in fact, good sense *plus good looks*.

For men, women, children. Put your child's feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and he will never have corns, bunions, etc. Put your own feet into Educators and the poor, tired bones will straighten out in relief. Made the same shape season after season. Thus you can always have on the same comfortable shoe.

Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

Look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole of every genuine Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe. If your dealer doesn't carry genuine Educators, send us his name and we'll mail you complete catalog and tell you where to get them.

Don't be Chinese. Use your thought and free your feet from foot troubles, by getting them into Educators *today*.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"



Men's Educator

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

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All controls at your hand



Top view of controller

FROM the small compact control box of the Aplco electric equipment you can start your motor, switch lights on or off; dim your head lights. You can lock starter, lights and horn; test flow of current; light your dash.

THE controller typifies the whole Apple equipment—simple, business-like, positive. You get 100% service from the Aplco electric engine starter for this reason. It is "the starter that never stops starting."

You can depend upon it always; count on its reserve power and infallibility. Compact—it doesn't clutter up your engine installation.

You will naturally prefer the Aplco equipment, scientifically developed with repeated tests under the direction of Vincent G. Apple himself. Mr. Apple is the pioneer in the whole electric starter idea; obviously his outfit is not the hurriedly-designed-to-meet-the-demand kind. Many engineers now agree that his idea is the right one—24 volts for starting, 6 volts for lighting, ignition, signaling, etc.

When you buy your new car demand an Aplco starter. Write us about it. You want to know what you can do with this starter problem, anyhow. It's the most important accessory you have to consider.

You'll find our service stations in many principal cities. Through one of these you can probably arrange for an Aplco starter on your present car. Write us about this, too; such an improvement will add tremendously to the cash value of your car.

APLCO

The Apple Electric Co.
89 Canal St., Dayton, O.

comprehend what you claim for your goods in quality and salability. The next step is to bring him to a full belief in and accord with your statements—by making him see a profit.

He wants to make money. You must show him certainly and definitely how your goods will make money for him. If they are priced at such a figure that he can't derive an attractive direct profit from their sale, you must be able to show him how they will build up his prestige and trade, and give him the desired profit indirectly, if not directly.

No matter how excellent your wares may be, no matter how satisfactory they will prove to the trade, no matter how easily they can be sold, our average man insists on seeing a satisfactory profit in them in some form or other before he will give you his order.

DIRECT OR INDIRECT—BUT A PROFIT

I HAVE heard salesmen say: "Yes, I know, Mr. Jones, the profit on our goods is a little less, but consider the satisfaction of handling a line like ours." The satisfaction which a merchant gets from handling a high-grade article is secondary to the satisfaction he experiences in making an attractive profit. I have never known a merchant to place an order for goods merely that he might have the satisfaction of handling them. Tradesmen handle merchandise for the profit. Postage stamps ordinarily yield the apothecary no direct profit, but his postage-stamp business extends his trade and affords him an indirect profit. The grocer may handle certain widely advertised goods at an actual loss, but he has a reason for doing it quite apart from any satisfaction he derives from their sale.

Summed up briefly, the third step of a sale is to decorate your proposition with the dollar sign. The reaction which the buyer experiences after you have carried to the highest pitch his interest in the quality and salability of your goods will manifest itself in one controlling thought: "Can I make more money by buying these goods?" Don't let him ask the question. Anticipate it. You know the climax of your quality and salability talk. Ring down the curtain on that line of talk when you have reached this climax and instantly ring up on your profit-making talk.

I have asserted that the third step of a sale is to nail down what you have previously said about your goods. Convince the buyer that there is a sure and satisfactory profit to be made from the sale of your line and you have confirmed to his entire satisfaction all of your previous claims. Up to the third step of a sale, talk quality just as fervidly as the truth will permit; then prove your statements by showing the buyer how much money he is going to make. Not because that really proves quality, but because our average man wants to believe the best of anything that holds forth a convincing prospect of more money in his pocket. Perhaps you say: "Then why not talk about the profits first?" Simply because profits in trade are not earned until sales are made and the buyer's mind is not ready to consider the subject of profits until you have shown him the possibility of sales. Sales before profits is the order of events in trade. Your sales arguments should be presented in the same order, for that sequence of thought occurs in the buyer's mind as he considers your proposition, and he cannot follow you attentively if your arguments are presented in a different sequence.

But in its proper place the profits talk is all important, and every salesman should have at his tongue's end a definite and convincing statement and analysis of the profits that can be made from the sale of his goods. If you are a salesman and haven't a lucid profits talk in your repertoire, I beg of you to take pencil and paper to-night and work one out to the last decimal point, for the accomplishment of the third step of a sale depends on the buyer's ability to see a profit in store for him.

Now comes the fourth and final step of a sale. You have disarmed the buyer by showing the salability and the profitableness of your goods. He is ready for the final stroke. But remember that a buyer has wonderful resourcefulness in negation. If you let the psychological moment slip by, he is likely to recover his shield of doubt and sword of disagreement and put you to rout. Don't let your opportunity escape. The instant you have reached the climax of your profits talk is the time to take the hazard.

I have referred to the faculty of divining the proper time to make the closing talk. It would have been better to define this as the ability to recognize the moment you have convinced your prospective customer that there is an inviting profit in your goods. When that moment comes, say to yourself: "Mr. Buyer, I know you're going to buy a bill of goods from me. You can't help it. The only question is how big a bill you're going to buy." However, while you are talking to yourself, don't give the buyer a chance to put an excuse or objection into words. A thought that gets into words is harder to combat than a silent thought.

Make a clean-cut sale right at the start, and subsequent orders will come a good deal easier and faster



WRITING OUT AN ORDER

THE best closing stunt I know of is to outline an order. It keeps before the buyer's eyes the picture of sales and profits that you have drawn and it keeps him in the picture. You say: "Now to start in on this proposition you'll only need"—well, no matter how much he's going to need. You write it down, commenting on the virtues of the goods as you write. It is a curious fact that a buyer will seldom interrupt you while you are writing, and if you talk as you write, his mind follows your pencil instead of formulating excuses, doubts, and objections. When you have completed the memorandum of the goods you think he should buy, you pass it over to him and you say: "There's about what you ought to have as a starter." The expression on your face is a sort of compromise between the ferocity of a man-eating tiger, the wistfulness of a hungry dog, and the self-complacency of a hoot owl. What does the buyer do? He either buys or he doesn't buy. You have cast the dice and you have won or lost.

PERSONALITY

I HAVE not touched on special discounts, impending advances in price, threatened shortages of supply, or similar inducements and arguments that can sometimes be offered to the buyer as a part of the closing talk. If the salesman can truthfully advance any such reasons why the buyer should place his order at once, they are a legitimate aid in taking the fourth step of a sale, but they are not an essential part of salesmanship.

I have nearly completed what I have to say about salesmanship, the rule-of-thumb science. Its fundamental rules are few and simple. Their application depends upon your estimate of yourself and the average man with whom you have to deal. Your thumb may be either longer or shorter than mine—hence salesmanship must always be a rule-of-thumb science.

It has required some restraint to refrain from anecdotes to illustrate the points I have attempted to make. Illustrative stories are almost habitual in articles on salesmanship—so much so that the illustrations usually submerge and obliterate the points intended to be illustrated. You no doubt know as many stories as I, and I leave it to you to find your own illustrations.

I should be entirely through now, except that a man who knew that I was writing this article said to me the other day: "I want to read what you say about personality. That's the important thing in a salesman, and it's a thing that's born in a man. It's something he can't acquire."

To avoid disappointing this gentleman I must say a few words about personality.

Personality in salesmanship is merely the radiation of self-confidence. Be sure of your ground and you will have a convincing personality. Some people are born with self-confidence. If it stops short of offensive egotism, they have a certain inborn personality. But personality is more frequently acquired than inborn. Don't worry about it any more than about character reading. Know your goods thoroughly, master and practice the fundamental principles of salesmanship, and personality will descend upon you like a halo.

On the Mountain

By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

LOVE of mine, come climb the height
Far above the thirsty plain;
There we'll find our heart's delight,
There the Spring is born again.

High, beyond this dreamy dell
Where her first-born flowers fade
Let us go to meet the spell
Of her coming, in the glade.

Where the balsam branches spread
Shadows on the deeper blue
Of the violets we thought dead—
Where the golden bell-wort's hue

Rivals still the sunlight's gleam,
Come—my heart would leap and play
As we glory in the dream
Of a reincarnate May!

Love of mine, I cannot wait,
For one joy attends, aloof—
Let us go with hearts elate,
Thus to put it to the proof.

What if as we meet the Spring,
Evanescent, frail, and fair;
Swift, on its elusive wing,
Our lost youth should greet us there!

The Second Lesson

In Organizing and Running a Pure Food Campaign in Your Town



By Lewis B. Allyn

IT WILL be remembered that the expenses of the food show of the fair type are met largely by the exhibiting manufacturers, and by an admission fee charged to the public—a perfectly legitimate enterprise when rightly conducted, and productive of excellent results. One serious objection to this kind of food fair lies in the fact that it must be limited to cities and communities whose population would in a measure guarantee financial success through the number of paying visitors. Strictly speaking, such a fair does not exhibit pure food as such, but rather special brands of pure food, a rather serious distinction, as one may see. For example, the Blank Company buys space in which to demonstrate in any permissible way such of its products as are considered eligible by the censor committee and according to the provisions of the contract. This firm may exhibit ten different food products or even more. It is generous in the distribution of literature and samples, and the visitor leaves with the impression that the brand of goods made or distributed by this firm is a desirable one, as without doubt it is. The company, however, does not carry meat products, dairy specials, confectionery, nor beverages. In some food fairs there has been a complete omission of such important foods as cooking oils and fats, cocoas, sirups, vegetable products, dried fruits, and the like. The committee in charge secured representative brands, but did not secure representative foods.

This condition, which frequently obtains, has brought about the necessity of some supplementary exhibit. This is perhaps best met by an exhibit of the museum type.

THE FOOD MUSEUM

THE food museum is an important adjunct in any food campaign, since it is a means of continuing interest as well as arousing it. An exhibit of this nature may be installed in any town regardless of the number of population. The different lines of cooperation should be carefully planned, however, as previously outlined. The list of references from the Westfield Athenæum to be printed in COLLIER'S of August 2 will prove useful, and will supplement a list previously published. It is the work of Librarian Lewis, who is a stanch advocate of the pure-food movement.

A room centrally located and easy of access should be selected. The size and location must be in part governed by the funds available for its maintenance. The finances must be met wholly by the organizations active in promoting the fair. No manufacturer should be allowed to contribute to the fund, and admission should be free to the public.

It will be remembered that in a food fair the flooring is spaced, and sections are sold to exhibiting manufacturers. In a museum, shelves are built and show cases installed in the most effective manner. The exhibit space is divided into sections covering all the common classes of food products. Thus a visitor who is interested in flavoring extracts can pass to the appropriate section designated by a suitably printed sign. There he may see not one but half a dozen or more brands of high-class goods. Whereas a food fair will exhibit at most two or three brands, a food museum may exhibit an unlimited number.

WESTFIELD'S MUSEUM

A BRIEF description of the Westfield (Mass.) Food Exhibit will be of interest, as it may well serve as a model. The museum is located at 158 Elm Street, one of the principal streets, at a point where the traffic is heavy. The room is 95 feet by 20 feet, the interior a light cream color, and liberally supplied with electric lights and fans, under the direction of the municipal lighting board. Foods are classified under the following headings: beverages; canned fruits and vegetables; confectionery; cereals; cocoa and chocolates; coffee; cooking oils and fats; crackers, cookies, and the like; dairy products; dessert preparations; flour; flavoring extracts; fish products; honey, sirups, etc.; jams and preserves; macaroni, spaghetti, and the like; meat products; olives and olive oil; peanut butter; pickles; condiments; sugar, salt and seasoning; spices; soups; tea. This list, one of convenience, may be modified to suit special conditions. It is designed to bring foods together under naturally related heads. Articles for these sections are secured from two sources—from the manufacturer or wholesaler, and from the local retailers. Many a manufacturer is glad to avail himself of the privilege of placing his goods on the shelves, not only to secure a good advertisement, but likewise to further the interests of pure foods. Some manufacturers whose products are in large packages, or of a perishable nature, prefer to submit dummies, which are perfectly acceptable and legitimate for the purpose intended, provided the articles themselves are up to the standard set for the exhibit. Displays of hams and bacons and some lines of confectionery are composed of packages of this kind. Other manufacturers elect to send the usual full package. Manufacturers frequently make their display by sending an order on their local representatives, and asking them to submit packages from stock. Goods are likewise loaned for display by the grocers and provision dealers of the town without reference to the wishes of the manufacturer. It is perhaps needless to say that all displayed goods are carefully supervised and are already listed in "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods," or at least conform to the standard set by the town. This standard is set forth by Regulation 1: "There shall be no impure food product exhibited in this display; no foods containing added alum, copper, formaldehyde; sulphurous acid or its salts, boric acid or its salts; benzoic acid or its salts; formic acid or its salts, fluorides of sodium or calcium; nor any other noncondimental preservatives; no exhibited foods shall contain any coal-tar colors, nor poisonous vegetable colors; nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance have been taken from them so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength, and purity. Packages shall bear no dishonest labels nor labels bearing extravagant statements."

So far as can be determined, every high-grade manufacturer is willing to subscribe to the above statement. In an exhibit of this character it becomes necessary to employ a censor committee empowered to admit or debar products.

Several interesting instances came to the attention of the Westfield committee. A certain can bore the label "Little Neck Clams." Investigation showed that they were not little-neck clams, but were ordinary soft-shell clams. On having his attention called to the error, the owner of the brand promised immediate correction. Meanwhile the clams waited outside.

A well-known brand of cocoa sought admission. The label read, "Pure Soluble Cocoa." The sample was not pure cocoa on account of its high ash and alkalinity. Neither was it soluble, for it was composed of over four-fifths insoluble matter. The district manager promptly agreed to have the label changed to conform with the truth. The cocoa will wait with the clams.

Upon another brand of cocoa appeared directions for making it, together with the statement: "You will then have a cup of this unrivaled cocoa." Since "unrivaled" means without a competitor or peerless, it was deemed wise to call the manufacturer's attention to the case. The manufacturer at once replied: "That label has been on the cans from time immemorial, and we have never thought about the meaning of that particular word. We have ordered all future packages to bear the word 'Excellent' instead of 'Unrivaled.'" It was thought advisable to display the cocoa with the letter from the firm.

One manufacturer sent in a 3-pound can of coffee labeled "Contains 5 pounds"; one a 32-ounce bottle of olive oil labeled "Contains 15 ounces."

PUBLIC SPIRIT DOES IT

THE organizations back of the Westfield exhibit are the Board of Health, the Board of Trade, and the Merchants' Association, since the campaign is too much for any one organization to handle.

When it was thought desirable to maintain a comprehensive display of foods, the expense was divided between the Board of Health and the Board of Trade, the former looking after the maintenance, and the latter after the advertising. One element of the success of the Westfield campaign has been skillful advertising. The Board of Trade has installed two electrically lighted signs of large dimensions at the two main entrances of the town. The inscription reads: "WESTFIELD, THE PURE FOOD TOWN. Visit the Pure Food Exhibit." Banners and electric flash signs prominently displayed in other sections also call attention to the exhibit.

The merchants were organized into a general committee of arrangements to look after some of the important details: one being responsible for the cereal display; another for the canned goods; and a third for the spices and the like. A feeling of good-fellowship, developed because of these men working together for a common end—better food for Westfield—has more than paid for all the care, work, and responsibility. The exhibit will be open every afternoon and Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings for at least three months.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXHIBITS

BACK of the main exhibit room is a large alcove containing educational displays, as noted in the preceding article upon this subject. That people may be impressed with the necessity of pure food both from the standpoint of hygiene and economy there is an extensive collection of adulterated and misbranded foods: "To Enlighten, Not to Frighten." Included in this are coal-tar dyed, glue-filled, shellac-coated, arsenical candies; pie paint for bakers' use; drugged soft drinks containing caffeine, dyes, ethers,

THE APPLE ELECTRIC COMPANY
IGNITION LIGHTING
APLCO
STARTING SIGNALING
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

You can bring your motor car or boat up to date quickly, easily and inexpensively by having it equipped now with

Aplco Electric Lights

"The right way to light the way"

With the Aplco System installed you'll enjoy your car much more while you own it; and it will bring a higher price when you sell it.

Here are the definite advantages of the Aplco system:

. You can turn all lights on or off with one switch, at your hand.

. Your road is brilliantly lighted for feet ahead. Night riding is no longer a nerve strain; it's delightful.

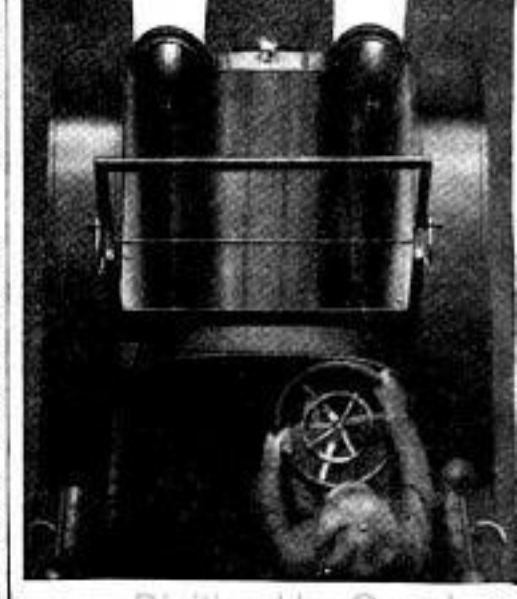
You needn't worry about having "ce" enough; it's self-made as you and stored up in the battery whether lights are lighted or not.

You'll find it always safe, always and convenient. You have no danger, no smoke; no filling of lamps, no recharging of batteries.

O have the Aplco System installed not in any garage a complicated, ed or costly operation; quite the ite It's simple doing for every , and worth doing now, with less present season left.

ere's an Aplco dealer near you our garage can easily install the in no time. If there is any on about it write us and we will u to arrange it.

Apple Electric Co.
Canal St., Dayton, Ohio



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IT was a new and startling idea to pack an—80 CENT—tobacco in a 5 Cent tin—just HALF the size of the ordinary tin.

The 80 Cent TOBACCO in the Handy 5¢ TIN

Why did we do it?

Because the 5 Cent tin holds just enough tobacco to keep FRESH until it is smoked.

You don't buy your tobacco cheaper. But you buy the RIGHT AMOUNT at a time.

That simple idea has SOLVED the vexed problem of fresh tobacco in a handy pocket package.

Stag is something more than one of the world's finest tobaccos. Its FRAGRANCE is the most delightful thing in the whole history of smoking. No other tobacco has it, or can have it.



A single tin of Stag will show any smoker what he has been missing.

Sold only in 5 Cent tins and 90 Cent pound glass humidor jars.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

STAG

preservatives, soap bark, and tincture of red pepper. Here one may see a new chewing gum called Pneumovita, said to be "the best-known remedy for tuberculosis, bronchitis, relieving water brash, and the like." Here are extracts with false and lying labels—labels of the sticker type, which, in deference to the Food and Drugs Act, cover up the fraud beneath, and state it in a modified form. Here is deadly "dope" for babies and dangerous "dope" for adults—in short, a horrible sickening collection which turns the spotlight of public disapproval upon such commercial and moral degradation.

Paid assistants of the Board of Health are present to explain the various features and plans of the exhibit. People hear the explanation, leave, and return in a few minutes with others and go over the explanation for their benefit. This is a very common occurrence and indicates public interest. A modestly equipped chemical laboratory in charge of a skilled young woman is in daily operation, and proves a strong attraction. On certain evenings local speakers and others give brief addresses on various phases of the pure-food movement and what it means to the people of Westfield.

Window displays are furnished as set by the grocer who has that matter in charge for the week. Attractive signs are furnished by an interested sign painter. The points in favor of such a food display may be summed up thus: It awakens and continues public interest; it advertises pure food as such; it furthers good-fellowship among provision dealers; it gives everyone an opportunity to help; it educates, enlightens and assures; it is of a semipermanent character, and is a place of ready reference.

Its standard must be high; its policy broad and liberal. In this way any town may secure for itself greatly improved food conditions.

The Fortunes of Citizen Creel

(Continued from page 6)

paper had betrayed him, not he it! He thought it was he who had the grievance. Instead he was sent to Coventry and made to experience that utter loneliness which is the price men pay for the privilege of championing an uncrowned cause. Homes were closed to him, friends passed him by, boys guyed him in the street. Creel had earned himself this. Deeply despondent, he went off, down to the State prison at Cañon City and took up his abode with his friend Warden Tynan and the warden's group of four hundred word of honor men who go and come almost as they please.

Creel put in days and days wandering with Jim about his work over the hills surrounding the penitentiary. And this faith of Jim's was like medicine to the thrown-down writer of editorials.

BACK INTO BATTLE

FINALLY, with his vision cleared, Creel came to New York and began to write for the magazines; but in the summer of the following year, 1911, he was invited to return to Denver, to become editorial writer on the "Rocky Mountain News," a paper owned by Senator T. M. Patterson.

The fight for the commission form of government in Denver was on and Creel threw himself into that in his clear-seeing but passionate, headlong way. The ease with which 20,000 signatures to the petition for a vote upon the subject were secured showed how trenchant was his pen. But the City Council threw these petitions in the wastebasket. While the Supreme Court was being invoked in vain upon mandamus proceedings, the Speer administration carried insolence of the popular will farther yet by forcibly ejecting City Assessor Henry J. Arnold from his office. The people were aghast. Creel himself, seldom at a loss for words, was almost struck dumb. After hesitating for a while and against the advice of every one of his councilors, he published a notice in the "News" calling for a mass meeting Sunday afternoon on the east lawn of the Capitol to protest. The day was bleak, but 35,000 people, like a vast cloud of locusts, came out and settled down upon the lawn, standing for three hours in quiet orderliness while many speakers addressed them, after which they adopted resolutions that Creel had prepared—which were notable at once for deep conviction and well-husbanded wrath, and dispersed quietly to their homes. It was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed in an American city, and it clearly showed Creel's great genius for firing and directing the public mind.

PROMISES BEFORE AND AFTER

BELIEVING with all his soul in the integrity of Henry J. Arnold, the assessor whom Speer had ejected, Creel soon put him forward as a candidate for Mayor. As the spring campaign approached, another great mass meeting was held, but this time in the Auditorium, and at it a citizen's ticket headed by Arnold was nominated. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon of Utah, then and now of Denver, who was presiding, administered to these candidates, while they held their hands high toward heaven, an oath to give the people of Denver commission government at the earliest possible moment. This pledge was also put into writing. At the election on May 20, 1912, this ticket was triumphant.

Immediately a difference began to develop between Arnold, the Mayor-elect, and Creel, who had made his election possible. Creel says Arnold began to make his appointments as rewards to personal helpers, indicating that he regarded his triumph at the polls as a personal one instead of a victory for principles. Seeing this, Creel demanded and received for himself the position of Police Commissioner—not only because of his old interest in the humanity side of every question, but also that he might be in a position to make the administration keep its commission government pledge. On taking the office he announced that he would hold it but six months, his hurrying soul imagining that in that time he could get things working as he wished them to work, and then pass on to other activities. There were two other Commissioners—Blakely, Excise Commissioner, and McGrew, Fire Commissioner—the three together constituting the Fire and Police, with power in the three departments thus combined.

A TOLSTOYAN IN OFFICE

FOR the first time Creel had an administrative office in his hands. For fifteen years he had been telling officeholders how they ought to do things. Now he had a chance himself to do them and was eager to be at it. Human sympathy is dominant in Creel's life. He thinks government should be a fatherly, motherly, brotherly sort of institution. He was determined that his police department should be that, and began immediately to try to make it so by taking away the clubs from the policemen. "I'm a Tolstoyan," he says, "to the extent of believing that violence begets violence." He had looked up the record for several months past and found that three or four men a day had been clubbed and that the beaten men were usually drunkards. To the policemen he made the naive argument that they owed special deference to the drunkard, and that instead of clubbing him they should take care of him and send him home, because he was in reality their principal employer. The line of logic was this: The city in licensing the saloon is practically in the liquor business and from these licenses gets the money to pay policemen's salaries. The drunken man, prima facie, has been the city's best liquor customer, and therefore deserves special consideration.

Truly George Creel was a curious police commissioner!

Free speech had been an issue in Denver, efforts having been made to curb the utterances of the Industrial Workers of the World; but Creel said: "Let 'em talk!" After which the I. W. W. meetings became as innocuous as sewing circles. "It's when you bottle radicals up that they are dangerous," explained Creel. "Leave a rug on the lawn and the grass under it turns yellow. We don't want any yellow spots in Denver."

But the greatest battle was fought over the social evil, a question just then greatly to the fore in Denver. Everybody—ministers, newspapers, women's clubs, politicians—seemed to think it should be settled at once, and that Creel was the man to do it. Much of the clamor was hypocritical and designed to embarrass. Creel, however, was willing enough to go at the question, but with this difference: he was in dead earnest and saw the situation to the bottom in



WINCHESTER
Win 'ches-ter ri 'fle *or* Win 'ches-ter, *n* (win 'ches-ter). [After Oliver F. *Winchester* (1810-80). Amer. manufacturer.] A breech-loading rifle with a tubular magazine under the barrel holding five or more cartridges inserted one by one from the rear, the bolt being worked back and forth by a lever beneath. It * * * * was introduced about 1866, and is **in world-wide use,** especially as a sporting arm. * * * (Webster's New International Dictionary.)

WEBSTER'S SAYS

WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES ARE "IN WORLD-WIDE USE"

Webster's statement is authentic. It could have gone further and said with equal truth that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use," because they have been found by sportsmen everywhere to be practical in design, strong in construction, dependable in operation, accurate in shooting, handsome in finish, and moderate in price. Another reason that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use" is on account of their being made in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50 and in styles to suit every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste.

WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOTGUNS are also "in world-wide use" and, on account of their wonderful shooting and wearing qualities, and low cost, they are fast supplanting double guns for all kinds of shooting. They are made in 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauges.

WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES are also "in world-wide use." They are loaded with smokeless and black powders. In Winchester and all other rifles, and in revolvers they can always be depended upon to give shooting satisfaction.

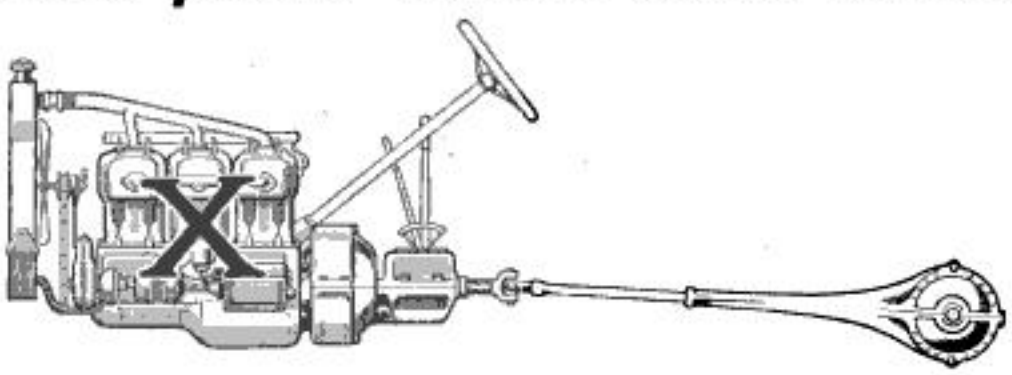
WINCHESTER LOADED SHELLS for shotguns are also "in world-wide use." They are loaded in all gauges with smokeless and black powders. For field, fowl or trap shooting in any make of gun they give the best results.

Dealers Everywhere Recommend And Sell The **W** *Brand*

W W W W W W W W W

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Lost power means worn metal



"X" indicates the motor where your power develops. But:

A great deal of the power developed in combustion chambers never gets to the rear axles.

Most of the power lost on the way is taken up by friction.

If motorists understood better the costly results of unnecessary friction they would select their lubricating oil with the greatest care.

Only oil of the very highest lubricating ***quality*** *can properly protect the moving parts.*

Only oil whose ***"body,"*** *or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly reach the friction points.*

Correct "*body*" is quite as important as correct *quality*.

And correct "body" cannot be determined by guess.

Motor-constructions differ widely. Before the correct "body" for your feed requirements can be determined, the construction of your motor *must* be known and carefully considered.

To this end, every year we analyze the motor-construction of each of the season's models. Guided by this analysis and by practical experience we determine the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of car.

The correct oil for each car we then specify in a lubricating chart (printed, *in part*, on the right).

The oils specified have extraordinary wearing qualities and will retain an efficient lubricating "body" under the most exacting service demands. Their "body" suits the feed requirements of each car they are recommended for.

The lubricating chart in this page represents the professional advice of a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is unquestioned the world over—The Vacuum Oil Company.

If you use oil of lower lubricating ***quality*** *or of less-correct* ***"body"*** *than that specified for your car, your motor must face loss of power, unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage.*

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to order either a full barrel, half-barrel, or a *sealed* five-gallon or one-gallon can.

See the name and our red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.



Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." Ford electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1912		1913	
	Touring	Roadster	Touring	Roadster	Touring	Roadster	Touring	Roadster	Touring	Roadster
Abbott-Detroit			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Abbott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Acason	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Acyclecar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Aerocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	U	A	E	A	E	A	Arc		
Avery			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Black Crow (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	B	A								
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Cont.	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case					A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Childress	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chur	B	B	B	E	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A		
" "Knight"									A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Daniels	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"									A	A
Detroit	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
De Luxe	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders			E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc		
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	E	E	E	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont.	E	A	E	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C.							Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Grabow					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grabowsky-Logan	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Hartford	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
" (6 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Hudson			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile "20"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "32"									A	A
I. H. C. (water)									E	A
" (water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A		
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Inter-State	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Italo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield									Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont.					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kline Kar					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kline			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline Kar			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lexington	B	A	B	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Maxwell	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mercer	Arc	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	Arc	Arc	A	E	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Metz	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Michigan			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Page Detroit			E	E	A	Arc	A	E	A	E
Paige	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder									A	Arc
Pierce	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" Cont.					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Regal	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Reid									A	A
Reliance	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reliance	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
S. G. V.					D	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Saxon	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Saxon					A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Service									A	Arc
Sheridan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" "Mead"									A	Arc
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" "Knight"									A	A
Stearns Theron	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	A		
Velie	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Warren, Detroit			Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
White (Gas)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Gargoyle Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

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his passionate, length-going way. Proposals for segregation, licensing, inspection, reglementation—jails, even—were poured in upon him, and Creel scorned them every one, thereby making enemies of some of the very good people whose support he had a right to expect. The trouble came from Creel's radicalism. He is one of those unreasonable people who think there should be no social evil, and undertake to prove it—who believe we must root out the social evil or it will root us out. He has startling arrays of figures to show that the red plague is the most insidious menace of American health.

TESTING A BIG IDEA

DENVER had seven hundred daughters of Rahab, most of whom Creel claimed were diseased. What he wanted was a municipal farm which could be turned into a hospital and reclamation home for the whole seven hundred. In the meantime he refused either to jail the women as demanded by the extremists or to favor the profession with any sort of official eye winking. Instead, by forbidding them to sell liquor in the houses, by compelling the removal of their electric pianos, and by a rigid system of police surveillance, he reduced the number in six months to two hundred and fifty. This number, however, rose again in thirty days to three hundred and fifty when the majority in the Police Commission began to override Creel and slacken the curbs he had drawn.

The municipal farm project had been indorsed by the administration, but after six months seemed as far off as ever, and Creel, divinely impatient, and wanting the women eliminated primarily because he believed them to be distributors of disease, made arrangements with certain of the hospitals to receive the patients, and began arresting squads of the women daily and having them placed in detention while the blood tests were made. This experiment was uncompleted when Creel was forced out of office; but the results obtained in one single month showed that out of one hundred and forty-four women examined, ninety-five were diseased, while of the total arrested nearly one-third had probably been reclaimed and restored to homes or right living by the sympathetic cooperation of social workers who reached them while in detention.

But Creel's activities in other directions and in behalf of other causes were by no means curtailed by his duties as Police Commissioner, and he still retained his position upon the "Rocky Mountain News," giving his days to police work and late at night bending over the typewriter, upon which he pounded out those darkness-cleaving editorials which were his most powerful service.

LABOR AND ROMANCE

THE moment the city election was over he had entered upon a campaign in behalf of twelve new pieces of legislation to be passed upon at the November election, this being the first opportunity of the people of Colorado to avail themselves of their newly won right to initiate legislation. The proposed amendments included mother's compensation, a plan to make the public school a social center, and a universal eight-hour law, each of which involved an immense amount of discussion.

All this while, too, Creel was preparing to be married. Somewhere between rounds this ardent youth had managed to win the affections of Blanche Bates, the California-born actress, who, in "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West," had won a very high place in the hearts of playgoers all over the country. Her engagement to Creel was announced just as the fight was thickening about his head, and this brave, impetuous woman immediately added a dramatic element to the situation by coming with a flock of chaperons to make Denver her summer home, and to take up the fight which her intended husband was making, especially interesting herself in those issues, of which there were a number, that centered around the welfare of womankind. After the marriage, in November, the bride even went upon the platform with her husband, not only giving blow for blow beside him, but necessarily exposing herself to attack as well.

In the November election, seven of the twelve amendments for which Creel was fighting were carried, and they were the only ones of the thirty-two proposed which did carry.

The moment this contest was over, Creel turned to the matter of a commission form of government for Denver, to which, it will be remembered, the successful candidates had pledged themselves prior to the spring election.

Now, however, most of them were either lukewarm or in open arms against the proposal, and Creel's insistent demand that they keep the faith aroused their bitter but secret enmity. January 1 was now at hand—the date set by Creel for his resignation—and of a sudden there came a furious and seemingly overwhelming demand that he "keep his pledge to the people." The papers that hated him, the corporations that feared him, and all the officials who did not want commission government joined in the hue and cry. But Creel decided not to resign, making a public statement to the people in his paper, and writing a private letter to the Mayor, whom he addressed as "My dear Henry," in which appears this sentence:

It was my hope to be able to quit the office on January 1, but not only does much remain to do, but the vicious and abusive attempt to drive me out has aroused my indignation and my suspicion.

Creel again undertook the getting of a petition for a commission election, paying every cent of the expenses out of his own pocket, and this time the election was ordered. Creel then became chairman of the campaign committee.

THE IRONS ARE HEATED

HOWEVER, the irons had for some time been heating which were to force Creel out of his own administration, whether he would or not. He was harassed in public; he was hounded in private. His smallest good intentions were distorted into purposes of monstrous evil. One night his two fellow commissioners, who, of course, constituted a majority against him, acting upon the orders of the Mayor, thrust back the clubs into the hands of the policemen. This marked the first open rupture between Creel and the Mayor whom he had placed in office. A few weeks later, by a secret and verbal order this cabal in the Police Commission allowed the electric pianos to be returned to the houses of ill fame and the selling of liquor to be resumed. Within thirty days the number of prostitutes in the district increased by one hundred.

Against this combination Creel found himself helpless. Half sick with chagrin and disappointment, he saw the administration for which he had hoped so much sinking beneath the waves of public disapproval. But his vision was still clear. He knew it was only a few petty politicians who had betrayed him, and he believed the commission election soon to be held would record the people's verdict upon their treachery. Realizing that his own official end was near, he believed he could do no better service to the larger cause than to devote his remaining days as Police Commissioner to showing the people of Denver with exactly what sort of conditions and material he had to contend. With this idea in mind he appeared at a meeting of the Police Commission on the 31st day of January last with a perfectly bland resolution that members of the Fire and Police Departments should not drink while on duty, and in its last clause providing that the commissioners themselves should set the example.

"I'm against that last paragraph," Commissioner McGrew cried; "strike it out and I'll vote for your resolution."

"That last paragraph is the point of the whole resolution," replied Creel truculently, addressing McGrew. "You have rarely drawn a sober breath since you came on this board. There have been mornings when you have lurched in here with your eyes blackened as the result of low saloon rows, looking like any bum."

Obviously remarks like these were calculated to start something, and they did. Within twenty-four hours McGrew had resigned rather than attempt to refute Creel's allegations against him, and the Mayor had suspended Creel pending charges in five counts, the first four of which accused him in a general way of meddling incapacity, and the fifth of which specified that he had called a fellow member of the board, McGrew, "names" and "epithets."

Creel now became a greatly enlarged target for abuse from every quarter. His enemies massed their attacks. Inconceivable allegations and insinuations were hurled, but when it came to substantiating the charges the proof was lacking. Commissioner McGrew flashed a personal check which he had given to Creel in exchange for his salary warrant

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when the latter was going away to get married. The newspapers eagerly printed facsimiles of the check with the indorsement on the back by Creel to his wife's account. Creel replied by showing that McGrew had his money on the warrant long before the check was cashed, and that in any event it only proved his poverty. In the meantime an alderman was moving for the recall of Mayor Arnold on the ground that he had no right to suspend Creel, and the Mayor, "My dear Henry," was being quoted as saying that Creel had lied. Churches, nonpolitical clubs, ministers, priests, and public men were reported as indorsing Creel; while other good men, together with a most plentiful number of bad ones, were quoted as against him.

FROM DEFEAT A TRIUMPH

THE enemies, as if doubtful of the justice of their cause, were making frenzied efforts to dig up something in the record of Creel that would reflect upon his character. McGrew, with a great flourish of trumpets and many bánzais from the "push," set sail for Kansas City to delve into Creel's past there. The Kansascitians tactfully waited for him to arrive, and then hurled a three-hundred-word telegram at Creel, signed by the Mayor and twenty-six other leading citizens, giving him a sun-white certificate of character. The endeavor to dig up anything detrimental in the career of Creel proved a ridiculous farce.

The day of Creel's trial upon the charges of the Mayor was set for February 15, one day after the election upon the long-debated question of commission government. Creel had fought for commission government so consistently, and his enemies had either bitterly opposed or so recently betrayed it, that it was impossible the election should not be viewed as in a very large sense the verdict of the people upon himself in his present embroilment. The verdict came, clear and strong. Commission government carried by a vote of two to one. Creel had won again!

And the next day Creel's hearing came off; but he was not heard; he was fired, peremptorily, unceremoniously, by "My dear Henry," for telling the truth straight into the eyes of a fellow commissioner, who was also one of "My dear Henry's" appointees. He was hurled ignominiously out of a position in which he had rendered distinguished service, being freely called "the best Police Commissioner Denver ever had."

There was an immediate move to make Creel a candidate for Commissioner under the new form at the polls in May—at which, by the way, Arnold and his candidates were utterly repudiated by the people—but Creel declined. He is not an office seeker. Temperamentally he does not feel that he is well qualified for administrative position.

As a politician Creel seeks no personal gain and no leadership for selfish ends. He has got nothing for his four years' service in Colorado but the most exposed place on the firing line. When his enemies proved that he was poor they proved also that he was incorruptible. The red badge of courage burns upon his cheek. He is ready to fight on and on. But some of his friends say that his work in Denver is done; that he has illumined the sky with colors that will never fade; that he has brought unsuspected truths of a political and social character home to the minds of the people with a force that makes them unforgetable; that he has achieved the greatest thing for which any leader can hope, the planting of his convictions within the soul of the masses so deeply that they seem to have become indigenous.

If this be true it is a very remarkable achievement for a man so young in four years' time in an alien State, when he has had no resource save his pen and his own madly blazing enthusiasms.

UNSCARRED AND UNAFRAID

THE fine thing about it all is that this bitter battle leaves the man himself unscarred. He is thirty-six years old and does not look it. He talks of his experiences without malice and with no note of egotism. I found his interests entirely in movements and principles and masses, and not at all in personal achievements of himself or others, except as his face lights up with approval of the men who have fought for the good of Denver and of Colorado. He has been accused of disloyalty, but so far as the record goes he seems to have been loyal to friends until they became disloyal to the principles for which he was contending.

Why blame the tire maker?

IF your tire bills are heavy weigh your car. Then compare its weight and tire sizes with those given below.

Good tire service is secured by a light-weight car with easy springs and large tires. There is no other solution of tire trouble; no other way to avoid excessive upkeep expense.

Franklin cars are the lightest for their size, power and speed. They carry the least unsprung weight. The power of the engine is transmitted through a flexible drive to the rear wheels without reach or torque rods. This saves in slippage wear on the rear tires. Here are the Franklin weights and tire sizes:

	Weight	Tires
Six "38" touring or phaeton	**3328** pounds,	**4½** in. and **5** in.
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	**3480** "	**5** in.
Little Six "30" touring	**2993** "	**4½** in.
Four "25" touring	**2520** "	**4** in.

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. In considering tire size bear in mind that the capacity of a tire to carry its load is practically all in the cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4½" tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4½" tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more.

The same tire goes twice as far on a Franklin

The actual figures are what count when you want the facts—and the facts show that Franklin owners get double tire mileage. Let us send you our "tire folder" which gives the tire mileage secured by Franklin owners in all parts of the country.



Engine and vehicle patented July 5, 1904.

Franklin Little Six "30" 5-passenger touring car **$2900**

Motoring comfort comes from easy riding, from tire reliability and from a light, easily managed car. Franklin easy riding is proverbial. Four full-elliptic springs and a wood chassis frame absorb the jars and jolts. The wood frame deadens jars the same as the wood handle does in a hammer. You drive the car right along smoothly and easily over all roads without fatigue and without straining and racking the car.

Since with a light car there is less weight to move, a smaller and more economical engine gives maximum speed and hill climbing.

Gasoline consumption cut in two

Light weight and direct cooling are saving Franklin users big fuel bills. Gasoline consumption is cut squarely in two. Direct cooling permits the motor to be operated at the temperature of maximum efficiency for gasoline vapor. Higher thermo-dynamic efficiency is secured and the full power of the gasoline is utilized. Fuel is saved from two ends, the amount consumed per unit of horse power and the amount necessary to produce power to drive the lighter car.

Four-hundred miles to a gallon of oil and no smoke with the Franklin recirculating oiling system is another advantage.

The Sirocco fan does it



Applying the patented Sirocco fan to engine cooling is one of the most important improvements ever made in automobiles. The fan is built into the flywheel. As soon as the motor begins to run the flywheel-fan starts a steady suction of air. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. The belted fan, the air-cooled radiator and other heavy parts are dispensed with.

The Franklin is the only car that can be operated with consistent success in hot and cold climates, in mountainous and sandy sections. There is no water to limit efficiency, nothing in the cooling system to get out of order, nothing to oil or fill up. The cooling takes care of itself no matter how cold or hot the day.

Enclosed Cars—Franklin dealers have cuts and specifications of our new line of enclosed cars. There are coupes, limousines, Berlins and sedans.

Franklin cars are made as follows:

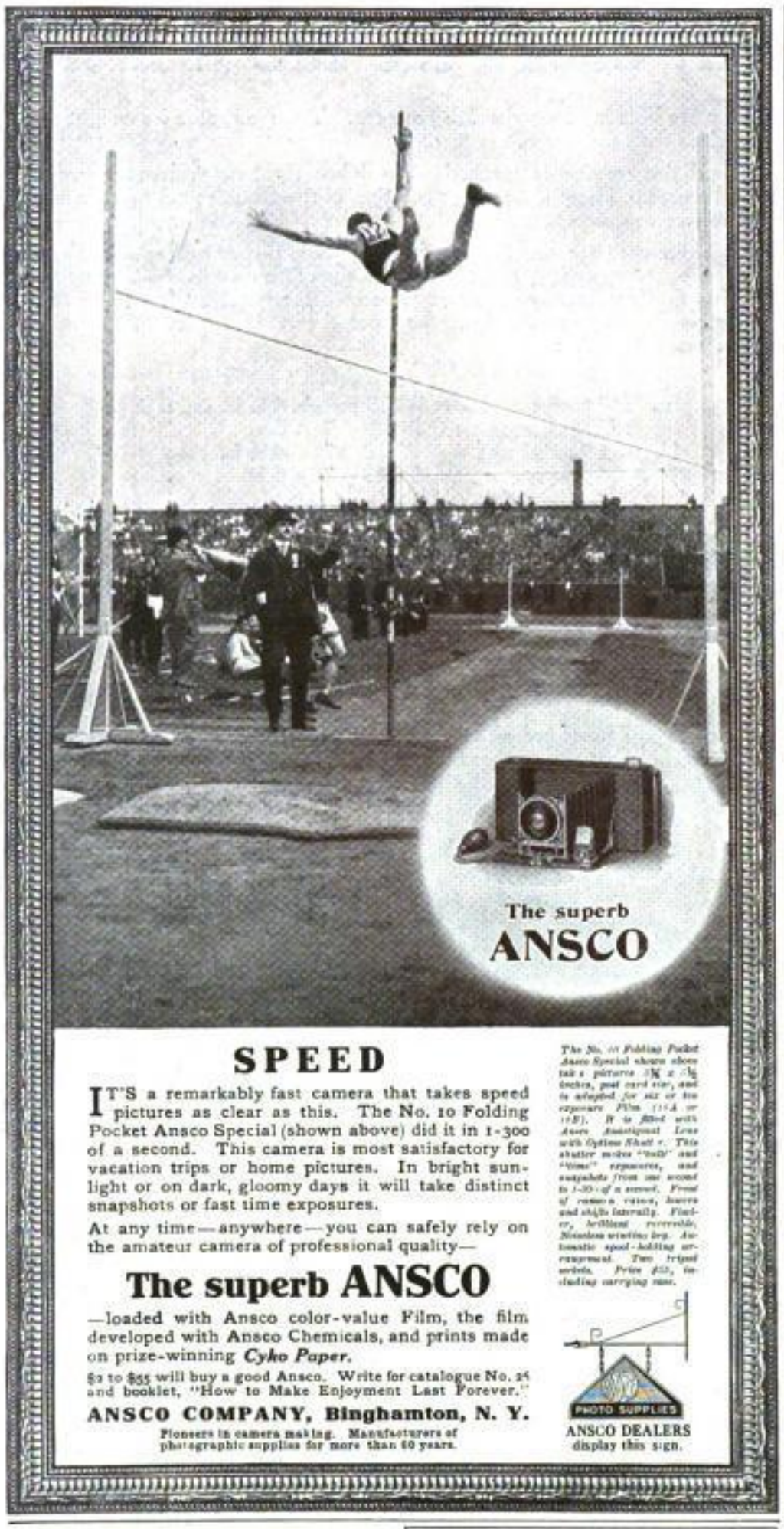
Franklin Six "38" 5-passenger touring	$3600	Franklin Little Six "30" touring-car or 2-passenger phaeton	$2900
Franklin Six "38" 4-passenger phaeton	3600		
Franklin Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3850	Franklin Four "25" touring	2000

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Possibly nothing fitter could be done at this point than to quote a part of the statement of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, made on the day of Creel's removal:

George Creel is one of the great souls. His remarkable abilities, with which he could have coined thousands, have ever been devoted to the triumph of democracy and the attainment of equal justice. His whole life is a record of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity, and that poverty with which he has been taunted is his badge of honor. . . .

His services to Colorado will never be forgotten. Commencing with the initiative and referendum, his pen has been the largest single factor in the success of the progressive program in the city and State. Working untiringly, giving to the full extent of his purse, and instinct with courage, he has been a flame of inspiration of the forward movement.

His discharge as Police Commissioner is a calamity. I cannot but feel that his vice policy contained the solution of the social evil, and that had he been allowed to finish the work he would have made Denver the standard and the example for every other American city.

He has been made to run a cruel gauntlet, but he emerges unscathed.

AND this is the man they are trying to drive out of Denver! Well, I hope they succeed, because we need him for taller tasks in broader fields.

A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet

(Continued from page 20)

veins. "It's about the stories of burglars, sir."

I decided to cease my interruptions, which seemed only to muddle my guest. "Go on," I instructed as I leaned back in my chair.

"You see, sir," he said, "the young gentlemen—*and* young ladies—who write about burglars, don't seem, sir, to know anything about burglars, sir—nothing whatever, sir. I can tell it from their writings, sir."

HIS earnestness increased. "In the stories I read, sir, it seems, sir, that burglars were either the lowest sort of rascals—murderers, sir—or else they were heroes, sir—willing to be arrested, sir; or shot, sir, to save the ladies, sir. You may know what I mean, sir?" he questioned, glancing over his shoulder as though fearing eavesdropping. "I read a story, sir, where a burglar allowed himself to be shot just to give the lady's lover a chance to get away, sir. He was shot by the master, sir."

"Did the old man tumble?" I burst in, unable to control my curiosity over the outcome of the fictional drama of high life.

"Oh, no, sir! I suppose you mean was the lady's indiscretion discovered, sir? Not at all, sir—at least not in the story, sir," he qualified.

"But that isn't it, sir," he continued. "That isn't it. What I object to, sir, is writing about things that never *could* occur to a burglar, sir. It gives people like Mrs. Roddy an entirely wrong estimate of burglars, sir."

His last sentence had the solemnity of an indictment. I decided on an attempt to worm out a definite expression of the views of my odd guest.

"Look here, Mr. Opt," I demanded. "What are you getting at? That there is no romance in a burglar's life? Is that what you mean?"

The man's face was transfigured as though with inner joy. "That's the word, sir—romance, sir," he said happily. "That's exactly what I was trying to say, sir. I wish to make it plain that there is —*positively*—no romance in the life of a burglar, sir; simply hard work, sir; hard work and great nervous strain, sir."

I will admit a certain feeling of apprehension that was rather increased than allayed by Mr. Opt's little smile. Possibility that the man might be a little insane flashed through my mind. I recollected his promised acceptance of my earlier invitation and ventured to renew it.

"How about that little drink, Opt?" I interrupted.

"Oh, please, sir!" he begged. "Just a few moments. Just while I explain—explain so that you can make it plain to your writer friends that burglars as a class have been greatly maligned—maligned is the word, I believe? That they are hard-working men with no romance in their lives, sir. None at all, sir."

I could not resist his plea, but decided to end our little confab as soon as possible. "All right, Mr. Opt," I said rather briskly. "I can't see where your theory of hard work and lack of romance in a burglar's life is of great interest to a busy world, but I have no objection to hearing you out." I was struck with a new idea. "By the way, Opt," I queried, "how do you come to know so much about burglars?"

Mr. Opt looked at me solemnly. "Why shouldn't I know all about burglars, sir?" he questioned simply. "Why shouldn't a man know about his own business, sir?"

I was too startled to speak, but my involuntary jump seemed to enlighten my guest.

"Excuse me, sir," he apologized. "Please excuse me. I believe I had told you that I was a burglar, sir. It must be my failing memory, sir. Yes, sir; I've followed the profession for twenty years, sir. Nearly half my life, sir. And I never had what you might call an adventure in my life, sir."

I made no attempt to disguise my stare at the self-confessed criminal who was my guest. I took time to examine his slight frame; the delicate hands, hardly larger than a girl's, the thinning hair and stooped shoulders that gave him the appearance of a superannuated clerk or bookkeeper. I compared him mentally with the generally accepted idea of the low-browed, thuggish, murderous invader of homes. I felt inclined to laugh.

"Don't you think you're taking a long chance in giving yourself away to me?" I asked him.

MR. OPT showed no sign of disquietude. "Oh, no, sir," he returned calmly. "You're a gentleman, sir. I could see you were a gentleman right away, sir. I knew you would treat anything I told you as strictly confidential, sir. I have been very close to gentlemen in my life, sir. I never make a mistake in picking a gentleman," he finished with no apparent attempt at flattery.

He dismissed the point with a wave of his hand. "Now about burglars, sir," he resumed.

"How did you come to take up burgling for a living?" I broke in.

Mr. Opt evidently resented the interruption but was unable to combat his desire to please.

"It was the prison, sir. That's it, sir. After the prison it seemed that there was nothing else I could do, sir."

"*You!* In prison?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes, sir. I was in prison, sir. Two years, sir. I suppose I should have told you right away, sir." He bowed his head.

"Did they catch you burgling?" I queried.

"Oh, sir, no!" he insisted. "Not at all, sir." He smiled quizzically. "I really hadn't done anything, sir."

"Well in the name of Peter Cook!" I exclaimed. I felt a deep desire to grab Mr. Opt's story by its metaphorical tail and drag it from the hole of his past. I got no further.

"It was nothing, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I don't blame the master, sir. Not at all, sir. He could hardly do anything else, sir. It was either I or Florette, sir. Either she or I, sir."

"Florette!" I grabbed at the new point. "Who the blazes is Florette?"

"Florette?" he repeated after me. "Oh, of course you could not have known, sir, that Florette was the second maid, sir."

MY patience was waning. I stood up, then paced across the room and back. Mr. Opt did not raise his eyes.

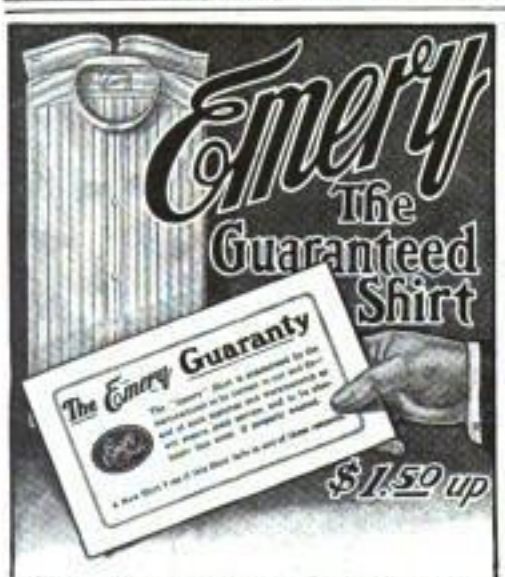
"Now look here, Opt," I insisted when I was seated again. "Let's get this thing straightened out before I begin to see pink things with green wings. If I understand this, you are trying to convince me that the ordinary burglar is just a common run of man with a trade that has neither romance nor adventure. He is neither a Raffles nor a yegg. And you are trying to prove it with your own story! Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Opt answered. "I think I follow you. You see, sir—"

"Now go to it!" I ordered. "Tell the history of your life. Begin with Florette and the master and anything else concerned in your trip to the jug."

Mr. Opt nodded his acquiescence. "I will, sir," he said.

"You see, sir, Florette was the second



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aid, as I told you. I was a gentleman's n, sir; attended the master, sir, when e brooch was taken—"

"What brooch?" I interrupted.

"Oh, the mistress's brooch, sir," he ex- ained. "You see, sir, Florette was pted beyond endurance, sir. It was much for her.

"She might have returned it, sir," he sisted hurriedly. "I am sure she would ve returned it. But you see the mis- ss discovered that it was gone and ere was an awful go, sir—an awful go. hen we were all put in the dining om to be searched by the police there as no chance, sir. She had it in her ron pocket, sir."

"Who had it in whose apron pocket?" sked the clumsy question with a sar- sm that was lost on Mr. Opt.

"Florette, sir. I thought I told you. . They would have found it in a oment, sir. As it was, I had trouble nvincing them, sir."

"Convincing them of what?" I asked.

"Convincing them that *I* took it, sir," replied with apparent surprise. "You e, I had to tell them that I dropped in her pocket, and they seemed to ubt me, sir. You see, I had seen her ab the pocket in her fright, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me, Opt, that u confessed to stealing and went to ison to save a thieving maid?" I de- anded. I guess there was contempt in y voice. Mr. Opt became earnest.

"Oh, she wasn't exactly a thieving aid, sir—not at all, sir. Just a girl, r; a mere child, sir; tempted for a oment, as we might say, sir. It would ve been terrible for her—the prison, I ean, sir. Since we were married, sir—"

"Wait, Opt!" I was in a maze. "Is lorette your wife?"

"Yes, sir," he returned. "Yes, sir. I ved her. You see, she waited for me. e were married the day I came out of ison, sir. I didn't tell you that my ife was Florette, did I, sir?" he said, though apologizing for an omission.

I FELT a sudden admiration for the lit- tle man who told me his story of hero- m so simply. "Well, for a man who is sing his life story to prove that ro- ance is dead you are making a good art," I ventured. "What happened hen you came out?"

"Well, you see, sir, I had no character nd it was impossible to get a place, sir. eally impossible, sir. I tried every- ing, sir. Worked with a pick in the reet, sir; and on the railroad, sir. We ight have made out but for the baby, ir."

"The baby?" I decided to miss no etails.

"Yes, sir; our boy, sir. He's in col- ge now, sir," he said proudly. "The other was very sick, sir. A long time, ir. It took all our little savings, sir—he illness did, sir—that and the car are, sir."

"Car fare?" I asked. I had discovered hat I could sidetrack the little man ith the most laconic query.

"Yes, sir. He was but a lad, sir. It as a boy I met in prison, sir. A splen- id lad, sir. You see, he was sick, sir —sick and broken-hearted, sir. He was a victim of the police, sir. They would soon have made a bad man of him, sir. He could not escape from them. You see, he struck the son of a big politician for insulting a girl, sir. He was the son of a widow and had no friends, sir. He was sentenced to a year and placed with the worst criminals in the prison, sir. When he got out the police had orders to hound him on every occasion. We felt sorry for him, sir."

"What did you do?" I inquired.

"We gave him enough money to go West, sir. Only a few dollars, but it was all we had, sir."

"That left you broke?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir; without a cent, sir. But if it hadn't been for the police, sir—" He shivered slightly as though at recollections of some deep fear.

"You see, sir," he explained, "the police found out about our helping the boy out of the city and beyond their reach. They punished me, sir."

HE seemed content to drop the subject of the police. I wished to hear more. "What did they do?" I asked.

"Oh, everything, sir!" He lowered his voice until it was almost a whisper. I thought I saw tears in his eyes.

"You see, sir, the police knew that I had been in prison. They used that against me, sir. They told my employers —every one, sir. I could get no work, sir. Then when I couldn't go out—"

"What kept you from going out?" I demanded.

"The police, sir," he answered, as though surprised at my ignorance. "The police. They arrested me every time I went out on the street, sir. They said I was an habitual criminal—a dangerous man, sir. Once I was clubbed, sir."

"What for?" I insisted.

"I was trying to get some bread, sir. I bought it—a stale loaf for three cents, sir. I was taking it to our room, sir, when a policeman arrested me. Said I stole it, sir. When I proved I bought it, sir, they clubbed me, sir."

"How did it end?" I queried.

"I was coming to that, sir. You see when they stopped the charitable ladies—"

"What's that?" I feared to miss a de- tail.

"Oh, you see, the ladies had been helping my wife; bringing her coal and food, sir. Then they were told that I was a loafer, sir; a mere loafer and jailbird, sir. I offered to go without food myself if they would allow my wife to have it, sir. I told the ladies so, sir. God bless them, sir."

"What did the ladies do?" I asked as he paused.

"They were very kind, sir; and very angry at the police, sir. They made the deuce of a row, sir. But it was no use, sir. They told me it was no use, sir. They advised me to leave, sir.

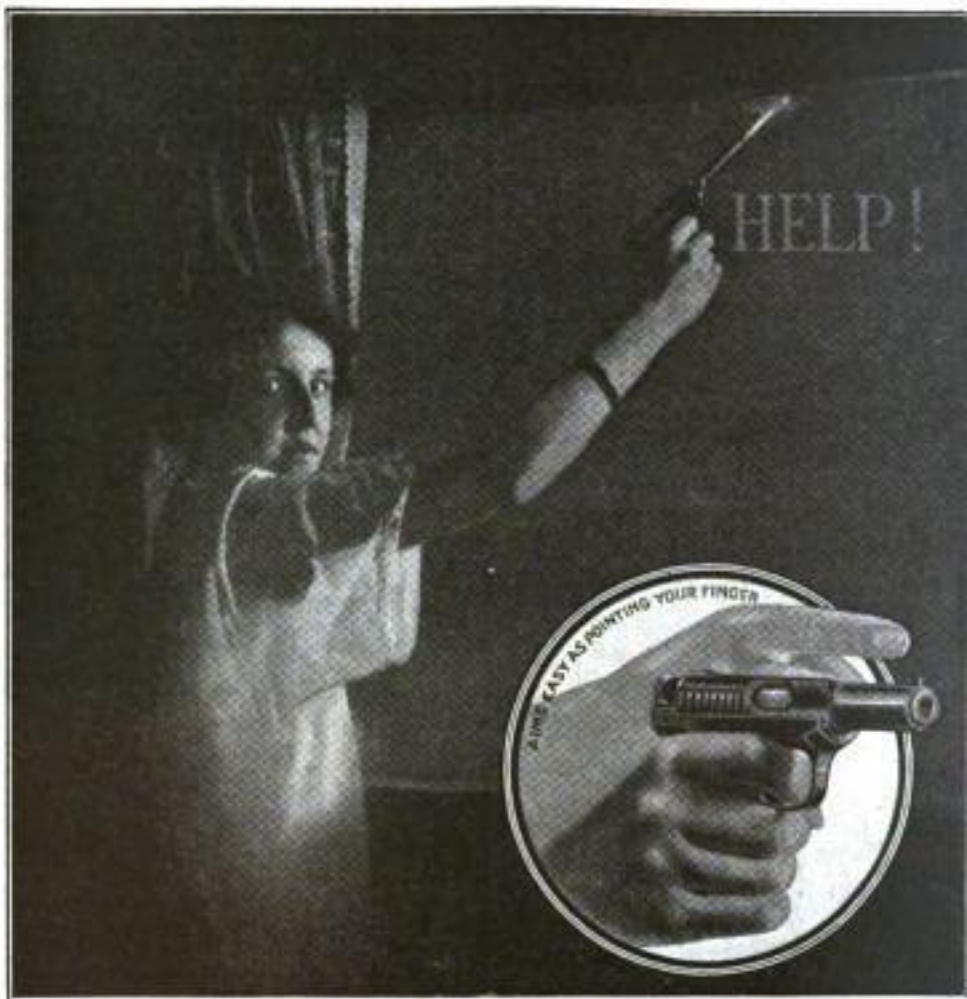
"Then I left, sir. Slipped out at night, sir. I went to Chicago, sir."

"And your wife?" I suggested.

"The charitable ladies took care of her until I sent for her, sir; for a year, sir. They were very good, sir."



"Why Opt, old scout, it's the easiest thing in the world," I said. "I know the young buck she's about to marry"



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He seemed to have completed his domestic story. "How did you come to take up burglary as a regular job?" I asked.

"I hardly know how to tell you, sir," he said. "You see I had to have money to send my wife and the baby, sir. I was afraid to ask for work—afraid of the police, sir. So I stole, sir."

"How often have you been pinched since?" I queried.

"Oh, never, sir!" There was pride in his voice. "I suppose you mean arrested, sir? The police are really most stupid—most stupid when matched against men with brains. You see I planned carefully—very carefully. I told you of the mental strain, sir. You see, sir, that I never took anything but money, sir—nothing but money. And always from the rich—always from those who could afford it, sir. You see, sir, I had been a gentleman's man as I said, sir, and I could always make my plans with the knowledge gained while I was employed in big houses, sir."

"Have you made a living?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "A very good living, sir. In fact I have enough to live on, sir. I am about to retire, sir. I leave for home to-morrow, sir. That's why I asked you about the ring, sir. I—"

I felt a twinge of suspicion. He stopped and watched me as I pulled the ring from my pocket. "Opt, did you steal—"

He gestured protest. "Oh, no, sir!" He seemed pained. "Please don't think that of me, sir." He rose abruptly. "Good night, sir," he said as he sidled through the door.

I DREAMED of Mr. Opt that night. At breakfast my preoccupation attracted the attention of Rebecca our maid and waitress. "Law, mister, you can't eat soft-b'iled eggs with a fork," she observed. "You look like you been seein' a ha'nt." When I went out I found Mr. Opt waiting in the hall. We left the house together. He walked by my side for a block before he spoke.

"I wish to apologize, sir," he began.

I could think of nothing requiring apology and said so. He seemed surprised.

"I am so glad, sir," he said. "I was afraid that I was discourteous in leaving you so abruptly last night. And I wished to bid you good-by, sir," he continued.

"You're really going then?" I asked. "Where's your baggage?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied. "Going on the next train, sir. I thought you might walk to the station with me," he said wistfully. "I have something to explain, sir. About my baggage, sir," he went on. "I always leave it, sir. That's one of my precautions, sir. Never have baggage to be traced, sir." I looked at him sharply. He must have read my thought. "Oh, it's all right, sir. I have paid board three weeks in advance, sir. The good Mrs. Roddy will lose nothing, sir."

We walked on in silence for a time; then I felt him tug at my sleeve.

"About the ring, sir," he said timidly. "I hope you impugn no wrong motive, sir. You see, sir, we consider it a point of honor to help the young, sir. Especially the young ladies, sir. Miss Truax might have discovered that her ring was plated—that it was bogus, sir. It might have made her very unhappy, sir. And we try to help young ladies, sir; as we would wish our own daughter—"

"You have a daughter?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir. A beautiful girl, sir. She is about to be married, sir. That's one of the reasons why I am quitting—"

He stopped without naming his unlawful vocation. He paused for a moment before he spoke again.

"You see, sir," he resumed, "I was afraid you might think that I was using the ring to enlist your sympathy—to get you to take up for burglars in your writings—or in your friends' writings, sir. I really had no such intention, I assure you, sir. I meant only to appeal to your sense of justice, sir. That was all, sir. To have you believe that burglars may be human—just like other men, sir."

WE were approaching the station and had slowed our pace. I turned to look at the patient little figure at my side—and could not repress a grin. I slapped Mr. Opt on the back.

"Oh, you concentrated essence of crime," I chuckled. "You thief without guile. You adventurer without adventures. Jugged for a good deed; then criminal for twenty years—and never caught red—"

"Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I hope I did not give you the impression that I was never caught, sir. I meant that I was never arrested, sir. Simply that, sir. You see, the lady was so good, sir."

I GRABBED his arm. "Tell me about the lady, Opt," I demanded. We had entered the station. Mr. Opt looked at the clock nervously and compared his watch. "If you'll walk out to the train, sir," he agreed.

"There is really nothing to tell, sir. Nothing but the kindness of the lady, sir. Somebody would surely have reached her in time to save the baby, sir."

"Another baby?" I gasped.

"Oh, the lady's baby, sir. You see, I never should have entered the house; but I needed the money very badly, sir. It was while our girl was little, sir—about two years old, sir. We were very poor yet, sir.

"You see, sir, I was desperate—really desperate. I entered the house through the basement. Careless servants left the window open. It tempted me, sir. I saw the light in the nursery, sir; but it was far out in the wing, and I thought I was safe. I went to the second floor, sir. I had just found the money in the master's room, sir—over a hundred dollars, sir. I hid behind the curtains when I heard the lady come from the nursery.

"She was crying—crying pitifully, sir. And begging over the telephone, sir. It was a lonely house out in the suburbs, sir. 'Won't you please send the doctor?' she kept saying. 'I tell you he's dying—my baby!'

"I could hear the baby, sir. That awful choking of croup, sir. What else could I do, sir?"

"What *did* you do?" I demanded.

"I put the money back, sir. And went to her, sir. She was all alone in the house with the baby, sir. Her husband was away and the servants had deserted her to go to a party while she was holding the sick child, sir. They didn't know it was serious, sir—not at all, sir," he apologized for them.

"Did the lady scream?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir. She only wanted help, sir. I believe the doctor was on his way, sir. There were no motor cars in those days, you know," he explained.

"Did you save the baby?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir. You see I knew something of the disease, sir. Our boy had it, sir. So I went to the stable and got some lime. Slacked it in a bucket, sir. And we held the baby's face in the vapor, sir. He was quite easy when the doctor came, sir."

We reached the train and Mr. Opt stepped up on the platform of the last car. "Did she tell the doctor you was a burglar?" I hurried my question.

"Oh, no, sir. He never asked, sir. We were very busy until the servants returned, sir. Then he left the house while I was locked up, sir, and—"

"Locked up?" I snapped, in an effort to get the story before the train started.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Opt stated placidly. "You see, the servants took me for a burglar, sir, and locked me in the coal bin. But she released me as soon as she heard of it, sir. She asked me about myself, sir. I told her about my little girl. She seemed much interested, sir. When I left her she thanked me very much. And then she gave me some money, sir. She was very good, sir. I hurried back home, one hand holding the money and the other the shoes, sir."

The train moved. I ran alongside.

"What shoes?" I yelled.

Mr. Opt leaned far out to make his apology.

"I thought I told you, sir. The pair of shoes she gave me for my baby, sir."

THE absence of Mr. Opt was a subject for comment at dinner that night.

Miss Bessie Truax kept her left hand above the table throughout the meal. She flashed the diamond in her new engagement ring as she emphasized her remarks with gestures.

"Nice, quiet little man," she commented. "Looks kinda close-fisted and not likely to allow any nickels to roll past him to anybody else, though."

"Don't know how such scary little skates get along in New York," Doc Spears offered in judgment. "He ought to beat it out to some little burg before he gets stepped on. I'd die if I had to lead a quiet life like such guys. I need excitement, I do!"



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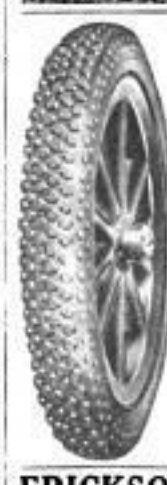
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The Left-Behind

(Continued from page 17)

of Jerry Shanway were again being taken in the Trulsing Bertillon rooms, and the figure of Jerry was again before the warden.

But in spite of the hopelessness in the eyes, in spite of the stoop to the shoulders which had not been there when he left, in spite of the fact that a criminal court had padlocked eighteen more years of Jerry's life for the same old offense, still a smile played about the lips.

"Honest, I tried," he said, and the crinkling lines of the mouth spoke more pathos than tears, "but some way I just couldn't. Maybe it's best. I'd have done it anyway, and this way I won't lose much time working for the Home. None of the folks outside'd listen to me. Guess they thought I was cracked. I'll just have to keep on selling trinkets and geegaws and—"

"Jerry"—the tone of the warden's interrupting voice had a streak of steel in it—"I'm afraid I can't put up with that foolishness this time. We've tried to be good to you and you don't seem to appreciate it. So—"

"But I do, Mr. Warden. It just seems—"

"No more talking from you, Jerry. You're out of the trusty class now."

THE lips of the convict opened, then closed—wordlessly. He realized that he was now only a number. He could only speak when spoken to. He was to have none of the old privileges that he possessed when he worked in the chaplain's office. Blankly, he saw the warden pick up his pen and write upon the heavy book before him. He strained his eyes to see the fate that was to befall him. Slowly he read:

"Jerry Shanway, 2423—Mine No. 17."

Thus it came about that Jerry Shanway was metamorphosed into a number, a being of darkness. Daylight had sped for him. With the early morning he arose and dressed in the mining clothes of the prison. He affixed his head lamp. He joined the solid, marching lines of men and went silently to the mess hall. He marched forth to where the elevators creaked as they lowered him with the guards and other silent workmen into the deep shaft of the prison's coal mines. Once a week, on Sundays, he could live again—live in the light of the great prison yards; he could laugh and talk, for laughing and talking was permitted there. He could go to chapel and look into the face of Mr. Trevitt, who had been so good to him. It was on those days that Jerry smiled more than usual. Perhaps some day they would let him go back to the chaplain's office and work on his scheme. And perhaps some day, when that happened, he would be sitting there at his little table, working away when the bell on the wall would ring. He would leap up and answer it, and there would come a voice from the gate saying that some one—a little girl—desired to see Jerry Shanway, and that she was being brought in.

BUT dreams are vague things. Day after day passed—week after week, month after month, and Jerry was still a number, still a member of the drill squad in Mine No. 17, where a guard watched by the flickering rays of the tiny lanterns; where Black Turner, murderer, rubbed elbows with him and cursed under his breath when the drill was going loud enough to drown the sound of his voice; where Gang Smith, outlaw, exchanged meaning glances with Turner when the "shooting" or dynamite gang left the least opportunity open for a chance at the deadly sticks of explosive; where all was black and confining and disheartening. But Jerry still smiled and Jerry still hoped. A half a year went gliding by like a gray ghost at midnight, and there came the time when the smile vanished for periods from the face of Jerry Shanway, No. 2423. There came the time when the eyes lost their light and the brow crumpled. Hope was going. Seventeen years and a half lay ahead—seventeen years in which he must continue to "work" at the prison, in which he must refrain from the sight of the only being on earth whom he loved. Perhaps when the end of that came she would have learned. She would know that it was a different sort of work which held her daddy behind stone walls. She would be grown then—perhaps married. He would be—suddenly he shivered at the thought that he might be dead. And it was as he stood thus while the drill ground on into the black mineral ahead and the guard wandered a bit farther away than usual that Black Turner leaned suddenly toward him and began to whisper:

"Ye ain't feelin' as pert?"

JERRY shook his head.

"No," he answered.

Black Turner regarded him for a moment.

"Want to see your kid, huh?"

Jerry could only show by his eyes what he felt. The man beside him cast a quick glance over his shoulder.

"Listen," he said, "are ye willin' to take risks? We've got it framed, see?" he went on without waiting for an answer. "Ye know th' turn in th' tunnel? It ain't more'n ten feet from th' edge o' th' bluffs, see? We could make it through there in no time. We gotta get th' guard outa th' way—then we'll blow th' main tunnel—Gang's copped some juice. That'll cave us in an' hold out th' prison bunch. They won't think about th' bluff. They don't know it. I do—I know every inch of it. We'll slough the guard, then—"

Jerry had laid a hand on his arm.

"Not that," he pleaded. "You don't know what you're up against. They'd get you again. They've tried to be decent to us. It ain't their fault we're here—it ain't his!" He nodded toward the guard. "We can't do it, Black. It ain't right. It—"

"Ain't right?" Black Turner laughed softly. "You fool." Suddenly, though, his face grew grim. "You're not goin' to squeal on us? Huh?"

Jerry straightened.

"Better put that dynamite back, Turner," he said slowly.

"Put it back? No—"

"Put it back—hear me?"

"Goin' to squeal on us, huh?" He looked sharply over his shoulder again. He leaned toward Gang Smith.

"His back's turned," Black said shortly, pointing to the guard. "I'll get him. Grab th' juice and fix for th' blow-up. Quick!"

A BLOW struck Jerry under the chin. He reeled, but did not fall. Again the gigantic arm of Black Turner shot out as he plunged past toward the guard. But this time it encountered only vacancy. Jerry had jumped far to one side. His voice was screaming:

"Guard! *Guard! Behind you!*"

A whirl of the figure in the semidarkness beyond. A shot. Black Turner staggered, but went on. Jerry screamed again, then jumped forward and upon the back of Gang Smith, where that being of the night was clawing forth the white sticks of dynamite from a coal-dust hiding place. Again a shot from the short distance. Vaguely Jerry heard some one groan and fall, but he did not turn. Gang Smith had torn his light from his head and, knocking the cap from the blaze, was pushing it toward the fuses of the dynamite sticks he held in his hands.

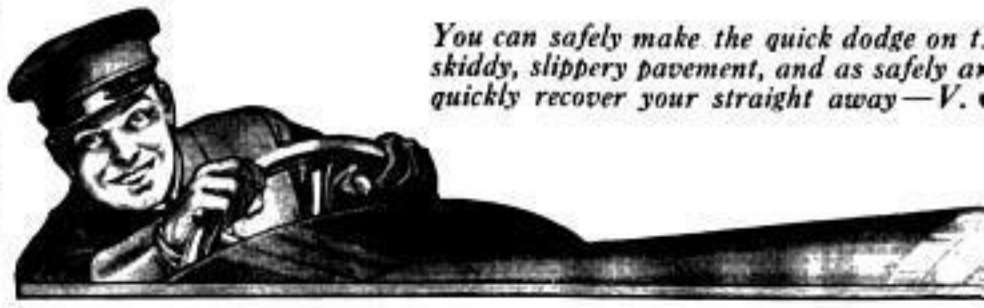
"They won't get me alive!" he growled savagely. "Let go of me—hear me! Let go! By God, they won't get me alive! They won't get me alive!"

A cry broke from his lips then. The clamping jaws of Jerry Shanway had fastened on the wrist which held the light, the bony fist of a clenched hand was beating against the fingers that clasped the dynamite.

The teeth sank deeper. Another cry. The hand opened. The lamp fell to the ground. Jerry's fist went upward and struck the heavy jaw of the other convict. The dynamite dropped as the opponent fell backward. From down the way came the sound of some one running. Jerry plunged forward to grip again the convict before him just as Gang Smith rose from the floor of the tunnel, a drill bit glittering in his hand.

"Squeal on us, will you?" he shouted with a curse, "then—" A crashing blow. The tunnel flared red before the reeling man's eyes. Jerry's legs doubled beneath him. His hands went weakly outward, then became lifeless, just as the guards arrived.

A half hour later they carried Jerry into the hospital ward of the prison and laid him on the operating table. The surgeon gave a quick glance at the ears and nostrils for the signs of bleeding that would denote a basic fracture of the skull—the signs that spell death. There were none.



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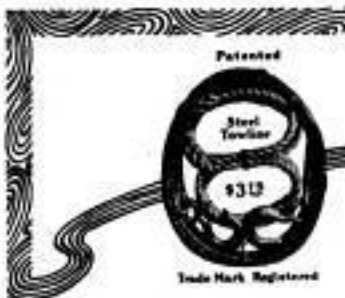


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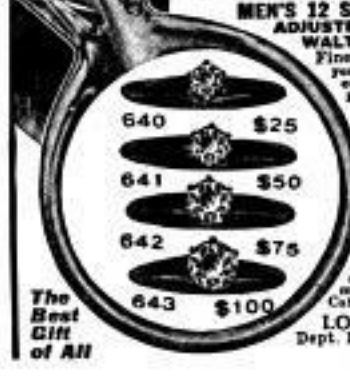
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"Concussion, I guess," he said to his assistant, and placed his hands on the unresisting head of Jerry. Here and there his fingers pressed. Suddenly they stopped, and for a second a blank look came into the face of the surgeon. "The razor," he ordered, and shaved the hair from a patch of Jerry's head. Then his fingers pressed again, and he stepped back.

"What's this fellow been up for?" he asked of the hospital guard.

"Who? Jerry?" The guard grinned. "Same old thing all th' time—can't keep his hands off other people's stuff."

"I thought so," the surgeon answered slowly; "kleptomaniac. Best of all, it isn't his fault. See that depression there?" He pointed to the shaven place on the unconscious convict's head. "I thought that was a fracture when I first got hold of it. It was—once. Ever hear of his having been hurt at any time?"

"I don't know much about him," the guard answered. The surgeon turned to regard his patient again.

"No wonder he stole"—the surgeon was talking to himself in a professional sort of way—"no wonder, with a piece of an old fracture pressing on his brain! I think"—and he turned to the guard—"when I get through repairing Jerry's cranium that you'll lose a regular customer. Jerry's been stealing by accident—brain pressure from an old fracture."

AND so it came to pass that some time later Jerry Shanway, coming forth from the black pit of an anesthetic, opened his eyes to gaze into a countenance he recognized. It was the face of a woman, with pretty eyes and straying hair. She took his hand and smiled.

"How do you feel?" she asked, soothingly.

Jerry worked his lips soundlessly for a moment. Then his thick tongue managed to frame words, halted in their plunging progress from his brain.

"Did he fix me up—all right?"

DR. JORDON, standing near by, nodded and smiled.

"All fixed up, Jerry," was his comment; "you're a new man, so to speak."

He laughed. Jerry smiled weakly again, then turned to the woman.

"I knew—I knew you'd come some time," he said slowly. She leaned toward him.

"I've come to give you another chance," was her answer. "You're safe this time, Jerry. I've heard—"

"Another chance—then you—?"

"Gave you the first one? Yes. I'm the wife of the Governor, you know."

"Oh—" Jerry sank back. His lips struggled again. "Maybe—maybe you'd—"

"About the home?" she nodded and smiled again. "That's all being attended to. But there's a little something—something else—"

The telephone on the wall rang. She answered it while the surgeon looked on with twinkling eyes, and Jerry watched with the reverence of a dog for his master. The woman with the wavy hair laughed softly.

"There's some one at the gate to see you," she said as she turned to Jerry. "It's a little girl, and she's coming right in."

The House of Devils

(Continued from page 8)

night? I ought not to have let you stay. I was tired. But I might have known."

She drove me from the room with cold reproaches. I retreated before her. I could not excuse myself. My grandmother, still upright in her bed, began to sink, collapsing slowly like a deflated whistle. She never spoke again.

WE stood in the narrow churchyard path, staring at the moldy vault to which all my piratical ancestors have finally retreated, after smugglers' caves and dungeons have ceased to interest them. There were no mourners. My aunt, rigid and repellent in rusty black, the overseer's son, and I—we three listened in the green churchyard while the clergyman invoked peace on my grandmother's unhallowed bones, and away below, at the foot of the cliff, blue water ruffled over the reef, and over bones that had lain disregarded there almost a hundred years. "A very handsome, fair fellow," my grandmother had found him, the night she went a-wrecking. The overseer's son held his hat in his hand. His forehead was white above his tanned face. The sun glinted on his hair. How anything so wholesome ever came to Baron's House— They were closing the door of the vault. The clergyman addressed my aunt. My grandmother had put papers in his hands many years before—a holograph will, in fact. If the exertion was not too great, after this trying experience, would she come to the rectory for a few minutes? It would save time and travel. My aunt went with him through the little iron gate where red hibiscus pushed out from the luminous rectory garden, and an orange flamboyant tree glowed overhead. They left me unheeded in the churchyard. An emerald humming bird flew out of the hibiscus and darted away. I walked down the winding path, and stopped by the iron fence at the cliff's edge. Far below in the sunny valley royal palms diminished to weeds. Beyond the Leach, colored water ran to the rim of the world. The overseer's son followed me, and stood.

"May I ask what are your plans?" he addressed me.

I raised my eyebrows at him.

"I expect to go home with my aunt."

The overseer's son looked distressed.

"I should have liked, with your permission, to discuss your future with the rector."

"You are too good," I assured him.

"Your aunt," he hesitated. "She is—peculiar. I am not wholly at ease while you are so alone."

"You are kind to concern yourself," I said. "It is quite outside the terms of your agreement, is it not?"

He turned red.

"I know my place very well," he retorted. "And still—I am concerned for you. Your aunt is a strange woman. If you will pardon me, she comes of a strange race. And I think she does not like you."

"What would you suggest?" I asked. "Where should I go?"

"Would you be willing, if I could arrange it, to spend the week with the rector's wife?"

"I shouldn't care to," I said. "And if I did? What then?"

"Your grandmother will doubtless have left you a share in the estate. We'd manage it somehow. You could return to the United States. You have surely connections there."

"I haven't any," I contradicted him. "One can't live with school friends. I've nobody but my aunt. And I like Barbados. And you said yourself the estate was involved."

"I'd manage it somehow," he repeated.

"You're determined I shall leave?"

"I'd go a considerable length to compass it."

I WAS piqued. I shook my head. I pulled a small white lily from a crack between the stones of a grave.

"That funereal flower doesn't suit you," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You should always have flaming cordia in your hair, like that first morning." He paused. "Of course you know very well, my dear girl," he began again with deliberate familiarity, "that the overseer's son has been fool enough to fall in love with the daughter of the house. This tactless avowal makes it difficult for us both to stay there, doesn't it? That's why I mentioned it. Obviously, I've got to stay. So there's another good reason for your leaving."

I did not reply. My gaze seemed to affect him uncomfortably.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he murmured in another voice, "and do you think it's easily borne to see you go?"

I had a queer feeling. I shook it off.

"Nonsense," I dismissed his arguments. "Really," I said, "one doesn't leave home because one's overseer is presumptuous. One has other motives."

"We all have various motives and ambitions," he answered quietly. He laid his hand on the vault from which I had torn the lily.

"She was cut down like a flower," ran the legend on the stone.

"They say this young girl danced too much with the prince when he was here," said the overseer's son ironically. "If one can dance too much with a prince. She caught cold and died in a few weeks. Touching. Yet an occasion for gratification too. Semele in the blast of Jove. Well, we should all seek our own safe level, no doubt."

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I pulled the lily petals apart, and dropped them on the flat stone beside me. So there lay a girl who had danced herself to death with a prince. The prince was dead now, too. He died a king, old and fat and bearded. Would she have cared so much to dance with him, if she could have guessed him old? And there lay my mummylike grandmother, who had gone recklessly in satin slippers. Should I be like her some day? Even an overseer's son wouldn't want me then. I wondered if my grandmother and that old king had found anything so good as love and youth in their long lives. The rector pushed open the garden gate, and came hurriedly to join us. He looked disturbed.

"This is a very trying situation," he announced. "Very embarrassing." He addressed himself to me. I had mysteriously begun to exist for him. "It appears that Mrs. Johns has passed over her daughter's claim in favor of her son and the heirs of his body. You are his sole heir, as I understand it. I had, of course, no such suspicion. Family differences, I believe—high-strung temperament—on both sides, perhaps. I had no suspicion. Your aunt says little, but is strongly moved. I can see that. This is most unfortunate. From her point of view, that is to say. I congratulate you heartily. I am sure you will make generous provision for her."

I saw the black-veiled figure of my aunt emerge from the little gate, and pass swiftly out of sight behind an angle of the church. I ran after her.

"You must hear the will," remonstrated the rector, hurrying behind me.

"I don't care anything about the will," I refused him. "I can't understand legal papers."

There was something tragic in that angry old woman threading her way among the graves.

"I will stay to talk over Miss Johns's interest with you, if you like," the overseer's son offered to the rector behind me.

MY aunt was getting into the carriage without a backward look. I jumped in after her. With a furious movement she swept her skirt away from me. I could not see her expression through the heavy veil. We drove home in utter silence.

There were flying fish for supper, always flying fish, three times a day.

"The carving knife, Susy," said my aunt abruptly.

It was the first time she had spoken. Susy brought the knife from the sideboard drawer. "Why should anybody want a carving knife for flying fish?" asked her puzzled face.

My aunt felt the blade, ran it between her fingers, staring reflectively at me. After a while she laid it down unused. Susy handed me the platter of little fish.

My aunt ate nothing. I gathered my resolution, and followed her when she rose from the table.

"Aunt, I want to speak to you," I began. The face she presented almost froze my words, but I went on timidly. "The rector said, grandmother—"

She turned her back and left me. She climbed the creaking stair. I heard her shut herself in my grandmother's room.

Susy went through the long vestibule, locking doors, bolting windows. She carried the keys upstairs to my aunt. Then she disappeared.

I retreated to my dressing room. I could see the sun, low and red over the water. It was a good companion, but it, too, would soon leave me. The door of my bedroom gaped gloomily behind me. Here were my gaudy cordia flowers on the dressing table, bright in the departing sun. I tried them behind my ear. I studied the effect with a hand glass. They did look nice. Lilies were not vivid enough for me, a descendant of buccaneers.

I LEANED on the window sill and looked down the road toward the overseer's cottage. The swift southern twilight fell.

A light shone in the cottage window. The overseer's son had come home. Now that the sun was gone, everything looked hostile out there, except the little distant light. Glittering stars appeared. One was so bright it made a track across the water like a moon.

Down in the quarters a negro was chanting and playing on a queer, monotonous instrument like a crude guitar. But in the house everything was quiet. I could hear the walls crackle. And still I could not bear to go to bed through that gloomy door.

I sat watching the night advance. The singing ceased. Suddenly, in my grandmother's room, my aunt laughed.

The sound came to me quite clearly, and gave me a sick feeling in my heart. I would not stay there alone another instant. I was afraid.

I MOVED silently into the hall. I need not pass that room. My slippers seemed to thunder on the floor, but she was walking about now, and did not hear me. I crept down the stair. As I went, my grandmother's door opened. I was in a panic in the darkness. My aunt came along the hall. She followed me down the stair. Between the rooms, Venetian screen doors folded back into deep recesses. I stepped into this shelter. My aunt passed into the dining room, carrying her little lamp. I heard a drawer of the sideboard open. Metal rattled. My aunt came out again, still carrying the lamp, her other hand dropped among the folds of her skirt. The long blade of a carving knife gleamed for an instant below her hidden hand.

She began to climb the stair. The dry, old mahogany snapped under her tread. I stood, frozen.

Now she was at the top. Now she was at my door. In an instant she would come down again. And the outside doors were locked. Where should I go? She would be coming in an instant.

There were the long windows, bolted only. I ran to one. I opened it quickly, softly, and closed it. I slipped over the iron balcony rail and dropped a long way to the grass. The tiger cat leaped in its cage beside me and snarled. Its yellow eyes gleamed through the night at me.

I ran through the Bougainvillea arbor, past the offices. The gates stood fortunately ajar. I ran, ran down the pale road to the overseer's house.

It was still illuminated. The jalousies were propped open. A lamp and a model of machinery stood on a table, and there, calm and reliable, a refuge grateful beyond all telling, sat the overseer's son.

I ran, breathless, to him.

"Take care of me," I implored him. "My aunt is insane, I think. She went to my room with a carving knife. Take me away. She will follow me."

He cast a glance at the open doors and windows, the frail defenses of a torrid climate, and shook his head. He laid his hand for an instant around my shoulder.

"There's not time," he said. "Go into that room. Lock the door. Be quiet. And whatever happens, don't venture out alone on the roads."

He pushed me gently, and as I shut myself into the shadowy room I saw him instantly resume his seat by his model.

Between the wall and the low ceiling ran the lattice for ventilation. I moved a table against the wall and climbed on it. He had picked up a jeweler's die and went on cutting a thread in a screw.

HIS ear was finer than mine. I had hardly reached my place of vantage, when below the jalousie I saw my aunt's head. She opened the screen door.

The overseer's son did not look up.

"That you, Susy?" he said pleasantly. He swung slowly around, smiling.

"Miss Johns!" he exclaimed, and rose.

She stared at him, lowering.

"Where is my niece?" she asked.

"Your niece?" He affected astonishment admirably. "Surely at home now."

"I think she is here," said my aunt.

He smiled indulgently.

"I am working on a model of a cane harvester, Miss Johns," he informed her. "Even with labor at a shilling a day, I think this will save us some money. But you're not interested in it just now—" he yielded to the somber glance she flung him. "Did you look everywhere for your niece? She would not foolishly venture out alone at night in a parish where the negroes are twenty to one."

He lifted his voice warningly, I thought. His earnest anxiety seemed to lull my aunt's suspicions.

"She is surely somewhere in the house. Let me come with you." Speaking in an even tone, he lowered the light and stepped before her to open the door.

The corners of her mouth stretched like the melancholy tiger cat's. She disengaged her hand from the fold of her skirt and leveled the knife between his shoulder blades. She lowered it, and the first smile I had ever seen on her face crossed it like forked lightning.

The overseer's son drew courteously back, and she went through the door. It clicked behind him.

Huddled on my table against the wall, I heard their steps departing.

Below me on the table the little cane harvesting machine glimmered in the faint light. Surely the overseer's son had

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"Successful advertising is a sure indication of quality, for without value of the product, no advertising could succeed. The manufacturer and everyone connected with the distribution would lose reputation and money, for the public will not long continue to be gulled.

"Advertising is no more an extravagance than is the use of good seed or good machinery by the farmer. Extensive advertising is just as economical as quantity production in the motor car industry, for example, for it brings larger and quicker return for the investment, allowing for reinvestment in materials and consequent large production.

"Money spent in extensive and judicious advertising is the best investment in the world today for everyone concerned. Any salesman will tell you that advertised goods can be, and are, quality considered, sold at much less cost than those unknown."

(Reprinted from "The Poster," April, 1913)

There is more equally logical and matter-of-fact comment in this editorial quoted from the official publication of the Poster Advertising Association, but I have quoted only part of it, because I want to emphasize by repetition this simple but important truth:

"Successful advertising is a sure indication of quality, for without value of the product, no advertising could succeed."

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Manager Advertising Department

No. 127

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Conshohocken, Pa.

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You Can Earn Big Money Writing Moving Picture plays. We teach sure method. Great demand. Send for free booklet of valuable information. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Box 278, E. N., Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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Wanted—Progressive, Clean-Cut, Fresh-From-the-mint man every town to manage sales districts for steady repeat articles; three big sources of profit; cash sales; new selling plan; no experience needed; small capital; can make fine income annually. Bethlehem Utilities Co., 657 Pine St., New York.

Start Mail Order Business!—Established Corpor-ation backs you. Factory prices. Classy proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 35 E. Fifth, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Manufacturer Wants State Managers With $500 to $1000, to establish office and manage salesmen. Guaranteed monthly salary, also liberal commission. References required. Acme Automatic Co., 420 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Gulf Coast Market Gardens Pay Big Profits. Wonderful fertility, ample rainfall, delightful climate, cheap lands ($20 to $50 acre), low taxes, good roads, schools. Cotton, corn, potatoes, yield high. Dairying and poultry raising make big returns. Gulf Coast folder free. H. K. Kennedy, Colonization Agent, GC&SF Ry., Galveston, Tex.

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Virginia Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 21, Roanoke, Va.

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Kodakers! Very Special Offer. Send Any Six exposure roll and 30 cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints, one beautifully hand-colored. Booklet and sample print free. Kamera Shop, 259 Auditorium, Chicago.

You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents Per roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. Camera Shop, Box 42 A, Evanston, Illinois.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 131. Typewriter Emporium. (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOUR HOME

Japanese Towels Or "Tenugui"—$1.00 To $1.25 per 10 pieces. Agents wanted. Send for illustrated catalogue of other Japanese useful novelties. Miyako & Co., Tamaike, Akasaka Tokyo, Japan.

AQUATIC DEVICES

The Auto-Pneumatic Swimming Belt, Pat. Self-inflating. Weighs 1 lb. Folds 3 x 8 in. Protects seatravellers and lovers of aquatics from drowning. $1. Dealers, or 309 Broadway, New York. Booklet—Agents!

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AGENTS WANTED

Energetic Men In Every Town And City Make big money selling Package Pure Food Products in homes. A trial of them means customers every day all the year. A rare chance for the right man to make money quick. No experience required. Every day's delay is money lost. Particulars free. Send references. Schorn & Brower, 548-550 West 40th St., New York City.

Agents—Responsible Concerns Are Advertising newest selling specialties and money making propositions in "Monthly Directory" (illustrated). 3 months, 10c; yearly, 25c. Only authorized publishers, Herbert Pub. Co., 31 E. 27th St., N. Y.

Vacuum Cleaner Agents: Here It Is; Absolutely new design in wheel operated, powerful, bellows type vacuum cleaner. New visible nozzle. Exclusive appearance. Sells quick at $7.50. Write for particulars about money back guarantee now. Doty Company, Sweeper Dept., Dayton, Ohio.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Man-agers, etc.," our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 2425 W. Division St., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Ranges from wagon on notes or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ills.

Agents—A Pair Of Silk Hose Free. This Month only. Send no money; state size. Agents wanted in every town. Write today. Beautiful line. Large profits. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. P, 112 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! Would You Take A Steady Job Where you can make big money quick? No experience required. My goods are snappy, household necessities that make and hold customers. E. M. Davis, Pres., 251 Davis Blk., Chicago.

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We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 72 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

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Automobile Seat Coverings Are Wanted By Every automobile owner. We want agents to sell them to automobile owners, also Raincoats, Dusters and Motorcycle Suits; we also want travelling salesmen to sell to supply houses and garages; send for latest catalog and our proposition. The John Potter Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Kwik Hand Cleaner. Big Profits. Easy Sales. Wonderful invention. Instantly removes dirt, grease or stain without soap or water. Every motorist, motorcyclist, chauffeur or machinist buys when shown. Write today. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 151, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Celebrated Linco Line. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 135 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linco Company, 10 Linco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 250, Chicago.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Co., Div. X, Lemont, Ill.

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Agents—Be First In Your Town To Sell New Perfume Novelty. Sells on sight. Sample 10c. Dozen 50c prepaid. Particulars free. Wilbert Co., 2329 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted: Subscription Men And Women To call on the Medical Profession and Drug Trade. Big commission. Need not interfere with present occupation. Romaine Pierson, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

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Agents—New Invention. Electric Cigar Lighter. Used on cigar cases. Quick seller to Hotels, Drugstores, Restaurants, Poolhalls, Cafes. Big profits. Special offer. Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Scribner's Magazine Subscription Solicitors easily earn liberal pay. For full particulars regarding commissions, etc., address Desk 5, 155 5th Avenue, New York City.

Agents! For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

not seen the knife in my aunt's hand! Why had he gone? To get her away from me at any price.

IT seemed to me that I sat there, cramped, for hours. I saw him entering the deserted building with a homicidal maniac. I saw him lying on his face among the obscure mirrors of Baron's House, and a black stain on the white boards beneath him. I saw my aunt waiting patiently outside for me.

But at last I got down from the table, desperately resolved to do something.

And as I placed my hand on the lock, I heard them returning together.

"It's very strange," said the overseer's son in a troubled tone. "If you wish it, Miss Johns, I'll harness my horse and take you down the road to search. I'll be only a moment. Won't you come?"

"I'll wait here," replied my aunt. She sat down noisily in a wicker chair.

The overseer's son came around the house, past the window. I heard him at the stable, speaking to the horse, the ring of harness metal, and stamping. I heard also a movement in the wicker chair, a swift tread, some one trying the door stealthily. But it was locked.

I stepped out of my slippers. Shaking like a sail in the wind, I crossed to the window slowly with infinite caution.

By the time I reached it the overseer's son was getting into his wagon.

The window sill creaked as I climbed upon it. I heard my aunt suddenly fling herself against the door, and knew the lock could not hold against her strength. I jumped from the window. The jalousie prop went flying into the yard. The jalousie slammed down behind me. I ran. The overseer's son received me in the wagon; we drove through the gate as my aunt wrenched the jalousie from its fastenings, and her face appeared against the black room.

A STRANGE, cold promise of dawn lay over the cane fields.

"I've no shoes on," I said.

The overseer's son, fumbling with his left hand wrapped a linen carriage robe around me. But I kept shivering.

"What could I do?" I asked. "I saw her turn her knife against you, and you went out with her, and what could I do? There was a yellow-haired sailor my grandmother liked very well. She helped to murder him. But what could I do?"

He turned to look at me. His look was like a comfortable cushioned chair for me to rest in.

"Since my people are murderers and maniacs, I'm glad yours are only poor white trash," I added. "It would be a pity to spoil a perfectly good family—"

He caught my hand in his. Tears brimmed over my eyelids and splashed down on his hand. "Don't," he cried.

Suddenly I began to sob. "It's been a dreadful night," I apologized. "And I've lost my handkerchief. If you'll lend me yours, I think I'll cry a while."

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Clark's Orient Cruise

Feb. 7, '14, by sumptuous new "Rotterdam," 24,170 tons 16 glorious days. Rates $400 up, first class, including shore excursions, etc. Program FREE. Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

JOBS

AGENTS WANTED

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write Pitkin & Co., 114 Reid St., Newark, N. Y.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 5c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 140 S, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Wanted: A Few Young Men Willing To Work. Good Pay—short hours—prompt action wins the job. Write at once for Free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. 1607, Chicago.

Agents Wanted, Exquisite Line Imported And domestic Richare-Natura perfumes, creams and toilet goods. Large commission, exclusive territory. Address Dept. No. 1, Securlly Co., Woodsport, N. Y.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money—Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 236 Y Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by placing punch board assortments (jewelry, cutlery, chocolate, gum). We take back unsold goods. Can use only one new employed. State territory. We want men capable of earning $60.00 per week and we want them now. See Dun and Bradstreet rating. Devon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or injuries, $5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost $10. $2000 Accidental Death, $15 wkly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost $5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $20.00 to $27.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket filler affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Ready Dandy Line. Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen Making Small Towns, Whole Time Or side line, should carry our fast selling pocket side line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales. $4.00 commission on each order. Something entirely new. Write for outfit to-day. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

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Brandeis Attacks Price-cutting

It takes courage of the highest order to stand firm against uneducated public opinion—for the public's good.

Probably in his life of service Louis D. Brandeis, the great Peoples' Lawyer, has never taken a step that will arouse greater comment than the following article.

Most people who have not studied the subject are against price-maintenance. The consumer thinks it a device to make him pay more; the merchant feels that when he buys the goods of the manufacturer they are his and that it is an infringement of his rights to establish his selling price.

Careful study of the subject, however, shows that the same price everywhere is for the best interests of the buying public, the independent dealer and the independent manufacturer.

Price-cutting on articles of individuality, Mr. Brandeis maintains, would enable men controlling vast combinations of capital to win local markets one by one, and create monopolies on the things we eat and wear, then raise the prices higher than before.

This article is published in a number of the leading magazines in the belief that by giving wide publicity to the views of so noted a foe to monopoly as Mr. Brandeis the real interests of the enterprising individual manufacturer, the small dealer and the public will be served.



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Price-maintenance Encourages Individual Enterprise

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE American people are wisely determined to restrict the existence and operation of private monopolies. The recent efforts that have been made to limit the right of a manufacturer to maintain the price at which his article should be sold to the consumer have been inspired by a motive that is good—the desire for free competition—but they have been misdirected. If successful, they will result in the very thing that they seek to curb—monopoly. Price-maintenance—the trade policy by which an individual manufacturer of a trade-marked article insures that article reaching all consumers at the same price—instead of being part of the trust movement is one of the strongest forces of the progressive movement which favors individual enterprise.

The Article with Individuality

THERE is no justification in fixing the retail price of an article without individuality. Such articles do not carry the guarantee of value that identifies them with the reputation of the man who made them. But the independent manufacturer of an article that bears his name or trade-mark says in effect:

"That which I create, in which I embody my experience, to which I give my reputation, is my own property. By my own effort I have created a product valuable not only to myself but to the consumer, for I have endowed this specific article with qualities which the consumer desires and which the consumer may confidently rely upon receiving when he purchases my article in the original package. It is essential that consumers should have confidence in the fairness of my price as well as in the quality of my product. To be able to buy such an article with those qualities is quite as much of value to the purchaser as it is of value to the maker to find customers for it."

The Distinction Drawn

THERE is no improper restraint of trade when an independent manufacturer in a competitive business settles the price at which the article he makes shall be sold to the consumer. There is dangerous restraint of trade when prices are fixed on a common article of trade by a monopoly or combination of manufacturers.

The independent manufacturer may not *arbitrarily* establish the price at which his article is to be sold to the consumer. If he would succeed he must adjust it to active and potential competition and various other influences that are beyond his control. There is no danger of profits being too large as long as the field of competition is kept open; as long as the incentive to effort is preserved; and the opportunity of individual development is kept untrammeled. And in any branch of trade in which such competitive conditions exist we may safely allow a manufacturer to maintain the price at which his article may be sold to the consumer.

COMPETITION is encouraged, not suppressed, by permitting each of a dozen manufacturers of safety razors or breakfast foods to maintain the price at which his article is to be sold to the consumer.

By permitting price-maintenance each maker is enabled to pursue his business under conditions deemed by him most favorable for the widest distribution of his product at a fair price. He may open up a new sphere of merchandising which would have been impossible without price protection. The whole world can be drawn into the field. Every dealer, every small stationer, every small druggist, every small hardware man can be made a purveyor of the article, and it becomes available to the public in the shortest time and the easiest manner.

Price-cutting of the one-priced trade-marked article is frequently used as a puller-in to tempt customers who may buy other goods of unfamiliar value at high prices. It tends to eliminate the small dealer who is a necessary and convenient factor for the widest distribution; and ultimately, by discrediting the sale of the article at a fair price, it ruins the market for it.

Abolish Monopoly but not Price-maintenance

OUR efforts, therefore, should be directed not to abolish price-maintenance by the individual competitive manufacturer, but to abolish monopoly, the source of real oppression in fixed prices. The resolution adopted by the National Federation of Retail Merchants at its annual convention draws clearly the distinction pointed out above. The resolution declared that the fixing of retail prices in and of itself is an aid to competition; among other reasons, because it prevents the extension of the trust and chain stores into fields not now occupied by them. But the resolution also expresses the united voice of the retailers against monopoly and against those combinations to restrain trade against which the Sherman law is specifically directed.

Manufacturers and retailers are getting this distinction clearly in their minds, and it must soon be generally recognized by the public. What is needed is clear thinking and effective educational work which will make the distinction clear to the whole people. Only in this way can there be preserved to the independent manufacturer his most potent weapon against monopoly—the privilege of making public and making permanent the price at which his product may be sold, in every State in the Union.

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Baseball Players Won $10,550 for "Hitting the Bull" Last Season!

The famous cut-out "Bull" Durham sign is erected in the outfield of baseball parks throughout the United States. Every player who hits this giant "Bull" sign with a fairly-batted fly-ball in a regularly scheduled game, is presented with a check for $50.00 by the manufacturers of "Bull" Durham Tobacco. Last season these cut-out "Bull" Durham signs were hit 211 times in League games for a grand total of $10,550. Some of the famous baseball players who received $50.00 checks for "hitting the Bull" are Ping Bodie, Chick Gandil, Walter Johnson, Jack Murray, Hal Maggart, Hans Lobert, Gabby Cravath and Ben Houser.

An additional prize of 72 sacks of "Bull" Durham is awarded for every home-run made in regular league games in parks where these "Bull" Durham signs are erected. Last year baseball players won *257,400 sacks* ($12,870 worth) of "Bull" Durham by making *3575 home runs!*

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

Baseball and "Bull" Durham have been the nation's two favorite forms of enjoyment since 1859! Baseball, the good, clean, honest game—and "Bull" Durham, the good, clean, honest smoke—have both earned the loyal support of millions of "fans." Neither has a rival. Every real baseball "fan" considers a pipeful of "Bull" Durham essential to his enjoyment of the game.

Get a 5-cent muslin sack of "Bull" Durham at the nearest dealers today, and learn why over 352,000,000 of these sacks were sold last year alone.



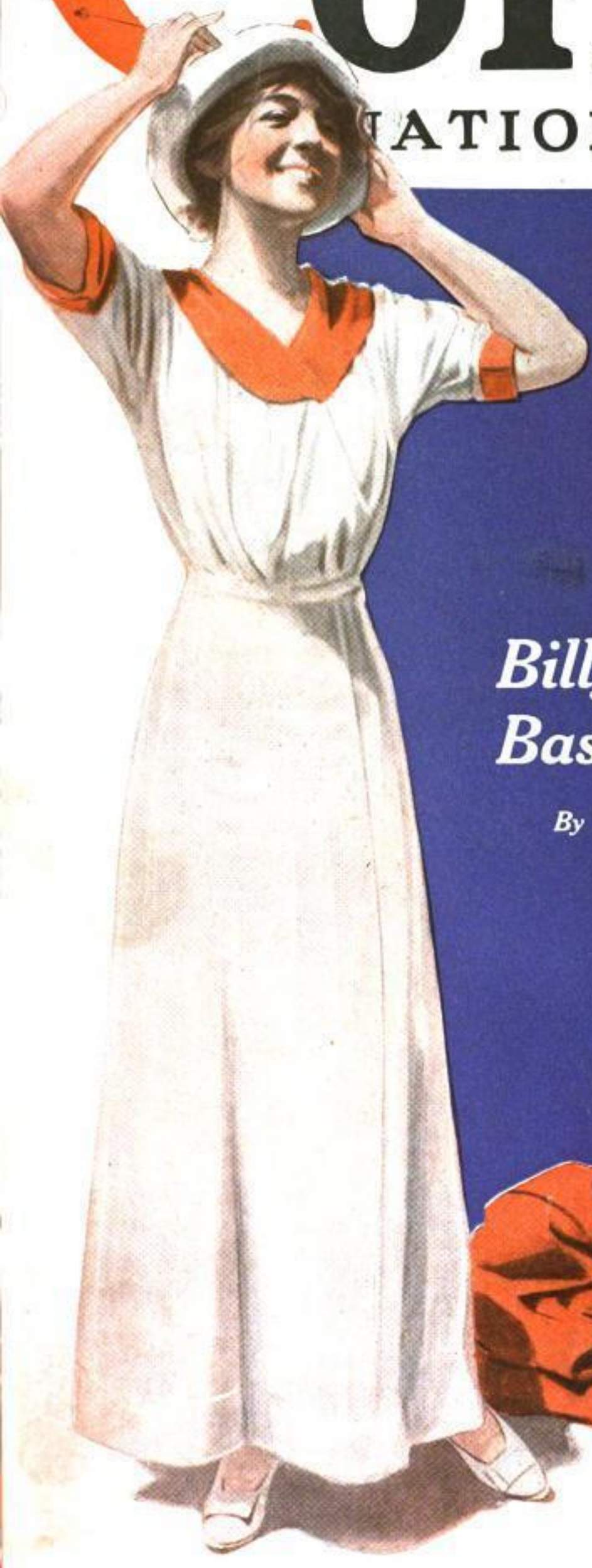
Standard of the World since 1859!

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Collier's

5¢ a copy

NATIONAL WEEKLY



Helen Duffy of Troy

By EDMOND McKENNA

Billy Sunday— Baseball Evangelist

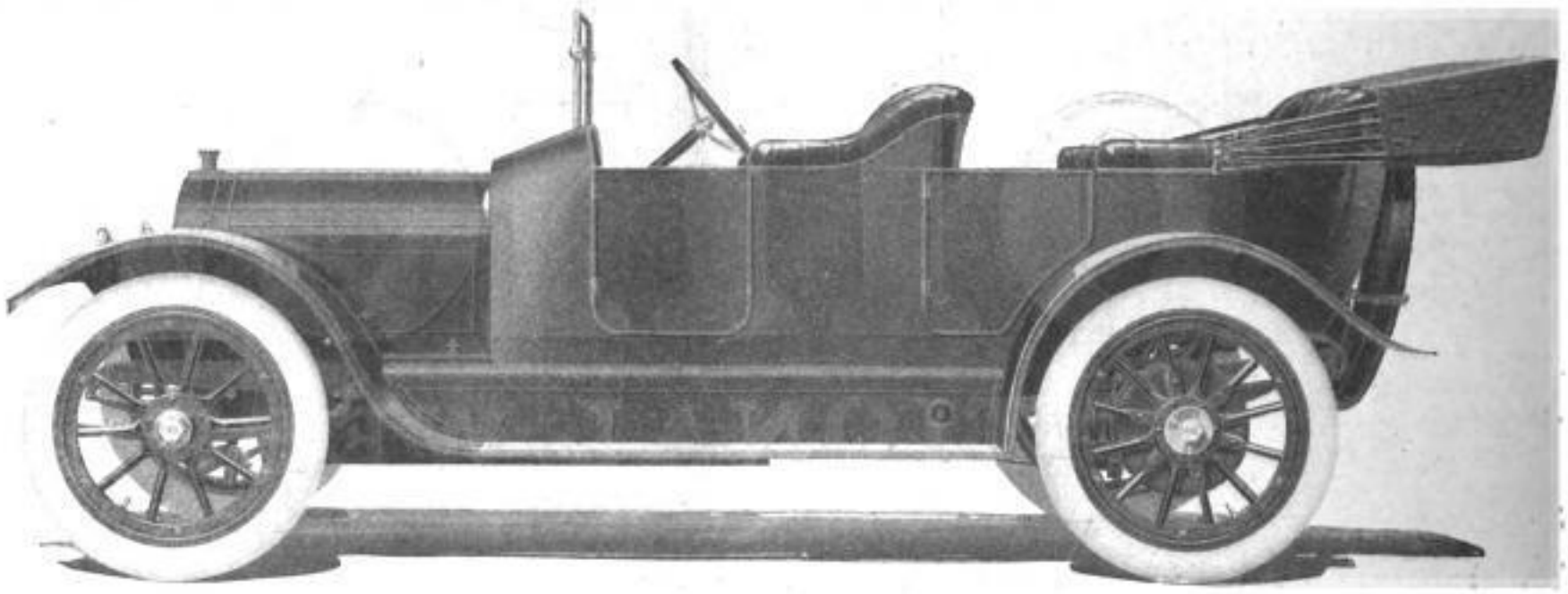
By BRUCE BARTON

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JULY 26 1913

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The NEW CASE "25"

The Car With Everything You Need

Price $1250

Nothing Left to Buy

For the ***final equipment*** in motor cars see the CASE models for 1914. Note the wealth of equipment—the ***style*** and the quality.

See what ***complete*** equipment ***now*** means. Then, regardless of price, look for equal convenience in any other car. See if you find these features:

Westinghouse Electric Starter and Lighting Equipment
Bosch Magneto—Dual System
Warner Speedometer—8-Day Clock
Electric Vibrator Horn
Baker Demountable 6-Bolt Rims
Extra Tire on Rim, with Tire Cover, carried in rear; Two Extra Inner Tubes
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires, 32 x 4
Tire Chains
Rayfield Carburetor—Dash Adjustment
Mohair Top
All Lamps Electric
Left-Hand Drive—Center Control
Motor T-Head 3¼ x 4½
Horsepower, 25
Wheelbase, 110 inches
All for $1250

We are able to save where others must spend. Thus, we can spend where others must save.

That is why such a car can be sold at this price. That is why we can put in the "inside values" that have gained the Case its fame.

We have been manufacturing the finest machinery for the past 70 years.

We had built up a vast selling organization before we began making motor cars. Our selling facilities had long been complete, and our economy system perfected.

No maker was ever so well PRE-equipped to build *and sell* a perfect car.

We saved an enormous selling and factory expense. We saved thousands in salaries and overhead that other makers must charge to each car, and get back in the price from the buyer.

We put all these savings into *Case Cars* in the shape of *added values.*

Hidden Values

Not all that we spend shows on the surface, not all goes for equipment—though no other manufacturer gives the buyer more accessories.

We put much that we save into *better steels* and *refinements that make for the strength of the car.*

We could save—*for more profit*—on engines, transmissions, wheels, axles, radiators, etc. But *Case Automobiles* must give *lasting* service just as all *other* Case products do. *Every part* of *each* car must be up to *Case standards* — standards maintained *throughout 70 years.*

Our Word for Durability

Judge the Case "25" from the standpoints of style, equipment, performance and price. You can tell if it meets your ideals in these features.

But you can't judge the *strength* of *any* car until you have run it for thousands of miles. That is where Case *hidden values* count.

Even trained engineers don't know *good steel at sight.*

And they can't take it out of a car to test it.

You must take some one's word for the *life* of a car until you have proved it out.

Whose word is better, do you think, than that of a 70-year-old concern capitalized at $40,000,000?

The name *Case* signifies to thousands of customers the best that can be put into machinery.

It signifies the same in *Case Cars.*

A "40" and "35," Too

The Case "40" at $2,300 with 125-inch wheel base, 4½ x 5¼ T-head motor, and standard *Case Complete* equipment, is the most popular car in its class.

The Case "35" at $1,850 with standard *Case Complete* equipment—4¼ x 5½ T-head motor—fits the needs of those who wish a slightly smaller car.

You can't buy a better motor car value than is offered in a Case. You can't realize what these values all mean until you know what they are in detail.

Our catalog tells in detail just where we can spend where others must save. May we send you one?—It is to your advantage.

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY, Inc., 758 Liberty St., Racine, Wisconsin

Case Cars are sold through 79 Branch Houses and 9,000 Dealers in United States, Canada, South America and Europe

The Sign of Mechanical Excellence the World Over

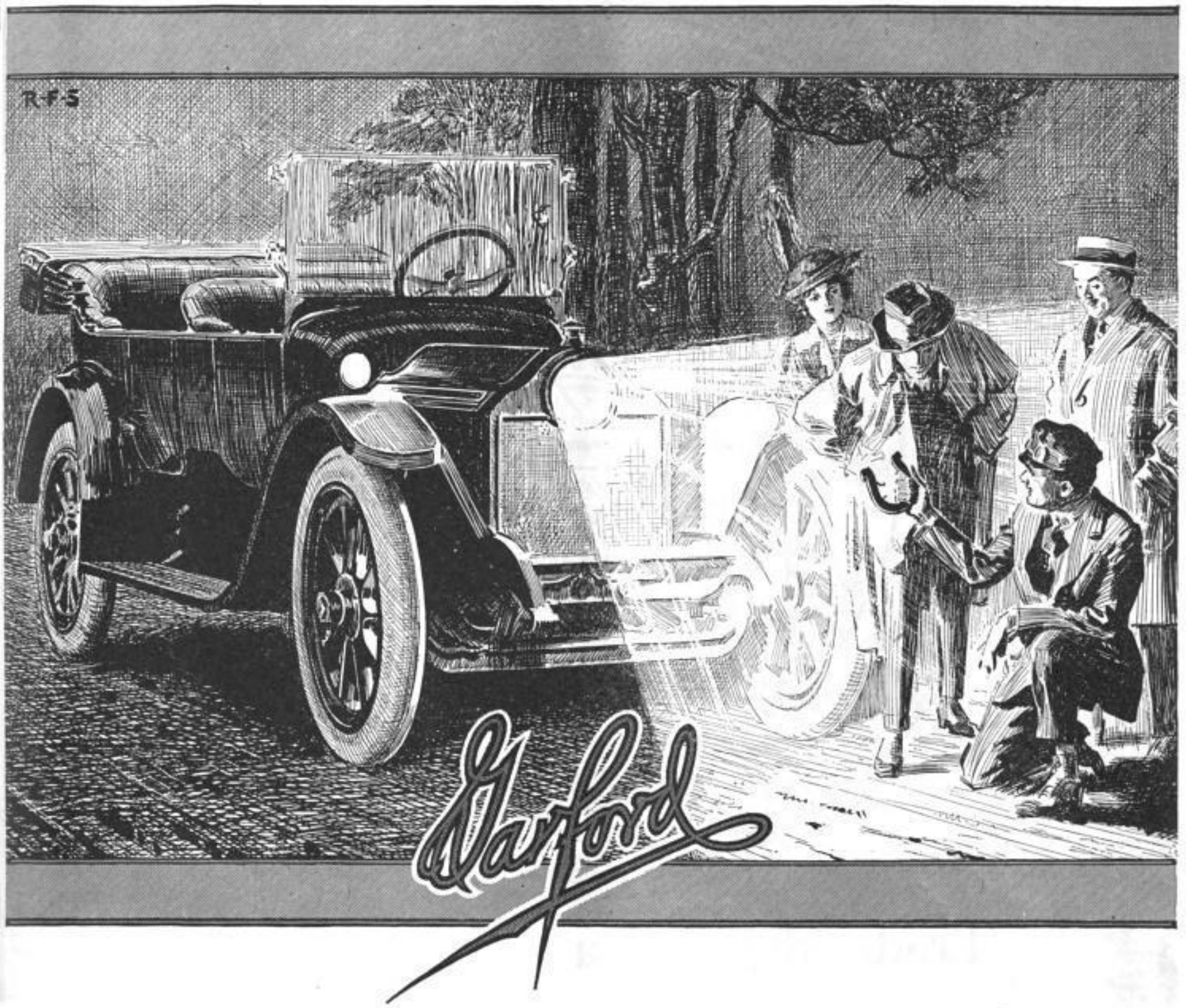


CASE



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$2750

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One piece, all steel body, steel Pullman car construction—no joints, no rivets, no wood

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60 horsepower, long-stroke motor —3¼ in. by 6 in.

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Equipment—everything complete from tools to top

THE only tangible and substantial difference between the new Garford Six at $2750, and most other high grade Sixes—is the price.

If you will thoroughly and intelligently make a considerate and deliberate examination you will become convinced that nowadays $2750, invested in the right Six, will go just about as far as $5000.

This economy is brought about by our large production methods—*and you save the difference*.

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THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

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"Automobile—
a motor vehicle"
From Webster's New
Standard Dictionary

Trade-Marking a Famous Motor

Engrave on the tablets of your memory this trade-mark. It is the stamp of a good motor and a good motor is the solid foundation of a good automobile. The dictionary makers realized this, when they defined an Automobile as a "Motor Vehicle;" all men who motor acknowledge it; and more than 50 of America's leading motor vehicle makers proclaim it by building their cars upon the sure groundwork of the Continental Motor.

¶ A weak foundation has ruined many a costly edifice. Down to bed rock must go the substructure; down—in the case of a motor vehicle—to the hard and fast assurance of a motor with power, with speed, with certainty of service, with sales prestige, with long years of life-span.

¶ The name of the motor—symbol of power—reveals the character of the car. For the motor is the key to the whole construction—the costliest and most vital factor. Every motorist should know this, and Continental advertising is going to make this knowledge public property.

¶ Continental motors date back to 1903. They have perennial youth in design—the maturity of age in experience. Over 75,000 are now in use—developing, daily, more than six times the horsepower taken from Niagara. Best known cars—cars that have conquered the world's markets—have swept to success carrying the Continental Motor.

¶ To the companies making these cars, their engineers as well as our own, belongs the proud distinction of having made "Continental motors America's standard." For the counsel of these many engineers, some of whom not only stand as leaders in their profession but are individually known to every American who reads, has had much to do in the final perfecting of Continental motors.

¶ These are the far-seeing, level headed men who, building for the competition coming, have already specified over 40,000 Continental motors for 1914.

¶ Not made to meet a price, not built to shatter records of quantity, Continental motors are constructed to fulfill a service ideal—to be a true foundation for a worthy motor vehicle.

¶ For this we trade-mark our product.

Continental Motor Mfg. Co.

Largest exclusive motor builders in the world.

Factories: Detroit, Muskegon, Mich.

Detroit, Michigan

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Helen Duffy of Troy



By Edmond McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IS GREEK beauty as potent as ever? Mr. McKenna's tale of Helen (Duffy by marriage) shows how even to-day a Greek beauty, immigrant in our land, can sway the love of a stern old Irish father-in-law, much as of old she of Troy moved the love and pride of Priam in the Trojan city.

THE first thing that attracted my attention to old man Duffy was the fact that he had the kind of blue eyes that go with a broken nose, and yet his nose was perfectly straight.

He was standing near the corner of Allen Street, looking belligerently at a swarthy man who sold oranges and grapes and white onions from a push-cart.

"He's wan av them Greeks," he said to me after I had nodded pleasantly to him, for he appeared for all his wrathful looks to be very much alone. There is a nameless air of loneliness that one accumulates in a strange place, the recognition of which is the first psychological step in the education of a confidence man.

"You appear to dislike the Greeks," I said.

"Dislike them! I hate them; an' why shouldn't I, when wan av them stole me boy?"

"So they kidnaped the boy?"

"Worse than that, she married him, an' him a bricklayer an' as fine a workman as there is from here to Auburn, where I came from this mornin' to look for him. I larned him the trade meself, an' when he was through with his time nothin' would do him but he would lave the old woman an' me an' come down here to this hell hole.

"An' he did, an' ye see wat happened to him. A Greek stole him—married him, he calls it—an' him a bricklayer an' a fine workman an' all."

THE old chap quivered and snorted and thumped his fist into his palm. He had red hairs on the backs of his fingers, and when he snarled at the fruit seller all the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. He had worked himself into a grand frenzy.

"Thief!" he called. "Where is he?" and he cavorted toward the man at the stand, his blue eyes agleam and his still unbroken nose stuck high into the air.

"Be careful, my friend," I admonished. "You will find yourself in trouble presently and you are getting a little too old to fight."

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Marie Mantrelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the grinding wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over. That experienced pacifier deemed it too soon to interfere, for he only smiled and kept on beating time on the curb. But the mature judgment of Split-nose was at fault.

IN AN instant the red-fisted warrior was upon the unoffending Greek. There was a swift scuffle and a great squawking and an enormous quantity of fruit rolling into the gutter. Split-nose unwound the old man from about the Greek's limbs and torso, and the vender got up from the pavement with both hands spread over his bleeding mouth. Split-nose marched the struggling warrior down the street. I went along, begging him to cease his futile struggles. Near the next corner we halted. Split-nose Regan had heard the call of blood.

"Is he a frind av yours?" he asked.

"No, he came to the city this morning to look for a lost son whom he says a Greek kidnaped, or, to be more precise, who has fallen in love with a Greek girl and married her."

"Married him—stole him—me only son an' a bricklayer."

"Look here, old man," said Split-nose, "I'm goin' to turn ye loose, an' I want ye to make yerself scarce aroun' here. The first thing ye know ye'll be in trouble. G'wan now, an' this frind will help ye to find yer son, an' if the same is anythin' like the father av him, I'd advise ye to look on the station-house blotter for his name."

"I could 'a' bate the life out av him," said old Duffy, "if that interferin' policeman had minded his own rightful business."

"Mr. Duffy," I said, "you shouldn't take the matter to heart. There are many very proud men in this great city who would feel prouder still to marry a Greek girl. Why, my dear sir, these very men and women are descended from that proud race whose fighting men combed their hair at Thermopylæ."

"What, them people fight?"

"Yes, those very people. History records that a little band of these very people defeated a great army of Persians."

"Oh, Persians. Aye, to be sure, Persians. It's too bad that there wasn't a couple dozen white men among the Persians."

"Thermopylæ was one of the most glorious battles in the world's history."

"They may have combed their hair at the place ye mention. Ye seem to know a lot about them, however a decent man like yerself came to larn it all; but I'll bet the pipe out av me teeth it's very few av them have combed their long hair since. I would like to comb one or two more av them this mornin' meself."

He paused and looked about him cautiously, as if not sure of his company, while he rubbed and straightened out his red-haired fingers.

"It's an awful place, this," he continued, "an' anyhow I'm glad to find a man who can talk me own language. I spoke to wan or two av them this mornin' before ye came up an' all I could get out av them was a kind av a grunt."

"This place," I explained, "is the melting pot of races. Here the blood of all the peoples of the earth mingles to produce the sovereign American, the composite citizen who is one day going to break down the barriers of race and creed and give democracy a new name and the world a newer, better religion."

"The meltin' pot, is it, ye call it? An' a fine name it is, to be sure. A good many av them looks as if they needed a meltin', an' I wouldn't mind them much if wan av them wasn't mixed up with me own family now. As it is, I would like to mingle freely with the blood av a few more av them, an' I would do it if the policemen would mind their own rightful business. Didn't they take me boy? wan av them did—stole him—married him, he calls it. 'I'm married, father,' he writes me—'married with a Greek girl.' Think av that, will ye, comin' home in a letter to a decent, peaceful man? A long-fingered, slant-eyed, orange-sellin', melodian-playin' Greek, an' him a bricklayer!"

"Oh," I said rather testily, "Greeks have laid bricks. Not only have they laid bricks, but they have builded the most beautiful buildings in the world. They have quarried marbles and carved statues that remain the wonder of the ages. Our greatest artists cannot approach them for beauty—for perfection of form and classic grace. The Greeks were the world's master workmen."

THE old man smiled in a strange, reminiscent, indulgent way.

"It's all right, young fellow. Go right on with yer fine story. Sure I don't mind a bit what ye say. Yer talk is harmless enough, God help ye. If ye are not deceivin' yerself ye are not deceivin' me. Ye have a grand poet's mind and a lot av fine words. I have heard Father Kelly tell about the poets, but I never saw one meself before this day. Ye see, I have never traveled much, there bein' plenty av work for a good man around me own place. Don't mind me interruptin' ye. God help us all, it's a strange world we're in. Go on, I'm listenin', heart-broken as I am."

"There is no reason for your being heart-broken. You don't understand the quality of these people. If there were a little more understanding between race and race, a closer unity, a kindlier spirit, a little more love, this world would not be the sad, mad place it is. Universal peace and brotherhood would descend upon it."

"It is askin' me to be a brother to wan av them ye are, ye hard-hearted blackguard? I felt the quality av wan av them, an' me an old man. An' I'm tellin' ye it wasn't much. It is not bad enough for wan av

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them to steal me only son after me havin' lived decent an' lived to meself all me life. Now if ye can help me to find him, then help me. If ye can't, don't be standin' there tryin' to break a poor old man's heart. Go away with yer fool talk an' lave me alone in me sorrow. It's up on a wagon the likes av ye should be makin' soft talk with the evangelists. If ye can help me, I say help me. If ye can't, I say lave me alone. If it's black hell itself I came into this mornin', sure I'd rather be alone in it than to be listenin' to the mockery av yer words."

"Come with me then and we'll try to find your son. He is probably working now, but we may find his wife and learn where he lives."

"Wife? Thief's what I call the likes av her. Wait till I find her!"

Together we went to the Greek colony, which I knew very well. I had many acquaintances there, among them bootblacks, fruit venders, and merchants of a more substantial sort, waiters, musicians, and artists. My mind had been fed in my formative years on the classic literature of the Greeks, and sometimes even the bootblacks filled me with awe.

THE old man looked shamefaced as we went from door to door and from fruit stand to fruit stand asking for tidings of young Mrs. Michael Duffy. He growled nearly all the time in a deep undertone like distant thunder that presages a coming storm. Twice he said he would not go a step farther and twice I outmaneuvered him when he was on the point of attacking a curb merchant. He leaned against a lamp-post and rubbed the sweatband of his hat with a large red handkerchief.

"Now aren't they a healthy-lookin' crew?" he asked, "for wan av them to be disgracin' the grand old name of Duffy, with their men loungin' round here, or sellin' bits av things to children for a penny when they ought to be doin' an honest day's work like any other decent man. An' their women, Lord help us, slant-eyed hussies, cacklin' like a flock av hens. I am glad Mary herself is not here to see the disgrace the boy has brought down on the two av us. It's best that she should never know about it. Oh, my! Oh, my! a man never knows what bad luck there is in store for them when he brings them into the world."

WE FOUND it more difficult to find Mrs. Duffy than I supposed, so we gave up the canvass of the neighborhood and went to the office of a real estate agent, named Demetrius Memostyple, who was said to have a monopoly of the renting business among the Greeks. When we reached Mr. Memostyple's office he was out. We decided to wait for him. The old man settled himself cautiously in a swivel chair, on the arms of which he kept a grip so tight that his knuckles showed as white mounds in the red expanse of his hands.

"The Greek women, about whom you talked so disparagingly," I said, as I offered him a cigar, which he started to smoke in an uncomfortable, all-in way, "were at one time, if they are not at present, the most beautiful women in the world."

"There ye go," he snorted. "Beauty, beauty, beauty forever on yer foolish young lips. Will beauty boil a pot, I'm askin'? Will beauty pay the rent? I suppose the beauty, like their fightin' power, is a thing that men read out av books thousands av years ago. An' anyhow it's little the likes av them that lives in these places knows about beauty. Lord, man, wouldn't beauty have the fine chance to live an' grow on the street like that out there among dead horses an' cats an' rotten fruits an' narrow-faced, treacherous, schemin' fellows like I've been seein' all mornin'? Sure if a woman puts her foot out av the door she gets a mixture av a thousand dirts on her, not to mention what may be inside the house."

"Helen of Greece," I argued, not to be overcome by his perversity, "was the most beautiful woman that ever lived. The Greek nation became divided over her and the factions fought long and bloody wars for her. Men have been glad to give up their lives just for a sight of her."

"Yes, yes, I have heard about her. An' I'm thinkin' if there had been a whole nation full av the likes av her as there is in a country I could mention, instead av only wan av her in a couple av thousand years, divil the man who would have lifted his head to see her if she had gone litin' around in her bare feet, an' a white posy in her red hair, an' it hangin' down about her every day in her life."

MR. MEMOSTYPLE came in with a bunch of keys in his hand. He was humming a tune. He had had business with lovers that morning. He looked at us sharply and then hid his black eyes and exposed his white teeth. That was the way he smiled. With him were a young man and a woman, or rather a boy and girl. The man, for he had just assumed the burden of matrimony, and had been flat hunting, was dressed in shiny black clothes that had the look of having been riveted to him. He wore an orange tie and purple socks. He tried to appear dignified and succeeded in looking stiff. The woman wasn't dressed, in the ordinary meaning of that extraordinary word. She was rigged, decked, and adorned. She was a "fleshscape" done by the head artist of the High



Then she kissed him, circled her arm around his neck, and gathered his old head to her breast

School of Realism. Her clothing was scenery. She blushed like a Cubist impression of a dawn in the Ionian Isles. She couldn't get her mouth shut. It stayed open by a sort of natural luxation. I felt that she was an unusually bad example of the beauty that was Greece. The old man stared at the couple and muttered—perhaps a prayer. I explained to Mr. Memostyple our reason for calling on him.

"Oh, yes, gentlemen." His voice was a mixture of a threat and a wheedle, a sort of cross between the voice of a camp-meeting preacher and a poor doctor's sick-room voice. He snatched a card from behind a desk and ran his long, tapering forefinger down a row of figures on the margin:

"Tweenty a month—third story, second door to left, No. 68 Summer Street, bricklayer, red-haired, all month advance, fine beesiness."

As we came out of the office the old man stared at the girl in open derision. "Beauty," he snarled as we reached the sidewalk, "Mister Poet, is that wan av your Greek beauties?" I didn't take up the challenge, for his blue eyes had become many shades darker and his lips curled over his yellow teeth, showing the worn place on the right side where he held his pipe. I felt relieved that he didn't want to play with the boy husband all over the new oilcloth on Mr. Memostyple's office floor. I intended to direct him to the house and by some cowardly trick leave him there. Together we climbed the stairs, desperately. When we reached the third landing I considered the base stratagem of pointing to the door and running away.

AS WE approached the door we were arrested by the sound of singing. It was a blithe carol that bubbled over from a joyous heart. As we listened the sound of it inundated the hallway and washed in little waves around my heart. It was music set to love, and I could have wished to have had it last longer, but it stopped, and then I tapped the door lightly.

"We are at the wrong house," said the old man in an eager whisper; "'tis an Irish girl was singin' in there. I mind wan spring day long ago—"

The door was opened two inches and a black eye searched out.

"Is Mr. Michael Duffy at home?" I asked.

"Meegal iss not. He is work while it ees day. Why do you come?"

"This old gentleman is Mr. Duffy's father—is your husband's father."

"I am, indeed, girl. Michael is me only boy an' ye went an' took—"

At the sound of the old man's voice the door was thrown open and we saw a tall girl with blue-black hair. Her beauty was of a conquering kind. She had the eyes of a goddess out on a holiday who had consented for the time to be lenient with mortals. Hers was that humanity of form that put the passion into poetry and laid the foundation of madhouses and monasteries, and is still the one true explanation of impressionism and many other forms of necessary lying.

"You are Meegal's father?" she asked.

"I am that, girl," he faltered.

With a calm movement that makes directness a weak, wobbly wordling, she took the old man's face between her palms and drew his face toward her. She looked straight into his fighting blue eyes. Then she kissed him, one kiss on each eye, and one between the eyes over the high, unbroken nose, circled her arm around his neck, and gathered his old head to her breast. She stroked his cheek with her fingers and kissed him again. He didn't protest. He was only a man after all.

"Come een, faithre," and with one arm still around him she led him into the room.

THE interior was plainly, even poorly, furnished with stiff, glittering chairs and a table like the show window in a furnishing establishment where "Your Credit is Good." Over the mantel there was a framed photograph of a tall, Irish-looking man in a soldierly, significant attitude, and on the opposite wall, in a huge gilded frame, hung an East Side artist's idea of what Robert Emmet looked like. Emmet wore a coat of blue and gold like a Russian general. His arms were widely extended and he was lecturing a judge, who appeared uncomfortable in a fur cape.

The girl had seated the old man and was leaning on the table on her elbows, looking into his face and smiling. She seemed not to notice me. As I had done what I had conceived to be my duty in the matter, I said:

"Mr. Duffy, now that you have found your son's wife and know where he lives, I think I shall be going, as I have some business to attend to."

He got up, staggering, and came to the door with me.

"Wait for me at the corner," he said, with his mouth at my ear and his red-haired fingers trembling on my cheek. "I'll not stay longer than fifteen minutes. I'll come back in the evenin' when Mike is home."

I PROMISED to wait for him, and had been waiting for twenty minutes when I saw him coming along the street. About halfway between where I stood and the door, a curly-haired, listless, dreamy fellow stood contemplating a blossomy barrow, drawn up along the curb. I hastened in his direction, yet fearful that the old man might have to pass the night in a police cell.

Old Duffy stopped and looked at him. He smiled and nodded. His old fierceness was gone. When he came up to me he said: "Now there's what I call a fine-lookin' lad." He took me by the arm, and as we walked down the street his step seemed more sprightly. The rest had done him good. He was silent for a few moments. Then he began:

"I have been a trifle harsh to ye this mornin', but I feel in me heart that ye'll forgive me. Sure, it's a kind, sweet tongue ye have an' fine, grand words, an' a good face an' a brave, kindly manner. Tell me, now, is it the truth ye were speakin' about all them grand buildin's?"

"Of course it's the truth. No finer ever were erected."

"Well, God help us all. It's a queer world we're livin' in. Well do I mind young Dan Hogan, him that death come to through the readin' av books an' the studyin' an' the larnin'. I mind him tellin' that the Greeks an' the Irish were all the wan race away back before the long-haired wans fought the great fight at—how do you say it?—Thermopylæ. An' they were the most beautiful

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Billy Sunday—*Baseball Evangelist*

By Bruce Barton

OUT in the Middle West another inning is closing in the continuous game which Billy Sunday calls his "Fight with the devil." For sixteen years he has moved from town to town pitching the ball straight at the enemy's head, and, when his turn at the plate came, batting hard to bring the runs home. Score keepers differ as to the number of "errors" the Rev. Billy has made, but they are agreed that his hits, measured in influenced human lives, total nearly 200,000.

Photographs Copyright 1914 by C. V. Williams

EXCEPT that it is built of wood it looks like a circus tent. You stand ankle deep in sawdust at the rear and look across half a block of male heads to the platform at the other end. he Tabernacle—for so it is called—is rectangular and painted. It is duplicated precisely in each succeeding town and planned to be just as big as Billy Sunday's voice. It is filled full of uncomfortable wooden benches, and to-day *they* are filled with 8,000 men.

One will hardly find 8,000 men so democratically jumbled together anywhere else in this land of the paid admission. Even the baseball game, democracy's national sport, has its boxes and its bleachers. But here are no boxes here. Those who occupy seats do so because they came before twelve o'clock and sat in them; the service was scheduled for two. The president of the First National Bank sits tight pressed between two sooted miners. The Mayor is on the platform—perhaps—that is, if he happens to be a choir singer. Otherwise he takes his chance with his masters, the common people. On a chair, behind a pine pulpit, a tall, well-formed man stands coatless and collarless, waving an American flag.

"Come on, boys," he shouts, "you've got a chance now to show your manhood. I want every man of you, in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up into your lap and put their arms around your neck, to climb up here on the water wagon with me. I want every man of you to say: 'God helping me, I'll fight that dirty, stinking, damnable business until it's knocked into hell.' How many of you will say that? How many will line up with me? Stand up if you will; that's right; stand up; be men; stand up."

And quietly, determinedly, in one vast movement, the whole 8,000 rise to their feet. It is a dramatic moment, perhaps the most dramatic moment that comes in Billy Sunday's meetings. It is the closing appeal in his sermon on "Booze or Get on the Water Wagon—the sermon that gives the devil pneumonia."

Mourners' Bench—Sans Mourning

FOR a full tense moment he stands looking out over the crowd, sweat rolling down his temples, though this is a winter day. Then suddenly his eyes shut tight. "Lord, I'm nearly dead," he says, and it isn't until he has added another sentence or two that you realize he is praying. "Gee, but I'm tired. It's a fine bunch of men, though, isn't it, Lord? A dandy bunch. You know, Lord, we pretty nearly preached our head off this afternoon. But it's worth it, Lord. Look at that crowd—all lined up to fight the saloon! Great, isn't it?



"Come on, boys, you've got a chance now to show your manhood"

"And, Lord, you know we've got nothing against the saloon keeper. We'd do anything for him that we could. We'd help him—but not his business, Lord. You can damn his business just as soon as you want to. And the brewer, Lord; bless the brewer. But don't bless his business. I know you wouldn't, Lord, but I just thought I would



"Stand up; be men; stand up"

mention it. Lord, anything I can do; any little sacrifice I can make to blot out this curse, this destroyer of the home and the church and of decent business and of boys and girls, you know I'll do it, don't you, Lord? I'm standing here waving the flag, and the blood of my father is running through my veins. And he fought to save the old flag in '61 and my grandfather fought for it away back before that. And I'm fighting its battles, too, Lord, for the flag, and the home, and the boys and girls of the land.

"And now, Lord, I didn't think I would do it. I thought I was too tired, but I'm going to do it anyway. I am just going to ask any of these men that want to line up on your side to come down the aisle here and take my hand. Lord, help them to come; send a lot of them down. Lord, line them up on your side now, for Jesus's sake."

The prayer is over: 900 male voices lift the familiar strains of an old Gospel song. And down the aisle, "hitting the sawdust trail," they come in ones and twos and dozens, until 476 have stood before that multitude to shake the evangelist's hand and signify their intention of starting another life. They do not cry, there is no emotionalism, no sentimentality.

It was more than twenty years ago that Billy Sunday himself hit the sawdust trail, on a warm spring afternoon in Chicago. The trail in his case was Van Buren Street, and it led straight into the old Pacific Garden Mission. He was right fielder then on that famous baseball aggregation captained by Pop Anson, that, bare-handed, guiltless of glove or mask or chest protector, won its way into the championship—and most of the team was with him on that particular afternoon. Mike Kelly was there, and Ed Williamson, and Frank Flynn, heroes all, surrounded by the inevitable band of street-urchin worshipers. As they passed the battered door of the mission, the music of an old hymn, almost equally battered, drifted out into the warm sunshine. Billy stopped short, and wonderingly, jokingly, the crowd stopped too. He had heard that music a long time back, but its strains had not grown more familiar through the years. Now it struck into his soul with some strange compulsion. The crowd bantered a little and started to move on—but not Billy. Quietly he reached out his hand to each one of the group in turn. "Boys," he said, "I'm through. I'm going in." One laughed: one passed a rough jest: the rest stood still uncomprehending. And the old Billy Sunday was gone.

Sometimes in his sermons now he tells about it, and particularly about the next afternoon when he reported for practice at the old South Side grounds. At the gate he met Frank Flynn and braced himself for the ordeal that he knew to be inevitable. Frank came on slowly, looking searchingly into Billy's eyes, but there was no smile, no jest; instead a long handshake and "I'm glad you did it, Bill." Inside Pop Anson waited to extend his hand, and one by one his team mates followed quietly, without pretense. The angels that assist St. Peter at the gate could not have given a welcome more sincere. It was a surprise to Billy, almost a shock—but it helped. It gave him a new regard for the heart of the common man, a deeper respect for his God, who without the loss of a single day was busily at work on his side. For that is Billy's idea of God, that He is working for Billy Sunday just as hard and as long as Billy works for Him. Religion to Billy is not worth its name unless it has its sleeves rolled up: salvation and sweat, in his vocabulary, are words derived from the same common source.

Efficacy of Prayer on the Diamond

IT was his religion, working persistently at its job, that made him catch the long, far fly in the decisive game that week. A tremendous hit it was, in the crucial minute of the ninth inning—far out over right field, over the heads of the crowd, almost to the very fence. As he ran back for it he could tell that it was going to be almost impossible: he could feel the home crowd in the bleachers straining for him, could hear far off the faint encouragement of his team mates, and knew that the men on bases were running in sure confidence that the game was won. And still he ran, panting out the first prayer of his Christian life.

"O God," he said, "you know I'm playing on your team; if you're ever going to help me, come on now."

In a broad way it was a model for all the thousands of prayers that he has uttered since: they're all born on the run, out of a heart that is beating beyond the speed limit in an effort to help the prayers get answered. Faster the ball dropped, too fast; he knew that it would go just over his head and fall behind him. In one last tremendous effort he pushed his bare hand up into the air, there was a swift, smarting impact—and he fell over on his back—with the ball clutched tight in his fist. His prayer had been answered; the game was won.

The tumult that ensued surpassed even a Billy Sunday meeting in warmth and excitement. The first man to reach him was Tom Johnson of Cleveland, who picked him up and slapped him vigorously on the back. "Billy," he said, "that catch won me $500; to-morrow I'm going to buy you the best suit of clothes in this town." To the honor of the memory of that great fan and friend of the common fan, let it be recorded that he kept his promise.



Religion to Billy is not worth its name unless it has its sleeves up

The Evolution of an Evangelist

THERE followed in the life of Billy Sunday, convert, a series of long, hard years before he became Billy Sunday, evangelist. On Sundays he preached in a bush-league sort of fashion wherever he could get the chance, and during the week he worked as a physical director in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. at a salary of $75 a month. In these later days, when grateful communities sometimes reward him with $10,000 or even $12,000 for his six weeks' work, and when critics of various degrees of sincerity taunt him for the money that he has accumulated, he looks back on those long years of obscurity and sacrifice. "I notice," he says, "that no one ever thought of calling me a grafter then."

His first meetings were held in the towns of 500 and 600 in Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin. He has always been afraid of the cities, but he was more afraid of them then. Besides, he had only six sermons; when he had preached them necessity compelled him to bring the meetings to an abrupt close. And six sermons would not have touched a town of any considerable size; he would have been done and gone before the big community knew that he was started.

A Sunday meeting is not like any other gathering in the world. It is as carefully prepared for as a circus, as well staged as the "Garden of Allah." Out of the scores of invitations that are pressed upon him—and he has enough on file to keep him working continuously for the next twenty years, should he prove able to stand the strain that long—he selects those

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"Who will lead the way?"

that come from communities where conditions are most favorable and where he can have united support. From the day of his acceptance he is monarch of that community, a tyrant whose wish must be executed to the last letter. The churches must close during his meetings; he will have no distraction; the religious life of the whole community must merge itself for six weeks in the great tabernacle which is erected for him. There must be a choir of at least 500 voices; finally—but first on the list as Billy submits it—there must be a regiment of Christian men and women who will pledge themselves to pray daily and nightly for the success of the meetings through all the weeks of preparation.

At one time, when he was holding services in a central Illinois city, a delegation came from a neighboring community to request his services there. He consented, with the understanding that the delegation would return and organize a band of 200 Christians who would begin at once to pray for his success. The time of the meeting arrived; Billy gathered the ministers around him and asked for the list of those who had been praying. Twenty—and they had promised 200! That night, in the closing prayer, Billy took the matter straight to Heaven in these words:

"Lord, you know when we were over here in the last meeting a bunch of these preachers came and asked us to come over to this sin-soaked town of theirs and help them out. And, Lord, you remember that we promised to come if they would get together 200 folks to pray for the success of the meetings. And you remember they promised, Lord. Now we get here and what do we find—a measly little twenty. Do you get it, Lord?—twenty. What do you think of that?"

Prayers like that have a way of getting themselves answered quickly. Early in the morning of the next day a very much humbled group of preachers called at the hotel to inform Mr. Sunday that 300 Christians had promised to pray for the success of the meetings—and the meetings *were* a success.

Angels Ring No Doorbells

WEEKS before the actual opening of the campaign, while the tabernacle is in process of construction, visitors from other Sunday towns begin to drop into the prayer meetings and Sunday services of the local churches. Sometimes they are drummers—for almost every drummer in the Middle West travels for Billy—they have heard him, and spread about the hotels before his coming startling stories of his success elsewhere. Sometimes they are prominent business men, sometimes city and county officials, editors of newspapers, judges, who come to congratulate the town on the prospect of the meetings and to tell of the wonders that have been done in their own home towns. It is advance work of a tremendously effective character, but it is sincere. These heralds of the great day are unsalaried; they pay their own expenses; they come because Billy has made them new men, because he has stirred the moral life of their own communities as no other force ever had stirred it before, and because they covet the same success for him in the new field to which he is to go. Friends and converts of Billy's from the four corners of the earth write letters to the local newspapers, subscribing for the issues that are to contain reports of his sermons and bespeaking generous space for the meetings. It is a wonderful campaign this which is carried on quietly before the actual campaign begins—and it fills the tabernacle to its capacity on the very opening night. *After* the opening night Billy himself attends to the filling.



"God said: 'Bill, you go down and pull off that little stunt for me'"

And the Billy Sunday sermon is different. Take equal portions of Newell Dwight Hillis and George M. Cohan, add a liberal portion of the greatest living acrobat, whoever he may be, and the greatest modern Biblical scholar (for Billy is a student and a conscientious one; there are things in his sermons that bespeak wide reading and hard thought); throw in a dash of the old-time auctioneer, and saturate the whole with the spirit and eloquence of St. Paul—there you have something that will resemble Billy Sunday at his best. He is tall, with the broad shoulders and slender waist of the athlete, agile, perfectly trained; his voice is hoarse, but it carries always to the very farthest corners of his great auditorium; and there is no art or artifice of the orator that he has not mastered. One who dropped in through the roof in the midst of one of his sermons, finding him standing in the pulpit, or about to swing a chair crashing upon the floor of the platform, might have a moment's doubt as to what sort of an exhibition was in progress. But all doubt would be removed were he to remain through to the end. For there is sound Gospel in every sermon of Billy's—and truth, clothed in the language of the wayfaring man, to be sure, but driven home with the unmatched energy of a soul fully consecrated to its task.

"I am going to fight the things that destroy manhood and womanhood and homes and decent business until hell freezes over," he announced in opening his meetings in Decatur, "and then I'll buy a pair of skates and fight on the ice. I ask no quarter, and I give none." It was not nice, not chaste, not beautiful, but it hit home to the hearts of the thousands who had traveled out to see what manner of man had come among them. After that they knew.

Read these paragraphs and imagine them spoken in a tense, husky tone by a man who leans far out over the pulpit, jumps onto the chair and off again, shoots his arms this way and that, and sweats great drops in the awful earnestness of his delivery:

"This revival means work for all of you. Don't you think that you are going to have an easy time of it. No, sir. Think of the mountains of guilt in your city that won't move for a little. Some one has got to sweat on this job.

"I was going to say that God couldn't convert a man on the top of the Alps, 400 miles from anyone else, but I won't say that, for God could do it, but he doesn't. I don't believe any man was ever converted without the human agency figuring in it. God don't send angels to Columbus to ring your doorbells, preach and sing in your choirs. No, sir; God said: 'Bill, you go down and pull off that little stunt for me.'



Truth driven home with unmatched energy

"Lots of you people wear out ten pairs of holdbacks to one pair of tugs. What God wants is helpers, not knockers; builders, not iconoclasts. Half the church members could die and the church wouldn't lose as a spiritual force. Yank some of the groans and stuffings out of your prayers and put in joy and work. There are three classes in every church: the I wills, the I won'ts, and the I can'ts. The first class does all the work. Some men are so stingy that they can't give a dime to the church without singing: 'God be with you till we meet again.'

"The story of Moses is one of the most fascinating in Scripture. I believe the origin of that ark which was hid in the bulrushes must have been in heaven, and that God whispered the plan of saving that baby into the ears of its mother. The angels in heaven were surely kept busy keeping harm away from that baby Moses.

"Thank God the angels were not out at some bridge-whist party. When I get to heaven I am going to hunt up the mother of Moses and ask her how much Pharaoh's daughter paid her to nurse her own baby.

"Oh, the power that lies in a mother's kiss! Most any old stick will do for a daddy, but if all children had good mothers the world would be better, and if all boys had good mothers the saloons wouldn't be long in going out of business. When I speak to mothers I am speaking to the future through the long-distance telephone. God pays a good mother. Mothers, get your names on God's pay roll.

"I Could Depopulate Hell"

"ONE of the awful things in hell will be that there will be no mother's love there. When God gave the office of mother to woman, it was just like giving you His own right hand. The launching of a boy or girl to live for Christ is greater than to launch a battleship. When a boy has a mother with the old-time religion you needn't worry what will become of that boy. I think the first time the devil ever turned pale was when mother love first sprang up in the heart of woman. You get the boys and girls started right, and the devil will hang crape on his doors, bank his fires, and hell will be for rent.

"Only a single heartbeat stands between every man and woman here and heaven or hell. And yet you sit on the brink of eternity with only a heartbeat between you and it, and are not concerned about your fate.

"What is the Bible? Good news of salvation, faith in Jesus. But you say, 'Is it good news to tell me I am going to hell?'

"If it's a fact that you are lost and on the road to hell the sooner you find it out the better for you—that's good news. And here's better news. You needn't go to hell; you can be saved by the blood of Jesus Christ.

"If ever a man looks like a consummate ass it's when he tells God that the plan of redemption doesn't meet with his intellectual approval.

"Do you think because you say there isn't any hell in hell that that turns the hose on it? Some of you men are so low down, degraded, and sunken that if you ever do go to hell you'll have to take a balloon.

"If God would let me go down to hell I could depopulate it in fifteen minutes. It wouldn't take a six-weeks' campaign. Every man in hell would be glad to get out in five minutes if he could. Yet you break your fool neck to get in.

"You say there may be a hell. All right, I am going to get ready for the maybe."

The Power of the Man

IT'S fourteenth-century theology, you say, and perhaps that's true. But there is no cant in it. It is the hard-hitting message of a strong man stirred to the depths of his soul by the spectacle of puny, impotent, mortal men setting themselves to revolt against the purpose of Almighty God. And men respond to it—the leading men of the city—editors, merchants, bankers, as well as the rank and file. No other evangelist owes so little of his success to emotionalism: none other can number a larger proportion of men than women on his convert rolls.

You must hear him more than once to know his power; indeed it requires the cumulative effect of his meetings, night after night, to represent him adequately. The particular sermon that you hear may seem to you overdrawn, even futile; the immediate effect of it on the converts who come forward may appear all out of proportion to its worth. You should have heard them all. I heard him once in a little town in central Illinois—a rainy night, when he spoke with difficulty and, to my mind, poorly. "Surely," I said to myself, "this is an off night for Billy; there'll be no response to a sermon like that." And yet he had hardly concluded when the converts came trooping toward the platform, and the first man among them the president of the local gas company.

It is the hammer, hammer, hammer of six or seven weeks of man-to-man talk that compels results.

And the results—what are they?

In Decatur, Ill., he labored six weeks, and more than 5,000 persons pressed forward to take his hand—the sign of their intention to begin another life. The meetings closed on the eve of a local-option election. On the morning after election, when the result of the overwhelming vote was known, there appeared this sign in the front window of one of the more prominent saloons:

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
By order of
BILLY SUNDAY

The "Herald," a newspaper in Decatur, had for years served the interests of the local Republican machine with a fidelity that was as unswerving as it was conscienceless. For the stars to reverse themselves in their orbits would have caused no greater surprise in Decatur than for the "Herald" to bolt the machine ticket. Yet after the meetings the "Herald" did bolt and declared itself in favor of the Democratic candidate for Mayor, nominated on a reform platform. "The influence of that paper, conducted as it is," said one of the thoughtful men of Decatur, "is worth $50,000 to this town; and Sunday did it."

Billy took more than $11,000 out of Decatur as the offering tendered for his six weeks' work. "What about it?" I asked one of the officials of the Chamber of Commerce. And he said: "If Billy had never been here, and there were a movement on foot to bring him, the business men of the city outside the churches would raise enough to pay the expense of his meetings. It would be a good investment merely for what he would do for the city."



"Every man in hell would be glad to get out in five minutes if he could"

It isn't the rabble that piles high the contribution boxes on the last day of his services—though its quarters and half

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

IN SPITE of its interest and its ultimate usefulness, the lobby investigation is a serious handicap. There are before Congress two measures of the highest importance, the tariff bill and the banking bill. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that four-fifths of the business and banking of the country, to a greater or less extent, is kept marking time until the disposition of these two measures. And yet, for several weeks past, and for more weeks to come, debate and action upon them must take second place behind the lobby investigation. By their sensational nature these revelations keep the center of the stage. Moreover, every public man, no matter how secure his position, hesitates to suggest that these revelations be postponed, lest his motive be misunderstood. On the other hand, if they continue, if all the clues be followed out, there is no telling how much time they may require. There is much that as yet has hardly been mentioned. The liquor lobby and the activities of the American Protective Tariff League would furnish entertaining material. Hearing witnesses one at a time is slow business, and the investigation threatens to live over the whole legislative history of several years past. It ought to be possible to commit this work to a committee which should sit between sessions, and let the two Houses as a whole go about the business of legislation.

Wilson and the Senate

ONE of the most conspicuous facts in Washington, a fact which is important both at present and potentially, is the ascendancy of President Wilson over the Senate. The feeling of the Senate about this crops out now and again. One day early in July, Senator Cummins, reading the Washington "Post," ran across this paragraph, which naively illustrates the prevailing atmosphere of Washington, which newspaper men as well as others share and reflect:

> President Wilson yesterday went to the Capitol and gave the speed gear of the lobby committee a vigorous turn. Owing to the Democratic caucus, which is wrestling more or less successfully with the tariff, all other business had been temporarily laid aside.
>
> It was not the intention to resume the lobby hearing until July 8. President Wilson thought this an unusual delay, and said so during a short talk with Chairman Overman. Then followed a conference between the Democratic members of the committee, and a decision to resume tomorrow morning was reached.

The next day Senator Cummins rose in the Senate and said:

> Mr. President, as the author of the resolution under which the committee is acting and as a member of the committee, I challenge the article which has just been read. I do not know whether the matter contained in it be true or false. If it is false, the newspapers which have published it have committed as great a crime against decency and fairness as has been committed by any of the lobbyists brought before and exposed by the committee. If the matter contained in it be true, then the blame passes over to higher place and greater responsibility. . . .
>
> I desire to say that this article appears to me to put the chairman of the committee in about this attitude, as though he were a child who had not performed all that was expected of him and had been drawn across the knees of an angry parent and spanked and told to go and be better and do better. . . .
>
> For my part I resent such imputation, and I believe that it is due to the Senate and due to the members of this committee that I ask the chairman of the investigating committee whether the matter contained in the publication which I have had read at the desk is true or false.

In view of his previous experience, it might fairly be called reckless for Senator Cummins to express his resentment in this way. It was he who, two months ago, resented the President's public utterance of a wish that the lobby would go home and let Congress attend to the public business. It was Senator Cummins who fathered the resolution to investigate the lobby, an action which the Senator fully believed would result in proving that there is no lobby and that the President was trying to intimidate the Senate. In the event this investigation has greatly increased the President's prestige and his ability to command legislation.

Falsehoods and Facts

OF COURSE Mulhall, the lobbyist of the National Association of Manufacturers, in making good with his employers, did a good deal of boasting. He stated that he "had no difficulty in reaching and influencing for business, political or sympathetic reasons, during recent years" a long list of Congressmen and Senators. To mention only one of these, as to whom every well-informed person knows Mulhall was lying, the most conspicuous name is that of Congressman Swagar Sherley of Louisville, Ky. Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts reflected credit both on himself and on Mr. Sherley when he said:

> Probably there is not a man in this hall on whom the accusation of being subject to unrighteous influence more improperly falls than on the gentleman from Kentucky. There is no man who less deserves that kind of accusation than does Mr. Sherley.

The prevailing complexion of Congressman Sherley's official acts might make it fair to call him a conservative or even a Standpatter, but he is a conservative because his mind works that way. No person who follows his activities in Congress could possibly doubt either the honesty or the strength of his intellect. He is one of the most valuable men in the House. Indeed, the activities of the National Association of Manufacturers were less in the nature of bribing Congressmen than in bulldozing them. It spent its money less in rewarding complacent Members than in trying to defeat Members it didn't like. The number of Members to whom it gave money, or in whose behalf it spent money, was comparatively small. Under the old Cannon régime it wasn't necessary to control many Members. What was needed, and what the association did, was to sit in close with the little oligarchy at the center of power. It wanted to control, and did control sufficient for its purposes, the membership of one committee, the Committee on Judiciary, which the knowing in those days used to call "Speaker Cannon's morgue," because in it good bills suffered a slow and inconspicuous euthanasia. All that is a thing of the past. The Mulhall revelations will disturb that small group of persons who still think Uncle Joe had a halo. Incidentally they will make the rehabilitation of the Republican party more difficult.

Levy of New York

THE only member of Congress who has outspokenly opposed investigation is Jefferson M. Levy of New York, who has two distinctions: he is the owner of Jefferson's birthplace, Monticello, and he represents the Congressional district which includes Tammany Hall. His opposition to investigations is based not on the inconvenience they cause to the public business, but on the belief that they are poor things altogether.

> Mr. LEVY—Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to any further investigations. The honor and integrity of the membership of this House is far above reproach, and we should not take any notice of the unscrupulous and designing class of men who seek to defame the members of this body.
>
> The investigations of the United States Steel Corporation and the Money Trust have been the cause of distress in the financial and business world. They have depreciated the value of securities over $1,000,000,000. . . . Not alone have the investigations proved disastrous to the public, but they were the indirect cause of the death of the greatest banker and philanthropist in the world. . . .
>
> We all have the utmost confidence in the members of this body and should show our indorsement by refusing to have an investigation.

Congressman Levy's strength lies in the fact that he does not depend on public opinion for his renomination. All he needs is to make satisfactory arrangements with Tammany.

Do It Soon

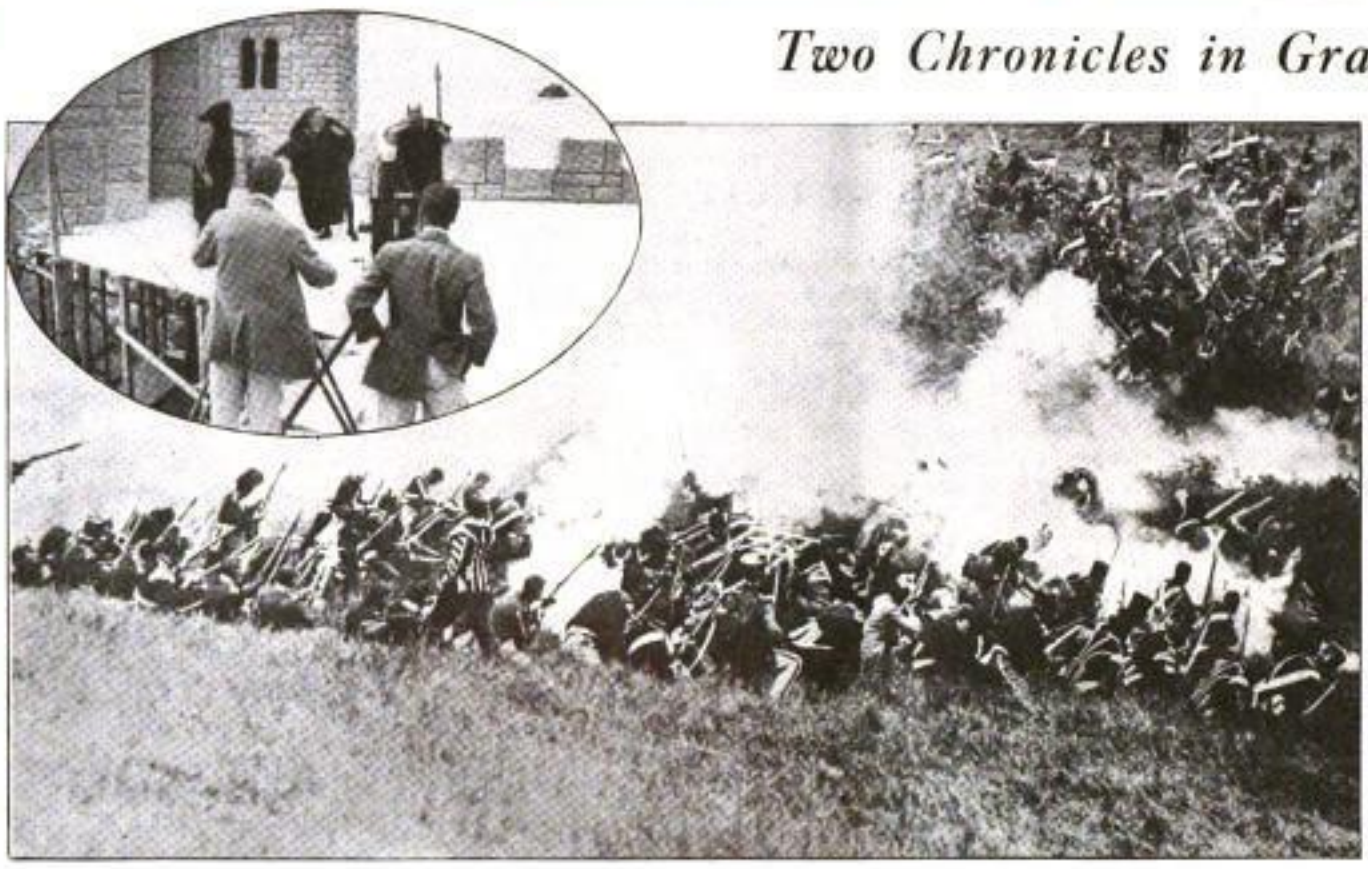
AS TO the tariff, it is probably fair to estimate that the country as a whole, even including those who think they are going to be hurt by it, have made up their minds to accept it. The following words appear in the New York "Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin" under the heading, "Why Prolong the Agony?"

> The business of the country is waiting for the uncertainty to be over. It shows little sign of anxiety on that score, and is becoming reconciled to a test of the coming changes, *but it wants to get at it.*
>
> There seems to be no reason why the Senate should spend a long time over this measure and keep the country in suspense, but it is reported that Republican members are planning to do that very thing. They have no hope of defeating the bill and no chance of getting any material changes made, but they propose to waste a lot of time in futile effort.

Any statesman who puts himself in the position of a mere obstructionist, delaying the adoption of a tariff with which the country is on the whole contented, will not increase either his popularity or the confidence of the discriminating in his common sense. But there are Senators who have that intention.

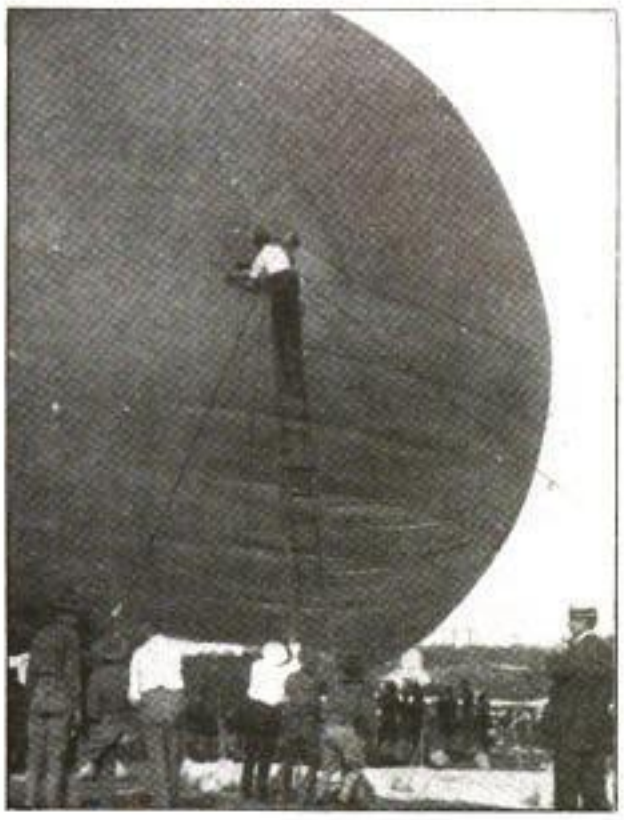
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Two Chronicles in Graphic Style



A CHRONICLE three miles long will describe for the future how Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who said farewell this season to the English stage, acted in the rôle of Hamlet. The photograph in the oval at the left shows the historians and the actor at work in an open-air theatre on the coast of Dorsetshire, England.

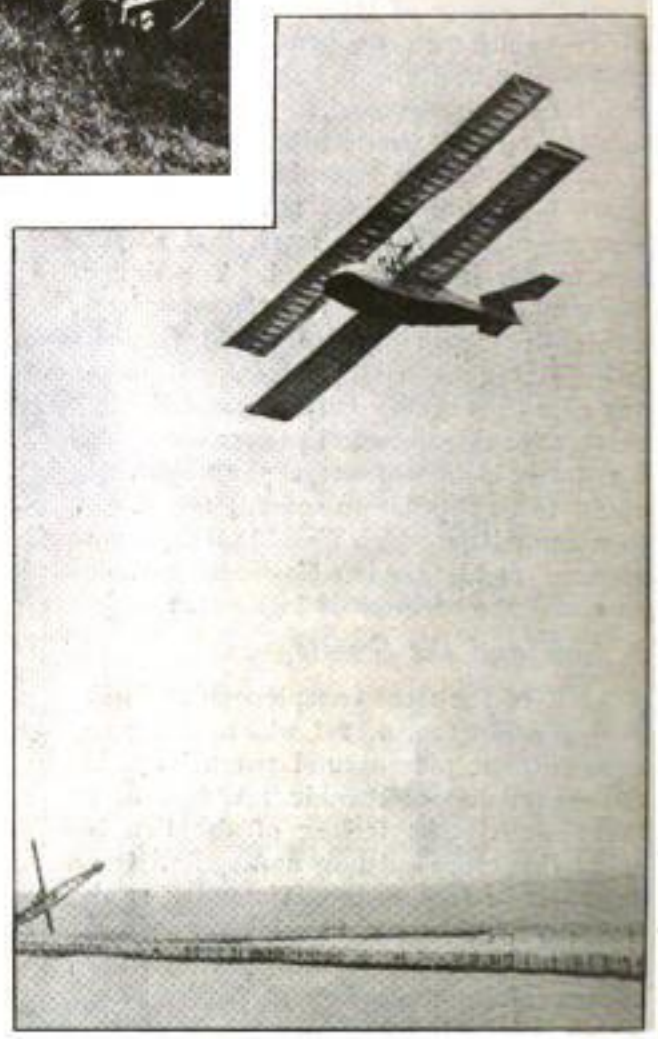
The battle scene also is posed for the "movies." It is enlarged from a film that represents an ambitious attempt to reproduce, with all possible fidelity to detail, the story of the Battle of Waterloo. Hundreds of players, two troops of lancers, and fifty cannons engaged in the "conflict."



Lower Michigan as an Aviation Grounds

FOR more than a month the lower peninsula of Michigan has been in commission as an enormous aviation grounds. St. Joseph, Mich., greeted Logan Vilas in June as the first man to make an aeroplane flight across the lake from Chicago. Following this, all four of the balloons that made a successful start from Kansas City in the elimination trials to represent America at the James Gordon Bennett races came down in parts of Michigan. Then began a 900-mile race of hydromeroplanes from Chicago to Detroit by way of Mackinac. The start of one of these (driven by Anthony Janus) is shown at the right.

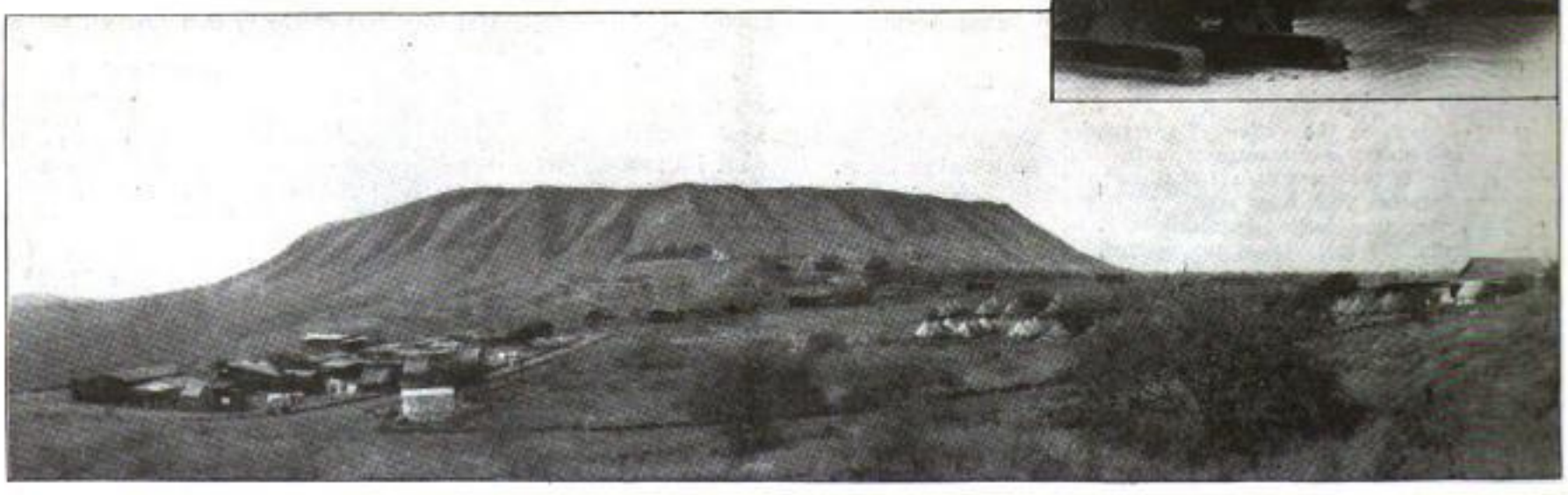
At the left is the balloon *Kansas City II*, being repaired before its ascension. Officials discounted the claim of the pilot that it traveled 730 miles. They estimated its mileage as 630 and awarded first place to the *Goodyear*, which covered 652. Eight balloons entered; four made flights.



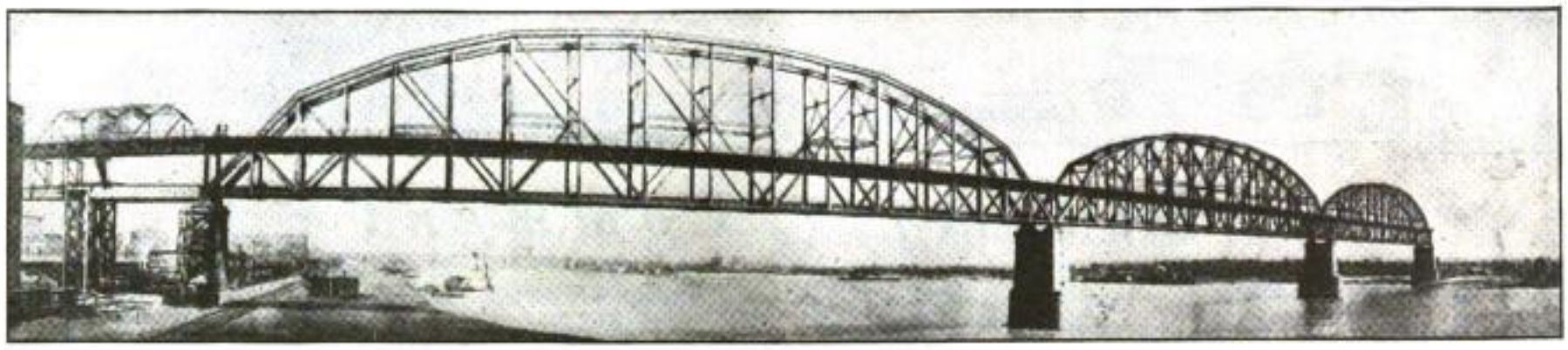
Remodeling a Crater into a Fortress

THE crater of an extinct volcano—Diamond Head, at the eastern extremity of the city of Honolulu—suddenly has appeared on the map as a formidable fortress. Eight 12-inch guns, described as "the greatest mortars ever built," have been set up in the bottom of the huge bowl that is hollowed out of the mountain top; and a series of galleries hastily cut in the lava and lined with concrete complete the preliminary work of turning a useless volcano into an invaluable armored sentinel tower. The photograph at the right, an extremely difficult one to obtain, shows a Diamond Head mortar firing in target practice. The panorama is a view of the crater and of some of the military tents of the Fort Ruger encampment.



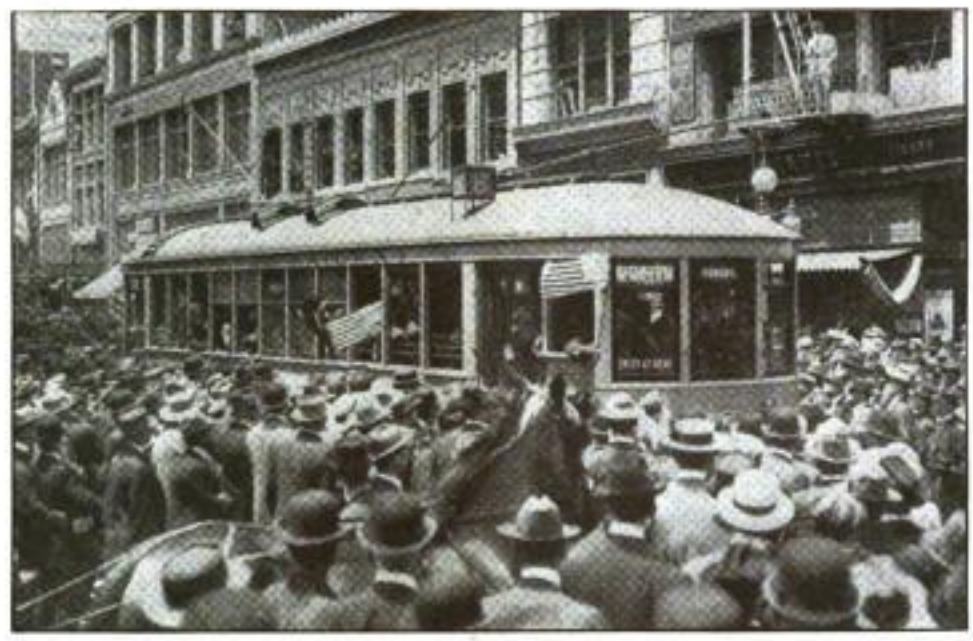


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Revealing a City's Family Skeleton

SPANNING the Mississippi River at St. Louis, about a mile below the Eads Bridge, is the incomplete structure which is winning nation-wide fame as "The Bridge That Can't Get Ashore." This description is not quite accurate, for the bridge does get ashore. That is about all it manages to do on the Illinois side, however, as the eastern approach has not been begun and there is no appropriation for it. Three times in a twelvemonth the voters of St. Louis have been asked to authorize a bond issue, but each time the proposal has been defeated for lack of a three-fourths majority.



Where Citizens Are Traction Magnates

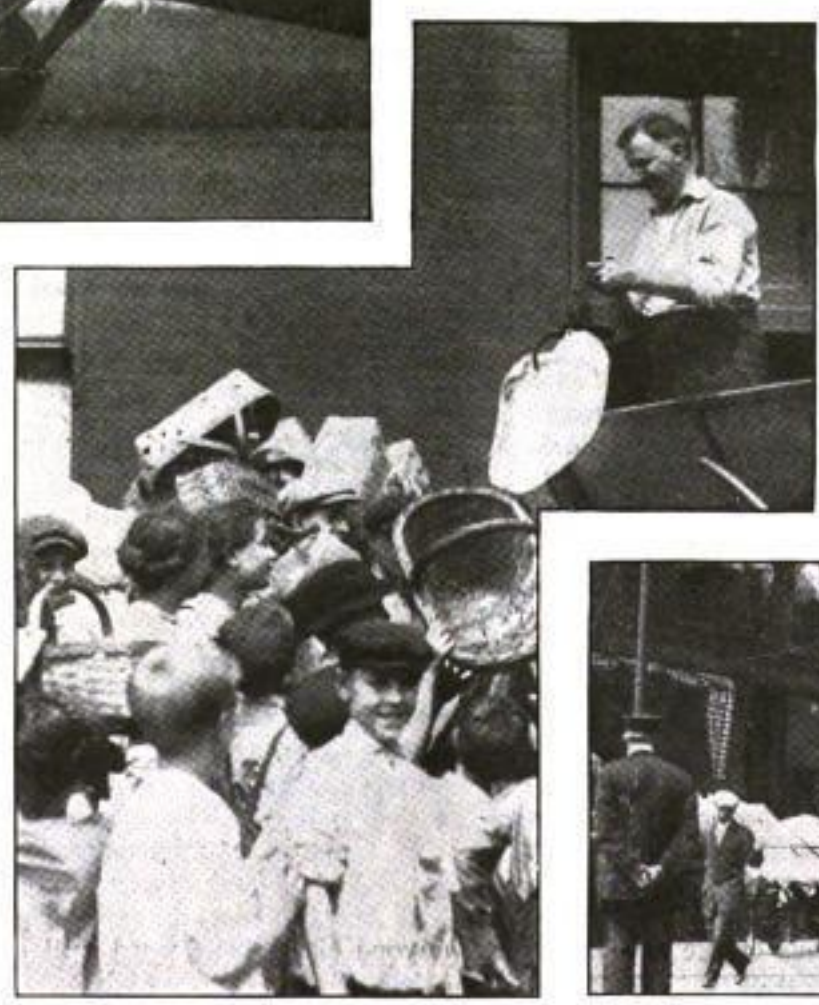
EVERY taxpayer in the throng surrounding this street car in the photograph at the left is a traction magnate: the car is one of a system owned and operated by the municipality of San Francisco. This is the car that made the first trip over the seven miles from the ferries to the beach. The Mayor, the Board of Supervisors, and other city officials were the first passengers. Our photograph was taken at the corner of Market and Geary Streets. New York and Boston own their subway lines, but these systems are leased and operated by private companies.





Not a Projectile but Almost as Swift

EXPERTS who timed the recent record-breaking flights of Maurice Prévost near Rheims, France, where he is preparing for the Gordon Bennett aviation cup race, credit him with having attained a speed of 120 miles an hour. He uses a machine much smaller than the usual types and fitted with a 140-horsepower motor. In a straightaway he sped 217 miles at the rate of 117 miles an hour, and, circling an aerodrome course, flew 80½ miles at a rate of from 111½ to 120 miles an hour. Even this terrific speed, however, does not impress the experts as the best that can be made with present equipments. They expect other machines to set new records, either this summer or at the race in September. Six nations will compete—the United States, France, England, Germany, Belgium, and Italy.



12,000 Letters of Thanks

LETTERS of appreciative acknowledgment for the "Tacoma Book," issued by the Tacoma Commercial Club and Chamber of Commerce, deluged the local post office last month. A collection of 12,000 of them, strung up in wash-day style, was displayed in the principal business street. The string was a block long.

Delivering ice from a city ash cart. A strike of ice-plant employees forced Cincinnati to furnish relief from an ice famine by operating the plants itself



To advertise a campaign for better free baseball fields and more of them, the Cleveland (Ohio) "Press" arranged a baseball parade. Nearly 2,000 amateur players and 500 fans were in line. This monster ball was one of the floats

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

A $40,000,000 Object Lesson

THE NEWLY CONSOLIDATED First-Second National Bank of Pittsburgh fails for a matter of close to $40,000,000. It is the heaviest failure in the half century of national banking; the heaviest in the whole history of American banking. It comes just four months after a consolidation which meant, we may suppose, a very careful scrutiny of both participating banks; and just after the retirement of Comptroller of the Currency LAWRENCE O. MURRAY, whose administration of that office was unqualifiedly the strictest in recent years. There is at the time this paragraph is written nothing to show that the failure meant more than unsound judgment and overconfidence. The counsel of perfection cannot obtain in human affairs, and little enough in banking. Meanwhile over $30,000,000 of deposits are tied up for a period of five years or more. To get cash the depositors must take their pass books to the note shavers. And all this happens while Congress ponders a scheme of banking and currency reform which does not contain one line tending to put an end to these conditions. The new bill in its present form can give to a political board power to suspend every banking safeguard and inflate our currency by half a billion on the least imagined need. But to the problem of making our 7,000 national banks "banks" of absolute safety it gives no heed. The primary interest of the public in banks is as *depositors*. The new bill aims more especially toward benefiting the borrower, which is proper enough; and yet, as between borrower and depositor, it is the former who is better able to look after himself. The best banking system for the United States, indeed the only good system, would be the same that other great commercial nations have—the system of branch banks. Statesmen should not hesitate to advocate some variation of this system merely from a fear, a tradition that such a system would be unpopular in this country.

Five Hundred Bank Crashes

IN THE FIFTY YEARS of our national banks over five hundred have gone to the wall; in the last depression, following '93, nearly one hundred failed within three years. These failures involved over $350,000,000 of assets. They were for the most part small institutions, in communities where their closing must have wrought both havoc and suffering. To have created a fund from which depositors could have been paid in forty-eight hours would have required a yearly tax upon deposits of a fraction of 1 per cent—a tenth or a twentieth. The average loss to the fund on the money so paid out, even under the local and "friendly" receiverships still in vogue, would have been 15 per cent—a total of perhaps twenty or thirty millions—less than the life cost of a single battleship. Yet it is seriously pretended that a deposit-guarantee fund of this character would promote "wildcat" banking and make our banks unsafe! As though, perchance, the depositors of the $30,000,000 in the Pittsburgh bank, for example, would have been less cautious in the choice of institution for the "safe-keeping" of their funds. We hope no measure will pass the present Congress which does not make provision against this serious evil. Looking to the future just now, there has been no time in twenty years when such provision has been more deeply needed; and we hope that no faltering friend of deposit guarantee will be deterred by the foolish and incessant reference to the Oklahoma "experiment." Let them consider a little the Pittsburgh *fact*.

Union

AT GETTYSBURG it was proposed to supersede the organizations of Confederate veterans and of the Grand Army of the Republic by founding in their place, on this fiftieth anniversary of the Civil War's greatest battle, an order of the United Veterans of America. This has already been accomplished in spirit. Not only is our country really and definitely reunited, but the country knows it, and the men who battled in '63 most enthusiastically know it. It is in no temper of noisy militarism that the body-tattered veterans of the two facing armies have met on the blood-soaked battle field fifty years after. Their spirit is patriotic, but it is also peace loving. These men, whichever side they fought on, know full well what is the cost of a great war. To be sure, they would not have their sons and grandsons spare themselves that heavy cost if an overwhelming issue and a great necessity should confront them. We have not yet reached the stage in civilization when war may safely be regarded as a purely historic institution. We have, however, reached the point at which it is our duty, as shipping clerks or bankers, preachers or militiamen, grocers or journalists, to recognize war's essential horror and criminality when entered upon out of vainglory, greed, or mere momentary irritation. War ought to remain the last resort, whether waged with fists or bullets. Probably the country would feel this all the more intensely if it were not for the tiresome tirades of professional peacemongers—both the disinterested volunteers and the zealous pensioners of MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Taxing Civilization

THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE stupidly writes into the Underwood Bill a duty on paintings and sculptures, with the exception of works executed more than fifty years ago. This is a reactionary proceeding. The obnoxious Payne-Aldrich measure reduced the tariff on art by 5 per cent; the Underwood Bill, as originally drawn, placed art on the free list. Do the Senators reimpose the tax with a view to deriving revenue out of the arts? That is neither enlightened nor even shrewd; such a tax simply shuts out the best of the new art, as earlier legislation shut out for many years the paintings collected in Europe by the late J. PIERPONT MORGAN. Is it the idea to protect our native painters and sculptors against foreign competition? They neither crave nor need such shortsighted favoritism. The sooner art products are restored to the free list the better for all concerned. And the same is true of books in foreign languages. This country desires its representatives at Washington to lay no picayune imposts upon education.

A Sermon

MANY OF ITS READERS consider our valued contemporary, "Life," a humorous publication. In this opinion we ourselves share. But "Life" is not always humorous. The sound philosophy which underlies all worthy fun making finds at times in its pages a more subtle expression. In a recent issue appeared a cartoon of genuine pathos and power. The President of the United States was portrayed giving audience to a throng of children, gaunt, wan, meager, and desperate. Some were crippled. Others bore the unmistakable marks of wasting toil. Still others showed, in hollow cheek and fallen chest, the ravages of untimely disease. No legend was needed to tell that these were the children who toil, the little slaves of our industrial system. Hardly was there necessity for the caption: "Mr. President, we don't want anything. We just want to grow up." Such a picture sums up and sublimates the potency of a hundred investigations and reports. Here the line is infinitely more powerful than the word; and the lesson sinks through the vision to the heart with ineffaceable impress. We congratulate "Life" upon Mr. WILLIAM H. WALKER'S cartoon, not wholly without envy.

Modesty—and Shame

THE THOUSANDS OF PROTESTS that have been pouring in on Chicago's Board of Education by mail and by telephone ever since it was proposed to give a course of lectures upon sex hygiene in the city's public schools, have caused the board to prohibit the course. A majority of the citizens who pay school taxes remonstrated, saying that such topics might better be taught at home. That everyone concerned in the controversy was moved by an intense desire to follow the right course cannot be doubted. Superintendent YOUNG had observed tendencies that woefully demanded correction, and the protesting parents were just as earnestly convinced that the lectures might do more harm than good. Possibly a lecture course would not be the wisest method. But, concerning the principle involved, we side with Mrs. YOUNG. Sex hygiene ought to be taught at home, as the protesters say. And it ought to be taught at school, too, as well as backed up with heart-to-heart talks by a physician, a clergyman, a principal, or anyone else whose word will convince the child that he is hearing solemn truth. Present-day American boys and girls have vigorous and independent minds not easily impressed by parental advice. How sure are these protesting parents that their "home instruction" settles matters? That a parlor lecture or two easily offsets the constant influence of the "smut talk" of the playground and the streets? And

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

w about the children of the heedless, of the prudes, and of the cow-ls (for humanity's averages in Chicago probably will run about same as in other cities)—the children of parents who neglect or dge the duty of frank talk and trust in Providence to see the young-ers through? All the time that this controversy is going back and th the clinching argument for teaching sex hygiene is being cried agonies; sons and daughters by the score are constantly being aped in sacrifice upon the altar of prudery. The sob of a mother ose baby must go through life blind because of some one's ignorance an argument for sex education that defies the glibbest debater.

ncommercial Advertising

DVERTISING is no longer the servant of commerce alone. Churches are learning its uses. But the past master in the t is the Cincinnati Zoological Garden. Though this institution is ivately owned, there is no reason why its example should not be llowed by municipal gardens. The motto of the Cincinnati Zoo is: Ve belong to you; your admission is your contribution"—and the temen admit enough of the city's population year after year to ake the gathering profitable. Every street car in town carries its rds, and they make by far the most interesting reading to be und there. One of them shows a picture of the Zoo's ostriches th this line of type:

Do you know why the ostrich is the best father in the world?

week later it is a portrait of camels, introduced with the query:

Do you know what arrangement enables a camel to breathe in a sand storm ere other animals would perish?

d at the Zoo itself a little paper is sold for five cents, answering l the questions and yielding a wealth of natural history in popular bloid form. There is a suggestion here for art museums and libraries. the case of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the following ight impinge on the Manhattanite's ruling passion:

This painting, by PAOLO VERONESE, cost $300,000; you can enjoy it on Satur-ys for nothing.

nd the public library in Anytown could beyond a doubt increase its rculation by issuing such cards as these:

> NAPOLEON said: "Show me a family of readers and
> I will show you the people who rule the world."
> How much reading is *your* family doing?
>
> The Public Library adds 100 new books every day.
> Two of them are yours for the asking.

ublicity may yet prove to be the handmaiden of the arts, if not eir mother.

he Truth about Fiction

TORY-WRITERS and would-be story-writers (for our Prize Con-test or simply for the standing contest—the competition of all the riters in the world all the time) can learn something to their advan-ge by applying to ARNOLD BENNETT, in the June and July numbers the "Metropolitan." There are painfully few places where they can et any help in their chosen game, and, worse than that, they can get pizen" misinformation at every turn of the road, particularly where olleges and universities crowd. Up to now STEVENSON's pages have eld about all the direct pointers for the story-teller to be found English, and they still offer him the best help he will find; but RNOLD BENNETT's views are here welded into one consecutive state-ent, whereas STEVENSON's more philosophical and more specific coun-el is scattered through all his works—essays, novels, personal letters. t is in a letter to BARRIE that STEVENSON captures a big truth in the eat saying that if your story is to end badly it must end badly from he first line; it is when the rascals in "The Wrecker" are planning plausible tale to save their necks that one argues for inserting a it of fact in the lie agreed upon. He says triumphantly that his ontribution is true! (How often the editor hears the same note!) But," says another, "what's the good of its being true if it don't ound true?"—"thus," adds the author, "enunciating a great principle f the literary art." It *is* a great principle, and many a like valuable steer" can be got by the delightful process of studying STEVENSON's ractical demonstrations. Mr. BENNETT, however, has the advantage f being current on the news stands. One point—his dictum that a tory-teller's characters are all autobiographical—is causing rather tupid discussion. Here is the superior way in which another writer phrases the same thought negatively in considering a piece of fake story-writing: "He never *was* those people," is her emphatic condemnation. There is autobiography and autobiography, but the idea so boldly expressed by BENNETT is sound and clear for everyone except the slavish literalist.

Temper and Temperature

SOME DEGREE OF ASPERITY is excusable in the torrid term. But the spirited city of St. Louis appears to have let the temperature get a little the better of it during last month's barometric unpleasantness. Because alien newspapers made taunting allegations that the thermometers of the great river metropolis averaged a degree or some fraction of a degree higher than other mercury bulbs, its enlightened and enheatened press has been exhibiting symptoms of nervous strain; and its embattled editors have been accusing their contemporaries of that brand of misrepresentation usually expressed in three letters and not infrequently preceded by a dash. Just why all this indignation, it is a bit difficult for an impartial observer, seated upon a lump of ice with his collar off and a palm-leaf fan in each hand, to appreciate. To be sure, St. Louis was hot. So was every other known settlement in the misnamed Temperate Zone. And many of the others had to struggle through without any such mitigation as St. Louis has at its gates. No doubt many a community, five degrees cooler, would have been glad to exchange temporary climates if it could have had the great, cool, hospitable expanses of the Mississippi River thrown in. St. Louis need not be so supersensitive over a fortuitous mercurial superiority. Taking it the year round, its climate is an asset rather than a liability, to which its populace may well "point with pride" rather than "view with alarm." If the editors will keep cool, its citizenry may be counted upon to pull through the summer without appreciably greater discomfort than lesser cities suffer. After all, the least endurable form of heat is that generated from within the circumference of the victim's own collar.

Mowing Time

HAYING is the kiddies' carnival from the day the farmer whets the knives of his mowing machine till the barn door slides shut on the last load. First of all, the mowing machine sings merrily in its meadow-encircling orbit. The scythe is less used nowadays, so that the unmistakable slither of the whetstone against the slender blade is not so often heard—picked out against the summer hush. Without the scythe there is less reason to seek the pail of oatmeal and water which stands in the shade at the edge of the field. After the grass is cut comes the tedder to do its work with grashopper joints and grasshopper kick. Next the big rake attends to the long windrows. Then come larks for the kiddies. None of the poets of new-mown hay have more than hinted at the actual joys of romping in it. Last of all come the making of the load, a scientific process. If you are lucky, you get a ride to the barn, swaying high in air and forcing all other vehicles into the ditch. And finally—the unloading. In the well-filled mows the hay pricks your bare legs and grasshoppers somehow work in under your shirt. But you make caves and have grand games of hide 'n' seek none the less. Sure, nothing can beat haying. It is a less time-consuming enterprise than of old, but the modern improvements have not impaired its old-time joys for youth.

Walking

WHEN LIFE is strangling us, relief is to be had by trudging the road. Restlessness grows into calm when the shadows of the hills lie broodingly on the path of tired feet. A few days of gypsy wandering and largeness bathes us. Once again we rise strong in the morning for long hours of work, and return contented at evening after weariness.

Alchemy

EACH MAN should be able to find life an adventure. The color and lineaments of this adventure will be deepened by pain and failure. The routine of his daily life will only the more fit him for wandering at large in places where the spirit is at liberty. Just as the earth can take what is putrescent, and in a few months make it into wholesome fields of grain, so the spirit of each man can transmute the distresses of experience into harmony. Such a philosophy accepts all of life—the pain, the fatigue, the thwarting—and lifts that dreariness to kindlier levels.

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New World and Old—A Contrast by Snapshots



Newport's "parasol policewomen" who patrol the bathing beaches

TWO snapshots from the Old World make vivid contrasts this week with two from the New. Policewomen—and Queens. A republic noting in its chronicles that a woman accused of a felony was being tried before a feminine jury—a monarchy closing another chapter of its annals by celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the domination of the House of the Romanoffs.

The jury of women which appears at the top of this page was empaneled in San Francisco to hear the evidence in the case of Mrs. Bertha J. Williams, charged with sending "a threatening letter with intent to extort" $150 from Mrs. Nanette Robinson. The fact that the complaining witness was young and pretty had no weight with feminine jurors. After two hours of deliberation they voted an acquittal.



The Czar at Moscow

THE photograph in the circle at the right shows the Czar, the Czarina, and the young Czarevitch in Moscow, where they concluded a tour through Russia in celebration of 300 years of the rule of the House of Romanoff. It is the first photograph taken of the Czarevitch since his recent and somewhat mysterious illness. A giant Cossack officer is carrying him.

The snapshot at the left celebrates nothing more momentous than the picturesque opening of a summer social season in England. In the morning of the day this photograph was taken, King George reviewed three regiments of his household cavalry in Windsor Great Park; in the afternoon he visited Eton College, returning to Windsor in the royal barge.

A diversion of the social season at Newport, R. I., is the sight of two policewomen wearing blue blouses with brass buttons and skirts to match, and carrying parasols and mesh hand bags.



When royalty goes boating. The King and Queen of England, Princess Mary and Prince Arthur of Connaught embarking in the royal barge to return to Windsor after a visit to Eton College. The picture in its natural colors would blaze with scarlet and gold—these are the colors of the uniforms of the eight oarsmen and of the canopy of the barge

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Modern Americans



President of a railway—

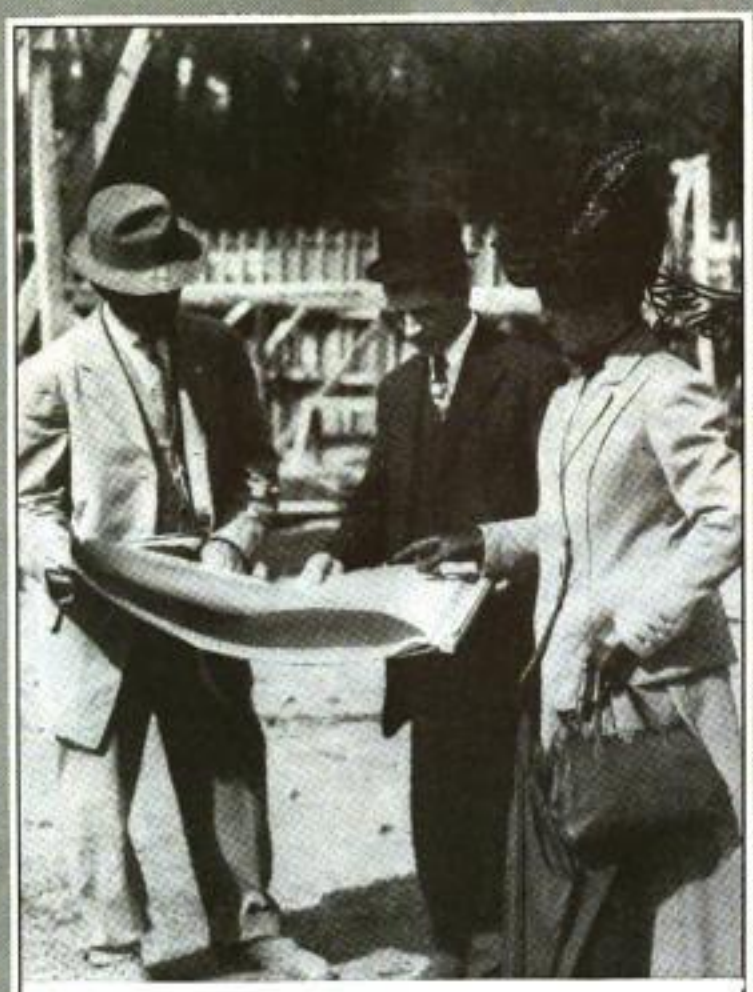
Mrs. Meta J. Erickson, Oakland, Cal.



Mrs. John Boldt

Because They're Cooler

MRS. JOHN BOLDT, a soldier of the suffrage squad that hiked from New York to Washington, complains that though American women are always talking dress reform, they lack the courage to wear what they advocate. Mrs. Boldt's own courage has extended to designing several trouserette costumes and wearing them even in the presence of a camera. "They're cooler," she argues, "and more modest than the slit skirts you see on Broadway."



TWO widows who fell heir to difficult responsibilities and did not evade are introduced in the pictures above. Mrs. Meta J. Erickson inherited a controlling interest in the Amador Central Railroad (Amador County, Cal.) and became its president. Mrs. Mary E. Ewing of Chicago, here shown superintending work in the field as a civil engineer, is completing $1,000,000 worth of sewer building contracts in towns in Illinois



Miss Mary Browne

Winning Another Cup

A POSE of tense action is this tennis-court portrait of Miss Mary Browne of Los Angeles. She is combining a jump in the air and a backhand volley. The snapshot was taken in Philadelphia a few weeks ago at the tournament for the woman's tennis championship of America. Miss Browne successfully defended the singles title which she won last year; and, with Mrs. Robert Williams of Boston as her partner, also helped to win the championship in doubles.



For Divers Reasons

AS THE daughter of a diver, Miss Marie De Rock of Portland, Ore., is profiting by exceptional advantages to learn a trade in which the hours are short and the pay high. Meanwhile, the De Rock family has less cause to lament that there is no son to follow the father's calling.



BY A PROPHETIC ACCIDENT, *the veil worn by Miss Jessie Wilson in this photograph taken in Cornish, N. H., draped itself like a bride's veil. Francis Bowes Sayre, to whom the President's second daughter is to be married in November, is the escort*



A Schoolma'am Explorer

TWO Indian guides, some notebooks, the costume above, and (supposedly) an adequate supply of "grub" and chocolate are the equipment of Miss Mary L. Jobe, teacher of history in the New York City Normal College, who is spending her vacation exploring in southeastern Alaska.

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Hep Sin: Section Hand

By Percy Adams Hutchison

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

TIM, a cousin, if not a brother, of Terence Mulvaney, spins a yarn of epic railway building in the tongue that Terence taught us all. But Hep Sin, his giant Chinese hero, reminds you of no one but his powerful self. Like Ah Sin, he was childlike and bland; his ways, however, were anything but dark, nor were his tricks vain.

THE wheels grinding dismally through the short curve of the switch, and pounding heavily over the frog, the long freight backed slowly off the main line.

With a sharp, quick snap, that ran swiftly the length of the train, the "air" set from locomotive to caboose, and we settled down on the turnout to wait for the mail, which we knew to be behind schedule.

"How late is she, Tim?" I asked the conductor, a jovial little Irishman, at whose invitation I was making the run. Tim and I had become acquainted when his engine jumped a crossover and held up half a thousand commuters.

"Rayported half an hour," was the laconic answer. "If the mail shud iver be on toime the Gov'nmint wud dhrop dead wid surprise."

It was hot. So long as the train had been in motion a current of air had been forced into the caboose through the windows of the "lookout." But now that we were standing still it was stifling inside the tiny car. Nor was there much relief outside. Had there been woods near the track we might have betaken ourselves thither. Unfortunately, we were in a region of fields—a region of dry fields and barrens. The best we could do was to seek the shadow of the box cars, finding uncomfortable seats on the ends of the ties.

A GANG of section hands were at work a little below us, and we watched with languid interest the mixed crowd of Italians and negroes tamping dirt. Their boss was standing vigilantly near. And from time to time we could hear his voice fiercely commanding or in still fiercer reprimand.

"That ere cuss has a cinch." The rear brakeman, who had just come in with the flag, jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Don't have nothin' to do but swear an' look pretty in the landscape." The rear brakeman mopped his face. He was fat, and did not like to walk.

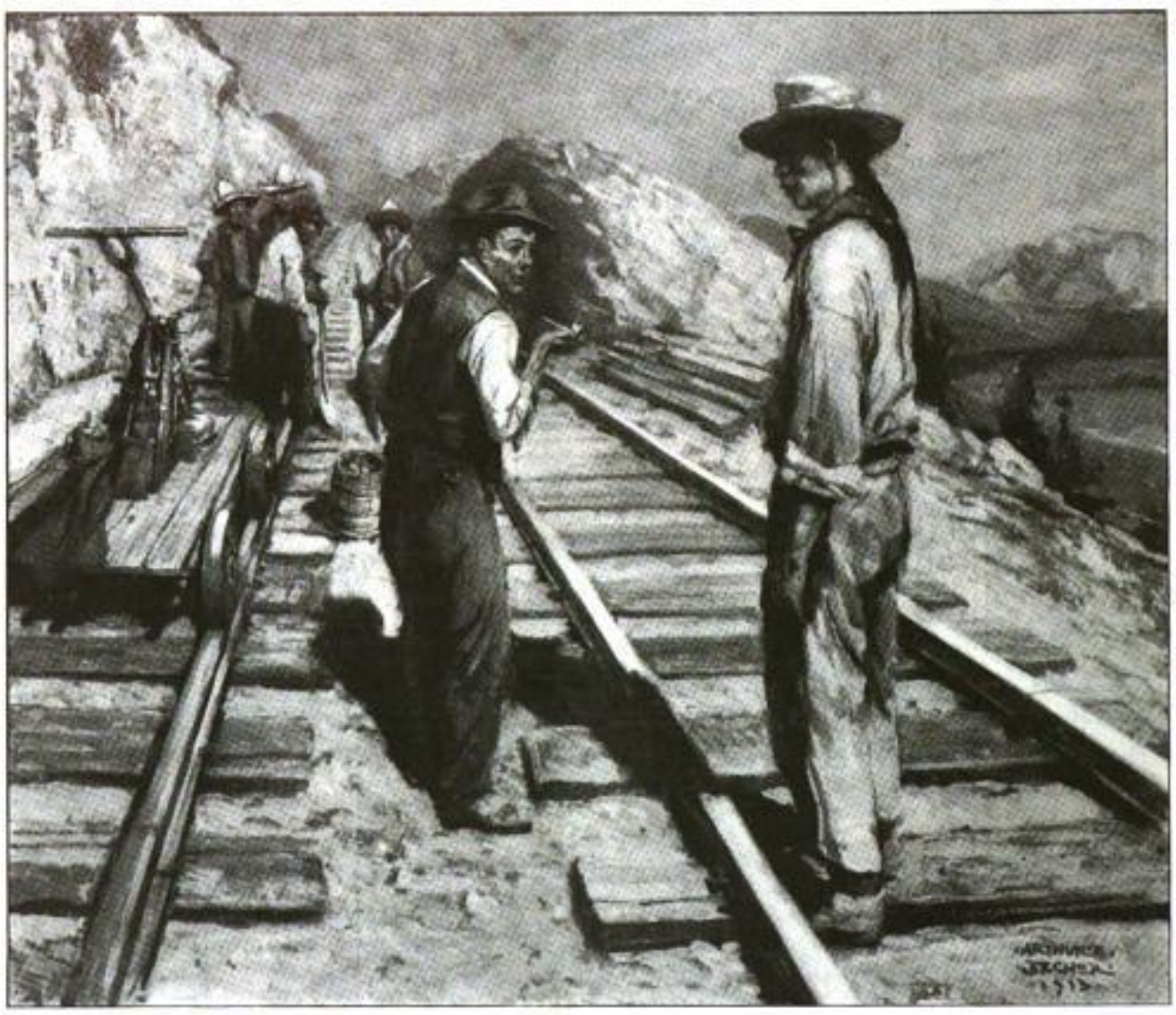
"A cinch is ut?" Tim was roused. "Mebbe ye thinks thot bossin' a siction is loike dhrinkin' afthernoon tay? Well, 'tis not. I was siction boss mesilf before I grad'jated from maint'nance av way to opyratin'. 'Twas in the West I was, on the Payceific an' Gulf."

"Did you ever have Chinamen under you?" I asked, not from any real interest in the matter, but simply to vary the monotony.

"Chinamen, is ut? I had the whole bloomin' Chinese Impire wanct. Ut's name was Hep Sin." Tim looked down the line. "If thot crawlin' worm av a mail thrain don't intherrupt our se-esta, as ut won't, I'll tell ye av him.

"Me siction was on the Mountain Division, an' a harrd wan ut was. Whin the thrack wasn't standin' on uts head, ut was chasin' uts tail round the hills or playin' tag wid utsilf in the tunnels. In winter the snow wud fill in thot deep the rot'ry, wid four ingines behind ut, cud not bore uts way through. An' in spring, whin the rains come, the imbankmints wud wash away in big slices. 'T was nothin' but patrol day an' night, an' wurrk loike the divil betwane patrols. An' whin ye had yer thrack all straightened out an' leveled up some bloomin' freight wud break at the couplin's an' come crashin' down the grade, to knock iv'rythin' into the nixt wurrld an' beyant. 'Twas before the days av air on freight thrains, d'ye moind, an' the cars was hooked togither wid thim ould links an' pins, which same was not fit to hould a baby's p'rambulator wid, to say nothin' av a hundred tons av rollin' stock.

"It was wan day in June, if I raymimber, an' we was at wurrk puttin' in the new ties, same as thot lad yonder. I was standin' a little above me men—which was Greasers—smokin' me poipe an' houldin' thim at the job be the pow'r av me eye. Me back was to the sun. An' the first I knew av annywan havin' come up behind me was whin a big black shadow suddinly projicted utsilf forninst me feet. I have no fear av man or baste, but I don't loike annywan to steal on me from the rear. 'Tis not good



"'Want me for boss?' sez I, turnin' fiercely on me Oryintal pygmy. 'Welly good boss,' sez he. 'Ye bet I am!' sez I. 'A dom good wan'"

manoov'rin', as they say in the army. So I wheels round quick, though I knew thot me Greasers wud lie down on their tools the minut me head was turned."

TIM stopped and puffed meditatively.

"Did ye iver see a man eight fut tall, as big round as a biler, an' wid legs loike chimneys?" he asked.

"I have not," I answered truthfully. "But you have, so go on."

"'Twas what I see thin, a-tow'rin' over me, the head av ut knockin' holes in the clouds.

"'Hello, Pikes Peak!' sez I whin I cud spake. 'How the divil did they move yersilf?'

"I expicted to hear a voice loike the ixhaust av a locomotive or loike steam escapin' from the safety valve. An' whin ut come ut was soft as a woman's an' as wake as a little childs's.

"'Me no Pikes Peak. Me Hep Sin. Me Chinaman.'

"'Ye're *fickal!*' sez I in a rage. For I'd let no man make fun av me, even if he did have the arrms av a gorilla.

"'Me Chink,' sez the same little voice. An' wid thot the mountain turns round to show me the big tail down uts back. 'Bleevee now?' sez he.

"Thin I knew 'twas the thruth he was tellin', though ut was hard to swallow."

"Probably he was a Manchu," I suggested. "Most of the Chinamen that get over here are Cantonese who are little men. Or perhaps he seemed larger than he was."

"Don't intherrupt me wid yer thay-ories!" Tim waxed a little petulant. "I tell ye the Chink was nine fut tall. An' whin he thought he had let me gaze long enough on his beautjous count'nance, he sez in his baby tones: 'Me go wurrkee.'

"'Where?' sez I, not catchin' his manin'. 'Wid a circus?'

"'Wid you,' sez he.

"Just thin I caught sight av me gang from out the corner av me eye. Iv'ry mither's son av thim was standin' wid his mouth wide opin, starin' at the haythan pagoda beside me. I disraymimber fwhat I said. But thim Greasers larned more av the English language than they'd iver hoped to larn, an' they was longin' for Purgatory as a good man longs for Hiven.

"'Want me for boss?' sez I, turnin' fiercely on me Oryintal pygmy.

"'Welly good boss,' sez he.

"'Ye bet I am!' sez I. 'A dom good wan.'

"An' for his perspicacity—which is Eyetalian for horse sinse—in havin' perceived me virtues, I made up me moind to see fwhat he cud do.

"'Do ye know annythin' av the mannyfold uses av thot jool av an instrumint?' sez I, pointin' to a tamper, which, as ye may know, is longer than a crowbar an' not so big round, wid a flat head for packin' down the dhirt. Av coorse 'tis not timpered loike a crowbar; ut has no call to be. But, on the ither hand, 'tis not a pick for the parlor range, nor is ut a rod to an umbrella.

"WELL, if he did not know how to use wan, 'twud have been aisy enough to see fwhat the ither men did. A baby cud larn the thrick in a jiffy. But fwhat does he do? He picks up the tamper in wan av his little fists, shoves ut undher the rail, cutches the short ind av ut on a tie, an' begins to pull. He thought I was wistful to larn how sthrong he was, whin I only was wistful to know did the lad have anny brains. I cud see the muscle wid me eye.

"'Dhrop ut!' I yells whin I see the bar beginnin' to bind. 'Dhrop ut!' An' wid thot I thries to pry opin his fingers. But I cud not. 'Mither av saints,' I shouted. 'Tis twinty miles to a foundhry!' It made no diff'rince to him. He wud not sthop till he had the bar lookin' loike a fishhook.

"'Me stay,' sez he, innocint as a lamb.

"'Ye will, will ye!' sez I. An' I was mad. 'Ye'll larn first not to bind me tools into hairpins.' I cud see he wud be a good man to have on the job, but I wud not tell him so all to wanct, for I wud not have him puffed up wid sinful pride. Howiver, whin the pay car come along nixt mornin', I wint aboard, lavin' me Celestial wakelin' outside.

"'See thot Chink?' sez I to the clerk, pointin' through the windy.

"'I can't see nothin' ilse,' sez he, lookin' out. 'Whin is the next piece av the Great Wall comin' over?'

"'Put him on the books,' sez I, givin' him the name an' stalkin' out. He was a mane little man, thot clerk, an' nourished the illusion thot he was funny.

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"Thot night I started a couple av Greasers hikin' back to their own swate land. An' all along the way they sprid onprincipled sthories av a Chink thot had risen suddenly out av the earth; av a Chink tin fut tall, thot tied rails into bowknots an' pulled up spikes wid his teeth. So ye can see ut is not ixaggeratin' I am."

I WAVED my hand deprecatingly to dispel any such suspicion.

"Hep larned the job quickly, an' did the wurrk av five. He cud pick up a tie an' put ut in place widout hilp. An' wanct, whin we was layin' down a switch in wan av the yards, I found him carryin' round the stand in his arrums loike ut was a doll. But the first day I put him on the hand car he racked the machin'ry clane out av ut, an' I had to rayquisition a new wan. Thin I bate ut into him wid a shovel thot he was to trate the crayture gintly, an' I had no more throuble. Foin'ly autumn come, an' 'twas but a few days to inspiction. We was hurryin' an' scurryin' from place to place, clanin' up here, straight'nin' up there, thryin' to do a wake's wurrk in a day. An' thin, just whin I needed him most, as suddenly as he had come, the dom Chink was gone.

"'Wire up an' down the road,' sez I to the opyrator at Table City. 'There's a walkin' Chinese idol thot's afther goin' an' losin' utsilf. 'Tis as big as a house. An' if a thrain hits ut 'twill be bad for the thrain.' As a raysult the ingineers was kapin' ixtry lookout an' runnin' slow. But niver a wurrd did we have av me little frind. An' me pore Greasers was wurrkin' overtoime an' prayin' Christian prayers for the rayturn av a pigtailed haythan."

WITH a crash and a roar an express rushed by on the down track.

"If this parsimonjous comp'ny wud put annything bigger than a grasshopper to haulin' the mail," commented Tim disgustedly, "she cud make her toime as well as thot flyer. We shud not have to be sittin' here atin' dust an' coolin' our heels in the hot sand av their dhirty roadbed." And we were obliged to wait until the little Irishman's wrath had abated.

"Ye know the Payeific an' Gulf below Table City?" he began at length. "Ye do not? First the thrain dhrops down grad'ally 'til ut has rounded fwhat is known as the Big Loop, at the head av the valley, divin' in an' out av tunnels be way av divarshun as



"Sin, findin' the stand locked, had jumped wid all his might on the lever thot throws the points an' had bruck ut short off"

ut comes along. Thin ut takes a wild lape into the air. An' before ye know ut ye've bumped the daypot at Basin, twinty miles below an' folve thousand feet underneath. An' ye're wondherin' whether ut's tobogganin' ye've been or flyin'.

"'Twas the fourth day afther me infant prodigy had disappeared. A bit av rain had fallen the night before, an' we was wurrkin' up the grade from Basin, replacin' the ballast whereiver ut had washed. I was wistful to have iv'rything nate an' tidy before the dirictors shud see ut. 'Twas a flyin' colyumn, so to spake. I tuk only four men, so as to make the hand car as light as might be, for 'tis no joke jumpin' a heavy pumper up a long hill. We was travelin' light, havin' only shovels wid us. An' 'twas from this all me throubles come.

"Along toward noon we was opp'site Table City. 'Twas called Table City bekaze ut was built on a bit av flat land as big as a pockut handkerchy. But we was on the ither side av the valley, ye outherstand, an' below the Loop. Av coorse ut was eight or nine miles, mebbe tin or twilve, round be the thrack, 'though 'twas but two or three straight across. I was standin' betwane the rails, dalin' out the wrath av God in big junks bekaze me men had an unhouly longin' to lay off an' eat. 'Finish the job first an' eat afterward,' was the slogan av the Little Napolayon. I was called the Little Napolayon in thim days bekaze the Gin'ral had rid hair loike meslif an' cud make the scuts unther him wurrk.

"All was goin' well, ixcipt the men was wistful to lay off, whin suddinly wan av the Greasers lets out a yell as if he was seein' his fayther bein' hanged. I've no doubt he shud have been, an' prob'ly was. But ut tuk me so be surprise thot me poipe fell from me mouth. An' before I cud say a wurrd the bunch av thim was bowlin' loike sowls in tormint an' runnin' for the woods loike rabbits. Whin I found I cud not injuce thim to rayturn for all me arts av persuashun, I looked 'round for the cause av the sthampede.

"MITHER av saints! Wus ut bird, baste, or divil? 'Twas divil for annything I knew. An' ut was comin' straight for the fut av the imbankmint where I stud, 'cross valley, from the d'rection av the town. Ut made no sound, leastways none thot I cud hear. An' ut was atin' up the ground in big bites, plungin' ahead loike a wild bull an' lapin' into the air at iv'ry plunge. 'Twas as tall as a camel. An' iv'ry toime ut lepped into the air ut wud lift up a great pair av red wings an' bate thim togither over uts head. I watched ut wid the fear av judgmint in me sowl an' me bow-legs—Tim was grotesquely bow-legged—turnin' knock-kneed.

"Foin'lly the crayture had reached the imbankmint an' began clamb'rin' up. But the escarpmint bein' steep, ut had to come slowly. Thin I see thot the bird had on the trousies av a man, an' I stepped out to mate ut—wid a shovel in me hand. The nixt minut I cud see ut for fwhat ut was, neyther divil nor baste, only thot dom Chink come back, wid a red tablecloth to cover his nakidness, an' drunk as a loon."

"Aw, go on. Whoever heard of a Chinaman being drunk?" The rear brakeman was skeptical.

"Ye have, for wan," Tim retorted. "But ye'll hear no more av him onless ye shut up. I'm not praytindin' to say how the disgraceful business had been ingineered. 'Twas ivvidint Hep had been at Table City an' had climbed down the hill into the valley, which same he cud not have done had he been sober. I suspicion thot the owner av the tablecloth was the

(Concluded on page 31)

A Mess o' Things

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

ILLUSTRATED BY THE KINNEYS

IT IS certain that the biggest people are those who can see the great emotions, the great issues of life even amid the drabbest surroundings. The writer has made this story vital by her ability to discern under the disguise of farcical "extravaganza" a deep underlying pathos.

BECAUSE our town is just small enough, just important enough, and just far enough from New York to appeal to theatrical managers as a "dog" town, the "Chronicle's" office is much frequented by press agents who come to wheedle gentle Mr. Seaman, our dramatic man, for advance notices.

I always marveled that he could grant them such unending courtesy as he did, for my own experiences had made me feel that they were the most insufferable nuisances of all the many eccentric visitors a newspaper office endures.

Annoying as they all were, the men with their commercial coquetry and the occasional women with their chatter, the one I disliked most of all was a disagreeable little woman of about my own age who was persistently impervious to my aversion. The first time I saw her standing beside my desk I detested her. Even now that I realize all the things I am going to tell you about her I cannot help feeling a pettish disgust at her commonness.

I remember that it was raining that day and that she wore a shabby red silk raincoat and carried a gay umbrella that dripped a ruddy stream on our none too clean floor.

"I'm with the 'Dainty Duchess' company," she began ingratiatingly, "and I—" she paused politely until I had automatically murmured my directions to Mr. Seaman's desk. Then she flashed a cheerful smile, a smile that included a large gold tooth and a mechanical dimple, and went on with her sentence. "—and I came in especially to see you, especially. Seaman's a friend of mine, all right, but I like to deal with a woman whenever I can, for I think our sex ought to stand by ourselves, I do. Now, I've got a story here, the kind of story that's going to make your city editor sit up and take notice, I'll bet real cash that whoever hands it in will get the joyous mit. Why, this story is a corker, it's a regular gasper—and your being a woman just made me feel when I stepped out of the elevator that it wouldn't be fair for me to tell it to any other person in this room."

Her straggling hair and sharp little features made me think of Kipling's ungallant catalogue. Her eyes would have been insignificant but for her attempt to enlarge them with pencilings, whose smudgy lines not only emphasized their smallness but brought out that curious poreyness of skin that years of rouge and cold cream inevitably produce. Even before she had stopped for breath I was clicking away at my machine.

"I'm altogether too busy to consider the story," I said briefly. "I—"

"Tisn't mine," she responded promptly. "It's about a young friend of mine who is simply the—"

"Coming Bernhardt," I put in rudely. "As I said before, you will find Mr. Seaman's desk to the right."

"Wait and have a look," she replied, fumbling in the depths of her coat. She brought out a tissue-wrapped parcel, pulled aside its covering, and put a shining object down beside the typewriter. I must confess that I caught my breath in suprise, for I was looking at the most delicate miniature I had ever seen outside an exhibition case. Its loveliness seemed as absurdly out of place on my littered desk as in the pocket of her gaudy coat.

FROM the dull gold of the frame smiled a dainty little lady whose lips were pursed in the melancholy pout that all miniature folk affect, whose gray eyes stared with customary picture sadness, whose charming head was tilted as only artists can tilt a woman's head—but the hair! It was a glorious nimbus of copper. A zephyrlike cloud of reddish gold!

"Pretty merry tintype, eh?" she questioned, "and it don't nowheres near do her justice neither—Huhlène, come here!" And from somewhere, I never just understood how she had been magically kept from sight until the dramatic moment, there advanced the original of the portrait, who smiled lazily as her press agent introduced her as "Miss de Trouville."

SHE was about seventeen at that time, I suppose—a slender slip of a thing with masses of shining hair that waved softly over a tiny scar on her Burne-Jones forehead. Though she had the milky whiteness and exotic pinkness of skin that traditionally belong to red-haired women, her patrician little nose showed traces of childish freckles. But her expression was not at all youthful. Under the gleaming brown of her brows and lashes there shone the inscrutable gray green of her eyes. The frippery bow of tulle at her chin seemed part of her ethereal loveliness; she was as Frenchily impossible as the lady who lives on the insurance calendars.

She had very little interest in the affair; she was obviously concerned with nothing at that moment save the staring admiration of our curly-haired obituary man. But her agent was frantically interested in getting me to listen to a preposterous tale about the miniature, a tale involving the rescue of the painter's child from a runaway horse by Miss de Trouville, the subsequent painting of the portrait as a faint expression of the artist's gratitude, and, finally, the exact position that Miss de Trouville would occupy in the chorus of the "Dainty Duchess."

It was not an especially ingenious story, none of Miss Edgemont's stories about her protégée ever were; but her excited way of telling them and her manifested devotion to their heroine made one feel as if she had had lessons in insistence from the ancient mariner.

Some years found them booked for shows that were failures, some years for things that were dismal successes. In the years of success we had fewer

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visits from Miss Edgemont, but she favored us at such times with marked copies of rural papers accompanied by illiterate letters in which she begged us to reprint flattering "notises." I used to tease Mr. Seaman when he sometimes complied with her requests; once I asked him if he thought he was trying to help discover a new emotional actress. I think that he must have known something about Miss Edgemont's story, for he sighed a little and answered: "Perhaps I am."

I stared at him. His tone was not in the least sarcastic, although the idea of Miss de Trouville as an emotional actress appealed to me as exceedingly funny. For she was one of the laziest persons I ever met, and her only qualifications for the stage were her hair and Miss Edgemont.

When "The Modest Violet" appeared in town last spring for our canine approval, Miss Edgemont bobbed in with even more enthusiasm than usual; her friend, it seemed, had at last got a real chance. She was to be "featured largely" in the production, and Miss Edgemont hinted broadly that in all probability the manager would be forced to give her the leading part before the "'stravaganzer" was many days old. She bubbled with descriptions of clothes, quoted pert excerpts from the "part," hummed tuneless ditties that "Huhlêne" would sing, and presented me with tickets which she begged me to use personally.

MR. SEAMAN hauled them out of my wastebasket a few minutes after her departure and put them gravely on my desk.

"Go on and go," he drawled, teasingly; "you've been an Ibsenite and a Browning fiend for so long that you don't see the dramatic possibilities of the razzle-dazzle. Miss Deetroovy's hair under the limelight is a climax all itself. Besides, you know," he added whimsically, "you've always been pretty hard on Miss Edgemont, considering how fond she is of you. She's really human, except," he looked musingly through the dusty window, "I sometimes think she's a little too unselfish to be real."

"I shouldn't call her mania for Miss de Trouville unselfishness," I retorted; "that's simply a question of cash."

But in spite of my cynicism I was at last a bit curious to see the girl in action, so I coaxed Miss Emerson to go with me. We honestly tried to see the dramatic possibilities that Mr. Seaman had hinted at, but, as "The Modest Violet" was so modest it hid its plot from both the program and the play, we really couldn't.

"Huhlêne" was even worse than I had anticipated. Not only were her delicate features lost under her make-up, but she wandered through her part as though she were as bored with the performance as we were. From our seats on the side we could catch frequent glimpses of an irate dancing master who was obviously snapping his fingers at Hêlène, for she was usually one step behind in all the dances.

"I should say your little friend would lose her 'grand chanst' about to-morrow morning," yawned Miss Emerson. "I think I shall try to watch someone else; she is simply awful."

"There's a girl in the back row of the gardening lassies," she whispered presently, "a lovely little thing about seventy-five, who is simply devoured with jealousy of your red-haired friend; she can't keep her eyes off."

I LEVELED my glasses at the back row. To my amazement I discovered under a blond wig the unmistakable features of Miss Edgemont. She was singing and dancing energetically, but watching her protégée every moment her eyes were lifted from the conductor's stick.

"Her loveliness seems to dazzle you," suggested Miss Emerson.

"It isn't that," I answered stupidly, "she—she's the press-agent person, the one who gave me the tickets."

"Let us venerate," drawled Miss Emerson. "I always respect a woman who can hold two jobs." And having exhausted the stage as a means of amusement, my friend began watching a rather noisy party of men who were seated in a box at our right.

They seemed to be enjoying the play immensely. The host, young "Perce" Miner, a fat, pinkish youth who had been thoroughly spoiled by his father's money and his mother's stupidity, was particularly enraptured. At every outburst of song and costume he would indulge in a sort of lazy game of pat-a-cake and lean back to whisper a "clever, doocid clever" to his nearest guest. His attention could not possibly be construed as a compliment to the entire cast, for his diamond-set opera glasses were constantly leveled upon Miss Hélène de Trouville. The young woman showed her appreciation of these attentions by prancing as near the box as she could without skipping off the stage entirely.

"Miner's latest," chuckled a man back of us.

"Yes, and she's got a guarding dragon that would stop a clock," replied his companion. "Perce told me that he ran up against her last year when they were in town with some bum show. Asked the peach to go riding with him and the dragon gave him a regular rinky-dink."

He was leaning far over the railings of his box, and when she flashed into view again he flung a cabbagelike lump of violets at her feet



MOVED by a simultaneous disgust, we were groping for our hatpins during the crash and confusion of the final chorus of the first act, when Hélène leaped suddenly through a huge paper hoop held by the clownish comedian and came forth minus the dull green coat she had been wearing during the first part of the song. Even Miss Emerson could not begrudge her the applause that thundered out to greet her prettiness. She seemed to have suddenly become the embodiment of spring. In the palest of lavenders and greens, her glorious hair caught with pert Greuze bows, her hands filled with violets and long fluttering ribbons, she swayed a moment in the glare of the calcium and then was lost in the whirl of the dancers.

As for her admirer, he was leaning far over the railings of his box, and when she flashed into view again he flung a cabbagelike lump of violets at her feet. It fell with such a metallic thud that the sardonic frequenters of the front rows laughed appreciatively. Hélène hesitated, cast an almost frightened look at the back of the stage, and then stooped so slowly for her flowers that the descending curtain nearly hit her bronze head.

The next morning Miss Edgemont trotted briskly into the office.

"Show's great, simply immense, isn't it?" she began enthusiastically. "How did you like that white she wore in the last act? I've got a corking picture of her in that. Thought maybe you'd like to run it on the woman's page—it's the newest—"

"I didn't know you were an actress, too," I interposed hastily.

"I'm not," she laughed, her automatic dimple jerking obediently into place. "I'm an also ran and a never waser. But say, I've got an alto horn that will hold down any seven Tetterzinys in the bunch. You'll never find me out of a job while they's a show left going. Say," she whispered confidentially, "Mister Perce-ee Miner got pretty fresh last evening, didn't he?"

"Not any more so than usual," I answered. "I wouldn't try to work him into a paragraph if I were you. It wouldn't be news if anybody would print it, you know."

"What's chewin' you?" she demanded. "Do you think I want any yarns about Huhlêne around with his name in 'em? Gee, you must think—" she paused and fingered her gilded vanity box nervously. "Say, I know his sort all right. I—I—his Uncle Jim—" She was actually blushing under her powder. "I might as well tell you," she struggled on, "that I don't allow Huhlêne to accept no presents from that sort. I made her send that truck of his'n back right after the show."

I laughed.

"Is this purely confidential?" I suggested flippantly.

"It is," she asserted hotly. "I just wanted you to know—to get wise to the fact that Huhlêne is strictly on the square. Course she's a little silly sometimes—all young girls is—she did kick some about sending that back, for it was a swell bracelet all right, and she wanted it bad, cried real tears over it." She had twisted the chain of the vanity box so tightly that it snapped. "Makes me mad," she jerked out suddenly, "makes me awful mad. Her and me had our first real fuss, and about a big stiff like Perce Miner! She lit out and went across the hall to sleep with Birdie Bronson—maybe *you* noticed Birdie—second girl from the end on the right when the curtain went up; wore pink. I guess Huhlêne will come back all right to-night, for Bird snores awful."

I yawned wearily.

"I'm kind o' sleepy, too," she said. "I guess I'll toddle back and wake up the girls or they won't be in time to feed before the matinée. But say now, if Seaman comes in, you tell him I said he ought to do the square thing and see that Huhlêne gets hers. I'll leave this picture on his desk if you're sure you can't use it. It would be awful interesting to our sex."

I GRUNTED an indeterminate answer as she went on to the next desk. The sporting man was not entranced with her conversation evidently, for he fled to the telephone booth, from which he issued disgustedly after she had left.

"Great Scott," he groaned, "that woman will have the nerve to butt into heaven after Saint Peter rules her out!"

When I came back from lunch I almost collided with the senior Mr. Miner, who was rushing from Mr. Tremor's office with such an air of excitement that everyone was eying him. Gaskill, the city editor, was listening intently at the telephone, making little jabs at his desk pad as he always does when he is excited.

"I'll do what I can, Mr. Miner," said Mr. Tremor as I dodged past them, "but you see this is a story that there couldn't anything stop now."

IN THREE minutes half the staff was starting out. Of course we tried to go nonchalantly, as if it were of no importance at all, but a real "story" in our stupid little town about an hour before press time makes us feel as excited inwardly as the fourth act in a newspaper play. And this was such a spectacular story!

Young Percy Miner had been killed in an automobile accident at Lafayette, a small village twenty miles out. His companion, Miss de Trouville, had been picked up only slightly injured but hysterical. The express train for the South, which does not ordinarily stop at Lafayette, had been previously signaled to stop, supposedly to take the eloping pair on board, for Mr. Miner's chauffeur said that he had been instructed earlier in the day to check their trunks and reserve a stateroom on the train. Mr. Miner had left word for his father that he was on his way West to join his young wife and her babies. Of course, we had plenty of photographs of Miss de Trouville, but Mr. Gaskill sent me to the theatre to learn if she had left any messages behind her. I found the stage manager rushing about in no interviewable frame of mind. He stopped my first sentence with a brusque demand for "Arnold," and straightway began to give a dozen curt directions to the girl who appeared—Gatlinglike utterances that had to do with clothes and were interspersed with vituperations over "Trouvy's" disappearance.



While I waited I watched the chorus hurrying in and clattering up the narrow staircase to the dressing

(Concluded on page 32)

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The Agricultural Revolution

By Ewing Galloway and R. H. Moulton



BETTER farming is the main hope of the nation. It will give the people food in plenty, make work less irksome, and increase the opportunities for the leisure that is essential to health of body and development of mind. Already, as the readers of this article will learn, there are unmistakable signs of a great awakening in agriculture, while the promises of the next few years are marvelous.

AS THE abandonment of handwork for the factory system in the first half of the nineteenth century explains the Industrial Revolution, so does the coming of the grand army of farm advisers, about 800 of whom are already in evidence, mean a revolutionary change in country life and the solution of the problem of food production for our rapidly increasing population.

When factories with steam-propelled machinery were built, the people threw aside many implements which had been in general use ever since before Joseph, the interpreter of dreams, taught Pharaoh the secret of true husbandry. Ingenious devices did more in fifty years to alter the habits, ideas, and prospects of the great mass of people than the combined work of statesmen, warriors, and diplomats in a thousand years. Production was wonderfully increased, and the people began to enjoy hundreds of conveniences which previous generations had never known. Men and women of the working class were shaken out of their narrow routine, their tastes were diversified, and their intellectual horizon was broadened. Great cities were built where villages and small towns had stood, and rapid transit brought neighborhoods, States, and nations closer to one another commercially and fraternally.

The new means of manufacture naturally brought numerous curses along with its many blessings. In the absence of social-welfare laws for working people, men, women, and children were shamefully treated by the pioneer industrial capitalists, and, as a result of this evil, trade unions were formed, and the struggle between organized labor and concentrated capital was begun.

The Good Rural Day Coming

THE radical change which the adoption of better methods of farming must necessarily bring about will differ greatly from the Industrial Revolution in that its bad effects will be few and inconsequential. There is no known reason why it should not only be a boon to working people in the rural districts, but a great benefit to all classes everywhere. The farmer's workday will be shortened and he can make a comfortable living for himself and family without having to keep his small boys at work when they ought to be in school or compel his young daughters to toil in the fields, where the hoe handle blisters their tender hands and the hot sun scorches their backs. He will, as a matter of course, acquire many new conveniences, and the advantages that will come to his children will improve their opportunities and make rural life so attractive that a large majority of them will choose farming as a career instead of flocking to the cities.

The production of more and better food ought to cause a reduction of the cost of living and lower the death rate. In America the lack of good nourishment in sufficient quantities kills thousands of babies annually and impairs the health and general efficiency of millions of men and women. The few persons who stick to old-fashioned economic theories may argue that the growing of 200 pounds of farm products where 100 pounds used to grow will mean an overproduction; but most of us know that there can be no overproduction until after everybody is supplied with plenty of good food—and history does not say that that has ever happened. What is sometimes called an overproduction is merely the clogging of the markets by a bad system of distribution. The overproduction argument belongs alongside the Malthusian theory that population tends to increase faster than its means of subsistence can be made to do.

If it were not verified by unassailable facts, only the very credulous would believe the story of what is already being done to bring about the new era in farming. We have been told over and over again that farmers as a class are the most conservative people in the world, and there is a widespread belief that one of the most difficult tasks of modern times is to persuade them to discard the antiquated ideas bequeathed them by their great-grandfathers. Farmers are unwilling to cast aside all they have learned by costly experience and strike out on trails unblazed by anybody but laboratory experts—and it is quite sensible that they should be. Farmers are as anxious as any class of people to get more money for their labor, lighten their burdens of drudgery, and better themselves generally; and it is slander to say that as a rule they are hostile to new ideas just because they are new.



Professor Collier meets with crowds of youngsters at schoolhouses to aid them in picking out good corn to plant



He will examine a stalk of corn in very much the same way that a physician examines a patient

The National Department of Agriculture, the various State Departments of Agriculture, and the colleges teaching farming failed to reach the farmers with their message of practical science because they did not meet the farmers on their own level and on their own land. Tons of printed matter were sent out, but only a few farmers read any of it. It was not until eight or ten years ago that any lecturers were sent out to talk to the farmers. The pioneering was done by State colleges, notably the College of Agriculture in the University of Wisconsin.

The problem in a national sense was solved when the Bureau of Plant Industry in the Department of Agriculture hit upon the idea of sending out field agents to conduct county bureaus in cooperation with the people themselves. The Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work was organized by Dr. S. A. Knapp in 1904, when local bureaus in districts comprising several counties were established in Texas. Dr. Knapp later developed the plan of organization by counties, which meant the placing of a man in each county to organize and direct a thorough system of education through practical demonstrations on the lands of the farmers. Dr. Knapp was in charge of this work until his death in April, 1911, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. Bradford Knapp. In 1906 Dr. Knapp had twenty-five agents in the South, to which the activities of the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work are confined. To-day there are 600 local agents in 627 counties in thirteen States—Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland—and the number will be increased as fast as men are qualified for the positions. The laws of Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, North Carolina, and Virginia authorize counties to cooperate with the Department of Agriculture. In Alabama and Florida the Legislatures make direct appropriations; in South Carolina the State college cooperates directly, and in Virginia there is a direct State appropriation in addition to county aid.

During the fiscal year 1912 county agents in the South instructed directly 102,000 farmers, 70,000 farmers' boys, and 23,000 girls. Primarily the demonstration work in the South has for its mission the instruction of farmers in methods which will enable them to grow cotton in large quantities, despite the boll weevil, and to produce more and better corn. The agents are also showing the people how to select better seeds for all grain crops, diversify and rotate their crops, grow fruit successfully, improve and sustain the fertility of the soil, raise better live stock, and take advantage of a thousand and one other opportunities for bettering themselves.

Farming That Sends the Children to College

IN 1912, 13,940 farm demonstrations in cotton growing were conducted on an aggregate acreage of 116,017. The average yield from this work was 1,054.8 pounds to the acre, while the general average for the whole South was 579.6 pounds per acre, the difference being 81.9 per cent. The average for all farms would have been a good deal lower if the cotton produced under the direction of experts had not been included. The demonstration yield of corn from 99,467 acres on 15,653 farms was 35.4 bushels, while the general average for the whole South was 19.6 bushels per acre, a difference of 80.6 per cent. These figures need no embellishment; without any frills, they convey a wonderful prophecy.

Here is a convincing story that was told by a farmer at a farmers' meeting in Mississippi:

In 1907 I owed $900 on my 160-acre farm; had two ponies, small plows, and a wagon. The merchants in my town would not credit me for 5 cents because they

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thought it impossible for me to make a living for my family of seven children and pay my debts.

In the spring of 1907 the local agent in the demonstration work visited me and urged me to cultivate one acre of cotton under the Government's instructions. He told me he wanted me to break the land eight inches deep. Of course I did not have a team strong enough to break the land this deep, but after talking the matter over with the agent I decided to borrow a team from my neighbors and try one acre. Before that time I had cultivated twelve acres of cotton and had never made over three bales. On the one acre that I cultivated under the Government's instructions in 1907 I made a full bale of cotton. This was an eye-opener to me and I began to work in earnest in 1908 and determined not to stop until I could make every acre of land on my farm produce one bale of cotton each year. In 1908 I produced six bales of cotton on my twelve acres; in 1909 I produced nine bales of cotton on the twelve acres. I believe that I will finally grow two bales of cotton on every acre that I cultivate.

Merchants now run after me to sell me goods, I have paid the debt on my place, have four fine mules, and the future looks bright. I have one son and one daughter in college this year and believe that I am going to be able to give all my children a college education.

Free Instruction in Farm Management

THE advent of the local agent in the zones outside the South was several years later, and as a rule his work is more diversified than that of the men below Mason and Dixon's Line, because the problems are of a less elementary nature. This work is aided in a large majority of the counties by the Office of Farm Management in the Department of Agriculture, which is under the direction of Dr. W. J. Spillman. The first county bureau under its direction was established in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1910. The movement with Federal aid was not, however, begun on a large scale until July 1, 1912, when a law giving the office an appropriation went into effect. On June 2 of this year there were 131 county farm advisers employed in bureaus affiliated with the Office of Farm Management, and, according to information received from the University of Wisconsin, there are about twenty-five county bureaus in Northern States which do not receive any special aid from the National Government. The demand for thoroughly equipped men exceeds by far the supply, and, according to Professor K. L. Hatch, who is in charge of the agricultural extension work in the University of Wisconsin, the movement is in danger of being hampered by the employment of half-trained agents by counties which in their enthusiasm may be too hasty.

The Farm Adviser—A Popular Official

THE movement was given a considerable boost by Julius Rosenwald, head of a Chicago mail-order house, who pledged $1,000,000, to be distributed in $1,000 checks among the first 1,000 counties qualifying. Mr. Rosenwald pledged the fund through the Crop Improvement Committee of the American Council of Grain Exchanges, which started out two years ago to raise money with which to promote better farming. The cash is being handled by Bert Ball, Board of Trade Building, Chicago. According to recent accounts, sixty-four counties have received checks from Mr. Ball.

Among the States in the jurisdiction of the Office of Farm Management which have enacted laws enabling counties to appropriate money for the establishment and maintenance of county bureaus are Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

A typical farm bureau operated in conjunction with the Office of Farm Management is in Kankakee County, Illinois. When the farmers of the county and the business men of the city of Kankakee heard of the Rosenwald offer, they decided to be the first, if possible, to qualify.

"The idea looks good to us," they said. "We need a farm adviser here, and we want one of those $1,000 donations. Let's get busy."

The popularity of the idea spread like fire in a forest on a dry, windy day. Everybody joined hands to boost the project, and in less than two weeks $10,000 was subscribed locally. The organization, known as the Kankakee County Soil and Crop Improvement Association, was incorporated with a capitalization of $50,000. This remarkably good start financially was due to the fact that Kankakee County is very wealthy. The enthusiasm with which the idea was received by the farmers was not much, if any, above the average.

Looking about for a suitable man for farm adviser, the officials of the association heard of Professor John S. Collier of the Agricultural Department of the University of Illinois. They sent for Professor Collier and explained to him their plans. At the close of the conference they offered him the job at $2,500 a year.

"I'll take it," said Professor Collier, and in a short time he was in Kankakee ready for work.

"Now that we have our expert," said the president of the association, "we must provide an office for him."



Here, as in all other counties having farm advisers, the service of the bureau is free to nonmembers as well as to members

The emergency was met by the county officials. A new $500,000 courthouse had just been completed and there was room in it to spare, so they gave him four rooms—one for his private office, another to be used as a meeting room for the farmers, the third for a library, and the fourth to be a rest room for farmers' wives. Then the City Board of Education turned over to Professor Collier its completely equipped laboratory for soil analyses and bacteria investigation.

The organization was perfected early in June, 1912, and before October there were 700 farmers in the membership, nearly one-third as many as there are farmers in the county. Here, as in all other counties having farm advisers, the service of the bureau is free to nonmembers as well as to members.

Farm Adviser Collier's first work was to lay out a plan of farm practice, with from ten to fifteen cooperators in each township. These cooperators were to follow in a general way the instructions of Professor Collier and send in regular reports of the progress made with the demonstrations and of the interest manifested by their neighbors. This was only a nucleus of the bureau's work. The number and variety of demonstrations were to be increased as rapidly as possible.

The Kankakee County farm adviser is one of the busiest men in Illinois. In the course of a day's work he will address two or three gatherings in villages or at country schoolhouses and visit half a dozen or more farms. One hour he will be talking about the advantages of deep plowing with one farmer, and the next he will be inspecting the poultry yard of another. He may stop at a barnyard and show a milkmaid the best method of draining a cow's udder, or climb over an orchard fence and tell a fruit grower how to keep his trees healthy. Frequently he is called upon to size up a blooded horse or give his opinion of a newly imported bull.



The "rag-baby test" for corn. A child can do it. The grains are put under wet rags and earth, and if they sprout the parent ears are used for sowing

Early in the spring much of his time is given to helping farmers select good seed corn. There are many boys in corn clubs in the county, and Professor Collier meets with crowds of youngsters at schoolhouses to aid them in picking out good corn to plant. Many girls are interested in growing better vegetables, and he gives them the advice they need. Corn is the principal crop in Kankakee County, and during the weeks when cultivation is in progress the farm adviser visits scores of fields to find out the ailments of sickly looking corn. He will examine a stalk of corn in very much the same way that a physician examines a patient.

Last summer Professor Collier visited 250 farms and conducted about 200 meetings with from twenty-five to seventy-five farmers in attendance. This year his work is greatly increased. He is constantly picking up good ideas from men who have learned valuable lessons by experience and passing them on to other farmers.

Another man who has made a notable success of this kind of work is Samuel M. Jordan, superintendent of the farm bureau in Pettis County, Missouri. He began a little more than a year ago and already he has become famous throughout the State, particularly as a teacher of corn growers. He was a professor of agriculture at the University of Missouri when the Pettis County farmers hired him. When he took up his residence in Sedalia, the county seat, he dropped his title and became plain "Sam" Jordan, which was a very wise thing to do, because a "high-brow" handle to a farm adviser's name is sure to scare off a good many farmers.

In California the problems are principally horticultural, and the Golden State is handling the situation without any special aid from the outside. The State government employs a Horticultural Commissioner—who happens to be A. J. Cook at the present time—with a staff of fourteen. A large insectary, with an efficient entomologist in charge, is maintained in the spacious Capitol grounds at Sacramento, where parasites which destroy harmful bugs are bred by the million. It is not unusual for the entomologist to mail out 5,000 colonies of insects in two or three days at certain seasons of the year.

Farm News Honored Like Crime News

EACH of the forty-three fruit-producing counties has from one to three local commissioners, and the number of inspectors in each of these counties is from one to twenty-seven. State and local officials keep the fruit growers posted on all the very latest and best methods of production, and when Californians fail to make a fine fruit crop, weather conditions are to blame.

Oregon and Washington have systems similar in many respects to that of California, though they are not conducted on so large a scale. And Colorado, Arizona, and Massachusetts are doing in this line some work that is praiseworthy.

Texas, of course, is not much of a fruit-growing State, but it is doing some very great things in an independent way. The Texas Industrial Congress, whose organization was brought about in 1910 largely as the result of the enthusiastic efforts of Colonel Henry Exall of Dallas, promotes interest in better agriculture by giving prizes for the best acreage yields of the principal crops. This year there are 10,869 contestants in 215 of the 249 counties in the State, and $50,000 will be distributed among the prize winners. And in addition to the Industrial Congress, Texas has more good agricultural writers on its daily newspapers than any other commonwealth. Most of the dailies give nearly as much space to farm topics as the New York and Chicago papers give to crimes and domestic scandals. The Oklahoma papers are close seconds.

Hawaii Is Blazing the Trail

BUT it remained for Hawaii to lead all the rest of Uncle Sam's domain in the art of getting wealth out of the soil. It is not an exaggeration to say that Hawaii leads the world. Practically every acre of tillable land in the Territory is under cultivation all the time, and it is said that in some instances $80 worth of sugar has been produced on a single acre of ground. An average of something like $20 an acre is spent annually for fertilizers,

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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



Lifting the Southpaw Average

SOME astute manager not long ago warned all his southpaws to keep away from the squirrel cage around feeding time. The inference, of course, being—well, if you don't know what the national diet of squirreldom is, this may be over your head.

Along the same line others have charged that all left-handers are either loose in the roof or, at the best, what might be listed as comical in the conk.

The charge in some cases may be true, but we need mention but one name to lift the southpaw average up with those who peg from the other side of the system.

We refer to the Hon. Edward S. Plank, Athletic southpaw, and otherwise known as the Gettysburg Gabble.

You don't hear as much of Eddie Plank as you do of Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh, and several more who adorn the game's rifle pit. Perhaps they deserve more abundant space. On the other hand, will Messrs. Mathewson, Johnson, Walsh, etc., at the age of thirty-eight be able to reach July 4th, about mid season, with a record of thirteen victories against two defeats—average .866? Perhaps. And then, again, perhaps not.

Plank is five years older than Mathewson and thirteen years older than Walter Johnson. He carries the same age weight that Lajoie does, and is but one year younger than Honus Wagner. But in place of weakening and giving way before Time's endless smashing, the veteran left-hander continues riding the passing years to higher heights.

In 1911, thirty-six years old, he won twenty-two games and lost eight—average .733. In 1912, aged thirty-seven, he won twenty-six games and lost six—average .813. And now in 1913, thirty-eight years old, he entered mid season with a run of thirteen victories out of fifteen starts for an average of .866. Evidently by the time he gets to be forty-five or fifty years old, at this annual increase, he should get to be a regular pitcher and perhaps stand as quite a help to his ball club.

Three years ago Plank was supposed to be about through. The door was opened for him to make a quiet, unobtrusive exit. Since that date he has worked in seventy-seven games with sixty-one victories against sixteen defeats for the paltry average of .792.

Mr. Mack is now considering an offer to take part in a certain world series to be played early in October. He has about decided to accept the flattering inducements held out. And on the first or the second day of battle against National League opposition the polite umpire will announce as one of the pitchers the name of a certain sedate, middle-aged gentleman who should have been reposing with his feet on the cushions some years ago, but who will unleash enough stuff from that withered, decrepit left arm to make opposing batsmen wear a beaten track from the plate to the bench.

If all other left-handers in the game were badly awry or curious in the cupalo, Ed Plank would bring the average of sanity and steadiness up to a mark of about .783.

The Fly in the Ointment

IN THE midst of furnishing three cheers over our international successes, it might be just as well to pause a moment at the end of the second cheer or let the third go by default.

We can still "point with pride" to our tennis and polo line-ups, but when it comes to golf there is immediate business of "viewing with alarm," or at least with apathy.

It isn't so much that our championship golfer was only able to finish fifth in the British Open, nor that others were unable to even qualify. Britain is still master of the mashie and a conqueror with the cleek; also baffling with the brassie.

But when a McDermott, a MacNamara, and a Brady of ours, carefully selected, fall before the mid-iron charges of a Jean Gassait, a Pierre Lafitte, and a Louis Tellier, there is at least no reason why we should break down and weep, like Alexander of old, because there are no more worlds to conquer.

We may rule in many realms, but the path of the ancient green is still held by the enemy, composed of various tribes.

The Renaissance of Swat

WHEN Homer smote his bloomin' lyre
And doubled down the left field line,
They cheered from Athens unto Tyre
And eager scouts begged him to sign:
"Some bloke," each whispered on his way:
"This kid can make 'em all go sit."
I wonder what they'd think to-day
If they could see these Mackmen hit?

When Samson, with his deadly clout,
Jawboned the foe upon the spine,
He put a whole blamed clan to rout
And made his club a pennant nine;
"The greatest ever," rang the cries
From frenzied scribes who lamped the skit;
How dared they speak of Batting Eyes
Who never saw these Mackmen hit?

Merely a Suggestion

WHEN Walter Johnson is announced as the day's pitcher, why not shorten proceedings by calling the game when Washington has scored its first run? As it's simply a question of how much to nothing the Blond Shrapnel wins by, why continue to pile up excess baggage? Tacking on another run turns painting the lily into a highly logical maneuver.

Pot Shots

WHATEVER the game, most men score upon some other fellow's hit.

A bad start is a fatal handicap only to the runner who needs a long lead in the stretch.

The race isn't always to the swift, but it's generally to the scared.

Pinch hitting is merely the art of believing that you have something on the bloke in the box. That, of the two, he is the one to worry.

Only that portion of a man's game which is under control is worth sending into battle. The rest of it is a liability rather than an asset.

Even a dub may fall heir to a streak of form. It's only the habit that counts.

The Science of Golf

SOME time ago we played a round of golf with Fred Merkle, first baseman of the New York Giants.

In that round Mr. Merkle succeeded in reaching 119 of the 122 traps and bunkers which adorned the course. He had only played a few times previous to this round.

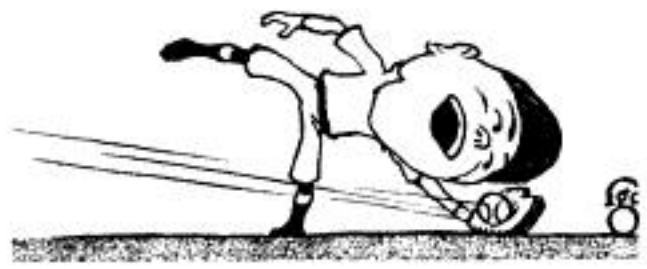
About six weeks later we had another eighteen-hole entanglement with the same athlete. Strangely enough, in this second round, although a trifle wild, he wasn't in a trap on the course. "Pretty lucky for you," we remarked; "you missed every trap to-day."

"Luck? Nothing of the sort," was his reply. "I've simply developed a system to beat this game. When I first started I tried to play away from these bunkers, and I always got in. Now I've switched. For three weeks I've been trying to shoot straight at 'em, and I haven't been into one since. Just a little headwork, that's all."

No one could ever make us believe, after that, that Merkle ever lost a pennant by overlooking a bet.

"The White Hope's Burden"

THIS is the White Hope's burden:
"How can we cop the kale?
Gathering in the shekels
With stuff that would choke a whale;
Putting a side line over,
Worse than an all-cheese skit,
Where one is born every minute,
Ready to fall for it."



The Dope Thereof

THE gray snows of winter and the red sun of July are many leagues apart upon the calendar. They are even further apart as regards the dope of the game.

Last winter the sporting type carried three names above all others. These three ruled the Winter League, kings of the daily headline and the action snapshot.

One was Fred Clarke, who was to win a pennant with his Pittsburgh club. Another was Frank Chance, who at last was to lead the New York Americans out of the wilderness into the promised land. The other was Joseph Tinker, who was to perform the same miracle for the Cincinnati Reds.

It is nothing to the discredit of these three that January and July dope failed to coincide. But what has happened only goes to show the fickleness of fortune in connection with America's National Game.

You know where they stood in January. To-day, in July's mid season, Fred Clarke is in a frenzied rush to lead the Boston Braves, champion tailenders of Christendom. His main struggle has been to reach the first division.

Frank Chance also faces a problem. After breaking the world's record of wins in 1906 with the Cubs, he is now battling against the world record of defeats, 113, set up by the Washington club in 1904.

And in place of leading the Reds in an assault upon the crest, Joe Tinker has been attempting to mount a ladder leading from the cellar to seventh place.

They have made their fight, and no censure attaches to their work. But they stand as livid examples of what January prophecy may yield in the way of July returns. Their sole chance now is for a tornado to arrive and turn the Standing of the Clubs upside down. Otherwise they stand stymied by Fate, which may yield to ability in the end, but which must run its course until the break arrives.

Poised for a Running Jump

LIFE for the Tailender or Cellar Champion might look to be fairly buoyant compared to the nerve-wracking grind of those up in the race with a social position to maintain in the Standing of the Clubs and the tempting fragrance of world-series money on beyond.

In this respect there is no particular care or worry to harass the chronic loser, who has grown accustomed to the worst of it.

But for all that there are kinks along the highway. On every trip taken each member of Frank Chance's New York club is forced to travel with his entire possessions and a heavy trunk. For no man among them knows whether the day after will find him dropped off at Fort Wayne or presented a through ticket to Albany, Ga., or Portland, Ore.

England and the Davis Cup

ENGLAND has drawn the chance to take another breath. Just at the moment when her chief tennis cup was about to follow the polo trophy across the Atlantic, Anthony Wilding hurled all the resourcefulness of a veteran campaigner against youthful brilliancy, and McLoughlin the Magnificent found the pathway barred.

Up to that moment she had conceded her own and the Davis trophy to the smashing qualities of America's entry, but with one cup saved she is looking now for another miracle that will leave her in possession of enough cups to help quench a summer's thirst.

In all tennis history there has never been such a wonderful battle for this next cup at stake, and the winning team will deserve its place at the front of the parade. Comparative form all along tipped America to win, but there is no game in which the brilliancy of youth, however skilled and courageous youth may be, that may not break at the last test before the steadiness that comes from age more mature and the experience that comes from long campaigning.

McLoughlin was expected to defeat Wilding, but the New Zealand veteran had faced too many opposing fires to be taken by storm or battered into rout. England will make a desperate defense of this last trophy, for by retaining it she can in a large measure wipe away the large blue welt which followed her invasion of the Big Four's realm in polo.

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We extract only the richest juice of the hearts of grapes for which we pay the highest prices. We do not extract the final squeezings, the last drops from tissue and skins, but only the **first crushing,** the first mellow, fruity rush of juice that comes from the grape when the skin is first broken.

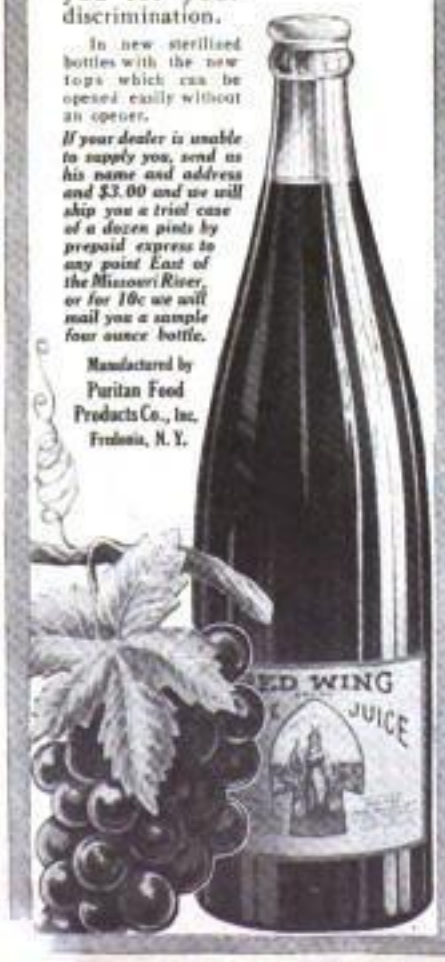
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If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Missouri River, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

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Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, N. Y.



A Half Year of Parcel Post

By Arthur H. Gleason

A FRIEND of mine asked the storekeepers in his district what they thought of parcel post. The shoemaker said it was fine, and that he approved of it. His reason was that he could get his stock from Lynn, Mass., more cheaply than before. The jeweler said parcel post was no good.

"But, surely, it doesn't hit your trade," said my friend. "I should think you could still sell watches to the local market."

"Those mail-order houses," he replied, "are sending out alarm clocks, and they send them so cheap that everybody is buying them."

The local saloon keeper hoped that somebody soon would invent just the right sort of container so that he could ship liquor to dry places.

Rightly, each man estimates parcel post by what it can do for him.

A STIMULUS TO BUSINESS

PARCEL post has doubled the total volume of business done by the sending of packages. That means that the ordinary citizen and the merchant are sending out twice as much produce and ware. Parcel post handles products up to eleven pounds in weight. Last year the express companies took care of 100,000,000 parcels under the eleven-pound weight. That was when they had their final year of grace, their last clear field. In the same year of 1912 the post office handled 2,982,313 of the small parcels, such as books, four pounds and under in weight, which it has always carried. That made a total of 340,000,000 parcels sent last year. At the end of the first half year of parcel post 300,000,000 parcels have been sent by this new method. They are going at the rate of 50,000,000 a month. Better facilities create new business, and it is estimated by the Post Office Department that 20,000,000 people will be reached by parcel post who were never reached before by a collection and delivery system.

A high truck full of maps was standing at the far end of the Washington Post Office floor. It was laden with the maps sent out by the Post Office Department to those who make use of parcel post. Some of the names were the Hope Mills Manufacturing Company; Spencer, Kellogg & Sons; International Harvester Company; Hall's Glove Company; Akron Cultivating Company; Climax Refining Company.

SOME PARCEL-POST FIGURES

IN January nearly 40,000,000 parcels were handled. That means both "received" and "dispatched." In February nearly 50,000,000. In March over 60,000,000. In April nearly 60,000,000. The year 1913 will see nearly 700,000,000.

These figures are necessarily estimates. They are based on the total number of parcel-post packages handled at the fifty largest offices in the United States during the first months of 1913. The estimate is on the basis that the fifty largest post offices equal 50 per cent of the postal business of the United States.

Chicago receives and sends a total of more parcels than any other city. That is in part because of the large mail-order houses there. For the first four months of this year Chicago handled a total of six and a third million parcels. That is 145,000 more than New York handled. New York received 300,000 more parcels than Chicago. Where Chicago won out was in the number of parcels dispatched. That, of course, included the huge sendings of the mail-order houses. The total of the four months for Chicago of packages sent out was over 5,900,000.

It was not until August 24, 1912, that the act was passed which provided for a general parcel post, to go into effect everywhere simultaneously on January 1, 1913. That left four months in which to get ready for an unknown thing. Each postmaster in the nation had to guess at what the first fifteen days would bring him in the way of trouble. Many postmasters had cold shivers of stage fright as the hour drew near.

GETTING STARTED

THE Post Office Department at Washington faced grave problems. It is one thing to legislate blithely. It is another thing to execute accurately. One of the jobs was to prepare a map which would show the eight zones into which the United States is divided. The entire face of the United States is cut up into little units of area, thirty minutes square, identical with a quarter of the area formed by the intersecting parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude. It required painstaking work to draw a map with those units accurately blocked. As you go north on the map the width of the units has to be made less; the parallels are farther apart to the south because of the bulging shape of the earth. Any inaccuracy would have placed two towns at equal distance from New York, one in the fourth zone and the other in the fifth zone. The first zone is everything within 50 miles. The second zone is from 50 to 150 miles. And so on up to the eighth zone, which is all over 1,800 miles. As the charges are based on the zone distance, it is obvious that the slightest mistake in building that map, and in discriminating against any town, would have caused a wail audible even to a secret session. Then



At the end of the first half year of parcel post 300,000,000 parcels have been sent by this new method

150,000 of those maps had to be printed. There wasn't paper enough of the right sort to go around, and that caused delay. One hundred and twenty-five thousand scales had to be sent out to local postmasters, so that they could weigh the new business. The postmasters from five of the largest cities were called to Washington and told how to get ready for the new volume of business.

WHAT YOU MAY SEND

YOU can send almost anything by parcel post. There are just a few things you can't ship. You cannot ship a live animal. But you can send a queen bee. You cannot send a *raw* hide, an infernal machine, liquor. But you can send medicine and cured pelts. You can send eggs, vegetables, fruits, butter, lard. You can send fish, fresh meats, dressed fowls within the first zone—that is, for a radius of 50 miles.

Eggs and women's hats are two of the troublesome items that require careful packing and an inventive faculty that will contrive clever devices for packing. In a hat box the pressure comes upon the center, not on the edges. So a crate is necessary.

A new industry will be created, because containers in all sizes are needed. They ought to be on sale in every village—egg crates of corrugated paper for instance. Fifteen eggs from Oklahoma came a distance of 1,500 miles, and no eggs broken.

Butter needs a nonconducting paper gelatinized so that the heat of the car will not succeed in melting it through the package.

A bicycle tire, inflated and oblong was neatly crated inside a rectangle. The iron frame of a school desk was sent out by the American Seating Company uncrated. Its points and edges would cut other mail to shreds. It would tear open the hands of mail clerks.

The automobile tags that dangle at the rear of the motor cars with "11047 N. J." upon them are State license tags. States like Virginia and Pennsylvania send these out by parcel post.

In February to St. Louis, to the fur merchants, came wagon loads of pelts from Montana and Florida. They came insured. Those far-distant hunters live on the postal routes. No express company would reach them for collection.

THE USUAL KICKS AGAINST PROGRESS

A TAILORING firm writes to the Post Office Department that they send out 2,000 sample outfits daily. It is a six-ounce parcel. Formerly they sent the sample outfit in one package. Now they split it into two packages, one of four ounces and one of two ounces. This makes the cost 6 cents for the two packages. If the six-ounce parcel went as one package, it would cost 12 cents. When the samples are cut in half, and sent in two packages instead of one package that doubles the work of the department.

One Texas man has been sending out his adding machine for years. They weigh eighteen ounces. It has cost him 18 cents to mail them to his customers. Now it costs him 24 cents when sent to the eighth zone.

An Eastern stamping goods firm, stamping linens for shirt waists, centerpieces, doilies, hats, pillows, embroidery silks, and patterns, sends out packages mostly under one pound. This house sends out 300 packages a day, weighing from six to eight ounces. It sends to the Southwestern and Western States, and the present rates are higher than the former rates.

A manufacturer of rope paper used to send out his samples of paper for 5 cents. Now they cost him 7 cents.

A brick manufacturing company, sending out sample briquettes, used to mail them at 5 cents a package everywhere in the United States. Now it is only in the first zone that the samples can travel for 5 cents.

Rates can later be lowered. But, once lowered, rates cannot be raised. Business becomes adjusted to the rate, and any change tends to wreck it, so the protest is the powerful protest of a ruined man. Some of the department heads in the post office believe it would require two years to work out an extension of the parcel-post system, with, for instance, a change in the weight limit. They point to the instance of Germany where special buildings are required for the parcel post.

PARCEL POST STILL IN ITS INFANCY

SENATOR BRISTOW says that the parcel post is a transportation problem mainly and not primarily a post-office problem. A new rate must be worked out with the railroads. The same rate is now used for letters as for brick. One hundred different letters, with their problem of speedy conveyance, and separation in various directions, now move for the same cost as a single brick. A considerable portion of parcel post need not go on express trains. Less speed would

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answer, with the proportionate decrease in expense. Bulk versus weight is a problem. Thus a woman's hat, weighing only four pounds, may occupy twenty times the space of a brick of the same weight. With problems like this the department could later reserve the right to ship by mail or by express. The Postmaster General has the power given to him to rationalize rates, to change the zone system, to change the limit in weight, to improve the classification.

Cure the rates for eleven pounds and under before increasing the weight. The weight of the average parcel has increased since parcel post was introduced, but not enough to occupy the halfway mark between four and eleven pounds.

The present parcel post is a practical system up to three pounds. Beyond that its rates approximate express rates. At eleven pounds they are express rates. Thirty-three pounds is the average express rate. There is a gap between the 2-cent letter and the 100-pound minimum of the railroads, which the express companies have filled in at high cost. Ten, fifteen, and twenty-pound parcels have been neglected. Eight parcels per capita are sent in Switzerland, with a rate identical with the rate proposed in this country. It will probably be about three per capita for the United States under present conditions. If the traffic requires an extension of the service, the traffic will pay for the expense of it.

The railroads, obviously, do not articulate with the farms; but the rural delivery does. The parcel post, acting through the rural delivery, can be utilized in moving the retail product from the farm. Our method of carrying the retail product has meant doubling its price. The express rates are prohibitive. A pound of butter cannot pay 25 cents to be moved. The railroads are engaged in wholesale transportation. The retail shipper, consumer, or purchaser never goes to the freight office for anything. He does not wish for 100 pounds of butter, shoes, or hats. The railroad does not do business with the retailer.



The rural free delivery created new business. Now the parcel post will create new business

A BOON TO THE SMALL FARMER

ON the other hand, it doesn't pay a farmer to hitch up his team and use half a day to cart in a bushel of beans or a quarter barrel of ripe apples. But if he could mail them to a local customer, that would pay him. As it was, he let them rot. One farmer at Frederick, Md., said that each year enough stuff has been going to waste on the outlying farms to feed the whole town. There has been no quick, cheap way of getting that perishable material to market. Parcel post will open up the market for the small farmer. He will be able to ship the apples that drop from the tree. To-day he sends apples that are in perfect condition. Ham, chicken, sausage are produced in retail form, in sizes to suit the ultimate consumer. But there is no retail transportation for these retail products. A buying collector converts them into wholesale lots. Also, the elements of risk, tax, profits, insurance, rent, interest are introduced, and there is a broken act of transportation. Another wholesaler reconverts the lots into the original retail form. The price has doubled, the smell has not improved. Four processes have intervened, because there is no retail transportation for the farm product.

This has been clearly shown by David J. Lewis, member of Congress from Maryland, in his able discussion on "A General Parcel Post."

The farmer has always thought in wholesale terms, although his product is retail. He has thought in terms of the barrel and the wagon load. The truck farmer will learn to think in terms of the market basket. Parcel post is a method devised to clear the field from the producer to the consumer. There is a market for fresh eggs which can now be tapped. A man out in San Jose, Cal., ships fancy chickens by parcel post.

The more facilities there are, the more new business develops. The facility creates business. The telephone has created new business. The rural free delivery created new business. Now the parcel post will create new business. When the rural free delivery went into operation, one of the earliest experimental services was at Westminster, Md. A crowded meeting was held where the representative men were present. It was a meeting of protest because the new service was sure to ruin the local store. But the years have gone by and rural free delivery has proved itself the friend of the local store at Westminster and elsewhere.

SHOPPING AND SELLING BY NEW METHODS

A FARMER needs a pair of shoes. He doesn't want to knock off a day of work to buy them in town. With parcel post he can send word by the local carrier and have them next day. So with machinery. It enables him to supply missing parts without traveling to get them. The country store can telephone to the town for shoes or clothes, and next day the parcel post brings them. Also, the farmer does not lose his day's work by being forced to hitch up and drive into town to find what the country store did not have for him. The farmer receives what he wants one day late, and the transaction has been saved for the country store.

The C. O. D. is a quick remittance service. It went into effect with parcel post on July 1. The C. O. D. ought to be used by small merchants in small towns. The farmer is a cash customer. He calls up the merchant and orders a pair of shoes. He receives them and sends back the money by carrier. The rural telephone is the key to the transaction. On the other hand, the farmer sends to his customers in the town eggs and chickens. The rural carrier brings the money to the farmer next day. Here also the telephone has been employed. The rural telephone is, indeed, the key to the situation.

A man in Frederick, Md., sells home-cured hams to New York City. His specialty is Berkshire pigs. He sells at 30 cents a pound and uses the C. O. D. system of delivery. A person wishes flowers for evening dinner; he telephones the country florist. The flowers come with the bill, and the money goes back to the florist.

The recent rate of insurance on parcel-post packages was 10 cents on a valuation not to exceed $50. A large proportion of the parcels presented have declared a value of less than $10. And an average for all parcels runs under $15 of declared value. Now, 10 cents is too high a fee for a valuation as low as $10 and $15. Five cents is probably the just fee for all valuations up to $25. Accordingly the Postmaster General has made 5 cents the fee for parcels not exceeding $25 in value and 10 cents for parcels of over $25 up to $50.

HANDLING PARCEL POST

FOR parcel-post and letter clerks, in the post office examinations, the candidates must have a rate of speed of sixteen to the minute in placing cards (with the name of the post office) in the boxes labeled with the railway routes. A card for Clinton, Md., goes in the B. & O. box.

The candidate, in placing those cards, sixteen each minute, must maintain an average of 98 per cent in correctness. An experienced clerk places thirty to thirty-five a minute. The Washington post office had one man who placed seventy a minute. On an examination of 5,000 post offices, the clerks pass 98 per cent.

One man could handle a number of States having a total of 17,000 post offices. He could handle several hundred of these post offices at a given time with only a couple of errors. One man, now employed in the Washington post office, handles Virginia, with 2,900 post offices; North Carolina, with 2,100; South Carolina, with 600; Mississippi, with 1,500; Georgia, with 1,600. The man stands in the center of a half ring of sacks, forty to fifty in number, and from one to thirty feet from him, and hurls in the mail piece by piece. One of the Washington men was so sure-fingered that he used to put in some of his half holidays at the "Hit-the-Nigger" shows, where you hurl a baseball at a woolly head. He won many cigars by his skill. The hand grows deft in sealing newspapers and parcels into sacks.

Noon

By J. S. REED

SWIRL and pass of listless eyes,
Thronging up the breathless street;
Clang and roar of iron wheels
In the midday heat.

NERVOUS noon-tide whistles shrill,
Stabbing through the sullen air:
Hoarse, defiant, like a voice
Dauntless in despair.

SEE! Against the blinding sky,
High above the steel-shod hoofs,
Moving wisps of coloring
On the factory roofs.

WAVING arms and streaming hair,
Joyous-leaping, hand in hand,
Sweat-shop girls with lifted face
Dance a saraband.

NOT a tap of rhythmic feet,
Not a shred of melody,
Lilting thinly on the height,
Flutters down to me.

WHIRLING dust of city streets,
Recklessly they laugh on high;
Tiny motes across the sun
Dancing in the sky!



A new kind of pastry

Crisco pie crust is rich, wholesome and delicious. It is more wholesome than a crust made with lard, for Crisco is *all* vegetable and all pure.

Crisco's digestibility is especially important in relation to pie crust, in which so much shortening is used; it is a scientific fact that shortening is unchanged in the baking process. It is still in a raw state, merely having been distributed throughout the dough or crust.

CRISCO
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For Cake Making

PLAIN PASTRY

1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
⅓ cupful Crisco
4 tablespoonfuls cold water

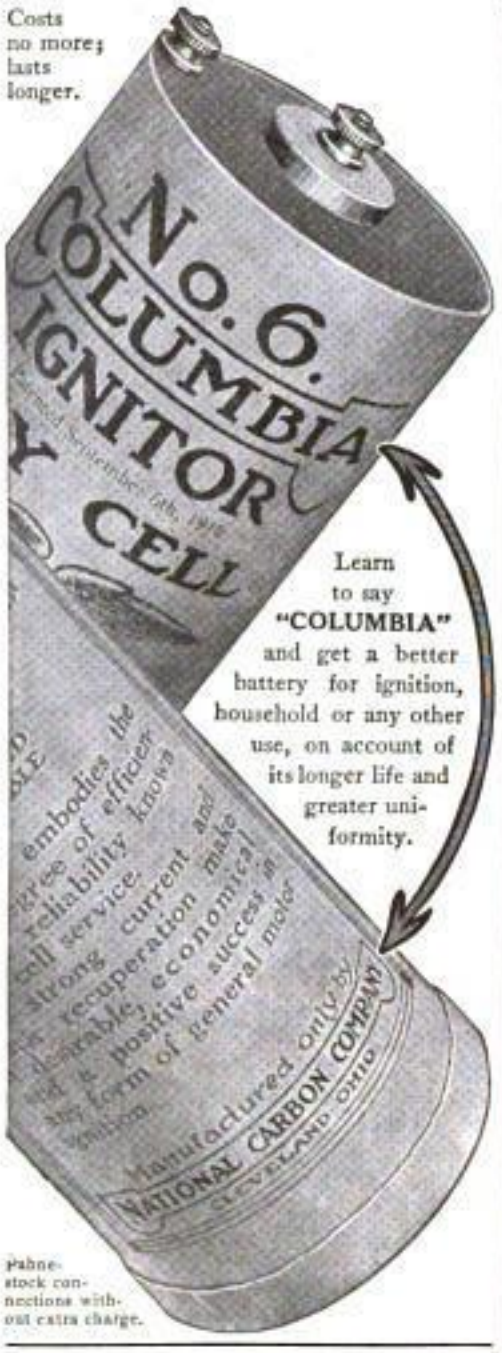
Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives until it is finely divided. Then add the water sparingly, mixing it with a knife through the dry materials. Form into a dough, roll out about ¼ inch thick, on a floured board. Use a light motion in handling the rolling-pin, and roll from the center outward. The Crisco should be of a consistency such that when scooped out with a spoon it rounds up egg-shaped.

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The New Politics—II

By R. M. McClintock

¶ In a series of several short articles in succeeding issues of COLLIER'S, *Mr. McClintock will set forth a view of present-day national politics held by an increasing number of Americans.*

WHEN, in the thirties, the advocates in England of Adam Smith's laissez-faire economic theories had won their sweeping victory, the repeal of the corn laws, the revision of the poor laws, the Reform Act of 1832, and the factory acts, it was promised that there would be an immediate and striking change for the better throughout Great Britain.

And, indeed, there was some improvement. England prospered industrially as never before; the conditions of labor were ameliorated.

"England," says Dr. Orth, "was given over to a highly prosperous industrialism. The Manchester doctrine was enthroned. Commercialism and a glittering pseudo-humanitarian internationalism found expression in the alternating victories of the astute Disraeli and the grandiloquent Gladstone."

But somehow the brilliant promises that had been made for laissez-faire were not fulfilled. Business prospered; the people did not. There was practically as much poverty in England half a century after the adoption of Adam Smith's theories as there had been before.

The Board of Trade reported in 1904 that "the average level of employment during the last four years has been almost exactly the same as the average of the preceding forty years." Chiozza Money gives figures showing that in England and Wales "*one person in every twenty* (the italics are his) has recourse to the poor law guardians during a single year." And he goes on to say that of those workers "above the line of primary poverty, millions are tied down by the conditions of their labor to live in surroundings which preclude the proper enjoyment of life or the proper raising of children."

This in free-trade England, where, if it were possible for a mere let-alone policy to bring about just conditions, something surely ought to have been achieved in this direction during the eighty or so years that have passed since Cobden's victory.

ENGLAND DESERTING INDIVIDUALISM

IS it any wonder, in view of the conditions actually obtaining to-day, that England has come to doubt the efficacy of Adam Smith's teachings? Is it strange that there have arisen new statesmen who think that something more is needed than just keeping hands off?

To-day the great Liberal party of England is deserting the individualism of Adam Smith. Gladstone, the individualist, has been succeeded by Lloyd-George, the Socialist. Lloyd-George's program has been twofold: first, to secure a greater measure of democracy; second, to secure social and industrial justice. The House of Lords has been, for all practical purposes, abolished; manhood suffrage will soon be adopted. In carrying out the second part of the program there have been enacted bills for the feeding of poor children in the public schools; for workmen's compensation and old-age pensions; for granting greater freedom to labor unions and providing for the arbitration of labor disputes; for a conservation commission which "endows the Government with the necessary authority for the absorption of virtually all the internal means of communication except the trunk railways, and extends the paternal arm of the Government over agriculture and the fisheries and subsidiary industries." And then there has been, of course, the famous Lloyd-George budget, of which its author said:

"I look upon the budget as a part only of a comprehensive scheme of fiscal and social reform; the setting up of a great insurance scheme for the unemployed and for the sick and infirm, and the creation, through the development bill, of the machinery for the regeneration of rural life."

Shades of Adam Smith and free competition!

WILSON TRIES THE OLD WAY

AMERICA is lagging far behind England. England has confessed the old individualistic theory a failure; legislation is proceeding upon the theory that a let-alone policy is a policy under which the strong rob the weak; under which every incentive is given for the use of those sharp practices which are always and inevitably resorted to by some, if not by all, either in war or in business, when every man's hand is turned against his brother.

But even in the United States individualism is making its last stand in the White House. If President Wilson, by restoring the old system, cannot bring about industrial reform and social justice, then Socialism will sweep this country as it is sweeping England; not the doctrinaire socialism of Karl Marx, which is fully as dogmatic as the individualism of Adam Smith, but the socialism of Lloyd-George of the Progressive party.

The Liberal program in England is almost wholly given up to democratic and social legislation. The Wilson policy in the United States is in marked contrast. As outlined in the President's inaugural, he proposes to revise the tariff downward, to pass a currency law giving the Government some measure of control over the issuance of money, to enforce the Sherman Antitrust Law, as amended along the lines of his New Jersey antitrust program, perhaps to secure some form of agricultural credit, and the development of our natural resources.

And yet the President is not selfishly indifferent to the demand for social and industrial justice. "The groans and agony" of the people have reached his ears; he has heard "the solemn, moving undertone of our life, coming up out of the mines and factories and out of every home where the struggle had its intimate and familiar seat." And he is honestly, sincerely desirous of bettering these conditions.

But he is, like millions of the rest of us, bound by theories. It has been written by Adam Smith that competition is best; therefore competition must be preserved.

It has been written that free trade will benefit labor; therefore free trade *will* do that thing, the experience of England to the contrary notwithstanding. And, when it comes to national legislation for social and industrial justice, we are told that child-labor laws, old-age insurance laws, minimum-wage laws are, under the Constitution, the province of the States, not of the nation.

Lloyd-George might well have given up as impossible the task of securing the adoption of his program, if it had involved the passage, through forty-eight legislatures, of forty-eight separate acts for each of the great ameliorative measures he has forced through the British Parliament!

THE POLITICS OF BROTHERHOOD

BUT the new spirit of brotherhood is entering politics in America as in England.

President Wilson himself, in the solemn words of his inaugural, recognizes and voices this new spirit. But he is still so much the doctrinaire that, when it comes to making laws, he cannot break the shackles of the past. We must still live according to the theories of Adam Smith.

But if, as Lowell wrote: "man is more than constitutions," he is more also than economic theories.

For somehow the new spirit will find the way to breathe brotherhood even into dry economics.

A new party has just been born with a new vision. It is a party that in some measure voices the spirit of brotherhood. Its emphasis is not on tariffs, on trust prosecutions, on money systems; its first demand is for justice for all the men and women and children who toil all their lives long for the barest of living wages, who have no leisure but the leisure of the saloon and the dance hall; whose very lives are cast upon the scrap heap in order that their wage masters may pile up dividends. The new party, with its demand for justice for these toilers, is to America what the new Liberal party is to England. If it continues to stand for its principles, and if, as appears inevitable, the Wilson program fails appreciably to change conditions, it is surely the party of the future.

THE NEW VISION

POLITICIANS thought, in the old days before the Civil War, that slavery would never be abolished, because slavery was sanctioned by the Constitution. Abolitionists were fanatical lawbreakers; even Lincoln, with his demand that slavery be restricted to the Southern States, was branded a rabid demagogue for refusing to accept the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. But the consciences of the people were at last aroused to the iniquity of slavery, and what the politicians said could not be done was done: what the court said was unconstitutional was made constitutional by a far higher tribunal than any court.

The consciences of men are again being aroused. We are no longer content with mere material prosperity. We are coming to accept the statement that we are our brothers' keepers. We are at last grasping the idea that, if an economic theory permits and encourages injustice, then that theory has got to go.

Representatives of the greatest organized force in America, the churches, have set forth their demands for "equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations in life"; for the fullest possible development in all ways of all children; for the abolition of child labor; for such regulation of women's work as will safeguard the physical and moral health of the community; for old age and unemployment pensions, workmen's compensation, conciliation, and arbitration; for "the abatement and prevention of poverty"; for "a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford"; for "the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised."

IS IT A MIRAGE?

AND so the church, as well as the Progressive party, has abandoned individualism. But is not this platform, so largely common to both, instinct with the spirit of brotherhood, the spirit that Jesus came to teach?

And can any force long withstand the awakened, instructed consciences of Christian people?

Or is this vision of a great national brotherhood, that has been seen more or less plainly now by our churches, by our labor unions, by a great new party, only a mirage that soon will fade away? Was Christ only a vain idealist when he preached the coming of the kingdom of God? Is the best that we can expect embraced in President Wilson's promise to restore in its purity the old economic system under which in the past the injustices from which we suffer to-day have been nurtured?

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It tells exactly how many miles, and tenths of miles you are getting on a gallon of gasoline. You can justly judge the general efficiency of your car and its motor—can detect any inefficiency and quickly remedy the trouble.

It checks the oil and grease you use. It keeps you informed as to the endurance of your car and all its parts.

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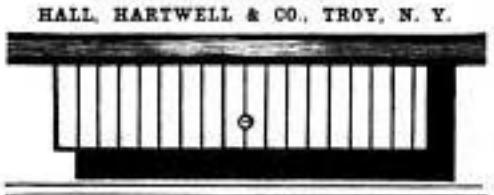
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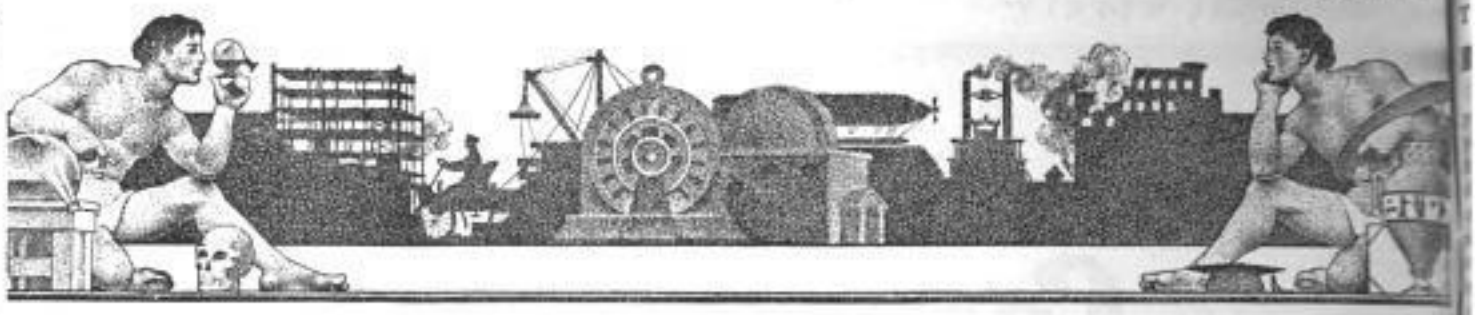
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Marketing Inventions

An Inventor's Stories of Pitfalls

By George Ethelbert Walsh

THE man who has conceived a new idea and developed it into the tangible form of a model straightway imagines that he has a great money-making, if not a revolutionizing, invention; and, while laboring under the excitement following any real creative achievement, he is easily convicted of the common heresy that the world is eagerly waiting for the child of his brain to reward him with the laurel wreath and a lapful of golden coin. Perhaps his first invention—trifling though it may seem to him now in the clearer perspective of years of toil and experience—gives him the sweetest pleasure of all.

How we loved that first tangible creation of our budding genius!—an offspring of the mind that later received much neglect, scorn, and buffeting from the world it was intended to revolutionize, and which to this day and hour has never realized enough to pay for the cost of patenting! We can never quite forget that first exalted thrill, that mental intoxication, that joy of creating something out of nothing!

The dreams of the inventor, like the dreams of the artist and author, are not always limited by common sense and cold, calculating business acumen. Neither one is a safe judge of his own work. Perhaps, in a measure, his critics are not much better prepared to give an infallible decision. No man can lay down a formula for judging an invention, a poem, a story, or a great drama. It is this uncertainty of the game that inspires the inventor to exuberant faith and enthusiasm in his creation, and often, through a process of infection, he influences the astute business man, much against his better judgment, to see the same roseate dreams. Of course an inventor must have faith in his work, otherwise he could not invent.

WHY INVENTORS ARE POOR

AN inventor works hard to create something patentable that will supply a long-felt want, but when it is finished—when the patent is granted—the real fight begins. A patent is worthless truck unless it can be marketed, and marketing generally means a lot of money and the influence of men well up in trade and business. Most inventors are poor—at least in the early stages of their career—and besides lacking the necessary capital they are usually pretty poor business men. There are exceptions—a notable one in Edison's case—but they don't prove anything except that the type always holds true, although variations will creep in. Buyers and honest promoters are not standing around ready to put their money in inventions that any self-designated genius springs on them.

I used to think differently. Before I had sounded the depths of human discouragement and disappointment in trying to get a market for patents, and had stored my shop with innumerable inventions that were about as useless as so much junk, I hugged the delusion of the unsophisticated that all an inventor had to do was to invent something, get out a patent, and presto! his fortune was made. If by chance you conceive of something that isn't an infringement on somebody else's ideas, and you manage to steer clear of the shyster patent lawyers, and then get your patent without involving yourself in financial ruin, you must market it yourself, sell it outright to somebody who has the money and facilities to handle it, fall into the hands of a promoter who will take a gambler's chance on it, or work upon your friends until, merely to get rid of you, they will club together to finance the proposition.

I have tried all four. In the days when youthful enthusiasm outran my judgment, I was suspicious of everyone and everybody. I had an idea that my most intimate friends were prying around to steal my ideas, and when the first patent was issued to me I decided to keep the secret strictly in the family. It was a nonrefillable-bottle invention, an idea that has attracted thousands of inventors and has been responsible for a good many freak patents; and instead of trying to interest a bottle manufacturer in the proposition I put what little money I had inherited in a small plant that was to make my fortune. At this late date there is little to be said about that early adventure, except that the patent didn't take, and when the sheriff seized the factory to satisfy my creditors, I offered the patent as a part of the assets. The receiver, in making up his statement, cruelly put down my "patent rights" as worthless, and when I asked for the invention as a gift, he obligingly presented it to me with the compliments of the creditors.

HOW NOT TO DISPOSE OF A PATENT

I SOLD another invention of those early days outright for $150, and was glad to get the money to pay the house rent and coal bill. It was a patent for a game and puzzle combined, and didn't look like anything of great promise. In fact, it had been turned out during odd moments when my mind was resting from more arduous labors; but to my surprise and chagrin I discovered later that I had sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. That little game puzzle took like wildfire, and I have figured many times since that my royalties, if I had retained the rights to the patent, would have netted me something like a hundred thousand dollars.

That was the last invention I sold outright, no matter how alluring the offer proved, and I believe, after a lifetime of inventing, that the best advice for a young inventor is never to dispose of a patent except on the royalty plan—unless the price is so substantial that there is no question about being well paid for it.

AN OFFER

BUT in a way I was unfortunate with another invention, which perhaps will illustrate one more pitfall for the unwary. I had a good thing; I was sure of it, and I had the pluck and courage to go to the right people to put it on the market. One of the biggest paper manufacturers of that day saw in it a revolutionizing change in the method of making fine glazed writing paper, and the way he seized upon it indicated that he instantly appreciated its importance. I was invited around to see him for a special consultation. After a few preliminaries he said:

"We are prepared to take your patent off your hands if you care to sell it. Of course it will prove expensive to us, for it will mean installing almost entirely new machinery in two of our departments. However, we can't afford to let our rivals in the field get hold of it. It is an important invention in its way, but a pretty costly one for us. We are prepared to pay you $2,000 cash for it."

That seemed like a good deal of money to me then, and it was, but remembering my former resolution I smiled and turned it down.

"I don't care to dispose of it except on royalty," I replied.

"We will give you $3,000 cash," was the counterproposal.

I shook my head, but when he raised the bid by thousand-dollar steps to five thousand, my head swam, but I kept faith with myself and rejected it. The president was a little testy and annoyed at this.

"What value do you put on the invention?" he exploded.

ANOTHER WAY NOT TO DO IT

I TOLD him that his offer was liberal enough, and that perhaps in the end I wouldn't make as much money in royalties as he had offered in a lump sum, but I was determined to hold the patent in my name and market it on the royalty system. If he wasn't prepared to accept those terms I would take the invention to some of his rival paper manufacturers. He looked at me closely a few minutes, shrugged his shoulders finally, and said:

"All right! We'll take it on those terms. I'll have my lawyer draw up a contract in a couple of days. Call in then and sign it. We can't afford to let anyone else get control of that invention."

I went away jubilant. I had ceased to be happy. The company was the largest in its special field, with unlimited capital, and I fancied the royalties would prove a life income from the patent. I signed the contract and went home to blow myself and family to a treat that stretched our resources to the limit.

Six months later I inquired about the progress made in putting the patent to work. They had made none owing to a press of work. Six months later they had done nothing, and couldn't tell when they would begin to make the change. Now I do not believe that the president intended to cheat me or to lock up the patent up indefinitely when the contract was signed, but no clause in the agreement specified when it should be put on the market, and so far as I had any legal right to prevent it, they could refuse absolutely ever to use it. My royalties began only when the patent was put on the market. Shortly afterward the president died, and the company was organized into a stock corporation, and the patent was carried over as a part of the business assets. They never used the patent, and I was powerless to get a cent for it or to use it myself. It was locked up until newer methods of paper manufacturing practically made it obsolete and worthless. So far as I know it has long since been cast upon the junk heap and the beautiful model I made destroyed.

HOW IDEAS ARE STOLEN

PROMOTING and financing patents is a business to-day that is conducted by some capitalists in a shrewd and careful manner, and lucky is the inventor who can get one of these honest concerns to take up his little creation. Unfortunately the country is full of fake promoters who have not overlooked the patent field.

Now these fake promoters prefer an invention to a patent. For instance, if an invention contains a really new and valuable idea it is a simple matter for the

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moters to patent it while the unsuspecting victim is held off with many flattering letters of advice. Stealing as in this way is not uncommon. If a has an invention or idea worth patenting, his rights in it should be protected before another, a total stranger, is allowed to test and inspect it. There are plenty of reputable patent attorneys who will give honest advice and secure a patent for the ordinary fee.

The dishonest patent promoters cannot get a patent so easily, but they do sometimes. Here is an instance that occurred a number of years ago: Two others had worked out a good idea for a sleeve button and had it patented. They were without sufficient funds to put it on the market, and living in a small inland town they were less suspecting than they might have been, while looking around for some means of putting their invention on the market they stumbled upon the advertisement of one of the notorious fake promoters of that day.

EXPLOITERS

A CORRESPONDENCE started up. The best stationery of the promoting company was all that could be desired. Indeed, it was somewhat overawing with its names of officers and references. A handsomely printed pamphlet was mailed the brothers, which seemed to indicate that this firm had handled nearly all the successful inventions of the day, with perhaps a few exceptions, like the Bell telephone and some of Edison's. They agreed to purchase this sleeve-button invention for a nominal sum or to market it on the royalty basis. The brother inventors decided to stick to the royalty system and get rich.

After considerable further correspondence, in which flattery was mixed up with business, the promoters informed the brothers that they would have to sign a form of release to the company. That was the usual method of procedure in such cases. Unsuspectingly, and without consulting a lawyer, they signed over all their interests and rights in the patent.

The invention proved a success, but it was exploited by some one who had purchased the rights from some one else—all members of the same gang—and when the inventors of the patent tried to fight for their rights in the courts they found that the litigation would extend over years, with the final outcome of a doubtful nature. They had to prove fraud on the part of the original company, which had meanwhile dissolved and gone out of business. They did not have the money to prosecute such an involved suit, and others reaped the rewards of their invention. How many other "suckers" the fake promoters caught in their trap no one can say.

WHO ARE THE INVENTORS

THERE are probably more inventors, or would-be inventors, at work in this country than there are doctors or lawyers—although they tell us there is a superabundance of both of these—and they are turning out tens of thousands of practical and impractical ideas, only a small percentage of which will ever be patented and a still smaller number that will ever prove a commercial success. Every small town and village has its inventors working industriously to revolutionize the automobile business, to beat the Rubber Trust by inventing a puncturless tire, or to relegate the Wright brothers to the limbo of the past by the discovery of an entirely new art of flying. They belong to all walks of life, most like the poet and playwright, and many of their phantasmagorial dreams flutter up the Patent Office with models and plans that add greatly to the gayety of the hard-working patent examiners.

THE UNKNOWN GENIUS

IT is not policy to discourage these inventors of high or humble origin, for in so doing we might smother the enthusiasm of some genius who will yet give to the world a creation that may revolutionize industrial, social, or commercial conditions.

For the sake of finding the one genius we can well afford to tolerate the multitude of ungifted inventors. And no one only knows whence the great inventor may come!

The rewards of inventing something the world needs are so substantial that the toilers in the ranks never grow discouraged. A single invention may make a huge fortune for the lucky man. I recall how a young man of twenty-seven invented the veneer put upon shoe pegs to keep them from splintering, and for this simple little discovery he received upward of $200,000. The man who first discovered that a newspaper wrapper could be gummed, and applied this knowledge in a practical way by patenting the process, made a fortune large enough to enable him to found two schools for boys. John O'Toole, the miner who couldn't keep the pocket flaps of his trousers buttoned in the ordinary way when filled with the tools of his trade, substituted metal eyelets and hooks for buttons, and that little invention made him a big fortune. Another humble workman, who devised a stylographic pen that would shade in different colors, got $100,000 within a year from his invention.

THE "FREAK" INVENTOR

IT is a very simple matter to rehearse dozens of instances where men—and women, too—have made fortunes, ranging from $50,000 to $500,000 from patents as simple as the above. They have been the lucky ones in the great lottery. Many of them had no other ideas, and never took out a second patent. They were not inventors by profession, but what might be termed "freak" inventors. They stumbled upon their ideas. One such freak inventor, who patented a simple household article that paid him close to $150,000 in royalties, spent twenty years trying to get out another patent, but every application he made was turned down because it infringed upon somebody else's rights, or was too vague and impracticable for the examiners to approve. He took himself so seriously after his lucky strike that he set about solving the riddle of perpetual motion, and he bombarded the Patent Office with applications on this subject until he was politely but firmly notified that perpetual motion was a tabooed subject. The last I heard of him he had spent most of his suddenly acquired fortune in pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp that meant his undoing.

THE TEST OF SUCCESS OR FAILURE

THE test of a patent is its practical application. Nothing else counts. One may write a book or a play or paint a picture that will establish a world-wide reputation. Now, on the strength of the name acquired by that one creative piece of work, the writer or artist can sell many of his subsequent products and reap substantial rewards in money. But the reputation of an inventor counts for nothing. It may make the financing of a second invention easy, but it will not sell it. Even an Edison cannot, with all his reputation and wealth, foist an impractical and commonplace invention on the market. Each invention must stand or fall on its own merits. The world doesn't buy a new invention because a great inventor's name is attached to it, but because it meets some long-felt want better than anything else on the market. I could name a score of one-idea inventors, men who made a lucky strike but could not duplicate it. Subsequent inventions duly patented and exploited by promoters of good standing failed completely to sell. In my own case, of the thirty patents accredited to me, only five have been what you would call successful, and five others were indifferently successful. Ten were absolute failures, and the other ten did not make enough, after deducting expenses of marketing, to pay for one year's salary.

All of this emphasizes the uncertainty of the game, and also demonstrates pretty conclusively that an inventor may prove an expensive friend. It furthermore explains why capitalists and financial promoters of good standing are hard to interest in a new invention.

They are not antagonistic; they are waiting to receive with open arms the inventor of something of great money-making value; but they want to be shown. They do not care to squander fortunes in exploiting something that will bring no rewards either to them or the inventor.

We have not by any means exhausted the field of inventing. On the contrary, we are just approaching the threshold of the great palace of mysteries. The inventions of the future will surpass any of those of the past. Men are better equipped for doing it. Great patent factories have been built up by industrial companies with experimental laboratories and shops where every promising idea can be thoroughly tested out, and inventors find a welcome in these concerns as nowhere else. The combined intelligence and ingenuity of a hundred inventors are thus concentrated upon special subjects instead of one or two. By this cooperative method, patenting worthy inventions is becoming more and more a specialized industry.

But the individual inventor with ideas can readily find a hearing—if he has anything worth while.

SOME NEEDED INVENTIONS

THERE is an earnest demand for some process of making steel rust proof, and the man who can solve this work with a satisfactory patented process can make his fortune. A number of capitalists are interested in the problem. But they have been bombarded with so many foolish and half-baked ideas that they are naturally very skeptical. Every little chemist of the land seems to think he can solve a problem that has engaged the attention of experts all over the world.

Every now and then even these hard-headed patent promoters pick up a hot potato and get burned. The famous Keely motor swindle is an old illustration, but it could be duplicated by a dozen other more recent cases. Not many years ago a number of financial promoters lost considerable money in a new process of manufacturing camphor synthetically, and there is no telling how many millions have been sunk in inventions for revolutionizing the automobile industry. Some of these are pure swindles, and others are honest projects so far as the inventors and financial backers are concerned. But they simply don't work or accomplish what was expected of them.

The inventor of a good thing has an easier and better opportunity to market his patent than ever before in the history of the world, but that does not mean that capital is standing around waiting to pick up his ideas and exploit them. On the contrary, capital is getting more and more conservative in this respect. There are too many inventors trying to delude and deceive it. But once let the inventor come along with the right invention, and plenty of business men with capital stand ready to take it up and market it honestly and enthusiastically. The unknown inventor may have a harder time to get a hearing than the one with a reputation for doing good work, but if his device has merit and meets a long-felt want, it cannot forever go neglected.

FORTUNES IN GAMES AND PUZZLES

EVERY time a woman dresses and rings for the maid or hallboy to hook her up in the back, she probably wishes intensely that some one would invent a substitute for buttons or hooks and eyes. The man who invented hooks and eyes, with or without the hump, to take the place of buttons, made a comfortable little fortune; but there is needed now a substitute for hooks and eyes—something that will save hooking and unhooking each separate one.

The market is surfeited with games, toys, and puzzles of a commonplace character, but the financial returns are so great for one really good invention of this character that the supply of new ones comes out in an endless stream. It takes the time of several examiners in the Patent Office just to pass upon this class of applications. Apparently a good many thousand people are devoting all their energies to the invention of popular games, puzzles, and new kinds of toys. "And," a large manufacturer of these novelties tells me, "not half of those patented are marketed, and probably less than half of the applicants get a patent for their ideas, so the real measure of the brain power devoted to this special field is not in the goods offered for sale but in those which never see the light of day. For every game, puzzle, or toy that makes a small fortune for the happy inventor, there are a thousand that fail to attract any attention at all."

ONCE AN INVENTOR ALWAYS AN INVENTOR

BUT inventing is a great work, a pleasant work, a stimulating work! It sometimes brings its own rewards in the mental exaltation and pleasurable consciousness of having solved a difficult problem. It is difficult to switch the inventor off; once an inventor always an inventor; he would prefer to die in harness without reaping any financial rewards than to engage in other lines of work that might mean honor and fortune.

He is as truly born, and not made, as the poet or painter.



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Power Comes From Knowledge

An individual who does not care to know never rises in the world.

Power comes from ideas set in motion.

If you have lost all desire to learn, you are on the down-grade.

It is only a question of time before an energetic knowledge-seeker will step ahead of you.

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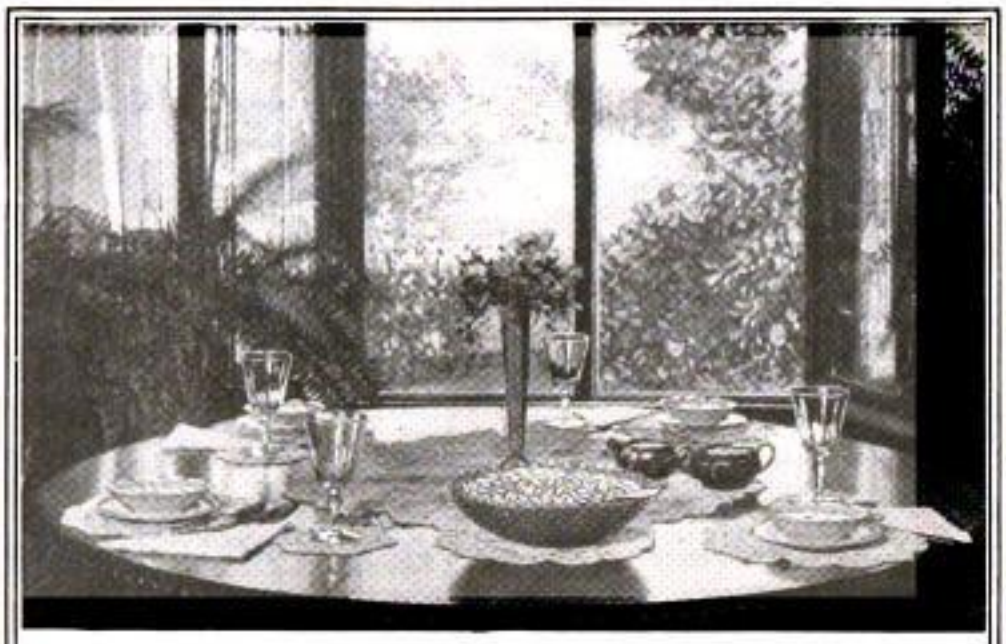
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Sunday Evening Suppers

You who serve Puffed Grains in the mornings only know but part of their delights. Try serving like crackers in bowls of milk—for luncheon, for supper, for a bedtime dish.

There are no other wafers so crisp and delightful—so thin-walled and airy—so nut-like in flavor.

The grains float like bubbles. The flaky walls—toasted through and through—are thin as tissue paper.

The grains are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread. A terrific heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

And these are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible. That was never done before. So in every way these Puffed Grains form ideal evening meals.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

Used as Confections

Puffed rice is used in candy making, in frosting cake, as garnish for ice cream. For these Puffed Grains, though easily crushed, have the flavor and crispness of nut-meats.

Many mix them with berries to give a nut-like blend. Children eat the grains dry, like peanuts, when at play. With cream and sugar, as a breakfast dish, there is nothing so enticing.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Within each grain there occur in the making millions of steam explosions.

Thus the cells are created, the thin crisp walls, the delightful almond flavor. In these summer days—days of ready-cooked meals—folks are eating forty million dishes monthly. Keep both of them on hand.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(436



A Kiss and a Red Ear

By HOMER CROY

I SEE by the papers that the scientists are doing all they can to eliminate the red ear. They say that this shows that the breed of corn is running out, and that the red ear is good for nothing.

I beg leave to differ with them. It is good for a kiss.

And there is nothing better than a kiss—unless it's a hammock.

Old Mr. Taylor, who lived on Clear Creek, had a large family of girls, and it didn't take him any time to get his fodder shucked out. Along in the fall he would spread his fodder on the hall floor of the barn and have a shucking bee. Every time you found a red ear you had to kiss your partner, and I certainly loved to shuck corn. It is my favorite recreation. The work never galls on me. I'm not much on standing corn, but when it comes to fodder I dearly love to strip the ear bare of its ensheltering, fibrous coat.

I COULD shuck best when sitting next to Fannie. So could Lafe Stamper. Lafe was as thick through the shoulders as a pantry, and was fast making a reputation for himself as a blacksmith. I was more of the kitchenette order of architecture, and addicted to the use of poetry. Lafe didn't know a poetical foot from a last winter's overshoe, but he had arms like laundry bags.

One night at Mr. Taylor's husking bee I was the first one to find a red ear. It occurred to me at once what to do next. No one had to remind me that my work wasn't done. I leaned over toward Fannie and went at it painstakingly, and when I had finished I felt that none could call me slipshod. But when I had finished I heard Lafe calling me something under his breath, but I surmised that it wasn't slipshod.

Pretty soon I chanced upon another red ear. This time I displayed more technique than ever, and, when I returned to my husking, Lafe was still mumbling under his breath words that I could not catch.

Strange as it may seem, I found another red ear. I could get hardly any work done for finding red ears; but I got other things done. I got them [illegible] with éclat. I used éclat because I knew that Lafe's éclat crop had winter killed. Not once during the evening did I find a red ear, while my éclat held out till the last shock was shucked.

That night on the way home I found Lafe waiting for me by the side of the road. I had not asked him to meet me in the glen, but he seemed anxious to spend a few moments with me alone. I noticed that he had his hands tightly closed. I tried to excuse myself on the plea that I was tired after shucking all that corn, but he would listen to none of my excuses.

"You are so fond of red ears that I am going to give you two to take with you," said Lafe in a high, determined key. I tried to expostulate with him, but he came up and thrust his chin into my face. I withdrew my face and tried to use my éclat on him, but I found that it wouldn't work in a glen. I looked around for some place to retire to. Then Lafe advanced upon my ears and began to hammer them into my head. This aroused my indignation, and I spoke to him bitterly, but he only renewed his efforts. When he had finished with my ears he opened hostilities on my face and finally climbed up on my stomach with both knees and worked steadily away with both hands and feet, using words that I do not care to repeat. After a time he withdrew, and a kind neighbor took me home in a buckboard. I did not thank the neighbor, as I did not know that he had taken me home until the next morning.

But it was no time until I was up and myself again. In a couple of weeks I could sit up, and in three weeks I could walk to the front porch.

BUT there was an inner injury that stung me worse than where Lafe had been on my features. He publicly said that I had used the same ear all evening!

Still I wish the agricultural scientists wouldn't do away with the red ears. I wish they would leave just one anyway.

The Agricultural Revolution

(*Concluded from page 20*)

and the Sugar Planters' Association maintains an experiment station of its own at a cost of $75,000 a year. The Territory has a Commissioner of Agriculture and Forestry with a staff of fifteen, and spends approximately $50,000 a year. And the Bureau of Plant Industry has a large experiment station at Honolulu under the management of E. V. Wilcox, one of the most competent men connected with the Department of Agriculture.

The sugar planters of Hawaii have more trouble with insects than anything else, and most of the funds appropriated for the maintenance of the experiment station is spent in fighting them.

Not long ago the experiment station heard of a newly discovered destroyer of a certain cane pest. The little bug was in South Africa, but they did not hesitate on account of the distance. They promptly dispatched an entomologist to South Africa with orders to bring back a colony of the insects.

The entomologist found the insects and brought back a box of them, but when he arrived at Honolulu he found that they were all dead. They had failed to survive the climatic changes during the long journey. Abandon the idea in face of this piece of bad luck? Not on your life!

The entomologist was sent back on the next steamer crossing the Pacific. And he filled his box with the same kind of bugs, but did not return so quickly. It took nearly a year to make the journey back home, stopping several weeks at a time at many points along the way. At each stop a new lot of insects were hatched and given time to become thoroughly acclimated before the journey was resumed. This time the entomologist got back safely with what he had been sent for.

For the present time at least Hawaii is the last word in modern agriculture, and what Hawaii is doing now will be done in nearly all, if not all, the States in a comparatively short time.

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Brickbats & Bouquets

BUT why does COLLIER'S select three States of the West to direct the footsteps of the man who seeks the open country? The opportunity to gain a comfortable livelihood from the soil exists in New York, too. Here the man who is willing to work hard may, beginning as a "hired hand," acquire land of his own and make it produce him a competence as he may in the West. New York, as well as Kansas and Nebraska and Oklahoma, is the land of promise for the farmer.—Syracuse (N. Y.) *Post-Standard.*

✤

In season for the President to use them in his message if he cares to, Mark Sullivan has contributed to COLLIER'S two arguments for the kind of tariff revision his heart longs for. The first is that high protective tariffs are largely responsible for the Colonel's "race suicide"; the second is that the sooner multitudes of workmen are forced out of the factories and on to the farms, the sooner will the cost of living come down.
—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant.*

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which always keeps in close touch with every movement to knock the courts or tear down something that the thoughtless founders of the Republic built up.
—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star-Telegram.*

✤

PATERSON, N. J.

Mr. Sullivan's page is one of the most valuable and instructive sources of information of all the publications in our country. LEO MANNHEIMER.

✤

CONCORD, N. H.

It is particularly pleasing for me to note that you from time to time get in a telling stroke in your editorials against the liquor business. If you continue this work and are as successful as in the past in turning the limelight of publicity on to those who are profiting by the weakness of their fellow men, it will be a crowning achievement of your literary work. If you could turn loose some of your corps of writers, they could get material which certainly would be an eye-opener to the majority of the public, who little realize the enormity of the evil and the economic waste which is occasioned by the liquor interests in their insatiable greed for the dollar. If you do this it will take more nerve, in my opinion, than anything you have yet done.
CHARLES C. SCHOOLCRAFT.

✤

BOWMAN, N. DAK.

Your delightful sanity and clarity on the land and taxation questions, evidenced in your editorials in recent issues, are sufficient to make one forget your blind admiration for the unscrupulous "Bull Moose" which so short a time ago seemed to dominate your pages. With very best wishes for the growth of your clean and able journal, believe me,
EDWARD P. TOTTEN.

✤

COLLIER'S has reached the decision that the present high protective tariff is not protecting any one other than the very wealthy manufacturers.
—Ogden (Utah) *Standard.*

✤

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

During the past six months there have been many articles on the editorial pages and on Mark Sullivan's page that I have felt like particularly commending, and have done so to many of my friends. It now seems appropriate to write you that I think you are doing a great work. . . . I am sure that you are making friends of the right sort all over the country.
GEORGE C. ROSA.

✤

RUSTON, LA.

There are about ten million men who ought to read COLLIER'S.
GEORGE KNOWLES.

✤

The thought of the income tax steadies and makes conservative the usually cantankerously radical COLLIER'S WEEKLY.
—Malden (Mass.) *News.*

✤

COLLIER'S—a weekly published as far East as most Californians ever think of as a part of the United States, and recognized as a publication that usually speaks authoritatively and conservatively—makes a more radical statement on the policy of excluding the Japanese from ownership of land than any that the record noticed in California newspapers.—Red Bluffs (Cal.) *News.*

✤

There was some mist in the valley, and the spires and great factories of the city were glorified like a COLLIER'S WEEKLY article written by one of the special writers.—Lowell (Mass.) *Courier-Citizen.*

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY reveals conditions in Washington more accurately than any publication of which we know. It has had nation-wide influence in arousing the sentiment that led to the destruction of the Old Guard, that stood as firmly as Napoleon's Legions against every innovation that endangered special privilege. It is doing splendid work in preventing the reorganization of the bands of mercenaries who want to thwart the purposes of President Wilson. . . . The splendid fight waged by COLLIER'S against graft of every sort; against the prostitution of the public service for private interests; against the misuse of governmental power for personal gain, helped mightily to bring about the nomination and the election of Woodrow Wilson. It is well worth while for every citizen concerned about the conduct of affairs at Washington to read the weekly comments of Mark Sullivan. If the attention of the people relax, if there is any indication that their interest has flagged, the forces that are fighting to obtain the unfair privileges they have heretofore enjoyed will triumph.
—Lexington (Ky.) *Herald.*

✤

COLLIER'S apologizes for permitting the expression "To Smith and I" to limp into its columns. We also observe that Brand Whitlock perpetrated "equally as" in the latest "American." But this is captious. The magazines are not perfect, and, with the exception of COLLIER'S, don't claim to be.—St. Louis "Republic."

✤

If Miss Viola Roseboro', who was announced some time since as the "fiction editor" of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, is responsible for the new sort of stories by new writers which we are getting in her paper these days, she deserves several meeds of praise. In the number for May 31 there were even two "Decoration Day" stories that were different.
—Concord (N. H.) *Monitor.*

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY criticizes Congress for fixing the lowest limit of income upon which the income tax may be collected at $4,000 as "a bit of deference to popularity." Coming from a magazine which palpably has had no higher inspiration for its editorial policy than the desire for circulation for years, and which has been demagoguing with abandon from the first issue, this particular piece of criticism is really good.
—Muncie (Ind.) *Press.*

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has done splendid work in many ways in the line of reform, but its recent editorials would give the impression that its reformatory processes do not include any interference with or protest against the Money Trust.
—Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee.*

✤

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is a rampant free trader.—St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette.*

✤

Now comes COLLIER'S WEEKLY to apply to the "Courier-Journal" such epithets as "old" and "mellow," and, Lord help us, "lovable." No man shall so write of us with impunity and without rebuke. The "Courier-Journal" refuses to be "old." It declines to be "mellow." It regards itself and wishes to be regarded as "cantankerous"—three rows of front teeth and never a tooth alike—not "lovable."
—Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

✤

If there is such a thing as a rational, sensible, scientific system of taxation on earth, won't somebody please go and tell the editor of COLLIER'S about it so that we need not be ashamed to be seen reading that paper on the train?
—Concord (N. H.) *Patriot.*



A French Chef

Wants to Bake for You Fifty Meals This Summer

He will charge 10, 15 or 20 cents, according to the size of your family.

He has baked for the Hotel Ritz in Paris, for the Carlton guests in London.

He is now baking beans—Van Camp's Pork and Beans—300,000 meals a day.

He sends the beans to you, ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor.

And he promises you to excel, by far, every dish of the kind in existence.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Try Him Once

Your grocer has Van Camp's Beans, baked by this chef. You can get them by telephone.

But specify Van Camp's.

This is what you will get. And it will come to you just as fresh and as savory as the moment it came from our ovens.

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You will get just the whitest and plumpest beans—beans that we pick out by hand.

You will get a sauce made of Livingston Stone tomatoes. A sauce which costs us five times what common sauce is sold for. This sauce is baked into the beans.

You will get beans nut-like, mellow and whole—not broken, not mushy, not crisped.

This chef of ours uses modern steam ovens. He bakes with live steam, without letting the steam touch the beans.

He bakes them for hours, yet the beans remain whole. That can't be done, as you know, in home ovens.

The Only Way

The only way to get beans of this kind is to specify Van Camp's.

To supply you such beans we spend $800,000 yearly more than lesser grades would cost. Not every kitchen will do that.

This dish is our pride, our one claim to supremacy. It has given to millions a new idea of baked beans.

But let the dish tell its own story. Serve a meal of Van Camp's. See if anyone who tastes it wants to go back to commonplace baked beans.

If not, let our chef bake all your beans this summer. Keep a dozen meals on hand.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Established 1861

(253)

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Established 1869

Billy Sunday — Baseball Evangelist

(*Concluded from page 8*)

dollars are there in generous amount—but the big checks come from the purses of hard-headed men who know that a community is no stronger than its backbone, and who have seen it demonstrated before their own eyes that Billy is the greatest spiritual osteopath in the United States.

In Columbus, Ohio, the chief of police was converted, and several of the policemen who were stationed in the tabernacle. Practically the entire staff of reporters detailed to cover the meetings came forward before the series closed. Who will charge policemen or reporters with an excess of sentimentality?

CONVERTING A NEWSPAPER

THE "Ohio State Journal" was compelled to deny editorially that its first-page columns, which were given over every morning to the meetings, as well as the whole second page, had been purchased by the Sunday organization. "We never received a cent," it said, "never expect to; would not take it if it was offered. Devoting so much space to Billy Sunday is newspaper business, pure and simple. The people want to read what he says. In all our experience we never knew of such universal desire to read something as there is to read Mr. Sunday's sermons. Therefore we print them." Think of that from a leading newspaper in a city of nearly 200,000, with all its thousand conflicting interests.

There are spectacular occurrences in the Sunday meetings, to be sure, as when Robert Young, proprietor of the Metropole Hotel in Columbus, and James B. Pergrin, a hardware merchant, who had been tried for shooting Young in 1890, came down the aisle together and joined hands before Mr. Sunday. But the result of Sunday's work is not to be measured in random instances. Go into any Middle-West city or hamlet where he has been and ask who are the Sunday converts. You will find them, a few who have stood fast, a leading merchant, a lawyer, a physician, perhaps the chief of police or the local editor—men whose contribution to the decent public sentiment of the community means better living conditions, a finer idealism, and—if you would measure it so—an actual increase in property values.

If you would dip down into the stream of testimony for further incident, take this, which appeared on the front page of the McKeesport "Times," at the close of the Sunday meetings:

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

From this date forward the "Evening Times" will not accept the advertisement of any distiller, brewer, or wholesale or retail liquor dealer. This rule is made a part of the policy of the advertising department of this newspaper.

From this date forward the "Evening Times" will not accept the advertisement of any manufacturer or seller of remedies for diseases caused by vice, appliances or preparations that are against morality and good public policy, of practitioners who prey upon the credulity and fear of youth, or of compounds of the "make beer at home" sort. A few advertisements that come under these last headings are now running in the "Evening Times" under contract, but such arrangements will be discontinued at the earliest possible day.

It is the desire of the management of this newspaper that it shall be a force for the betterment of its city and district, and no effort will be spared to make and keep its columns so clean that it may be read every day with entire safety and real benefit by persons of all ages and both sexes.

McKEESPORT TIMES COMPANY.
By WILLIAM B. KAY,
General Manager.

Of course there is plenty of criticism of Billy because of his language, his prayers, and the amount of money that he takes out of every town. His language is rough enough in spots, but who is to say how much of his effectiveness would be lost if he polished it?

"THAT MEANS ME"

"I WAS sitting on the platform one night," said an old Illinois preacher, "when Billy prayed. He used one expression that made me wince; it seemed too sacrilegious—so unnecessary. Oh, I thought to myself, I wish Billy hadn't said that. At the close of the session the first man to come forward was a State Senator, a member of the Legislature, and a political leader. I met him the next day on the street and congratulated him on the stand he had taken."

"Do you know," he said, "I had no idea of coming forward, but that prayer got me. When Billy spoke that sentence (quoting the very phrase that had hurt me so) I just couldn't resist it. I said: 'That means me; that's the call of God to me; and, sir, I went.'"

As for Billy himself, the criticisms trouble him not at all. "If Jesus were preaching to-day He would preach in the vernacular just like I am preaching to you," he says. "He would say: 'Come across, old man, before the devil's got you cinched.' He always adapted His language and sermons to His audiences. When He preached to farmers He told parables of sowing; when He spoke to women He told about bread baking."

That there should be some reaction after a moral earthquake such as Billy causes is inevitable; but there are always some permanent evidences of his work, even after years, some leading men whose lives bear witness to the thoroughness of his work, some quickened civic spirit. Billy at least has no doubt about it. "They say a revival is temporary," he says; "so is a bath, but it does you good."

HE DELIVERS THE GOODS

WHEN all has been said there remain the more than 200,000 persons who during the sixteen years of his ministry, have been stirred to new purpose—if only momentarily; to whom there has been brought a new vision of the actuality and the nearness of God. No one could hear Billy pray without the feeling that his God is a very near and very close friend who knows and sympathizes and helps. "He is the only man who ever prayed for us," said the telephone operators in Decatur when they sent their mite to his offering. He prays for everyone.

Take these two paragraphs, for instance, out of a ten-minute prayer:

Well, Jesus, I preached longer than I thought I would. I thought I would be home and in bed by this time. But I am glad to help them; they are a very appreciative crowd here, Lord; you know that. We have been here in Wilkesbarre a week, Lord, and we have learned to admire and love them, Lord. Bless them all, Lord. Bless the Mayor of the city, I do not know if he is a Christian, but he is a good, kind fellow, Lord, to do all the things he has done for us down here. Bless the chief of police, Lord, and the cops who are down here helping night after night. Bless the fire chief and the fire laddies. . . . Bless the street-car crews, the motormen and the conductors, and bless the men who own the trolley lines; bless the fellows in the electric-light plant who help us get our lights down here; bless the bunch up at the courthouse, Lord, the auditors and the treasurers and the recorder, and the county clerks and the superintendent of public construction and the county commissioners; bless all the jailers and all the prisoners there in their cells. . . . Lord, don't forget the bankers, we pray hear us; don't forget the doctors and the lawyers; O Lord, there's a bunch that need a lot of help! Don't forget the newspaper men; help everybody, from the editor to the devil in the office, and the newsies, Lord, who help spread the news. Lord, help us all, we pray.'

More than 100 towns stirred and lifted; more than 200,000 hearts turned for a while to the deeper things of life—this is a record surely before which one would be slow to criticize. Call him what you will—John the Baptist, as two men in widely separated cities have called him within my hearing, or say he hath a devil, as other men have said to me—the fact remains that he delivers the goods. He is shepherd to those who have no shepherd. His thousands are the great mass outside the church—the thousands, as he says, "who never darken a church door, but who say 'come on, let's go down to Bill's shack.'"

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Hep Sin: Section Hand

(Concluded from page 17)

wan thot sejuced him, an' thot he raypinted av the experimint.

"'Me go wurrkee,' sez me little frind, wheedlin' loike, whin he cud git his breath.

"'We'll see about thot, me swate offspring av the Flow'ry Kingdom!' sez I, raisin' me shovel. But I did not sthrike him. I misdoubt I wud have anyways.

"Somethin' had caught me eye, somethin' beyant the valley, an' I stud nailed to the ground, me heart jumpin' iv'ry way to wanct. What was ut? 'Twas somethin' movin'—not wid lapes an' bounds, loike the Chink, but stidy, an' iver faster an' faster; an' 'twas comin', not as the Chink come, 'crost the valley, but along the sides av the mountains, from Table City, along the mountain side, where the thracks clung. Was ut a thrain? Oh, aye, 'twas a thrain. I cud see ut plain in the clear air. An' 'twas not long neyther. Four cars there was, four freight cars. But niver a locomotive was there at eyther ind. An' be the token I knew ut for what ut was.

"'Me thinkee me go wurrk.' 'Twas thot sotted son av an Asiatic brought me to me sinses.

"'Ye *think*, do ye!' I yells, fair beside mesilf. 'Ye think! wid a runaway tearin' down the mountains an' the Overland comin' up.' She had been due half an hour gone.

"'Loverland?' sez he. 'Loverland?' purrin' loike a cat.

"'Thrain, passenger thrain!' sez I, thryin' to get ut through his skull, though God knows why I shud have wasted toime on the baste. 'Passenger thrain! wid wimmin an' childher aboard!' But he was swayin' an' rockin' on his pins, an I turned me back on him in disgust. An' manetoime the runaway had dived into the tunnel at the head av the Loop. There was a chanct, wan chanct, thot the cars might jump the irons whin they hit the curve, but ut was onloikely, for the division had been relaid, an' the Loop banked against sixty mile an' hour. An' the runaway, fast as ut was goin', was not doin' thot.

"MERBE ye're wondherin' why I was thinkin' these things instid av pilin' obsthructions on the thrack or pullin' up a rail? I'll tell ye. There was nothin' to put. Ixcipt for some bowlders weighin' tons there was not a loose stone anywheres. There was not a tie eyther. All the new wans was in, an' the ould wans thot was taken out was eyther burned, to be out av the way before inspiction, or had been hauled away be the construction thrain for use in layin' timp'ry thracks. An' I cud not pull up a rail, for I had no tools. I had only shovels.

"An' the cars was round the Loop. They did not jump. Thin they was lost to sight for a minut bekaze av a hill an' a tunnel betwane me an' thim. But I knew thot they had not stopped. Me men, seein' thot their Red Divil was only Hep come back, an' dhrunk besides, had crept out av the woods an' was huddlin' round me. An' the Chink was still swayin' on his pins, mutt'rin', 'Lunaway—lunaway,' an' wrinklin' up his face loike a chimpansy at a show. Thin all to wanct he lets out a howl av gibberish thot not even a profissor av monkey language cud have undherstood. An' the nixt minut he was lapin' down the thrack in great bounds.

"An' now, sorr," Tim turned to me, "will ye kindly tell me wan thing? Why is ut thot a dhrunken man has more sinse than a sober wan?"

"Does he?" I asked guardedly.

"He does. There was I, the best siction boss on the line—'twas me superiors sid ut—standin' idle as a babe in arrums bekaze I cud not dig up spikes wid me fingers or move bowlders thot weighed tons. An' ut tuk a baste av a dhrunken Oryintal to see the wan sinsible thing to do.

"Ye think mebbe thot the Chink was plannin' to hike to Basin? I thought so mesilf, for a minut. But he had no such intintion. About a hundred yards down the grade was the pumper, beside the thrack, just where we had lifted ut from the rails. 'Twas the hand car he was wantin'. Whin I see him heave ut over, first wan ind, thin the ither, slap the wheels down on the irons an' jump aboard, ut come to me what he was about. A mile an' a half, or mebbe two miles, below was a switch thrack into what had wanct been a mine. The switch was niver used, but ut faced up the grade, an' so wud turn off annythin' comin' down. An' 'twas av this me yellow birrd had been whisp'rin' in me ear whin I had not sinse to think av ut mesilf!

"Thin there was a clang along the rails, an' a roarin' at me back.

"'Jump!' I yells to me men. An' we jumped just in toime as the runaway wint crashin' past. Four cars there was, four box cars. An' they was rollin' an' lurchin' from side to side. On the ind av the last car was painted a great circle. I knew ut was only the trademark av a rayfrig'rator line, but ut was winkin' at me loike an evil eye.

"Cud Hep make ut ahead av thot rampin' baste? He was just ray appearin' round the base av a hill, bobbin' up an' down, up an' down, a toy man on little wheels, his naked arrums gleamin' in the sun loike trees stripped av the bark, the red tablecloth steamin' out behind in the wind.

"'Bhoys!' I shouted, 'Sin's goin' to hell! Give him a cheer!'

"'Twas language they cud undherstand, an' they cheered.

"'Give him annither!' an' they cheered again.

"Thin, as me hand come down, ut sthruck somethin' in me pocket. 'Twas me switch key. As ye know, only the boss has a key; 'tis the rule av iv'ry road. An' be the token I knew ut cud make no diff'rince if the Chink got to the switch or no.

"Thin I started on the run down the thrack, me men at me heels, whimperin' loike scared pups."

TIM smoked for a time in silence, which no one cared to break. Finally he resumed.

"The Overland pulled into Basin, the two big moguls thot was to haul her over the Divide hooked on ahead, an' the pusher, a squatty little rat, all wheels an' biler an' wather tanks, coupled on behind. Thin she puffed out through the yards, the passengers crowdin' to the windies to gaze at the scen'ry. Half a minut later the opyrator, his hair standin' on ind, rushed out on the platform wavin' his arrums an' shoutin'. The wurrd from Table was too late. The men on the pusher was kapin' their eyes ahead an' did not see him. The thrain disappeared round a curve, an' he rushed back to gather up a wreckin' crew an' sind out a call for dochtors. This last was suparfluous, as there was but wan dochtor in the town, an' he was out av reach in the hills ush'rin' some unwilcome child av infamy into the wurrld.

"The thrain wint climbin' stidily upward, whin suddenly the ingineer av the head mogul sees a little hand car, wid niver a man on board, dancin' down the thrack to mate him, the silly handles goin' up an' down in a way to make wan daffy. The nixt minut the pumper had hit the pilot, summysaulted backward, an' lay a heap av splinters beside the rails. The ingineer was wondherin' fwhat was up, an' if his pilot was stove in, whin he rounded the curve below the spur to the mine—an' jammed in his throttle hard.

"Lyin' crosswise av the irons was a freight car half stove in, an' piled on top av ut the wheels an' brake beams an' bodies av ither cars. The crew av the Overland run forward, knowin' only 'twas a runaway forninst thim, an' thot for some reason ut had piled utsilf up at the switch. Yet why ut shud have done so they cud not see. 'Twas mesilf, arrivin' a minut later, discovered the reason.

"Sin, findin' the stand locked, had jumped wid all his might on the lever thot throws the points an' had bruck ut short off. Ut was an ould type av switch, ye ondherstand, an' the lever was av cast iron. But this lift him no way to move the points excipt to pry thim over, an' 'twas this he did. He was not able to swing the cars into the spur; but 'twas enough to ditch the forward thruck. They did the rest thimsilves."

"HOW do you know that Sin broke the switch lever?" I asked of Tim when the mail had gone past and we were once more under way. "Perhaps it was smashed when the runaway jumped."

The conductor looked up from the report he was writing at the desk in the corner of the caboose.

"'Twas underneath the cars we found him—wid the broken iron in his hands."



THE highest grade smoking tobacco made—80 Cents a pound.

The 80 cent TOBACCO in the Handy 5¢ TIN

But packed in a tin just HALF the ordinary size.

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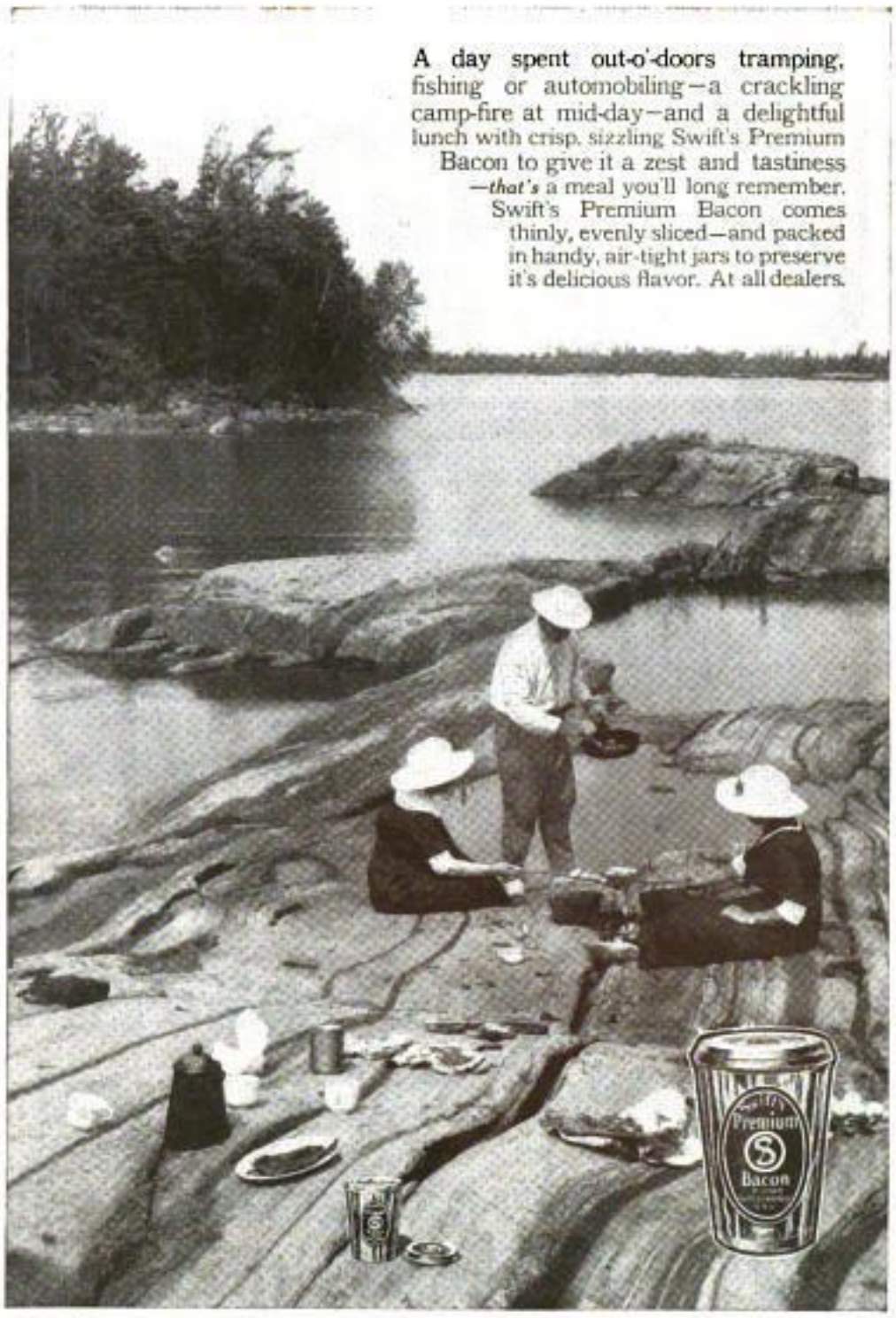


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"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

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A day spent out-o'-doors tramping, fishing or automobiling—a crackling camp-fire at mid-day—and a delightful lunch with crisp, sizzling Swift's Premium Bacon to give it a zest and tastiness —*that's* a meal you'll long remember. Swift's Premium Bacon comes thinly, evenly sliced—and packed in handy, air-tight jars to preserve it's delicious flavor. At all dealers.

A Mess o' Things

[Concluded from page 18]

rooms. Miss Edgemont came in alone, her rakish little hat bent far over her eyes. She did not see me at first, though she was walking straight toward the manager.

"Say, Mr. Simpson," she asked abruptly, "did Hublène come over with Bronson?"

"She—why, she—" he stammered. "Say, you tell her—" he blurted in odd confusion, turning to me.

"Tell me what?" she demanded, staring at me with her beady little eyes. "What's the matter?"

"It's not very serious," I said. "Miss de Trouville has been hurt a little in an automobile accident: her left wrist is fractured, I believe."

"Are you talking straight, or is it worse?" she asked breathlessly.

"I'm rather sure it's not anything serious," I replied stiffly.

"But where is she?" she whirled suddenly upon the manager. "Say, I'll have to get off, I'll have to," she insisted.

"You know darned well you can't," he retorted briskly; "we're short on altos and you know it."

She nodded, sighed a little, and pulled at his sleeve as he turned away.

"Let my friend up while I dress," she pleaded. "I—she—" and somehow in spite of my protests she dragged me up the little stairway with her.

"Spiel away," she demanded, flinging her hat into the corner and pulling out a chair for me. "I'm in a hurry, too. It won't take you long, and I'm that fussed—just tell me."

"I don't know very much about it," I answered, ignoring the chair. "She's in a small hospital at Lafayette, a town quite near here."

"How'd she get there?" she snapped.

"She was in an automobile accident," I answered stupidly. "Mr. Miner—"

She interrupted me with pitiful eagerness.

"Say, leave her name out, can't you? Jus' say 'one of th' chorus' or somethin' like that, jus' as a favor. Course she only went in fun, but it wouldn't look good, not in a paper. Was that Bird Bronson with 'em? Did she get hurt too?"

SHE was tucking her collar behind the mirror by this time, and before I could answer she had caught sight of a small folded slip in the frame and was snatching it open with an eager jerk. I saw her eyes shift swiftly over the writing, saw her mouth tighten—then she swayed forward in a limp heap at my feet.

I managed to drag her to the faucet I saw dripping in the corner, but she was conscious even before the drops touched her pale cheeks. She was more self-possessed than I.

"There's brandy—" she murmured stoically, "some—in the bottle—in my bag."

I fumbled helplessly, and finally dumped the entire contents in a jingling heap on the disordered dressing table. Even in my nervous hurry I was conscious of the miniature case lying in the untidy heap. She gulped down the liquid, sat up, and laughed mirthlessly.

"J'ever see such a knockout?" she said; "hain't I th' limit?"

"Shall I call some one?" I asked.

"I—I'd ruther not see any of th' push jus' now," she pleaded. "Can't you hang 'round jus' a minute? I'll be all right then." She stared at the bit of paper in her fingers, crumpled it, and struggled to her feet.

"Hain't I th' fool?" she sobbed suddenly, "th' awful fool! I thought I could keep her straight an' square!" She smoothed the creases from the sheet and held it out to me.

"Dear Moll:" I read. "I am going to beat it. I am sick of working all the time. Don't throw a fit, it's not worth it. You are awful good but I am sick of being so darn poor. Nell."

I read it over twice, trying to think of something to say when I should have to look at her.

"Hain't I th' 'riginal easy mark?" she moaned, "hain't I? Thinking if you put a girl wise to th' rotten side of th' game she jus' naturally wants to keep square. 'Tain't 'sif she was a greenie like me!"

She sat down on her trunk and stared at the wall unseeingly. Outside a boy's voice shouted some unintelligible cry and she got up wearily.

"Say, could you stay long 'nough to fasten me?" she asked. "Won't take you but a minute and I—"

As she flung the gaudy skirts over her head she blurted out angrily:

"It's this damn business. If I could only make enough at somethin' else to keep us goin'! I tried a laundry once when she was little, but I couldn't stand it. I tried shops. They look like a cinch, but I couldn't figger enough; there didn't seem to be nothin' else."

"Miss Edgemont," I stammered, "really, you shouldn't feel so badly about it. Mr. Miner was killed—maybe that will make her see what a mistake she was making. And she isn't badly hurt."

"Hurt!" she turned her tired eyes upon me in ironic disgust; she did not seem to care what had become of Mr. Miner. She stared grotesquely from the penciled lines she had just drawn mechanically about her lashes. "Hurt! My God, what a fool you are! I wish she'd been killed too and had it over with!" She was facing me squarely now and her voice shook with her rage. "Do you know what it means? What if the one is dead? It'll be just some other one some day! Why, she didn't even care nothin' about him! She jus'—jus'—"

SHE choked herself into silence as she swung about for me to fasten the dress. She gave terse directions in a quiet tone, but she flung her scattered belongings into her bag with such fury that it frightened me. Suddenly she began shaking again with suppressed sobbing. She was looking at the miniature.

"Gee, she was sweet," she wailed. "I spent my last red gettin' this. I thought if he saw it—if he saw what a peach she was, he'd give her a fair chance—"

"He?" I asked stupidly.

Her eyelids drooped and she flushed under the rouge and powder. "Her father is Perce Miner's Uncle Jim," she said defiantly. "I—I—" then she faltered. "I didn't tell before, not even her. But I don't care now who knows. I reckon I might as well drag th' whole business out—I'm so dead tired—" She stooped for the little gilt stool she had to carry in the first dance. "I'm so sick and tired."

She did not look at me any more.

"I guess," she said as wistfully as a child, "you—you don't know how it is to always live in a mess o' things, trying to straighten out how to square 'em. You can't. You can't never. Not if you've once made a mess o' them."

THE confusion outside grew noisier, a bell sounded shrilly, and she opened the door. On the threshold she hesitated and then thrust something hurriedly into my hand. It was the miniature.

"You've been dead good," she stammered. "Will you take it? I bet I'll smash it, seeing I feel so, and its— I know I ought not to be mad with her, but—why, I hain't all to blame! I was jus' a greenie, nobody'd ever told me. It's differunt with her: she knew what she was doin'!"

My broad heels clumped metallically down the iron stairway as her dancing slippers clicked lightly a step behind me. On the stage below I could see the hurrying chorus, the crude brick walls, and the seamy side of the scenery. I blinked as a shaft of colored light swung across the space. At the foot of the stairs she paused.

"I didn't mean to throw such a fit," she murmured, "you're being sort of—oh, I jus' got going. I haven't took on so not since—since I found out first what a mess I was in. Somehow this part's the worst of it! I got to get on th' job," she ended hurriedly. "Good-by!"

I stood quite still staring at the silly little face of the miniature through my tears. A sudden draft swept across the stage as the curtain lifted perfunctorily. The lines of chorus girls marked time daintily with their satin toes, swayed like a cloud of fluttering butterflies, and danced into the circle of light. In a moment more I could distinguish Miss Edgemont's lusty alto as a foolish burst of song blared forth.

I USED to have the usual high-brow notions about the tragic muse—Clytemnestra in trailing robes or Ophelia with her rosemary and rue—but they seem rather shadowy and indistinct. Somehow I always see in their stead a woman with hopeless eyes under a silly wig, a woman with a drooping mouth half hidden by a carmine "Cupid's bow," a woman who keeps her weary body swaying to ragtime while her despairing voice patiently lifts itself in a perpetual song of mirth.

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Helen Duffy of Troy

(Concluded from page 6)

people, too, young Dan said. I'm sure he must 'a' been right about it."

"They surely were beautiful women in Greece in those days, and I have no doubt that the women of Greece are just as beautiful now."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, so I have heard oft. Young Regan made great talk about Queen Helen an' her like an' her sure feet an' her shinin' brow an' the grand soft airs av her. Well, an' if work's a fine thing to be doin' in the daytime, sure a beautiful woman is a fine thing to be comin' home to when the light is over an' the dark is comin' down on these dirty streets."

WE were back again at the corner of Allen Street.

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Maria Mantrelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over, but he only smiled and kept on beating time on the curb with his broad foot. The old man cavorted over to the stand and looked at the fruit seller. He held his hands in front of him and rubbed his red-haired fingers together. All the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. Split-nose Regan gripped his club. He could see the house sergeant enter his name at the desk. But the mature judgment of Split-nose was at fault. Before his disgusted sight the old soft-mannered man bought three oranges.

"Here, me fine cop," he said to Split-nose, "won't ye ate wan av these with me? Ye done me a kindly turn this mornin', an' I'm not the man to forget ye. Now that Greek is what I call a fine-lookin' lad. Did ye ever hear what a fine, grand fightin' race the Greeks are?"

Split-nose Regan heard the call of the blood. The hurdy-gurdy tune went false. He pitched the orange on the pavement and flattened it with his broad foot. "G'wan, or I'll run ye in, ye shameless old fool."

"Man, have ye never heard av the great fight av Thermopylæ or av the fine shinin' beauty av Helen av Troy?"

THE heavy hand of Split-nose closed on Duffy's shoulder, and with a shove he sent the old man reeling down the street.

"G'wan, ye old lunatic, or I'll put ye to sleep on a plank."

Split-nose Regan scratched his divided proboscis, chased little Maria Mantrelli into the house, and drove the hurdy-gurdy man more than half a block.

Statement Made in Compliance with the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

Of COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, published WEEKLY at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of July, 1913.

E. M. McCORMICK,
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NEW YORK COUNTY No. 79,
NEW YORK REGISTER No. 4096.
(Commission expires March 30, 1915.)

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Form 3526

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The Story of Jones

SUPPOSING you had been raised on a farm, had the regulation farm boy's strength and appetite, could do a man's work before midway in your teens. . . .

For seven long years, his limbs twisted by rheumatism, this man lay on his bed, helpless. He was compelled to lie on his back. "My ambition at that time," he told me, "was to be able, some day, to turn over on my side." Think of that! Think of looking forward to a day when the boon of being allowed to turn over on your side would be granted you—you, with your strong body and your health and your greater demands.

"Money had to be earned," he said. "Since I could not use my body, tortured and twisted as it was by pain, I was compelled to use my head. I remembered that the folks in New England had made sausage that was so good that all the neighbors wanted it. 'Why can't we make sausage and sell it?' I asked myself.

"And so we began making sausage in a little room off my kitchen in the winter of 1889–1890. I couldn't walk. I couldn't work. All I could do was to lie there after the boys had carried me out and tell them how to do it. For four years I grew steadily worse. But I always planned for sausage-making in the winter as the trade kept increasing year by year. You know what we have done since."

Yes, I know what has been done since. Starting with a hand machine in a room off the kitchen, the business has grown in less than 25 years to one that brings in hundreds of thousands of dollars every season.

And all this has been done by a man, who, since that day of the rheumatic visitation nearly thirty years ago, has not walked a step unassisted by crutches, and who today is compelled to say, "The only garment I can put on or off is my hat."

* * * * * *

It is because you are human and therefore have your dark days that this story of Jones is offered to you. You have known times when life didn't seem worth while living, when unsurmountable obstacles filled your path, when the light of faith and hope was extinguished, and you wanted to chuck the whole thing and ask the Great Executive for a new deal. But when those obstacles come in the future—as they surely will—you will remember this story of Jones. "What Jones has done with his twisted body," you will say, "I can do with this strong human machine which my will directs." Jones, if you believe him, is a maker of sausage. But those of us who know him see him as a builder of faith and hope and courage.

Mr. Jones told those who attended the Baltimore Convention how advertising helped him achieve success. Without it he could not have won his great fight.

(Reprinted from an article by Thomas Dreier, in "Associated Advertising," June, 1913.)

This tribute is written about Milo C. Jones, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. Except for the closing sentence, you might think that it comes outside the scope of an "advertising editorial." Even if it did, I should be glad to pass along to you this tribute of that man's wonderful grit; I wish I had space for the entire article.

But, even properly subordinated as it is, the part played by advertising is noteworthy. Without any appeal to sympathy, but solely as an ordinary maker of a good product, advertising has enabled Mr. Jones to tell millions of people that Jones' sausages are good sausages—and to sell his product to thousands, at a reasonable profit to himself.

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 128

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What's in that Summer Drink You Like?

THE so-called "harmless" summer-drink is too often about as harmful as it can be made. *You* can't tell the difference by the taste or the looks or the smell.

Last month, the New York Health Department raided a large "soft-drink" factory in Brooklyn and condemned some 9000 bottles of "soda", "sarsaparilla", "ginger ale", etc. *Why?* Because the stuff had been bottled amid stable filth. Because analysis showed that it was not only unclean, but consisted of dangerous chemicals instead of the natural flavors and ingredients it was supposed to contain—saccharin instead of sugar, at a tenth of the cost; soap bark to make bubbles and foam, salicylic acid for preserving; imitation flavors and colors made from coal tar; muriatic and citric acids—all drugs and strong chemicals. Not a single real flavor, color or ingredient in the place.

And this is only *one* case of hundreds—*all* because you and a few million others buy your summer drinks by guess-work.

But you don't need to guess about your soft drinks. There is no reason why you should let these frauds fill you and your children with dangerous drugs.

Get The Westfield Book of Pure Foods (The Third Edition (110,000) now off press). Look under "Beverages" and buy any one of those mentioned, and you are absolutely safe.

Don't think you can protect yourself by vigilance alone, because you can't. The most widely sold drink in the country is doctored with caffeine, and a few million people are taking this heart stimulant—in dangerous quantities.

The Westfield Book will solve the soft-drink question surely, easily and safely, and at the same time it will settle the rest of your food problems. A simple, handy, classified, indexed book of the pure brands of foods and drinks sifted out of many thousands analyzed at the Laboratories at Westfield, "the Pure Food Town", during the past ten years. No product is mentioned in it except after unquestionable proof by unbiased analysis of its absolute purity and food value. No product is excluded from it after analysis except for failure to come up to its standards.

You can trust the Westfield Book absolutely. It was compiled for the interest of the unprotected consumer, *and nobody else.* It is distributed direct by the Board of Health, which guarantees its reliability, and the expenses of this campaign to make it known are paid for partly by "Collier's Weekly" and chiefly by 26 public-spirited manufacturers who believe in pure foods and drinks, and want the people—you and others like you—to know the *facts* concerning foods and drinks.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods makes you *sure* your foods and drinks are *pure,* and does it instantly, without study, knowledge or bother on your part. Send the coupon and 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health today.



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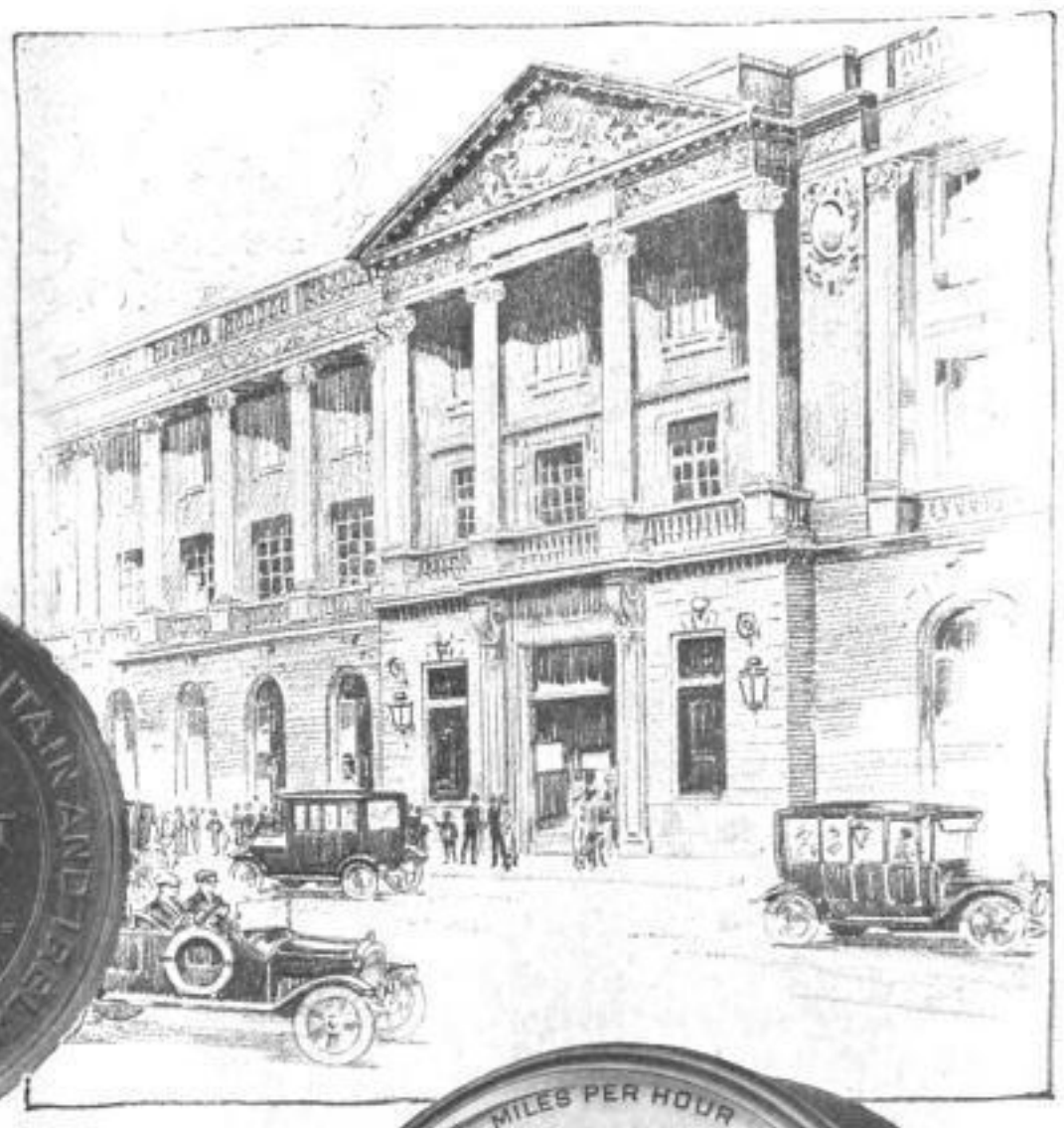
Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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The *Only* Speedometer that *ever* won this *Medal*



The Medal of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland presented to the Jones Speedometer.



The Royal Automobile Club London

HERE is a medal presented to us by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, regarded in Europe as the world's final authority on questions of motor car supremacy. Automobile engineers the world over know the rigid standards this club maintains. They know that this medal means vastly more than the usual prize an article wins. The Jones Speedometer, in winning it, gained the Royal Automobile Club's unqualified endorsement. No other speed indicator had before, or has since, secured it.

The Reason

A few years ago eleven speed indicators of American and foreign make were matched by this club in a thirty-day test. They were taken from stock by club officials and run, at all speeds, for 2,000 miles.

These are the points on which they competed to show the worth of each.

1st—Accuracy
2nd—Durability
3rd—Effect of Reversing the car on subsequent Accuracy
4th—Price
5th—Rapidity of Response to Speed Variations
6th—Simplicity
7th—Steadiness of Reading

Only one instrument finished the test with a score that showed perfection. *That was the Jones Speedometer.* The next five in order were foreign made. Another speedometer of American make finished in seventh place.

The Jones won on every point by wide margins. Thousands of motorists show that this test proved absolute superiority.

The Result

The Jones won, overnight, a vast popularity—and the leadership in Europe. Our factories were run night and day to meet the new demand.

The King of England, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, and the Kings of Spain, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Siam, ordered Jones instruments in special cases. The presidents of Switzerland and France placed the Jones on their private cars. So did hundreds of the famous nobility, world-renowned motorists and engineers.

Speedometers Little Changed

For seven years the Jones has led in the European field. The Jones of that time could hardly be bettered. And speedometers then built on different principles are built practically the same way today.

So what the Jones did in this club's test would probably be repeated now.

No other speedometer in later tests has taken the Jones' laurels.

And every Jones since is a practical duplicate of the stock instrument that won this medal. A reproduction of this medal is stamped on the dial of every Jones. No other instrument can show it. Don't you want this speedometer on your car? Some 200,000 American Cars will be equipped with the Jones this year in addition to the thousands abroad.

Write for These Records

Send us your name and address on a post card and we'll send you figures and facts compiled after competitive temperature tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute and The United States Bureau of Standards in which the Jones showed ABSOLUTE ACCURACY. Any maker will put on the Jones, if you say so, regardless of the speedometer he may list in his catalog.



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THE JONES SPEEDOMETER, Broadway at 76th Street, New York

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER

P.S.—Another Gold Medal Awarded

Special Cable, Jones Speedometer, Turin, Italy, June 12, 1913—"Gold Medal awarded Jones today."—Markt & Co.

Turin, Italy, is the home of the Fiat and other famous foreign cars.

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Shredded Wheat

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The housewife who knows the nutritive value of Shredded Wheat and the many delicious fruit combinations that can be made with it may banish kitchen worry and household care.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. It is a natural, elemental food. It is not flavored or seasoned with anything and hence does not deteriorate in the market. The consumer flavors or seasons it to suit his own taste. It is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with fruits.

The Only Breakfast Cereal Made in Biscuit Form

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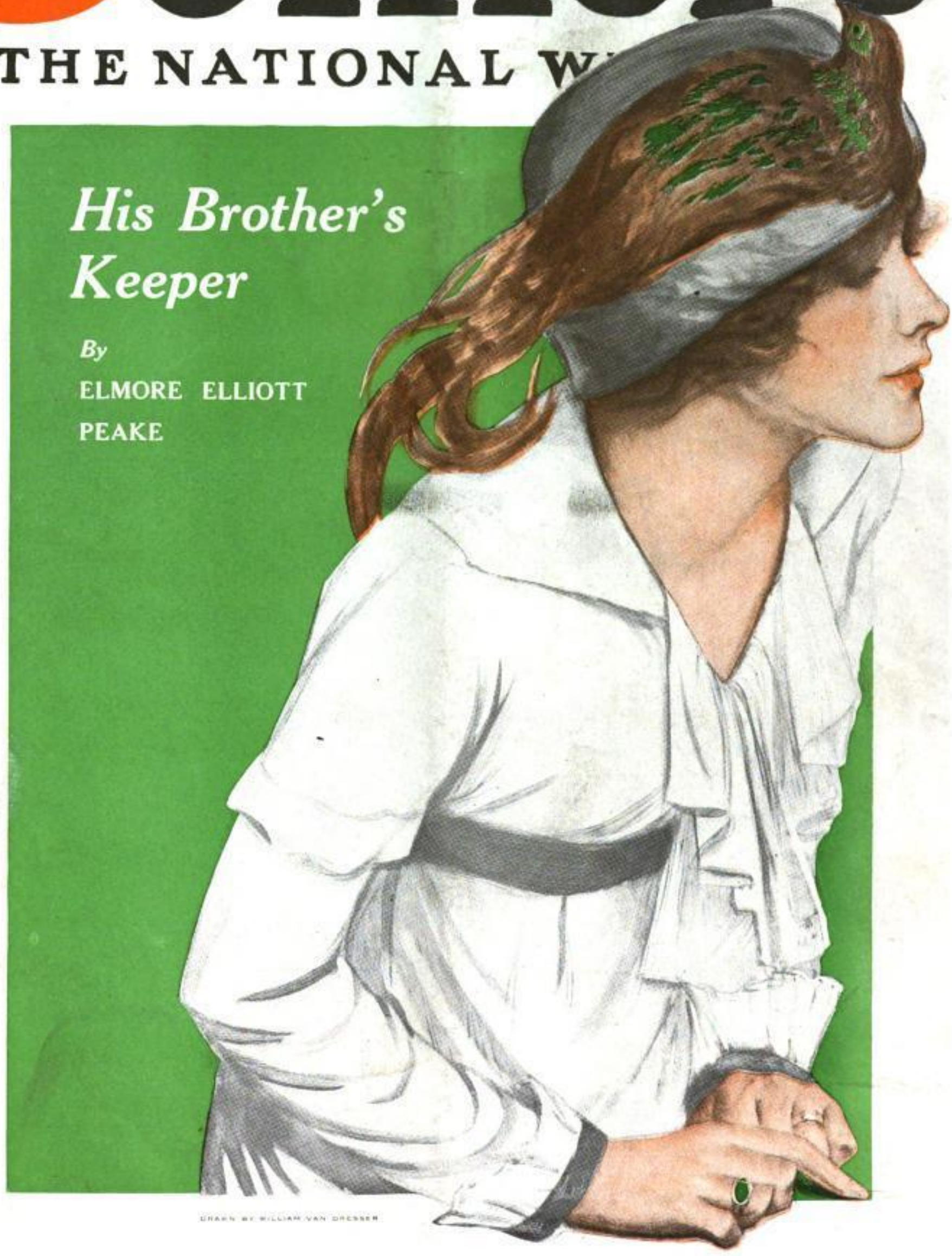
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THE NATIONAL W

His Brother's Keeper

By

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

VOL FIFTY-ONE NO 20

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AUGUST 2 1913

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Modern-Efficient-Reliable
For Practically
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AUTO-LITE ELECTRIC STARTING and LIGHTING SYSTEM



Will spin a six cylinder engine, 3¾" bore by 5¼" stroke, compression 60 lbs.—at over 100 revolutions per minute (greatly above necessary speed for positive starting) with a current demand of 95 amperes at 6 volts.

THE PIONEER 6 VOLT STARTING SYSTEM

Manufacturers, also, of high grade automobile lighting and ignition systems

This Coupon Saves You 40c

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.,
100 Michigan Street, Toledo, Ohio.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me your handbook.

Name.....

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Get This Book

Send for our "Handbook on the Care and Operation of Automobile Electric Systems", a book so full of interesting information on ***all modern electric systems*** that no automobile owner can afford to be without it.

Explains in detail, functions of the various parts—how to locate and remedy troubles of all kinds,—embraces ***all electrical automobile systems.***

The ***large operation chart*** which it contains is alone worth the price.

Regular price 50c. Will be sent to you for 10c in stamps if you use this coupon.

The Electric Auto-Lite Company
100 Michigan Street, Toledo, Ohio
BRANCHES: New York Detroit Kansas City San Francisco

The Electric Auto-Lite Company, as an organization, is financially and mechanically able to handle contracts of any size—to furnish apparatus which will meet your requirements in every detail—whether for starting, lighting or ignition purposes.

"Who filches my good name"

By William H. Ingersoll

In the following statement, Mr. Ingersoll points out the motive that is back of "Price Cutting" and warns his readers of the "hook" that is so adroitly concealed in the alluring "bait."

Mr. Ingersoll, who is Marketing Manager for the "Ingersoll" watch, has made an exhaustive study of the subject of "Price Maintenance" and writes with authority on this interesting topic. Like Louis D. Brandeis, the great People's Lawyer, Mr. Ingersoll believes that uniform prices to all encourages individual enterprise; and, in the face of uneducated public opinion, he has taken a bold stand for this principle which he believes to be for the greater good of by far the greater number.

SINCE the inception of trade the great struggle has been for the buyer to be sure of getting the quality he paid for. In the nature of things the seller knows more about the goods than the buyer. It is the *tailor's* business to know clothes, not the wearer's. The wearer is dependent upon the tailor.

And through the ages, custom and the law have licensed the seller to lie about his wares. "Let the Buyer beware" runs the old legal maxim, saying in effect, "how can you expect the seller to confine himself to the truth about the thing he seeks to sell you?"

The day has only dawned when it is respectable to be in business at all. Trade has been the despised calling of the cheat and trickster. Nobility was restricted to idleness or statecraft or learning. Even the teacher, the lawyer, and the doctor of this day affect to look down upon the commerce which withal supplies their daily needs.

What an advance then in human affairs when men came to think enough of the products they wrought to mark their names upon them, that buyers might identify them for repeated purchase when, after trial, their quality had proven satisfactory.

What a saver of labor has the trade-mark become, sparing us the need of perpetual experimentation with strange and unknown qualities and economizing time spent in testing and examining what after all we are qualified to judge only after use.

With the help of the trade-mark a simple name has come to stand in place of lengthy specifications and the littlest child can say "Ivory," "Uneeda," "Heinz," "Arrow," "1847" with the assurance of getting precisely the same as the seasoned grown-up.

How great a wealth it is to the people in modern life to have these familiar guide-marks as signs of the maker's confidence in his handiwork and how great a wealth to the maker to have the public confidence in exchange.

But centuries of deceitfulness could not but have left their mark upon emerging business and the wolf of the market-place, feigning benevolent value-giving, contrives to ply his trade under cover of the fair names of the country's commerce.

"*Bargain*" is his store cry; and to bolster up his claims on the myriad unknown values in his stock, he quotes the favorite, standard trade-marks at half price, suffering a temporary loss on the things we *know*, to cast a spell under which we may believe what he *says* of the worth of what we *do not know*.

A Bargain! But at a double price! We buy our friendly trade-mark cheap only to pay back our momentary saving with usury on nondescript commodities, for the economic law is no respecter of persons, and what is sacrificed in one place must needs be recouped in another.

But as we respond to the lure of the cut price on the known value, the important thing is not that, in the gamble for more than our money's worth, we lose on subsequent turns of the wheel what we were permitted to win on the first. That is only the old story, for if the novice could but stop while he's ahead, the gambler would go out of business.

It is the after-effect that is important. A wrong has been perpetrated wherein the good names of the market's choicest brands are tossed into the pot for the exploitation of our cupidity. For a petty evanescent saving, we suffer hard-won reputations to be bled and permanently sacrificed. Unknowingly, our love of gain makes us accomplices in the device of the conjurer whereby, to serve his ends, we are led to deprive ourselves and neighbors of the future benefits of the markets' trusted brands. For the cut price on the standard article is a travesty on merchandising. It is not a *bona fide* bid for business. It incurs a loss on the one who offers it, and its purpose is to mislead.

How can we know that the reason for selling it without profit is to spread the erroneous impression that we suffer extortionate charges when we trade with our home merchant who may not indulge in the pea-and-shell game, but who exacts no greater profit on the goods that we *don't* know than on those that we *do?*

How can we be expected to reason that the artificial price-reduction lowers the worth of the brand in public estimation, and makes business thereafter impossible at the true worth? And with the profit gone, who will keep on sale the trade-marks that have meant so much to us?

The *Cut Price*, emblem of the gilded emporium which underpays its sales-girls, fattens off the products of the sweat-shop, grinds down the factory toiler and makes for the low levels of civilization and living! It's hour has struck. The light of day is dissipating its shadows and we are coming to learn that our safety lies in holding fast to the names that we have found good and, upon "bargain days," to *take only the brands of proven worth, avoiding promiscuous strangers that seek an introduction on the strength of their companionship on the bargain counter with old acquaintances.*

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Willys Utility Truck

$1250

(Chassis Only)

The first truck of this power and capacity to be sold below $1500

Too much stress has been laid on the efficiency of the truck as an economic factor, and too little or no attention has been paid to the matter of initial costs. You have read a vast amount of comparative economic data in reference to the operation and application of trucks to your business—all of which was very fitting, proper and right. You have heard considerable about *truck costs vs. horse costs.* But so far, the simple subject of *truck costs vs. truck costs* has been ignored.

This is due to various reasons. The most prominent of which is the inability of most manufacturers to produce trucks on a large enough scale to effect any practical reduction in the retail selling price.

But this is exactly what we have done.

The Willys Utility truck is being manufactured in lots of ten thousand and *this is what brings down the price.* This is the largest production of trucks ever attempted.

It is the first really standardized truck the world has ever had.

It means that we have developed this truck to a point where it can be manufactured not only this year on a large scale, but year in and year out on a large scale.

The design, all of the individual parts, its methods of control, operation, etc. are staple. Every individual part is interchangeable. Standardizing a truck on this basis has made possible economies that have materially reduced the manufacturing costs, and in turn, *reduced the retail selling price to you.*

This truck has a powerful thirty-five horsepower motor, which is controlled by our patented governor. It is impossible for the truck to be driven over eighteen miles an hour. It has a heavily reinforced pressed steel frame; both the front and rear axles are unusually rugged; it has a three-speed transmission—three forward and one reverse; it has 34x4½ pneumatic tires on the front, and 36x3½ solid tires on the rear. The distribution of weight is correctly solved.

We can supply bodies adaptable to any line of business.

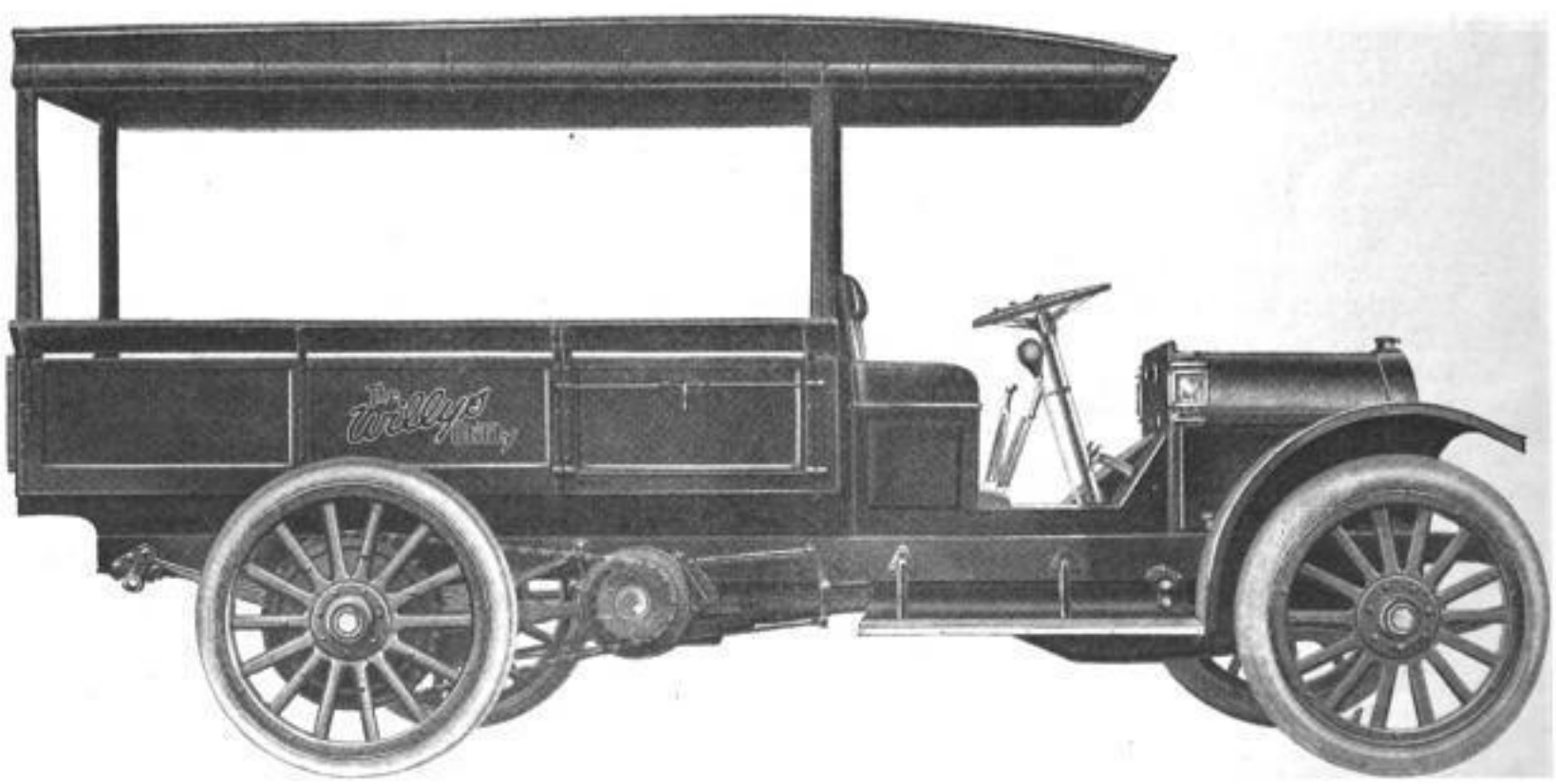
If you haul things you can use one or more of these Willys Utility trucks to advantage.

This is the lowest priced truck of this size, power and capacity that has ever been offered.

Look up our nearest dealer. If there is none near you, write us direct. Specifications, literature and all advice gratis.

Please address Dept. 4

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



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JUL 29 '91

His Brother's Keeper



By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THIS homespun mountaineering drama, with its rugged characters in the grip of the everlasting passions, stirs the blood with the pulse of genuine romance. The soul of Pecksniff is still ubiquitous on earth, and Mr. Peake has drawn him in the Appalachians and given him force and power.

MOUNT OLIVET CHURCH was a welter of humanity. An immovable press of mountaineers stood at the rear, each open window framed a group of faces, the aisles were blocked with dogs and sleeping children, and around the crude altar rail penitents knelt five ranks deep. Outside, a sweet, balsamic air fingered the plumes of the pines, but inside, the mass of hot bodies and the carboniferous breath of kerosene lamps had generated a stifling effluvium.

The pastor and a corps of lay assistants inched their way among the bowed converts, clapping their hands, singing, praying in undertones, droning consolatory texts into the ears of sobbing women, and ever and anon emitting loud and fervent ejaculations of a hortatory nature. But at last, near eleven o'clock, when the lamps were burning low, the pastor returned to the pulpit.

"Brothers and sisters," said he, after hushing the babel beneath him, "the hour grows late and many of you have far to go. The spirit is willing but the flesh fainteth; so we'll draw this last glorious meeting to a close. I have one new convert to announce—Azalea Pilgrim. She helt out fer a long time, but in the eleventh hour Christ has prevailed. Give her the right hand of fellowship before you leave. Brother Falligant, pronounce the benediction."

THE youngish man who responded was known as an "exhorter"—a sort of understudy to the pastor. His half-bald crown presented a striking contrast to the thick manes of the mountaineers, and the huge, round lenses that framed his weak, blinking eyes gave him a quizzical look which elicited a titter from some boys as he mounted the platform. Nevertheless, he dismissed the audience fluently, in a loud, sonorous voice. Moreover, after giving the right hand of fellowship to Azalea Pilgrim, the prettiest girl on Little Thunder, he stuck to her side like a burr, thus thwarting the aspirations of several young bucks loitering about the door.

Azalea, however, was rather unresponsive to his enthusiastic comments on the successful "protracted meetings"—possibly because her little brother Booko, stumbling sleepily along the road, with his hand in hers, commanded most of her attention.

"I reckon I needn't tell you, Zaley," he presently ventured, with a personal note, "how happy I be over the step you have took to-night. I've prayed fer it ever since the meetin's begun. Do you feel the new birth yit?"

"Stand up, Booko!" she exclaimed, as the child's legs buckled beneath him and threw his weight upon her arm. Rather wearily she added to Deaton Falligant: "Not yet. I suppose it don't come to all."

"It'll come to you!" he declared. "You've got a speritual nature. You ain't lived like the beasts of the field, which is more'n kin be said of some. Also, you been down Below to school. You've expanded your mind. All you needed was an awakenin'. You're some upset now, of cose. But peace and c'am will come. They always do to people with a soul. And don't think you got to live in a vale o' tears from now on. You'll give up dancin', of cose. You'll give up vain and frivolous companions. But you'll be glad to, because you won't find no pleasure in 'em any more. . . . Zaley, you'll give up Rick!"

THE last sentence was expelled with the explosive effect of a pistol shot. A tense silence followed. Presently, after furtive peerings in the dark at his companion's face, Deaton observed that she was weeping. A ghostly smile flitted across his sharp, hatchet face—the kind of a smile with which a Spanish inquisitor might have watched the soul of a burning heretic escape from its vile tenement of clay.

"You'll give him up," he continued, in his swift, fervid manner, "because the savor will go out of him fer you. Love is blind. Otherwise, the merridge mill would come to a standstill fer want o' grist. But your eyes have been opened by the Holy Ghost.

"Rick's only my harf brother, to be sure; but I allus treated him like a full one. I've pulled him outen more scrapes than you have fingers and toes. I've spent good money on him. Yet he hates me like pizen. Once he tried to run me thoo with a pitchfork, and it war only the grace of God, lendin' wings to my heels, that saved me. He's been a snare and a stumblin'block to you, a millstone around your neck, tollin' you off to dances and infares at Hoss Crick and Ten Sleep, when you'd oughter been at home and in bald, or leastways settin' up with some stiddy feller as could provide you with the proper ways and means of life."

He checked his seething torrent at a deprecating motion of Azalea's head, and after a moment struck another key:

"I ain't settin' in jedgment. Jedge not lest you be jedged, the Book says. I ain't sayin' he's bad at heart. He—"

"He was always good to his mother," the girl interposed, tenderly. "He never spoke a cross word to her. He never let her split a stick of wood."

"No. He's jest weak—a wild, harum-scarum boy, drinkin', turnin' night into day, lettin' off firearms when people air asleep, hankerin' fer a hoss race or a turkey shoot, fightin' at the drap of the hat, hidin' out agin the law, and finally stirrin' up a hornet's nest that druv him off the mounting altogether."

AZALEA lifted her eyes to the strip of starry sky showing between the fringes of the conifers which hemmed in the narrow road, and sighed deeply.

"He wa'n't to blame for that fight with the Cottongames," she observed, in a tremulous, minor strain. "They laywaid him, three to one, and he whipped 'em all. He could have proved it in cote. He didn't have to go Below. He went to get a job, and after he'd saved a little money he was—" She broke off abruptly.

"He war comin' back fer you!" finished Deaton sarcastically. "So he *said*. But did he do it? Has he came? He's been gone now nigh on to eighteen months. You ain't heerd from him but two or three times. Bein' postmaster, I know. And that war right after he left, when likely as not he war homesick enough to hug a yaller dog from this mounting. He never even answered your letter tellin' him of his mammy's death. Mebbe he couldn't write. Mebbe he didn't have the price of a stamp. I ain't sayin'—I leave it to you to jedge.

"But, Zaley, some men nachally fergit a girl the minute their back is turnt. Out o' sight, out o' mind. Rick's that kind. He war chasin' calico over this mounting afore his beard war as hard as the fuzz on a gopher's ear. Mebbe he loved you. I reckon he did. But everything p'ints to the fact that he don't no more. He's gone now. He'll never come back, in my opinion. And sence you've had to give him up in body, why can't you give him up in sperit?"

"Oh, Deat!" she wailed, as if his words had pierced her heart's holy of hollies. "I have give him up! I didn't want to tell anybody—it didn't seem fair to him—but I give him up before I went to the altar to-night. That's what held me back so long!"

Falligant recoiled as if she had struck at him.

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Then there leaped from his lips a joyous, almost ecstatic cry:

"Praise God! Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

HE lay awake half the night, tossing on a tumultuous sea of hopes and fears. The next day, though usually as busy as a chipmunk gathering chinquapins in the fall, he moved about his crossroads store like a man in a trance. His little, yellow, red-rimmed eyes, with their pin-point pupils, filmed in revery behind his odd spectacles, and he often stood stock-still, for a minute at a time, abstractedly passing one long, bony, freckled hand through the other. Stranger yet, he granted a week of grace to a man whose horse he held in chattel mortgage, and he trusted old Meeker Ames for a jug of whisky—for though Deat scorned to drink the stuff he did not hesitate to dispense it.

Ordinarily the store remained open until bedtime, for he sold more cartridges—usually to rollstering gangs of youth—between nine and eleven than during the remaining twenty-two hours. But to-day he retired at five o'clock to his living room in the rear, and, not bothering to get supper, donned a white shirt, minus collar and cuffs, and his black Sunday suit. As an afterthought, he washed his grimy hands in a rusty tin basin and ran a broken comb through his sparse, reddish hair.

After locking the store he had a second afterthought, and stepping inside again he stuffed a package of smoking tobacco into his coat pocket for old Granny Pilgrim and counted a dozen ancient, glutinous gumdrops into a paper bag for little Booko. Then he took to the road with a long-strided, undulating gait that, in less than half an hour, devoured the two miles between his place and Azalea Pilgrim's home.

It was a humble home, for the Pilgrim clan, though a superior people, given to education and law-abiding, had been drawn into a feud five years before, which had exterminated two-thirds of its adult male members. There was only one room in which to sit, and Falligant presently asked for a private interview with Azalea.

"Zaley," he began eagerly, when they had found a seat on the unhewn granite horse block at the side of the picturesque, grass-grown, thicket-bordered road, "it's been a long time since I larst asked you to merry me. It would be still longer, but your conversion larst night and what you said about Rick signifies a great change in you; and all day to-day somethin' has kept hunchin' me and whisperin', 'Now is the accepted time.' Is it true, Zaley?"

WITH her hands clasped around one knee, Azalea gazed abstractedly at the distant, cloud-capped "Bald," as the treeless dome of the mountain is called. Her sad, brown eyes, pale cheeks, and plaintive mouth looked little like those of the belle of Little Thunder. But even grief could only subdue, not despoil her of, her youthful beauty; and Deaton Falligant watched her face with a doglike wistfulness in his eyes.

"No, Deat," she answered quietly.

"But why not?" he argued. "I know I'm twicet as old as you be—comin' thirty-nine. I know we differ in some things. Tain't my nature, fer instance, to resk your neck by racin' hosses with you, or make you shake your foot till sunup. But you've had enough of that—you're just that now. Turnin' to my credits, I'm comfably fixed. I'm wuth more, I reckon, than any man on this mounting 'cept Seabird Pentecost. I kin give you a good home. I'll build you as fine a house as ever you seen in Holly Tree. You won't have to work yourself to death. You kin have books and time to read 'em. You kin have pitchers on the wall. You kin have anything you want."

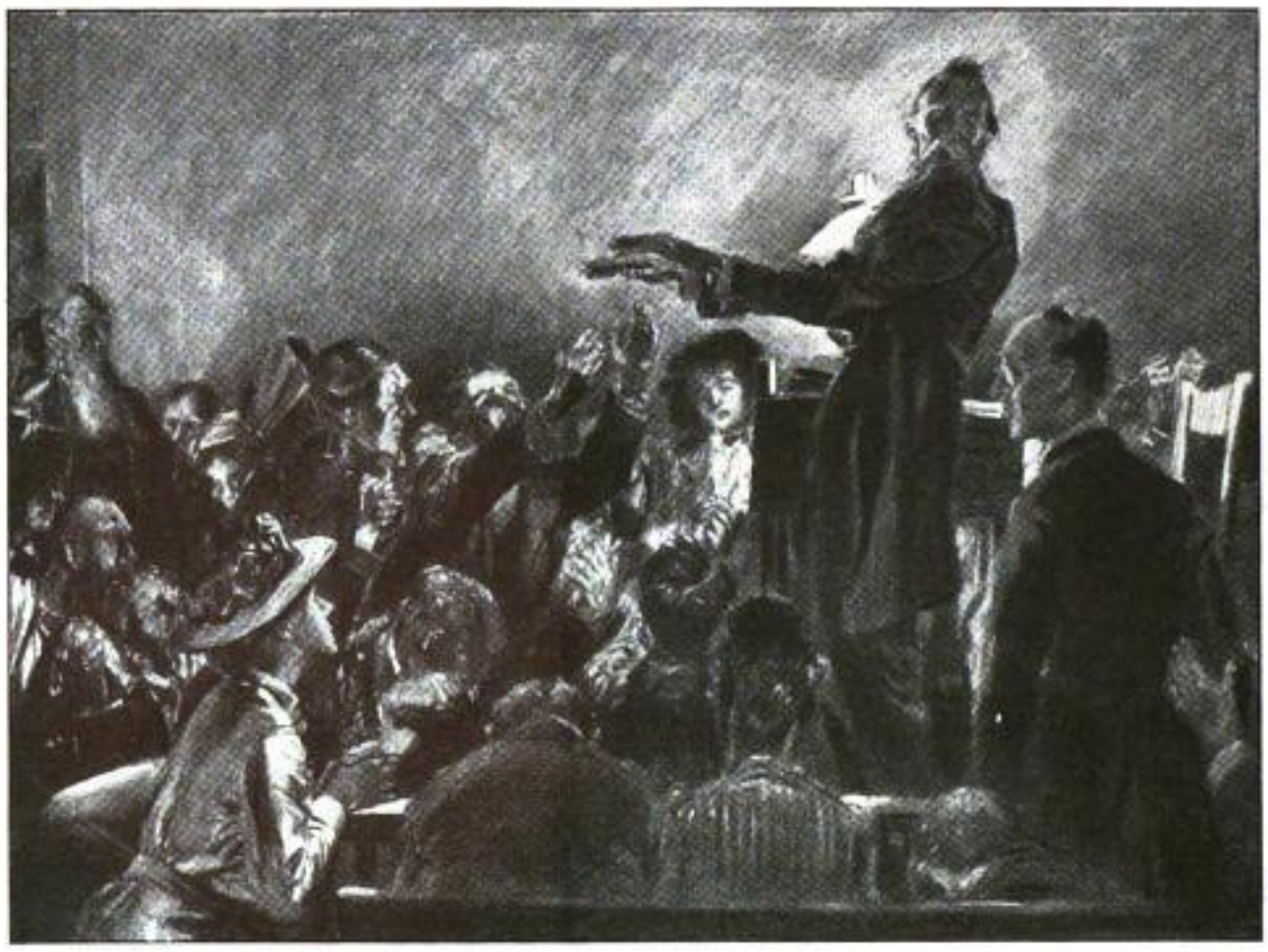
"I don't seem to want anything any more," she answered with a melancholy smile.

"Then there's your family to think of," he continued, brushing aside her objection. "Here's you and Granny and Angus and Booko. Angus air your mainstay and a good boy, too. But he'll up and merry in a year or two—come along a petticoat with the right swish to his ears. Then Granny and Booko will be on your hands. What'll you do? Teachin' summer school won't support 'em. Moreover and agin, speakin' of school, you've allus said you wished little Booko, when he shoots up manlike, could go down to a seminary, same as you did. Merry me and he kin do it. But how else? It's right he should go. More'n one of our boys have gone down yander to school and made somethin' of theirselves, which if they'd 'a' stayed up hyer they'd 'a' plowed cawn and drunk moonshine whisky the rest of their days—or got a .44 through their liver and lights."

"It's true, Deaton—all true. But there are some things a woman can't do. She can't—she can't marry one man and love another."

"You mean Rick!" he ejaculated harshly. "You said you'd give him up."

"I have. I wouldn't marry him if he walked up this road to-night and asked me. He isn't worthy. For more than a year he's let my heart starve when a line from him would have been as a feast for it. Yet I love him—oh, Deat, I shall love him till the day I die!"



"She helt out fer a long time, but in the eleventh hour Christ has prevailed. Brother Falligant, pronounce the benediction"

THE pathos of her cry, the nobility from which it sprang, stirred even the dry husks of Deaton Falligant's soul and tied his ready tongue for a moment. Then, with a color rarely seen in his sallow cheeks, he exclaimed passionately:

"It goes the same with me, Zaley. I love you. I've loved you ever since you plaited your ha'r down your back. I've loved you thoo thick and thin—when you war the pledged sweetheart of another man—when you laughed at me behind my back and told the other girls how often I'd asked you to merry me. And I'll allus love you, whether you merry me or not. That's why it hurt me so to see you pinin' away fer Rick. That's why I prayed and worked fer your conversion, knowin' that if you give him up it would be a thorn removed from your flesh."

"The wound is still there," she murmured, touching her handkerchief to her eyes.

"To be sure. But it'll heal, give it time. And I'm a-goin' to give *you* time. I ain't a-goin' to pester you any more fer a while."

They strolled down the road a mile or so, his nimble tongue skimming religion and philosophy—the mystery of life, the beneficence of pain, the triumph of renunciation. Possibly there was no guile in it all, but when they reached the bowlder again, after the sun had lowered his great ruddy disk behind a western ridge, and the insistent cries of the whippoorwills were piercing the gathering dusk, he concluded:

"You'll find that life ain't what you thought it war. Not that it's bad; it's jest dif'rent. Tain't all happiness. There's love, of cose. But it's more than a boy-and-girl kiss. You think now that if it ain't that it's nothin'. You think because Rick is gone, everything's gone. Other women have thought the same, but they larned better and made out tol'able well in the end.

"Of cose, what I spoke of awhile back—home, money to do with, and sich—don't count with you now. You'd rather eat sow-belly and cold taters with Rick. That would be all right, too, if Rick had helt out. But he didn't. He's gone; merried, fer all you and me know. Next question is, what *you* goin' to do? Git merried, nachally—some time or other. If so, why not to me? Tain't ev'y man would make my offer about Granny and Booko, even though he loved you. Howsomever, as I said afore, you kin take your time. I don't change overnight, like a moonflower. Whenever you git ready to say the word, to-morrow or ten years hence, you'll find me waitin'."

He rose to go. For an hour Azalea had scarcely spoken, and she still sat motionless and unresponsive. Yet something in her rapt, remote face warned him not to rouse her just yet by saying good night. His instinct proved true.

"Deat," said she abruptly, "if I marry you will you bind yourself legally to take care of Granny the rest of her life and give Booky six years of schooling down Below, when the time comes?"

"You mean it?" he demanded eagerly, bending closer to scan her face. At her affirmative nod he cried hilariously: "You bet I will! Word and bond air the same to me." But in almost the same breath he added: "Still, 'tween man and wife, a bond do seem reedic'lous. People might think you war afeerd to trust me."

"It's not a case of trust," said she bluntly. "This is business—buyin' and sellin'—and we'll do it in a businesslike way. I might die long before Booky is ready for school, or even before Granny goes. Yes, an hour after our wedding." She laughed as if it were an amusing thought and added: "If I did, I'd want that document to stand in my place."

"Pshaw, Zaley! What's the use of talkin' about dyin'—a girl like you?" demurred Falligant uneasily.

"Didn't you just say that death comes like a thief in the night?" she asked mockingly. "Is it a bargain?"

"Yes."

"Then I promise to marry you, Deaton Falligant and God have mercy on my soul!"

"Look hyer, Zaley," he protested. "I don't—"

"If I'm doing wrong, I meant," she cut in. The rays of light from the cabin converted his lenses into two luminous disks, like the eyes of a Brobdingnagian owl, and again she laughed. But at his impatient gesture she added: "I was only funnin', Deat. Now you must go home."

He took her hand, but she snatched it away and thrust it behind her back, at the same time trying to cover her rudeness with a coquettish air.

"Can't I kiss you?" he asked, aggrieved.

"Oh, no! Not yet! Not till—not till—you've paid for me!" She laughed breathlessly, touched his arm with her hand daringly, as a child might touch a toad, and with a hurried "Good night!" sped for the house like a frightened doe.

Deat stared after her vanishing figure.

"A little upset, 'tween the revival and Rick and me!" he murmured aloud.

He tore a quid from his plug of tobacco, tucked it into his cheek, and set his face homeward. His legs felt as elastic as springs.

SOME weeks later, when the tattoo of hammers on the new house daily reverberated through the forest aisles from sunrise to sunset—for the eight-hour day had not yet come to Little Thunder—Deaton Falligant, dressed as for church, hung an antiquated flowered carpetbag on the pommel of his saddle and rode down the Side. At Holly Tree, which nestles on the instep of the mountain, he stabled his horse and boarded the narrow-gauge railroad train for Jackson, thirty miles farther on.

Here he spent a day in buying furniture and—miracle of love!—a pearl necklace and a gold watch for Azalea, a black silk dress and mitts to match for Granny Pilgrim; a Winchester repeating rifle for Angus, and a velocipede for Booko.

The next morning, with a yearning backward glance at his native peaks—for Jackson was the extreme limit of his previous journeyings—he boarded a train for "down State," that Ultima Thule of the Appalachian mountaineer. When, at a curve in the track, the dome of the State Capitol building finally rose above the horizon, like a half-submerged planet, his lips twitched nervously. He was a stranger in a strange land. The level, featureless country oppressed him like a close room, and the tramp of feet and the rattle of traffic which smote his ears, as he emerged from the station, strung every fiber of his body to fiddle-string tension.

(Continued on page)

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The Women's Congress

By Joseph O'Brien



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt succeeded herself as president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance

THE woman leaders of women met in world conference in Budapest this summer, took account of the feminist problems of each of the nations, and cheered one another with news of achievements. The congress was that of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, but suffrage was admitted to be only one factor in the new feminism. Mr. O'Brien went to Budapest to secure this article and its illustrations for Collier's.

THE strongest impression left by the Budapest Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance is that the women of the twenty-six countries represented there have evolved a w feminism. The emphasis of the great gathering as not placed on the ballot and political recognition; ere seemed to be a cit assumption that ith more than 000,000 women now mpletely enfranised in Europe, ustralia, and Amera, the vote must of cessity be given to e women of other vilized nations bere many more ars. The congress as, however, deeply ncerned with the mediate relation the women of all untries to those rger social questons—war, commerialized vice, woman's onomic status, deocracy, public morals and health, and ith what women ters have done d may do toward e solution of these reat problems.

An entire session f the congress was iven over to a disussion of the white-ave traffic. Mrs. arrie Chapman Catt, resident of the alliace, made an investgation of white lavery in all countries during a tour round the world a ar ago. In her inoductory speech at e white-slave session she definitely subordinated the question of the allot to the elimination of commercialized vice.

"If our question of the vote is international," she id, "how infinitely more important is this question f commercialized vice. It lies at the bottom of our orld-wide subjection and we must never rest until e have conquered it. You and I may be educated, we ay even have the vote, but as long as down at e bottom there are other women, you and I are

cheapened; we have not been emancipated. I once believed that the vote would be the means of emancipating us; I still believe that it is the weapon we need with which to accomplish these greater ends, but the women of the world will never be emancipated until this abominable evil has been removed."

And throughout the congress, in the general discussions and the reports from enfranchised countries, the delegates dwelt upon the responsibility of women for the elimination of this great social evil. The congress unanimously adopted these resolutions:

"*Be it resolved*, That we send from this congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance a request to the governments of all countries here represented that they institute an international inquiry into the extent and causes of commercialized vice.

"*Be it resolved*, That the woman-suffrage organization of each country ask its own government to institute a national inquiry on the same lines and that there be women included in the commission of inquiry."

Mrs. Catt impressed upon the delegates the necessity of vigilance in seeing that their governments did not appoint mere whitewashing committees. "See that they put upon these committees," she urged, "women who understand the matter from our point of view, and scientific, modern, up-to-date men. Let us find out the truth for ourselves and let the world know it."

There was a frankness in the discussion of these questions and a degree of scientific knowledge that could hardly have existed in such a gathering a decade ago. Among the delegates were woman physicians, lawyers, economists, sociologists, and journalists of high repute in their own countries, many with international reputations, who have made extensive studies of the subject. They put aside ancient pruderies and brought earnestness and high purpose into the discussion.

As a result of the resolution there will undoubtedly be given a strong impetus to the world-wide movement for the suppression of commercialized vice. Mrs. Catt will go as the representative of the congress to the International White Slave Congress in London.

A Sisterhood of the World

THE influence of women in bringing about international peace also was a popular subject of discussion. Mme. Marie Verone, a brilliant French lawyer, aroused the congress to enthusiasm by a speech in which she declared it the duty of women to make war on war. The economic aspect of the ballot and the greater need of working women for enfranchisement was earnestly urged by many countries. Miss Maud Younger, the official representative of the State of California, amazed the European women by her account of the extraordinary change which has been effected in the economic status of women in her State during the two years women have had the vote.

The solid growth of the world movement was set forth by Mrs. Catt herself.

When the Alliance was organized in 1904 it defined a nation eligible to membership as one which possessed the independent right to enfranchise its women. At that time only eight such nations had woman-suffrage associations. Now, only nine years later, with the exception of the Spanish-American republics, there are in the entire world only seven constitutionally organized nations without an organized woman-suffrage movement. These are Greece, Spain, and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg in Europe; the negro republic of Liberia in western Africa; Turkey and Persia, which are not well-established self-governing nations; and Japan, which is still an autocracy. China has an organization with membership in the alliance, and her women sent a banner to the congress. In all, twenty-six nations and two additional countries without full national rights are included in the membership, and there are organized woman-suffrage groups on the islands of Java, Sumatra, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

In Persia the forward movement formerly was very strong, owing to the spread of the Bahai religion, but Persia's recent extinction by Russia put a check upon it. They sent a cable message to the congress, however,



America at the Congress. Left to right, seated—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Maud Nathan, the Rev. Anna Shaw, Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Stanley McCormick, Mrs. Crystal E. Benedict, Miss Caroline Ruutz-Rees. Left to right, standing—Mrs. N. L. White of Washington, Mrs. D. P. Rumsey of Buffalo, Miss Lucy Anthony of Philadelphia, Mrs. Emma B. Sweet of Rochester, Miss Gertrude Watson of Buffalo, Mrs. Clara B. Laddy of New Jersey, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Rutherford of Arkansas, Mrs. Pauline Steinem of Toledo, Miss Bakewell, Mrs. Weeks, Mrs. Shaw-Smith, and Prof. Whitney of Vassar; one is unidentified

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Mme. Marie Verone, a brilliant French lawyer, aroused enthusiasm by declaring it the duty of women to make war on war

and there is a strong fighting spirit among them.

"In the recent revolution in Persia," Mrs. Catt said, "these advanced women had a most conspicuous and important place. Five hundred women besought Parliament not to accept the ultimatum of Russia. It is a tragedy unspeakable that the splendid forward movement in Persia should have received a check through its recent difficulties. Now the women are prohibited from political work, their organized groups are disbanded, their voices are silent. Do not forget, women of the West, that this is a Mohammedan nation and that a modern liberal element within that religion was slowly but surely lifting the people to enlightenment and self-respect. Do not forget that all this came to an untimely end through the interference of Western nations."

The Welcome of Budapest the Magnificent

THE congress was an extraordinarily popular event in Hungary. The people, not only of Budapest the Magnificent, but of the entire country set a standard of hospitality which it will be difficult for other countries to equal. The Hungarian Parliament appropriated 10,000 crowns for the entertainment of the visitors; the city of Budapest appropriated another 10,000 crowns, and the Hungarian women collected and spent almost 100,000 crowns additional. There was half a week of preliminaries to the congress, beginning at Berlin and extending in a triumphal procession through Prague, Vienna, and down the Danube to the Hungarian capital. The congress week was followed by another week of especially arranged excursions for the delegates, during which Hungary proudly displayed her state institutions for the care of dependent children, her agricultural resources, the beauty and picturesqueness of her peasants, and the eloquence of her local mayors. The Royal Hungarian Opera gave a special festival performance of Mozart's musical comedy, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," although it was after the regular opera season. At the formal opening of the congress the orchestra of the National Theatre played an overture composed for the occasion by Dr. Aladar Renyi. An ode, "The Call of the Century," written for the congress by Emil Abranyi, was recited in Hungarian and English by Maria Jaszai and Erzsi Paulay, two of the most popular members of the National Theatre. Addresses of welcome were made on behalf of the state by Dr. Bela de Jankovics, Minister of Education, and of the city by Dr. Stephen de Barczy, the Burgomaster of Budapest.

Even from Iceland They Came

THE Rev. Anna H. Shaw, head of the American delegation, was allowed to preach a sermon in the Protestant church of Buda on the Sunday before the opening—the first time such a thing was ever done in Hungary. An army of boy scouts served as messengers; an army of beautiful Hungarian girls acted as pages, guides, and interpreters. No one of the 3,000 visitors to the congress might come away from Budapest without having been shown its magnificence and the hospitality of its people.

There were more than 300 delegates and alternates in the congress and more than 200 representatives of the European and American press. The Budapest newspapers, with the exception of the Socialist press, treated the congress with serious respect and devoted as much space to the daily proceedings as American newspapers usually give to a national political convention. All of the principal newspapers of Continental Europe gave lengthy reports, while the English and American newspapers took very brief dispatches.

Twenty-two countries were represented by delegates on the roll call and four more were admitted during the congress, China being one. With Miss Shaw on the American delegation were Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Stanley McCormick, Mrs. Crystal Eastman Benedict, Miss Caroline Rautz-Rees, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Maud Nathan, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, Miss Lucy Anthony, Mrs. Clara B. Laddy of New Jersey, Mrs. Shaw-Smith, and Professor Whitney of Vassar. Mrs. Belmont's daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, was a daily visitor to the congress and spent much of the time with the American delegation.

The Government of Iceland sent two official delegates, Mrs. Breit Asmundsson and her daughter, Miss Laufey Asmundsson, in order that Iceland's position on woman suffrage might not be misunderstood. The bill for the enfranchisement of women failed to pass the Parliament this year owing to the fact that another measure with which it was included interfered with the statutes of Denmark, under whose suzerainty Iceland is. The Parliament did not wish to be counted with the Parliaments of England, China, and Hungary, where the women have been tricked by politicians, and it appropriated a sum to send two women delegates to the congress to assure the women of the world that the matter would be righted next year.

Dodging Militancy

MISS MARGARET ASHTON headed the English delegation, which included Miss Maud Royden, Miss Ford, Miss Sheepshanks, and Mrs. Corbett Fisher, the bride of the congress. Mrs. Caroline Despard, president of the Women's Freedom League, and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, president of the Tax Resistance League, were present as fraternal delegates. Both are militants, as is Miss Nina Boyle of the South African delegation.

The menace of militancy hovered persistently over the congress, and it was only the wise foresight and shrewd handling of the situation by the officers which prevented it from becoming an issue. Several Americans, including Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Benedict and a scattering from other countries, were openly in sympathy with their aggressive sisters of Great Britain. An unofficial but impressive preliminary to the congress was a memorial service for Emily Davison, the English militant who threw herself in front of the King's horse on Derby Day, receiving fatal injuries. The service was held on the day of her funeral, Mr. Frederick Spencer, a young Oxford clergyman and husband of the official delegate from Australia, presiding.

The board of officers took early counsel and devised a series of resolutions, with rare political skill, to prevent militancy from gaining the floor. It was resolved at the first session of the congress that the fraternal delegates, the chief source of danger, should have the right to speak only on the invitation of the chair, with the consent of the convention. It was also resolved that no delegation lacking its full quota of members should fill its ranks by adding persons from another country. Mrs. Catt herself then made the following statement:

"The board of officers wish to announce that as many requests have been received asking that the congress shall express condemnation of militant methods, and as others have been received asking that it shall express its approval of them, we deem it necessary, in order to avoid misunderstanding, to recommend the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, As the International Woman Suffrage Alliance stands pledged by its constitution to strict neutrality on all questions concerning national policy or tactics, its rules forbid any expression favoring or condemning militant methods. Be it further

"*Resolved*, That since riot, revolution, and disorder have never been construed into an argument against man suffrage, we protest against the practice of the opponents of woman suffrage of interpreting militancy employed by the minority of one country as an excuse for withholding the vote from the women of the world."

Militancy Won't be Dodged

THERE was a disarming quality in the wording of this resolution, and it was carried without discussion. But even then militancy would not down, and it never failed to evoke enthusiasm when it showed itself. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson finally had her innings, being given the platform toward the close of the congress. She had the satisfaction of hearing the name of Mrs. Pankhurst cheered and seeing delegates leap to their feet at the name of Christabel. Mrs. Despard, one of the most impressive figures of the congress, was also given the platform and received an ovation second only to that which followed Mrs. Catt's white-slave speech. Mrs. Benedict made a speech in which she traced the inspiration of the contemporary American movement to Mrs. Pankhurst and her associates in the English militant struggle. And when at last the English nonmilitants tried to get through a resolution in favor of the so-called constitutional methods as opposed to militancy it was voted down.



The bride of the congress, Mrs. Corbett Fisher of England

There was an abundance of humor in the congress. Miss Rosika Schwimmer, the indefatigable head of the Hungarian workers, never failed to evoke laughter. Sometimes, when she spoke in English, she was unconsciously humorous, as, for instance, when she urged the delegates who were going on one of the excursions to send in their names "so that the undertaker may know how many he is to prepare."

Americans Were Favorites

CHARACTERISTICALLY the American women were the wittiest. Dr. Shaw has a typically American sense of humor which will not allow her to make a speech on any subject however serious or near to her heart without a seasoning of mirth. She is one of the most accomplished speakers in the United States to-day, combining with her fervor and immense vigor the occasional pathos and laughter-compelling qualities of the late Mark Twain.

The congress shouted with joy at her story of a county fair at which she was scheduled to speak for suffrage between a horse race and an aeroplane flight.

"Just after the horse race," said Dr. Shaw, "the horses were ridden past in a procession, and at the end came an oxcart driven by a sunbonneted woman. As I watched that woman move slowly away I heard a whirring noise and I looked up and saw the aeroplane in flight. I said to the people there: 'I'm a minister and I must speak from a text. I'm going to take for my text that woman in the oxcart and that man in the flying machine. And I'm going to tell you that that man has got to come down out of his flying machine and get in the oxcart with the woman, or he's got to let the woman go up in the flying machine with him.'"

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was an immense favorite with the congress. During the week she spoke to both men and women (*Concluded on page*



The Duchess of Marlborough was the daily companion of her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at the congress and identified herself with the American delegation



Miss Rosika Schwimmer (to the right), the Hungarian leader, was the comedienne of the congress. Her companion is Mrs. Anna Lindemann of Stuttgart

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE tariff debates in the Senate are of such a high order of thoroughness in substance, and ability in delivery, that any person who follows them must wish that the Congressional Record were available to more readers. Of course impatience with the delay caused by this debate is justifiable. The present session was commissioned by the people and called by the President to *pass* a tariff bill; all the good that can come from *discussion* must have been secured by the tariff debates, which have been more or less continuous throughout the long sessions of Congress during the past four years.

Clamoring for Dishonor

ALTHOUGH it is now generally believed that forty-nine Democratic Senators will vote for the tariff bill and pass it, efforts to induce individuals to play the party traitor do not cease. The attempts go on in spite of the wholesome fear which the lobby investigation has put into the hearts of the representatives of special interests. The tariff graft dies hard. A thoroughly reactionary influence on the Pacific Coast is the Portland "Oregonian." In a recent issue it criticizes the senior Democratic Senator from Oregon, Mr. Chamberlain, for supporting President Wilson's bill, including free wool:

> As a matter of fact, it is in Senator Chamberlain's power to defeat the free-wool provision of the Underwood Bill. The two Louisiana Senators, who intend to vote against the bill because it places sugar on the free list, will join any other two Democratic Senators to defeat the free-wool clause, and they have given this assurance time and again. Senator Walsh of Montana is ready to join the Louisiana Senators, if a fourth Democrat will come in and vote against free wool, but he is not disposed to waste his vote, and openly break with the Administration, unless, by breaking, he can accomplish something.

By the way, has the "Oregonian" received from Senator Walsh any such formal assurance as this of his willingness to be a party traitor? If it is untrue, Senator Walsh has a high interest in getting it denied promptly and forcibly. The "Oregonian" continues:

> So if Senator Chamberlain would array himself with Senator Walsh and the two Senators from Louisiana, he could defeat the free-wool clause, and force a duty of 15 per cent.

It's a perfectly practicable plan. Nothing prevents it except individual honor.

Colorado's Case

ANOTHER example of the insistent and hysterical demand that Democratic Senators turn party traitors comes from Colorado. This broadside in large type appeared in the Denver "Republican":

> AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATORS SHAFROTH AND THOMAS
>
> To JOHN F. SHAFROTH AND CHARLES S. THOMAS, UNITED STATES SENATORS FROM COLORADO:
>
> The people of Colorado are amazed and indignant at the way you have sacrificed the beet-sugar industry of this State to *your own personal ambitions.*
>
> If you had stood with the Louisiana delegation AGAINST the caucus pledge on free sugar, you could have saved the beet-sugar industry of Colorado and the nation.
>
> You, Senator Thomas, made no effort to conceal your truckling nature, but openly cast the vote against beet sugar—a vote which betrayed your State while it gave you possible favors at the hands of an Administration that was in desperate need of just such weak spirits as you have proved to be.
>
> You, Senator Shafroth, played your usual game of sidestepping and shuffling, yet gave the party majority the understanding that you would vote for free sugar when the time came.
>
> You, Senators Thomas and Shafroth, give it as your excuse that you are *merely obeying party pledges.*

"Merely obeying party pledges!"—that phrase sufficiently indicates the political morality of the Denver "Republican."

> The Democracy of Colorado, through which you have climbed to your present positions, declared in its platform of 1908 in favor of protecting beet sugar. Your predecessor in office, former Senator Thomas M. Patterson, has been calling upon you to stand by your constituency and vote for a tariff on sugar. Four-fifths of the people of Colorado want the tariff retained on beet sugar. *They have been besieging you, by telegraph and by mail, for many weeks, to stand firm in their interests. . . .*

That last sentence doesn't seem wholly consistent with the statement above, that the Colorado Senators "have sacrificed the beet-sugar industry of this State to your own personal ambitions." The truth is these two, as well as most of the Democratic Senators, are, in a very fine way, defying political death by refusing the demands of the tariff-protected interests in their States. This is a fact that ought to be treasured carefully in the minds of those constituents who prize political courage. Their approval will be needed by these Senators in a very practical way two or four years from now, for the defeated interests, as a rule, have longer and better organized memories than the individual voter.

Penrose Redivivus

THE direct election of Senators has had some unexpected and wholesome effects. One of these is a sort of intellectual rejuvenation which Senator Penrose has experienced. During the years when he was able to succeed himself by merely making acceptable arrangements with the Pennsylvania machine, the impression he made as to character and intellect was one which shocked those who recalled his scholarship and other youthful achievements. It would not be unfair to use the word "sodden" in describing the idea which observers had of him. Now he must go before the people of his State for reelection next year, and a decided change has come over him. He participates frequently and with marked effectiveness in the debates. He gives an impression of intellectual alertness which raises him from the average. He serves the tariff beneficiaries, of course, but he does it ably and straightforwardly. He gives a quite agreeable impression of ability in a big way, and forcefulness of the kind one likes to see in the Senate. He has humor and self-confidence. Granted that big business and the reaction ary interests must have their advocates in the Senate, Penrose fills the rôle in a rather admirable way. One striking thing is an impression of intellectual candor which he gives; this constitutes a noticeable difference from Senator Root, for example, whose acts and speeches, though able, give an impression of subtlety and indirection, of willingness to keep some of the cards where not everybody will notice them. Penrose is a man of brilliant and solid parts, and he will need them all to get himself reelected. Whether he does or not, the intellectual rebirth which the popular election of Senators has forced on him is worth while for its own sake.

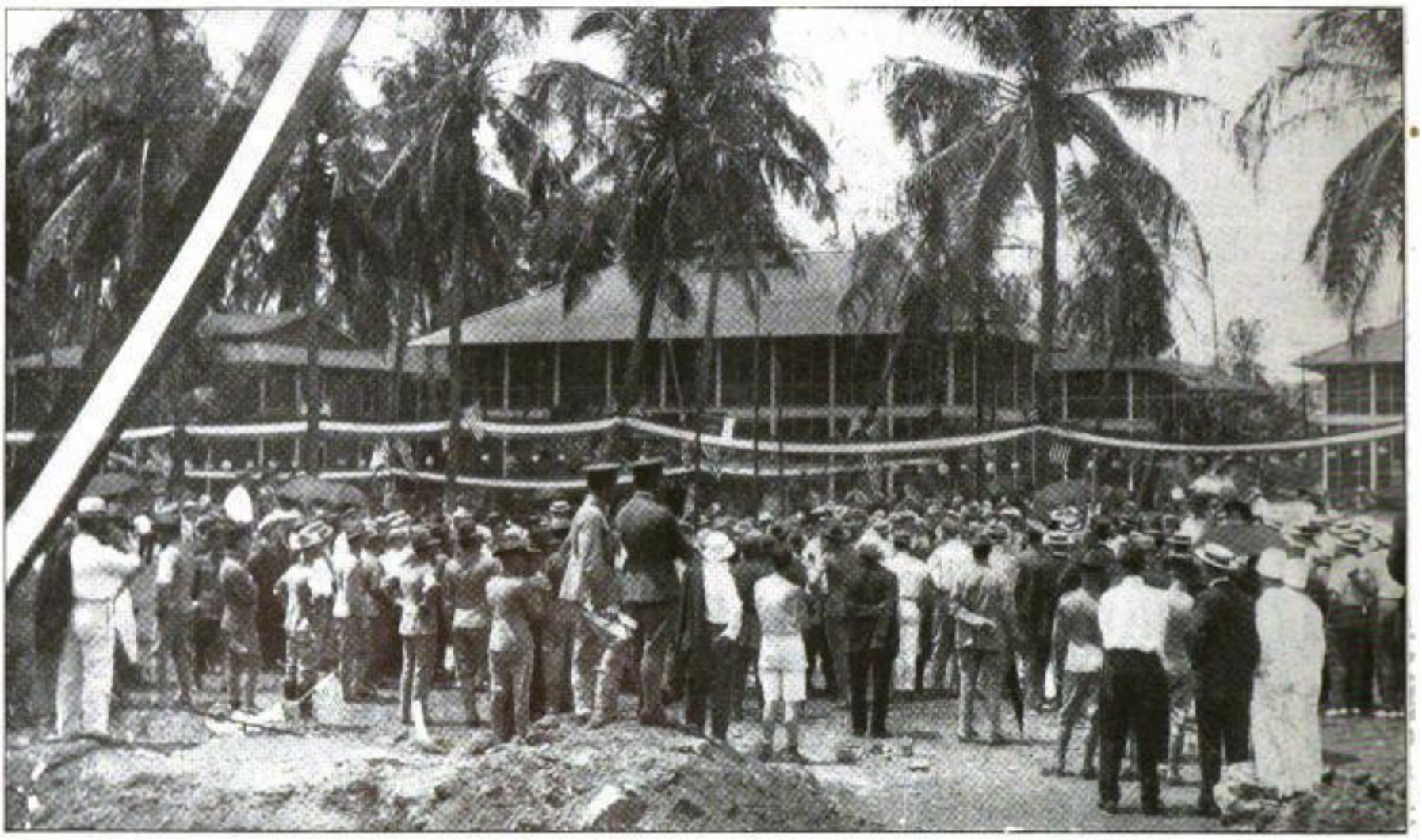
Freedom of Debate

SENATOR OWEN of Oklahoma is leading an effort to effect a change in the rules which will limit debate in the Senate. Throughout the history of the Senate it has been the rule that no Senator who wanted to talk could ever be stopped. No vote on any measure could ever be taken until every Senator who wanted to talk was through. This feature was unique with the United States Senate, and if it has to go there will be a certain amount of justifiable regret. The United States Senate, alone among great deliberative bodies, was the one in which a group of men came together, discussed matters with all the leisure in the world, and finally arrived at a conclusion. Maybe it is now impossible for that to continue. As Senator Owen points out, when the Senate adopted the no-closure rule in 1806, there were only thirty-four Senators, who, as he says, "met together to discuss their common affairs in courtesy and good faith when only a very few bills were brought before the Senate." Now there are ninety-six members. With so large a number, even if every Senator kept perfect good faith, the mere clumsiness involved in so large a number of men dealing with such an increased quantity of bills suggests the change. As a matter of fact, it is a little too much to hope that every member will always keep good faith. As the rules are now, four or five Senators, acting upon agreement and taking turns, can prevent action upon any measure they choose to delay or defeat. Probably this is too great an opportunity for what Senator Owen calls minority veto. His investigations into the subject show that Greece is the only other nation in which the parliamentary rule of no closure still obtains.

The Next Thing

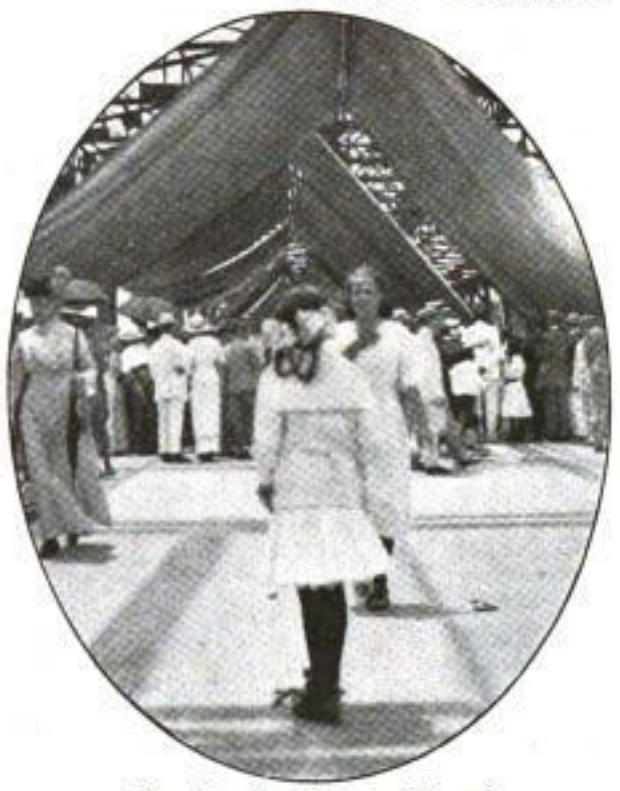
TO RESTRICT debate would be a step in the direction of speed and efficiency. That is the next thing needed in the Government at Washington. There is no longer any corruption nor even any improper serving of big interests. The defect of the Government now is low efficiency. Partly this is a matter of personnel, partly a matter of legislative forms and red tape. Just as large a reorganization of the forms of government as is necessary to bring about efficiency must come.

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The Last Fourth on the Isthmus

By ARTHUR RUHL



Pier 16, where the crowd danced

THEY came pouring into Colon that steamy tropical morning from every station on the Zone—Americans all—for their last Fourth together. Already they were talking of Idaho farms and California orange orchards, and in another year, it seemed, they would be scattered to the four winds.

The beach at Cristobal was all red, white, and blue; there was a free merry-go-round for the children, free sandwiches and lemonade, and races enough to last from nine o'clock until sunset. Down the avenue of coconut palms that lined the sea wall in the French days they ran the hundred and finished the "Marathon," and pulled on running clothes and rubbed down with alcohol and witch-hazel in the house where De Lesseps lived. There were jumping and a tug of war and fire engines and Boy Scouts, and such diving and "crawling" and general amphibious flopping in and out of the water as even the northern land animal falls into in a climate where the sea is like a heated swimming pool the year round.

With the dark, skyrockets began to trail their ambitious arcs out to sea—as if the batteries hidden in the jungle at Margarita Island and Toro Point were scouting for a hostile fleet—and then the dancing began on Pier 16.

There had been time only to stretch awnings from the incomplete roof, the floor was mere rough brick and damp from the day's showers, but there was a space a block long and a regimental band in khaki booming away on a platform at the end. Engineers, clerks, gum-chewing girls with the latest quirks in "ragging" from the States; sailors, marines, huskies, to whom the tropics seem only to give a little deeper tan, and pale-faced young wives with stories in their eyes—wives of "nine-year men," who saw their husbands go out morning after morning when going to work was like going into battle, and coffins went in carloads down the line—volunteers all, in this once forlorn hope, —they went bumping and scraping and laughing over the rough concrete in as curious a family party as the old Isthmus ever got together.

In the middle of it a bugle called the last dance and in the middle of that a locomotive whistle brayed in from an adjoining track.

It was calling them back to their places in the line, to Ancon and Gatun, Culebra, and "Pete" Miguel, but in the sharp turnabout of the moment it seemed as it were the North and their old life calling through the warm, wet night.

The music stopped, Pier 16 suddenly became Pier 16 again—what future passenger will ever dream that anybody danced there! —and in the air was felt, for an instant, that vague homesickness with which, in some safer, tamer life, the memory of their splendid adventure will some day return—that sharp unreasoning pang with which through the roar of murky northern streets or across the hard bright spaces of some prairie ranch they will hear again the shrill piping of dirt trains and the clatter of the I. C. C. mess, smell the damp, sweet, earthy breath of the tropics, and see mist trailing upward from steamy, green velvet hills.



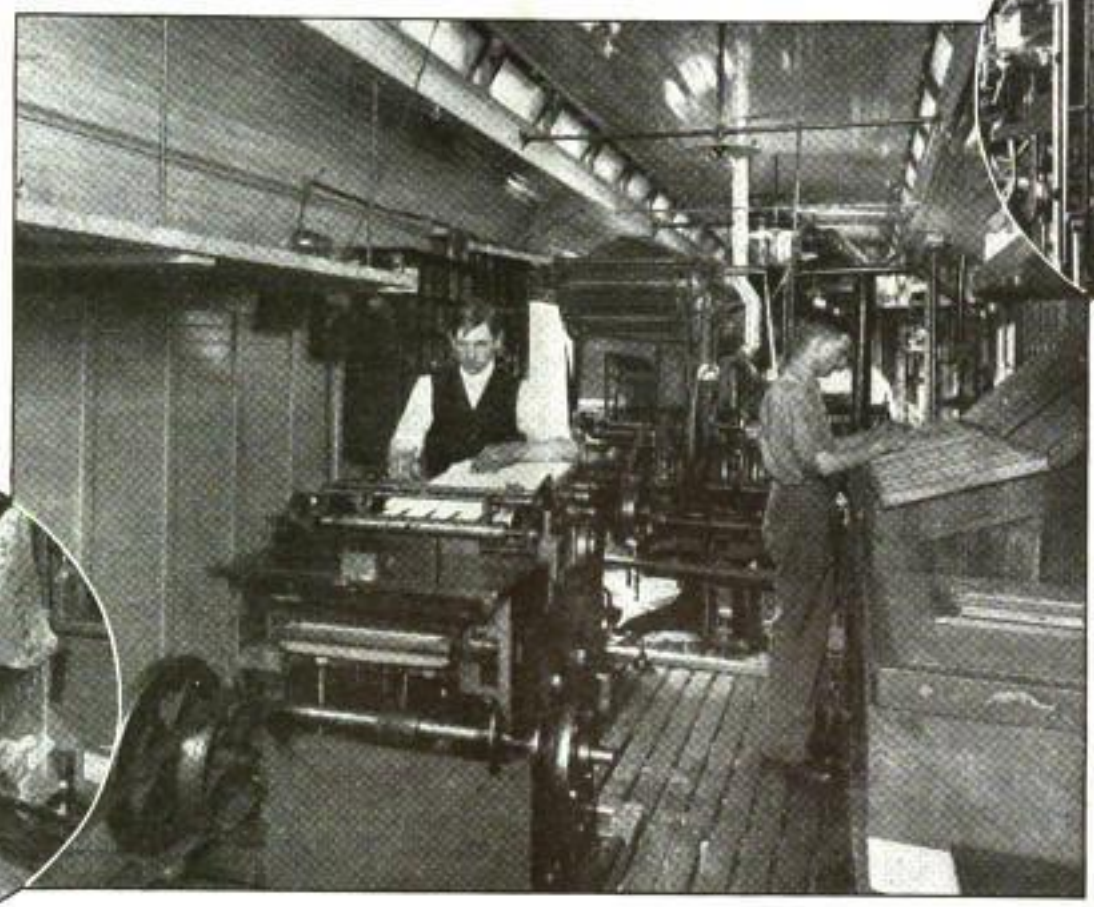
A free merry-go-round under the palms. And they ate peanuts and ice-cream cones instead of mangoes

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A Newspaper Plant in a Baggage Car

THE Federal law which requires publishers to make known a number of essential facts about their newspapers and magazines brought out an odd series of reports from the "Glacier Park Blazer," a newspaper whose life was nine days and whose location was a new town every evening. The "Blazer" was published in a dynamo baggage car and was part of the Great Northern Railway's hotel train that accompanied the motorists of the American Automobile Association on their recent tour from Minneapolis to Glacier National Park. An engraving outfit made half-tones of the important news photographs of each day's run. One of the engravers, at work, appears in the circle at the left. A linotype, shown in operation in the circle at the right, set the type. The center picture was taken while an edition was being run off on the "Blazer's" cylinder press. The power to operate the machinery was furnished by a motor attached to the car dynamo.

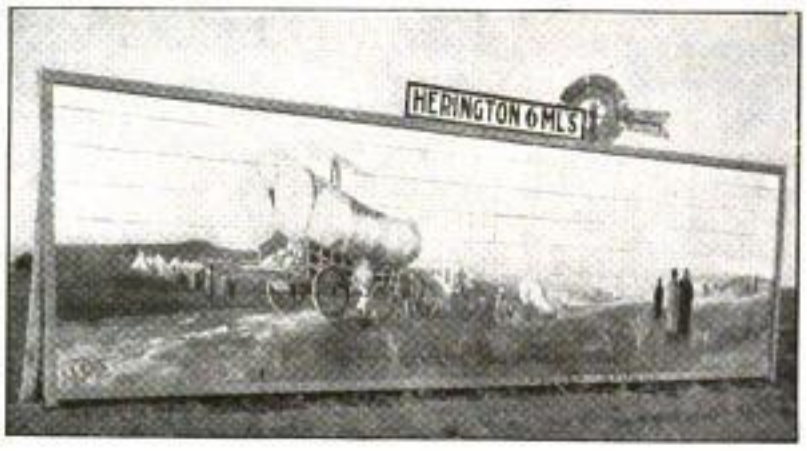








This snapshot was taken in a balloon at an altitude of 6 1-4 miles. Breathing masks connected with tanks of compressed oxygen enabled two French aeronauts and a photographer to ascend in perfect safety to an elevation nearly a mile higher than the altitude which cost the lives of two ambitious balloonists in 1878



A signboard wholly uncommercial, which advertises a sentiment instead of a sarsaparilla, is the novel means by which Webster Ray, a Morris County, Kas., farmer, calls the attention of travelers to the days of the old Santa Fe trail. It is a landscape painting 10 feet high and 60 feet long



Mrs. John E. Harris and her two small children finished a little buggy ride from their home in Danville, Vt., to Washington, D. C., the other day. Driving Dexter, a twenty-year-old horse, hitched to an open top runabout, they made the journey of 550 miles in 18 traveling days, or an average of 32 miles daily. They rested and visited 11 days along the road, "enjoying the trip thoroughly"



Restoring the Ruins of the Alamo

DESPITE the protests and lawsuits of the Texas Daughters of the Republic, Governor O. B. Colquitt has started the work of restoring the historic Alamo. Our photograph shows the ruins of the façade and (through the arched doorway) a glimpse of the new foundation wall. The building at the right is the Alamo chapel. Old maps and plans of the Alamo in the State archives have furnished the specifications for the work of restoration. The authenticity of these documents is clearly proved, the builders say, by the results of new excavations which have revealed sections of the original foundations of this "birthplace of Texas liberty," where 187 Texans died, refusing to surrender.

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

A Cause of Noise

OVER A HUNDRED NEWSPAPERS examined show only four or five defending Mr. BRYAN, so there can't be much doubt of the general disapproval. And yet we find it uncongenial to join the hue and cry. BRYAN is a good man who means well. There is nothing furtive about his dereliction. Moreover, his offense, such as it is, is not against morals or character or public principle, but against taste or propriety or dignity—all of them minor virtues of small importance. A man whose service to the community is on the whole large and good ought not to be diminished in his prestige, and therefore in his usefulness, by newspaper nagging directed at mere errors of taste. BRYAN is probably serving the public as well on the lecture platform as he can by participation in high diplomacy. He is primarily a political evangelist; he can implant idealism in the hearts of those who hear him. BRYAN'S visit to any community will be followed by a rise in the collective and individual aspirations of the people. That is BRYAN'S unique gift; only a few men in a generation have it. The type of exact and careful thinking mind which is useful in diplomacy is more usual and less to be cherished. BRYAN hasn't got it; President WILSON and JOHN BASSETT MOORE have it. Probably our international affairs will be as well managed with Mr. BRYAN absent as in his presence. All this doesn't deny that Mr. BRYAN might have managed things better. But there are other public affairs which better justify excitement.

The Scapegoat

WE ARE SORRY FOR MELLEN. He is not a man so much touched with guilt as victim and sacrifice. He was not a principal, but an agent. It wasn't he who conceived the dream, nor he who made the millions out of it. Railroad presidents are pawns; when they get "in bad" in Montana and Oregon they are transferred to New England; when their unpopularity becomes nation wide they are pensioned off. Wall Street is the place where the deeds are conceived, the pawns moved, the millions cashed. Some one man conceived all that the New Haven has done. Isn't the public intelligence great enough to identify him? Some one man made money out of it for himself and his associates. If it is like other similar exploitations, the same group are now making money out of the New Haven's troubles by selling the stock short. Later on, when the small stockholders have become discouraged or unable longer to hold on, the same group will make more money by buying the stock in cheap and reorganizing the road. Some day public intelligence and capacity for cooperation will be great enough to stop all this.

Tariff Half Truths

EUGENE NOBLE FOSS, Governor of Massachusetts, was a manufacturer long before he entered politics. Needless to add that he remains one. Latterly Governor Foss has announced the purchase of a Canadian plant by a company in which much of his capital is invested. This means that a large part of the company's manufacturing will be done henceforth, not in Hyde Park, Mass., but in Galt, Ont., and that a large proportion of its employees will be Canadians, not Yankees. This is not a popular sort of performance for a Democratic politician to perform, but Governor Foss issues a statement in explanation which, for enlightened shrewdness and selfish half-representation, would be hard to beat. The Governor left the Republican party, he informs the world, because his ideas on the subject of reciprocity failed to accord with those of the Republican State leaders. He secured the adoption of these ideas by the Democratic State organization, but the Democratic majority in Congress is to-day "hesitating and paltering" with the "splendid opportunity." It is the Foss idea that our tariff makers should in all cases exact a quid pro quo; a reduction in the duty on any commodity produced by Canada, for example, should be conditional upon Canada's lowering the bars to an American commodity. But the tariff bill of the present Congress seems to Governor Foss an "indiscriminate surrender." It must at once strike any disinterested reader of the Governor-manufacturer's statement that he speaks uniquely from the producer's point of view. This he has a perfect right to do, in so far as he speaks as the head of the R. F. Sturtevant Company. As Governor of Massachusetts, as leader of the Democratic party in a State about equally divided between the Democrats and Republicans of the two communions, it is another matter. The long-neglected consumer has his rights, too. Of course the consumer's prosperity is in part dependent upon the well-being of the manufacturer—but that is another angle of the subject. Governor Foss is moving to Canada that part of his manufacturing plant which sells to the Canadian market. Perhaps his elaborate statement, with its citations of JEFFERSON, MCKINLEY, and BLAINE in favor of reciprocity, will prove worth while from a public standpoint in recalling to attention the opportunities of what may be called tradesmanship in tariff making. It may be true that these opportunities are worth more to the commonalty than our Congressional leaders of the present day realize. Those leaders do, however, appreciate what Governor Foss apparently forgets: that the reduction of the tariff, which the Democratic party is now engaged in carrying out in accordance with platform pledges, is primarily an action *in favor of the consumer*, not an expedient for the benefit of our industrial magnates.

Leadership

JANE ADDAMS has more than once been named the First Citizen of Illinois. She has not forfeited that title. Returning from the Women's International Congress at Budapest, she was promptly interviewed on the Illinois Legislature's action in enfranchising women and on the suggestion that she herself run for Mayor of Chicago. Said Miss ADDAMS:

> We must not jump into politics haphazard, now that we have won the suffrage. If we do, we will be likely to find that we have jumped into deep water. It is my advice—and I am sure that it is the settled policy of the Illinois suffragists—not to go in for officeholding at once. It would be unwise to do this until we have become familiar with the power that has been made legally ours.

Words like these gain woman suffrage as many supporters in America as the burning of a fifteenth-century castle or the assault on a cabinet minister loses to the cause in England. In her equipment for exercising the ballot, and for the leadership of men and women alike, Miss ADDAMS includes the rare gift of tact.

Eternal Youth

THE LARGER ACHIEVEMENTS in life depend on breadth of vision and the ability to stay young. It takes something more than a grasp of visual details to make a successful man. He must see behind them, understanding their relations to the past and their significance for the future. In addition to this he must cherish the enthusiasm, the idealism of youth. There is one man in this country to-day who perfectly exemplifies these qualities of breadth and idealism. That man is Dr. ELIOT. A passage in EMERSON'S "Journal" sums up the reasons for Dr. ELIOT'S achievement:

> The Age, what is it? It is what the being is who uses it—a dead routine to me, and the vista of Eternity to thee. One man's view of the Age is confined to his shop and the market, and another's sees the roots of To-day in all the Past and beneath the Past in the Necessary and Eternal. Let us not dwell so fondly on the characteristics of a single Epoch as to bereave ourselves of the permanent privileges of man.
>
> We ought never to lose our youth. In all natural and necessary labors, as in the work of a farm, in digging, in splitting, rowing, drawing water, a man always appears young—is still a boy. So in doing anything which is still above him—which asks all his strength and more: somewhat commensurate with his ability, so that he works up to it, not down upon it—he is still a youth.

The great man is the combination of thinker and doer, one who lives in the present, not unmindful of the past, but working for the future. This is to live richly and to grow younger with the years.

Open Trail

IS THERE PERHAPS A NOTE of discouragement in the New York "World's" complaint that its commission of German scientists has been obliged to disband because of the difficulty of obtaining material upon which to base a judgment regarding the Friedmann consumption "cure"? "Doctors Regret Friedmann's Act" declares the balked newspaper investigator in its headlines. "They Feel Science Loses Through Blocking of the World's Inquiry." Let not our enterprising contemporary be disheartened. It can now effectually earn the gratitude of the public by turning its powerful searchlight upon its immediate environment. Claims are repeatedly made in its own columns more definite and comprehensive than the discredited FRIEDMANN ever advanced. Nothing could be more appropriate than that it should appoint an American scientific commission to consider the statements of Dr. ANDERSON, the "X-Light Specialist," and of ECKMAN'S Alterative.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

mong the many claims for which is the following: "A medicine made or the cure of tuberculosis. It has cured this disease again and gain." The "World" has won an enviable and deserved reputation or the probity, courage, and incorruptibility of its news and editorial olicy. Will it, now that it has committed itself to the investigation f consumption "cures," confess, by the implicit admission of silence egarding the treatments exploited in its own pages, to laxity, cowrdice, and venality in its attitude toward the advertisements from hich it takes money?

Fraternities and Crime

HIGH-SCHOOL SECRET SOCIETIES are an undesirable institution—a menace, in their way, both to scholarship and to democacy. Therefore they should be opposed both by teachers and parents; nd the fact is that they have been so opposed, none too successfully. Vhen a difficulty presents itself, however, and no immediate remedy s found, the best move is always in the direction of common sense, ather than in that of hysteria. From Denver comes news that the ocal Board of Education, in which political forces are by no means nrepresented, has secured the passage by the State Legislature of n act forbidding students of "any high school, district, primary, or graded school which is partially or wholly maintained by public funds o join, become a member of, any secret fraternity, sorority, or society" nless said association has been sanctioned "by the boards of directors of the school districts wherein such schools are maintained." The pupil guilty of joining a tabooed society *"is hereby declared to be a delinquent child, and may be proceeded against and dealt with recordingly."* Moreover, any person who shall "advise or encourage" a pupil to violate the regulations of the school authorities is similarly liable to prosecution under the laws of Colorado. The motive of this legislation is perhaps honest enough, but the expedient is unworthy of lawmakers and educators. This problem of the secret society cannot be solved by branding high-school students as criminals. One effect that may well be looked for is that the student member will quite naturally fail to respect other laws, feeling the apparent injustice and futility of this one. A practical program for freeing secondary schools from the incubus of fraternities and sororities is a matter for schoolteachers to work out, not editors; but one does not have to be even an editor to see the folly of erecting an offense against expediency into a crime punishable by all the State's horses and all the State's men.

Bigotry Resurgent

NOW AND AGAIN one is forcefully reminded that tolerance is not yet a universal virtue in this big country of ours. Thus, in the "Daily Observer" of Charlotte, N. C., appears an account of the refusal to reelect two women as teachers in the graded schools because they are Catholics. No charge is made that their teaching was inefficient, or that they brought a proselytizing spirit into the classroom. The mere fact that these teachers were of the older communion was enough to persuade ten of the fifteen School Commissioners to vote against their reappointment. This is the childishness which won the day for bigotry in Charlotte:

> Mr. Nat White of the post-office force, speaking for his wife and seven children, said if the things he heard about the Catholic Church were true he wouldn't want one [*sic*] to teach his children the multiplication table. He related an incident of alleged extortion by a priest for a mass in the Canary Islands.

There has been protest against this poor-spirited action of the Charlotte School Commissioners. Protestants have joined with Catholics in that protest. But nothing is more cowardly than a certain type of politician confronted by an issue of crass prejudice.

The New Laureate

MOST APPROPRIATE is the choice of Robert Bridges as British Poet Laureate. The post is a tradition—some say an outworn tradition—and therefore it is properly accorded to a traditionalist. No one pretends that the official poet of the English court is the greatest or even the most popular living poet; Wordsworth and Tennyson held the title, but so, for the matter of that, did Eusden and Pye. Mr. Bridges is a far better poet than either of these two forgotten nonentities, or than Alfred Austin, his immediate predecessor, though his profession was medicine before ever it was poetry, and his circle of readers during thirty-old years of verse publishing has been severely limited. Limited, too, by the nature of the verse itself, for, while John Masefield and W. W. Gibson have gone beyond Kipling even in suiting their verse to the temper of the age, Mr. Bridges is ever the uncompromising scholar, the exponent of the long-established ideals of English poetry. The new laureate would have been almost as much at home in the sixteenth or seventeenth century as in our twentieth; and this is not simply because he writes triolets and translations from Apuleius and imitations of Vergil. It is, too, the spirit of the man—his philosophic composition. One could imagine some of Mr. Bridges's work to have been done by John Keats; but verse movements of a later time than Keats's are as if they were not, so far as he is concerned. The poet laureate is old-fashioned enough to be a poet of beauty in an age when art sniffs at those manifestations of beauty readily understood by the mob:

> I love all beauteous things;
> I seek and adore them;
> God hath no better praise,
> And man in his hasty days
> Is honored for them.
>
> I, too, will something make,
> And joy in the making,
> Altho' to-morrow it seem
> Like the empty words of a dream
> Remembered on waking.

"Like O. Henry"

THE DETROIT "NEWS" rebukes us for joining the names of O. Henry and Rex Beach:

> The coupling of these names is evidence that Collier's remains unconscious as to the vital element in O. Henry's genius. Rex Beach is the true hook and ladder fiction outputter. He is the maker of sham heroes and sham heroines. O. Henry was the man who punctured the sham hero, and who stripped the "heroine" of her mock heroism and exhibited each as they are, common people like ourselves.

This is pointed criticism, and we welcome the homage to O. Henry. But our juxtaposition was confined strictly to the popularity of the two writers, not their merits. Our Detroit contemporary has misread us sadly if he thinks the hook and ladder or any other variety of truck has power to charm us.

Prose Rhythms

AN ANONYMOUS WRITER is making his "Confession in Prose" in the "Atlantic Monthly":

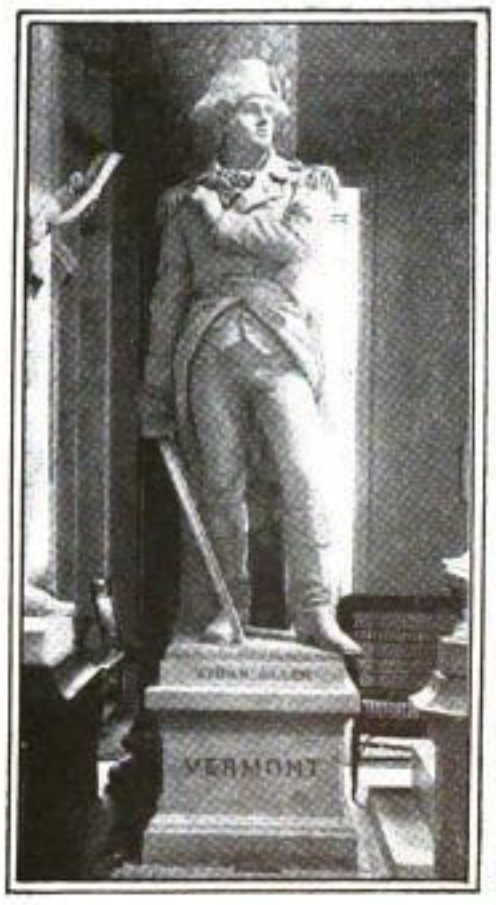
> I have tried at times to write beautifully, by which I mean rhythmically with a conscious adjustment of sound and melody to the sense, with the charm of word chiming further to heighten heightened thought. In this latter effort I have never been encouraged by a newspaper editor, and I have been not infrequently discouraged by magazine editors. The impression among editors is prevalent that a conversational downrightness and sentence and paragraph brevity are the be-all and end-all of prose style. Their ideal of a prose style now seems to consist of a series of staccato yips.

Surely this man, reaffirming that "prose has her cadences," has voiced the feeling of many, little and large alike, who desire to tell what they know of life, and to tell it with some measure of balance and rhythm; and, so desiring, have had their anxious toil mangled and stricken by the overlords in editorial offices. He is making the plea of those who love to write and who have spent a decade or two in learning craftsmanship through the joy of the working. We have lifted with the sea in swimming, and lived an hour offshore in that good rise and fall. But, restored to the perpendicular and clothed again in chastity, who will buy from us our wares if we essay to render that experience in the rhythm of its happening? Any dance and play of outdoor life, caught in a noose of shimmering words, is reduced to pedestrian levels by a heavy-handed executive whose ear is innocent of three hundred years of "numerous" prose. And yet rhythm is universal for rendering emotion. There is no tongue nor language where its stress is not used. Children talk it in trouble and joy. Grief is caught into its recurrent beat and rejoices in the ongoing of the dirgelike movement. Prayer demands it. What speech could lay hold of the invisible that did not blend with the impalpable ether waves that sway through space?

A Day in the Catskills

TWO HOURS AGO the sun set for us who live in the hollow of the hills. The fat cat purrs and blinks out on a calm world through half-closed lids. The dog snores and lifts a sleepy paw; the great clock ticks with sober certitude; the fire glows and dies away. Some struggle, some bright effort, good food, good drink, a bout in the open, the round of household tasks—heaping high the wood box against the night and broiling the savory meats—long casual talk, cigar smoke rising like incense toward the roof—and so good night. Another day has gone into the measureless tide of days. We have added to no man's suffering. So may the life of days be meted out. Then, well content, our wages taken, we can be gathered to the dust of the ages.

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A contrast in size: Ethan Allen of Vermont and Stephen F. Austin of Texas. These photographs were taken with the same camera and from exactly the same distances



"Sartorial perfection and neglect." Zachariah Chandler, in neatly pressed topcoat and trousers, makes an odd contrast with Lewis Cass

The Nation's Mirth-Provoking Pantheon



Sheffield Ingalls is pleading that this statue of his father be removed from the Capitol's collection

A MERRY war wages between Sheffield Ingalls, Lieutenant Governor of Kansas, and a score of artists whose work is on exhibition in Statuary Hall, or the "chamber of horrors," in the Capitol at Washington.

Ingalls recently declared his intention of seeking the removal of the statue of his father, the late Senator John J. Ingalls, from the hall. Reverence for his parent made such action imperative, the son said, inasmuch as the entire collection of statues had, due to their poor arrangement and, in many cases, inartistic execution, become ridiculous and mirth-provoking curiosities to tourists. Followed, then, the sound of mallets falling on the younger Ingalls.

There is much truth in his statement. The arrangement obviously is bad. Forty-one statues are crowded into a space which might accommodate ten artistically. Forty stand in a row that extends around the hall and ambles into several corners. The other statue, that of Senator Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, is the first figure in what will be a second row. Each State has the privilege of placing two statues on the floor, so fifty-five more are to be received. Guides expect to grow wealthy rescuing lost tourists when the entire ninety-six are placed.

The only rule that sculptors have to follow in making statuary for the hall is not to produce figures too large to pass through the entrances. As a result Ethan Allen stands about eight feet tall and would weigh in real flesh and blood perhaps four hundred pounds. Near by is Stephen F. Austin, a stripling of possibly ninety pounds. The accompanying photographs of the two statues were taken with the same camera at exactly equal distances.

Many of the sartorial effects are rather distressing. Zachariah Chandler, the latest addition to the hall, wears neatly creased trousers and a new white topcoat with fashionable roll lapels. Lewis Cass, who stands beside him, is clothed in a suit so badly wrinkled that one look will make a tailor's hands twitch. General Lew Wallace's right coat sleeve is laid open halfway to his elbow and rolled back, while his left sleeve is drawn tightly about the wrist. Daniel Webster's coat is woefully in need of pressing. The dress worn by Miss Frances E. Willard, the only woman in the group, appears to have been slept in.

What to do with the hands of George Laird Shoup of Idaho and John Edward Kenna of West Virginia must have worried their sculptors. Shoup's long-tailed coat is thrown back on both sides, and his right thumb is thrust in the armpit of his vest, while his left forefinger is wrapped in his mammoth watch chain. Kenna is marking a page in a book with his right hand, and the thumb and forefinger of his left hand are worked up under his vest in what resembles a suspender hold.

But the "chamber of horrors" does not contain all of the inartistic statuary in Washington. Some of the outdoor sculpture is just as often censured. The "hobby-horse" figure of Andrew Jackson in Lafayette Square is the target of many jibes. General Sherman's statue in front of the Treasury Building stands too high, and, viewed from one point in Pennsylvania Avenue, the General's horse appears headless.

Washington's Fine Arts Commission may place statuary, but not displace it. A joint Congressional committee could clear away the inartistic work, but no such radical action is anticipated. LAMBERT ST. CLAIR.



An outdoor statue that competes with the indoor collection as a target for gibes—the "Hobbyhorse Jackson"

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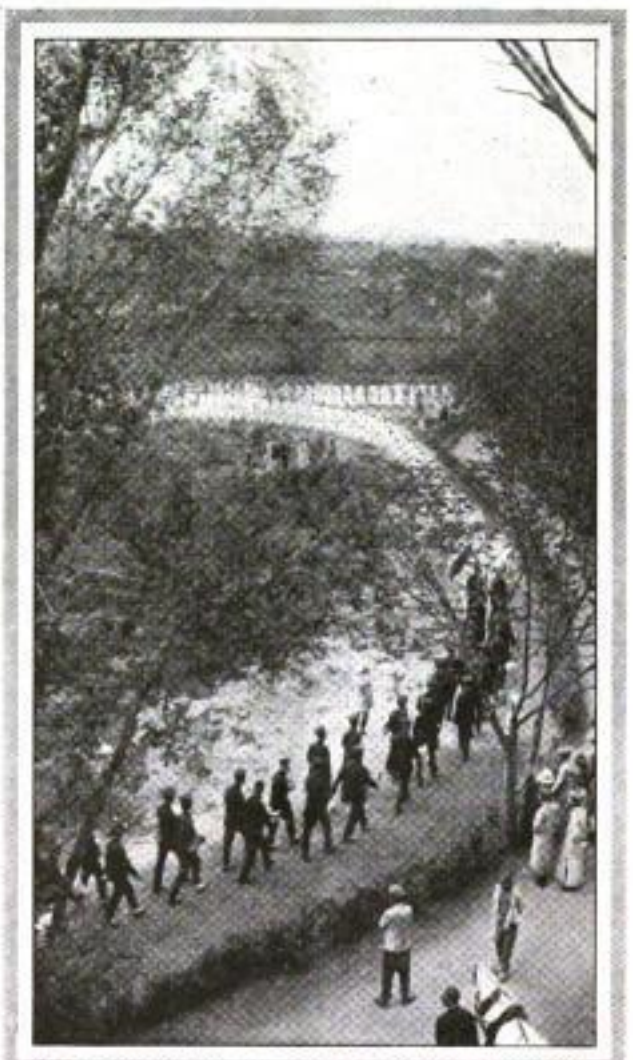
Mount Tamalpais fires at a distance, showing an entire mountain side ablaze — 6,000 acres were burned

A Three-Day Forest Fire On Mount Tamalpais

THAT no lives were lost in the furious forest fire which for three days in mid July burned on Mount Tamalpais (across the bay from San Francisco) is to the credit of a hastily organized corps of energetic and courageous fire fighters. Our photograph shows what odds these workers faced—that the flames at one time were gaining possession of an entire mountain side. Many of the 2,000 soldiers and naval apprentices who were ordered to the mountain fought the fire for thirty-six hours. Captain Plunkett of the cruiser *South Dakota* reenforced these men and the civilian fire fighters with 700 bluejackets. Nearly 6,000 acres of timber were devastated. Other property loss was slight.



No mantelpiece ornament is the latest gift of the Norwegians to their friendly neighbor, Kaiser Wilhelm. Instead of a loving cup, they have presented him with a statue in bronze, 36 feet high, of Frithiof, a hero of the sagas



A Chinese Procession Sings "Marching Through Georgia"

A WEEK after the formal recognition of the Chinese Republic by the United States the educational institutions in all parts of China agreed to express their appreciation of our Government's action. The photograph above is a glimpse of one of many demonstrations. It shows part of a line of 3,000 students that assembled in Nanking and marched to the American consulate singing in Chinese an appropriate song set to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." Everyone in the parade carried small American and Chinese flags. Before the consulate a formal message of appreciation addressed to our Government was read by a Chinese student of law, and the students sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and gave college yells.



Conspicuous in the lobby of Atlanta's newest hotel is a token of the same sort of spirit that made the Gettysburg celebration a memorable success. In a place of honor appears a portrait of General William T. Sherman, whose soldiers, as a necessity of war, left Atlanta in embers and ashes The son of a Confederate veteran is the hotel's proprietor



To make his "act" a real thriller for a select audience of photographers and reporters, a Russian acrobatic dancer performed his pirouettes and flip-flops on the dizzy cornice ledge — three feet wide — of a New York City skyscraper

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Remodeling of Mudge

By Elizabeth Jerome

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THE color and force of life swiftly flood the scene in this brief tale.

Wanted

A strong man to beat a wife beater. Ten dollars to the right party. Apply between five and six p. m. at 222 Sixteenth Street

JANE MUDGE was the author of this advertisement and the wife of the wife beater. Jane could never be classed among those who "look wan and walk weary," but she had need to be big of bone and firm of muscle or she could have never held her own for five years with Bill Mudge.

Despite her knowledge that he drank, she had married him when both were some forty-odd years old. His coarse good looks and a certain dash caused her sentimental heart for perhaps the first time to prevail over her practical head.

Always having been a hard-working woman, she saw no reason why she should discontinue going out by the day just because she was married. Neither did Bill Mudge. Why should she stop? It did not inconvenience him in the least. Day in and day out, when he saw fit to tear himself away from the saloons, en route from mill to home, he found a good supper awaiting him. Neither did he see any cause for "grouch" because she could earn enough to share more than half of the upkeep of their living.

But in truth and all fairness to Mudge, it must go on record that Jane had never expected him to think otherwise, and, indeed, his habitual half-maudlin condition, or even his frequent real drunken spells, apparently had not worried her too much. She was honestly fond of the man.

AS, however, his craving for drink increased with the years, he grew more and more abusive with tongue and fist; yet even in his ugly moods she could invariably manage him, returning push for push, or warding off his blows with a quick, strong movement of her own.

But one night he went too far. Catching her off guard, he twisted her arm till she moaned with pain, which seemed mightily to please the brute. "'Tis a long worm that has no turning." Jane turned. After supper, when he had gone to a saloon, she wrote and took to a morning paper the advertisement quoted above.

The Mudge doorbell began to ring long before five the next day. All sorts and conditions of men fairly scrambled for the job. Times were hard, and anyhow lots of men simply ache to get at a wife beater.

The first to arrive was one slim, seedy, young college chap, who eagerly explained that what he lacked in sinew he made up in science and that he really needed the money. But although Jane's heart bled for him, she had decided doubts as to his success as a wife-beating man beater.

He was closely followed by a sickly, half-nourished little minister, who was sure that he could win out by moral persuasion. She was just as sure that he could not, and dismissed him with a couple of freshly made doughnuts, which he swallowed at once—almost whole.

Two husky "hoboes" were dead anxious to strike a bargain with her. One declared he would beat up the "cuss" for half price. And his pal (sniffing the fresh doughnuts, like as not) said yearningly that he'd change the map of any brute's face for a good square meal; but still Jane could not see her way clear. She knew her husband perfectly well and did not underrate his strength.

For nearly an hour she simply eliminated. Finally came a hardy, bulldoggish-looking man who, with modest pride, introduced himself as "Mick the Champeen." With bulging brow, advancing chin, and no nose to notice, he, at any rate, looked the part. He seemed the man of the hour to Jane, so she engaged him.

All later applicants were met at the door by Mick himself with the terse phrase, "Job's filled," and somehow not a mother's son doubted him. From the start he lifted a load from Jane's shoulders.

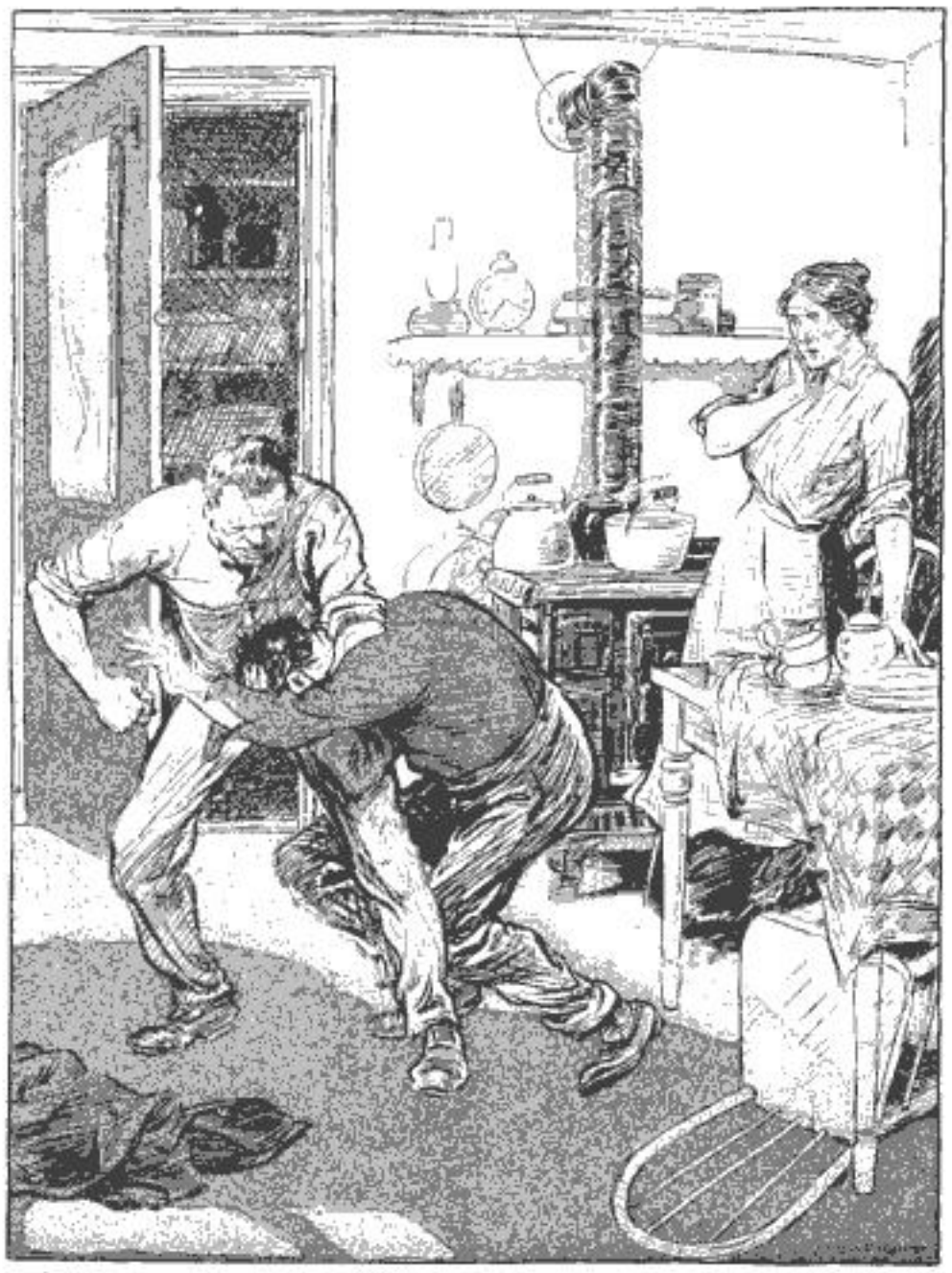
Alone with the prize fighter, she unbosomed her pent-up woes, and for once in her workaday and worse-may-come-yet life, the patient woman broke down entirely, sobbing bitterly as she finished the recital:

"And I just can't st-st-stand it any longer, now he's crippled up my arm."

The "champeen" was visibly much affected.

"Female's tears just naturally g-g-get my g-g-goat," he sobbed in sympathy. "I'll se-settle his h-h-hash for him."

"You won't kill him?" she cried anxiously.



"Go to it! I'll just make it worth your while," yelled the gleeful Mick. (Business of more punishment)

"No: wot's the use?" sniffled Mick. "Just give him wot's comin' to him, believe me."

Then they exchanged ideas, evolving a plan which (as was proved later) for vivid action could have pushed to the wall many a motion-picture play, and it may be just as well to explain what happened that evening in the technique of a photo-play scenario:

CHARACTERS

Bill Mudge, a drunken brute . . . . . *By himself*
Jane Mudge, an aroused wife . . . . . *By herself*
Mick, an angel pug . . . . . *By himself*
The Cat *The Clock*

Act First and Last

JANE discovered setting kitchen table and attending to cooking of supper in general. Mick discovered peacefully swaying in kitchen rocker. Cat discovered in restful but attentive attitude. Clock discovered pointing to hour of seven.

Mick, Jane, and cat prick up ears—listen. Clock ticks on. Exit Mick hurriedly into convenient kitchen closet with door ajar just enough for intelligent observation. Enter Mudge reeling through back door—leers unpleasantly at wife. Wife shows perfectly plain contempt. Mudge, drink-crazed and angry, tosses luncheon pail to far corner—tears off his cap and coat—throws on floor—orders Jane to pick them up.

Jane tosses head scornfully—crosses to stove—picks up potato pot—crosses to sink—steps on coat and cap in her way. Mudge, with an oath, makes vicious lunge at her—catches her sore arm with one hand—strikes her with the other. Jane screams and staggers. Enter from closet something wild, on the leap. Exit cat under stove in a hurry. Clock ticks on.

Something doing from that on. Let us drop stage vernacular and tell it in our own way.

Mudge did not realize what was what till several blows on either ear enlightened him a little. He turned. His face met a slap—one exceeding the speed limit.

"Hell," said he.

He spoke truly. That's just what it was for a while for him. He was kicked and punched, pounded, shaken, and—then some more. His nose bled. He struggled some, but mostly he pleaded for mercy.

"That's for the missus to decide. Get on your knees and ask her parding," advised Mick.

With appropriate language, the now sobered man declined to do anything of the sort and hoarsely bellowed:

"I'll have you pinched for this, you pug—you."

"Go to it! I'll just make it worth your while," yelled the gleeful Mick. (Business of more punishment.)

THE terrified man gave in. Sobbing, he avowed willingness to do or say anything required, whereupon Mick slumped him down on his knees before Mrs. Mudge and thundered:

"Speak!—before I swell your mouth up more so you can't."

And Mudge spoke as never before. While groveling at Jane's feet he begged her forgiveness, promised never to strike her again, never to touch another drop—her wish would be his law—or words which meant the same thing—always prompted by hearty foot shoves from Mick, the stage manager, who finally inquired:

"Will that be about all from him now, ma'am?"

The leading lady, gazing meditatively at the "jellyfished" husband, who gazed back with imploring eyes, answered slowly:

"Yes, I guess that might do for now."

Mick yanked Mudge up by the collar band, saying:

"Go wash the paint off'n your face, then pick up an' put them duds away. Wot?"

While Mudge was obeying orders with alacrity, Mrs. Mudge took the reward from her apron pocket and handed it to Mick, who, grinning appreciatively, took and stowed it away, saying: "Easy money. Thanks. Reckon it's worth it to you, ma'am, isn't it?"

Then, as Mudge was eying the transaction curiously, although meekly, added: "Pay day, isn't it, Mudge?"

"Yes," murmured Mudge.

"Fine! Just hand the missus what you owe her before I go—$10."

With trembling but quick fingers the man obeyed.

"Well, it's all over now but the shoutin'," regretfully remarked the pugilist, reaching for his cap; "an' say, Mrs. Mudge" (with a kindly protecting wink at her), "I'm livin' down here a bit—over Keefe's joint. If you need me again, just give the high sign an' I'll help you out again. I was only practicin' to-day. I'll do better by you next time."

"There ain't going to be no next time," stuttered Mudge with no intention of being funny.

Jane, looking happier and younger than for years, answered her new friend pleasantly:

"I'm sure much obliged to you. Supper's most ready; why can't you sit and have a bite with us, Mr. ——," pausing for information.

"O'Grady's me name," prompted Mick politely, as he looked interrogatively at Mudge.

"Sure, O'Grady," said the latter with forced earnestness, "why can't ye?"

"I can," said O'Grady.

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Boo About Baseball

By Kay Cleaver Strahan

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

A STORY of a girl fan and a male bluestocking. What would be the upshot of a love match between them? The easy good humor of this story points the moral while seeming only to adorn the tale.

WILLIAM-MORRIS FARRINGTON-JONES was not a special edition. He was a man: a rich man with a fad. The fad was knowledge. William-Morris was twenty-seven years old, and he knew—everything. When other children had learned their A B C's, William-Morris had been busy on his Addison, Browning, and Carlyle; his anthropology, biology, and chemistry. It came easy for William-Morris; he caught knowledge on the wing and placed it in the well-ordered aviary of his brain. He could expound the Laplacian theory or set forth the philosophy of Nietzsche at a moment's notice. He could bound Paraguay on the north, east, south, and west. He could tell you who Patanjali was. After a few months of William-Morris's company any acquisitive person could pass the entrance examination for Oxford with but little difficulty.

Consequently William-Morris was lonely. When he found time he meant to do some truly great thing: write the American drama or something of the sort, but as yet he had been too busy learning and living at the club. He was getting tired of the club, tired of being lonely, and was beginning to think of marriage. He knew women from Jane Austen to Zola, but he had never held a woman's hand. William-Morris was an acquired taste, and as yet no girl had taken the trouble to acquire him.

Then Jabowsky died. No one was very sorry when he did, so perhaps we need not be. Various curious green animals, together with graceful but inopportune snakes, bored him to death. Before his snake days began, Jabowsky had lived at the club; he had resigned, of course, but it seemed only decent to send some slight floral offering to the undertaking parlors where Jabowsky lay, shaven and sober. The purchasing of the floral offering was placed in William-Morris's hands. He knew about things of that sort.

He went to the nearest florist and ordered a sheaf of pure white carnations. Then he priced the ribbon with which the sheaf was to be bound. The price was exorbitant. William-Morris knew that. He said he would procure the ribbon elsewhere and send it around. Hence to the nearest department store. Department stores knew no terrors for William-Morris. He stepped boldly up to the ribbon counter. On the other side of the counter Maida Allan stepped meekly up and asked if she could do anything for him.

Now Maida was pretty; as pretty as a dainty pink-and-white cloud in the east at sunset time, in the same unobtrusive, detached sort of way. She had lived in exactly the same world with William-Morris for eighteen years, but while he had been busy learning, she had been busy loving. She loved her mamma and her relatives; she loved living and being out of doors; she loved eating good things and wearing pretty ones; she loved play and she loved work; she loved the little Western city where she lived; incidentally she had loved a few men, but she had loved them all too soon and had discovered her mistake before it was too late. Consequently we have her asking William-Morris if she could do anything for him.

IT SEEMED to William-Morris that she might do a number of very acceptable things for him, or that perhaps she had already done too much. He continued to stare into the bluest eyes he had ever seen, to watch distractedly two very pokable dimples, and to say nothing.

"Some ribbon perhaps?" she suggested.

That was it, of course—ribbon; how very dull of him to have forgotten.

"Jabowsky died, you see—" he began.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said.

There! He had done it already, made her sorry the first thing.



"This is Mr. Dooley—Mr. Farrington-Jones," Maida presented the creature. "Mr. Buddy Dooley"

"Oh—er—don't mention it," he answered hastily.

She dimpled ever so slightly. "Some white ribbon, was it?"

That was it, of course, white ribbon. "White—yes, just any sort that is—er—handy. About four dollars' worth," he concluded vaguely. Four dollars was the price the florist had asked.

"I'll just put it in my pocket; you need not trouble to—er—wrap it, you know," he said when the ribbon was finally removed from the two plump fingers where it had been miraculously wound into a bunch.

"I'll have to have it signed. 'Sign, please?'" she called.

A floorwalker came up. "Right here at your service, Miss Allan," he smiled.

WILLIAM-MORRIS was sure he had never seen so objectionable a fellow as that floorwalker. There had been no necessity of touching her hand when he took the pencil. He scowled at the padded shoulders and departed.

He went to the club to give the incident due consideration. After giving the due consideration he decided that it was undoubtedly a Goethian case of elective affinities. He loved Miss Allan as passionately as an Abelard, as devotedly as a Dante. But he must go at the matter logically. He felt about in his aviary and drew from a pigeonhole the fact that solid geometry treats of figures not wholly in the same plane. That suited the case exactly. Viewed geometrically, the proposition was to become acquainted with M. A. so that she, too, could recognize the axiom that M. A. and W.-M. F.-J. were affinities. The corollary was marriage. To become acquainted—there was the rub! He looked about the club savagely. If only another member would die—inspiration! Jabowsky had once been a good fellow; he would send him a little private bouquet, necessitating more ribbon.

William-Morris stepped timidly up to the ribbon counter. Maida recognized him and smiled.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"No—er—you see those flowers were from the bunch at the club. I thought I'd better—er—send a few personally. I want some more ribbon, just like the last."

"Are you going to send the same sort of flowers?" she inquired as she took the ribbon from the shelf.

"Why—er—I hadn't thought. I suppose so—"

"Why don't you send something different? It would seem more thoughtful."

"By Jove, it would! That is a good idea. I believe I'll—er—do that. But I'll want the ribbon just the same."

"Now if I were you," Maida loved her job, "I'd send some colored flowers and tie them with ribbon to match."

"But—er—now, what would you get?"

Maida puckered her lips into kissable form. "I can't think of a flower but carnations just now, and there is sure to be such a crowd of them. Could you wait until after luncheon? I'll look in the florists' windows while I'm out."

Heaven suddenly descended and enlisted William-Morris as a member of its population.

"Why, now, that is—er—so awfully kind of you. I wonder would you think me—er—impudent—pushing, that is—if I asked you to meet me at luncheon time and select the flowers for me?"

Maida hesitated, glanced at the primly bespectacled but rather nice-appearing young man before her, appraised him morally, remembered that Jabowsky had died, and said she would be glad to help him.

At fifteen minutes before twelve William-Morris was waiting at the Washington Street entrance to the department store. At two minutes past twelve Maida was with him. William-Morris was enthralled; she was as beautiful as Thetis, as graceful as Iris, as enchanting as Circe. The yellow buttercups which matched her hair and with which her hat was wreathed were a halo.

"Shall we have luncheon first?" he asked.

"Why—I don't know, I—hadn't thought of that. Shall we stop here then? This is where I always lunch."

William-Morris looked. It was a sprawling, sanitary-looking cafeteria.

"You wouldn't—er—care to try some other place?"

"I've tried so many, I am sure this is the best. Shall we go in?"

In they went. He had never been in a cafeteria before. They had always seemed obnoxiously ordinary, overcrowded, and odorous from the outside. He did not know what to do first. He was sorry he had ever inwardly scoffed at the users of the wrong fork.

"You must get in the line here," said Maida. "Take your tray here. You go first, then, and I'll show you where the things are. Here are the napkins. Here, if you want a glass of water. Take your knives and forks out of that basket; you'd better take some spoons, too—" and so on until William-Morris, his tray heavily laden with all manner of things he never ate, stepped from the line and waited for her to show him what to do next.

She came up to him, laughing and blushing a bit. He wondered why.

"Shall we sit here at this table, by the window?"

They should and did.

"I like cafeterias so much better, because you can see exactly what you are going to get, and it is easier to choose. Now to-day I would have ordered custard pie if I hadn't seen how perfectly delicious this strawberry shortcake looked. I love strawberries—and the spring that brings them."

"—Lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span,"

quoted William-Morris.

"Yes— Don't you like your ham sandwich? You are not eating anything."

"Do you care for Keats?" asked William-Morris.

"Keats? Oh, the writer. I don't know. I have never read any of his books."

William-Morris changed the subject.

Maida's luncheon was eaten. William-Morris's luncheon was evaded. "Shall we go?" asked Maida.

"The—er—waiter? Whom—or, that is to say, where shall I get my check?"

SHE laughed a chuckling, lovable laugh. "You passed the cashier back there. You see, you are supposed to pay when your tray is filled. It is all right; I settled it."

William-Morris changed his residence from paradise to a shorter and uglier place. He had made an ass of himself. Had invited an angel to luncheon with him and let her pay the bill. He remonstrated with the angel, but she persisted in laughing and shaking her halo. After all, it was an awkward business, trying to force a half dollar or so on a Thetis-Iris-Circe combination of girl. He desisted.

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and escorted her to the florist's, where he insisted, despite all protests, on buying her a bunch of violets with a red rose for a heart in them. Then they bought some babylike pink sweet peas and lilies of the valley for Jabowsky, and hurried back to the store.

"Will you—er—go to luncheon with *me* to-morrow?" pleaded William-Morris as Maida measured the pink ribbon.

Maida was afraid she couldn't.

"Dinner to-night and to—er—some entertainment of some sort afterward?" William-Morris was clutching desperately.

Maida would be glad to have him call and meet her mamma.

Perhaps, after all, it was a problem in plane geometry.

William-Morris would be glad to do so. He would—er—be more than glad to do so. He would be both charmed and delighted. Mentally he would be—something else if he didn't. Would mamma, perhaps, be receiving that evening?

Mamma would. Mamma kept a boarding house named The Hillcrest. It was on Tenth and Madison Streets, and good-by until evening.

So it was, in the babyhood of spring, that their friendship budded, and spring was yet a baby when their friendship blossomed into an engagement.

THE problem of getting M. A. to recognize the M. A. plus W.-M. F.-J. axiom was not as difficult as William-Morris had feared it might be. Maida's specialty was loving, and so when a man whom she and mamma decided was a "good" man loved her absolutely, ardently, and devotedly, Maida usually loved back, for a time at least, until she found some very adequate reason for not doing so.

William-Morris's easy victory was doubly gratifying to him because he had won her with a handicap placed on his efforts. He wished to be loved solely for himself. Therefore he did not tell Maida that he was ostentatiously rich. She knew that he had a comfortable income, of course; no man lived at the Rosyington Club and did nothing who did not have a comfortable income, but the six figures were reserved for a surprise, to be divulged soon after the wedding.

And the wedding trembled far away in the roseate future. Maida should not, would not, and could not be married without a proper trousseau. Mamma was more than kind, and would not take any more board money from Maida; she could save all her earnings; but at ten dollars a week, even with fingers delicately skilled at hand embroidery, it would take some time to make a collection of dresses, table linen, and—other things worthy of William-Morris's future wife.

William-Morris had vague ideas about obtaining a trousseau in an easier manner than by working fifty-four hours a week for it; but he had found his problem was indeed one of figures in the same plane, and he dared not voice his desires. Maida's papa had once been a big man. He had died, bankrupt and on purpose, and his widow had paid the bills—that was all.

For the first month of their engagement William-Morris never visited earth at all. Some of the men at the club envied him, and some of them felt sorry for him, but it mattered not to William-Morris; he did not know there were any men at the club.

MAIDA'S mamma was rather chary with Maida's society. She said that, after all, Maida worked in a shop and William-Morris lived at the Rosyington Club, and that it was just as well for them not to be seen too often together before they were married; she had found out that people, some people that was, were rather unkind. Maida, as always, agreed with her mamma to the letter; but two evenings a week he was permitted to call on his goddess, and on Sunday afternoons he took his electric launch and mamma and the angel and went far up the river, not coming home until early nighttime.

Mamma always went to sleep, and then William-Morris produced his little leather-bound copy of Keats or Browning or William Blake and read aloud to Maida, who sat in the green grass and looked up at the big hollow blue sky and smelled the cool, clean, springtime odors, and loved—loved looking and loved smelling, loved the world, loved mamma and—William-Morris.

He had just finished reading "Endymion." They had been reading it for two Sunday afternoons. He closed the book and waited for Maida to say something; but she was looking away at the green hills. Her lips were red and soft and parted; her eyes were bluer than the big sky, and there was a wistful, far-away look in them; her hair seemed to cuddle in golden beams about her pure little face; an angel in very truth—there was something supernatural, something sacred about her beauty.

"My little love," exclaimed William-Morris, "can you tell me of what you are thinking?"

"Just now I was thinking," she answered, "what a lovely hat those green hills would make, faced back with that blue sky and with those white clouds for plumes on top."

For an instant William-Morris visited the earth.

"Shall we go now?" he said.

"So early! Why not go down to the edge and skip rocks for a while; or can you skip rocks?"



"Oh, look—look—look-ee! It's a hit—a hit—a hit!" screamed Maida. "Run, Krunner—run—run—oh, for my sake, run!"

William-Morris could not, but she showed him how.

Then spring grew up a bit and pretended to be summer. A very fair pretense she made, too, of a hot sizzling city summer. Spring often acts up like that in the West. Straw-hatted, shirt-waisted men appeared along with parasoled and white-shoed women. The pavements became soft and sticky and flies and mosquitoes were born. The soda fountains hung up their "Special To-day" signs and started their electric fans. Band concerts began to be given in the parks and then came—baseball.

IT WAS opening day. The Seals and Beavers were to play that afternoon. The Beavers were the home team.

William-Morris did not know that it was opening day. He only knew that there was a quite unaccountable crowd on the street; that it was hotter than yesterday; and that the sight of Maida would do him good.

He strolled down the quietest of the noisy streets to the store. He went to the ribbon counter, though such an act was strictly prohibited by mamma and Maida.

Horrors of the Inferno! Maida's blue eyes were rimmed with pink—she had been crying. William-Morris contemplated murder and suicide. It seemed so useless to live or let live in a world where Maida cried.

"It's the game," she explained, dabbing at her eyes. "This is the only day in the world when I hate, *hate* having to work. But don't you mind about me, dear; you go right on and enjoy yourself and bring me a score book and tell me all about it. Go on, you'll be late. I am just frightfully foolish, but— Oh, supposing the Beavers don't win! Or supposing they do—and I miss it!"

"Beavers?—er—now, my darling, had you better go home? What game—er—"

"*What game!*" snapped the angel. She had never snapped before.

"What game—" echoed William-Morris dully.

Then Maida explained. She explained rapidly and absolutely coherently; from the depths of her baseball-yearning soul she explained, and finally William-Morris understood.

"Oh—I see—er—*baseball*."

"You are not going?" asked Maida. She allowed no complimentary tone of surprise to lurk in her voice.

"Going?" echoed William-Morris.

MAIDA'S shoulders raised ever so slightly. She turned to wait on another customer, and William-Morris took the first elevator going down.

She had said nothing, but her eyes and her shoulders had screamed: "To think that I am going to marry a man who doesn't go to the opening game!"

Therefore William-Morris's remark to the stern-mouthed Richard Wagner adorning the club's music room may have been merely defensive: "To think that I am going to marry a girl who could cry about baseball!"

That night he telephoned to Maida. The game was over. The Beavers had won. Maida forgave him for nothing at all, and he forgave her for the same thing.

Sunday he called, radiant with "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in his pocket.

Maida, equally radiant, met him at the door. She had her hat on, but it was the buttercup hat, and beneath it was a plain little shirt waist with a rolling collar; beneath that was a brown linen skirt and stubby-toed tan Oxford shoes; these were Maida's "everyday clothes." On Sundays she always wore fluffy white things with a rosebud hat and tipped-heeled white shoes.

"Oh, I was afraid you'd be late!" she said. "Mamma is so good; she felt so sorry about my missing the opening game that she has actually said we might go together to-day. She doesn't care to go, doesn't like Sunday baseball, and neither do I just exactly, but it is my only chance. I'm all ready, and I think we shall have to hurry."

THEY hurried. Hot, breathless, and panting, William-Morris shoved Maida to the platform of a street car bulging and bursting with humanity, and clung for his life to the lowest step. Maida's mamma wouldn't let her ride in motor cars until after she was married.

When they got off the car Maida seized him by the arm and pushed him into a raging, seething ocean of shirt-sleeved, red-faced, excited men.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she urged. "Get the tickets, quick! The grand stand looks as if it were crowded! Oh, do try to push in front of some of them. Never mind me; I'll wait over there close to the gate. Only hurry! It would break my heart, just break it, if we missed even the first half of the first."

"Missed what?" inquired William-Morris.

"Go *on!*" again the angel snapped and stamped her foot besides.

William-Morris went on. It seemed necessary. He forgot "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" in his pocket. He forgot everything he had ever known; forgot that he was civilized; forgot his entire philosophy of life. He remembered that, come battle, murder, or sudden death, he must fight and push his way to the window in a *hurry*; he must *go on!* He did so. He received two small tickets of red cardboard. He crowded and fought his way out. He met Maida, bidding him "Hurry!" He helped her up innumerable steps; he passed thousands of people; he saw dozens of boys selling things which appeared to be cushions of some sort, and programs; unconsciously he stopped to remove his coat.

"Here," said Maida, giving him a little push. "You can see the whole diamond, and right behind the pitcher's box! Oh, we are *lucky!*" He sat down.

A BAND began to play.

"It's 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game,'" explained Maida; "doesn't it sound pretty out here?"

William-Morris did not answer. He was busy wondering why on earth that fat man was out there sweeping one little patch of ground.

A boy passed selling peanuts. Maida stopped him, produced a nickel from her glove, and bought one for each.

It seemed to William-Morris that the habit Maida had of paying for her own things to eat when she was out with him was one of the most irritating habits he had ever encountered.

She offered him some peanuts. He politely and positively refused. She began to

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(Continued on page)

The Virtues of the Trot

By Mary Master Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY NOEMI PERNESSIN

IT IS eighty-three miles by rail, a little farther by motor, from Pennecote to the most fashionable trottery in New York.

Few care to make the journey, because Pennecote is sufficient unto itself. And turkey trotting is as popular in Pennecote as it is in the cabaret I have in mind; furthermore, it isn't artificially stimulated popularity. We do not take our trotting with champagne sauce. Frequently it is enjoyed with nothing but water on the side. The dance is the thing!

There is a family physician of wide practice in Pennecote who trots himself. I asked him if he could defend the craze for trotting.

"Defend it!" he exclaimed in some surprise—"it needs no defense. Turkey trotting is the most sensible indoor amusement we have had in my experience as a practitioner—and the jolliest. It's making fat people thin, old men young, and young people content with elderly partners.

"I always think of Samuel Cross in connection with turkey trotting," he continued. "He's a friend of mine. I play golf with him. He is a bachelor and very proud of it. He had reached the age where he walked rather flat-footedly and took life very seriously.

"Also, he took his recreation seriously—especially golf. He was proud that he belonged to the 'right' clubs, and altogether was a very undemocratic and unsocial being. Particularly was he unsociable with women; gave to them only the coldest kind of courtesy.

"A few weeks ago I played a round of golf with Sam. The match was all square on the eighteenth hole. We halved the nineteenth, and then, to my surprise, he announced that he had to quit. 'Awfully sorry,' he explained, 'but I'm off to a dinner and a trot.'

"Sam Cross hurrying to a trot! Upon inquiry I found that the craze had got Sam. He couldn't be nice enough now to women—possible hostesses of dinner trots. Altogether turkey trotting has made a companionable, democratic human being out of Samuel Cross."

"But the justification for the dance?" I insisted.

"WELL, for one thing," answered the physician, "it is great exercise—in fact, about the best indoor exercise. Being a physician, I am keen for anything that makes people healthy and fit. Instead of prescribing a trotting horse, I order turkey trotting. It's better exercise, for it brings into play the same muscles as in horseback riding, and others besides, which means that it is the arch enemy of the torpid liver.

"Trotting is also a foe to fat," he smiled. "I have a patient, a woman of about forty-five, whose great trial it was that she was fat and growing fatter. It was a physical annoyance and a mental worry. She was cross and miserable. 'Exercise,' I said to her when she first came to me about it. She did. She went to a gymnasium that taught a one, two, three, bend, stretch, touch-the-floor system. It was tiring and harrowing—and fattening. She came to me again. Fashion had come to my assistance. 'Turkey trotting' I advised. So she joined a class of women. They meet three times a week in the afternoon to trot under the direction of a dancing master who puts them through their paces. They make healthful play of it where, at the same hour, they used to make a business of bridge. I have been that woman's physician for years and I never saw her so well or so young. Naturally I believe in turkey trotting. There is nothing so moral as good health."



Contrary to this, others exclaim, many of them: "Turkey trotting—it's so immoral! Just look at it in those cabarets in New York."

I did.

What did I see? A bewildering conglomeration of people—of many types, of all ages, and of different classes. What was that man who looked so much as if he might be the secretary of an anthropological society doing here? No need to wonder. When the music started he was doing what all the rest were doing—turkey trotting. And there to my surprise I espied an editor of my acquaintance gleefully jogging with his wife.



AT THE table next to ours sat a man with a sharp nose and a circular baldness on the top of his head. From his conversation one knew him for a banker and a prop of society. Sure he trotted!

Yonder was a gay, madly capering grandfather! For him there is to be no misery of decrepit age. He knows that youth is not a matter of years but is perennial, and that it must not be starved.

No pattering slowly down the steps in carpet slippers for granddad. He prefers, wise man, to trot in specially ordered rubber-cinch pumps.

BUT what of the women? That's the curious thing about this latter-day recreation. It's about the only thing modern that can't be tacked on to the feminist movement.

To be sure the women were at the trottery, in corresponding types and ages with the men.

But I find that those who leave instructions with their tailors, haberdashers, and bootmakers for specially designed trotting toggery, those who join the dance with the ardor and zeal of a Middle Age renascence, are the men! Like Jill, the women come tumbling after.

And is that all I saw?

No. There was the girl with the palpably golden hair and the violet eyes and the champagne-flushed cheeks.

Around her waist was a vivid Bulgarian sash, made somewhat more conspicuous by the obtuse angle at which her partner held her.

The skirt she wore was highly slashed and her waist was flimsy, with a chiffon lining, giving the impression of an insecure garment for such violent athletic exercise. As for her unmannered dancing—true, no self-respecting turkey would trot that way!

But dancing on the same floor, and occasionally rubbing elbows with her, was a woman whose white hair was pulled back in that plain fashion conforming to our traditional idea of Boston women, and whose face bore a look of race and of fine culture.

She was dressed in a genteel lavender evening gown, and was trotting with as much self-respecting dignity as she would manifest in her own drawing room.

For another to-be-wondered-at fact is that this dance makes its appeal as much—even more—to the middle-aged and elderly as to care-free youth. Industry has driven our elders so long and so hard that it is high time they had a chance to do something else than sit helplessly around at so-called entertainments, amateur or professional, at home or abroad, that don't entertain them. The turkey trot does.

DOWN with the old and gray world where only Youth dances upon the sward—or hardwood floor. No more senile apathy. It is the cue for Age, and he comes upon the scene rather awkwardly and a little shamblingly—but getting there notwithstanding. And the old-time dance and revelry, the mumming and the minstrelsy, the plays and the songs, whose glory we prate about, have not been noted so much for their grace and delicacy, for their finish and beauty and lack of vulgarity, you know, as for their humanizing life and health.

THE turkey trot is anything but finished. It is quite frank, quite ugly, and quite primitive. In time the homely turkey trot may develop into some pretty pheasant patter, but if in the transition it loses its essential character, it will cease to be a dance of the people and thus sacrifice much of its folk value. It is necessary for man to play as well as to think and to work. It is essential for him to recreate himself, actively, healthily, and merrily. And until some better form of play with as general an interest comes to take its place, what about the turkey trot? For it is conceded that whatever makes an appeal to such vast numbers cannot be wholly evil or wholly without reason. Like truth, morality has no absolute. What about our many thinly veiled dramas and works of fiction? If we honestly compared their moral effect with that of the turkey trot, our conclusions might be more radically different than we think.

If comparisons are inevitable, why not take the clinging-vine waltz?

Don't you remember the moony couples that used to infest the softly illumined recesses of the ballroom, moving slowly and as one being to the sentimental strains of a romantic tune? Don't you remember, too, the long and loud and prophetic-of-evil denunciations that landed upon that same arm-encircling waltz, "Hugging Set to Music"?

IS AUTOMOBILING to be taboo because the few, compared with the large number who motor, resort to joy riding? If you object to the trotteries in New York—and they have their "rummy" features—why censure wholly the dance? In Pennecote we do it in its pristine purity and without libidinous byplay. Out in Rapid City, Mich., the ladies' culture club defers its turkey trotting until after it has discussed the social trend of our democracy. Don't think it's a dance that belongs to New York alone, or to any commercially conducted cabaret where any dance may be perverted.

As the official chaperone of a trottery in Maiden Lane (as apt as "The Street Called Straight"!) remarked:

"Aw, it's all right if they just leave out this Oriental wrigglin'. When any guys come here and starts any wrigglin's, I go straight to 'em and look 'em in the eyes. 'You got to beat it, see?' says I. 'Beat it!' And they do. But you can't blame them for likin' the trot. Why, the whole country's mad about it. Turkey trottin' just gets in the blood!"

FOR some time in America we've been high-browedly talking and writing about the values of folk arts.

We've railed about the commercialism of this rapidly developing country that has made no allowance for recreations other than vicarious ones. We've demanded some democratic folk activities. And now when we get a real folk dance, with the genuine folk label attached, when we come right smack up against it, we denounce it as shamefully sophisticated.

Sophisticated?

No—some of the dancers may be, but the turkey trot itself is a genuine folk dance. Finally, as "there are temptations which strong exercise best enables us to resist," we have use for an athletic dance whose by-product is jollity.

Honi soit qui mal y danse.

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Finger-Print Evidence

By Robert J. Kennedy

THREE years ago Mme. Jules Guion, the wealthy widow of a former governor of the Bank of Paris, started by train from Paris for her country home near Fontainebleau. She occupied a compartment alone. On the following morning her body was found lying beside the tracks. As there was no evidence of crime, the police dismissed the case on the theory that, in a fit of despondency over the death of her husband, she had thrown herself from the cars.

But a certain detective was not satisfied with this explanation. Weeks later he undertook an investigation on his own account. He carefully examined the compartment, hoping to find some clue to substantiate his own belief that the woman had been murdered. Nothing was revealed by his search until, as a last resort, he ripped up the carpet. Underneath he found a railway ticket bearing the bloody imprint of a finger. The ticket was such as is given to French soldiers on furlough. Now, in France, as in Great Britain and in the United States, the finger prints of every soldier and sailor are taken at the time of enlistment. Somewhere among the army records there was one finger print—and only one—that exactly corresponded with the smudge on the ticket. The records were searched and the corresponding impression was found. Within a week both the murderer and his accomplice were arrested, confessions were obtained, and both were sentenced to the guillotine.

POSSIBILITIES FOR BUSINESS USE

NO other evidence left by the soldier could have proved with such certainty his participation in the crime. A letter or an article of his clothing would have furnished no more positive means of identifying him. A hat bearing his very name, dropped in the haste of his escape, would not have fastened his guilt so surely until other corroborative evidence had been gathered—for the hat might have been a stolen one, left by another as a blind. No such clue could have demonstrated so surely as did the bloody finger print the soldier's presence in the compartment at the time the crime was committed.

But though the police records both in Europe and in the United States are filled with accounts similar to this, in which finger prints alone have been the means of detecting and identifying criminals, it is only within recent years that the method has won the full recognition it merits.

Though the police in every European city and in every city in the United States have learned to place implicit faith in this method of identification, the recognition of the system by banks and bonding houses is comparatively recent. Many of the life insurance companies have still to learn what service finger prints may be in suits over the identification of policy holders. Yet it has long been known that finger prints are the only sure means of determining human identity.

They are the only records of the individual that cannot be changed, imitated, or confused with those of another. Photographs may lie, for men change their appearance and even their expressions as age works its transformations. Bertillon measurements vary at times, for one operator may measure a man closely and another measure him loosely. But the markings of the fingers are unique and indestructible. Never in the world were there two sets that exactly corresponded. From the cradle to the grave these marks remain the same. So distinctive are the markings of a pair of thumbs that to an expert no other pair of thumbs may resemble them closely enough to cause even temporary confusion.

The great number of delicate lines and their peculiar irregular arrangement make possible the variety of combinations so infinite as to afford a different pattern for every finger ever fashioned by nature. The configuration of the pattern, the presence of deltas, breaks, bifurcations, forks, angles, and eccentric curves are the marks that distinguish every finger and every thumb from every other finger and every other thumb in the world.



He is required to press the thumb or finger with a slow rolling motion upon a numbered space on a blank chart

For all these myriads of patterns there are but four general divisions—into one of which every impression may be classified. In the slang of the cult, a finger print is either a "whorl," a "loop," an "arch," or a "composite," the last being a broken or irregular combination of two of the other classes.

THE WHORL AND THE LOOP

SO distinctive are the markings of these different classes that an expert needs but a glance to distinguish between them. Two brothers—members of a vaudeville team—whose resemblance to each other is so pronounced that even their manager cannot identify them, were brought some time ago to the New York Police Headquarters.

One was taken into the finger-print room while the other waited outside. The captain in charge was asked to scrutinize carefully the man who stood before him. As he shook hands with the young man he took careful note of the other's right thumb. The young man then left the room and his exact counterpart stepped in.

"Is this the man you just saw?" asked the manager, who had planned the test.

The expert caught up the young man's right hand and glanced swiftly at it.

"No," he said. "The first man had a whorl. This man has a loop. They are not at all alike—the thumbs, I mean."

It has taken a score of years to bring these facts concerning finger prints into general acceptance. The whole idea appears to have been so startling that everyone suspected a "catch" somewhere. Perhaps the most difficult thing to believe is that the markings of the fingers are ineradicable—that they cannot be effaced even with a grindstone. But, in point of fact, this has been tried and just as often it has failed, for the lines extend downward through all the layers of the cuticle to the flesh itself. Though the surface of the fingers were rubbed away until the nerves were raw and the blood started, the record would be all the clearer, because in the process the person seeking to destroy the marks merely would have cleaned out the small secretions from between the minute ridges without destroying the marks themselves. The only way to remove the lines would be to bite out or cut out the ball of every digit; and if any living man had the stoicism to subject himself deliberately to such frightful torture, the mutilation would mark him as a criminal more unmistakably than before, and he would only defeat his own object.



Every human finger print belongs to one of these grand divisions

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON" STARTED IT HERE

SOME of the lingering feeling that taking finger prints is work for a stage detective may be because the first wide attention that the idea received in the United States was in fiction. Eighteen years ago Mark Twain, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," told the story of how a village collector of finger prints not only fixed a murder upon the murderer, but at the same time proved that two babies had been changed in the cradle. It was pure fiction, but entirely plausible. It is curious to note that a dozen years after this Missouri genius published his book St. Louis became the pioneer in America in adopting the finger-print method of identification. Within the past two months the St. Louis police have gone another step, and, placing their dependence upon finger-print identification, have practically discarded the use of their collection of photographs of criminals—the "Rogues' Gallery."

This should not be taken to mean that Missourians deserve all the credit for discovering and furthering this method. In India it had been used to a certain extent in identification of criminals as long ago as 1850. Europe had talked the idea now and then during half a century, but Galton, whose treatise was printed in London in 1892, was the first to reduce the material to a proper classification and render the plan efficient. Tabor, a San Francisco photographer, is said to have proposed finger prints as a method of registering Chinese, and Sir William Herschel, as early as 1877, had been experimenting with finger prints as a means of identifying the Indian coolies. The honors have been passed around. The French were the first to adopt the idea for police purposes in Europe; the English followed their lead. The adoption of the idea in New York City, of course, hastened its spread in America. Chicago claims the distinction of being the first city in the United States where a man was convicted of murder upon circumstantial evidence in which a thumb print was the most important argument.

But even the confidence which the finger-print system now has among the police did not come without misgivings and ridicule. When a bureau of finger-print records was introduced in the New York Police Department it was generally regarded as an experiment, and it was some time before Inspector Joseph Faurot, who had installed the system after having studied the workings of the plan in Paris, found the opportunity to silence the critics.

His chance came when one day, in Greenwich Village, the police arrested a man suspected of having robbed a guest at the Waldorf. At headquarters the man presented a dignified defense, claiming to be an English gentleman in reduced circumstances. The evidence against him

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was slight, and the detectives were unable to identify him as a criminal.

Back of his appearance of gentility, however, were the slight traces of the former prison inmate. The time had come to test the finger-print system. Inspector Faurot made the test a thorough one. He sent to Scotland Yard the imprints of the Englishman's thumbs. No photograph or description accompanied them, only a letter asking for comparisons with the London records and a report. By the next steamer came duplicates of the thumb impressions, with a photograph of the prisoner and his prison record. He was Jones, alias Johns, and a half a dozen other names. He was a hotel sneak and had served time in half the prisons of Great Britain.

When the New York police bring a suspect into Police Headquarters he may escape being photographed for the Rogues' Gallery, but he cannot dodge finger printing. He goes under escort to the finger-print room. He is made to press each digit in turn upon a small pad coated with ordinary printers' ink, slightly thinned. Then he is required to press the thumb or finger with a slow rolling motion upon a numbered space on a blank chart. In two minutes his ten finger prints are there, perfect and indelible, ready to be classified and filed.

From that moment the chances of his escape from punishment for any crime he may commit in the future are considerably lessened. It makes no difference in what part of the civilized world he may attempt to hide himself. With the present system of international exchange his past record is almost certain to be available whenever he is caught in a crime. Nowhere can he hide his identity so long as he takes his fingers and thumbs with him.

In order that the records of all known criminals may be quickly available, copies of the finger prints, together with the other records taken by the police of the different cities, are kept on file in the National Bureau of Criminal Identification in Washington, a bureau that is maintained by subscriptions from the various chiefs of police throughout the United States and Canada. This clearing house for criminal records now has finger prints and Bertillon measurements of more than one hundred thousand persons.

So valuable has this great reference library become that to-day detectives, sent out to investigate the scene of a crime, first look for any hand print the criminal may have left behind on furniture, door jamb, windowpane, or on articles which he fingered and then discarded. Often no trace is visible to the naked eye. But the finger-print expert makes a closer examination. The dark surfaces that might have been touched are dusted with powdered prepared chalk, the light surfaces with prepared lampblack. The powder is then shaken off, and if the print is there it will stand out clear and distinct.

If there is only one hand print or one finger the complete record is made up by a process of mathematical deductions. A hypothesis is figured for the missing digits; a couple of sums in addition are tried, and then the expert walks to a certain cabinet, draws out a certain chart, consults the accompanying data, and tells the Central Office to look for such and such a man. It is all very simple and very wonderful.

If the corresponding impressions are not to be found among the records, then, of course, the chain is broken. For the time being the criminal may be as safe as though he had left no trace behind him. But there are repeated instances in which a single finger print left by a criminal has been identified months later when the man has been arrested on an entirely different charge.

Among the vast collection of finger-print relics kept by the New York Police Department, the one most highly valued by Inspector Faurot is a photograph showing the impression of a single thumb on a cut-glass rose bowl.

A PRINT IN A ROSE BOWL ONLY CLUE

ONE night, nearly three years ago, burglars broke into a house in Flatbush. They carried away nearly everything of value in the dining room, and before leaving released from its cage a canary bird which was kept there.

They left but one clue—the thumb print on the inner surface of the rose bowl. The print was found by a detective, but a search through the records failed to disclose the corresponding impression.

Three months later, in another part of Flatbush, a woman was killed by one of two burglars who broke into her home. In an attempt to save his mother, a son wounded one of the pair. Later both were captured. The wounded man, Frank Schliemann, protested that he was not a professional housebreaker. He claimed to be an artisan out of work and that his companion had induced him to join in the robbery.

The finger-print expert went to the hospital where the injured man lay and took his finger prints. Comparison showed that Schliemann had no police record in Greater New York. The detective was forced to conclude that the whining prisoner had told the truth when he insisted that he had had no previous criminal experience.

THE INFALLIBLE EVIDENCE

HE was just filing the record away when he recognized one of the thumb prints. Five minutes later he was on his way to Brooklyn. He walked into the ward where Schliemann lay and, without warning, snapped a question at the man lying on the hospital cot.

"Schliemann," he said, "when you broke into that other house in Flatbush three months ago why didn't you take the cut-glass bowl with the gold filigree on it?"

Taken by surprise, the frightened murderer blurted out the truth.

"It was too heavy to carry," he said.

The expert hazarded another good guess:

"And why did you turn the canary bird loose?"

"Well," said Schliemann, "I had just done five years in prison, and I hated to see any living thing locked up in a cage."

When the expert had first filed away the photograph taken from the rose bowl he had dismissed it from his mind. One would think that the impression with its labyrinth of interlacing lines would have been quickly forgotten, or at least confused with the great number of others to which his attention was constantly being called.

But the memory of a finger-print expert is like that of a trained detective who pays particular attention to the study of faces. Unconsciously he retains many of these impressions. And a print bearing unusual markings will remain in his mind for months or years.

Some time ago a New York policeman brought to headquarters a soup ladle taken from the scene of a robbery in a house in Washington Square. In the polished bowl of the ladle, which the thief had examined and thrown aside, was the imprint of a thumb, clear and distinct.

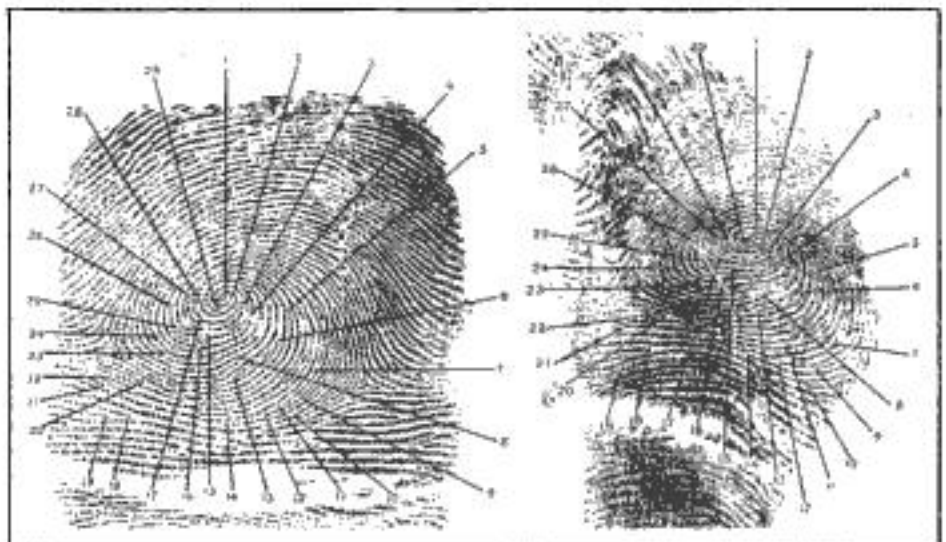
The impression was an unusual one. It had three deltas, whereas most thumbs have but one, and only a few have two. The expert in the Bureau of Criminal Identification studied it carefully and then began a search through the files, which continued for days, looking in vain for a duplicate of it. None was found, and it was concluded that the thief, in all probability, was a beginner.

Some months later a suspect, who had been found loitering around an East Side pawnshop, was brought to headquarters. His finger prints were taken, and the expert, following his usual custom, studied them a moment before turning them over to be classified. As he glanced at the thumb print he caught the impression of three deltas. A moment later he had taken from the files the photograph of the soup-ladle impression. The thief, Herman Kaplan, called the "candle burglar" on account of his custom of always carrying with him a candle dip, pleaded guilty of the Washington Square robbery and was sent to Sing Sing. He had left the soup ladle, he said, because it was plated.

The recent adoption of finger prints by banks as a means of identification is doing much to prevent wrongful payments. Forgers who have made banks their particular prey have been completely stripped of their power to profit through their criminal skill because of the adoption of the finger-print method.

Criminals, whose impressions are on record in the large cities, often fear to remain where the slightest suspicion against them may at once show them up as old offenders. This fear often drives them to work in the smaller cities and towns.

"For that reason," says Eugene Van Buskirk, superintendent of the National Bureau of Identification at Washington, "every city should install a finger-print bureau. The police at least should be able to take impressions, to be sent for comparison to the national bureau."



The intricacies of finger-print reading are well illustrated by 29 points with numbered radiant lines. Thus No. 1 is marked "Inner Terminus"; 2, "Ridge Bifurcates"; 5, "End of Ridge"; 24, "Small Dot," and so on

The Lazy Day

WELL, this has been a splendid and a very perfect day;
I took my work and worries and I threw them all away—
I took the work I ought to do and looked it in the eye
And said: "You get a holiday, old task of mine, good-by.
I hope you have a pleasant time wherever you may roam.
Now, don't get lost, but just the same you needn't hurry home."

My work stood begging at my side, my elbow Duty nudged,
But with a stern and haughty heart I never even budged.
I stretched myself upon my back within the hammock here
And swung and swung and let my soul get bubbling full of cheer.
My work went galley-west, I guess—I know it isn't done—
But, friend, to have a Lazy Day is certainly some fun.

And all the things I worry for and of—the pesky things!
I gave them all to understand they might as well take wings.
I'd worried over them in a most faithful, earnest way,
But worry hasn't any place in any lazy day.
Some little worries fretted up and sighed: "What can you do?"
I blew them all to smithereens with one intense "Pooh! Pooh!"

So here I am, with work undone, unworried worries, too,
And still the grass is nice and green, the sky is nice and blue,
The world is rolling right along, no doubt the stars will gleam—
I guess I'll linger here a while and muse and doze and dream.
My friend, when Work is fighting you and Worry wants to stay
Just throw the whole thing to one side and have a Lazy Day.

—WILBUR D. NESBIT.



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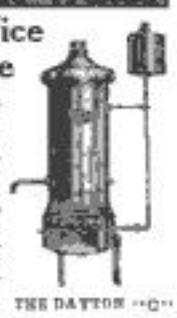
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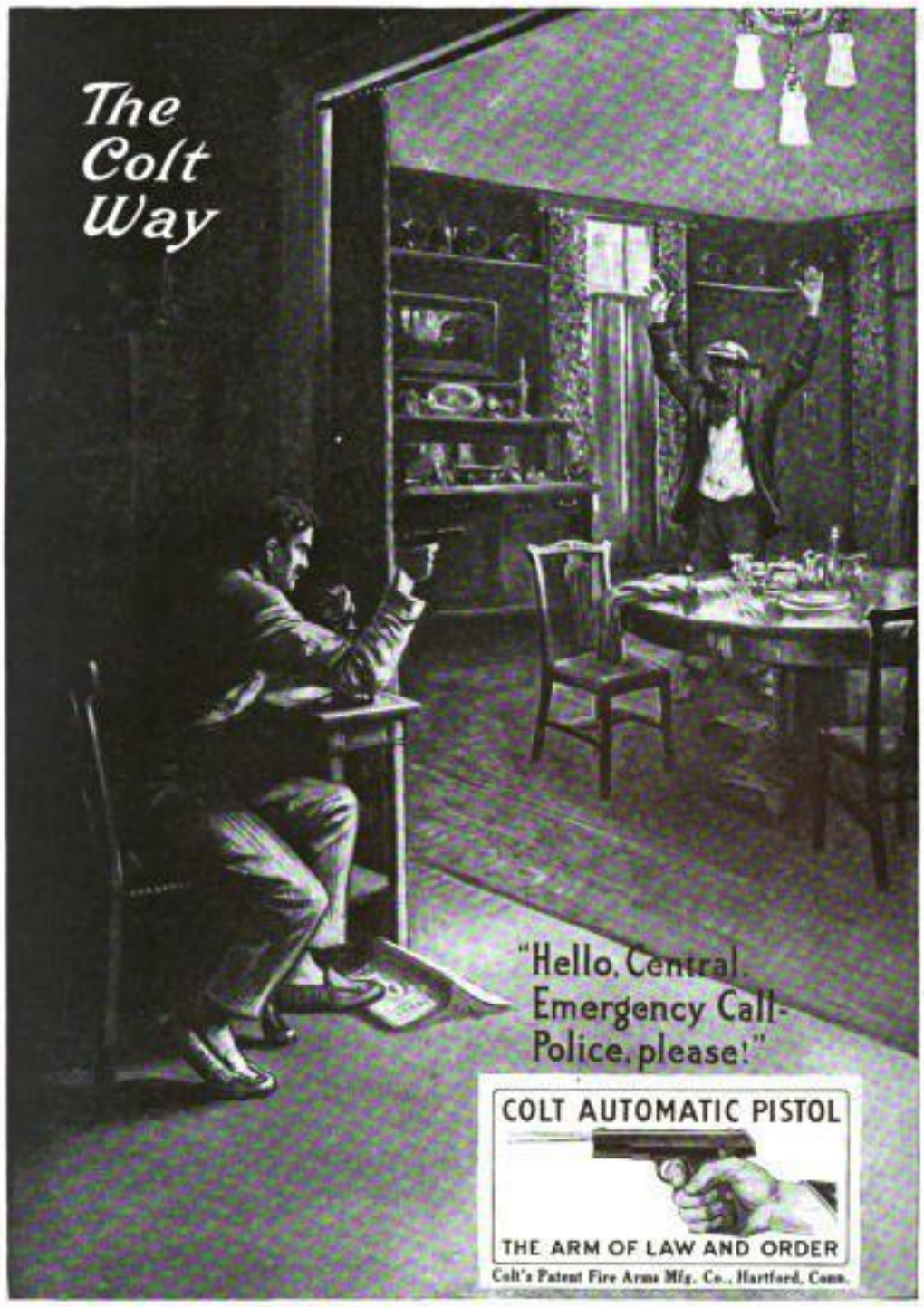
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The Truth About Foods



A Question and Answer Department
Conducted by
Professor LEWIS B. ALLYN

More About Extracts

WILL you kindly tell me if extracts can contain a different amount of alcohol and yet remain pure? I note some are labeled 35 per cent and others 82 per cent. Or is it just the effect of the flavoring quality of the same?—A. P., Jamestown, N. Y.

As noted in a previous issue of COLLIER'S, lemon extract, in order to contain the necessary 5 per cent of lemon oil, must contain approximately 80 per cent of alcohol in order to hold the oil in solution. If this is not done the extract becomes cloudy or even milky, particularly in cold weather. Lemon extract containing only 45 per cent could not dissolve the legal amount of oil, and would therefore be under strength.

Vanilla extract, on the other hand, made by dissolving the extractive matter from macerated vanilla beans, contains less than half alcohol; and 45 per cent would be a liberal amount.

Thus you should always find a high alcohol content in lemon and orange extracts, and an alcohol content of less than 50 per cent in extract of vanilla.

Embalming Fluid

IN one of the issues of COLLIER'S *you showed two glasses of milk, one black, one white, and stated that the dark one had been tested for formaldehyde. Will you be kind enough to tell us how to make the tests?*—R. C. C., Elgin, Ill.

This is perhaps the most seasonable time of the year to make the test for formaldehyde, since it is used more in hot weather than during any other time of the year, for obvious reasons. Formaldehyde, or formalin, is a dangerous preservative, used by the undertaker in his work and by a dishonest or ignorant milk purveyor in his. Its use in any food preparation is distinctly reprehensible, and he who employs this dangerous drug illegally (and it is illegal in all foods) can hardly be dealt with too severely.

It so happens, however, that it is not difficult to detect the presence of formaldehyde if the following method is adopted. The scheme best employed by the housewife is known as the Leach Casein Test, and was originated by Dr. Albert E. Leach, formerly chemist of the Massachusetts State Board of Health.

Place four tablespoonfuls of the milk in a teacup, and add an equal volume of hydrochloric acid which contains a drop of ferric chloride. Set in a dish of boiling water and stir for a minute with a splinter of wood. At the end of about five minutes, or when the mixture has become nearly as hot as the water, pure milk remains practically uncolored, or it may be slightly yellowish or even gray; but milk containing formaldehyde will be distinctly lavender or purple. In the photograph to which you refer, the real color of the dark sample was purple.

Milk containing small quantities of formaldehyde in the writer's laboratory has been kept in a perfectly sweet condition for over eight years, but it is exceedingly poisonous. Under no consideration should drugs take the place of sanitation. COLLIER'S would welcome reports from different parts of the country from those who are using this test in their experiments. There are, of course, several different methods for detecting formaldehyde, which may be found in books, a list of which may be obtained at this office, but the one just mentioned is perhaps the most simple and reliable.

An Interesting Series

THE following questions have always perplexed me, and you would confer a great favor if you would answer as many of them as possible:

1. How is cow's milk analyzed for tuberculosis germs?

2. How can one tell undenatured grains surely, and where can one get them? Is natural barley the same as pearled barley?

3. What are good breakfast foods, if any are none to be depended on?

4. What test is there for pure olive oil, free from fatty acid and cottonseed oil?

5. How can I be sure I have pure maple sirup and pure honey?

6. How can I learn more of the proper proportions to use, and the proper percentage in articles of food in the following ingredients: proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and minerals; so that of my own initiative I could prepare a meal properly proportioned?

7. How can I be sure peanut butter is fresh?

8. How can I be sure prunes, raisins and currants are not treated with sulphuric acid?

9. Can you tell me where and how I could get information concerning soil fertilizer?

10. How can I know how much nitrogen to give in the way of cheese, cowpeas, beans, peas, lentils, and milk?

—Mrs. D. K., Ontario

1. There is no method by which tuberculosis germs can be detected with surety. Certainly not, unless one has had a long and careful training in the field of bacteriology and is skilled in the use of the compound microscope. Many times experts themselves fail to find tuberculosis bacilli in milk which they know has come from infected cattle. It is a very serious matter, and its remedy lies not so much in finding the bacilli as insisting on milk from healthy animals. Your dairy commissioner should be of the greatest assistance to you in this particular.

2. By undenatured grains we assume you mean grains from which the outer coating has not been removed. If these have been ground, no one except the chemist can surely tell. His method consists in part in determining the percentage of ash or mineral matter which is most largely found in the outer covering. When this outer covering has been removed and the grain unbroken, the latter is said to have been "pearled." Its appearance is then enough to identify it. The grain is more attractive in this state to the depraved eye of the majority of consumers—for example, pearled barley or wheat, or brushed or polished rice. Thus natural barley is not the same as pearled barley.

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Several dealers listed in "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" carry whole grains; almost any large grocer can obtain them for you.

3. Breakfast foods as a class are not adulterated. The makers are to-day leaving in more and more of the natural mineral constituents so essential for good health. See "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods." The point of criticism against the ordinary breakfast food is its exceedingly high price, which, some argue, is offset by the ease of preparation. We do not believe this argument is a sound one, however. Dr. Wiley's suggestion of grinding your own breakfast food in a hand mill has merit worthy of grave consideration.

4. No olive oil is absolutely free from fatty acid. Were it so it would not be pure olive oil. The free fatty acid content, however, in the best oils is usually low—1 per cent or less. There is no simple home test for determining the percentage of free fatty acid. It is determined in the chemical laboratory by the skilled operator through a process called titration with certain carefully prepared or standardized alkaline solutions.

The test for cottonseed oil, however, is not difficult. Place a tablespoonful of the suspected oil in a small olive bottle, add an equal volume of Halphen's reagent, and loosely stop the mouth of the bottle with cotton. Remove a quart or so of boiling brine far away from any fire, and place bottle therein. At the end of fifteen minutes the mixture will be a distinct red if cottonseed oil is present. If the sample is free from cottonseed oil, little or no change will be observed, and certainly no red tinge will be present, the depth of color depending upon the amount of the adulterant. Lard can be tested for cottonseed oil by this method. Halphen's reagent is very inflammable and should be made by your druggist. Keep it away from all flame. Take any convenient volume of carbon disulphide in which 1 per cent of sulphur has been previously dissolved, and add an equal volume of amyl alcohol.

Suppose you find your sample negative and yet desire to get the effect of cottonseed oil. We suggest that to another sample you add a small quantity of ordinary salad oil, and repeat the experiment.

You will understand, of course, that cottonseed oil is an oil of great merit and high food value, but it should be sold as such and should not masquerade as olive oil.

5. There is no simple test for maple sirup and honey. This is best conducted in the chemical laboratory by so-called optical methods. Several brands of pure maple sirup and honey are listed in the book previously mentioned.

6. Address the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., for bulletins on dietary subjects. The menus published by the "National Food Magazine" and by "Good Housekeeping," New York City, are also of value in this connection. It must be borne in mind, however, that there is no hard and fast rule in the matter of diet, but there are several helpfully suggestive schemes.

7. Grind it yourself. Likewise many of the peanut butters that are sold in glass jars are free from all traces of rancidity.

8. Fruits are never treated with sulphuric acid. We presume you mean sulphurous acid, a substance formed by uniting the gas given off by burning sulphur with water. Black prunes, dark raisins, and currants are never sulphured. Silver prunes, sultana raisins and currants, apples, apricots, and peaches frequently are. There is no simple home test for the detection of the presence of added sulphurous acid or sulphur dioxide. Some fruits are so heavily sulphured, however, that a silver fork or spoon will blacken almost immediately if held in the steam of the water in which they are cooking. This test, however, is more interesting than reliable. Ask for and demand sun-dried fruits. A perverted taste only demands that a dried apple shall look like a lady's white kid glove.

9. Address the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C.

10. See answer to No. 6.

Just Grape Juice

I WOULD *like to know the ingredients of Welch's Grape Juice, and if it is as pure and free from preservatives as they claim. Also why it does not ferment.*—Mrs. H. C. L., New York City.

Many chemical analyses have been made of this product, and there is no reason to believe that it is adulterated in any way. It is preserved by sterilization, and will ferment like any other high-class grape juice if exposed to the air for a suitable length of time.

We Would Not Eat Them

PLEASE *tell me if peas contained in a can bearing the inclosed label are good to eat. They seemed to taste a little different from others, and it was this fact that made me examine the label.*—E. J. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why not examine the label before you open the can? It states, though somewhat indistinctly: "Colored with sulphate of copper." These peas are illegal, as coppered vegetables are no longer to be imported.

It is a little duty we owe the cause of pure foods to critically examine the labels for fine print, obscure or misleading statements, and, if such be found, to refuse to purchase. Your grocer will be glad to cooperate if you will give him the chance. He cannot very well cooperate alone.

Subjoined is a list of books and magazine articles arranged by the Westfield Atheneum bearing upon the subject of pure-food reform:

Westfield Atheneum

A Selected List of Books on Foods and Drugs and Their Adulteration

Food and Its Adulteration

ALLEN—*Civics and Health.*
CARPENTER—*How the World Is Fed.*
DUNCAN—*Some Chemical Problems of To-day.*
ELLIOTT—*Household Bacteriology.*
FARRINGTON—*Testing Milk and Its Products.*
HUTCHINSON—*Handbook of Health.*
JOHNSTON—*Chemistry of Common Life.*
JORDAN—*Principles of Human Nutrition.*
MCCANN—*Starving America.*
NORTON—*Food and Dietetics.*
OLSEN—*Pure Foods: Their Adulteration, Nutritive Value, and Cost.*
PATTEE—*Practical Dietetics with Reference to Diet in Disease.*
PHILIP—*Romance of Modern Chemistry.*
ROSENAU—*The Milk Question.*
SADTLER—*Handbook of Industrial Organic Chemistry.*
SMITH—*Foods.*
SNYDER—*Human Foods and Their Nutritive Value.*
U. S. HYGIENIC LABORATORY—*Milk and Its Relation to Public Health.*
WILEY—*Foods and Their Adulteration.*
WING—*Milk and Its Products.*

A Few Magazine Articles on This Subject

ALLYN—*Pure Food.* COLLIER'S, Feb. 8; Feb. 22, 1913.
ALLYN—*Pure Food in New England.* COLLIER'S, Dec. 28, 1912.
BAILEY—*Art of Bleaching and Dyeing as Applied to Food. Popular Science Monthly.* Jan., 1909.
BIGELOW—*Detail of the Enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act. Department of Agriculture Report,* 1907.
DUNN—*Dr. Wiley and Pure Food. World's Work.* Oct., Nov., 1911.
LAKEY—*Pure Food Law: What Has It Accomplished? Outlook.* Feb. 1, 1908.
MOFFETT—*Cassidy and the Food Poisoners. Hampton.* Feb., 1911.
MYERS—*What the Food Law Saves Us From. World's Work.* Sept., 1907.
WILEY—*Butter and Its Substitutes. Good Housekeeping.* June, 1912.
WILEY—*Soft Drinks and Dopes. Good Housekeeping.* Aug., 1912.
WILEY—*Coca-Cola Controversy. Good Housekeeping.* Sept., 1912.
WILEY—*Progress and Regress under the Food Law. Good Housekeeping.* Oct., 1912.
WILEY—*Mother's Mince Pies versus the Grocery Man's. Good Housekeeping.* Nov., 1912.
WILEY—*Glucose, the Champion Adulterant. Good Housekeeping.* Dec., 1912.
WILEY—*Dangers in Store Candies. Good Housekeeping.* Jan., 1913.
WILEY—*Danger in Vivid Green Vegetables. Good Housekeeping.* Feb., 1913.

Patent Medicines, Headache Remedies, Etc.

ADAMS—*The Great American Fraud Nostrums and Quackery.*

Magazine Articles

ADAMS—*Proud Medicines Own Up.* COLLIER'S, Jan. 20, 1912.
ADAMS—*Tricks of the Trade.* COLLIER'S, Feb. 17, 1912.
FORBES—*What Not to Do for a Headache. World's Work.* June, 1910.
HUTCHINSON—*Danger Line in Patent Medicines. Delineator.* Sept., 1910.
Obesity Cures. Independent. Oct. 26, 1911.
LATIMER—*The Greatest Enemy that a Woman Has. Ladies' Home Journal.* Nov., 1911.
LATIMER—*How Can I Keep My Baby from Crying? Ladies' Home Journal.* Jan., 1912.
PIERCE—*Short Cuts to Beauty. Good Housekeeping.* Sept., 1912.
WILEY—*Drugging the Baby. Good Housekeeping.* Oct., 1912.

United States Department of Agriculture Publications

Household Tests for the Detection of Oleomargarine and Renovated Butter.
Principles of Nutrition and the Nutritive Value of Food.
Harmfulness of Headache Mixtures.
Habit-Forming Drugs.
Bacteria in Milk.



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—when there is a faulty carburetor adjustment
—when there is a late spark
—when there is heat congestion anywhere throughout the mechanism of the engine

Overheating causes 60% of all the repair work on pleasure cars and trucks. The largest repair company in America says overheating causes nearly 90% of repair work on power plants. A Motometer saves this expense. Moreover it abolishes trouble on the road.

"The Motometer is the most necessary device ever invented to safeguard the motor as it is impossible for the most expert driver to always detect when his engine is overheating."—**Ralph De Palma.**

"The Motometer was of the greatest help to me in finishing second in the Indianapolis Race. I will always use one on any car I drive for pleasure or racing."—**Spencer Wishart.**

All pleasure car and truck owners, even big racing men, up to several months ago drove their cars by instinct—plus luck. They had no knowledge that "something was wrong" *till trouble came;* till the car screamed, smoked, smelt, knocked or rumbled for help.

"I won the 500 mile Indianapolis Race and carried a Boyce Motometer. I consider the instrument a most valuable device on any car."—**Jules Goux.**

"Have used a Motometer with great success on my touring car. Express one at once for my FIAT racing car."—**Barney Oldfield.**

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The pleasure of motoring depends upon the absence of worry. The Motometer makes you tranquil, makes you sure that the lubricating and cooling systems are in perfect working condition. It is as essential to your car or truck as a steam gauge is to a steam engineer—or an X-Ray machine to a Doctor. It makes your power plant as plain to read as if it were built of glass.

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Used by 90% of the world's greatest racing drivers.

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Reads as plain as a *block signal* from the driver's seat or even the tonneau. Visible day and night.

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when you consider that it may save the life of your engine, and is every day prolonging its operation—conserving gasoline, oil, time, worry, and woe.

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The New Politics—III

By R. M. McCLINTOCK

¶ In a series of several short articles in successive issues of COLLIER'S, *Mr. McClintock is setting forth a view of present-day national politics which is held by an increasing number of Americans.*

FOR years the Democratic party has charged that the protective tariff has been largely responsible for the growth of trusts and the increase in the cost of living. In the last campaign insistence was laid, both by Mr. Wilson and those who supported him on the stump, on tariff revision and trust dissolution as sovereign remedies for our economic ills. Thus the great trusts were to be made to deal justly, labor was to be given a square deal, the cost of living greatly reduced, competition restored and enforced, a "new freedom" born.

To-day the Democratic party, in full control of the Government, must demonstrate once for all the efficacy of the remedies it has so long advertised. Fortunately, President Wilson has proved his ability to get just what he wants.

But what are the chances that the Wilson remedies will prove a success? In his own mind, evidently, judging from the assurance with which he forces his program upon Congress, there is no doubt of the result. But others are not so certain. Men and women who are every whit as progressive as the President honestly cannot see how, even if his whole program is carried out in just the form he desires, there can be any great or lasting improvement in existing conditions.

COFFEE AND HIDES

THAT downward revision of the tariff will result in a marked reduction in the cost of living is postulated on the theories that the consumer will get the benefit of reduced tariffs, and that a reduction in the cost of wages will not follow any lasting reduction in the cost of living. But are those postulates well founded? Is it true that tariff reductions will go either wholly or in large part to the consumer? And, if so, will there be no corresponding reductions in wages?

There are certain facts that should give us pause before we accept these theories as self-evident truths. In the first place, there have been tariff reductions followed by increased, instead of decreased, prices. Coffee, several years ago, was put on the free list. The price is considerably higher now than then. The Payne-Aldrich Bill placed hides on the free list; the cost of leather rose.

These facts do not mean that free trade is followed by higher prices in all cases; they do prove that in many instances the tariff has but little to do in fixing prices. In the cases enumerated above, coffee rose because it is controlled absolutely, both as to price and output, by the Brazilian Coffee Trust; leather rose because the world's stock of cattle is fast decreasing.

Most of the products placed on the free list of the Underwood-Simmons Bill are foodstuffs. The chief items in the increased prices of foodstuffs (disregarding for the moment Professor Irving Fisher's theory that the increased stock of money has much to do with higher prices) are the exactions of the middlemen and the disappearance of free lands. Neither of these causes will be in the least affected by free trade.

As to the manufactured articles which have been placed on the free list, or the duties on which have been reduced, most of them are the product of great trusts. Is there any guarantee that these trusts will pass on to the people any large proportion of whatever benefits may accrue from reduced tariffs? Of course we are promised that the trusts will be destroyed and competition restored. But, remembering the effect of the Standard Oil and Tobacco dissolutions, we may well pray to be delivered from more such.

LOBBIES, FOR AND AGAINST

BUT it is triumphantly asserted that the fact that an insidious lobby is working to prevent the passage of the Underwood-Simmons Bill is proof positive of the excellence of that measure, from the people's point of view. The trusts fear it, we are told. Some trusts do, perhaps; others not so much. The greatest opposition has come from small manufacturers and farmers' organizations. Not all the lobbies that have been uncovered are opposing the bill. Great emphasis has been laid on the fact that Louisiana cane planters and Colorado beet growers have lobbied against free sugar; the soft pedal has been placed on the disclosure that the Sugar Refining Trust has lobbied just as assiduously for free sugar. California and Florida lemon growers have been assailed because they have sought to prevent free lemons; the fact has been practically overlooked that Messina (Italy) lemon exporters and New York importers raised a fund to secure free lemons.

Have we, in the Sugar Refining Trust, at last found the long-sought "good" trust? Has it been generously spending its money for the sole purpose of getting cheaper sugar for the consumer? Or is it possible there is some truth in the charge that it is for free sugar because, with beet-sugar competition eliminated, it can secure still greater profits?

A GUESS AND A HOPE

WHO knows just what will be the effect of the Underwood-Simmons Bill on any given industry? It is safe to say that no Democrat, from President Wilson down, can do more than guess at the result and hope that all will be for the best. But is that the way to go about so vastly important a matter as the revision of the tariff? It's not the way the Germans go about it, at least. They put a staff of nonpartisan experts to work on each schedule. And when they pass their tariff bills they *know* what the effect will be.

Moreover, it is not enough merely to know how great a reduction a given item can stand or what is a just rate. Prices are largely controlled by trusts nowadays, and even the dissolution of the trusts doesn't seem to reduce prices. Isn't it likely, therefore, that something more is needed than tariff revision or even free trade? Isn't it apparent that there must be regulation of the trusts in order that there may be a guarantee that the people, not the trusts, will get the benefit of reduced tariffs, and in order that both wageworkers and consumers may be certain of just treatment?

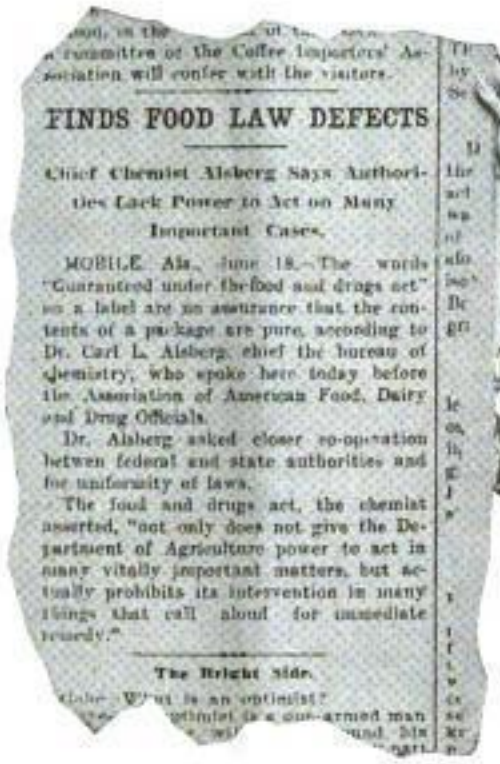
But, according to the Democrats, Federal regulation of interstate corporations must not be even thought of. It would recognize the existence of big corporations, hence restrict free competition, hence make impossible the new freedom. Moreover, Federal regulation is unconstitutional; according to this view, the United States, alone of great nations, has no control over great corporations; this control must be exercised by the States. A corporation doing a nation-wide business, therefore, must be regulated, if at all, by forty-eight States, under forty-eight separate and often conflicting laws. The Democrats, therefore, can only reduce the tariff, hoping that the trusts will pass on to consumers the full benefit of these reductions, or, if not, that they can be more successful in dissolving these trusts and making them actually compete than was Taft with Standard Oil and Tobacco.

THE HUMANITARIAN DOUBT

IN view of the fact that the Underwood-Simmons Bill is unscientifically drawn, that very often the placing of raw materials on the free list has been followed by an increase of price to the consumer, and that there is no provision by which the people can be guaranteed the benefit of tariff reductions, what assurance is there that it will accomplish what is claimed for it in reducing the cost of living?

It has been claimed that the tariff has been responsible for the frightful conditions that have obtained in Massachusetts woolen mills, in South Carolina cotton mills, in Pennsylvania steel works, in West Virginia coal mines, and that tariff revision will improve the conditions of labor in these and other industries. If this were so it would be immaterial whether or not the new tariff would reduce the cost of living. But just what may be expected from the new tariff in these respects?

How Strong is Your Desire for Real Pure Foods ?



committee of the Coffee Importers' Association will confer with the visitors.

FINDS FOOD LAW DEFECTS

Chief Chemist Alsberg Says Authorities Lack Power to Act on Many Important Cases.

MOBILE, Ala., June 18.—The words "Guaranteed under the food and drugs act" on a label are no assurance that the contents of a package are pure, according to Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, chief the bureau of chemistry, who spoke here today before the Association of American Food, Dairy and Drug Officials.

Dr. Alsberg asked closer co-operation between federal and state authorities and for uniformity of laws.

The food and drugs act, the chemist asserted, "not only does not give the Department of Agriculture power to act in many vitally important matters, but actually prohibits its intervention in many things that call aloud for immediate remedy."

The Bright Side.

What is an optimist? ... optimist is a one-armed man ... hind his ...



IS IT strong enough to devote three minutes to its consideration? Do you really want to know positively how you can have on your breakfast, luncheon and dinner table real sweet, pure, wholesome foods?

For three years we have realized the truth of Dr. Alsberg's statement, shown in the clipping above, and have endeavored to find the way to protect the food of the nation.

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We unqualifyingly certify and guarantee the following articles of
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This is how we do it.

At a cost of many thousands of dollars we have retained the services of the famous Miner Laboratories where every article of Yours Truly Food is thoroughly examined, tested and microscopically inspected.

But this is only the first step to insure protection.

In every factory where Yours Truly Certified Foods are made there is on guard every moment of the day a scientist who watches every article of food that goes into a Yours Truly package. He begins with the raw material. He weighs, tests and examines it. He always preserves the same high standard of Yours Truly quality, which is from 10 per cent to 60 per cent higher than required by law.

And he watches the cleanliness of the factory. He insists not only upon the purity of the material but that everything surrounding it while it is made and packed shall be sweet and wholesome.

This is the acme of food protection. We would not dare to make this claim unless it **were** *wholly true.*

Have these three minutes with us really brought you to a realization of your need? Is your desire for real pure food strong enough to not only ask your grocer for Yours Truly Certified Foods but to absolutely command that you get them?

You can revolutionize the food standards of the nation if you will. If you will insist on getting Yours Truly Certified Foods it is bound to force every other food manufacturer to the same high standard. Your part consists of getting Yours Truly Certified Foods right from the beginning.

Please read the certificate of guarantee at the bottom of this page.

Any further information you may desire about the Yours Truly Pure Food Movement can be obtained on request.

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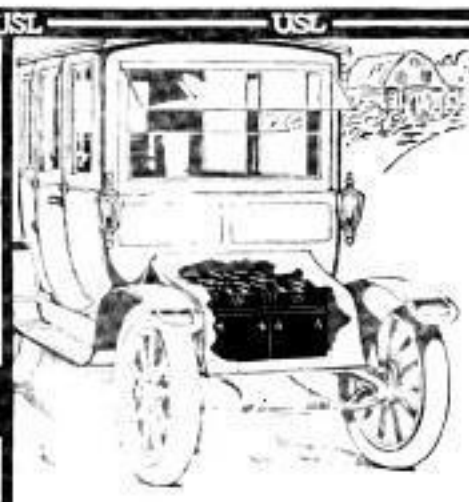
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Carl S Miner

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Atlantic	Century	Couple Gear	G. M. C.	M. & P.	Tate	Waverley
Baker	Chicago Electric	Detroit	Grinnell	Ohio Electric	Urban	Woods
Borland	Columbus Electric	Detroit (Anderson)	G. V.	Rauch & Lang	Walker	
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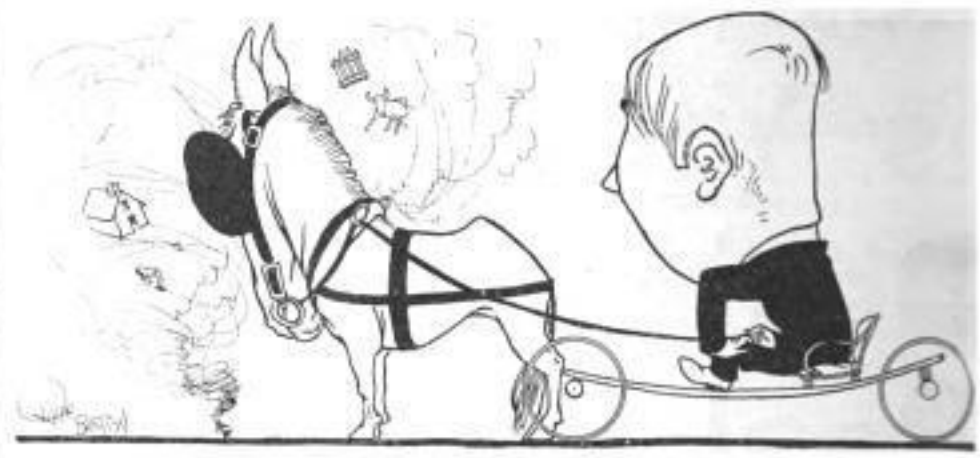
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On Meeting Cyclones

By HOMER CROY

ARKANSAS man says that he has invented a simple house that is cyclone proof.

I do not wish to attack the man's character without knowing more about him, but he is a liar. That is a harsh word, but I went through a cyclone once, and feel deeply on the subject. I, for one, don't believe cyclones will ever be successfully domesticated. I cannot picture a full-grown cyclone eating out of anyone's hand.

A large Clydesdale cyclone visited our parts once, and when it moved on there was only a ragged hole in the ground where the well had once stood, and a deep-rooted feeling of animosity in my neighborhood against strange cyclones. Our family saw the cyclone coming, but we had no idea that it was a rude, uncultured cyclone without any trace of bringing up. We gathered on the porch to watch the spectacle. We had never had a cyclone perform for our amusement before.

It drew itself up into a funnel shape and advanced boldly toward us. Before any greetings were exchanged we saw that it was not a friend of the family, and withdrew into the cyclone cellar to let the cyclone knock at the door, unheeded. We heard it muttering under its breath, and when we looked out later the door of our house was gone. Then we missed the porch where we had so lately stood; soon, to our astonishment, we saw that the whole house had been removed. The cyclone had left no address.

ONE Kansas cyclone that I knew in a passing sort of way blew a cow away and came back two days later for the calf.

One day I was out alone on the lea, driving Light Horse Harry to a buckboard, when a cyclone came along. Although I gave no sign of recognition, it came up and accosted me. I tried to wave it aside, but it grew coarse and abusive. It gathered me up by the waist, took the buggy out from under me, and whisked it away. It left me lonely and morose in the air, with the earth far removed. I always like the earth best under me, but I thought it better not to take up the matter with the cyclone just then. I would wait until it had a full stomach and its house slippers on. I could then see Light Horse Harry and the vehicle, but I felt all was not well with them. Although I had only a speaking acquaintance with cyclones, I saw that this cyclone was of low caste and coarse manners, and felt that there could be no real sympathy between us. While I was turning this over in my mind the cyclone was busily engaged in turning me over, although I had expressed no such desire.

I SAW the buggy going by with large footprints on the dashboard. I surmised these belonged to Light Horse Harry, although he was no longer with the rig, but I did not stop to examine. I would let the mystery go unsolved until some other day when I was not so pressed for time.

In a few minutes I awoke to the realization that I was surrounded by a cyclone. I didn't know whose coal mine it was, so I thought I had better get out. I climbed up the rope on the windlass and peeked out. The cyclone had not missed me and had gone on in search of pastures new; I made no effort to call it back. I climbed out and looked around for the buckboard. At last I found half of the whip socket, torn and mutilated—all that was mortal of my buckboard.

Light Horse Harry got back in a couple of days, but he was never the same horse again. He had a low, hacking cough, and every time he felt a zephyr from the northwest he would crowd under my arm and whinny for protection. I tried to explain that I would be of little protection to him, as I had lost my ability to look a large-boned, dapple-gray cyclone in the eye and cow it, but his faith in my cowing ability was unlimited. So I traded him off, that he might never know what little influence I had with a large sixteen-hand stall-fed cyclone.

Cyclones are all right to read about, but they are poor company.

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and you know that some have harmed your skin; made it harsh, red, irritable, or worse: other ordinary soaps have seemed to have no merit. You must value comfort; you surely value a radiant complexion: you can be helped to both by the famous Pears' Soap. And

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Hon. Croesus Explains

By WALT MASON

OH, yes, I own a mill or two where little children toil; but why this foolish how-de-do, this uproar and turmoil? You say these children are but slaves, who, through the age-long day, must work in dark and noisome caves to earn a pauper's pay? You hold me up to public scorn as one who's steeped in sin; and yet I feel that I adorn the world I'm living in.

But yesterday I wrote two checks for twenty-seven plunks to build a Home for Human Wrecks and buy them horsehair trunks.

In building up monopolies I've crushed a thousand men? I'm tired of that old chestnut; please don't spring that gag again. I cannot answer for the fate of those by Trade unmade; for men who cannot hit the gait must drop from the parade. If scores of people got the worst of deals I had in line, if by the losers I am cursed, that is no fault of mine. And you, who come with platitude, are but an also ran; I use my money doing good, as much as any man.

I'm doing good while Virtue routs and of my misdeeds moans; for a Retreat for Maiden Aunts I just gave twenty bones.

I hold too cheap employees' lives, I cry in tones intense: I'm making widows of their wives, to keep down my expense. I will not buy a fire escape, or lifeguards now in style, and so the orphan's weeping crape upon his Sunday tile. I know just what my trade will stand before I bankrupt falls, and so I can't equip each hand with costly folderols. There is no sentiment in trade, let that be understood; but when my work aside is laid my joy's in doing good.

To-day I coughed up seven bucks for Ladies of the Grail, who wish to furnish roasted ducks to suffragists in jail.

You say I violate all laws and land the courts to scorn, and war on every worthy cause as soon as it is born? You can't admit my moral health—you wouldn't if you could; I spend my days in gaining wealth, my nights in doing good.

And while the hostile critic rotes, I'm giving every day; I'm sending more pinafores to heathen in Cathay.

The New Farm Pioneers

Some Opinions, Based on Experience, of What the City Man with $1,000 Can Do on a Farm

By JOHN M. OSKISON

CITY dwellers go to the farm and fail—passionately worded letters, crowding small sheets of note paper, assure the editor of COLLIER'S of this fact.

City dwellers with small capital go to the farm and succeed—a great many typewritten or well-penned accounts of actual experiences, backed by figures, bank references, and invitations to the editor to come and see for himself, are proof of that statement.

The contrast between the appearance and tone of the letters is striking and significant. The letter describing a failure is likely to be full of generalities; apt to branch into politics and reveal a personal truculence guaranteed to stir up hostility among a farming community where a friendly spirit is a very real asset.

A successful farmer transplanted from the city nearly always says in his letter that he has done no more than begin the long course of practical instruction which must be taken by the farm pioneer. In spirit and fact, this type of experimenter sits at the feet of Knowledge; he has a humility which wins friends, and he goes to the farm fully aware that ahead lies a hard and long campaign.

Ease, comfort, or indulgence cannot be bought anywhere for $1,000. On the farm, in certain sections, it will assuredly furnish sufficient capital to make a start toward independence if the owner will use it with discretion, and will seek diligently practical instruction from practical farmers.

THE PESSIMIST

AMONG a large number, two recent letters which have come from Georgia and Alabama are pessimistic in tone. One of them is sent from a city address (in Birmingham), and it is a prolonged ha! ha! at the statements made in a letter from a man in Virginia who advised the purchase of a forty-acre farm for $450, and whose figures as to outlay and income were printed in COLLIER'S of April 25. The Virginia man said, for instance, that a horse good enough for the work to be done could be bought for $40—"Ha! ha" shrieks the Birmingham farmer, "that's a good one! Think of putting in five acres of potatoes, five acres of tomatoes, and five acres of corn with one old crow bait of a horse! And his returns—a net profit of nearly 200 per cent on his investment the first year! Wall Street would move to the farm in a body if he could make good on his figures."

To the Birmingham skeptic, the editor of COLLIER'S has sent the address of the Virginia man, and when the two have fought out the question of the accuracy of the figures it may be worth while to say something else about the case.

The other pessimist lives near Augusta, Ga., and the burden of his letter is that $1,000 is not enough to take to the farm to insure the experiment against failure. The first year this writer spent on the farm, the crops failed because of drought; the second year they were frozen, and in the third year they were lost because it was not possible to hire help to work them. Only a borrowed $4,000 saved this man, and then only because he switched from crops to chickens.

This writer makes a point which is worth remembering by all who contemplate making the change—the native farmer (especially in the South) has a great contempt for the city man who comes to live beside him. The native farmer looks upon the newcomer as one who has failed in his real vocation, and it is up to the city man to overcome that perfectly natural hostility.

LEASE IN THE SOUTH

COLONEL JOHN P. MAYO, of Columbus, Miss., sent a letter inclosing an answer written by a successful farmer—Mr. Friday of Lowndes County—and Colonel Mayo vouches for the accuracy of the farmer's figures and facts. In substance, these are Farmer Friday's suggestions to a city man with $1,000.

Either in Lowndes County, Miss., or some other county along the eastern border of the State, in or near the prairie or "black-soil belt," the city man should lease forty acres of the best land he can get, at a yearly cost of $4 an acre. There should be a dwelling and the necessary outhouses on the place. A lease for a term of years is recommended.

A TEMPTING LAYOUT

INVESTMENT number one would be $400 for two good brood mares; next, $75 for a wagon, $75 for farm tools, $50 for a good milch cow, $25 for a small flock of chickens, $25 for four or five good pigs, and $50 for seed. There is left $300 for feed and living expenses until the crops bring in some money.

"I would," says this farmer, "first put in ten acres of corn, and at laying-by time I would put peas in the same patch. Next, I would plant ten acres of cotton, and if I had a long lease of the place I'd sow crimson or burr clover in the cotton in September for winter grazing and as a crop to be plowed under. I would put in one acre of potatoes to be sold in the early summer, an acre of sweet potatoes for fall marketing, an acre in a vegetable garden, and two acres in melons, planted about April 1 and May 1 for a succession through the summer. One half of the acre of vegetables I would put into tomatoes for canning.

"That leaves some hay and pasture—I would sow broadcast two and a half acres of sorghum cane for fodder, and I would see that my grass land was in the best shape for grazing the cow and pigs."

An average year, according to Farmer Friday, would yield under the plan here outlined about as follows:

Corn, 500 bushels, at 60 cents a bushel	$ 300
Cotton, 8 bales, 4,000 pounds, at 12 cents a pound	480
Cottonseed, 280 bushels, at 30 cents a bushel	84
Potatoes, 150 bushels, at 80 cents a bushel	120
Sweet potatoes, 200 bushels, at 75 cents a bushel	150
Melons	200
Fodder, 5 tons, at $10 a ton	50
Tomatoes (canned)	50
Total income	$1,434

This tabulation does not include any return from mule colts—and the mares should drop two, worth $100, in April or May—the pigs nor the new calf which may reasonably be expected. What are the necessary expenditures to be set against this $1,434? Here are the items: Rent of land, $100; seed, $50; fertilizer, $100; current living expenses, $300—total, $610. Increased value of the stock ought to continue to take care of the depreciation of farming implements, etc., so that the $650 put into stock and tools ought to be credited at the end of the year at cost. Here is a return for labor on this forty-acre Mississippi farm of $1,474—how long would it be before this farmer could buy a farm of his own and enlarge his scale of operations and standard of living?

THE CHANCES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

OUT in the neighborhood of Trail City, S. Dak., homesteads, with very small houses on them and containing 160 acres each, can be rented for $25 a year. They belong to people who have filed and proved up and then have gone back to their old homes. The homesteads are being held by their owners for the expected rise in land values, and the owners will rent them for taxes, plus the cost of the small insurance on the house. A lawyer and real estate man of that address send some practical advice about what to do if you think of moving out there.

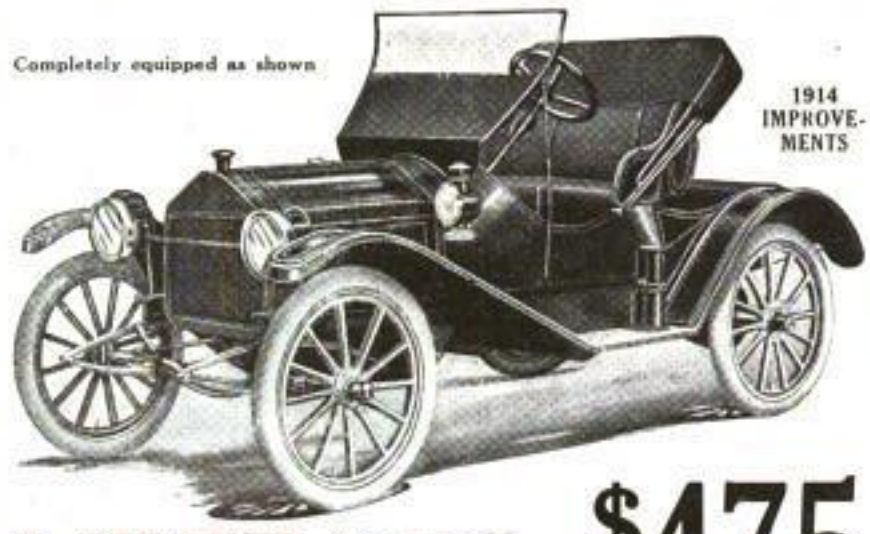
It is likely to pay the one who goes to South Dakota to hire a freight car and ship his furniture, chickens, three or four cows, and possibly harness and a second-hand wagon.

Getting ten acres under cultivation the first year will cost $50 (for breaking up the raw prairie is a tough job, and must be done with hired teams), and this

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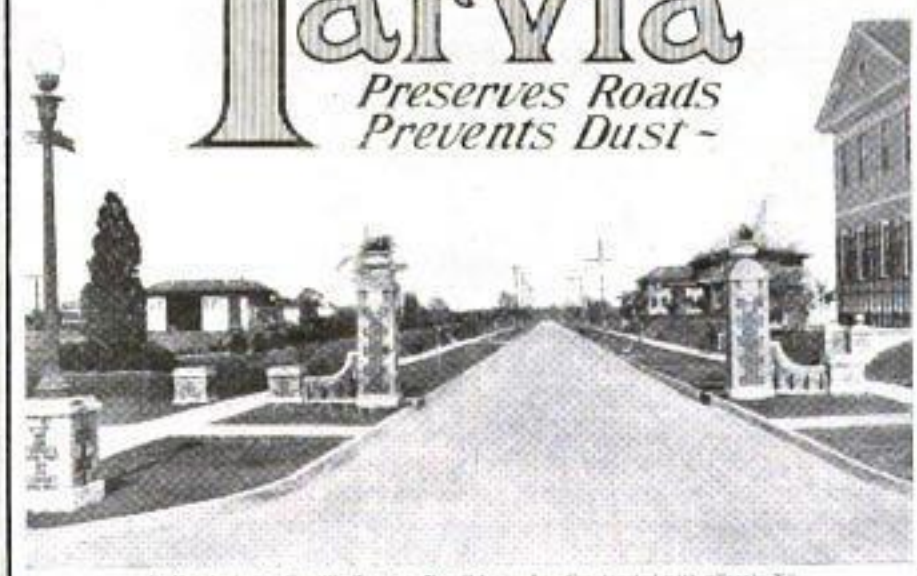
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should go into potatoes (one acre), onions (one acre) and corn, with turnips, cantaloupes, rutabagas, and watermelons between the rows. The second year that ten acres should go into alfalfa, and another ten acres be converted from sod. Most of the income in the first year would come from hay—the 100 acres will yield a lot of wild hay (which will bring $5 a ton in the stack), and in many places there still remains the chance to go forth and cut hay anywhere you find it—you can spend practically the whole time from July 4 until the snow flies in cutting and stacking hay.

"IF YOU WILL WORK"

TO equip himself for this experiment, says the Trail City man, the newcomer would have to spend about $700—for an additional $300 he can undertake the original homesteading of a farm and make good out there.

Testimony from a man who has traveled over much of Oklahoma as a farm-loan examiner, whose business it is to find out what farmers are actually doing with their acres, is to the effect that a great many of those who are successful started with less than $1,000 of capital. Mainly they have been foreigners—Germans, Bohemians and Irish—who lived frugally and saved consistently. They have been famous workers, too, observers of the farmers' eight-hour law (eight hours before noon, and eight hours after noon!).

In Oklahoma, as in very many farming States, the transplanted city man would have the choice between renting a farm and buying, but the man who knows does not hesitate to advise renting at first. As between paying a cash rent of from $300 to $400 a year for a farm of 160 acres and renting on the basis of giving the owner a third of all regular crops produced, he recommends the latter. It is not the custom, he says, for the owner of the farm to demand any portion of the garden produce raised.

For $790, this Oklahoma man figures, you can equip yourself to look after 160 acres of rented land, and within a very few years you will be able to buy your own farm. You will be able to do it *if you will work*. Putting off any work to be done until the morrow won't do if you undertake that sort of a regeneration of your fortunes.

Out of the East comes a letter from two people who lived for twenty-five years in a city before making the move to a farm. The letter is written after three years' experience on the farm, and it is positive in deciding for the farm.

"For years before moving," says the writer, "we talked and planned for the home in the country. We answered many advertisements and looked at numerous farms. When we bought the farm we paid for it before we thought of moving.

"From our experience we have learned that when you move to a farm you should not go far away from your city. We are all so constituted that if we cannot go back we want to keep within a hundred miles, and fifty miles is better.

"This is positive: a man should have enough to keep him for at least one year; but after the garden begins to yield, the price of a barrel of flour as often as necessary and $5 a week will keep a family of five, provided they have a good cow.

"Take your furniture with you, also all the books and old magazines you can secure, for there are many hours for reading in the country. Subscribe for a good farm paper.

"Don't move to the country—in this section, anyway—later than April 5, for an early garden is helpful. Do not buy over a dozen hens. Six of them should be leghorns, as they are good layers, and the other six may be any kind that will set. Let incubators alone until you have had some experience with chickens, for, let me assure you, chicken raising is not profitable unless you are going to eat and sleep and work with them all the time.

HOW TO BUY STOCK

"THE most important thing on the farm is the cow. Buy three if you have the money, but do not buy poor ones, and don't buy on account of a cow's looks, for some of the best-looking cows are the poorest milkers. A good cow should give not less than four gallons of milk when fresh, and the cream, when skimmed close, should test at least forty. Make the man who sells you the cow guarantee her. Then, if she is no good, he must take her back. Have a written guarantee with her, and if she has a pedigree get it.

"Buy a sow with pigs; kill the sow in the fall and keep the pigs—and don't buy long-nosed hogs!

"Last, but not least, try to buy a place with a good orchard on it—this is more important than the buildings.

"Send to the Government for bulletins. They have them for all the things you need to know on the farm, and they are free. For five years before we left the city we read everything we could get out of the library that could in any way help us. Then, too, the experiment stations of your State will help you in every way possible without charge.

"Do not think you can at once be a successful farmer, but if you will stick and work half as hard as you must work in the city you will come out on the right side of the ledger.

"If you take my advice you will rent out all of your farm to the neighbors on shares the first year, and give all your time to your garden, about three-quarters of an acre, including half an acre for potatoes."

"My husband is a city-bred man, and I am a country-bred woman," says the writer of a letter who lives in southern Missouri, "and I believe that any man, city bred or country bred, can make good here on a farm and live well."

She says that land, back from the large towns, can be bought for from $25 to $35 an acre. Specifically, this woman suggests that the city man take his family to Hickory County, Missouri, buy forty acres of land for $30 an acre, paying $500 down and letting the rest run on mortgage. Two mares with foal, at $150 each, should be the first purchase. A good cow with calf will cost $50; two dozen chickens, $10; and one sow with pig, $25. There will be $115 left for plows, harness, and other necessary tools.

Early in March is the time for the man to come to the farm—in time to put in his crops. Of his forty acres, he should plant ten to corn, ten to oats, reserve ten for hay, and have ten for pasture. Land for garden, yard and outbuildings will be taken from the ten acres of pasture.

The oats will be harvested, and then the land will be prepared for winter wheat the second year; and out of what it produces he will get his supply of flour and have some wheat to sell. During the first summer, the garden, chickens, the cow and the orchard—he can be almost sure of getting some bearing fruit trees on the place—will feed him and his family.

GO TO MISSOURI

IN the fall, this man will have two colts to sell, at $75 each, and one calf for $15. These sums will take care of taxes and interest payments on the mortgage, and there will be quite a bit left over. His sow and pigs ought to provide the winter's meat and lard, and what comes out of the garden will help to put the family through the winter. Something about her own experience is added by this Missouri woman:

"In March, 1910, we moved to the farm we now occupy. In June, 1910, we purchased two thoroughbred Hampshire gilts with pig. To March, 1913, we have sold $500 worth of hogs, still have thirty-four large hogs (ten of them breed sows), and twenty-five pigs. So far this year, the sows have brought forth nine to nine pigs in a litter—'pigs is pigs' on the farm, just as in the story! Do you see what we are coming to in the matter of pigs? And we are not in the hog business either!

"In 1910, we had two dozen hens; now we keep about 100, and they make more than pay our bills for clothes and the food which we have to buy. I take the eggs to the store, and what they bring is credited, and what we buy at the store is charged. There are but two of us in the family, and it has frequently happened that our credit at the store has amounted to as much as $400—and I am not in the chicken business either!

"A woman neighbor had $150 worth of turkeys for the Thanksgiving market last fall, but my own venture with turkeys is a different story. It is, anyway, worth while for the experience to remember that turkeys have a ready market. Dairying and sheep raising are in this part of the country, and with hill land at $10 an acre the farmer will find it profitable in time to extend his interests in these directions.

"But successful farming presupposes thrift and industry. They are really necessary, trite as they sound! For the farmer and his wife must be thrifty and industrious—on the farm the wife is a full partner in the business.

The Cry of Naomi

JULY 11, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

DEAR SIR: *I am not by birth a Japanese, but by "man-made law," I am a Japanese citizen, and as with Naomi of old, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."*

I am the wife of a Japanese mining engineer and chemist; one of the successful representative men of his race in this country. My position has brought me in contact with Japanese of all classes, from the humble cook to the college professor. Resident Japanese and those sent on tours of investigation I have associated with for the past ten years until their desires, their point of view, and their ambitions are familiar to me.

"I have eaten your bread and salt:
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye have died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye have led are mine."

I HAVE read with interest Macfarlane's article and your editorial on the Japanese Question, also the many letters written in commendation of your attitude on this subject.

The main points of the original article seem to be that we were "different"; we were dirty. Social intercourse with us was impossible. The farmer's daughter could not go buggy riding with our young men; we were immoral; and, furthermore, we were not capable of being absorbed by the body politic. As far as I can see, nothing was said of us that could not with more truth be said of a large majority of other immigrants you so joyously welcome to your country.

I acknowledge that our physical make-up differs somewhat from the accepted Apollonian standards of "The Great White Nation." True, we are but little darker than the Italian, plus his stiletto, his pistol, and his stick of dynamite—whom you welcome gladly to your country. We are not walking arsenals. We bring with us no secret societies for the extortion of money by jeopardizing life and property. We are law-abiding, peaceful, industrious.

Eleven murders, committed mainly by white immigrants, in six months' time, is the record of one county in this State. With all our differences California can show no such record made by Japanese immigrants! Our eyes slant. But only a trifle more than the eyes of many a Hungarian whose high cheek bones and little slanting eyes clearly proclaim the presence of oriental blood in his veins.

AS to being dirty: are we any dirtier than the Syrian, the Turk, the Greek, the Italian, or the Hungarian? Yet their lack of cleanliness does not diminish the heartiness of your welcome. I am familiar with the foreign mining settlements of Pennsylvania and the foreign-owned farms of New England and can say that the Japanese settlements of California could not possibly be dirtier, more neglected, or more sordid than many of the homes of these "welcomed" immigrants. It was said of the Huns of old that wherever they trod the grass refused to grow. Judging by the appearance of many mining villages this characteristic is amply shared by their remote descendants.

The original owners of most of the foreign-owned farms of New England would turn in their stark, last sleep could they but see their once thrifty, well-kept homesteads. Most of these homes now are slothful, ill-kept, dirty; for what time is there for beauty and cleanliness in lives that are solely devoted to acquiring money and nothing else but money? What time is there for housekeeping when women bear a child each year and work ten or twelve hours a day in the fields? Dumb, driven, patient even as beasts! Birth, death—mere incidents beside the weeding of the onion patch! What have you in common with their ideals? Yet you welcome them. What social intercourse can the American farmer's daughter have with the European peasant whose idea of woman is nothing higher than a submissive drudge? A large majority of these peasants entertain ideals and thoughts in regard to women which are diametrically opposite to the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. Consequently they are totally unfit for social intercourse with the daughters of their American neighbors. But I have yet to hear the exclusion of the white peasant immigrant advocated. As to our morals: far be it from me to cast stones at any nation; for in this respect all peoples are dwellers in houses of glass. All have sinned and come short of the glory of perfect manhood. But for a nation with a shore-to-shore traffic in vice, a nation with 250,000 acknowledged prostitutes, a nation that annually procures 25,000 young women and girls to feed its Moloch of Lust, a nation in which there are 50,000 procurers; for such a nation to proclaim itself as "far superior to the Japanese in morals," etc., is to laugh. Such a holier-than-thou attitude is ridiculous. It makes me think of a huge sanctimonious, arrogant ostrich with her head hidden in the sands of her self-conceit. Is it to laugh or to weep when one also remembers that doctors say that 75 to 80 per cent of all the men that walk your streets are tainted with that disease which is death in life, a disease the direct result of immorality? Your army of blind children stand as pathetic witnesses against you. If you will compare the statistics in regard to venereal diseases in the Japanese and American armies you will find that the facts do not discredit Japan. Statistics also say that two races, which furnish a large percentage of your immigrants, direct and control the white-slave trade of this country, yet no one clamors to exclude these races because of their immorality.

WE emphatically deny the assertion that we are not capable of assimilation. Our whole history is a refutation of this assertion. Where on the face of the earth can you find a people more quick to assimilate, more eager to adopt and to learn?

In this State one sees the melancholy spectacle of aliens seeking naturalization. Do they seek this right in order that they may participate in a government by the people and for the people or because they really admire the country and its institutions? Oh, no, they merely aspire to run a licensed saloon with its vicious attributes, which is one of the benefits conferred by citizenship. Compare this motive with the aspirations that move us when we demand naturalization.

One correspondent uses the phrase: "We Americans are far superior to the Japanese in morals, efficiency, and ability." As regards efficiency and ability, I refer the whole world to the condition of the American army during the Cuban war and the record of the Japanese army during the Manchurian war. Which army was better perfect as to organization down to the minutest detail? The Japanese army. Which army was provided with modern up-to-date equipment? The Japanese army. Was this true of the American army? Which army died of typhoid fever in unsanitary home camps? Which war office blundered, hesitated, fumbled, and showed a surprising lack of "efficiency" and "ability"? It certainly wasn't the Japanese Department of War. We died in Manchuria that our country might have life more abundantly. To-day we are fighting against injustice, race prejudice, and ignorance that our young men and women may inherit the earth together with the young of the white world. We refuse to believe that a just God gives only to the white man the right to aspire, the right to use the whole earth for his own uplift, and the right to equal opportunities and privileges. We are a young race and a young nation full of hope and ambition. We have come a long road in a short time, and though we are not perfect, we bring to you high ideals, fidelity, patriotism, a love of honor and justice, a belief in law and order, and a confidence in ourselves that spells success.

OUR belief in you is pathetic in its greatness, our patience is long, and, race prejudice notwithstanding, we know there is room for us in this "Melting Pot" of nations; we know that we can add strength to your strength, and in the time to be, when enlightenment must bring prejudice under the control of reason, we shall come to our own and a man shall be a man though the mother that bore him was not white.

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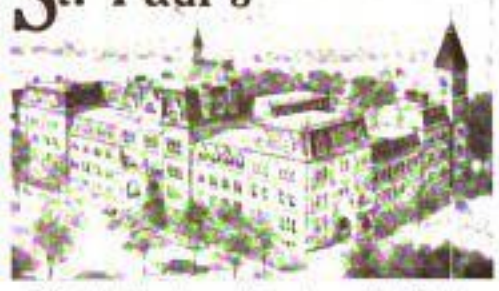
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His Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 6)

It was an hour later—for he would not intrust himself to a street car and was chary of asking directions—when he approached a great stone building in the outskirts of the city, inclosed by a frowning wall twenty feet high, with watchtowers at regular intervals. He entered the gate with a thumping heart.

HE reappeared twenty minutes later, still clinging to his carpetbag, and set off at a pace which soon carried him into open country. Presently there hove into view a gang of men breaking road metal on the splendid white turnpike. The men wore barred trousers, and at each end of the loosely extended line stood a uniformed official armed with a double-barreled "riot gun."

Approaching the nearer guard, Deaton handed him the credentials which had been issued him at the penitentiary. The guard glanced at the note carelessly, almost insolently.

"All right. No. 1309—the fourth man. Tag's on his belt. You can talk fifteen minutes. Leave your valise here."

As Deat's shadow projected itself before the athletic figure of No. 1309, the letter remitted his regular, machinelike hammer stroke and glanced up. Then he slowly erected his bent body until his eyes were level with Deat's. They were as hard and expressionless as the rocks at his feet.

"Why, Ricky, don't you know me?" exclaimed Deat, with a start at the change in his brother, and extending a hand that trembled slightly.

The blue eyes of Rick Falligant kindled ominously. He swallowed spasmodically, and his strong hands gripped the helve of the sledge until his knuckles stretched the skin.

"'Course I know you. That's why I didn't speak. Draw back that skinny paw er I'll spit in it."

"Ricky, this ain't no way to greet a brother, 'ticularly arfter he's traveled as fur as I have to see you," whined Deat, mopping his face with a white-and-blue bandanna. But his emotion rang false.

"Brother!" The convict laughed sardonically. "But 'tain't no way to greet you, that's true. The right way to greet sich as you would be with this hyer hammer on the top of your skull. I'll do it yit," he added threateningly, "if you start to chompin' any of your Gospel claw words to me. You hate me. You allus have, you allus will. That eends it. What brung you hyer?"

"I'll come to that. But, 'fore God, Rick, I don't hate you. I nuvver did. I only hated your sinful ways. If ever I balked you, or tripped you up, it was because—"

RICK stayed him with an impatient gesture. "If you don't hate me, why didn't you send me the money I writ for from Brandywine, so I could hire a lawyer to keep me outen the pen'tenchy?"

Deat paused. "Fust place, money coun't keep a hoss thief outen the pen'tenchy."

"I ain't a hoss thief," retorted Rick, with blazing eyes. "I 'splained that in my letter. I war in Sweetwater lookin' fer work when I got Azalea's letter sayin' mammy was dyin'. I knowed if I ketched the night train out of Brandywine, I could get home the next day. But it was thutty miles over thar; I couldn't walk it in time, ner could I hire a rig, fer I had only 10 cents over the keer fare. A saddle hoss was tied around the corner from the post office. I knowed if I left it in Brandywine the owner would git it back soon and no harm done. I didn't mean to steal it. I 'splained it all to the constable, but he only laughed, and—"

His throat swelled and the tears slowly streaked the limestone dust which coated his face like a miller's.

"That war hard luck," observed Deaton, with a show of sympathy. "Still, you couldn't blame him. 'Pearances war agin you. In fact, in the eyes of the law, you war a hoss thief, and if I'd sont you any money it would jest have gone to line the pocket of some thievin' lawyer."

RICK, in his softened mood, did not contest the point further.

"Whar'd they bury mammy?" he asked presently, drying his eye with his blue cotton shirt sleeve.

"In Olivet, 'side of pappy."

"You put up a tombstone?"

"Yes, and a purtier one you never see."

"She—she speak of me—to'ds the eend?"

"Oh, yes. She talked about you right smart, all along. 'Bout her larst words war: 'Ricky, light another dip—hit seems powerful dark in hyer.' 'Pears like she thought you war right in the room."

Again a wave of emotion rolled up from the youth's bosom, but, though it shook him as the wind shakes a reed, he set his teeth and met it manfully. For a moment he dully watched the rock breaker next ahead. Then came the question for which Deaton Falligant had been waiting—with a rapid heart.

"Zaley—Zaley ever speak o' me any more?"

"C'yarn't say as she do, Ricky. Zaley's been converted since you left the mounting and j'ined Olivet. She don't run around with ary of her old crowd no more."

The youth swallowed this cup of wormwood and gall in silence as, with downcast eyes, he moved a bit of stone to and fro with the square toe of his prison-made brogan.

"She ever speak of gittin' a letter from me, about two months after I writ you for that money?"

"Not as I remember."

ANOTHER silence intervened, broken only by the monotonous hammer taps. Rick was lost in reverie, but his brother was as watchful and alert as a weasel.

"At fust I thought I wouldn't write a decent girl from inside a pen'tenchy," resumed Rick. "Then I decided I'd ruther have her know I was hyer than to think I'd forgot her. I told her I warn't a hoss-thief, in no common sense. Twa'n't like her to disbelieve me. Yet she never answered. You reckon old Hatcher Stokes could 'a' lost my letter, carryin' the mail around in his hat?"

No suspicion lurked in his eyes, yet under their direct, inquiring gaze Deaton Falligant all but tottered from fright. For he had succeeded Hatcher Stokes as postmaster at Wagon Wheel a month before that letter arrived. He knew why Azalea had never answered it, and for a moment he feared that the furious thumping of his heart would betray his guilty secret to the man with the hammer that could crush a skull like an egg-shell.

"'Tain't likely," he answered with an effort, snatching off his spectacles and again mopping his face until he could control its twitching. "And 'tain't strange she never mentioned it. That's some things a proud girl wouldn't keer to mention. She might believe you innocent, but could she convince the mounting of it? Could you yerself? Which brings me to my errunt down hyer. What you expect to do when they turn you loose?"

"I ain't looked ahead that fur, since Zaley broke off," returned Rick mournfully. "At first I had a plan. It war to go straight to Brandywine and kill that lawyer that put me hyer—not for doin' that, but fer what he said to the jury about my dead mammy. Deat, I swore to God then, and I swore it every night fer weeks afterward, 'stid of a prayer, that the fust thing I done, after libbin', would be to drive a knife hilt deep into that man's black heart.

"But I seen I warn't goin' to last. I seen I'd either die or go mad afore my time was up, fer that hate was a-burnin' me out like fire in a holler log. Then one day, when the chaplain war talkin' to me, I clean lost my nerve and broke down and told him all about it. Deat, he ackshally cried! And what do you reckon he said? He said: 'Son, whenever you think of what that cruel man done, jest whisper to yourself: "I'll plant a rosebush by mammy's grave! I'll plant a rosebush by mammy's grave!" And keep on sayin' it.'"

HIS arid yet not uncomely face lighted with its first smile.

"I done it. It saved me. It war as soothin' as wet plantain leaves in yer hat on a hot day, and if I war to meet that man now I don't reckon I'd so much as slap his face." The smile faded, and he added wearily: "No, 'tain't all I'm lookin' for'ard to now, when I git out, is plantin' that rosebush."

"A proper enough sentiment, too," agreed Deaton, with his deprecating little cough. "Still, mammy herself, if she war alive, would be the larst one to advise you to keery sentiment too fur. S'fur as the rosebush goes, I could ass

t out a whole row fer you and be glad . . . . P'int is this: 'tain't goin' to be easant fer you to come home agin. ve nuvver breathed a word to a soul bout your bein' hyer. In fact," he ded hastily, "I didn't know you war re till I writ the postmaster at Brandyine, inquirin' how your case come out. nd Zaley ain't breathed a word about

Still, sich a thing air bound to seep it in *time*, like sorghum thro a wornde in a bag. Consequently, I been mdyin' consid'able on what you better when you come out. How long you fer?"

"I got two years, and I'm on my 'teenth month."

"Ten more months!" commented Deat, flectively arching the scattered white airs which constituted his eyebrows. Rick, if I war you, I'd pike out fer Misouri, whar the Thistlewoods and the ays went. They've writ back it's a eat kentry, specially in the Ozarks. ou needn't go empty-handed, either. har's somethin' due you on the prop'ty ammy left. I figgered that your sheer ould be about four hunnerd dollars, nd this is what I done: I brung along yo hunnerd dollars in bills, to show my ood faith, and a week before your time out, if you'll write me, I'll send you nother two hunnerd."

RICK pondered the proposition.

"You call the cove farm and the grist ill worth only eight hunnerd dollars?"

"In that neighborhood. The mill air d, and since Axom Pentecost set up his w mill our grindin' has fell off more'n urf. Still, not to whittle too fine a int 'tween brothers, we'll call your neer five hunnerd dollars. Hyer's the oller-bucks, if you want 'em."

He cautiously drew a roll of $20 gold rtificates from an inside vest pocket. ick, without looking at them, gazed ross the hot, shimmering landscape. s sad, spiritless eyes turned, like a ithful Mussulman's, toward the east, here, amid gorge and precipice, peak nd pathless forest, lay his and his forethers' home. When he spoke it was on a dry throat.

"Will you tell Zaley that you seen me?"

"I will," answered Deat, with solemn odacity.

"And that I'm innocent and ain't for t her?"

"Yes."

"Will you ask her to write me—jest a tle pladdin' note, fer a kind of keepke?"

"Yes."

Silence ensued.

"Time's up," shouted the guard.

Rick, with averted eyes, extended his nd for the money, and the brothers rted without further word.

S early as sunset, on the night set for Deaton Fulligant's marriage, his me was deserted by its prune-eating, ocker-nibbling habitués; for in the ountain a wedding service is as free a funeral, and certain circumstances the present case made it advisable to rive early if one expected to get in. For one thing, the two-story frame use which Deat had built for his bride, th its multiplicity of windows, brick imneys, "store" carpets, papered walls, chen stove, and hanging lamps—all velties—had attracted sight-seers from ne Gap to Turkey Creek. Again, the y who had been vouchsafed a sight of alen's satin wedding gown averred it never, this side of heaven, did they pect to see its like again.

Yet even more fruitful than these ngs, as a source of curiosity, was the neral belief that Azalea Pilgrim was rrying without love. As evidence were ed the couple's disparity in years, stes, and personal attractions, Azalea's mer love for Rick—against whom, rybody knew, Deat cherished a vitrie hatred—and last but far from least, sinister transformation which had en place in Azalea.

ROM a mischievous, spirited girl, the first to come, the last to go at every rrymaking, racing her pony with any ung buck who tried to pass her on the ad, twinkling her feet in a dance step one but produced a jew's-harp—from s she had become, not a gray little n, as might have been predicted, but cold, haughty girl, with a face hardsed to turn the shafts of censure, a de nt eye, and—in public, at least—an effrey laugh, making up in loudness at it lacked in mirth.

"Bought with a satin gown and a vest house!" was her own grandther's comment—an arrow which was tipped by the preposterous rumors afloat regarding the contents of the prenuptial contract.

At seven o'clock, an hour before the scheduled time of the ceremony, Deat Fulligant crossed over for a final inspection of the new house. An open fire in the sitting room crackled cheerily—it being a frosty October night; two horsehair rocking-chairs flanked the hearth; the shades were drawn; a sheaf of wild asters stood on the mantelpiece; the kitchen cupboards were stocked; wood and kindling were laid in the stove, waiting for the match. All, in short, was ready for the bride, and outside stood the buggy in which the groom was to fetch her.

YET Deat looked and acted little like a bridegroom. He was funereally garbed in a black suit and black cravat. As he paused in the flare of the fireplace his face showed no eagerness, no anticipation. Instead, it wore a tired, haggard expression, and seemed to have aged years in the past few months.

Returning to the store, he extinguished one of the big ceiling lamps, changed the angle of the damper in the stovepipe a trifle, and passed on to the other lamp.

His finger was on the milled disk controlling the wick when the door latch clicked, without premonitory footfalls outside. The door opened, admitted a draft, but apparently nothing else, and clicked shut. Deat, easily startled of late, squinted his white-lashed eyes toward the shadowy front of the room. Then his arm fell nervelessly from the lamp, and no ghost could have invested his face with a more deathlike pallor than did the man who noiselessly advanced.

"*You?*" gasped Deat.

"Me," answered Rick Fulligant.

"You broke jail?" asked the elder, through chattering teeth.

Rick smiled.

"Time's up. They cut it down fer good behavior. Also give me this suit—nigh as pretty as that new one of your'n. Also a hat, pair o' shoes, $5, and a railroad ticket to Holly Tree—'stid of to Missouri."

Sweet, suspiciously sweet, was his voice; and Deat, to counter it, flexed the straight, narrow line of his mouth into the ghastly caricature of a smile.

"I'm shore glad to see you, Ricky. I reckon you come fer the rest of your money. You kin have it in less'n two shakes of a sheep's tail. I got it right hyer in—"

"Set down!"

"Jest as soon as I git the money. It's due you and—"

"Set down!"

"I cain't. I ain't got time. I—"

"*Set down!*"

This time the tone bit like the envenomed fang of a serpent, and Deaton's quaking legs dropped him almost involuntarily into a chair.

Like a cat playing with a mouse, Rick drew out a pipe, filled it with tobacco, scrupulously brushed the spilt flakes from his trousers, applied a match, and emitted three or four deep, deliberate whiffs of smoke. After what seemed an eternity to the man opposite he observed:

"I come up here, after all, Deat, to plant that rosebush by mammy's grave. I knowed you'd keep your word about it—you allus do. But somehow I got it into my head, brother, that mammy wouldn't keer much fer a bush set out by you. I hid till after dark. I didn't aim to speak to anybody—not even Zaley."

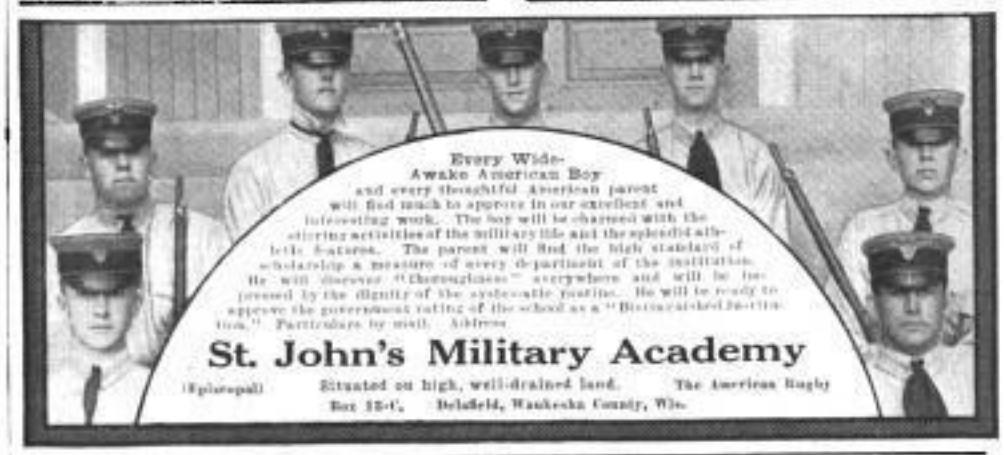
HE paused for a couple more whiffs. "But presen'ly Cube Acres come along, whistlin'. He's the best friend I ever had. I knowed I could trust him. I was that hungry for some one I used to know that I could 'a' hugged and kissed him like a girl. So I called out."

He paused again, with curious, fixed eyes. To Deat they were diabolical eyes, and under their withering gaze he grew numb and limp, slipping lower and lower into his chair, until the ticking of the clock in the gruesome silence all but made him scream out.

"Cube told me some things you overlooked," continued Rick, still with his ominous calm. "He told me you were app'inted postmaster less'n two months after I left the mounting so you war right when you allowed old Hatcher Stokes hadn't mislaid my letter to Zaley. He told me you had sold the cove farm for $1,200. He also told me you war goin' to marry Azalea to-night. . . . *But you ain't, my lovin' brother!*"

"How be it I ain't?" snarled Deat, showing his yellow teeth.

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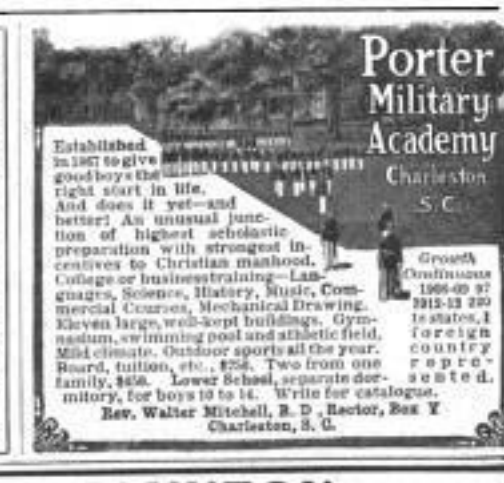


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Collier's Washington Bureau: Being about to embark in the wholesale cheese business I am very anxious to inform myself in every way possible concerning that commodity. It has occurred to me that the Government sends out bulletins on that subject. I wish to learn its value as a food and such other facts as the Department has seen fit to give out. Will it be asking too much of you to inform me where the desired information can be obtained? *

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: I thank you very much for your very kind communications of April 11th and 14th in answer to our inquiries. Today I again ask you for the favor of some information on the proposed new Tariff Law. I should thank you very much if you would communicate to me at your earliest convenience the proposed duties on degras, commonly called woolgrease, and also on *kapok* which is imported from Calcutta, India. *

MT. VERNON, Illinois.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Please advise me through your bureau whether a railroad company can justly charge 25 cent rate of freight from West side of Mississippi river into Waltonville, Ill., on car loads of Yellow Pine Lumber when they carry car loads from same point of shipment through Waltonville to Mt. Vernon, Ill., and charge only 50 cents per hundred to Mt. Vernon. *

CHICAGO, Ill.

Collier's Washington Bureau: May I ask you to obtain for me the latest ruling of the Treasury Department in regard to the examination of teas? The process in use has been what is known as the "Read Test" but am given to understand that there has been a change in the last few days supplementing this. *

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Will you kindly inform me what the rate of duty is on hair-cloth and crinoline such as is used as inter-linings in both ladies' and men's clothing? Advise me what it is under the Payne-Aldrich act and what the rate is under the new bill which is now before Congress. *

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Can you give me a list of the States of the Union which have adopted prohibition amendments to their constitutions, and also a list of States which have adopted prohibition by legislative enactment, without constitutional amendment? *

HAVANA, Cuba.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Kindly send me data on the new duties on oranges and pineapples in the Underwood Bill and those collected now—that is, duties according to the tariff now in force and those proposed in the new one. *

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Rick tossed his pipe to the floor and suddenly bent forward like a panther crouching for its spring.

"Because I'm a-goin' to bend your head back over that weddin' colyar till your neck pops!"

"Wait!"

The attenuated, hollow, piping voice, the imploring, shaking hand, the abject animal terror in Deat's face arrested his merciless brother a moment.

"Wait! I got somethin' to tell you first. I—" He fought for breath. "I've contracted by law to keer fer Granny Pilgrim the rest of her life. Also to give Booko six years of schoolin' Below. All provided Zaley marries me. Kin you take my place in them respects, even if she's willin' to merry you? And if you cain't, kin you kill me consistent, if you love her?"

Rick still held his threatening pose, but his taut muscles relaxed slightly.

"It's true—true as Gospel—what I tell you," Deat ran on, with a gleam of hope for his life. "I kin prove it. My copy of the contract is in the safe. I'll show it to you."

HE rose slowly, and steadied himself by the back of the chair for a few seconds. Then suddenly, with the agility of a cat, he crossed the floor in two bounds, vaulted over the counter, and snatched a revolver from a shelf beneath.

But Rick was only one jump behind him. Inserting his left forefinger between the trigger and guard—a trick he had learned in boyhood—he rendered an explosion impossible, and with his right arm he jerked his opponent across the counter as if he were a rag doll.

In a wrestling match with his brother, Deat would not have lasted ten seconds. But desperation now doubled his strength. In the struggle for the gun that ensued he held his own, and when they fell to the floor Rick chanced to be underneath. With locked legs and arms they lay motionless for some seconds, breathing audibly. Then Deat bunched his foe six inches along. Fifteen seconds later he bunched him another six inches.

Rick, sweeping the floor with his eyes, saw that Deat's objective point was a hatchet which lay some seven feet distant. He knew just what Deat intended to do with that hatchet. Yet, with his left hand occupied with the six-shooter and his right arm imprisoned under Deat's breast, he was unable to stay his progress toward the deadly goal.

A minute—two minutes passed. The hatchet was now only three feet away. Rick strained until his eyes were blood-shot, but in vain. Then both men lay still, listening.

A step had sounded outside. The front door opened and Azalea Pilgrim, arrayed in her wedding gown, stepped within. At sight of the antagonists she paused an instant; then sweeping her skirts into her left hand, revealing her white stockings and slippers, she swiftly advanced.

FOR a brief interval she bent over the two panting men, as if to ascertain which held the edge of vantage. But when Deat extended an arm for the coveted hatchet, she pinned his hand to the floor with her foot.

"Drop that hatchet, Deat!" she commanded. "And both of you drop that gun!"

As their grip relaxed, she seized the deadly weapons. The men unclinched and sprang to their feet. For a moment they confronted each other, with the blood lust still in their eyes. Then Deat vanished in the cluttered rear of the store.

Rick, brushing off the dust of battle, smiled sinisterly. "How come you here, Zaley, in the nick o' time?"

"Cube Acres told me he'd seen you. He told me you'd just got back from the penitentiary. He said you'd gone to kill Deat. I come to save him."

"And saved me instid! That war a pity!" he observed, with bitter irony. "Still, Deat's saved too, and since that contract that Cube told me about is all drawed up so tidylike, I reckon you'd better stiffen him up with a dish or two of licker, and let the weddin' go on."

"Rick, you take those words back," said she, unflinchingly meeting his steely glance. "There are some things to forget and forgive on both sides. You didn't write to me. I didn't know you were in jail. I thought you'd forgotten me. I didn't care what became of me then. But Granny and Booko had to be provided for" . . . She faltered an instant. "I sold myself to do it. I promised to marry Deat. But I didn't love him. How could I, when I still loved you?"

She lifted a trembling hand to her lace-edged corsage, drew forth a legal-looking, red-sealed document, tore it in half between her strong fingers, and tossed the pieces to the floor.

"That your contract?" asked Rick.

She nodded with shame-shot cheeks.

His face softened, but with a teasing note in his voice he added: "What you goin' to do now?"

"Marry you—to-night—while the folks are gathered and the wedding supper is ready."

WITH the love light misting his blue eyes, he crossed the intervening space and took her in his arms. She, true child of the mountain, guarding her emotions with the jealousy of an Indian, made no outcry. She merely placed her palms upon his cheeks and covered his lips with her own.

Boo About Baseball

(*Continued from page 18*)

crunch them daintily. William-Morris had ever strongly disliked the odor of peanuts.

A bell rang.

Maida caught her breath. "They're off," she said; "Seals come up first, of course."

"I see," said William-Morris.

THE fat man had taken a position near the swept spot, and as a man advanced, about to hit at the ball, he began to shout: "Bah-h-h-h!" It was extraordinary.

He shouted it four times. Maida clutched William-Morris's arm and seemed to be on the point of tears.

"Whatever in the world can be the matter with Krumner? Walking the first man up!"

"I don't know," said William-Morris.

Another man came to hit at the ball, and the fat man began to yell: "Stra-h-h-h!" and "Fa-Rah-h-h-h!" This he continued to do until the man sat down. Maida chortled and chuckled and clapped her hands. William-Morris was distinctly bored. Maida clutched his arm.

"Is it a hit? Is it? He's stealing second! Oh-o-ee! He's out! Oh—see—see—look at that! A double play—they're both out! Oh, *wasn't* it splendid!" She relaxed her hold on his arm. He was sorry for that. "It's going to be fine," she said.

"I see," said William-Morris.

"Buddy comes up now for us. He is the best lead-off we have. He got three clean ones yesterday out of four times up."

"I see," said William-Morris. "Who is Buddy?" he added.

"Buddy? Why, there he is now at the bat. Right fielder, you know. He boards at our house every season, and you can't think how interesting it is to hear him talk."

"I see," said William-Morris.

"Oh-o-o-ee! Look, look at the grounder! It's safe for a two-bagger! Go, Buddie! Go on! Oh, pl-ease, go on!"

William-Morris looked at Maida. She had half risen from her seat; the pink of her cheeks had turned to a vivid red; her blue eyes were flashing; her soft red lips were set in a tight little line; her hair blew wildly about her face. It seemed to him that she looked almost demoniacal. Then a great soft light of peace settled upon her, she sank back into her seat.

"He made it," she said.

"I see," said William-Morris.

"But he'll try to steal third—I can just see he is going to try. He says he can't help trying to steal bases. Oh! There is two strikes—whatever is the *matter* with Hornedy! Oh-ee! See—see! I knew he would. Buddy is trying it! Oh, come on—come—come on! Oh, Buddy! Slide—*slide*—sl-*ide*!"

WILLIAM-MORRIS looked at Maida. She sank down into her seat. All the sorrows of all the ages were written on her face.

"He's out," she said.

"I see," said William-Morris.

"So's Hornedy out. Fribe comes up

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xt. See the men begin to move out? 's a hard hitter. He knocked nine- n home runs last season."

"I see," said William-Morris.

O the game went on. In the middle of the last half of the sixth inning illiam-Morris said he thought he would to the lack of the grand stand and rchase some cushions.

"Why, how can you?" Maida asked. e had never reproached him so re- oachfully before. "How can you with o men out and Buddy on third?"

But William-Morris could and did. hile he was gone he visited earth and gistered as a permanent resident. His ddess—his lovely, soft-voiced angel— d been transformed into a peanut eat- g, shrieking, howling little human. e did not live in the heavens any ore; but where did she live? Surely t on his earth; they seemed not to eak the same language any longer. 'inch hit"? "Deep right field"? "A st inshoot"? "Harding died on sec- nd"? "Buddy lost off with a double d Hornedy sacrificed him to third"? seemed impossible.

He started back to Maida. The whole and stand had gone mad. Most of en were standing; all of them were aring. There was a man jumping on s hat. Here was a woman pounding e man in front of her on the back. nder were two men shaking hands ross the aisle and screaming loudly to each other's face.

"People don't do such things!" oted William-Morris to himself. Then the same instant everyone sat down.

AMID mutterings of "Down in front!" he stumbled over some fifty pairs of et and reached Maida's side.

"Oh, whyever didn't you come around e other way?" she asked. "That was 'easiful,-getting in front of all those ople when Rossdorf was up!"

"Everyone was up a moment ago," aid William-Morris.

"Oh, wasn't it splendid? He stole me! Actually, truly, did it! Stole me! And now it is toota-to."

"What is toota-to?" thought William- orris, but he said:

"Why did they let him steal home?"

"Let him?" queried Maida vaguely.

"Yes—er—that is, it is quite permissi- e, is it?"

"Yes—quite," answered Maida. It ensed to William-Morris that her ice sounded very tired.

"I presume we may go now?" asked illiam-Morris at the end of the ninth ning. I believe they have only nine— innings?"

"It is toota-*to*," said Maida.

"What is toota-*to*?" asked William- orris.

"*The score!*"

"I see," said William-Morris.

And the playing went on. Men con- nued to knock the ball about and run. he large fat man continued to call "Bah-h-h-h!" and "Stra-h-h-h!" and "Fa- ah-h-h-h!" at regular intervals. The ople, including Maida—oh, very much cluding Maida—continued to shout.

VER in the west the sun went down, leaving behind it cloud nests of car- en and amber and violet and gold.

"See," said William-Morris to Maida, how wonderful it is!"

"Beautiful," answered Maida. "Look, rrunner is up now. Isn't it dreadful— he pitcher, you know, and *two men out!* h, if he only *doesn't* strike out and ves Buddy a chance; he's up next, of urse—"

"It is a perfect Turner," said William- orris.

"What's a perfect turner?"

"*The sunset!*"

"I see," said Maida.

"Bah-h-h-h!" yelled the fat man.

"If he just could get his base on balls," ghed Maida, "but he can't. Oh, I wish he ball would hit him!"

"Hit *him?*" inquired William-Morris.

"Buddy would come up," answered laida.

"I see," said William-Morris.

"Oh, look—look—look-ee! It's a hit— hit—a hit!" screamed Maida. "Run, rrunner—run—run—oh, for *my* sake, un! Oh-h-h-h! Look at that fumble— ome on, Krunner, come on—come on— *ome on!* Try it! He hasn't picked it p yet—come! Come!"

"La-aa-a!" bawled the fat man.

"A three-bagger!" howled Maida. "Who a the world—oh, whoever would have hought Krunner could ever get to third y himself?" She seemed to be address- g the entire grand stand.

"It's Buddy up—oh, now Buddy, come on—bring him in! You can do it, Buddy—you can do it—you *must* do it!"

"Stra-h-h-h!" yelled the fat man.

"Never mind—you've two left—go on!"

"Bah-h-h-h!" from the fat man.

"That's all right—never mind—it's just a little single we need, Buddy!"

"Stra-h-h-h!" yelled the fat man.

"Oh, Buddy—Buddy—*please!* You've *got* to do it, Buddy—with two men out!"

The pale, intellectual-looking man in front of Maida, whom William-Morris had decided must be a minister, repeated Maida's last words in a voice that rang through the grand stand and echoed in the bleachers.

"You've *got* to do it, *Buddy*, with *two men out!*"

THE crowd took up the refrain to the accompaniment of stamping feet. It seemed to William-Morris that the very earth was rocking and roaring.

"Two men out—two men out!" Thud! Thud! Thud-thud-thud!

The band began to play softly "Booda-Booda! Booda-Booda!"

The Thud! Thud! Thud-thud-thud! grew louder.

Then the shout went up: one wild, glad, piercing howl of triumph, just one, from five thousand throats. William-Morris's head reeled. He looked for Maida. She was shaking hands with the ministerial-looking gentleman and shouting over and over: "A Texas Leaguer! A Texas Leaguer! A Texas Leaguer!"

Then everyone began to leave the grand stand.

"Come on," said Maida, "and the score is 3 to 2, and they played fifteen innings."

"I see," answered William-Morris, "but what is a Texas Leaguer?"

"A Texas Leaguer," replied Maida, "is precisely the same thing as a perfect Turner." They walked home through the fragrant gray twilight, and neither of them spoke a word.

"Good evening," said Maida when they reached The Hillcrest.

"Good-uh," replied William-Morris.

Very slowly he walked back to the club. "She'd never heard of Turner," he told the bearded Ruskin that hung above his bookshelves, but that gentleman continued to smile.

THE next evening William-Morris called on Maida to forgive her. In his pocket was a copy of "Modern Painters." On the steps of The Hillcrest, talking to Maida, was a nut-brown man.

"This is Mr. Dooley—Mr. Farrington-Jones," Maida presented the creature who had "done it with two men out." "Mr. *Buddy* Dooley," she added impressively. Mr. Dooley was muscular and blue-eyed and insouciant. He looked as if he had everything he wanted, even things far from baseballs. Mr. William-Morris Farrington-Jones shook hands with him, finding his fist strenuous and the beatitude of his countenance painful.

"Were you at the game yesterday?" inquired Mr. Dooley.

"I was," responded Mr. Farrington-Jones in a is-that-any-of-your-blamed-business tone of voice.

Mr. Dooley thought he would have to go on down the street. He would, it seemed, see Maida later.

"William-Morris," began Maida when Mr. Dooley's large brown ears were away from hearing distance, "I am sorry if you are going to be sorry, only I don't believe you will be very, but I've talked it over with mamma, and she thinks so, too—I guess I'll have to break our engagement."

"Why?" asked William-Morris.

"Because—you see, I have decided to marry Buddy."

"A most adequate reason," said William-Morris.

"Yes," answered Maida.

WILLIAM-MORRIS watched the tiny dimple in the lobe of Maida's left ear, said nothing, and thought.

"Little girl," he said at last, "before you—er—make this entirely final, I—er—think I should tell you that I am a very rich man. I—er—wanted to surprise you, but—"

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," Maida interrupted. "Buddy is rich, too; he gets three hundred dollars a month now and expenses, and he is slated for the Big League next year."

"I see," said William-Morris, and departed.

He walked many blocks, read many "Furnished Rooms for Rent" and "Excellent Table Board" signs, thought many thoughts, and returned to The Hillcrest. Maida was sitting on the

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It is *you*, the Consumer, who are vitally interested in this subject. Self-interest and community-interest should prompt you to get a clear understanding of just what it all means to *you*.

Most people who have not studied the subject are against "Price Maintenance"—unknowingly against their own best interest. I don't believe *you* want to be in that class.

Read Mr. Ingersoll's interesting exposition—and read everything else on the subject that I am going to have published in Collier's Weekly from time to time. You and I are mutually interested in this matter. I'll do my part and I am quite sure you will do yours.

W. C. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 129

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HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

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Guaranteed Used Pianos. A Large Number Of fine instruments at exceptional bargain prices, many like new, exchanged for Kimball Player Pianos, thoroughly overhauled and guaranteed to be in splendid condition in every way. Examples: Briggs Upright, $50; Colby Upright, $98; Emerson Upright, $110; Decker Bros. Upright, $125; Schaefer Upright, $140; Hinze Upright, $145; Fisher Upright, $165; Whitney Upright, $185; Chickering Upright, $175; Hallet & Davis, $190; Kimball Upright, $230; Steinway Upright, $275; Kimball Upright, $275; Knabe Upright, $175. We ship anywhere to reliable people on easy payment terms. Write Today For Complete List, Prices, and Terms and Beautiful Illustrated Musical Herald Free, and catalogue New Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball Company, 2398 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

You Can Earn Big Money Writing Moving Picture plays. We teach sure method. Great demand. Send for free booklet of valuable information. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Box 258, E. O., Chicago.

Learn To Write Photoplays. Easy And Fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Big demand. Producers pay $25 to $100 each. Illustrated catalogue free. Authors' Motion Picture School, Box 256T, Chicago.

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 683 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Decide all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 306 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents Per roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. Camera Shop, Box 42 A, Evanston, Illinois.

Kodakers! Very Special Offer. Send Any Six exposure roll and 30 cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints, one beautifully hand-colored. Booklet and sample print free. Kamera Shop, 258 Auditorium, Chicago.

Your Films Developed And Criticised By My process give best results. One 6 ex. roll dev. free with advice. Price list, sample Velox print, Booklet "Film Faults" free. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made so can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., 31, Pleasant, Iowa.

FOR YOUR HOME

Japanese Towels Or "Tenugui" $1.00 To $1.25 per 10 pieces. Agents wanted. Send for illustrated catalogue of other Japanese useful novelties. Miyako & Co., Tametke, Akasaka Tokyo, Japan.

STAMPS, COINS, CURIOS

$1.00 To $1000.00 Cash Paid For All Rare Money to date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send Now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Ft. Worth, Texas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

You Can Make Big Money Showing Automobile owners how to save tire troubles and how to increase tire mileage. Essenkay takes the place of air filled tubes in automobile tires. It cannot puncture or blow out; prevents skidding; does away with tire troubles. Rides like air. Increases tire mileage. If you have or can secure car for demonstrating here is your chance to start a big paying business. The Essenkay Products Company, 5-91 Wall Street, Chicago.

Wanted—Progressive, Clean-Cut, Fresh-From-the-mint man every town to manage sales districts for steady repeat articles; three big sources of profit; each sales new selling plan; no experience needed; small capital; can make $5m income annually. Bethlehem Utilities Co., 450, Pine St., New York.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

Salesmen—Shirt And Custom Tailoring Especially also women to sell custom underwear, best for service, fit and price. Whole or part time. Experience unnecessary. Ohio Textile Co., 312 State St., Painesville, Ohio.

Start Mail Order Business—Established Corporation backs you. Factory privies. Classy proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 25 E. Fifth, Pittsburg, Kansas.

REAL ESTATE

Money-Making Farms—13 States, $10 To $50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. Big illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

NEW MEXICO

Alfalfa And Apples Make Big Money For The farmers of the Pecos Valley. Mild climate and long growing season. $25 acre up easy terms. Folder on soil, irrigation, climate, crops, transportation, markets, profits and living conditions sent free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1088 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. W. H. Lallamon, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 31, Roanoke, Va.

TYPEWRITERS—OFFICE SUPPLIES

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc., ½ to ⅓ rates, prices, (many less) printed anywhere, applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 123. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

HAND CLEANER FOR MOTORISTS

Wonderful Invention. Instantly Removes Dirt, grease or graphite without soap or water. Applied like cold cream. Will not hurt most delicate hands. 50c for sample jar. Guaranteed. Money refunded. Agents wanted. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 161, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

WINDOW TRIMMING

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Show-ette School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

JOBS

AGENTS WANTED

Energetic Men In Every Town And City Make big money selling Package Pure Food Products in homes. A trial of them means customers every day all the year. A rare chance for the right man to make money quick. No experience required. Every day's delay is money lost. Particulars free. Send references. Schorn & Bruner, 548-550 West 40th St., New York City.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death; $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 50,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 520, Chicago.

Kwik Hand Cleaner. Big Profits. Easy Sales. Wonderful invention. Instantly removes dirt, grease or stain without soap or water. Every motorist, motorcyclist, chauffeur or machinist buys when shown. Write today. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 155, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Agents—New Invention. Electric Cigar Lighter. Used on cigar cases. Quick seller to Hotels, Drugstores, Restaurants, Poolhalls, Cafes. Big profits. Special offer. Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 1, St. Louis, Mo.

Salesmen—Working For Us Means Cash In Your pocket every day: Household Device; duplicate orders; profits big, experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., 33 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new; permanent demand; no investment or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Anyone Can Attach. Gliding Casters. Amazing profits. Carried in pocket. No rollers. Save floors, carpets, furniture. Casters sell on sight. Houses buy dozens. Best agent's article of the century. 44 Mfg. Co., 20 B Warren St., New York.

Don't Throw Your Rusty Looking Tan Shoes away. Use Rejuna and wear them for best. Makes old tan shoes look new. Honest canvassers wanted. George J. Kelly Co., 519 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposition in U. S. If you are making less than $250 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc.; save consumer 50%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free Sample. Pitkin & Co., 155 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

Sells Like Hot Cakes, Stores, House-To-House. Big Profits, new ironing-wax pad, perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume. Nothing like it. Clamps to ironing board. Working outfit 5c. Wasingpad, Lynbrook, N.Y.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while ag ent for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Co., Dpt. X, Lemont, Ill.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Celebrated Line: Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 75 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linco Company, 1015 Linco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Automobile Seat Coverings Are Wanted By Every automobile owner. We want agents to sell them to automobile owners, also Rain-coats, Dusters and Motorcycle Suits; we also want traveling salesmen to sell to supply houses and garages; send for latest catalog and our proposition. The John Potter Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Managers, etc.," our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 265 W. Division St., Chicago.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Gold Sign Letters put on with Roller. Cost 2c. Sell 25c. Mounted Samples free. Embossed Letter Co., 231 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Ranges from wagons or autos or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ills.

Wanted. General Agents To Appoint And manage salesmen. Big seller. Apply for particulars. Free sample. Arthur N. Christy & Co., Dept. C., Newark, New York State.

Agents! Would You Take A Steady Job Where you can make big money quick? No experience required. My goods are snappy, household necessities that make and hold customers. F. M. Davis, Pres., 861 Davis Blk., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office Windows; easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Wanted: A Few Young Men Willing To Work. Good Pay; short hours; prompt action wins the job. Write at once for Free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. 300, Chicago.

Agents—Be First In Your Town To Sell New Perfume Novelty. Sells on sight. Sample 50c. Dozen 50c prepaid. Particulars free. Wilbert Co., 2329 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sell Hosiery: Guaranteed Against Holes Or New hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Department 1, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 140 T, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 35 Beadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Gaslite Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

steps. Mamma was with her. As he walked up the rose-bordered path mamma went into the house.

"I—er—didn't come back to bother you," said William-Morris to Maida: "I—er—just wanted to know *why* you prefer that—that—that is to say, Mr. Dooley to myself; what—er—your reasons are?"

SHE looked over his head for a moment, and then he saw the sunrise of her, the wonderful flame of the creature who has found her mate and her lord. "Well," she said a little bashfully, "well, William-Morris, there are a number of reasons. Maybe one of them—a real reason—is that I simply couldn't marry a man who didn't know things."

"Know things!" gasped William-Morris.

"Yes—who didn't know what stealing home was, nor what a Texas Leaguer was; who—well just didn't know bee about baseball."

"I see," said William-Morris, "and perhaps you are right." He took one of her little hands for just an instant. "May you be very, very happy, dear."

"I am," said Maida, still looking like the sunrise.

Women's Congress

(Concluded from page 8)

audiences, weaving a very substantial fabric of feministic philosophy with a disarming gayety of phrase and manner. Mrs. Catt, during the course of a long and exacting presidency of the congress, was never too weary to give a humorous turn to a parliamentary tangle.

Mrs. Catt was reelected to the presidency for the next two years with the following board of officers: Mrs. Stanton Colt, Great Britain; Miss Signe Bergman, Sweden; Mrs. Anna Lindemann, Germany; Miss Rosika Schwimmer, Hungary; Mrs. Stanley McCormick, United States; Mme. de Schlumberger, France; Mrs. Marie Stritt, Germany; Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, Great Britain; Miss Annie Furuhjelm, Finland; Miss Crystal McMillan, Great Britain. The expenses of the alliance for the next two years were contributed by the congress, more than $12,000 being given in a few minutes. Mrs. Catt, Mrs. Belmont, and Mrs. Stanton Colt each gave $1,000.

THE International Alliance of Men's Leagues for Woman Suffrage held its convention simultaneously under the presidency of George de Lukacs, former Minister of Education for Hungary. Among the delegates and speakers were J. Kier Hardie of Great Britain, Dr. Charles V. Drysdale of Great Britain, Frederick Nathan and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the United States; C. V. Mansfeldt of Holland, and others from Hungary, France, Sweden, Finland, Austria, and Germany. There are now ten countries included in the alliance.

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New York City

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ONE CENT is all it will cost to write a postal and everything will be sent you free, prepaid by return mail. You will get valuable information. Do not delay—write it now.
TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, sundries at half usual prices.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CHICAGO

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HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 300 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring chart, instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed with your own name. No experience necessary. Send for outfit. Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 23-Z Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Make Big Money Taking Orders For Royal made-to-measure Union tailored men's garments. We tell you how. You get everything you need—free—handsomely colored, illustrated book of styles and tape line, instructions free. Experience unnecessary. Write a postal Now. We do the rest. All charges paid. Regal Tailoring Company, 844 Regal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by introducing punch board assortments (jewelry, cutlery, silverware, guns). We take back unsold goods. Can use one more man now employed. State territory. We want men capable of earning $50.00 per week and we want them now. Dun and Bradstreet rating. Desk 30, Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or accident, $5,000 Accidental Death, Annual cost $10. $2500 Accidental Death, $25 weekly for sickness or injuries. Address Box 5, Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Salesmen Making Small Towns, Whole Time or side line, should carry our fast selling pocket outfit. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Big quick easy sales. $4.00 commission on each order. Something entirely new. Write for outfit today. Cash Co., 308 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $17.50 to $22.00. You can make good money. Big sample outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No capital required. Splendid opportunity to make money. Write Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

The *Third Edition* Just Off Press

Send for Your Copy of

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"



THIS edition has been revised and greatly enlarged. It is just off the press and you will want it even though you already have a copy of the old book.

The third edition contains a great many listings of pure, wholesome, healthful, and nutritious foods and beverages, not found in the earlier editions.

The Board of Health of Westfield, Mass.—"the Pure Food Town"—has been carefully and impartially analyzing food products for the past ten years and all that have come up to its high standard and have passed its rigid requirements as to honesty, purity, and nutrition are listed, in convenient form for quick and ready reference, in this third edition of "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

This is the only book of its kind in the world and a copy of it should be in every home in the country as your guard and guide in protecting the health of your family. *You need* a copy in *your* home.

Before the books were printed, nearly 100,000 copies of the third edition had been ordered by honest food manufacturers. These are for distribution among women's clubs, public institutions, and other organizations and for the use of salesmen in interesting retail grocers to lend their aid in this remarkable campaign for Pure Food.

This book has "nobody's axe to grind" but *yours*. Its only object is to make you and others like you able to select your foods upon a basis of definite, scientific knowledge.

You will have no trouble whatever in using it. In a plain, simple way, it tells you the names of food products that have absolutely proven to be pure, clean, wholesome, honest, and nutritious. It gives you a number of names under each kind of food so that if your grocer doesn't carry the one you first ask for, you can select one that he does carry. The book is classified and indexed; and very easy to use.

Fill out and send the coupon below, together with 10c in stamps or silver, for *your* copy. Don't put this off. The book is "worth its weight in gold" for it makes you *sure* your food is *pure*.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home

Are you in sympathy with Collier's Fight for Pure Food?

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"I Fixed This Myself, Grandma"

There's no age between school days and armchair days when whole wheat is not one of the best foods for every hunger—morning, noon or night.

Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit is the biggest stride in the preparation of a whole wheat food since the first wheat loaf was baked way in the dawn of things.

Kellogg's Biscuit is nourishing because it's wheat, digestible because it's cooked and toasted, good because it's Kellogg's and economical because it's bread.



4c Postage Brings a Sample FREE

Send 4c to pay postage and we'll send a sample package of Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit.

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.

Dept. 26 Battle Creek, Mich.

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Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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AUGUST 9 1913

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Tuxedo—A Hit with the Hit-Makers



JOE TINKER

Joe Tinker, manager and short stop of the Cincinnati National League Team, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo after a game is the most restful smoke I can find."

Joe B Tinker

HUNDREDS of the snappiest ballplayers in the country—the clean-cut athletes who provide Americans with their greatest outdoor relaxation—enthusiastically endorse Tuxedo. This is the kind of endorsement that carries a convincing punch.

These men know that Tuxedo is a mild, pure tobacco, which can be smoked all day with pleasure. Tuxedo *can not bite* the tongue; it burns freely and smoothly, giving a cool, sweet smoke.

And thousands of the fans that pack the stands consider their pipeful of Tuxedo as half the enjoyment of their afternoon off.



FRED. CLARKE

Fred. Clarke, famous manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, says:

"I'd advise every ballplayer to smoke Tuxedo. I do, always. I know of no other tobacco that gives the satisfaction that Tuxedo does."

Fred C Clarke

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

From the scoreboard man to the magnate in the private box, everybody on the grounds is "catching on to" the *supreme merit* of Tuxedo.

Tuxedo is made from the finest, mildest leaves of high-grade Burley tobacco, so treated under the famous *original* "Tuxedo Process" that it burns slow and cool, with a delightful flavor and aroma. The "Tuxedo Process" makes it impossible for this perfect tobacco to bite or sting the most delicate throat or tongue.

Tuxedo has many imitators—in outward appearance. It has *no* equal in the pipe.



MILLER HUGGINS

Miller Huggins, manager and second baseman of the St. Louis National League Team, says:

"I'm for Tuxedo every time. It's cool, mild, fragrant—everything the ballplayer could want in his tobacco."

Miller J. Huggins



JIMMY ARCHER

Jimmy Archer, of the Chicago Cubs, well-known catcher and "300" hitter, says:

"Tuxedo is my idea of a good smoke in every way—coolness, mildness, purity. Tuxedo is a winner."

Jimmy Archer

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper 5c **Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c**

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



ROGER BRESNAHAN

Roger Bresnahan, famous catcher, now with the Chicago Cubs, says:

"Tuxedo appeals to me more than other tobaccos; it's so remarkably mild and soothing. Easily my favorite smoke."

Roger P Bresnahan

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.



SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States. Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Drawer S
Jersey City, N. J.



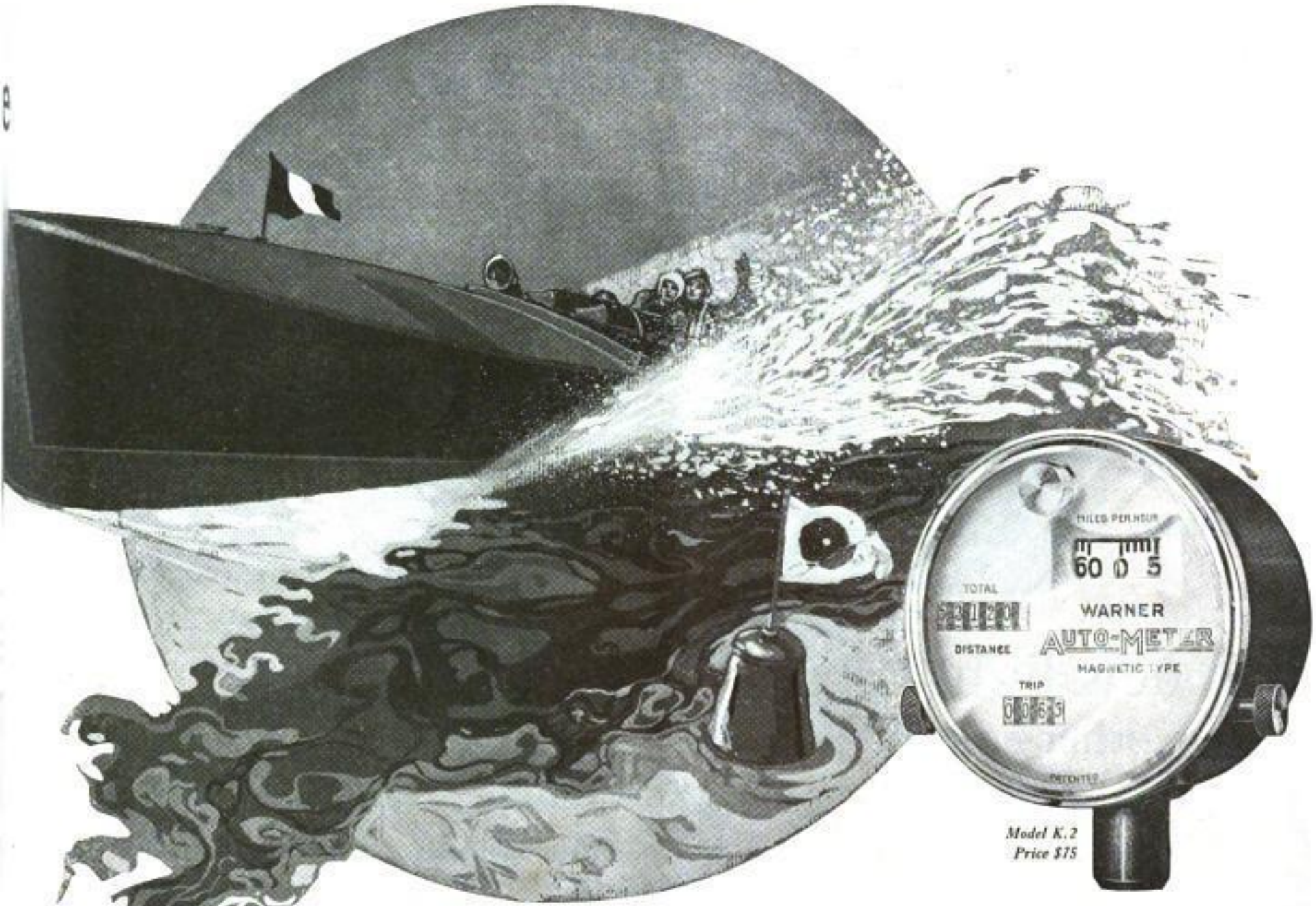
JACK McINNIS

Jack McInnis, star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

"Tuxedo gives a cool, mild smoke, and never affects the wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."

John M. Innis

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Model K.2
Price $75

Gil-Spear.

How Warner Accuracy Helped Beat The English . . .

THIS little craft bounds over the water at 40 miles an hour. It is the champion record smashing Dixie II., of the famous family of Dixie speed boats.

Her victorious race for the Harmsworth trophy in the great international contest against the invading English speed crafts, the Daimler II., and the Wolseley-Siddeley, has often been attributed to accurate aid of the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

A Warner Auto-Meter was installed on her eight cylinder motor to keep track of the number of engine revolutions. The race proved a furious one. Had the Dixie's engine, even for the slightest fraction of an instant, dropped below its capacity number of revolutions per minute, she would have lost.

But the oil-skinned, spray-splashed Dixie crew had the Warner to accurately check the necessary and vital revolutions. They knew of no other mechanical device which they could everlastingly depend on. They pinned their faith to the Warner. They did not make a mistake; neither did the Warner.

The Warner Auto-Meters you see today on 97 per cent of all the highest priced automobiles are built on the same principle (magnetic) as the instrument which helped the Dixie beat the English invaders.

A Warner Auto-Meter on the car you buy is a good indication of a quality car. Every automobile manufacturer who is sincere in his efforts to give you the maximum value for your money equips his cars with the Warner.

You can have a Warner on any automobile if you ask for it. Some manufacturers will endeavor to give you something they claim "just as good." That is because the cost is less. But do not take it. Insist on a Warner—the world's most accurate speed and mileage indicator.

A Warner is a guarantee on the part of the automobile manufacturer that he is not skimping; that he is giving you your money's worth. See that you get a Warner.

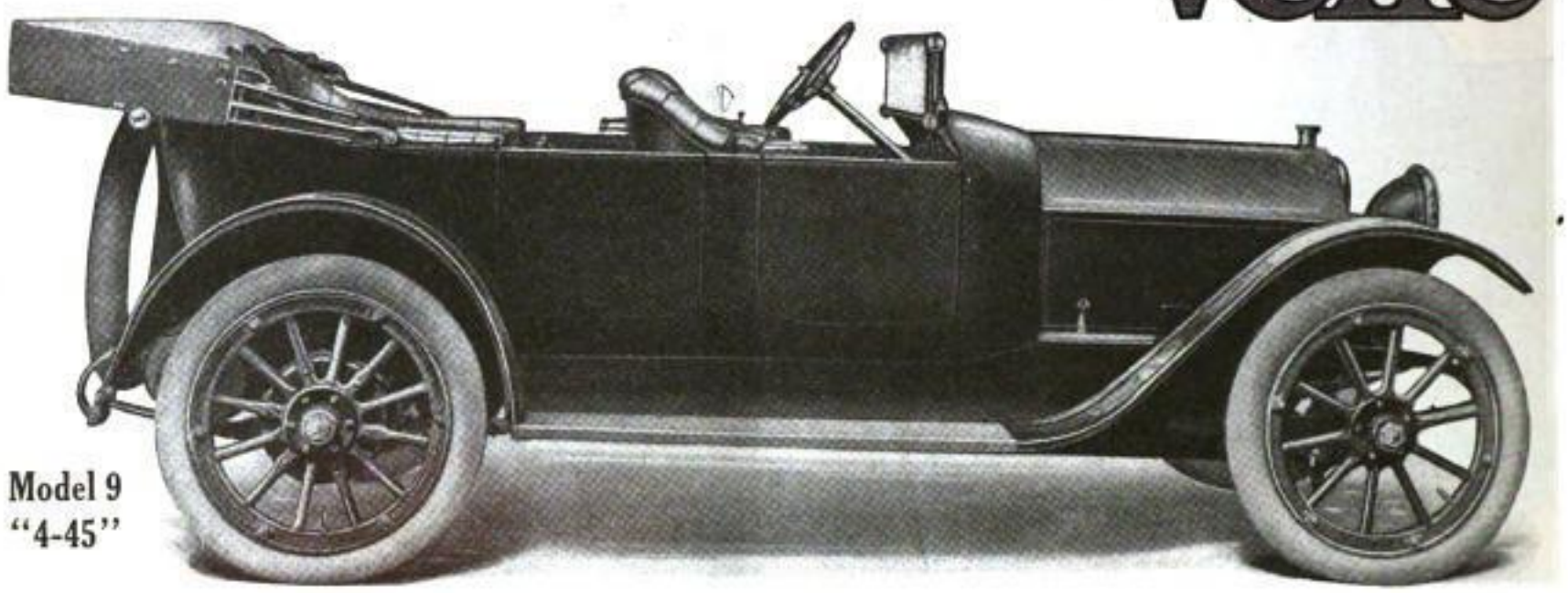
The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Beloit, Wisconsin

WARNER AUTO-METER

Aug. 9

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1914 Velie



Model 9
"4-45"

A new light "Six" with fifty horsepower and two other equally remarkable Velie models—the utmost in real, usable value that can be built in an automobile!

Velie Model 10—The new Velie "6-50," nearly 1500 pounds lighter than the usual car of its size and power. Easy riding, easy to drive, remarkably economical on tires and gasoline. Price **$2350**
Five-Passenger Touring, Four-Passenger Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster

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The Noiseless Suffragette

She Painlessly Extracted Suffrage from the Illinois Legislature



The House elevator fell with a crash. "Oh, oh, there goes a vote!" she cried in the general din

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

THE WRITER of this article, himself a legislator in Illinois, narrates, not with the groan of the victim, but with the elation of a friend, how four able, unobtrusive women modestly, relentlessly worked for the suffrage in their State. The account is interesting as are few in politics and thrilling as many in romance.

WHEN the Englishman, struggling out of the ruins of another blown-up country home, reads that the women of the wild hinterland of Illinois, around which, as he remembers, Chicago is situated, have obtained the ballot, e must wonder in a dazed manner what the Illinois omen used in the way of explosives. If dynamite an't get suffrage in placid England, what could possily have blasted it out of rip-roaring Illinois? What as the total of killed and wounded? Did the women olson Lake Michigan? Was the tomb of Lincoln illed? Did the skin-clad suffragettes pen up the legisators in the Capitol, stuff the basement full of inflamables, and dictate terms with a torch?

Vithout Anesthetics

T WOULD probably be an entire waste of time to attempt to convince the bruised and rumpled Britisher that out in informal Illinois the women obtained the allot without throwing a rock, losing a life, pulling a hisker, or sacrificing a meal. And it will probably onvey some astonishment to portions of this country state that the women of Illinois didn't pull off a ingle procession, make a single speech, or so much as mit one loud and hostile whoop during the five onths' campaign before the Legislature. In fact, Illiois, which scarcely suspected the campaign at all, s only beginning to get over its surprise at the result. o is the Legislature, for that matter. As for the omen themselves, they have all the dazed incredulity f the day laborer who has been invited to throw down is shovel and accept a bale of bonds from the estate f an unsuspected uncle. They have the ballot and ey got it without warning. It is fifty years or more ince the women of Illinois first began to shout for he ballot. Confidently expecting to shout for fifty more, nd in the end to win out by the earnest use of their ungs, they paused shouting last winter, to take breath, nd presently discovered the ballot in their hands.

Not that the Illinois Legislature had anything in particular to do with the gift. It wasn't a gift at all. It was more of an operation. Suffrage for women was removed from the Legislature, without anesthetics and in a painless manner, so deftly, scientifically, and unostentatiously that when the four Illinois women who were doing the job had finished they had practically to wake up the House of Representatives, as the dentist wakes his slumbering patient and says: "There? It's done. Never knew it; did you?"

Time passes and methods change. Science replaces mere earnestness and system has become our greatest miracle worker. The women of Illinois had asked for the ballot from year to year in all the well-known manners. They had prayed for it, pleaded for it, shouted for it, demanded it. They had marched for it, written for it, and had raised large war funds in its behalf. They had assaulted Springfield in trainloads. They had deluged the polls with printed pleadings. They had told man from boxes on the street corners that they were as good as he and would he wait until they had stepped down and proved it? Singly and in cohorts the women of Illinois had toiled and struggled for the vote and approached it with all the rapidity of a stone hitching post racing with a telegraph pole. And then, just for a change, they tried system. As a result, score one more victory for the science which is revolutionizing everything from business to religion and vital statistics.



Last fall the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, which for many sessions of the Illinois Legislature had presented suffrage bills and had fought for them with consistently gloomy results, prepared for the next battle. It began as usual by appointing a chairman of the legislative committee, and this time it chose Mrs. Sherman M. Booth of Chicago, who was at that time enjoying ill health in a Michigan sanitarium. Mrs. Booth was a frail, quiet little live wire who knew nothing at all about politics. Moreover, she had no knowledge with which to cope with the problem of winning over a hostile Legislature. She had never seen a Legislature in action. She had met few politicians and these only accidentally. The well-known thousand and one methods of getting bills through an American Legislature were all contained in a hermetically sealed book and imbedded in concrete so far as she was concerned.

"Get us the vote, that's a dear"

IN FACT, Mrs. Booth was densely ignorant. Her selection was preposterous. She was a compendium of political deficiencies. All she had to work with was a university education in economics, sociology, psychology, and logic, with a teaching experience in civil government and a knowledge of bookkeeping. To ask her to assault a Legislature with this equipment seemed as foolish as to ask a physician to cure dropsy with a knowledge of counterpoint and fugue, and Mrs. Booth so told the anxious women who had appointed her. She declined.

But the women insisted. They had played politics against politicians for years and had always finished ten down and eight to go, to use a golfing term. They were tired of playing amateur politics against professionals. Maybe total ignorance, complicated with isms, wouldn't win, but it couldn't lose any more emphatically than the old plan. So they said to Mrs. Booth: "Go on down to Springfield and get us the vote, that's a dear. All you have to do is to win over a majority of the Senate and House and you can do it all by yourself. We'll not bother you. And we'll pay your expenses and telegraph bills to boot."

Perhaps the foolishness of the whole thing appealed to Mrs. Booth's sense of humor. At any rate, she con-

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She sent for an Illinois Blue Book and cut out the pictures of the surviving legislators

sented, and the result was that late last fall the women of Illinois went after suffrage with the aid of sociology, psychology, $2,000, and a card catalogue.

Mrs. Booth began her campaign on the morning after the election, and she began it in just the erratic way in which a woman might be expected to approach an important subject. She sent for an Illinois Blue Book and cut out the pictures of the surviving legislators. While looking over these pictures very earnestly Mrs. Booth pasted them on the backs of cards. There was one card for each legislator, and the front of the card was devoted entirely to information concerning him. It contained his home address, business address, telephone number, occupation, district, and party. It also had a place for his "affiliation," meaning his humidity, the wet and dry question being always a vital one in Illinois, another space for the name of his "boss," and another one for his newspaper obligation. His religion, his "type," his wife's belief in suffrage, and the name of a prominent suffragist in his district could also be recorded. So could his past record in general legislation and on suffrage. So could a few terse remarks at the bottom of the card.

How She Card-Indexed Them—

THROUGH November and December Mrs. Booth toiled on these cards, filling them out from every conceivable source of information, including past records, campaign pledges, the Legislative Voters' League reports, answers to letters, opinions of suffragist sympathizers, and guesses to be verified later. By January her card catalogue constituted a little psychological form chart of members, and as the session went on information was continually added or verified. This card catalogue would make exceedingly interesting reading in Illinois if it could be gotten out of the safe-deposit vault, for never has an Illinois Legislature been so carefully analyzed.

At the bottom of each card was the conclusion from a suffragist standpoint: "Friendly but indiscreet." "Record bad but his word is good." "Must be approached—" "Is influenced by the Daily ——" "Is controlled by —— except on wet and dry matters." "Can be handled if his importance is deferred to—" These were some of the comments which were guideposts to the inner minds of the 204.

The Legislature convened on January 8, and the House at once distinguished itself by a Speakership deadlock which lasted through four tense and devastating weeks. During this time Mrs. Booth stayed at home, accumulating information and watching the work of every man in the House. She had by this time classified the members as follows: (1) Those pledged to suffrage; (2) those who had stood for suffrage in the past; (3) those who by character, reputation, and records ought to be for suffrage; (4) those opposed. She had written form letters—a different form for each class—to the members previously, and the answers helped tighten up the classification.

—And Marched into Chaos

ON THE day after the breaking of the Speakership deadlock Mrs. Booth gathered up her card catalogue and went to Springfield. She was accompanied by Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, an able woman, whose hair had whitened during her long fight for the ballot and who had led many unsuccessful assaults in the State Capitol. She introduced Mrs. Booth to the old members who were friendly, gave her the fruit of her long experience in warnings, and bade her good-by. Then Mrs. Booth went up in the gallery of the House and sat down to watch the seething proceedings beneath her.

It was in many ways the most momentous session in the history of Illinois. A new party, the Progressive, had made its appearance in the House with twenty-five members. Two United States Senators were to be elected. The first Democratic Governor elected in twenty years faced a Democratic delegation split into two wildly hostile halves. The Progressives and Republicans were irreconcilable. No party had a majority. Never had there been so much political ill feeling or so much politics unadulterated with patriotism to be played. And ahead of this chaos, too disorganized even to choose floor leaders, loomed the most comprehensive program of legislation ever laid before an Illinois House.

Some time that spring between its squabbles it was expected to get close enough together to pass an initiative and referendum resolution, repair the primary law and the workmen's compensation law, pass a public-utility law which would satisfy both Chicago and the down State, reform the tax laws, settle the fate of county option, and discuss many other important bills. Back of each of these bills was a huge lobby, composed of citizens, organizations, and public opinion. And in the gallery, watching the struggles of rival claimants for the attention of the House on these matters, sat 100 pounds of Illinois woman charged with the duty of tearing the House away from its other distractions and convincing it of the necessity of carrying woman suffrage across the Mississippi. Hercules thumbing over his list of tasks and wondering where to begin must have had some of this woman's feelings.

Mrs. Booth sat for seven weeks in the galleries of the House and Senate, while the Senatorial battle raged and the political situation became more complicated each day. At the end of that time it is doubtful if half the members of either branch knew her by sight, much less by name. She had made no progress with her bill and had talked but little with the legislators. On the other hand, she had studied every face below her from diagrams of the two Houses which she had prepared, and she knew every member by face and name. She knew every member's vote on such roll calls as might illuminate a man's character, political affiliations, or personal prejudices. And her card catalogue had been thoroughly revised.

As a diversion Mrs. Booth had been pledging Senators. It wasn't a particularly hard task, for the Senate had always been friendly and was expected to pass the bill over to the House as it usually had. Seven weeks after she came down Mrs. Booth sent for the president of the State Equal Suffrage Association, Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, and when Mrs. Trout arrived the first definite move was made. Senator Hugh S. Magill, who had introduced the bill in the Senate, was told that he might with safety pull the throttle, which he did. And the suffrage bill, after some hard work at the switches, which were manned by its enemies, rolled smoothly down the main track to third reading and out of the Senate to the House by a comfortable majority.

How They Used to Asphyxiate Suffrage Bills

THE passage of the bill through the Senate didn't cause a ripple. The House merely laughed at it. Passing bills for the other House to kill has always been a favorite legislative diversion. In fact, the enemies of suffrage in the House paid practically no attention to the incoming bill except to prepare a nice bed for it in a hostile committee where it might sleep in perfect comfort until Gabriel blew his trump.

There are so many ways of defeating bills in Legislatures that voting against them is only a trivial means and a last resort. In all the years in which the suffrage bill had been before the House of Representatives no member had had to vote for it. It had gotten into the wrong committee and had died. It had been amended to death on second reading. It had gotten to third reading and had perished there at the close of the session. It had perished twice on third reading despite the fact that petitions had been presented to the Speaker signed by eighty members asking that it be brought to a vote. For at the same time more than eighty members had privately besought the same Speaker not to let the bill come to a vote, seventy-seven being a majority of the House. And so, in the light of all this past experience, the question of suffrage couldn't seem to worry. If two women who didn't know anything about politics could get that bill through third reading the day of miracles would be at hand.

It was natural that in their ignorance these women should have gone at the thing in exactly the wrong way. They went to their enemies for help. They sought one of the most influential members of the House—a man with a reactionary record as long as the Hon. Joe Cannon's. He was classified in the card catalogue as a man who was hostile, but would keep his word and might be appealed to in behalf of fair play. They asked him to use his influence to get the bill to the right committee and to the calendar. They told him their plans and troubles. It was a risky piece of business, but the card catalogue guessed right. The member promised two things—to get the bill into the House and to fight against it on second reading. And he stood manfully by both promises.



She cried. Women are always doing foolish things. So are the men. For some of the men cried too

Even the fact that the suffrage bill had slipped through the preliminary pitfalls and had gotten on the calendar didn't worry the opposition. The second line of defense was the second reading. There they would amend it by striking out the enacting clause and if that failed they would put a referendum provision on it—after which the united societies, well-organized wets, and the other enemies of suffrage would get busy in case the impossible happened and the bill passed. With something over a week in which to accumulate their majority on second reading the two women went back to their hotel, got out their card catalogue, and went to work.

Through the long weeks Mrs. Booth had found between fifty and sixty members who she believed would surely vote for the bill. These cards were taken out and put away in a special list. She had also discovered about forty members who were implacable and hopeless. These cards were also weeded out and put away. That left fifty members to work upon. Some of these were friendly. At various times Mrs. Booth had talked with all of them. Some of them she believed she could pledge. Mrs. Trout felt confident that she could pledge others. But there remained a certain number of "hard cases." Neither Mrs. Booth's cold dispassionate logic nor Mrs. Trout's impetuous earnestness could touch them. The third degree was needed. So the women telegraphed for Mrs. Antionette Funk of Chicago.

Mrs. Funk, a little woman this side of forty, has been a practicing lawyer for many years. She is magnetic, resourceful and has an almost irresistible personality. She arrived the next morning, took up the task of cracking the hard cases. One by one she battered through their shells. And in the meantime Mrs. Booth got the district suffrage organizations busy. There are fifty-one of them in the state.

Telegraphic Sharpshooting

IN FORMER years they had swarmed the Capitol in special trains at the critical moment and had buttonholed, pleaded, argued, wept, and exhorted. So their eagerness they wanted to do it—That three women could accomplish what trainloads had failed to do seemed impossible. But the three were adamant. The trainloads must stay at home. They might telegraph and write all they pleased. And they did. Telegraph operators ate their meals at their posts and messenger boys brought telegrams in bushel baskets. At one critical point Speaker McKinley received nearly 1,000 telegrams. The [illegible] home organizations

(Continued on [illegible])



With reprehensible frivolity they were eating chocolates from a large box when last I saw them

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In Pittsburgh

By Francis Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

***STRANGELY** like an ancient tale of feudal times and baronial power, but modern and real.*

AT EAST LIBERTY STATION Laurie left the train, carried his bag the couple of short blocks down Penn Avenue, and caught a north-bound Highland Avenue car. At the end of the trolley line, near the head of Highland Avenue, he left the car in turn and slowly breasted the remaining long hill afoot.

Though by no means an especially poetic or observing man, he had a sudden poignant sense of how lovely an evening it was. Pausing, he set back his stocky shoulders, consciously drew in the fragrant damp air, stretched out his ungloved fingers toward the faint stir of night wind, soft as an undreamable caress. "April, April—" he began, half aloud, repeating a scrap of verse he had heard Eleonora say in the park the other night. This was his twenty-seventh April; twenty-six times before had the mysterious germinating month passed over his head, under his feet, and he knew nothing of it; suspected nothing of its wistfulness, its vague melancholy, its intoxication, its song. And now this whole new-found world of loveliness—Eleonora's world—now it had followed him, even here; even through the coke ovens and lurid Braddock yards; even here, to the edge of—

He swung sharp about on heel, stopped, looked fixedly behind him. The thick muscles tightened under his rough gray clothes, a flush of excitement ran tingling through him. Aye, there it all lay—there it all lay. There, spread far below, undulating to the east and the south and the west, profusely ribbed, under the tender spring night, with the long bluish-white dotted lines of arc lamps—there it all lay; his father's city, *his* city; the city of smoke, the city of sweat, the city of steel. There, wavering above, hung the old ominous dull glow in the sky—the symbol he had always been able to see from his windows the last thing before getting into bed at night; the eternal smouldering portent of a storm that had never quite broken; the savage, dun, iron-ore-powdered efflorescence—that light that never was on sea or land till one day a grimy, clear-brained man had come and put it there. God! How his complex and warring boyhood surged up into him again at the picture! How!—

Taut, intent, bag in hand, he continued to stand very still and watch the outspread city.

The light in the southern sky dulled a trifle, then flamed. Laurie knew he could never get away from that light. He had been born under it: it was his natal sign. What matter whether he loved or hated it, admired or feared? There it hung, deepening and thinning, the genius out of the fisherman's bottle, yet always doing the fisherman's will. And here crawled he—back—inevitably back—its sombre burnish again on his cheek. For several long, absorbed minutes he stood and watched. Then, as abruptly as he had swung at first, he faced round up the hill and approached his father's house.

FROM the street that great castellated stone pile, set far back amid its beautiful lawns and masses of pale, new-leaved shrubbery, loomed gray and misty and silent in the hilltop dusk. Laurie could just make out the hall light, the lights to right and left. But when he shut his eyes he could see it all so clearly: see the many dainty and ornate rooms where his mother and sisters lived; the shaded lamps, the pretty fireplaces, the regiment of clever soft-footed servants.

His mother and sisters—how intangible and remote their lives seemed to him at this minute! He discovered, with a pang of shame, that he had hardly thought definitely of his mother and sisters in a long while. It had almost required this sight of the house to bring their lives back to him. Yet—their lives, his life? Were not their lives quite as real and vivid to them as his life to him? With his free right hand he took himself roughly by the throat, as if to shake himself. He *must* not—he *would* not—assume merely the one-ideaed man, dogmatic, insensible, grim; the dehumanized reformer!



It was with the library that his boy's shut eyes chiefly concerned themselves. His father had a bedroom, a bathroom, and a dressing room of his own in the house. But with respect to the general living rooms, it might almost be said that the head of the family confined himself to the use of the library alone. He sat in the library practically all the waking time he spent in the house. It was tacitly agreed upon as his downstairs "domestic" field. Nobody else ever intruded upon it.

Laurie mentally reviewed the huge grand apartment, at once florid and barren, with its shiny mahogany finish, its low formal rows of unused bookcases, its tons of carved mahogany furniture, its elaborate frescoed ceiling, its ingenious and theatrical system of lighting. Did his father actually like that room? Or was his father just impervious to all influences of that sort? Or was it, perhaps, quite simply, just a piece of careless fatalism? The architects and decorators had made such a room. It was a known place where the working member of a frivolous family would not be disturbed. Therefore he would sit in it. Futilely the boy wondered—even he. How terribly, terribly, little of understanding his father got from him!

And then his mind flashed back to the dingy, crumbling old Settlement House—to that tiny, triangular, gray-green room where Eleonora sat and worked and slept. Was it as big, all told—that room—as his father's library table? Perhaps. But if the giant shining table had been sawed into a thin shell of boards . . . His father—Eleonora Slifkin and his amazing, literal, coldly volcanic Titan of a father! And here he was, standing somewhere between them, with the strength of neither, yet somewhere between—he—here—tonight. He had some strength himself, too. What would he finally do with it? There were lights in the tall library windows. Turning in at the driveway gate, feudally bleak and imposing, Laurie went up the dim sweep of road to the house.

ONCE through the superb red portières, which cut him off from the hall, the head of the house dropped heavily into the first chair. He was intensely preoccupied—had been so all the way out—his concentrated energy of thinking untouched even by the incessant, sharp, rapid shift and swerve of his big car on the crowded evening streets. Kennerd, his clerk, who had sat silently for twenty minutes beside him in the car, now also followed a few steps behind into the room. Behind Kennerd followed Robbins, the impassive, middle-aged house butler. Robbins had attached himself to the party at the outer hall door.

Kennerd, looking back over his shoulder, saw the noiseless servant still in attendance. "Well, any scares to-day, old chap?" he jollied, as if glad to speak to some one.

Gravely the delicate and aristocratic butler shook his head. "No, sir. None to-day."

"That's right," commended Kennerd. "A little British pluck does it—eh, what, Robbins?" He turned briskly toward the table.

But Robbins, who had come to a stand by a corner of the bookshelves, continued to query his back with mute, deferential insistence. Kennerd, feeling the man still there, switched sharply round.

"Anything you want?"

"Only—to know about the dinner, sir."

"What about the dinner?"

"I wasn't sure you understood, sir. Mrs. Darmon and the young ladies are dining out."

"Well, what about it, what about it?" demanded Kennerd. "Get to the point."

"It's just the dinner here, sir, you understand?" Robbins spoke with a deprecating obstinacy in which no bewilderment was allowed to enter. "There were some special things cooked—things sent down to Mr. Darmon from Canada. I'm still holding it, sir—the dinner—"

"All off, Robbins. Clear away. Mr. Darmon's busy. We had a bite upstairs in the Building before we left town."

The butler winced a very little under the expected blow. "Very well, sir," he bowed. Among the people who practiced the conventions he understood, Robbins was impeccable. But here!— Stiffly he pivoted toward the hall door.



The room fell very silent. Not once since he had dropped into the chair had the steel king himself made sign or sound. Nor did he now. Profoundly sunk in the deep leather cushions, eyes half closed, square chin on breast, he lay moveless, flaccid. There was no thought of playing a part. It was the simple genius of efficiency—the using of every atom of mind and body in a given human organism toward a given end.

Robbins, passing out into the hall, hesitated, stopped, and again ventured to recall himself to Kennerd's brusque attention. "The windows are still raised on the terrace there, sir," he pointed out. "Shall I let them down?"

Kennerd glanced from the open windows to the fire on the hearth, a natural-gas fire burning through rows of holes in moulded clay logs. "No, it's all right yet," he concluded. "I'll ring."

"Very well, sir," said Robbins. Delicate and noiseless, he disappeared between the heavy brocaded hangings into the hall.

UNDER its many lamps the library lasked. Darmon continued to rest like a bulky sculptured figure on the red leather cushions of his chair, only the brain alive. Kennerd leaned solidly against the massive and empty table, lightly drumming on the edges of it with his fingers. Now and then he gave a quick eye to his motionless chief, waited an instant, and smartly resumed the padded finger tattoo. Beyond that—nothing.

At length Darmon stirred, very slightly, in his chair. "Going out?" he inquired.

Kennerd straightened alertly, stopped drumming. "Tuesday. No, I've nothing on for to-night."

"I want to give you a couple of letters."

With the simple and healthy enthusiasm of nine in the morning, the clerk snapped a hand to his side coat pocket. But Darmon checked him with a look.

"No hurry if you're not going out," he leisurely added. "Just so you get Frayton's letter off on the late train."

"Whenever you're ready," agreed Kennerd. He let the notebook drop back into his pocket.

After his long intellectual fixity, Darmon also showed the impulse to stretch himself in words. "Kaler," he sounded in his chill voice. "I've just decided about him. He was a mistake. He's done."

"Hey! Kaler?" On the hearthrug Kennerd quivered with excitement. "Then the tip I picked up in the Building *was* straight! He got gay again—at the meeting this afternoon—"

"He's the kind of fool, I see, that absolutely has to be crimped, once for all," murmured Darmon. "Nothing else will satisfy him."

"By gad!" swore Kennerd. He made an honest, worried, boyish gesture. "By gad, Mr. J. C.—this is bad! It is, you know. Kaler." His eyes altered and he looked admiringly down and across at his chief. "Well, you certainly have got your nerve!" Darmon returned the look without feeling of any sort. "But Kaler!" Inconsequently, in his worry, the clerk flew off at a tangent. "You remember how fond Laurie used to be of Kaler?"

THE other broke his long immobility—that wonderful, vital, plastic quiet in the chair—with a start. "Laurie!" he ejaculated. Without an instant's warning he swept on into a passion of violent, low-voiced anger. "Here! What the devil do you mean—bringing Laurie into this?"

"Why—you know—I simply say—"

Darmon fought himself down as by the pressure of a hydraulic clamp. "Yes, of course, Harry. Don't mind me. I've had an off day." Without restlessness he got up and moved to his own particular chair by the hearth. "Did I tell you I spent three hours with Laurie in New York yesterday?"

"Three hours? Three hours?" Kennerd, unresentful, marveled in all sincerity. "Out of that one day? I thought you'd enough to keep you going every minute till train time!"

"I put things through," said Darmon. "It was a fine afternoon, and Laurie wanted to take me out to

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the park. We rode down Fifth Avenue on top of a bus, and then sat twenty minutes on a bench in Madison Square. There were a lot of kids playing about the fountain."

"Well, well, well," muttered Kennerd foolishly. "Well, well." Embarrassed and hesitating, he put a blurred question. "He shows no signs—Laurie—of letting up—of losing interest? He's still as keen?"

"Keener," replied Darmon. "The idea grows on him. He gives himself no rest for it. I wanted him to come home with me yesterday for a week or two—he looked worn out, all in. But he'd some important meeting on for last night."

Three feet away, on the hearthrug, Kennerd braced with sudden resolution. "Mr. J. C., I suppose you hear the talk that's going round the building about Laurie?"

"Well, I hear lots of talk."

"I mean," persisted Kennerd doggedly, "about his getting mixed up with socialism, and all that sort of thing, in New York. Even anarchists, they say—whatever precious difference there is!" Darmon let an awkward pause fall between them. "You *ought* to know," floundered Kennerd, savagely struggling on.

"Of course, Harry," Darmon finally approved. (His irony, though faint and close lipped, was destructive as an acid.) "Of course. And naturally I've not been allowed to escape. Then there's Laurie himself. The meeting he couldn't leave to come home with me last night was an East Side socialistic hurrah of some sort or other, I believe."

THE clerk narrowed his shoulders, gulped. "I'm sorry, Mr. J. C.," he mumbled ruefully. "I've made an ass of myself." He flattened his back, took a distracted step, then abruptly returned to his doggedness. "All the same, Mr. J. C., I swear to you it's dead wrong—dead wrong!"

"My son, eh?" smiled Darmon. "My only son?"

"It's dead wrong, Mr. J. C., I tell you!" cried Kennerd, gathering strength. "Everybody says so. Do you think the Pinkertons and the old strike is wiped out yet? Well, I should slightly whisper not—not for a minute! And now another big tie-up on the cards at Duquesne, and Kaler, the men's friend, bucking you till you have to squeeze the life out of *him!* It ain't reasonable, Mr. J. C.—you know it ain't! You're the worst hated antilabor man in the United States—in the world. And your son hand in glove with the whole New York raft of red-flag rats and maniacs!"

Again Darmon fixed him with his almost imperceptible, edged smile. "You've got cold feet, Harry, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," declared the clerk roundly. "That's just what I've got, all right—cold feet. I wake up in the middle of the night sometimes in an icy sweat."

"You ought to see a doctor," sneered Darmon, just above his breath.

"Well, I'll say this for myself, Mr. J. C.," Kennerd struck back. "We've not been putting you next to everything lately. We have not—not by a good long shot! There's trouble breeding. You've been getting a big enough mail of threatening letters the past month to fire a furnace. Bombs, blood, skulls and bones! I don't need a doctor—I could kick right out and make guard on the State team to-morrow. I ain't any more nervous than other people. But some of these letters give me a jump. They do, they do—I admit it! And we picked up one long-haired brute in the corridors of the building the other day, sneaking around and asking messenger boys which were your rooms!" He quieted. "You take it from me, Mr. J. C., that guy looked the real thing. Believe me—I saw his eyes. He didn't happen to have the goods on him at that minute—"

"And you think," inquired Darmon, "that Laurie's East Side work helps all this along?"

Kennerd paced the thick hearthrug in his embarrassment. "No, no, no!" he protested. "No, no, that's putting it away too strong. I didn't say that. All I say is—well, I see the letters. Of course Laurie don't guess—never dreams—"

HIS chief smiled more openly at him. "You're a good loyal lad, Harry—"

"I know," grimly completed the other. "But a fool."

Darmon overlooked him thoughtfully. "No, no fool. Still, if you expect to get on, you'll have to grow up. Men are never going to be any easier to handle. They're developing with the plants themselves—developing into more modern and complex machines."

"Oh," said Kennerd easily, "that's all right. I'm not losing any sleep about that. Let 'em develop into whatever they please. Your little system will always fix that."

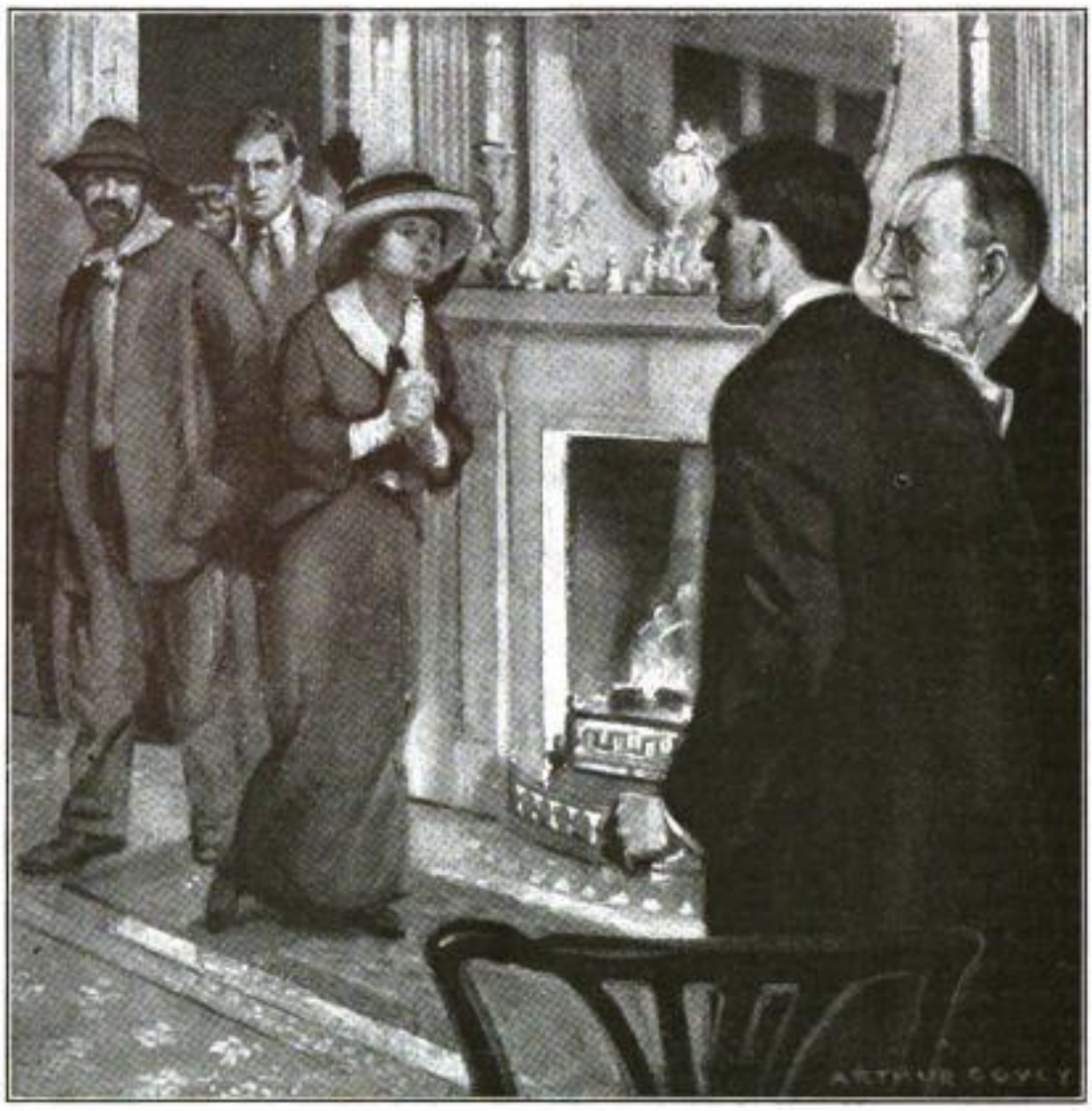
"My little system? What is my little system?"

AGAIN the eager, able, hard-faced young stenographer grinned his frank admiration. "Why, like with Kaler just now. The iron hand. The hook. No baby food and flowers. Play the game or beat it and be damned to you."

"Ah," commented Darmon. "So that's my little system?"

"Ain't it?" queried Kennerd. "That is—" He stuttered, but was determined to bring the thing out. "That is—it's your system, I'd say, with everybody but Laurie."

Laurie's father sketched a slight gesture in the air. He did not dislike this devoted simple-minded boy who ate up sixteen hours' work a day and asked for



"Look out for him," she warned in a dull, unemphatic voice. "Look out for him. He came to kill you"

more, who would cheerfully have knocked down a policeman for him, who was not afraid to beard him in his hold. "Ah," he merely sounded again. Then he pointed to the smoking stand across the hearth. "Pass me a cigar, will you?"

"Anyway," maintained Kennerd stoutly, handing the box, "Laurie ought to be told. Everybody says so. He ought to be more careful about you when you go to New York. Most of these filthy threatening letters come from New York. I'll bet you there were a dozen anarchists sunning themselves—like the cursed snakes they are—in Madison Square yesterday. And you two sitting and talking right among 'em! It's a wonder Laurie didn't run you down to Mulberry Bend, to see some new piece of plumbing in a tenement!" Indignantly he scratched a match for the chief's cigar, and lighted one himself.

DARMON lay back in his chair and smoked with immense quiet relish.

"I really do believe you've got bad cold feet," he presently murmured.

"I wake sitting straight up in bed sometimes, I tell you," growled Kennerd, "grabbing at the covers, in a drip of sweat!"

They smoked silently, each in his fashion, for some minutes, Kennerd with his broad back propped against the mantel. And silently, through the red portières, Laurie entered from the hall.

"Hello the house!" he called lightly.

In one bound Darmon sprang clear of his deep chair. "You, Laurie?" he cried. Impulsively he hurried across the room.

They struck hands with powerful friendly warmth—though short, they were both square, thick-set men.

"I told Robbins to let me surprise you," explained Laurie.

"It's a good surprise, that—always!" Darmon's voice fairly vibrated. His eyes fed hungrily on the boy. He stepped back from him only when Kennerd, a trifle sheepish and confused, also came up to shake hands.

"Well, well, well!" pronounced Kennerd. "Now, what do you think of that? And we haven't spoken of you before—"

"Hope I didn't stumble in on anything," laughed Laurie.

Darmon returned close. "I was mentioning this afternoon to Harry. But you don't know how good it is—how mighty, mighty good—to see you back in the house again! It seems an age—months—"

"Yes," admitted Laurie. "Five months." Now he steadily, he took in the room. "And mother and the girls—Robbins tells me they're dining out?"

The steel king nodded carelessly. "I believe so."

"At the Redloves'?"

"Very likely. I hadn't heard. I'd just got in myself." He moved back to his deep armchair by the fire. "But come sit down, my boy—sit down, sit down. Whatever brought you through in daylight?"

"I'd some things to think out," said Laurie. "I'm not sure I got anywhere. But at least I didn't altogether waste the time."

The words, without intention, struck a certain note, thrust a sudden electrical surcharge into the air. Harry Kennerd caught his chief's eye.

"You're not ready to give us those letters yet?"

DARMON, half frowning, glanced at his watch. "In three-quarters of an hour."

"Then I'll be off to the garage, tell Tony to stick around for the late train. Oh, Laurie, we've got the new craziest little devil of a driver! But I'll see you later." With a glimpse at the dial of his own watch, the clerk strode out.

"Now," breathed Laurie. He did not pulter one instant. Flinging himself into the deep chair facing his father, he looked straight across. "Father, I'm here on a hard errand. Just about the hardest in the world. But it would be even worse—a thousand times worse—if I wasn't sure, cocksure of you. I'm always sure of you, though."

The other indicated the smoking stand. "There are your cigars, you know. The lower box. Robbins keeps them moistened."

"I've stopped smoking," said Laurie.

"I thought I noticed you didn't smoke yesterday."

"No. I found myself getting pretty deep in the Russian cigarette habit. It's not that I'm not hard enough to stand it. But I teach young boys, you see—"

"Oh, it's all right," smiled Darmon. "Only you've got a frightful lot of nerve. I couldn't break off."

"The thing I'm here to talk with you about to-night is miles harder than that."

DARMON eyed him with his smiling intensity. "Out with it, my boy."

"I've come to the point where I've just got to make myself independent of you, father. Fully, fully independent."

"Pshaw, now. That's not so terrible, is it? You had me frightened." The steel king stretched a leisurely arm out along the arm of his chair. "Fully independent of me? Let's take stock. Fully independent of me? Why, you *are* fully independent of me. Aren't you? Except a little money, of course. Is it the money?"

"I'm twenty-seven years old, sound, able-bodied, of fair average intelligence. I ought by all means to be earning my own living."

"Let's take stock, I say. You *do* earn your own living, don't you? Couldn't you live on what you make by your writing, speaking, and so on?"

"I think so—yes."

"Of course you could. You work twice as hard, twice as long, as any $2,000 clerk. There'd be no sense in it—no economic sense—if the work didn't bring you in a living wage. Would there? You're too modern not to see that."

"I'm going to live on my workman's wages from now on."

"My dear boy, I've absolutely no objection. I like the idea."

"I knew I could count on you. You always help me."

"Pshaw. This is no help. We make no change. We let things stand just as they are." (Concluded on page

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT MUST be admitted freely, even by the most partisan Democrats when they are candid, that the present tariff bill is far from a perfect thing. It must also be admitted that there is no consistent principle running through it—neither free trade, nor tariff for revenue, nor protection. This passage took place between the Republican Senator from Washington and the Democratic Senator from Maine, concerning an item, gallic acid, on which the duties of the Payne-Aldrich Bill are actually increased by the Wilson-Underwood Bill:

Mr. JONES—Is that increase particularly for revenue or a compensatory rate?

Mr. JOHNSON—For revenue, and also to equalize the conditions and equalize the cost of conversion.

Similar admissions have been made again and again by the Democrats. All this is no argument against the bill. The present Democratic effort is, on the whole, to reduce the tariff downward and at the same time do as little injustice as possible to the complex and artificial structure which has been built up during twenty years of abnormal protection. It is more and more apparent that tariff making should be done by a board of experts who would give all their time to it and continue the work through a period of years. This will have to come. But when it does come it will be enabled to begin, thanks to the present Democratic effort, on a reasonable basis. Most of the Republican advocacy of a tariff board during the past few years was meant to delay revision downward, to preserve the high Republican standards as long as possible, and spread the work of revision downward over a series of years.

Red Tape

SENATOR CUMMINS of Iowa, in the course of a speech on the tariff, made use of a map of the United States which was on the wall in sight of the Senators. He asked that this map be inserted in the Congressional Record as a part of his remarks. To achieve this took a motion and a vote of the Senate. These entailed as much debate as consumes three pages of the Congressional Record—probably thirty minutes. Considering that the ordinary sessions of the Senate, as a rule, last but four or five hours a day and less than thirty hours a week, half an hour is a good deal of time. Nor is this by any means an isolated or unusual example of the lack of directness and efficiency which is the chief bane of the Government in Washington just now. Some of it, of course, is inherent and unpreventable. But one of the most certain things about the future is that the forms of government, if necessary, will be changed in order to get greater directness and efficiency.

What Started It

SENATOR LANE of Oregon made this contribution to a debate which touched slightly upon the question of intervention in Mexico:

A number of years ago I was down upon the northern border of Mexico, and I accompanied a gentleman who was engaged in mining. . . . He recited to me, as an evidence of his great skill in acquiring the goods of this world, how he got into possession of copper mining and other property in that country. He stated that he had been aided in getting hold of large possessions in that country by using undue financial influence with the Government; that by that means citizens of this country were acquiring large tracts of immensely valuable properties in Mexico, not by virtue of any such laws as we have in this country, but by bribery of officials and chicanery and skulduggery, if you please; and having gained possession at a very low rate, for 5 or 10 cents an acre, the land was afterward sold for $20 and $30 an acre. Thus they were enabled to make a great deal of money and—

If the United States is finally forced to assume an embarrassing burden, or even to shed blood, in Mexico, it will be because of exactly such property as is here described. Probably some form of mediation or intervention ultimately will have to come as the best solution of the situation as it now exists, but it will help to remember Senator Lane's description of how this situation began.

A Cause for Delicacy

THE chief advocate of the theory that the United States ought to take some action with regard to Mexico is Senator Albert Bacon Fall of New Mexico. Senator Fall's official autobiography in the Congressional Record contains this line:

Now engaged in farming and stock raising in New Mexico, and *in mining in Mexico.*

Some Senators would see in this fact a cause for delicacy about urging the United States into trouble about Mexico.

Williams or Smoot

THE bulk of the most effective fighting against the Wilson-Underwood Tariff Bill is done by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah. Senator Smoot's long formal speech closed with this ringing declaration of faith:

I have visited the leading industrial countries of the world. I have seen there the value placed upon human labor. I have seen the poverty, the squalor, and suffering to which the laborer is subjected. I have seen the effect of such upon the men, women, and children of those countries, and I have made a vow that no act of mine shall ever place an American workman in the position of having to compete with such conditions. There is only one way to prevent it, and that is by a protective tariff, and therefore I have been, and am still, a protectionist without qualification.

This is the old-time Standpatter cry. But it would be a mistake to conclude that Senator Smoot is merely a stupid Standpatter. His speeches, as well as his sharpshooting in debate, show hard work and plenty of study. His persistence in opposition was cleverly described by Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. A large part of what was said is worth quoting here because it is typical of the very best political debate now available in the United States:

Mr. WILLIAMS—Mr. President, I am somewhat accustomed to the quiet assumption of my friend, the Senator from Utah, that people who hold different views from his do not know anything about the subject under discussion, or much of anything else; but it has become such a habit of thought with him that I am not always inclined to believe that it is a conclusive thing. . . .

Mr. President, I did not intend to break into this discussion. . . . I simply could not resist when I saw the confidence, the aplomb, the nonchalance, the intellectual certainty of my friend, the Senator from Utah [Mr. Smoot]. It reminds me a little of what Lord Mansfield said about Thomas Babington Macaulay. He said: "If I were as cocksure of one thing in the world as Thomas Babington Macaulay is of everything, I would be the happiest man of my acquaintance." The Senator must get over the idea that people who differ with him do not know anything. For the most part they do not, but it is not because they differ from him: it is because, for the most part, humanity does not know much anyway. Very few of us do, and I will frankly confess that after a study of this tariff question the more we study it the greater our consciousness of our ignorance grows. If the Senator from Utah is not prepared to confess that, I am so far as I am concerned. Let us not be too sure now of our intellectual superiority to one another. . . .

Next, perhaps, to the distinguished ex-Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. Aldrich, the Senator from Utah had more to do with fixing these protective tariffs . . . than any man of that Congress. Now his soul is distressed because he is afraid that what he taxed at 250 per cent may possibly, under a Democratic tariff bill, be taxed at 70 per cent. I can readily understand why I should feel distressed, but I confess I do not understand why the Senator from Utah should feel distressed.

Of course we expected Senators upon that side, and especially the Senator from Utah, to quarrel with whatever we did. It would not have made any difference what we did: we could not have gotten the vote of the Senator from Utah . . . because our viewpoints are entirely different. In other words, you came in prepared to quarrel with us. You came in prepared to criticize and to cudgel us as far as you could.

I am reminded of a story I heard some time ago. A friend of mine says it is a true story. He said he was walking down the street in Louisville, Ky., and he noticed a man in front of him taking up the sidewalk; and as he took it up on both sides he noticed that the man was violently gesticulating. Just as he came up to the man my friend heard him utter these words: "I'm going home to lunch. If lunch ain't ready, I'm going to raise Cain; and if lunch is ready, I won't eat a dod-blamed bite of it."

So the Senator from Utah, like the man who was prepared to quarrel with his wife anyhow, because he knew his wife ought to quarrel with him, is prepared to quarrel with us anyhow, because he feels we ought to be quarreling with the present law, but he has studiously diverted attention from the present law in the entire discussion. We find him quarreling when we reduce a duty; we find him quarreling when we raise a duty. We find him criticizing us no matter what we do. I am inclined to believe that the Senator came to this Senatorial feast with his mind made up that if lunch was not ready he was going to raise Cain, and if lunch was ready he did not propose to eat a "blamed bite" of it.

Senator Williams, by the way, while he does not supply the detailed discussion of figures concerning the various complicated schedules, is, nevertheless, a remarkably powerful debater on the Democratic side. He is most at home when the talk touches the fundamental philosophy of government, and his contributions to the debate range from the ripest scholarship to apt and colloquial stories, charmingly told. Have the Chautauqua managers, in their search for talent, overlooked Senator Williams?

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A Census of Games of the Street



A SATURDAY afternoon instantaneous census in New York City counted 127,729 children playing in the streets—a total larger than the 1910 population of Omaha, Neb., or of Richmond, Va. A corps of workers from the People's Institute made the count and prepared a careful report upon what the children that they were watching did.

The revelations of the census are far from disheartening. It discovered 27,904 boys and girls idling, and 23,991 watching their friends play, and the rest of the youngsters busy at fifty-two varieties of games, only four of which were classed as "bad for them." Edward M. Barrows, director of the census, gave this vigorous comment on the results:

"In the face of dangerous, unhealthful, immoral conditions, the children do their best to play clean, improving, healthful games. We find that while reformers have been working out elaborate methods of constructive and beneficial play for the city children—most of which plans, by the way, are based upon the one thing we won't give them, and that is space to play in—the children have gone ahead and adapted to the city streets all the old games of childhood which thousands of successful business men played themselves in their boyhood on the farm and in the small towns."

Only three of the amusements were confined to one sex. They were dancing and sewing for the girls, and football for the boys. Various forms of ball playing busied 13,063—of which 1,560 of the players were girls. Baseball was the most popular sport among the boys, and rope skipping among the girls. In the total, 910 children were fighting (six of these were girls) and 749 gambling. Of "little mothers" there were 3,931 and 780 "little fathers." The accompanying photographs give glimpses of scenes that the census takers called characteristic.

Photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer

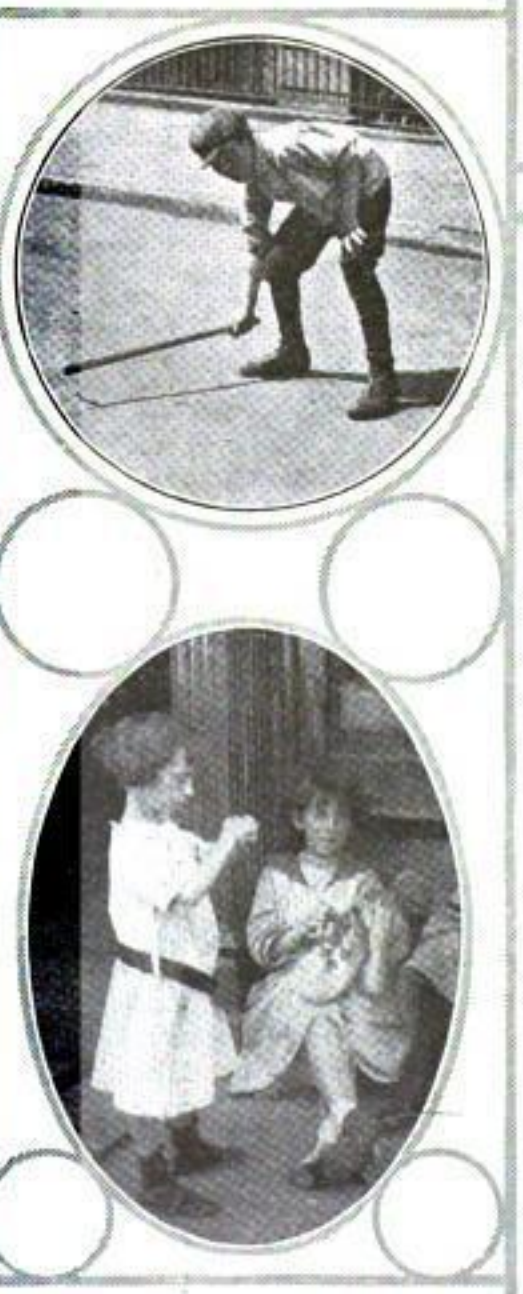
1,560 girls were playing ball



Coasting has undying popularity



"Cat" is ideal for asphalt streets



Sewing is one of three amusements that were confined to one sex



Ring-around-a-rosy is just as good for sidewalks as for lawns



"Movie shows" have helped stimulate an interest in scout warfare

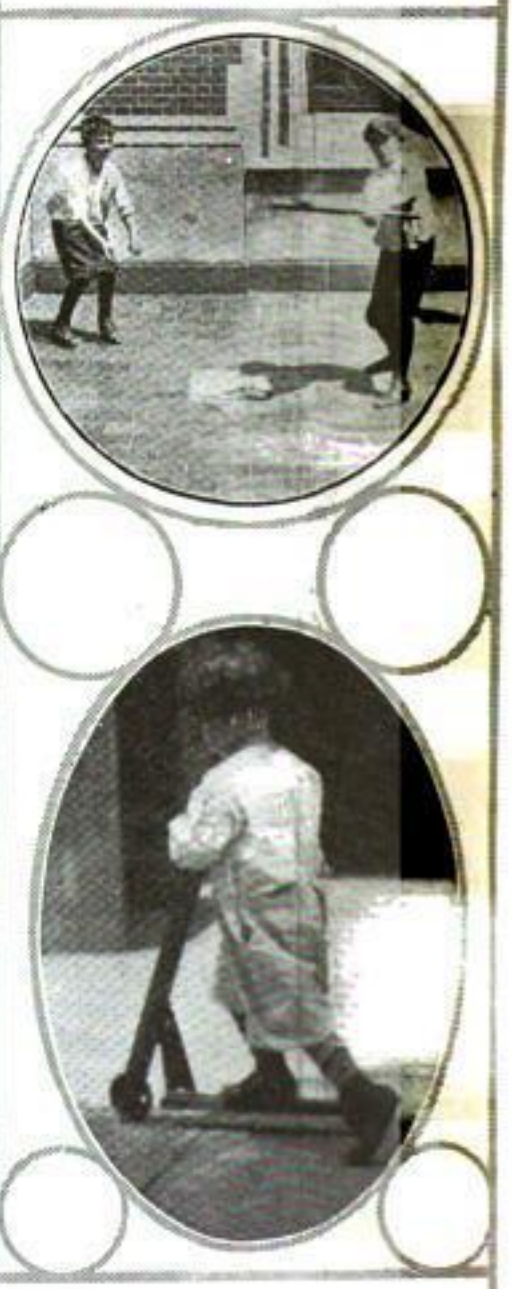
Swinging in a public playground



Off for a joy ride

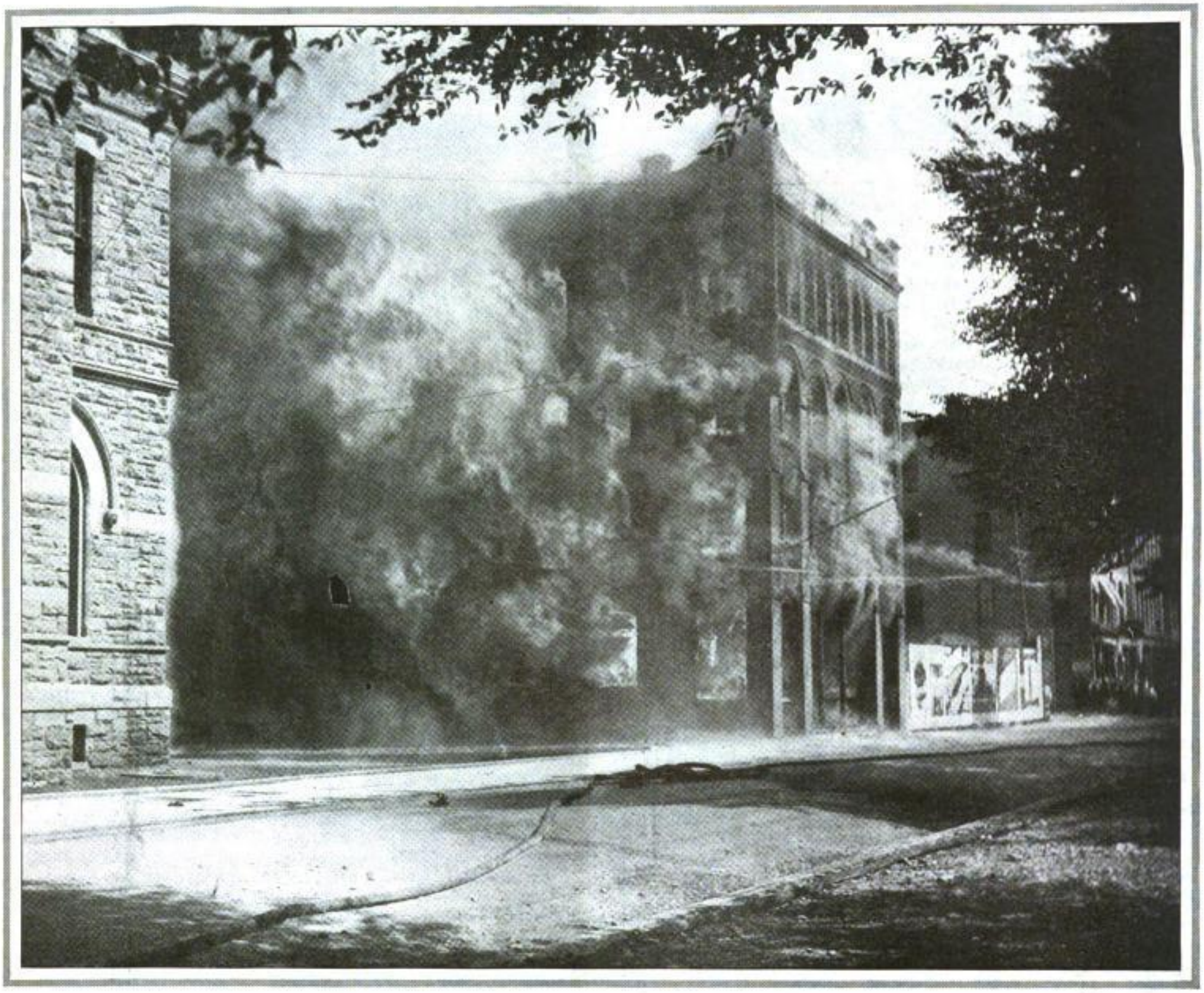


A drain top serves as "home plate"



Old castors or parts of broken skates are used for "skatemobiles"

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Life and Death Play Give and Take in Binghamton

FOR sudden and deadly ferocity the factory fire that massacred nearly half of the 111 employees of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Clothing Company was even more horrible than the Triangle fire or the Newark disaster in 1910. The Triangle fire cost 146 lives, but more than four-fifths of the factory's employees were able to escape. At Binghamton the flames swept from the first floor to the fourth almost as swiftly as if they were following a trail of powder. The photograph at the head of this page gives eloquent testimony concerning what the odds of life or death were for the eighty girls trapped in the top story. It was taken barely ten minutes after the fire was discovered, but shows the whole building ablaze at once. The heat was so intense by the time the firemen arrived that they could not get near enough to spread life nets or put up ladders. Every window in the building was open and the flames were forced with a powerful draft through the sides and up the elevator shaft and open stairways. It was only eighteen minutes after the first clang of the gong that the roof and walls fell in. Our lower photograph shows the fall of the south wall, to which one of the fire escapes was attached—iron stairs that were useless because flames were bursting from all of the south windows before the prisoners on the top floor saw their peril. One of the causes assigned for the heavy mortality, in fact, was that the girls supposed the alarm was for a practice fire drill and were too deliberate about starting. The president of the company declared that at the last practice drill the building was emptied in twenty seconds, and that if his employees had hurried for the street at the first alarm all might have escaped.

Snapped as the south wall fell



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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Magna Charta in 1913

SOME ASPECTS of public affairs are fundamental and permanent; others superficial and temporary. That is why we turn to a recent criminal trial in New Jersey as more important than many episodes which have received more attention.

Let us in the beginning make clear the distinction between the case of the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, who led the strike in Paterson, and the case of Editor SCOTT. Of the former, and of the emotional sympathizers with them, we have our own opinion, but that has nothing to do with the suppression of free speech practiced by the Commonwealth of New Jersey. The circumstances were these:

A strike of silk-mill employees was on in Paterson, N. J. On the 25th of February, 1913, 500 strikers were marching two abreast along the street, when they were charged by a squad of Paterson police and roughly handled. Many of these strikers were women. The police made no discrimination as to sex.

ALEXANDER SCOTT was the editor of the "Weekly Issue," a Socialist paper published at Passaic, four miles from Paterson. His paper was distributed in Paterson. In the issue of his paper following the beating of the strikers there appeared this editorial. We reproduce it entire as it was set out in the indictment against SCOTT, and anyone who reads it all can place himself in the position of the New Jersey authorities:

BIMSON THE BOSS STRIKE BREAKER

The police of Paterson, headed by their brave Chief BIMSON, have taken charge of Paterson and are running things to suit themselves. The halls of striking mill workers are raided, their meetings broken up, and helpless men, women, and children are brutally clubbed, cuffed, and manhandled right on the streets.

The mill workers of Paterson struck against the four-loom system which is grinding out their health and lives. They peacefully walked out of the mills and quit work. For doing this terrible thing the police of Paterson, at the behest of the silk manufacturers, rushed at the defenseless workers like a bunch of drunken Cossacks and savagely attacked them. Outside of barbarous Mexico and Russia, there are few places that have witnessed such police brutality and lawlessness.

Paterson was once famous as the City of the Reds, the home of anarchists. These anarchists talked a whole lot and made some noise but they never harmed a hair on any one's head. Now Paterson has become infamous as the City of the Blues, the hotbed of brass-buttoned anarchists. These police anarchists, headed by the boss anarchist BIMSON, not only believe in lawlessness *but they practice it.* They don't waste words with workingmen—*they simply crack their heads.* With them *might is right. They swing the mighty club in their right hand and if you don't like it you can get the hell out of Paterson. This is anarchism of the worst kind.*

The police of Paterson are doing themselves proud as strike breakers. Chief BIMSON is priding himself on the fact that he has nipped the strike in the bud by spilling the blood of the mill workers. *The Paterson police have become professional strike breakers.* The workers of Paterson pay the salaries of the police and yet their hired servants turn upon them as strike breakers. *Will the workers of Paterson stand for this?*

Suppose the manufacturers locked out the workers and closed their factories until the workers were almost starved to death. Would the police of Paterson rush into the rooms of the Silk Manufacturers' Association, break up their meetings and crack the fat skulls of the manufacturers? Not so you could notice it. Why? *Because money talks. And money owns the city of Paterson, including the police.*

The law under which this utterance was declared to be criminal was one passed during the excitement following the assassination of President MCKINLEY—Chapter 133 of the Session Laws of 1902:

Any person who shall, in public or private, by speech, writing, printing, or by any other mode or means advocate the subversion and destruction by force of any and all government, or attempt by speech, writing, printing, or in any other way whatsoever to incite or abet, promote or encourage hostility or opposition to any and all government, shall be guilty of high misdemeanor and punished by a fine not exceeding $2,000, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding fifteen years, or both.

While the edition of the "Weekly Issue" containing the editorial quoted above was being peddled and distributed on the streets of Paterson, some three or four thousand copies were forcibly seized by the police. Editor SCOTT was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced indeterminately for from one to fifteen years.

Now read once more the offending editorial, and in reading it keep in mind the distinction between offenses against taste and propriety, the violence of the words that an intemperate man may choose to express himself in, and the sort of thing, very different, for which a writer may properly go to jail. We know that criticism quite as strong as SCOTT's, but expressed in words more fastidiously chosen, has frequently appeared in COLLIER'S. We know that if this New Jersey law had been on the statute books of New York during the past year, and had been enforced as it was against SCOTT, every New York editor who has commented on the police situation in that city would now be in jail. Under this law every Democratic and Progressive orator on the stump in New Jersey during the last national campaign might now be serving a term in the penitentiary.

We do not believe any court in America will sustain this law or the sentence of this editor. The passage of the law itself in the form in which it was passed is a shining example of legislative impotence, and the trial of SCOTT a piece of judicial folly.

"When the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be," said WEBSTER in his 7th of March speech, "for with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government, on the basis of a free constitution—wherever it exists, there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both Houses of Congress."

"In like manner," ERSKINE said, "liberty itself, the last and best gift of GOD to His creatures, must be taken just as she is; you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scrupulous law, but she would then be liberty no longer."

The Lords

THAT PICTURESQUE ANACHRONISM, the British House of Lords, seems bound to commit self-murder. For the second time in six months it has rejected the Liberal Government's bill for Irish Home Rule after discussing the possible expedient of defeating the Commons' will by adjournment. The Tory gift is for concealing the head ostrich wise in the sand and then declaring nasally that what can't be seen there survives unimpaired—only this happens to be the twentieth century. That, precisely, is why the Lords must sooner or later be abolished as a legislative body, quite as Premier ASQUITH threatens. Great Britain is to-day a more radical country than ours, and though a bicameral system ought to be and probably will be conserved, there is every reason to expect the upsetting of the old notion of Peers bequeathing political functions to their sons and grandsons. If the Lords cannot transmit intelligence, how can they hope to transmit legislative power? The ownership of a shockingly large proportion of the land—too much of which is withdrawn from production that grouse may be shot when cool weather stirs the leisured Briton out of his summer sluggishness—is power enough for the Peers to wield; the sooner a reasonable substitute is found for the traditional way of providing an "upper house" in Britain, the better it will be for popular government. Here in America we have at last won the battle for the direct election of Senators. The reform of the British Senate is the next number on the program of world democracy.

Coming

A RESIDENT of Bellingham, Wash., Mr. W. H. KAUFMAN, writes to point out that all river and harbor improvements ought to be made at the expense of the abutting property, which benefits by them. Our present river and harbor improvements, he says, together with the suggested national system of public roads, if paid for by all the people while the benefits are largely absorbed by the few, will be the greatest graft in history. All this comes within the body of doctrine called, somewhat loosely, the single tax. This issue within ten years will be to the front. History has not often seen the incredibly rapid spread of economic understanding that is going on at the present moment.

Millions—Mosquitoes and Malaria

SIX MONTHS AGO we wrote of Greenwich, Conn., its wealth in money and mosquitoes, and its 900 cases of malaria last season, every one of them due to the bite of The Lady Anopheline. A striking contrast may be drawn between Greenwich and the South Carolina town of Hartsville. Monetary statistics are not at hand, but we imagine that Hartsville boasts few millionaires, perhaps none at all; possibly Hartsville would be as much staggered by the appearance of a millionaire "in its midst" as it would by that of the dodo or the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus.* But manifestly this Southern community has the grit and resourcefulness which make very fair substitutes for wealth. Its Health Board has from time to time distributed among all its citizens circulars telling what must be done to exterminate

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

mosquitoes and to render the community malaria free. Then its authorities have surveyed the entire city, and in a neighborly spirit for the good of all being the object sought have supervised the breeding grounds—especially back yards. Last year Dr. W. Egleston, the Health Commissioner, reported malaria, though prevalent a decade ago, to have become locally almost negligible. And Hartsville folk spend their summer evenings on screenless porches without the least provocation to scratch themselves. The contrast of Greenwich and Hartsville conditions has nation-wide interest, for there are many American communities now malaria rife which need not find mosquito extermination an insuperable task. Large sums of money are not needed; only determination, rational action, and the right civic spirit. The pecuniary expenditure should be but a small fraction of what it costs to pay doctors' bills and to make up for the losses due to this disease when it is once established—to say nothing of the business depression in a community which gets the reputation of being "malarial."

Intensive Farming

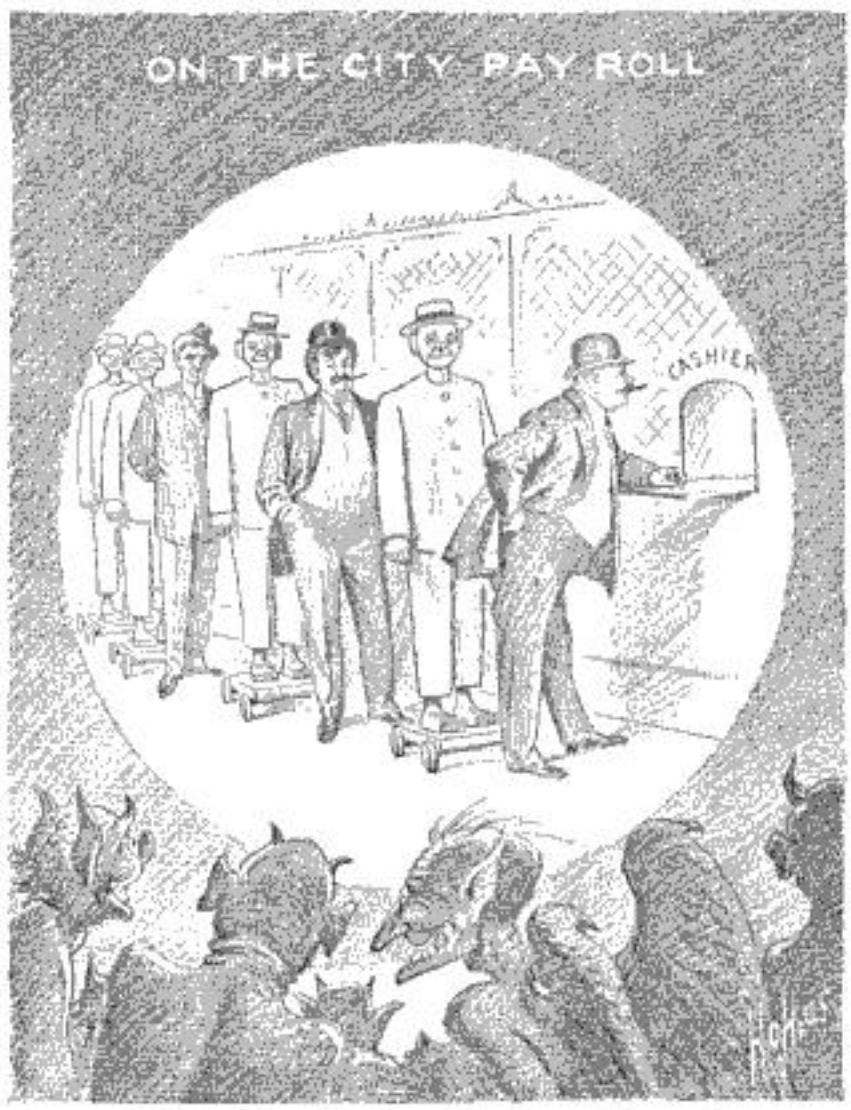
MR. B. F. HARRIS of Champaign, Ill., addressed the Virginia Bankers' Association some weeks ago on the subject, "The Soil and the Man." Nothing in his address was more striking than his repetition of a question put by Abraham Lincoln fifty years ago:

> Unquestionably it will take more labor to produce fifty bushels of wheat from an acre than to produce ten bushels from the same acre—but will it take more labor to produce fifty bushels from one acre than from five?

Intensive farming is no new fad. It is only agricultural common sense—so long as its principles are intelligently applied. Mr. Harris does not exaggerate in saying that "the farmer on the farm, farming on a soil-conserving basis, is the most important citizen of the nation to-day."

Hare-Brained Counsel

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, the author, is quoted in the cable dispatches to the New York "Times" as advising members of the International Women's Franchise League to choose for their patron and example Lady Godiva, who rode through Coventry streets clad only in her long hair and her undoubted virtue. The writer recommends that women who seek the ballot ought to "again and again" (we quote the cable dispatch) "do violence to their conventional sense of modesty in order to shame men into just ways." In war against evil, Mr. Housman goes on: "It is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip." American women at least may be counted upon to treat such hare-brained counsel with the contemptuous pity hysteria deserves.



The Movies in Hades. No. 3

Puts and Spats

THE CITIZENS of Puts Hill, Conn., have voted to change the name of their town to Putnam—acting upon a suggestion made at a town meeting by Mr. Edwin H. Baker of New York. We don't know Mr. Baker, but it seems to us that the man who would go out of his way to change the old-time, full-flavored Yankee name of Puts Hill to colorless "Putnam" probably wears lavender spats.

To-morrow's Valor

WE ARE NEITHER DREAMERS nor utopians. The roar of the ultra-modern city is all about; the rumble of the presses fills our ears. Yet, ever and again, amid the current talk of wars, of armament and disarmament, comes up a vision dear to the late William James, whose ideas, by the way, are far more familiar in France and in England than in his own country. When James set forth his vision of "armies of peace," the natural query was: But what about armies for police purposes? James did not, nor do we, deny such a need at present. But surely the philosopher was right in regarding as preposterous the idea that what is called courage or martial valor can be fostered only by a careful training in killing and destruction. Who is in love with war? So long as the Balkan peoples were fighting the Turk for a principle, for Christianity, as they said, the world was moderately interested. Now that the allies are cutting each other to pieces in a spirit of greedy quarreling, most of us turn from the accounts with horrified disgust. James foresaw a time when our young men—indeed, all our able-bodied men—would render national service in the work of construction instead of destruction, in building up the land instead of burning and devastating. Then, too, without the aid of guns or shrapnel, would be taught the power of endurance, the salient blessing of self-sacrifice. Why not? We denied being utopians, but we all of us are just that, in a measure. For Utopia, as has been brilliantly said, is the one country at which humanity is always landing.

No Respect for Precedent

OUR AMBASSADOR to the Court of St. James, Mr. Walter H. Page, has told the Anglo-Saxon Club of London that of all the American Presidents, from Washington to Wilson, there has not been one—with the single exception of Theodore Roosevelt—whose main strain of blood did not come from the British Isles. Even in the cradle Colonel Roosevelt had no due regard for precedent.

The Romance of Words

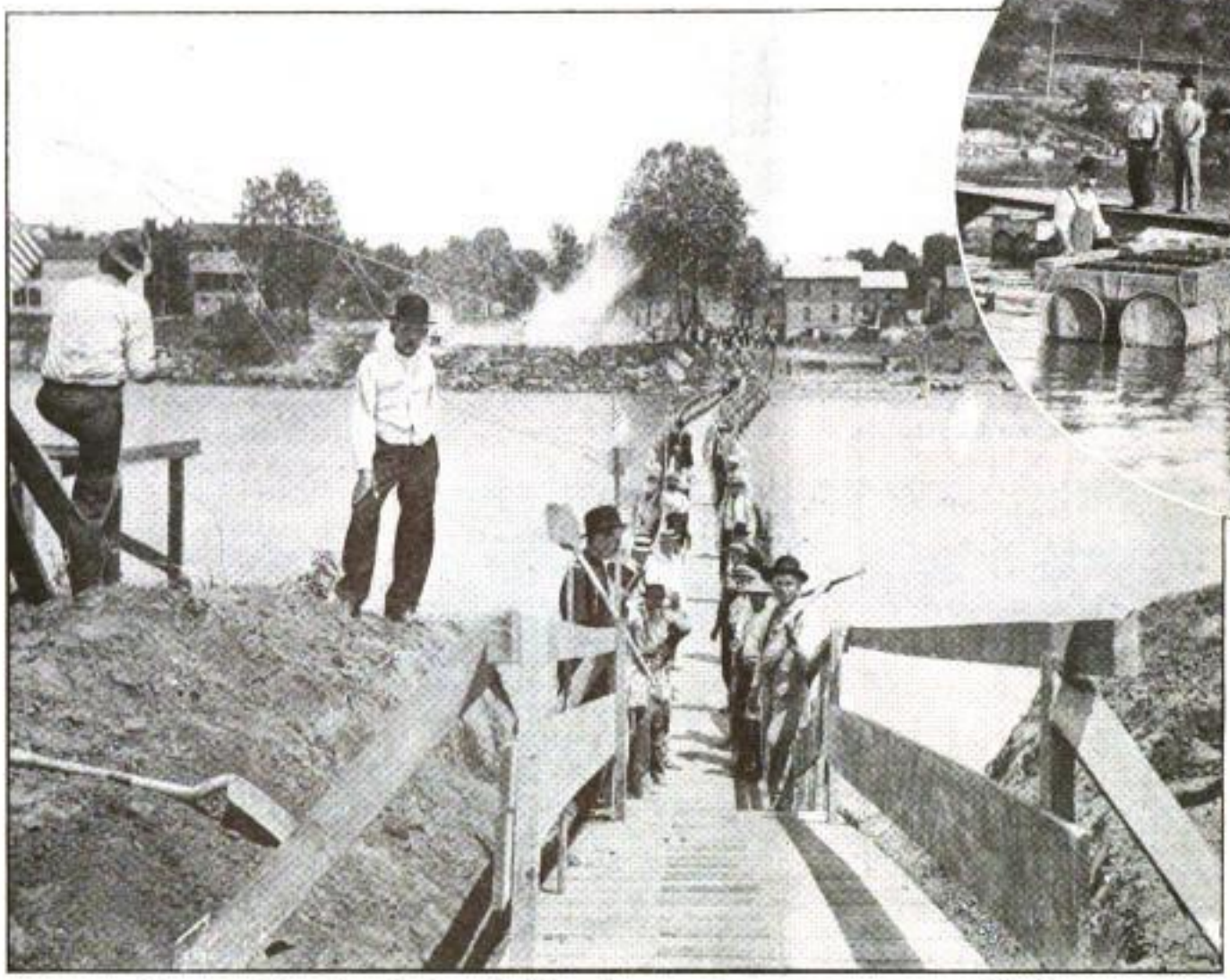
TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED years ago a wide-wandering traveler, Hanno, the Carthaginian voyager, encountered a tribe of hairy, masterful men, and he called them *gorillas*. Then for over twenty-three centuries the word lay asleep. It woke again and served its turn in the middle of last century, when man's need came to paint the picture in one stroke of the new strange animal found in Africa. That word rendered the menace and brute power of the giant ape. And now in our own generation the word has regained its ancient use, and we call our tribe of savages in the jungle of the underworld gorillas. Gorillas are gunmen, strong-arm men, thugs, the sellers of assassination. Once again mankind is appropriating this word of power for his own fellowship. Think of that far-blown navigator who named with such richness of meaning that the world could not outgrow his exactitude, though nations fell and tongues altered, while his noun lay slumbering. The life history of this and many hundred other words which have outlasted time is given in a charming volume called "The Romance of Words," by an English scholar, Ernest Weekley. Here are their origins and journeyings and the accidents that have befallen them, untimely changing their destiny till they vanish as thin ghosts, or, enriching themselves, till they glow with new fires. His book is rollicking reading as well as sound scholarship.

The Day's Work

THIS IS THE TASK APPOINTED: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into a larger vision, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime—and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin, and defeat malice and envy; to believe in the gradual but all-conquering power of good will; to be saddened but not embittered; to be beaten but not conquered. That is the stern business set before us.

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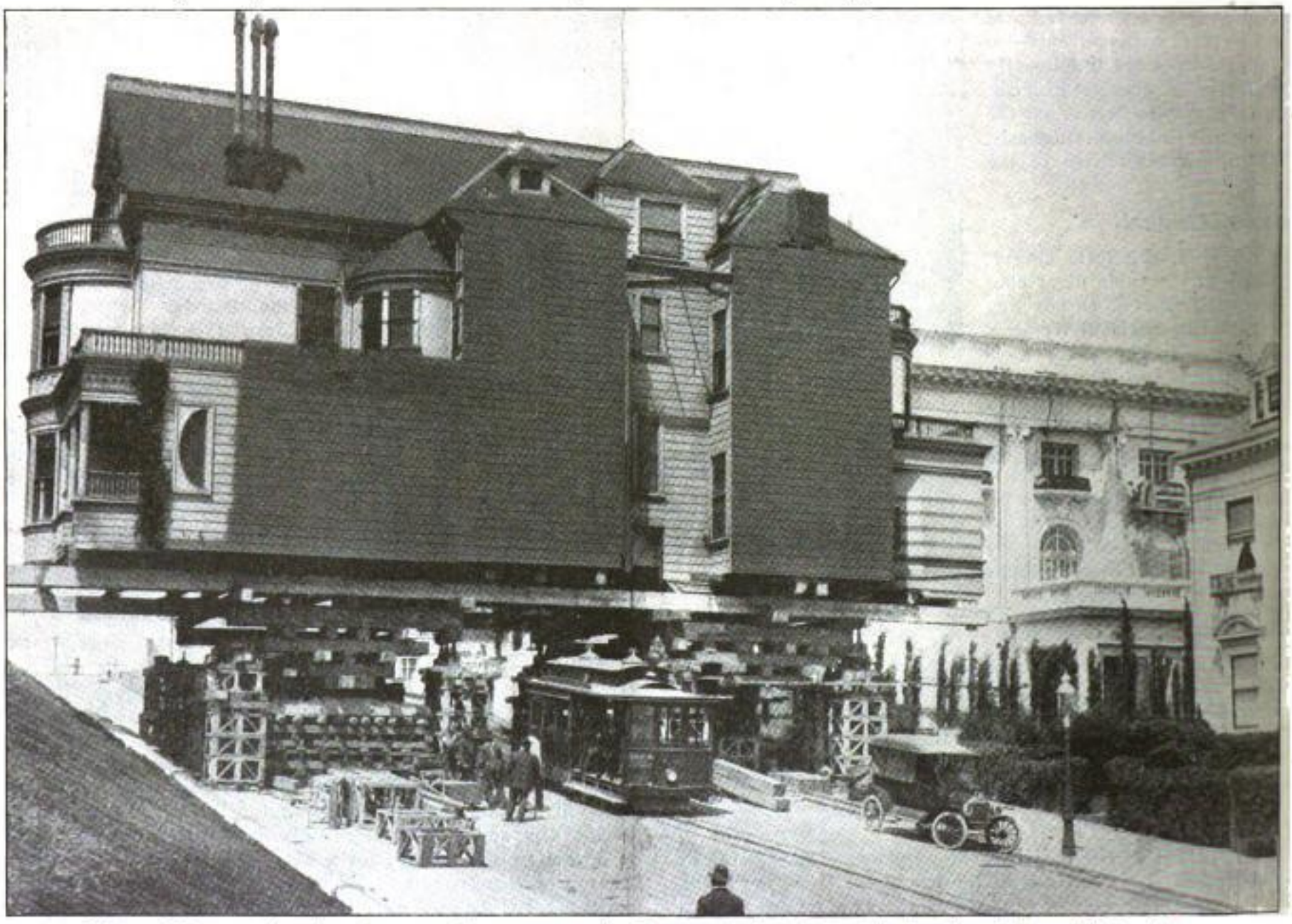
Building a New Bridge Before Breakfast: 551 Feet at a Cost of $500



The picture above shows the first of the barrel pontoons being swung into position. The lower view is of the completed structure. Wind and currents may bend it without threatening its safety



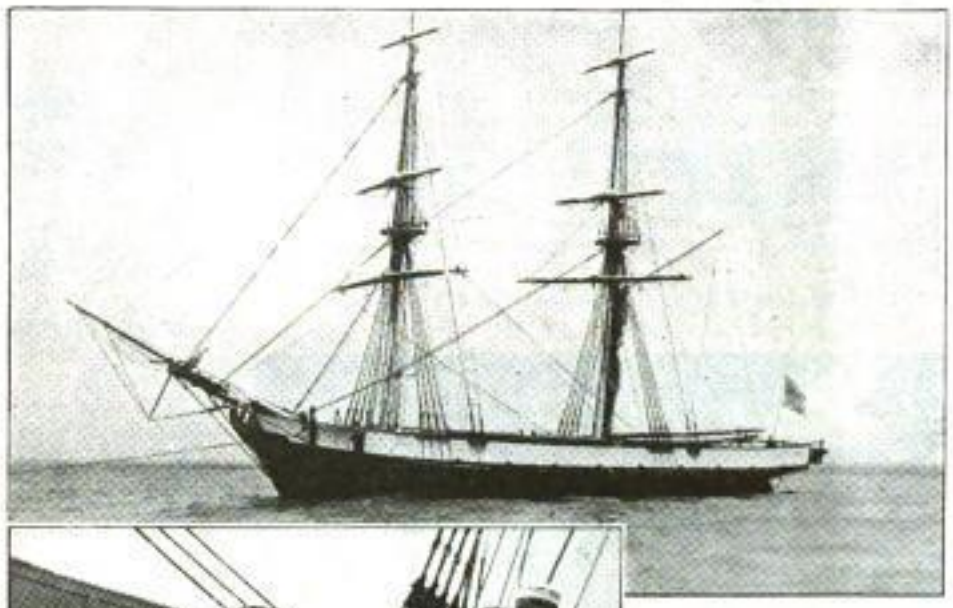
FOUR months of inconvenience, caused by March floods which swept away two fine bridges, stimulated Miamisburg, Ohio, to such a burst of energy that a corps of citizens turned out at 5.30 o'clock on a July Sunday morning and built a new bridge before breakfast time. A structure 551 feet long, using 192 barrels as pontoons, pushed its way across the Miami River in 2 hours 20 minutes. Then for half a day the volunteer construction crew nailed railings and sideboards and put up electric lights and flags for finishing touches. The total cost of the bridge was $500. The picture in the circle above shows how the barrel pontoons were constructed and placed.



Moving a 200-ton residence down the street while street cars and traffic pass under the building. The house shut off the sunlight from the new mansion that Adolph Spreckels, the multimillionaire sugar magnate, is building in San Francisco. The house that was in the way was promptly sold at greatly reduced rates to a buyer who is moving it a block down Washington Street. The journey will require six weeks and cost $3,500

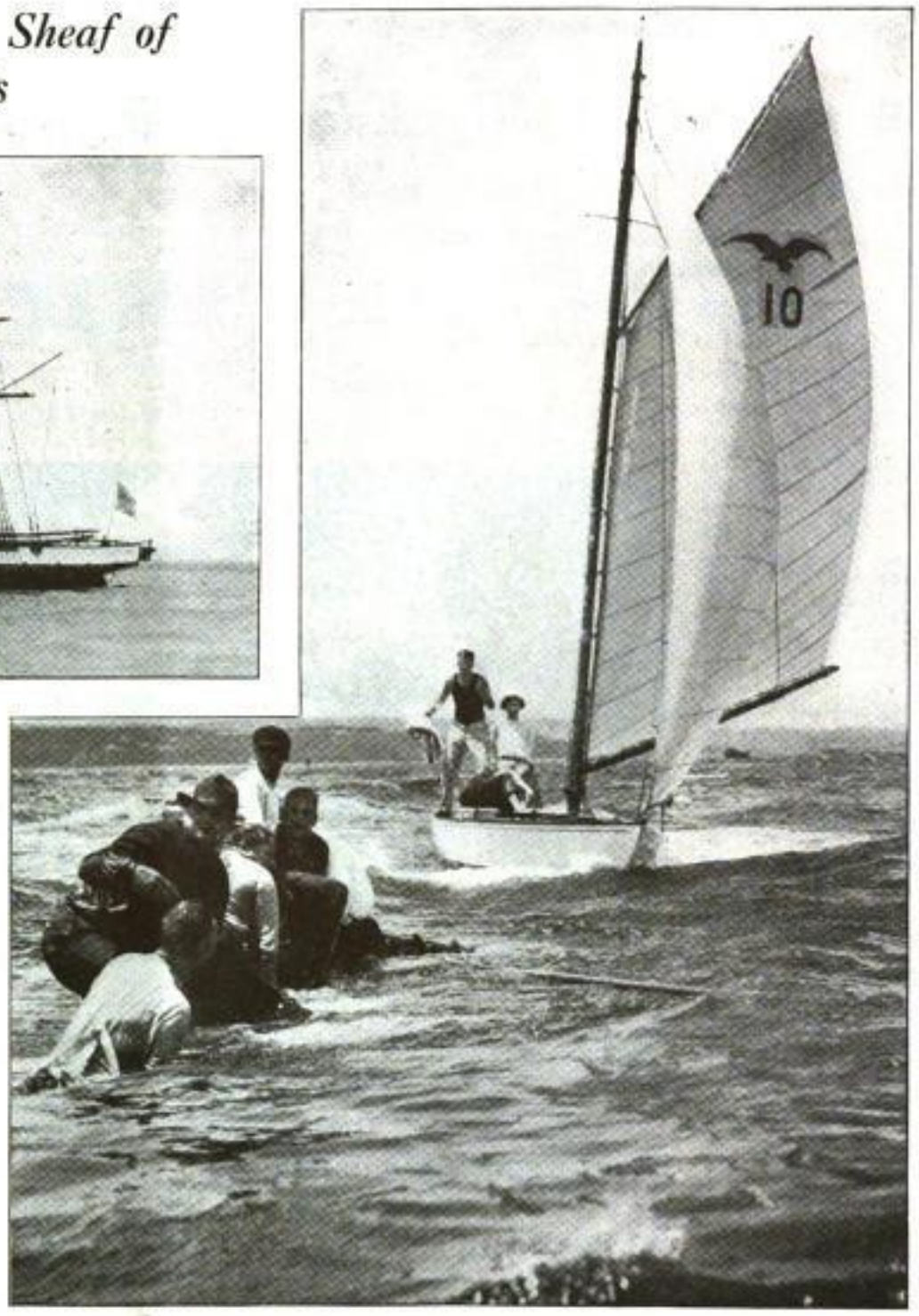
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From Lakeside and Sea—A Sheaf of New and Unusual Snapshots





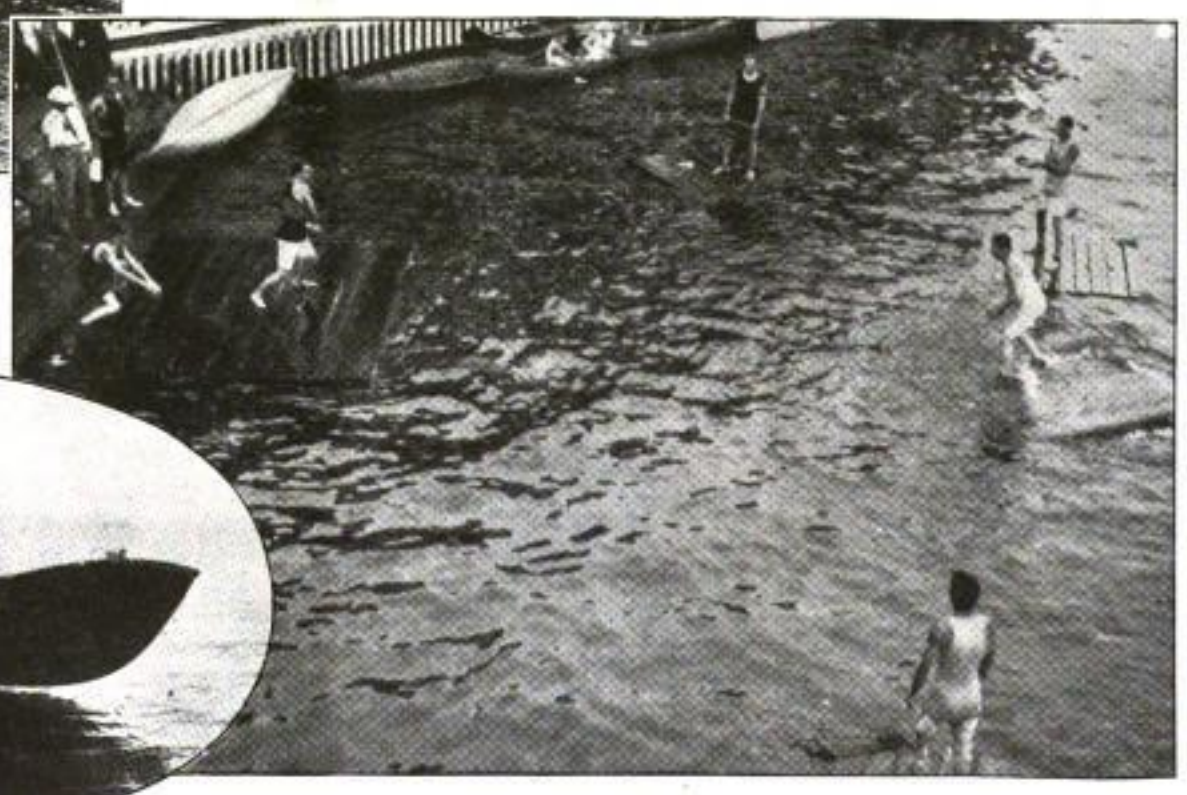
After 100 years upon the floor of Lake Erie, Commodore Perry's flagship is cruising again in sunshine and storm. The upper illustration is the Niagara's latest photograph. The cannon is a piece of the vessel's original armament

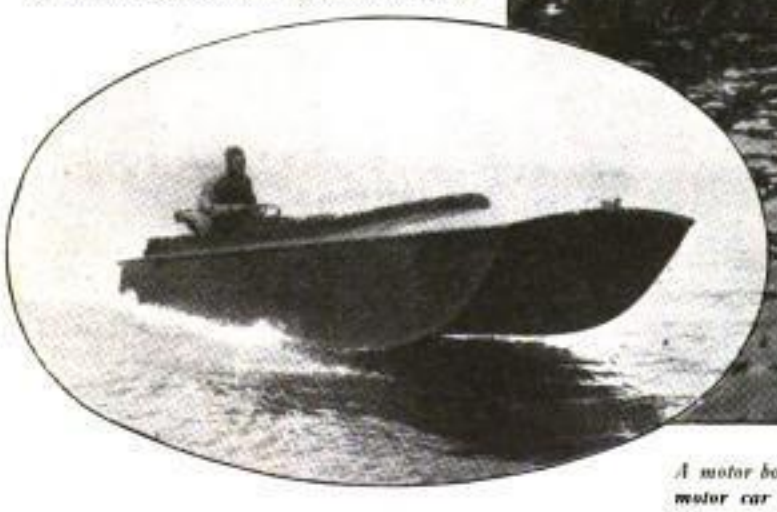


A distressfully long list of drownings and narrow escapes (which the New York Sun blames upon "hydromania") is being recorded against the 1913 summer aquatic season. Our photograph shows one of the narrow escapes—the rescue of six men and a boy from a capsized smack in Gravesend Bay, N. Y.



One of the largest of sea elephants, 18 feet long, posed in angry mood for this snapshot portrait by Robert Cushman Murphy. The photograph is one of the trophies of an exploring trip to the South Georgia Islands under the direction of the American Museum of Natural History





An Automobile Water Sled—

A motor boat with seats and steering gear like a motor car and a sledlike bottom which gathers flying spray and rides upon it, is an idea from Boston. The boat's speed is 30 miles an hour

WATER BASEBALL *is rapidly becoming our national aquatic sport. The accompanying photograph, from Minneapolis, is a graphic description of the way the game is played*

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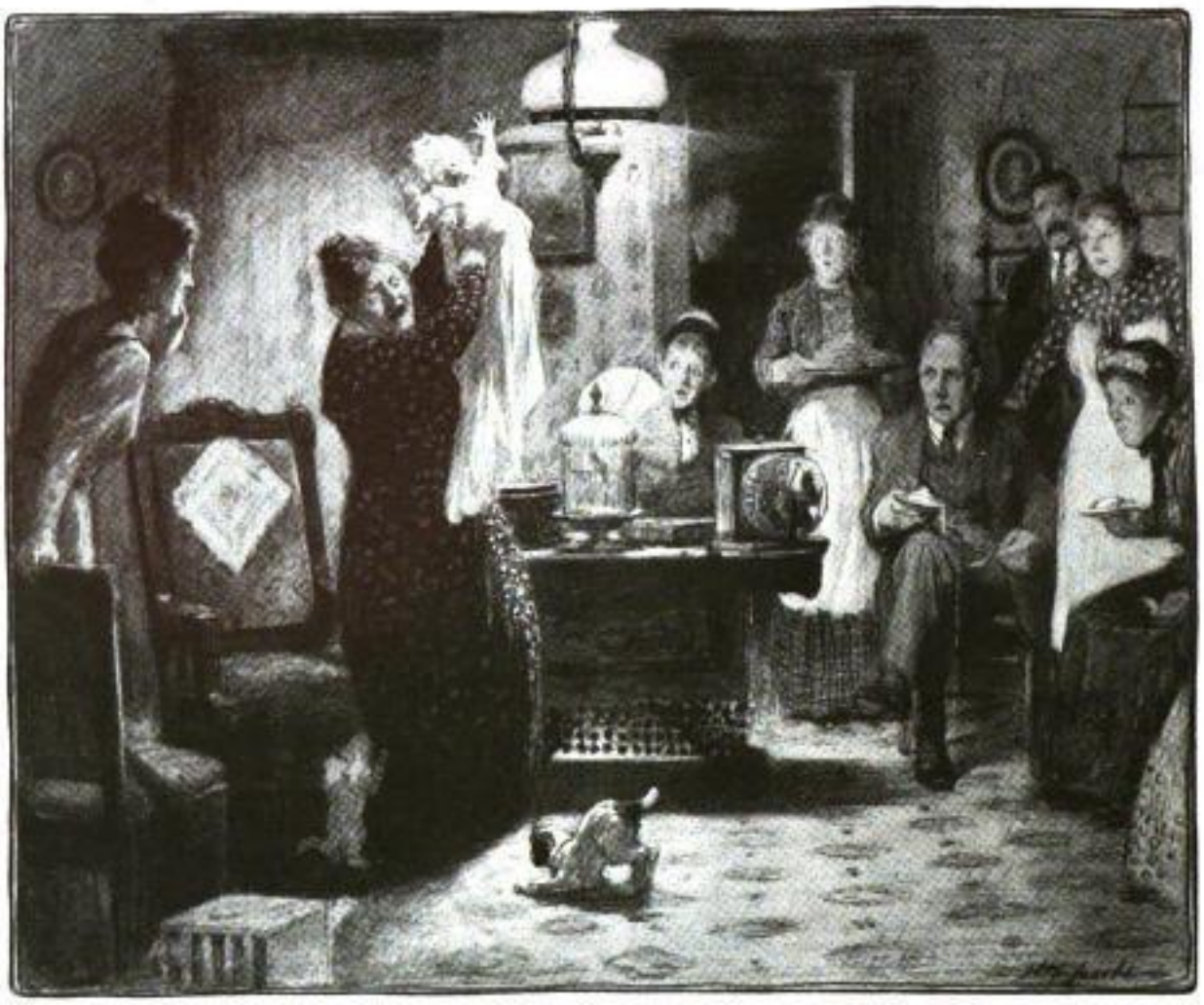
The Stationary Baby

By Edith Livingston Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS

A VILLAGE folks seen by an author who gets both the fun they make on purpose and the fun they make without knowing it—that is how this fight for a misappropriated baby has in it the kind of laughter that verges upon tears.

WHEN Mrs. Whalan broke her leg and had to go to the hospital the Whalan children were put in circulation, and visited here and there in the village. The Jones family had had their share of them, but now the Joneses were alone again, for Mrs. Whalan was coming home, and the Whalan children were waiting by the broken-down gate of their home to see the unwonted sight of their mother "brought home in a rig."



"'The dog'll bite the baby,' she screamed. 'I can't hev him nohow; the canary bird'll wake her up; oh, whatever shall I do?'"

JIM WHALAN himself, prompted by public opinion, had gone to the hospital at Baldwinsville to escort his wife to her domicile, and village politeness, strained to the uttermost, allowed only such view of the arrival as could be had from behind windowpanes.

"Leave them be," Mrs. Jones had warned her children. "It's a family a-gatherin', an' folks don't like to be bothered when they jest get home. Liz Whalan will be thankful we rid up the house fer her in such fine shape, an' ef them children don't show their mother they're glad to see her back by behavin' decent fer a spell I'll be disappointed. This much I know, poor Liz ain't never had all nine of 'em clean an' clothed entire to once afore."

Mary Eliza, Mrs. Jones's oldest child, wandered about the house listlessly.

"I do wish Pansy Viola wasn't so little an' dumb," she lamented. "I miss Pearl May Whalan awful. I promised her I'd go over to-night an' help her cook supper. She's goin' to serprise her ma an' keep the Whalan house spick, an' you know what that means. She says she couldn't stand havin' things in sech a clutter after livin' here, an' she can make biscuits now she knows you can make 'em with water instid o' milk, an' can make cake with half an egg, savin' the white fer frostin'; an' the only reason her ma's been so slack housekeepin' is havin' so many children to mind an' kind o' discouraged like an'—"

Douglas Everett opened the door cautiously and peered around. "Ma," he whispered tragically, "there's an awful row down to Mis' Whalan's. All the children was there to meet their folks cept'n the baby that's to Grandma Mullins's, an' Mis' Mullins won't give her up. She says she raised her fer two whole months an' she was so delicatelike jest at first she'd 'a' died ef she'd been to home; an' now she ain't goin' to let her go back to be dropped on the floor by one of 'em Whalan kids. Jim Whalan's so mad he's threatenin' the perlice, an' Mis' Mullins's daughter is a-beggin' him to go slow an' wait a spell, fer their ma's got heart disease, you know, an' the sight o' Murphy the cop would send her off sure."

MRS. JONES looked at Mary Eliza helplessly, but Mary Eliza's eyes were fastened upon her brother's face, and her lips refused utterance.

Timothy Roland, the older brother, seated upon the kitchen table, whistled shrilly.

"I can't think of nothin' to do," Mrs. Jones said, shaking her head. "It's all happened because we let her break the rule first off an' keep the baby stationary without passin' it on to the neighbors none jest because she's an old lady, though passin' on was the rule. But well on in years so, folks is queer, an' I ought to hev known she'd get so crazy about that baby it'd pretty near break her heart to part with it; but, dear me, there's the law. Kidnapin's a crime. The child's Liz Whalan's, that's sure."

"U-um, but ma," said Mary Eliza, finding speech at last, "is it kidnapin' ef you go on a visit like that an' jest stay on?"

"Sure, ef you're held by force," Timothy Roland announced with vigor. Mary Eliza looked at him scornfully.

"An' don't folks hev to use force to hold a two-months-old baby?" she demanded. "I can't see, how it's kidnapin', but I'd like to see anyone cross Grandma Mullins; she's terrible determined."

MRS. JONES tucked some loose locks back from her face, and her fighting spirit gleamed in her eyes.

"It's Liz Whalan's baby, so there, an' Grandma Mullins can't keep it."

"Ef you could only do like Solomon in the Bible, ma," Mary Eliza suggested. "I don't suppose there's a real sword in town, but you could take the carvin' knife."

Douglas Everett giggled, and Timothy Roland saw his chance at revengeful retort.

"Jest you get ma suggestin' to Mis' Mullins that she kill Victoria Mullins Whalan with a carvin' knife, an' see how quick she'd drop dead. A cop wouldn't be in it with playin' Solomon."

"Did you know, ma," said Mary Eliza, "she had the baby christened jest as Timothy Roland says, cause she thought it might die. Mis' Thompson, next door to Mis' Whalan, says the Whalans won't like that either. Mis' Whalan was goin' to name it Minnie J., an' now nothin' on earth can stop it bein' Victoria, with the Mullins thrown in. Grandma Mullins is jest daft about that baby," Mary Eliza went on, waxing eloquent. "She's an awful smart old lady, an' she's made it the cutest clothes, lace trimmed, an' the dresses with pink an' blue ribbons run through 'em, an' the teeniest, weeniest shoes, soft pink leather an' tiny shiny buckles. I don't suppose she'd ever give them clothes to Liz Whalan even ef she does give back the baby. I wonder what she will do with 'em?"

"I want them clothes," Pansy Viola vouchsafed in her shrill voice from the corner of the kitchen. "They might fit a doll, or kittens look awful dear in doll clothes, an' I could dress up pussy perhaps ef the baby clothes was dreadful little."

"Hear the child," said Mrs. Jones, laughing. "She can't hev them clothes for no cat; but, come to think, Grandma Mullins might like a kitten to play with. You see, what she needs is somethin' to mind, an' sort o' sudden after all, Liz comin' home sooner than she thought. I pity the old lady, perhaps a kitten would do the business."

"Or a parrot," suggested Timothy Roland. "It can talk, an' that baby can't yet."

"Or a puppy," broke in Douglas Everett out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth speaking.

"Canary birds is more cheerful," said Mary Eliza with conviction.

Mrs. Jones rose to her feet.

"I'll go see some of the neighbors," she said anxiously. "I wish Grandma Mullins wasn't so set in her ways, or else that her heart was strong. I think Pansy Viola's smarter than any of us be, an' you was jest mistaken her dumb, Mary Eliza. Ef Liz Whalan gits her baby it'll be because Grandma Mullins has got something else to boss, an' some animals is a good idea."

IN HALF an hour she returned, her face very red and her eyes gleaming.

"I saw Liz Whalan and she's awful pale an' limps some, an' I saw Grandma Mullins, but, dear me, no one dare say nothin' to her 'cept talk about the weather; but I had it out with her daughter.

"We're goin' to hev a social evenin' to Mis' Mullins to-night, an' I guess we'll hev to ask the minister to take off the baby, an' the doctor'll be there in case the old lady has a spell. We're goin' to take her some animals. I met Jerry Archibald Whalan just now, an' told him to git that puppy. I wouldn't let Douglas Everett have. Miss Adams has got a canary bird she'll give, an' Mis' Mullins's daughter says they've got a cage, but the gilt's wore off some, an' Mrs. Curtis's got a cute kitten. She was glad to git rid of it, too, fer she'd been tryin' to find a home fer it. One of the boys has got some white mice, an' there's a gray squirrel. A parrot's nice, but they cost too much. Oh, yes, there's a rabbit an' two o' the cutest chickens in a cage you ever see, an' Mis' Thompson says we can take her black Angora cat to help make a good showin'. It'll come home anyhow."

"I wanter go to the party," announced Pansy Viola. "What time is the party, ma?"

"There ain't no children goin'," exclaimed Mrs. Jones with vigor, "an' jest you hear that sure. What we want Mis' Mullins to fergit is children. The grown-ups comes to Grandma Mullins's zoo."

MARY ELIZA and Timothy Roland sat up for their mother's return. It was half-past ten, against the rules, but they felt they must know the fate of the stationary baby before they could sleep.

Finally came the sound for which they had been listening—a chorus of "good-bys"—at the gate, and their mother's cheery voice, and Mary Eliza threw wide the door.

"Mercy, children, you up?" gasped Mrs. Jones. "Well, it's jest as well, 'cause there was cookies and milk ice cream, an' there was so much we all brought home some to the children, an' I would hev had to wake you up. As nothin' short o' dawn'll wake all the others, you ken have it all. It was a real elegant affair an' went off good, an' as it was a go-as-you-please they had animal crackers with the cream between layer cake. That was Mis' Newcomb's idea. I think it was real cute."

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She busied herself getting plates and spoons for the children, and then sat down happily while they ate their little feast.

"Grandma Mullins was suspicious jest at first," she said. "She sort o' guessed we was goin' to take away the baby, an' the whole plan was jest agin' givin' her that depression. The minister an' doctor didn't come, but quite a number o' the neighbors was in, an' Grandma Mullins was a pleased old lady.

"'A party fer me,' she said over an' over, 'but why do you bring me presents?'

"'I thought you'd like this cute kitten,' Mis' Curtis said, quicklike, fer there was a kind o' silence. 'It can play awful comical with a ball on a string,' she says; an' she threw down a paper ball, an' the kitten gave a spring an' pounced on it jest as smart, an' Grandma Mullins laughed hard.

"'I brought this little pup,' I says, with my heart in my mouth, fer we was all kind o' nervous. 'He barks real sharp,' I says, 'an' there's no tellin' when burglars might come around.'

"'That's jest what I've been thinkin',' Grandma Mullins says, tartlike, an' perked her head on one side, an' we all knew she was thinkin' o' the baby.

"Then the others give her the rabbit an' squirrel an' the bird an' mice, an' Mis' Thompson said her cat was jest a-visitin'. I guess she got scairt it might stay after all. I don't think Mis' Mullins liked 'em much, only she's a terrible polite old lady, an' that's why her daughter felt so sure she wouldn't hurt our feelin's even ef she thought our presents sort o' out o' the way.

"Then they started the talkin' machine an' we had refreshments, an' right in the middle the baby woke up. It roared an' yelled jest as ef it had the colic, an' Grandma Mullins started all nerved up.

(Concluded on page 31)



The Hoodoo-Mascot

By L. Frank Tooker

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

IN KERRIGAN and the brogue of him, and the sparkling blue-eyed colleen he meets, and the terrier that follows their adventures, Mr. Tooker has brought us a bit of the old country, with all its wit and geniality—though the touch of folly and the pang of heartache are not peculiar to the County Clare.

ALL DAY the heat waves had risen against the white sky from the sedgy reaches beyond the sluggish, brown river, and when, with the falling of the afternoon wind, the sand flies swarmed along the water front, it became unbearable to the crew, painting the woodwork about the deck. Smothered irritation was in the air, and a casually sarcastic remark of the mate about the condition of the paintbrushes that Kerrigan was putting away for the night had caused it at last to burst into flame. It was then flame against flame, and at the sound of the uproar the crew streamed out of the forecastle or paused in their cleaning up to grin in appreciative enjoyment of the wordy battle. But just as it seemed impossible for the affair to end without the shedding of blood, the mate had turned to go aft, while Kerrigan went stormily over the rail, flinging back the vow never again to lift hand at the command of the unmentionable creature disguised as a mate. He paused on the stringpiece of the wharf to shake his fist at the back of that gentleman, who had not deigned to pause in his stately progress toward the cabin.

"Run away from me worrds, if ye will," roared Kerrigan; "ut's no more nor anny wan w'u'd expict who'd seen the face av ye, ye broken-nosed, swivel-eyed, wather-hearted image av Satan. Come over the side to the dock, which ut is out av yer jurisdeection, where all min are free an' aquil, an' I'll prove me contintion as to the looks av ye wid the two fists av me. Will ye come?" He paused, but the mate went on in dignified silence, disappearing down the companionway. In sheer rage of baffled desire for battle, Kerrigan thereupon stooped, picked up a piece of scantling, and hurled it against the afterhouse.

"Hoo-roo!" he shouted. "Take that, ye long-sided, crab-walkun', burrowun' mole! Ye're well to be down in yer hole, for ye spoil the landscape most shameful." He slowly turned and sauntered cityward between the great piles of yellow pine.

As the narrow lane opened upon the meadows, and he saw, a quarter of a mile away, the roofs of the town beyond their encircling fringe of live oaks, he paused suddenly, realizing for the first time that he was still in his working clothes and wholly penniless.

"A worrd an' a tho't, but the worrd firrst, as iver," he muttered as he fumbled in his empty pockets. "But w'u'd I give him the satisfaction to see me follow me nose back over the side again before the worrds were aff av me lips? I w'u'd not."

His roving eyes fell upon an Irish terrier sitting forlorn in lonely gloom in the shade of the lumber, gazing out across the green waste. Kerrigan's sympathy was stirred.

"For the love av Hiven, laad, don't look so downhearted!" he exclaimed.

The dog turned his melancholy eyes toward Kerrigan, but with no recognition of the kindly feeling.

"We're a downtrod race," went on Kerrigan, "though there's shmall comfort in lettun' the worrld know ut. C'ome on, laad; we'll face ut bouldlike together." He whistled and moved toward the town, but the dog stirred not in his desolation.

"Aye, ye're thrue Irish, not heedun' yer best frl'nds," declared Kerrigan. "Well, ut's like we'd fall out in the firrst mile an' be better apart. Ye know best."

He moved slowly up the road, and, coming to a little stream, saw three or four negroes playing cards together under the shelter of the sedgy bank. They looked up and gave him a courteous good evening; he waved his hand stiffly in recognition of the greeting.

"Naygurs are the polite waus," he muttered; "they are so." Then out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of a tall shadow following his own across the meadow, and turned quickly. It was the dog.

"Ye've tho't bettther av ut, have ye, like all the Irish?" he demanded. "Belikes 'twill lade ye to throuble, for I'm hot all through, though 'tis little ye'll care, I'm thinkun'."

THEY went on aimlessly through the straggling, unkempt Southern lumber port, when in a quiet road, shaded by live oaks that stood here and there in the street itself, the terrier's interest in life awoke at the sight of a cat leisurely strolling before him. With a sharp yap of defiance he sprang to the pursuit, disappearing under a low, unpainted building, with wide spaces between its narrow, upright planking. An instant later he reappeared, and began to bark at the building itself, running excitedly back and forth and thrusting his nose into the interstices.

"Faith, but 'tis the queer kind av a corncrib!" muttered Kerrigan, peering through the cracks. Then suddenly his eyes narrowed in the intensity of his gaze as he made out two negroes sitting on the floor of the dark interior.

"An' what is ut ye do he doun' in the corncrib?" he demanded.

"'Taint no cohncrib, Boss," explained one; "it's de lockup."

"Lockup!" sniffed Kerrigan with scorn, and shook one of the uprights till it cracked.

"Look out dah, Boss!" exclaimed the negro in alarm. "You gwine break 'er down fuhst you know!"

FOR answer, Kerrigan gave a mighty pull, and the sun-dried plank broke in two. He cast the lower piece to earth and stepped back.

"Come out!" he commanded.

But the negroes held back.

"Say, Boss, you's gwine git us in trouble if you keeps on that a-way," complained the one who had already spoken.

"There's grathitude for yez!" mourned Kerrigan. "Ut's gettun' yez in throuble I am by lettun' yez out av ut! An' what are ye incarceratud for thot yez are so fond av ut?"

"'Tain't nuttin' like dat, nohow," indignantly declared the spokesman. "We's jus' locked up foh bein' disordehly."

"Disorderly," mused Kerrigan. "I remimber the worrd, an' have shmall respict for ut. Ye'll stay where ye are, ye black imps!"

"Say, Boss, de sheriff's gwine hab you, too!" chuckled the grinning negro.

It instantly occurred to Kerrigan that the remark was less statement than exultation, and he glanced quickly over his shoulder. Fifty yards away a tall, elderly man of official appearance was padding heavily across the square toward him. Hasty as was the glance, Kerrigan saw that he carried a gun.

Now, a sailor is schooled to rapidity of decision, and the momentary disappearance of the sheriff behind a live oak was synchronous with the disappearance of Kerrigan around the corner of the lockup. Then he ran, while the voice of the sheriff from behind the sheltering walls shattered the brooding silence of the neighborhood with the generic cry of offended justice: "Stop, thief!"

"Thafe yerslif," muttered Kerrigan, angrily. "W'u'd ye tak' a man's good name from him wid yer aisy worrd, ye robber?"

FAIR down the street he saw a man turn and run back; here and there a face appeared at a window as he fled. A narrow lane caught his eye, and he dashed into it, only to find it already occupied by a stout man, who, hearing the sheriff's cry, conscientiously allied himself to the side of civic virtue by holding the middle of the lane and teetering up and down on his toes, with his arms widespread, as certain sanguine idealists comport themselves in the path of runaway horses. It is true that he, too, stepped politely aside as Kerrigan drew near. But that did not save him, for that gentleman, swerving, bowled him over, "for the looks of the thing," as he genially declared to himself.

He was himself metaphorically bowled over in turn by the lane, which proved to be a cul-de-sac; so he crashed over a low fence, and then another, to the shrieking horror of a yardful of chickens and half a dozen negro women, followed meanwhile by the terrier, which had apparently resolved at last never to desert him, and was willing for all the world to know it, for he yapped unceasingly.

Crossing another fence, Kerrigan entered another



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He crashed over a low fence, and then another, to the shrieking horror of a yardful of chickens and half a dozen negro women

lane, and sped on between its high brick walls. Then a stout door ajar in one invited him, and, pushing through, he closed the door—almost, for the terrier, now at his heels, was caught by the hind leg, and gave an excellent imitation of a squeaking cart wheel going at high speed. Releasing him and closing the door tight, Kerrigan darted forward through a jumble of outbuildings and arbors, and at a sharp turn nearly ran over a girl in a pink sunbonnet stooping over a pail of water.

He caught her arm, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Heh, you black—"

THE girl sprang erect like a young sapling released, and turned on him. She was Irish and fair, and at the moment indignant.

"May the divil run away wid me sowl, Mary asthore, if I tho't to find a bit av hiven whin I rin in the owld back yard like a squawkun' wild goose!" he cried humbly. "'Tis the bit av a chase for wan; so find me a hole till it's over. Quick, lass, for the love av the owld sod!"

"Here!" she cried quickly, and pulled open a door, pushing him toward it.

Now, Kerrigan was no man to go out of a pretty girl's presence with his back to her; he was also unacquainted with the Southern spring house. He heard the girl's giggling shriek as he splashed to the bottom of the shallow well, and then a thud of heavy feet, the opening of the garden door, and a panting voice drawling:

"Heh, gyrl, did you see a man come in at the do'?"

"Sure," Kerrigan heard her say cheerfully. "I was comin' by the spring house, here, an', whish! It was in at the gate wid him an' over the lawn in a couple or three le'ps shtraight to the road yon. An' his face was like a slashed ham." She added as an illuminating afterthought: "Aye, he was the fright."

"Which way did he turn?" asked the voice.

"Sure, sir, I tho't that mesilf," replied the girl, "an' I looked; but 'twas over before it began. An' a yella dog was afther him, an' God knows they were travelin'."

Kerrigan heard the heavy steps going on again, and a lighter step on the gravel walk gradually grow fainter. He looked about him. He was up to his waist in the water, and above him stretched five feet of mossy stone, the walls of the well. He might as easily have scaled heaven on a sunbeam, so slippery were they.

"Aye, the minx was as good as me worrd," he muttered, "for she found me a hole. Now 'tis found, I'm riddy to l'ave ut." Half-heartedly he made an attempt to climb out. "'Tis the fine lockup," he muttered as he settled back hopelessly in his cool retreat. "I'll be afther tellun' the sheriff if he comes me way."

HE HEARD again a voice drawing near.

"There is nothing like real spring water for a julep," the slow, masculine voice was saying, "cold and soft, with just a tang of mineral in it. And this spring of mine—do you know, I've a fancy that it's colder in one spot than elsewhere. You can see the bubbles rising in it. That's why I always like to draw it myself when, at a time like this, I desire an especially fine julep, Majeh."

"Is there any time, Docteh, when one's propeh respect for a mint julep would excuse one in making it otheh than especially fine?" queried another voice. It also was masculine.

"You are right, Majeh," agreed the first speaker, "and I stand corrected. A mint julep is a gift of Heaven, and not to be treated lightly. There's the mint bed, under the arbeh there. Plenty of shade, you see. There's nothing—"

THE speakers were at the door of the spring house, but they were not to open it, for a wild cry from somewhere beyond broke in upon their anticipatory garrulity—the cry and voice of Kerrigan's jailer.

"Will ye come, Docthor, quick, for the love of Hiven! 'Tis a mad dog loose in the house, a-racin' up an' down like the divil had holt of his tail! Will ye come?"

As the hurrying steps sped away, the agitated voice of the girl rose in quick explanation:

"He came in the door wid niver a look at me, his eyes were thot starin' an' set, an' wint leppin' in at the dinin'-room door an' beyont. Sure, ye can hear him now, if ye listen, in the big room above, goin' round like a top."

An instant later she flung open the spring-house door, dropping a stout plank to her prisoner.

"Out wid ye quick!" she whispered. "An' I'ave the board behint the house as ye go."

"Aye, lass," said Kerrigan, "I see ye've hid min before. I say ut wid sorra, bein' wholehearted mesilf till the minut' I saw ye."

"Will ye climb out," she cried, "or be murdhered in cowld blood for r'illin' the water?"

"'Tis half murdhered I am now wid cowld wather," replied Kerrigan, scrambling up his inclined plane. "'Tis the shmall matther—the way—whin ye're wance dead." But the girl had fled.

Unfortunately, the dog had arrived on the lawn by way of the front door when Kerrigan slipped from the spring house. Having learned in an unfeeling world to recognize true friendship, he rushed joyously after his companion of the hour.

Kerrigan doubled on his track, and sped through an arbor to the back of the house. Then being momentarily cut off from the terrier's sight, he dashed down a dark cellarway; but his relief was of the shortest, for with a padded rush of feet the dog came bounding down the stone steps to his side. With wagging tail, lolling tongue, and mouth wide, he stood looking up into Kerrigan's face. There was interest in the look and a divine friendliness, but hardly contrition or fear.

Kerrigan shook his head.

"I towld ye ye'd not mind throuble, ye scut!" he muttered; "but what will ye do now, for they're afther ye yet?"

INDEED, footsteps sounded on the walk outside, the cellar door banged, and Kerrigan heard the voice of the girl triumphantly crying:

"He's co't, sir! I have him."

"Well, there's no need to sit on the do', Margaret," the voice of the doctor was heard saying. "He could not lift it. I'll rout him out."

"W'u'd ye fright the poor, dumb baste, sir?" demanded Margaret. "Sure, 'tis only the puppy, an' not mad at all. I saw him plain, waggin' his tail. 'Tis no sign thot he's mad. I'll let him cool off, then drive him out of the yard wid a little, small shtick."



"Very well, Margaret; but don't let him in the house again." The tone changed. "Now, Majeh," it went on, "we need that julep mo' than eveh."

"Ye're tired, sir," came back the voice of the girl; "I'll draw the wather for ye. I know the spot. I've watched the bubbles manny's the time."

"Well, then, Margaret, if you will," replied the doctor; "it's breath-taking exercise chasing a puppy."

"Laad," said Kerrigan as the footsteps died away, "only God himsilf cud make a lass like thot; but sure, Satan had a hand in raisun' her; she knows too much for a Christian."

THE cellar grew dark, and then slowly a pale radiance of vitreous light stole in through the low window, and Kerrigan saw the full moon riding above the tops of the trees. Once he stole softly up the steps and pushed at the door, but the hasp was caught. He backed slowly down to the cellar again.

"Sure, she's not done wid us yet," he muttered. "But what nixt I dunno."

He heard a clock striking ten as he caught the grate of the hasp of the door and heard the girl calling softly down the stairs. He went up, the dog at his heels.

"Y've not had yer supper," said she.

"Lass, ye're no liar," he replied.

"'Tis waitin' for ye," she whispered, and led him up; but at the kitchen door he held back.

"Arrah! an' will the fam'ly be afther servun' me?" he asked sarcastically. "I'd not like to throuble them, beun' modest beyont nature. A nibble yon in the arbor, now—"

"They're asleep," she said. "Sure, a crack of thunder itsilf w'u'd not wake thim. Ye're as safe as the heel of a duck. 'Twould be the black shame sind ye away in the state."

"I am, barrun' me throat," he replied, "an' th as dhry as the inside av a nut."

"Ye'll be afther takin' a couple or three glasses something warrm to keep out the cowld, poor fe she told him as she bustled about. "But why di walk in the spring? Was it the thirst?" she gig

"W'u'd I turn me back on a pretty face?" he mandled. "'Tis not me custhom."

"Aye, not till ye saw the nixt wan," she re "'Tis from wan till the nixt wid ye, I'm thinkin' turnin' yer back to the last thot fast ye're like dancin' the reel. Ye're the inconstant mon. Aye, the rovin' eye ye have."

"'Tis from seein' nought worth a second loo the minut' I saw ye," Kerrigan declared. "An' 'tis like lookun' at the sun overlong; I can see no lise."

"'Tw'u'd be the black shame so to blind the e of wan the sheriff was afther," she replied, wit giggle. "Sure, he's the persistent mon; he'll hun till the crack of doom. An' what have ye done shtir him? Sure, I'm afraid of ye this minut'. Tw naught but the County Clare twist in the tongue ye thot gave me the pity. Glory be to God! I the like by owld Satan himsilf, an' he County Clar

"Aye, County Clare!" said Kerrigan. "'Twas s ye firrst spoke an' looked up wid the two blue eye av ye, says I to mesilf: 'Arrah! the wathers av C an' the blue sky over thim! Is ut home I am on the owld sod? Thin praise be to the saints, not I'ave ut!'"

"Ye're forgettin' the sheriff this minut'," she s slyly.

"'Twas only the butt ind av a bit av a rattle lass," Kerrigan replied. He told the whole st "Ye mind," he went on, "I was shtill hot wid t mate whin I came to the cornerib. Aye, thot mo he shtirred me, thin left me to boil."

"I know," she replied. "'Tis harrd to have a l of timper cut off like a shtring. Wan thing's as go as the nixt for a handle."

"Ye have the rights av ut, lass," said Kerri shyly, "but, sure, ye l'ave out the text. I'm thinki 'twas the way of the blissed saints to lade me yez. Ye'll see it yersilf thot I c'u'd not l'ave ye."

SHE glanced at him with a sidelong look of m chief.

"Aye," she said, "'tis well known 'tis the cu of sailors to stick to a lass. 'Tis in all the songs."

"An' am I not a mon before I am a sailor?" h asked. "Sure, I'll l'ave the wather for good an' for the blue eyes av ye."

"An' what will ye be doin' ashore?" she aske pertly. "Dreamin' ye're at worrk on the blue wathe whin ye look at me eyes? Arrah! 'twould be the ha job for a strong mon!"

"Is there no worrk in the town for a shtrong ma who's riddy to mod for two where he's modled fo himsilf alone?" demanded Kerrigan. "Thin the bless saints thot led me to yez are the lussies."

"Would ye put spite on the saints for yer ow wakeniss?" she cried. "'Tis all I w'u'd know of ye an' too much, ye pagan!"

"Aye, lass, ye've got the shifty bogie," he exclaimed admiringly. "It doubles like a fox. I niver c'u'd bide a lass that h nought in her head but yis an' no. We fit like the two parts av a song."

"Aye, an' fight in two keys; I believe ye," she replied.

"Ye do, ye do," he declared. "I love ye as the land does the sun. Now bel'ave that."

"Which is half the time," said the girl quickly. told ye ye were the inconstant mon."

"Arrah! ye're sweet as the rose, lass," exclaim Kerrigan, "but as harrd to pick up as a bit quicksilver."

The terrier had been sleeping at Kerrigan's fee but now he sprang up and went whining to the do Suddenly he barked and scratched at the panel. Wi a swift movement to the lamp, the girl turned it o "Sh!" she said to the dog, and leaned over Kerrig

"Did ye hear the soft step at the door?" sh whispered.

"I did not," he whispered back. "Belikes 'tis heart ye heard thumpin'."

"Thin is it in sore need of the mendin'," she repli with a giggle, "for it squeaked like a new pair of shoes."

"'Tis the thrue worrd I had from ye thin," he s "W'u'd ye l'ave ut unmended, havun' the power?"

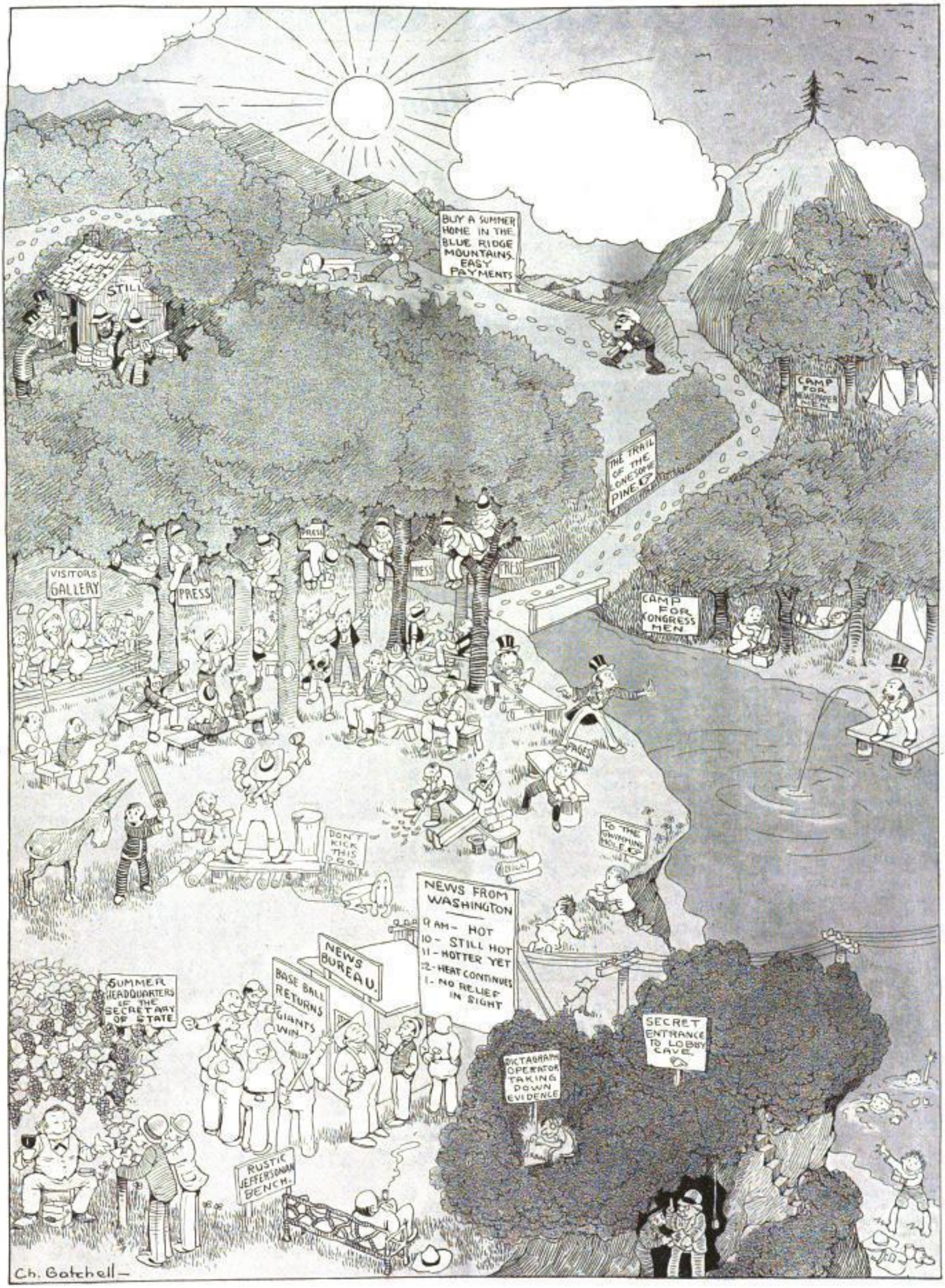
SHE was listening again, and made no reply. a moment later they heard the stamp of hoof and the sharp rattle of a halter across the e of a manger.

The girl rose quickly and softly opened the door Kerrigan stepped to her side. The radiance of the light flooded the lawn, but nowhere was there a sh or a moving figure. The girl sat down on the ste

"Keep out of sight," she whispered to Kerri "It might be the owld docthor

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WHEN THEY TAKE TO THE HILLS IN THE DOG DAYS

News Note.— *Washington's torrid climate has driven Congress to consider the advisability of establishing a Summer Capitol in the near-by Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia*

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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



The Nightmare of the Bush

WHITE-FACED, the Busher woke at dawn,
His wild eyes streaked with gore;
He quivered like a stricken fawn,
Deep wounded to the core;
He gazed about from left to right
With sudden choking breath
And then he ducked again in fright
As from the grip of death.

"What's happened, kid?" a pal near by
Remarked upon his plight;
"Have you discovered you must die
Before another night?
Have you been canned while you are broke
Or sent to jail for life?
Or has some better-looking bloke
Stepped in and copped your wife?"

"Say, worse'n that," the Busher moaned
And turned a lighter pale;
And while he quivered there he groaned
This terror-stricken tale:
"While I was sleeping and could fly
To no protecting towns,
I dreamt that I'd been drafted by
The Yankees and the Browns."

The Next World Series

AS July began to wane into August and the cheering in about twelve of the sixteen Big League cities had died away, all apparent signs pointed again to another world-series meeting between those two masters of managerial acumen known as McGraw and Mack.

Late August or September might furnish another bunch, but sufficient unto the day is the dope thereof. Anyway, the immediate presence of these two clubs around the forefront recalls the fact that the Giants and the Athletics met first in 1905, with the former triumphant in four games to one. They met again in 1911 with the latter on top by four games to two. So a third meeting should be for extra gore; provided, of course, the dope remains intact to the finish, and a third meeting is installed.

Of the regulars from these old rivals who clashed in the first 1905 series only three remain. And these three are pitchers. Mathewson for the Giants with Plank and Bender for the Athletics constitute the survival of the flock, though Danny Murphy and Harry Davis remain on the Mackian roster within quick call.

One left for McGraw and two for Mack out of thirty warring entries in 1905 shows how quickly they fade under the drive of the game. In a period of eight years, one out of ten remains while the other nine skid along to the rear. Both managers have built over since the 1905 clash and have won two pennants in the rebuilding with a third in sight. Bender has known ten years of campaigning, while Mathewson and Plank have known thirteen, but the remainder of each machine has been rearranged since the days of Seybold and Donlin, of Dahlen and Cross.

With few exceptions, the same men that fought two years ago will meet again in case of double pennant success. But the main reliances of both clubs will be the veteran pitchers who met first in 1905. These three will face most of the storm. And of the three the toughest assignment will fall to Mathewson in meeting again the hardest-hitting ball club of the game—a free swinging, clean-eyed clouting clan that "hits 'em where they ain't," where they can't get to, and too hard where they are, the triple-coated science of swat.

Of the old Mackian infield, Davis, Murphy, and the Crosses have given way to McInnes, Collins, Barry, and Baker. Of the Giant infield, McGann, Gilbert, Dahlen, and Devlin have passed before Merkle, Doyle, Fletcher, and Shafer.

Browne, Donlin, and Mertes from the old Giant outfield have been supplanted by Murray, Snodgrass, and Burns, while Hartsel, Seybold, and Lord have dropped back for Oldring, E. Murphy, and Strunk. Gone too are Schreckengost and Bowerman back of the bat, although Bresnahan is still in the game as a member of the Cubs.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that not only are Mathewson, Bender, and Plank still under fire, but in addition are still in top form as masters of the mound. Where Time has wiped the others out, these three have stuck with all they ever had.

Æsop and the Cubs

YOU may recall the Æsopian fable of the citizen who attempted to break a bundle of sticks well tied together. Absolutely nothing doing. Then he yielded to a lucid interval, untied the bundle, and found how simple it was to break one at a time.

Along parallel lines the old Cub machine was unbreakable for all practical purposes—unbreakable while playing together. But with Evers and Schulte in Chicago; Tinker, Brown, and Kling in Cincinnati, and Chance in New York, the general average is about sixth place. Evidently this Æsop knew something. The guy had talent, whether you like his stuff or not.

It's better to keep straight than to get distance, but only the contender who can do both gets to be Champion.

The spectacle of the Browns and Braves both out of last place shows again that it's never too late to mend.

The Albionic Average

"WHAT is the percentage of the British Empire now?" queries an Albionic bystander.

A Canadan killed your American heavyweight, four Englishmen beat your American golf champion, and a New Zealand Englishman stopped your tennis champion in three straight sets. So we ask again: "What is America's percentage and the percentage of the British Empire in this summer's International Standing of the Clubs?"

To be perfectly fair and upright about it, Professor J. Bull can at least claim a respectable place in the First Division. He has had a fairly buoyant summer, and while the English Stroke has drawn a lumpy time of it here and there, the general average has been very much to the .300, which is always worthy of congratulation.



The Ultimate Shock

JUST as I started from the tee
My rival turned and said to me:
"I slept exceeding well last night
And woke up feeling fit and right;
My nerves feel fine, my eye is clear,
And I'm in shape from hoof to ear."

Just ere we drove into the hollows
My rival spoke about as follows:
"My legs are good—in no way lame,
And, what is more, I'm on my game;
In fact, I might as well admit
I never felt so bally fit."

No sooner had he finished than
I felt myself a blighted man;
My blood congealed, my marrow froze,
And, poised as one wrapped in a doze,
I felt my senses reel and rock,
And then—I fainted from the shock.

Sportive Definitions

BOOB—Any bloke who doesn't agree with your dope.
EXPERT—The guy who guesses the way you bet.
DOPE—The first step toward an alibi.
ALIBI—Showing how two plus two should equal three.
WEAK BATTING—The Home Club not hitting.
GREAT PITCHING—The Visitors not hitting.
BOGEY—What the Duffer would have made it in if—

Yesterday—To-day—To-morrow

(An address to the pennant winners)

"The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each;
This from her mountain side,
That from her burthened beach."
—R. KIPLING.

BEFORE you shriek your pennant joy,
Before you toast your winning team;
Before your haughty boast may cloy
Where others wear a blasted dream—
Where still your pulses thrill and throb,
Remember, in your taunt and clack,
That Babylon once had her Cobb
And Nineveh her Connie Mack.

Before you kid the Other Guy
Who pulled for Tigers or for Reds—
Before you cheer the flags that fly
Above your heroes' laureled heads—
Before the swelling grips your dome
Remember, through your ribald shout,
A Matheweson once pitched for Rome
And Carthage cheered her Baker's clout.

Jerusalem for summers knew
The only pennants then unfurled;
Greece followed with her winning crew
While Rome was master of the world;
Who knows when Time will play hobnob
With shifting dope of future cast,
Where some Fort Wayne will have its Cobb
As Giants and Mackmen finish last?

The Wheel of Fate

THE Wheel of Fate revolves in queer circles and with sudden jerks. A year ago last October Charley Herzog, Giant third baseman, almost won a championship unaided by terrific and timely batting, brilliant fielding, and all-around sensational work.

In the same series Fred Snodgrass, center fielder, figured largely in his club's defeat by dropping an easy fly ball where the catch would have meant victory in the deciding game.

Through the winter and early spring it was Herzog the Wonder and Snodgrass the Dub. Few figured that McGraw would carry the latter very long. Yet when the Giants fought their way back into the lead through a brilliant dash around mid season, Snodgrass was out in center field batting above .300 and playing better than ever before, with Herzog on the bench, supplanted by Shafer.

Herzog, playing well, suffered a ten-days sickness. Shafer was sent in to fill the gap and immediately began a series of fine plays through each battle while leading his club at the bat. As Fletcher at short was also batting fiercely and fielding well, there was no place for the World Series star to enter as a regular, although recognized as one of the most valuable players in the game.

The Herzog-Shafer-Fletcher shift around the Giant infield has been one of the queerest ever known. Last season at short, Fletcher was injured and Shafer took his place. When Fletcher recovered he was unable to beat Shafer out and regain his job. Then Shafer, the regular, was called home through sickness, and upon his return was unable to beat out Fletcher.

This season Herzog was taken sick and Shafer installed, and Herzog in turn was unable to wrest back his job from Shafer. The presence of three infielders for two jobs, so equally matched, means that the two working must travel at top speed to keep out the third, a system which has been a big factor in keeping the Giants so well up in the fight. There's no great incentive for an athlete to start taking things easily when he knows a rival on the bench is ready for a running start to take his place at the first sign of slipping.

Trying Out the Swing

THE heights by leading golfers kept
Were not attained by daytime clutch;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were smashing chandeliers and such.

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The New Politics—IV

By R. M. McCLINTOCK

THE Wilson Administration apparently plans to occupy itself wholly with the tariff, currency reform, and control of the trusts through the restoration of competition. These are all big problems, worthy any administration's best efforts. But, after all, they are not the one big, all-embracing problem. That problem, which comprehends and includes all others, is the fairer distribution of wealth—the problem of social and industrial justice. And the success or failure of the Wilson Administration will be determined by the measure in which the acts passed by that Administration contribute toward this fairer distribution of wealth.

It has been claimed for tariff revision that it will force a fairer distribution, by reducing the exorbitant prices charged by producers and thus reducing the cost of living. Inasmuch, however, as many of the articles to be placed on the free list are controlled by trusts, and as foodstuffs apparently are continually rising in price, regardless of the tariff, it is somewhat doubtful to just what extent the cost of living will be reduced.

If the cost of living is appreciably and permanently lowered, however, then wages will be correspondingly lowered, except in so far as the unions are able to prevent it. There is competition in labor, if in nothing else, and wages in all the unorganized industries tend to seek as a level the figure at which it is barely possible to sustain life.

IS OUR TARIFF TO BLAME?

BUT we don't have to guess at what free trade will do for labor. England furnishes an example. All we have to do is to observe conditions there; this ought to give us an idea as to how much can be expected of a lower tariff in solving the big problem of the fairer distribution of wealth in the United States.

The statement can be made unreservedly that conditions of labor in England are much worse than in the United States. Other factors enter in, of course; the poor state of labor in England is not wholly due to free trade, or perhaps even largely due to it; but that such a state of affairs does exist in England proves that free trade in itself will accomplish but little toward the fairer distribution of wealth. There is more poverty in England than in any other great civilized country; there is a larger proportion of the population dependent upon the state for relief. Not only do English workmen receive actually a much lower wage than American workmen, but it is also relatively lower.

And, as a matter of fact, the impotency of free trade to accomplish social justice is proved by the fact that, just across the North Sea, in protected Germany, while wages are not much different from wages in England, the lot of the average workingman is much better. Just as the miseries of English workingmen are not to be blamed upon free trade, so the comparative comfort of the German workingmen is not due either largely or directly to the protective tariff in effect there. But conditions in these two countries certainly do prove beyond the question of a doubt that free trade in itself does not bring relief to labor, nor protection its destruction.

During the last presidential campaign much was heard from Democratic orators in condemnation of such conditions as exist among the woolen workers at Lawrence, Mass., among the cotton workers of the South, among the coal miners of West Virginia. It was repeatedly stated on the stump that these conditions are the result of the protective tariff. But there was never a bigger fallacy.

If protection were responsible for the appalling conditions that have come to light at Lawrence, would we not expect that, in free-trade England, the condition of the woolen-mill workers would be infinitely better than in protected America? But, as a matter of fact, we find no such thing: in England, as in America, workers in the woolen mills are paid the barest of living wages; in both countries a few days without work throws these workers upon the bounty of the community.

If protection were to blame for the fact that, in Southern cotton mills, father, mother, even the littlest children, are forced to toil long hours in order that a bare living for the family may be eked out, might we not expect to find strikingly better conditions in free-trade England? But here again we find that, in England as in America, the wages paid are the barest living wages; if there is perhaps less child labor in English mills it is because England enforces its laws against child labor.

If protection were responsible for the conditions of peonage that shock us as the light is turned upon the coal-mining industry in the supposedly free State of West Virginia, might we not expect that in free-trade England miners would be well paid and prosperous? But again our expectations would be blasted: conditions are even worse in free-trade England than in protected America: even women work in the English mines, and, bad as are conditions in our own country, we have as yet been spared this shame.

NO RELIEF IN TARIFF REVISION

THE heart of every real man and woman bleeds as he or she reads of the conditions of labor in our great industries. And thousands and thousands of them last fall voted the Democratic ticket as a protest against what they know exists in our protected industries. But it is a vain hope to expect that a mere change in tariff schedules will bring much, if any, relief. This country, indeed, is perhaps the only civilized nation left where any large percentage of the people still cling to the obsolete belief that there is inherent virtue in any tariff system.

Certainly England has abandoned the old idea. England is copying Germany's social legislation. The scientific Germans early learned that, if anything like justice were to be secured to the workingmen, it must come from the enactment of definitely protective legislation—paternalistic, socialistic legislation, if you please. Hence the German workman enjoys to-day, and has enjoyed for years, old-age, sickness, invalidity, and unemployment insurance; he has had the benefit of industrial education to make him a more efficient workman; in his cities the municipality controls all utilities for his benefit; in many places even the municipality owns and rents to him the model dwelling in which he lives.

The Liberal party and the Labor party in England are following the German example. Free-trade England, by enacting the same social legislation that has proved so efficacious in Germany, hopes to give her own workingmen at least as fair treatment as protected Germany long ago gave hers.

SOCIAL LEGISLATION NEEDED

AND we in the United States must follow in the same path. Our problem is not so much to reduce the cost of living as it is to distribute more fairly the wealth of the nation. Under a high tariff or a low tariff or free trade the labor conditions that have so scandalized us (as they have been brought to our attention in the past few years) will still persist, and but little change one way or another will be noticed.

There must be a revolution in American politics. We have gone on in the old way long enough. There was some excuse for it as long as there was free land to which the laborer might go to better his condition. But there is no more free land. And a mere lowering of the tariff will not bring relief to the workers in mill and mine and factory whose all-day toil barely suffices to keep body and soul together.

Doubtless we need tariff revision. But we need other legislation far more than we need this. We need strict control of all corporations by the Government—such control as will enable the Government to prevent any corporation from doing injustice either to workers or to consumers. We need minimum wage laws assuring to all workers, men as well as women, a living wage. We need laws against child labor, against such work by women as endangers the coming generation. We need laws limiting the hours of all labor, and providing for one day's rest in seven. We need laws for the conservation of health. We need laws providing for accident, old-age, invalidity, and unemployment insurance. We need laws for conciliation and arbitration of industrial disputes. Finally, and to sum it all up, we need laws providing for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised. And, if these laws are to be fair and just to all industry and all labor, they must be national, not State, laws.



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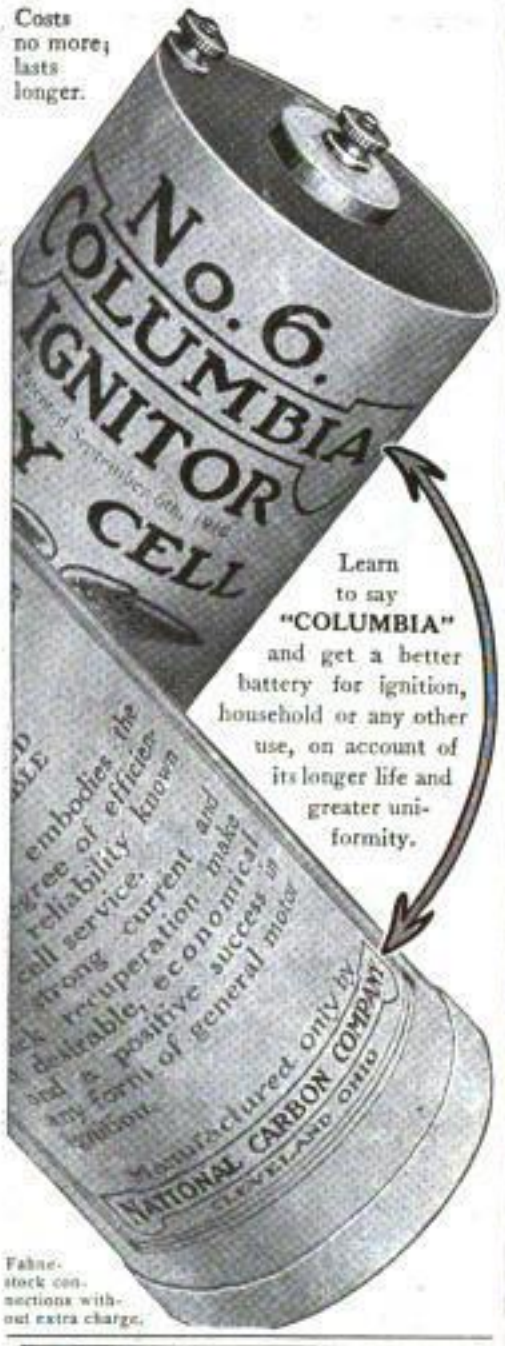
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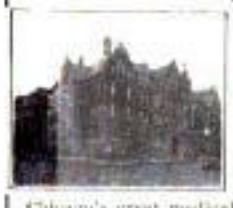
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Joy-Ranching and

By Jesse

THERE are two kinds of "ranch life"—the kind we see on the stage and the kind we see in the West. They are both interesting in their different ways. Perhaps the latter, on the whole, is preferable. It may not be so picturesque and dashing, but it is safer and saner, like the new Fourth of July. It also has the advantage of existence outside of the theatre and books—a great advantage for those who want to get into it, not merely to look on. To be sure, the other kind did exist once, to a certain extent, but it has passed away with the open ranges and the good old days, meaning in some cases pretty bad ones, though they have already been canonized by literature, and so wear the halo of romance.

RANCHES AND RANCHES

BUT there are still ranches out West, all kinds of ranches. In fact, any place out in the country is called a ranch—in certain parts of the West, at least. It is hard to generalize about the West. It is too big. But I remember my surprise once when I went to spend a Sunday on a friend's ranch in California, and found ten acres of woodland on a mountain side, with an Italian villa and a good tennis court, not far from a summer hotel.

Some ranches are what we would call farms in the East, or orchards, or "truck" gardens, or poultry yards.

But there are still real ranches in the West, the kind we were all brought up to believe in as boys, and longed for. Only we must not count too much upon finding rough, low buildings (preferably adobe) with a bunk house and a corral, set in the midst of a vast, treeless plain across which cowboys with "sombreros" and "lariats" dash madly, firing six-shooters and emitting strange oaths. The modern ranch house, though there are still plenty of primitive ones, is quite as likely to be built of stone or concrete, to contain bathrooms and telephones, and to be approached in an automobile. There are cattle ranches in New Mexico where you may see excellent polo played. There are others where you may see celebrated collections of etchings or paintings.

And as for the hands, the cow-punchers, riders, vaqueros, or whatever you choose to call them except "cowboys," few of them, like few of us, carry firearms unless they are going out to shoot something. Why should they?—guns are such heavy things to lug around. Many of the men who work on ranches are pretty poor shots. Not a few of them know more about the mechanism of a phonograph than that of a revolver. They are less prone to unnecessary profanity—the old-timers at least—than the average Eastern visitor, though when occasion demands it of them they can arise to it in a way to make their visitors look like the amateurs they really are.

THE SPELL OF THE WEST

AS for their riding, they are seen walking their horses far more than the neat equestrians in the park. Naturally so, since they are more likely to ride all day, and know too much to gallop romantically across the plains, especially when punctuated with prairie-dog holes, though their visitors are given to galloping and making their horses "gaited"—as they say in Wyoming—unless restrained.

But the inherent charm of nature is still out there for those who like it, even though the adventitious charm of romance may not be melodramatic enough for Broadway. The wide horizon is still there (except where a grain elevator blocks it), the air is just as clear (as yet), the atmosphere as stimulating, and the country (in some places) just as much "God's country" as it used to be in the ungodly days immortalized by Owen Wister and Fred Remington. There are still places where, walled in by mountains, many miles from railroads, a few of the old guard are making a last stand, leading the kind of life they learned to love and decline to abandon for money; where men and women still have the strength and kindness of the frontier, unpolluted by the artificial standards of our so-called civilization; where human beings are judged by what they are and not by what they have, and ranked by how well they can do a thing rather than how much they make by it. In these places, except when the civilizing touch of capital has touched them for all they were worth, we still find a lingering relic of that quaint, archaic thing called democracy.



Breaking a "twister." Note the curve of the broncho's back. The chaps are thrown in

SPORTING RANCHES

THE cattle industry, like most others, is being taken over by trusts for the Larger Good. Therefore a great many ranches have gone out of business and have gone into pleasure—like the abandoned farms of New England. A ranch for sport is one of the modern luxuries of those that have done the country enough larger good, like preserves in Canada and so-called "camps" in the Adirondacks. Others are owned or rented by little syndicates of friends for the fishing, shooting, and riding, like the clubs in the North Woods and certain islands off the Southern coast. Some of them still are used incidentally for raising cattle or horses.

In fact, the fascination of "life on a ranch," whether due to the love of the dramatic or love of sport—and they are not so different after all—has created an entirely new sort of ranch in the West, called the "dude ranch," and has given rise to a new industry, which an expert horse wrangler has dubbed "dude wrangling," meaning simply rounding up and taking care of those who come to ranches for pleasure.

"I've tried both kinds," said the old-timer, "and they're both interestin'; but the typical dude is the orneriest of the two. Only with this difference: a horse would like to behave wrong, but has generally learned better; whereas a dude would like awful well to behave right, but hasn't learned how."

The epithet "dude," however, is not necessarily derisive. Just as in some parts of the North Woods anyone who comes to shoot or fish is called a "city sport" whether he lives in the city and is a sportsman or not; so with the Eastern dude. It is merely a generic term convenient for classifying all who come to ranches for a good time. He may be experienced in Western riding, and an expert with gun and rod, or he may be a permanent tenderfoot with nervous prostration. The phrase has no reference to clothes—which, by the way, are likely to be more doggedly "Western" than the garb of those born and bred in the West.

"It sure does me good to see [illegible] dudes," as the wife of a ranch owner once remarked affably to an unshaven pair of Eastern sportsmen in faded shirt sleeves and soiled overalls, who had ridden twenty miles to make a neighborly call. "You see, I used to be a musician back East—in Kansas City—and you know how it is out here—few folks to talk the language."

Scattered all over the great West are ranches where visitors can come and stay as (more or less) paying guests. Some of these are owned by old-timers who could not or would not adjust themselves to the civilizing touch. Others are owned by Easterners whose fondness for life in the open is greater than their income. Still others by a partnership of the two kinds of sportsmen.

These places offer the best imaginable outing for those who want the fun of life in the open without the inconveniences of camping, for there are enough of the advantages of civilization to put all one's time and energy upon fishing, shooting, and riding over beautiful country, and yet it is neither a lumber camp nor a summer hotel. Besides, those who want rougher work can usually outfit at these ranches and proceed from there with a pack train or grub wagon, as the case may be. The modern ranch has excellent food. They no longer live on salt pork while surrounded by thousands of beeves, as in the good old days. Moreover, they have fresh vegetables, too (as well as canned tomatoes), and fish and game in season, and sometimes out of season, too, I fear.

WHERE THE WILD WEST LINGERS

AT some of these boarding ranches they offer, in addition to sport, a taste of "real ranch life," as read about in books, with an interesting round-up every afternoon at three o'clock, the "cowboys" dressing and playing their well-rehearsed parts as advertised in the booklet printed in colors, turning out daily the same spontaneous enthusiasm exhibited by members of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Well, it does no harm, and the boarders get their money's worth, whether they take the side shows seriously or not, for each has a horse of his own to ride, with beautiful or interesting country to explore, and a cabin for his exclusive use, too, if he likes, or a tent, and he enjoys a new and invigorating kind of life, even if it is not "real ranch life," and even if he or she does not go in for shooting, fishing, canoeing, mountain climbing, or packing. Some of these ranches have become popular resorts and very profitable investments.

There are others which have been planned to be neither. For instance, there is one lying secluded and well-plotted in a romantic corner of the most famous elk country in the United States, which is owned in common partnership by a former member of the United States Forestry Service and a



Rounding up the horse herd—a photograph which shows that the horses also have acquired several

Dude-Wrangling

Lynch Williams

former member of the English department of an Eastern university. They are both true sportsmen, the kind who enjoy a day's hunt even if they come home with clean gun barrels; and like to see some one else hit when they have missed.

The ex-forest ranger got his early training as a cow-puncher in the old days of the Nevada frontier, and yet he has been known to win the long-distance fly-casting contest at Madison Square Garden. The ex-teacher got his early training in one American and two or three European universities, and yet he has brought back heads for his clubs in the East from shooting trips in our West and in British Columbia. One has a plantation in Cuba, where he goes in the winter, and the other has an apple ranch in Washington, where he writes poems when not too busy.



A remote country, walled in by peaks as high as the Alps, though not climbed as often

A SECLUDED SPOT

THEY make an excellent combination for each other and for those who come to stay with them. They also make an interesting example of the lure of the West and its assimilative qualities. The former cattleman, when he saw that the old régime was doomed, tried the city for a while and was by way of making money, but he longed for the old life. So he searched and found in a remote country, walled in by peaks as high as the Alps, though not climbed as often, just what he had always been looking for: a combination of plains and mountains, lakes and streams, with big game in the forests, small game in the lowlands, and several kinds of trout fishing in the several kinds of water. But cattle raising within those beautiful and romantic mountains—the name of which need not be mentioned, since not one American in ten has ever heard of them—cattle raising would not pay. The winters are severe there and the valley is inaccessible—two long days, and over an 8,000-foot pass, to the nearest railroad. Nowadays that is considered a long distance.



The boarders get their money's worth, whether they take the side shows seriously or not

WHERE ELK STILL ROAM

THEN along came the young Eastern sportsman who liked the same things and had had enough of an academic career to last him a lifetime. They struck up a friendship and finally this partnership, one furnishing Western experience and the other Eastern friends. In this way they both are enabled to own and enjoy what amounts to a large private game preserve, for they raise little except vegetables for the table and hay for the stock. They lead the kind of life they both want for a few months every year, with a number of friends to enjoy the same thing with them at a reasonable cost and with none of the responsibility.

These sporting ranches, surprising as it may sound at first, perform a nationally useful service in the conservation of game. In many parts of the West, as is notorious, the game laws were until recently regarded as a joke. In some places they are still ignored. But now that game has become in several States a valuable asset, not only are the laws more stringent, but their enforcement is aided by many who formerly did not care. That is why during the severe winter of 1909-10, when 30,000 head of elk were in the famous Jackson's Hole—the ugly name for the beautiful country just south of the Yellowstone Park—the natives, aided a little by the State Government, fed them with hay, even skimping their own stock to do so. They estimate that every elk head taken out of the Hole brings at least a hundred dollars into it. The elk were starving and coming down from the ridges, which were either frozen over or stripped bare; they began raiding the haystacks of the ranchers, so that men had to build barricades around them or take turns guarding them at night. In one case, it was solemnly related, the elk came into one of the towns and attacked a saloon one night, eating the straw which had been wrapped around bottles while a lodge meeting of the Elks was going on in the room above.

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

WHAT impresses one most on a "dude" ranch is what a good time anyone can have whether he has ever been on a ranch or a horse before in his life. He may not ride very well nor know a cantle from a pommel, but what of it? The object is to have a good time, not to illustrate a rule. Within a fortnight he will prefer saddling his horse to walking to a trout stream only half a mile away, especially as the Western style of riding is as much more rational than the Eastern as the Western pony is more intelligent than the Eastern horse with his conventional panicky opinion of things.



He has been known to win the long-distance fly-casting contest at Madison Square Garden. This is not the Garden

It is interesting to observe how soon everyone adopts the habits and habiliments of the country. To the man who has never been West before, a broad-brimmed felt hat and a silk bandanna may seem at first an affectation for him, though natural, perhaps, for the men and women who live there. But he soon discovers (as they discovered long ago) that just that sort of hat is the only practical kind for Western weather. And a bandanna not only keeps the chin from chafing on a flannel collar, but the back of the neck and head from sunburn or rain or mosquitoes; or, in a bad alkali region, it can be tied across the nose and mouth for cleaner breathing.

"GOD'S GREAT OUTDOORS"

SIMILARLY the vest, a foolish garment at home, soon takes the place of a coat, because of the freedom it allows the arms, and the covering it supplies the chest and the pockets it supplies for tobacco—particularly when they have flaps.

The first time I ever rode in a sage-brush country I was advised to wear woolen underclothes. I declined. I did not believe in them, "especially in such hot weather." My friend said nothing, nor did he smile quietly either. The man of wide experience never patronizes a tenderfoot. It takes the man of just a little experience to do that, or the scornful writers about "God's Great Outdoors," who usually make it sound so esoteric that instead of bringing people who need it most out into God's Great Outdoors it causes them to stay at home in man's comfortable indoors. The flat country over which we were riding was 6,000 feet up, and there were no clouds. The sun burned straight through my thin shooting clothes, while my companion kept cool. After that, when I rode in that kind of country, I wore one or two layers of wool, covered with khaki or leather, and kept cool; though, of course, when we got off our horses to shoot we became uncomfortably hot if we had to do much walking.

There is a good utilitarian reason for nearly every detail of the Western costume. Even the fringes, now chiefly affected by those who want to be taken for "typical cowboys," were once practical thongs, which could be pulled out readily when needed, without waiting to dig into inaccessible pockets—decoration and utility combined.

GENTILITY—REAL AND ARTIFICIAL

THE most significant thing of all, out on a ranch or up in the woods or in any place out in the open, is the inherent gentility of strong men who have got beyond the immediate influence of the funny little ideals of our permeating pecuniary culture. It is so different from artificial gentility. I once observed an Easterner smiling tolerantly behind an old-timer's back at the latter's slips in English. But when a few minutes later the Easterner cinched his saddle wrong, the other waited until he wasn't looking, then fixed it right—without smiling.



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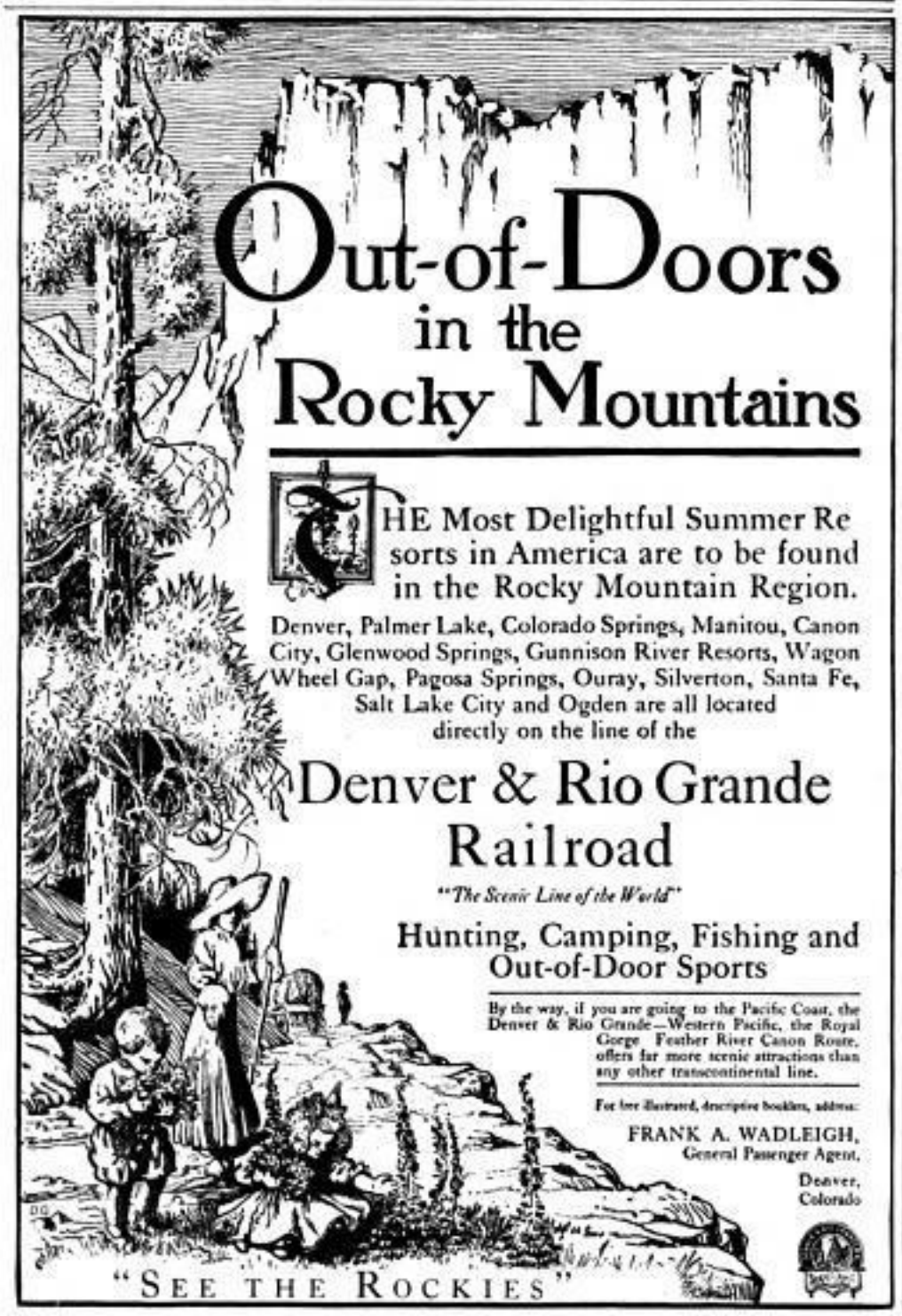
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The Hired Man's Chance

By JOHN M. OSKISON



THIS is the story of an editorial. In COLLIER'S an editorial writer, who wanted to put out a helpful hint, wrote:

"The most hopeless man in the United States to-morrow can drop off the railroad train at any station in Kansas or Nebraska or Oklahoma without a cent and within an hour get work at $2 a day. Within five years he can own a piece of land, and in twenty have a comfortable home with sons and daughters in the State university. He need only have a reasonably strong body and character."

THE CHANCE IS QUERIED

IN the writer's mind rested a conviction of the essential truth of his statement; but he knew, also, that it was sure to be questioned. He believed that the questions would come mainly from those Socialists who would not accept the suggestion as a solution of all the problems of the universe. To them, therefore, he took the precaution to say that he didn't care whether it did or not.

That editorial writer was a bad prophet. No letters came from Socialists, but a good number did come from young men who wanted to be told just what station in the three States mentioned would be best for them to drop off at; some came from workingmen in the West who said that they cannot agree with the statements in the editorial, and some came from employers of farm labor.

Then the editorial arrived in the office of the "Rural New Yorker." There it attracted the critical notice of Mr. H. W. Collingwood, the editor, who set out to test its accuracy after a formula which has often been used by the "Rural New Yorker." Mr. Collingwood has told me about the method.

"When we want to find out what the man on the ground thinks, we go straight to him and ask," he said. In the time he has occupied the editor's chair, Mr. Collingwood has trained his readers to regard themselves as a family. He has encouraged the letter-writing habit, and he sits gravely and sympathetically at the head of the table and listens while his readers tell him what's on their minds. It is a devoted and responsive family—the man at the head of the table has seen it grow from 8,000 in number to more than 130,000, and his desk is piled high with letters at all times. Mr. Collingwood is frank to say that he'd rather get a letter from a farmer who sets out his ideas laboriously on cheap ruled paper, using a lead pencil and his own system of spelling, than to read a typewritten page.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT

"OUR way of testing the practical value of a proposition," went on Mr. Collingwood, "is to send the heart of it to our people. We go to our subscription list and select a number of names at random (the selection is made by a clerk, or some one who cannot possibly know anything about the individuals chosen). In this way we think that we get at the real facts, without prejudice or feeling.

"So, when I saw the editorial in COLLIER'S, I dictated a letter and sent it to a number of our subscribers in Nebraska. I gave the substance of the statements in the COLLIER editorial, and then I asked:

"'Now, is this an extravagant statement or is there any truth in it? It was made by COLLIER'S in order to show that there is a chance in the country for working people. I think, however, that the statement is exaggerated, and it might prove an injury to some of our people by leading them to expect too much if they tried their fortunes in the West. Will you be kind enough to tell us just how much truth there may be in a statement of this sort? In other words, just what opportunities are there in the West to-day for a man who is willing to work but who has no capital?'

"Here are all sorts of answers—boil them over. Only one of the lot is written on a typewriter! They are the real thing, right from people who know what they're talking about, who wouldn't purposely make an overstatement."

And Mr. Collingwood put a sheaf of letters in my hand.

What is the verdict of the letter writers—those who have written directly to COLLIER'S and those who have replied to the query of the editor of the "Rural New Yorker"? This is not the place to make a general answer, except to say that the writer of the original editorial is perfectly willing to let the jury speak. And the jurymen—the letter writers—say:

No. 1—This man writes from Sioux City, Neb.:

"Any man that will do an honest day's work can get eight or ten jobs in a day within ten miles of Sioux City at $30 to $35 a month and board. I would give a good man $30 a month by the year if I could get one. There is more work than men around here. I have lived here since 1873, and it is harder to get farm hands, at any price, now than ever before.

"The good farm hands save their money and buy a steam plow, a wagon and a cultivator at some farm sale, rent a farm, and start in for themselves. I know of six or eight right in this neighborhood that started in as hired men and now own farms. They have made it in the last ten or twelve years.

"It all depends on the man."

No. 2—Here is a plain-spoken jury whose letter came from Telluride, Colo. He doesn't believe that COLLIER'S was right:

"I would like to ask you where you obtained your information. I have been in at least a dozen cities and towns in the States you named, and I have found a standard wage for unskilled labor to be 15 cents an hour, and it is hard to find a job at that. I have thought myself lucky when getting a job at $1.50 a day after hunting one for a week.

"If you will tell me of a town in one of the three States you mention where I can get work at $2 a day, and do as well with the money as you say, I will move to it before another week has passed. Your statement is untrue.

"I wish to add that I am not a Socialist, and that I have reasonably strong body and character."

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No. 3—This man writes from Bladen, b., to say that the statement made in s COLLIER editorial would have been e of all of Nebraska twelve or four- n years ago, "and may still be true a few sections of the State." He nts out that the eastern and central rts of Nebraska must now be classed th the older settled communities; re pasture land sells for $20 an acre d more, while first-class improved m land near the towns brings $150 an e. An average farm of 160 acres, erefore, would cost about $16,000, nally one-fifth (often one-fourth) of s cost must be paid down, the balance installments, the buyer paying 6 per nt of interest on what he owes. When If the purchase price is paid, the title sses to the buyer, and the seller is lling to take a mortgage at 5 to 6 r cent.

As for the man with only the capital his reasonably strong body and char- ter, this man says:

'Good hands are in demand from rch to October, and can get about $30 month and board during that time. A w receive as high as $35 a month and ard. October to December the hired n gets about $25 a month and board. om Christmas to the first of March might have to pay board. During ly and the first half of August, shock- s and pitchers in the grain field receive m $3 to $3.50 a day and board. . . .

"NOTHING LIKE TRYING"

BY the end of three years a man may have saved between $400 and $500 working for wages, but this is not ough to start him as a farmer. At e end of the fourth or fifth year he n become a tenant farmer, but the ad from tenant farmer to farm owner a long and laborious one. After he s paid a rent equal to one-third of at he produces, his profit on the aver- e rented farm will not be big—per- ps from $200 to $400 above expenses d fair wages for his own labor. There hope of shortening the road by raising e stock."

That man's letter is characteristic of good many. He has said the things rich needed to be said by way of elabo- tion of the COLLIER editorial. He has own a way for the hired man to gradu- e to a rented farm in four or five years, d his statement ought to be plain ough on the possibility ownership to encour- e the man who can ok forward twenty ars. In any competi- e business, in the city in the country, owner- ip of anything worth ile in the way of in- me-producing property not apt to come to the n of average ability der twenty years. And at is a reasonable time wait. It is a space of me which carries the erage man to an age between forty and rty-five, when his fam- is growing out of ort clothes and when he els that he would like to se off the strain somewhat himself.

No. 4—"A little fishy" is the way rmer Lord sums up the statements the COLLIER editorial, but his further nment is not half so discouraging: "I can say that hired help on a farm getting good wages. As for getting d of a farm in three years, the hired an will have to save, and he will find at he has got a hard row to hose. Still, ere's nothing like trying. Maybe in enty years he *will* be sending his chil- en to the university."

The fellow who won't work hard and content to wait for results, using his ad as well as his hands while he is aiting, had better not try to follow the escription of COLLIER'S; and, surely, e writer of the editorial never meant suggest that good farms are likely to ll into the laps of the men equipped ly with a desire for ownership.

No. 5—Wayne County, Nebraska, is the me of this farmer, who starts out by ying that some men seem to have a inus for making money. He believes at it would imply the possession of inus of this brand by the young man ho could take empty hands to Wayne ounty and in twenty years become the wner of a valuable farm, live in luxury, nd send his children to the university. ne in a hundred, he thinks, might do There is, of course, a reason:

"Land here sells for from $100 to $200 an acre. The man that could come in and get hold of land as expensive as this would have to show himself a hustler and a good manager. He would have to show exceptional personal qualifications and remember that dimes spent in pool halls never could make him rich.

"IF STEADY AND SAVING"

"A YOUNG man could come here in the spring and get work on a farm right away if he knew how to drive a team. Such a young man, if he turned out to be steady and saving, could stay in one neighborhood long enough to become well known and gain the confidence and esteem of his employers. Then he might become a tenant farmer—he could do that within three years. I know a young man who came here from Denmark less than three years ago, and who is now farming for himself.

"In this section the tenant farmer makes a good living, and he can save some money. A good many get together a little bank account and then move on out West where land is cheaper. I don't believe that over one in a hundred of the tenant farmers here ever succeed in buying the land they rent. That hundredth man is the money-making genius who would succeed at any sort of business."

No. 6—Go to Bloomington, Neb., if you want work. The farmer who sent a letter from that address spoke of the COLLIER editorial in this way:

"I will say that the first statement is about true, for farm help is very scarce in this neighborhood and all over the country west of the Missouri River. As to getting a home here, if a man was willing to go through the same sort of privations as the early settlers went through, he could do it, for west of here there is still some vacant Government land.

"I think that a man who wants to work and has no capital would do much better west of the Missouri River than east of Chicago."

No. 7—This man has been very busy planting corn, and his answer, which comes from Tobias, Neb., is one of the last sent in. He is not hopeful of the success of the man with the willing hands but no capital, and he believes that such a one would have to work for wages a longer time than three years before he can buy the equipment necessary to become a tenant farmer. And when he becomes a tenant farmer, paying from $400 to $500 a year as rent for 160 acres of land, he will not make money if he has to have much of his work done.



A young man could come here in the spring and get work on a farm right away

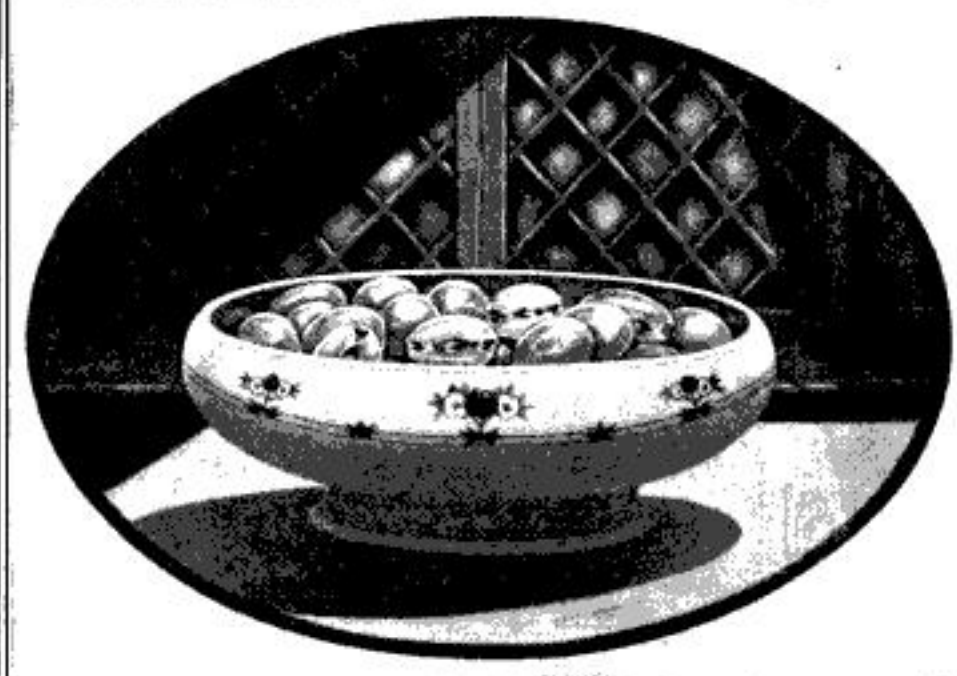
BETTER CHANCES IN NEW YORK STATE

FARM-LAND values are high in the older settled communities—in Nebraska and Kansas, as well as in Ohio and Illinois. The ambitious worker will not go to those places unless he is prepared to make the long fight over the road from farm hand to farm owner. Within a generation the price of land in such communities has doubled and trebled, and whoever goes there now to buy must pay a huge bonus to the owners who preceded them.

But toward the western border of the States of Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma land prices are not high. Population is not great, the number of jobs to be had are, of course, limited, but wages will average about as high as in the communities referred to in the letters quoted above. It will be possible for the hired man to graduate from his job to a rented farm in a shorter time, because the equipment needed is not so elaborate. And once he is on a rented farm the time to buy will come sooner. He will be able to buy good farm land for from $25 to $50 an acre, and the amount of cash needed to make the first payment will not be big. He will pay a considerably higher interest rate on deferred payments than he would have to pay in settled communities. He will pay from 8 to 10 (and sometimes as much as 12) per cent.

To balance a high interest rate, the man of the western border will have a better chance to supplement his income from live stock. There is a lot of free range, and cheap range, left.

Out of Kansas has come a hint which is worth keeping in mind. It is given in a letter from a live-stock dealer who has



At Supper One Evening

The folks at the table found bowls of Puffed Grains ready to float in milk.

Gigantic grains, puffed to eight times normal size. Four times as porous as bread.

Crisp, airy wafers, toasted and thin. Bubbles of grain, ready to melt at a touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

Here, for the first time, the folks at that table tasted whole grains made wholly digestible. And they found them enticing foods.

Perhaps a million homes have, again and again, served Puffed Grains in this way.

Countless people, this very day, had luncheons and suppers like this. Grains that taste like toasted nuts—brown, thin-walled, delightful.

There was never a supper more inviting, more nourishing, more easy to digest.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West





Here are other ways of serving. Terrific heat has given these grains a very nut-like taste. So people use them, in place of nut-meats, in a variety of ways.

They mix them with berries. They use them in candy making, in frosting cake and as garnish for ice cream.

In the morning they serve them with sugar and cream, like any breakfast cereal.

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. They are puffed by steam explosions. Each separate food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

No other method ever invented fits grain for digestion like this. So these curious foods, which folks eat for the joy of them, are at the same time the best-cooked cereals that were ever made.

In these summer days enjoy them.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(478)

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The Borland Electric



5-Passenger Coupe $2900

THIS roomy, comfortable Borland Coupe gives utmost satisfaction for general service. Whenever and wherever used—for business trip; social call; theatre party; shopping expedition or pleasure jaunt, it meets every need, perfectly, the year around.

Built durably along pleasing lines; maximum mileage at lowest operating cost ensured by accurately balanced, easy running mechanism; spacious, with comfortable seats for five—*all* facing forward; simple, easy control from either front or rear seat; luxurious appointments; richly upholstered in tasteful, imported fabrics. A car you will be proud to own.

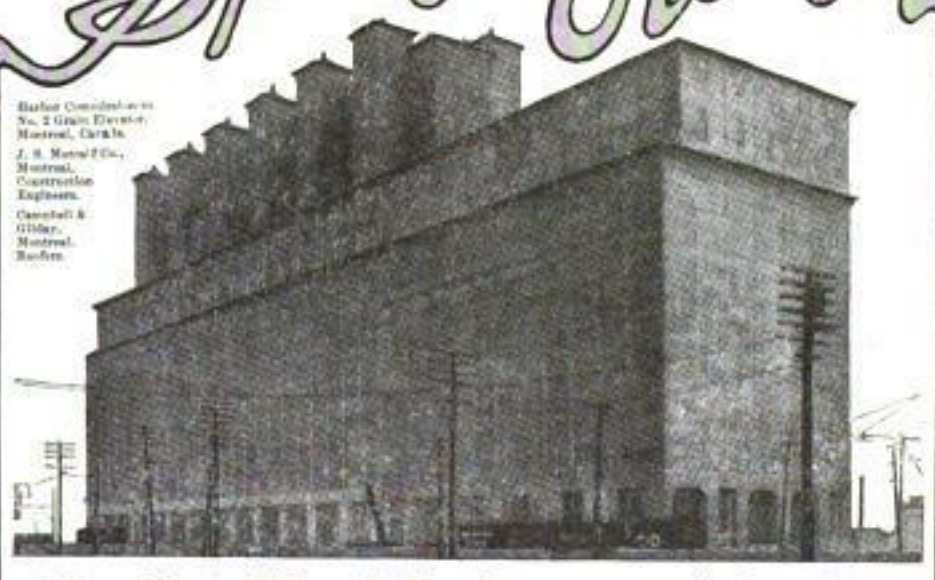
Horizontal control; six forward speeds and three reverse. Automatic cut-out disconnects power when emergency brake is applied. "Exide" batteries, standard equipment. $2900.

The Borland Electric Roadster—a rakish, speedy, trim-looking, three-passenger car, with open body and wheel steer, is ideal for business or professional man. $2550.

Send for the new BORLAND POSTER BOOK illustrating and describing the Borland Electric Models

The Borland-Grannis Co.
320 East Huron Street Chicago, Ill.

Barrett Specification Roofs



Barlow Cowansville Co. No. 2 Grain Elevator, Montreal, Can'da.
J. S. Metcalf Co., Montreal, Construction Engineers.
Campbell & Gilder, Montreal, Roofers.

On the World's Largest Concrete Grain Elevator

As we have frequently pointed out, most of the large commercial buildings of the day are covered with a Barrett Specification type of roof.

For example, here is the great new grain elevator at Montreal. It is said to be the largest in the world, with a capacity of 2,600,000 bushels. It carries a Barrett Specification Roof 55,000 square feet in area.

The engineers chose this type of roof because it is the lowest-priced and most reliable roofing known.

Barrett Specification Roofs require no repairs or attention of any kind, they invariably last twenty years or more, and are fire-retardant.

Architects, engineers and owners of permanent buildings of all kinds should have a copy of the Barrett Specification on file.

A request will bring it by return mail.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested.

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15th, 1921, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

had exceptional opportunities to know the three States mentioned in the editorial. There, he believes, land is too expensive for the hired man to hope to acquire, but:

"I think your poor man has better chances right there in New York State, if he only grasps them, than he would find in the West; and if he waits too long (just a few years longer) he will see the Western man slip in ahead of him and gobble them up."

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

PERHAPS the best practical suggestion made by the writers is that the man who wants to try for independence by the farm-hand, tenant-farmer, and farm-owner route ought to make a little investigation of his own before buying a ticket. Let him send letters to the [illegible] officials of the States in which he [illegible] he would like to work. In Oklahoma there is a Board of Agriculture with office at Guthrie, the capital; in Kansas F. D. Coburn, one of the most [illegible] State officials in this country, is Commissioner of Agriculture, and he's on the job at Topeka all the time; and in writing to the Commissioner of Public Lands at Lincoln, Neb., the ambitious man will certainly be given useful directions.

In all of his letters the [illegible] should state his case frankly. If he will do this the officials will not ignore it—it will be passed on to the man who knows where farm labor is in demand and where the chance of graduating from farm hand to owner is best.

His Soul on a Screen

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

THAT mystic-mad journalist who dreams for the "Blare" set the discussion going with a yellow editorial on "Crocker and Reincarnation." The squib opened with some facts about Crocker that everybody knew: that he had attained the apparently incredible feat of writing a book described by a unanimous press as "the great American novel," that his country home on the Hudson was more magnificent than a steel king's, that he had refused to sell even the chips of his workshop—sketchy short stories—for less than five dollars a word.

"Men have dreamed and scribbled and starved in attics for a century," the "Blare" related, "seeking that UNATTAINABLE, that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—the GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL. Then, from a little town out West, comes CROCKER. We had thought our country had no LITERARY TRADITION to build upon. Because our nation was so young and its ideals so vague and changeable, critics declared that the 'Great American Novel' was in a class with the Secret of Perpetual Motion and the Fountain of Eternal Youth. CROCKER laughs at the scoffers. He lays in their hands a novel that is A SUN OF LIGHT upon the life of our United States. It is a work as great as the Frenchman's 'Comédie Humaine' or the Englishman's 'Hamlet' or the German's 'Faust.'

"HOW DID CROCKER ACCOMPLISH THIS?

"It is not enough to tell the superficial facts of his life, as when and where he was born and where he went to school. We look up his ancestors and none of them are authors. We read his country's literature and find no models for him to pattern by.

"It all makes us wonder if CROCKER is not a REINCARNATED SPIRIT FROM THE PAST. . . . We have called him the 'American BALZAC,' and 'as great an interpreter of life as SHAKESPEARE,' or we have spoken of him in a breath with HOMER, VIRGIL, and GOETHE. Is he one of these in the life again?"



THE "Blare" is a yellow, lying, self-seeking, hypocritical newspaper if there ever was one, so the discussion of "Crocker and Reincarnation" would not have lasted long but for the fact that a news paragraph followed it. Under a Berlin date line it was recorded on the "Blare's" daily page of foreign news that a comparatively unknown investigator, working in seclusion in one of the suburbs of Berlin, had almost perfected an instrument that promised wonderful discoveries in the realm of the mystic. It was described as a "spirit prism."

A longer and more definite account appeared the next day. The chief features of the machine were enumerated as a powerful light, a great crystal ball and a "mirror screen" of the sort used in film shows. "After a subject gazes at the ball a while, gripping it tight [illegible] both hands, a vague, flickering, [illegible] and-white image appears on the screen like a cinematograph picture badly out of focus." The inventor, a Professor Wundt, was described as "a scholar of seclusive who has lived almost as secluded as a hermit for half a century." He had failed to get definite encouragement the way of results, the dispatch said until after eight hundred failures. In an interview he bemoaned that all tests had been made on commonplace people whose spiritual radiance was so low that the soul prism was almost use-

THE "Blare's" mystic-mad editorial writer was not slow to point out an ideal subject for one of Professor Wundt's experiments would be "America's great tale teller, Crocker."

And the next the public knew that Professor Wundt had sailed for America in the employ of the "Blare."

Few were surprised at the developments of the next five days. Crocker laughed at the suggestion of submitting his soul examination when he was approached. Later, to satisfy his own curiosity, he cabled everybody's consent word to the newspaper and that he would agree.

How the "Blare" then proceeded to live up to its part. On the front page it ran a picture gallery of the men who measured up to in greatness. It gave whole pages of type with comparisons physical and mental, between Crocker and Hugo, Crocker and Homer, Crocker and Dickens, Crocker and all the rest. It printed everybody's letters on the subject. When the German liner reported, little messages from Professor Wundt were set in billboard type on page one.

An "extra" was run off when the professor flashed the news that he was on return to Germany by the first steamer with a stay in America of only two or four hours. He pleaded to be allowed to make the experiment in a small room before none but newspaper men and scientists, and requested that throughout his stay he be kept in as much seclusion as possible.

One of the city's smallest theaters with seats for barely three hundred persons, was filled that night with guests of the "Blare." A convention of sewing circles could not have created more of a buzz. The scientists scoffed at the theory; the newspaper men praised it. They damned the cleverness of the press agent work that the "Blare" had done in keeping public interest at high pitch.

There is a sort of mob excitement that seizes, at times, even the hardest man of science and the blasé newspaper man. In spite of its better judgment, the audience found itself gossiping of what the image on the screen would be if the invention proved all that Professor Wundt claimed. The editorial writer of the "Blare" was right, some of the reporters said, when he argued

merica had no literary tradition to uild upon, no literary models to pattern fter, and that the only way to explain rocker was by calling him the reincarna- on of some other great spirit—perhaps f Hugo, Dickens, Balzac, or Shakespeare.

A YOUNG man in an evening suit parted the red plush curtains and held up e hand for silence. The roar subsided to a buzz. The young man concluded a seless speech by parting the curtains gain and introducing Professor Wundt. here was a round of cautious applause. he professor, who might have passed for stage representation of William Cullen ryant, bowed, and, dispensing with eech making, gestured to another figure emerge from the shelter of the curtains. hen entered Crocker, a rather pompous, iddle-aged man with a tricolored ribbon ross his shirt bosom. For him the ap- lause was thunderous and he had to ow several times al gesture for iet before the au- ence would sub- le.



In a moment after at, Professor undt became all nimation. He apped his fingers d the curtains ew back and were ised. In the cen- of the stage was mass of wires, an etrical switch, a eat crystal ball, d a chair. At the ar of the stage s a mirror screen. e old man bowed Crocker and with iborate politeness l him to the chair. A second time the ofessor snapped his fingers. The thea- 's lights began to dim at his signal d the crystal globe grew more daz- ngly bright. Half a minute later the dience was in blackness; and on the ge no one was visible but the novelist, e hand in inky silhouette against the de and a shimmering opal light play- g on his features. Gradually, even this ht dimmed, faded, and died.

The hum of excited voices was rising, t a faint new light in the globe ught tense silence again. Only the houetted hand and sleeve showed at st; then some high lights on the man's in, nose, cheeks, and forehead. His dy was invisible.

A cracked, husky voice, with a slight ggestion of German accent announced: "The globe, gentlemen, it glows now th the radiance of a human soul! u shall see soon, gentlemen!" (The ice rose shrill with emotion, and oke.) "You shall see soon, upon the reen! You shall see how a great man ompished the impossible!"

A dim spot of light spread from a center and, as it brightened, began to flicker. When it had become a white disc perhaps twenty feet in diameter, a suggestion of black masses began to confuse the eye. They were like the first blacks that appear in a photograph that is rocked in a pan of developing fluid.

"On the screen, gentlemen, a human soul," the cracked voice quavered. "On the screen you shall see how one of the common people becomes one of the exalted great. As a prism breaks up the rays of the sun, the crystal will explain the radiance of a spirit."

Flickering on the screen, just as the dispatches had related, a sort of badly-out-of-focus moving picture was appearing. Would it be more than this under the radiance of so great a soul as Crocker's? It grew clearer, blacker. Some one cheered.

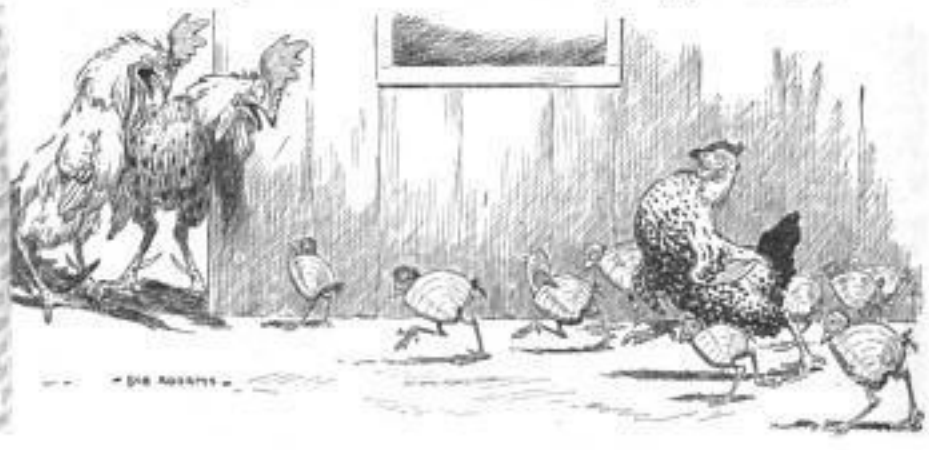
It was almost definite. The audience could make out on the screen a group of dim figures around a clearer figure who gestured. Suddenly the whole picture flashed up bright and definite—almost photographic in detail. The central figure was an old man on a cracker box in a country store. As he gestured and moved his lips, the others about him laughed and slapped their knees in delight. The old man waved the stem of his corncob pipe and for punctuation spat in a sand box that supported the legs of a cannon-ball stove. . . . The picture dimmed and faded away and another succeeded it—a plain old woman in a calico dress sitting in a rocking-chair beside a hearth. She, too, was talking, but her audience was only a big-eyed child in white pajamas, listening to a bedtime fairy tale.

THE old professor's voice screamed in a triumphant crescendo: "Exult with me! I have explained the Great American Novelist!"

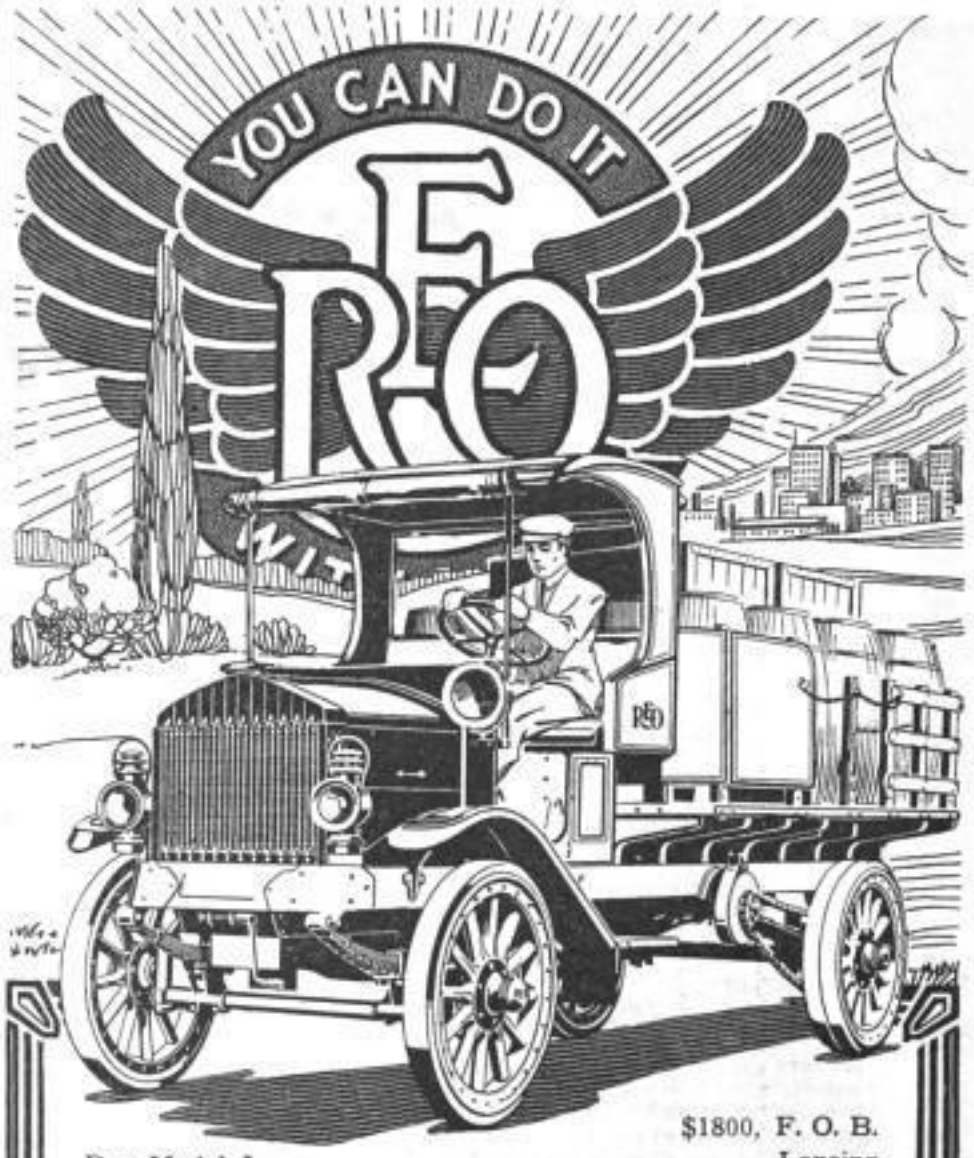
Professor Wundt was gone again next morning and lost to sight next week, his spirit prism with him. Many doubters there are who declare that the whole affair was a hoax of the "Blare's" chief editorial writer; that the professor was a journalist with a false beard and the spirit prism "demonstration" nothing more than an elaborated moving picture show. But it seems possible that one might doubt the sincerity of the "Blare" and its methods without doubting the veracity of its explanation of Crocker.



"Say, Bill! That poor old nearsighted hen has been sitting on those clams for three weeks—thinks they're eggs—honest!"



"Little necks, by gosh!!!"



Reo Model J
Capacity 2 Tons

$1800, F. O. B. Lansing

The Dawn of a Better Business Day

Modern business gets its profits out of what it saves. Even small economies amount to big annual dividends. If we can show you how to cut delivery costs with the Reo Motor Truck, we have shown you how to increase your profits.

Every Reo Truck is a Money Maker for Its Owner

We will not willingly sell a Reo Truck to any man unless we are reasonably sure it will make money for him. When conditions are right for the use of a motor truck, we know that the Reo Truck will meet those conditions as no other truck of equal capacity can.

Reo efficiency is tried, tested, and proven. Read, for example, the following record of a single day's performance of a Reo Model J two-ton Truck owned by the Schramm Grocery Co., Flat River, Mo.

"Five round trips in one day to four outlying towns, average load 4,096 lbs. Total mileage 62. Gasoline consumed, 8 gallons. On these roads twenty miles with a two-ton load would be a long day's work for a team of horses."

8 gals. gasoline at 20c	$1.60
Tire Cost, 60 mil. at 2c	1.20
Driver's wages, one day	2.50
Depreciation at $650 per year	2.00
Repairs and overhauling at $150 yr	.50
Interest on Investment	.35
Fire Insurance	.15
Oil and grease	.40
Total daily expense	$8.70

Thus this truck did the work of three teams, which with wagons and harness would cost $2,100. The daily cost was only $8.70, while three teams would cost for drivers alone $7.50.

A Simple Way to Judge Truck Values

Perhaps you are sufficiently versed in technical values to judge of the unusual importance of the many exclusive features that Reo experience and organization have enabled us to put into this wonderful truck.

The impregnable armored frame, the Reo sectional radiator, with its 24 independent, interchangeable units, the left-side drive and center control, the Reo hydraulic speed governor, the famous Reo motor cushioned against vibration and road shocks, to mention but a few points of obvious superiority.

But if you are not technically versed in motor car construction, here is a simple statement of business fact:

The average price of 54 competing trucks is $2,701, a clear saving of nearly $1,000 in favor of the Reo. What does our competitor offer you that is worth that extra $1,000?

Get Real Facts About Motor Trucks for Your Business

As a business man, you want more facts on this important subject. We have them ready for you. The day you investigate the Reo Motor Truck will mean the dawn of a better business day for you.

We have 1100 dealers located in the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada. If you do not find one of our dealers near you, write us, and we will give you not only complete information about Reo Motor Trucks, but any general information on this important problem of hauling that our wide experience has given us, and that will prove helpful to you.

REO MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
1909 South Washington Ave. Lansing, Michigan

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The Time For Texaco

During a long tour you test the qualities of your car and its motor at every point. On such an occasion Texaco Motor Oil shows to the best advantage. Its use insures perfect lubrication and enables your motor to deliver maximum power with minimum consumption of gas and oil.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

has been put to severe and lengthy competitive tests by some of the largest manufacturers of pleasure cars and trucks. Every manufacturer that has so tested it has adopted it for his own use and has recommended it to the purchasers of his cars.

These tests have shown a saving of from 15% to 31% in consumption of gasoline and 18% and 33% in consumption of oil. These figures are due to the high quality of the oil. Texaco Motor Oil will not deposit a hard carbon crust. It will not congeal at a temperature of zero. It gives perfect lubrication at all times and in any type of motor.

When touring look for the Texaco garage sign. Buy your oil and supplies where you see it. Texaco Motor Oil is sold in most good garages and supply shops in 1 and 5 gallon cans. For instructive booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," Address Dept. E, 2 West Street, New York City.

When Touring, Look for This Sign



THE TEXAS COMPANY

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Marlin

12 gauge Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

Grade "A" $22.60

THE handsomest and best designed pump gun in the world! **Hammerless**—Solid Steel Breech (inside as well as out). **Solid Top**—a thick steel wall of protection between your head and the cartridge; keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. **Side Ejection**—away from your face and eyes. **Matted Barrel**—A great convenience in quick sighting. **Press Button Cartridge Release**—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action. **Double Extractors**—they pull any shell. **Take Down Feature**—for convenient carrying and cleaning. **Trigger and Hammer Safety**—a double guard against accidental firing. The **Solid Steel Breech** (not a shell of wood) shows the superior design. The receiver is absolutely solid steel at the rear as well as on top.

The Marlin is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.

Ask your dealer—or send us three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

17 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

LEWY BROS. CO. DIAMONDS

12 Per Cent YEARLY INCREASE IN VALUE GUARANTEED!

LEWY BROS. CO. DIAMONDS

Diamonds have increased in value 12% a year for over 20 years. This increase LEWY BROS. CO. *guarantee to you!* and allow you 12% per year—1% a month—*MORE THAN YOU PAID* in exchange AT ANY TIME! This written guarantee contract certifies the carat weight, color and PERFECTION of every diamond. Protect yourself with our guarantee!

LEWY BROS. CO. founded in 1895; occupy one of the five prominent State Street corners in Chicago; bank with and refer to the Corn Exchange National Bank, one of the leading banks of America, Capital $2,000,000.00.

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Some Collier Fiction

SHREVEPORT, LA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

A CAREFUL and analytical perusal of the story entitled "A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet," in your issue of July 19, has served to inspire me and to revivify within my breast old ambitions which I thought had long since been smothered to death under the mass of editorial We-beg-to-Returns launched upon them. Eureka! I have found the recipe for concocting the dish to please the editorial palate. Just take some sheets of copy paper and scatter across them, at irregular but not too infrequent intervals, some several hundred "sirs," and then fill in the blank spaces with such other words as may occur to you, trying, of course, to work some kind of incident into it—even if you are obliged to lift it bodily from the "human interest" columns of the daily press, as in the Burglar-and-Sick-Baby episode in the story referred to.

Now, by a fair and impartial (Burroughs's adding machine) count, this story of approximately 6,000 words contains 352 "sirs"—in other words, practically 6 per cent of its total verbiage consists of this deferential form of address. I believe, Mr. Editor, that this can be improved on, and I hereby offer to write you a story on any subject, and of any length, that may be specified by you (or same to be left at my own option), with the express stipulation that not less than *10 per cent* of its gross verbiage shall consist of the second person, feminine form, "ma'am" or "miss." I suggest the latter innovation both for the sake of originality and of its probable appeal to suffragette subscribers.

I believe I could also make some improvement in the matter of a title. For instance, the caption "The Sir-cumlution of Mr. Opt" would have been more appropriate for the story in question.

Let me hear from you. W. E. NESOM.

✚

WINONA, MINN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet" is the best story I have read for a long time, and convinces me that COLLIER'S really knows a good story when it sees one, regardless of the author's name.

L. L. BEARSCOVE.

✚

The story ["A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet"] shows a keen insight into the life of boarding-house inmates, and though tinged with the vernacular of a character just removed from the street gamin, yet it is intensely human. The characters are not merely word labeled, but live throughout the pages, as though real personages.

The story in COLLIER'S is of a burglar, and is more interesting than "Ferguson's Adventures."

—Atlantic City (N. J.) *Union.*

✚

The issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY for July 5 contains a good story by Herbert Coolidge.... It is called "The Lady's Man at the Show-Down," and tells the exciting experiences of an Eastern college man in dealing with the drunken marshal of a little town in Arizona or New Mexico. It is a very clever piece of work, and is made the leading fiction feature of this issue of COLLIER'S.

—Riverside (Cal.) *Press.*

✚

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I recently read with great interest and appreciation the outspoken story, entitled "In the House of the Living Death." To my mind the writer treated a tabooed part of life with the utmost delicacy and good sense. The theme runs constantly through the story and comes to a climax with dramatic startlingness. I see you have another fine little character study in this week's COLLIER'S by the same author. I hope you have many more in reserve. CHAS. M. STILES, M. D.

✚

FLORENCE, S. C.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Here is a happening for you. I don't read newspapers and rarely look into weeklies, but I am so weak on fiction published in other forms I read everything from the "Atlantic" down to Laura Jean Libbey. In short, I am a nivorous story reader. So much for introduction.

The rest concerns the accident ing of a little tale in your last 28th—"In the House of the Death."

I came across it at a friend's and while waiting for him to sh to speak, read it word for word

Well, I can't tell you about th I had, how I was charmed, s that I was bowled over, and think tale a good lesson to men. It is and thoroughly artistic feat, fr beginning to end; sentimental wish, but, by gum, give me s Give me real life, too. I am taki numbers of that book back to the and if you don't get a few su scribers because of it, it won't be

"The Black Knobbers' Post seemed delightful, more sophis maybe, but no more delicious t

For Heaven's sake, keep it up us the real thing—Life and Dea Romance. Give us good writing don't think we can't understand it

C. H.

✚

GERMANTOWN,

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Many of the new stories are well the average, but this week you found at last the new thing under sun—a new story and a new way of ing it. When a blasé reader s story three times, and then re once more to find new subtleties fourth reading, it must be "some C. Hilton-Turvey—a master artist achieved the impossible in "In the H of the Living Death." The subject been tabooed in American literature yet it must be a mine of human haps subhuman interest. French w have a different half-world to des and they have painted it in many but here we translate "demi-mo "underworld"—and no one dared upon this half hell until Hilton-Tu with skill equal to that of De Ma sant, made us see the man-made through the innocent eyes of a child. Surely this story will be one of the little classics of liter COLLIER'S is to be congratulated the discovery of a new and fine

C. O'CONNELL WOOD

✚

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Just a word in praise of that st of yours, "In the House of the Li Death." It will do a lot of good veys a high moral lesson without of preaching. A wonderful piece work.

R. S. TUTTLE

✚

PEORIA, ILL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I want to congratulate you on h secured a contributor to your ex magazine who writes stories like "In House of the Living Death." Quite remarkable and capable of doing more work than many crusades.

M. KYLE

✚

MANATI, PORTO RICO.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Just a line to congratulate you on acquisition of the new writer, C. H Turvey. The story in the June COLLIER'S, "In the House of the Li Death," is one of the very st things I have seen for a long time story stays with me and will not This, I take it, is a test of power.

Hoping that we shall see many from the same pen, I am, C. W. S.

✚

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"In the House of the Living Dea published in your June 28 issue bit of realism that most pe would hesitate to publish. Conv prudes do not make up the bulk reading public to-day, however, is more honor to you that you have in the forefront of the movement discuss such live issues fearlessly reduce the number of those who tent to cover up a "sore" instead tempting to cure it. The story is well written. Let us have more of this stories and let us hear again fr Hilton-Turvey.

R. FRANK WATT

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The Noiseless Suffragette

(Continued from page 6)

very man, every newspaper, and every political supporter of the doubtful ones t Springfield was besought to get into he fight. Many of them did. The fire rom home on wavering members became remendous and constant. And still the nemy did not wake up. For there were nly three lone women on the job—atoms n a maelstrom of lobbyists—and who vas afraid of three women?

WILL HE—CAN HE—KEEP HIS WORD?

ONE by one the doubtful ones were pledged, not to vote for suffrage but o vote against amendments on second eading. "Give us fair play," was the plea. t worked. Lee O'Neill Browne, the bitterest enemy of suffrage in the House, nd the man whose vitriolic and scathng speeches are the most feared, conceded this much to his old schoolmate nd boyhood friend, Mrs. Funk. He would sit silent on second reading. At the greed time the bill came up. Over ninety nembers voted against the amendment, nd the bill went to the third reading ntact by an impressive majority.

It was a stunning surprise to the slumbering opponents. They still did not believe that seventy-seven men would vote or it on third reading—they had seen suffrage bills get to third reading too often for that—but they had miscalculated the vote and they were nervous. Within a day the tremendous machinery of the united societies swung into opposition and the real fight was on.

By this time the suffrage lobby had sent for one more general—Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago. And Mrs. McCormick went painstakingly to work on the men who had successfully resisted the other three. It was a deadly system. Each woman had her own line of attack. The fourth degree proved too much for several of the members. They succumbed, and their cards were taken from the doubtful list and added to the pledges.

There were now enough votes pledged to pass the bill. But the work had just begun. The cards were gone over again with the utmost care, and the four women put every name under the acid test of doubt. "Will he keep his word?" "Can he keep his word?" "Can the other side get him?" "Can he stand up against the pressure?" The doubtful ones were separated again and to their home districts went telegrams. The "pressure" must be neutralized by pressure from the other side. In the end something over eighty certain pledges were segregated. They were divided into groups of ten, and trusted members were asked to act as "captains." In reality they were shepherds. Their duty was to watch these men, to insure their attendance, and to keep them from becoming confused and voting the wrong way in the parliamentary roll calls which were certain to occur. And from the moment the bill went to third reading a watch was set which never ceased.

From the galleries, seat plats in hand, two of the four women checked every friendly vote in and out of the House. Absentees were located. No friend got away from the Capitol without a definite statement as to his destination and his time of return. With the assistance of the captains it was possible at any time to get a majority into the House within half an hour to head off any attempt to pull the bill back to second reading or to call it up when the attendance was thin.

In their eagerness at this point a queer catastrophe happened. The House elevator went insane one afternoon, and after shooting to the roof of the Capitol fell with a crash. It was crowded, and as it shot by the House floor, one of the women saw inside a House member whom she had won over previously after talking scientific potato raising to him for two hours. "Oh-oh, there goes a vote!" she cried in the general din. It was too good to keep. The story got around and that member didn't vote for suffrage.

DESPERATE REMEDIES

ALL this time the strength of the suffrage vote was a mystery except to the four women and three men, one in the Senate, two in the House. Those who pledged were asked in addition to keep the fact a secret. Every attempt on the part of the opposition to take a poll of the House was met with a counterpoll in which members were urged not to tell how they stood. "We have enough," was the smiling information which met all inquiries from enemies or friends. It was a deadly reiteration and the more disgusting to the worried enemy because not over forty of the "enough" could be located and they were rock firm for suffrage. The enemy didn't know whom to work on and wasted much time trying to find out. Many unsuspected friends of suffrage were entirely overlooked by the opposition.

Even a majority is a poor and feeble thing in a legislative body, however. Many a good law has died year after year in many a Legislature and in many a Congress while a majority stood ready, but not overanxious, to vote for it. When the suffrage bill came to a vote on June 3, in the House at Springfield, the women had a majority, but that was all they had. What they needed seemed to be blasting powder. The bill was firmly fixed in the middle of the calendar, and there appeared to be no way to dislodge it. An attempt to call it up was met with the objection that a two-thirds vote of the House would be required to get the bill up out of its order. That meant 102 votes—an impossible number. And postponement at that late date meant certain defeat.

Things looked desperate for a minute until some member recalled the fact that a new rule had been adopted at the beginning of the session. It was a Progressive rule, and the Progressive delegation had kicked and fought for it and had made themselves very disagreeable in their insistence for it. It provided that the House might proceed by a majority vote to any order of business and in that order of business to any bill in that order. In other words, it gave a majority in the House the right to run the House. There was some little pother about this in Congress once just before Uncle Joe Cannon and his satellites started on their long, swift slide to oblivion, and the rule at Springfield had been adopted for the same reason that the rules at Washington were changed—to prevent the minority from ruling with the aid of a stuffed and undigested calendar.

THE NEW TACTICS

THIS new rule had not been invoked during the year, but its mission was to give the women of Illinois the ballot. Amid the frantic objections of the opposition, Edward Shurtleff, twice Speaker and the ablest parliamentarian in the House, rose, when asked for his opinion, and stated that the rule was clear. It would take two roll calls to get the bill up, but these roll calls could not be prevented.

As a matter of fact, because of substitute motions, it took three roll calls, and it was 2.30 in the afternoon, with lunch time far in the rear and a famished House facing two hours of oratory, before the crucial roll call was begun.

In the meantime three of the four women lobbyists sat in the gallery, while the fourth sat outside the door. No one could be more quiet and helpless than those women were. While opposing lobbyists swarmed like hornets on the floor, the four seemed to have nothing to do—save that when in the confusing parliamentary votes some friend passed his vote or voted wrong, a note would flutter down to the door and a member below would pick it up casually. In five seconds another member would be at the side of the wabbling one and later the vote would be changed. And for four hours no friendly member left the House without telling the lynx-eyed Mrs. Trout at the door just where he was going, how soon he would return, and how he might be reached.

They say that not since the election of Lorimer to the United States Senate has there been so tense and exciting a battle. Famished and overwrought, now fully alive to the fact that the most revolutionary bill in the history of the Legislature was being voted upon, the members sat with jangling nerves while man after man, as his name was called, got up and fought out his position in shrieking oratory. As the roll crept slowly down to the end of the list it seemed evident to the members checking



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up that there weren't enough votes to carry the bill. In despair several members rushed out to Mrs. Trout and told her the bill was lost. She cried. Women are always doing foolish things. So are men. For some of the men cried too.

HOW AND WHY THE BILL WAS PASSED

As the last name was called, and Zolla, a twenty-five-year-old Jewish Progressive from Chicago, voted "Aye," many members looked up with pity and despair at the three women in the gallery. Zolla's vote made seventy-five—two short. Mrs. Booth was smiling placidly. For a little woman she could take defeat with uncanny pluck. Then the surprises began. The Speaker's name was called. Speaker McKinley is a young man, as yet unmarried. But they say, and no one has denied it, that the reason why his engagement was not announced until a day or two after the passage of the suffrage bill was because a certain Chicago young woman had told him that she would announce it when the suffrage bill passed. Anyway the Speaker voted "Aye," and the opposition reeled with surprise. Then Barker, another young man who had been wavering between his sympathy for the plucky woman lobbyists and his desire to continue a political career in a hostile district, voted "Aye," having passed his vote before. And with the seventy-seventh vote the barbarically decorated ceiling of the House of Representatives tilted slowly up and down under the cheers. The bill had passed.

As the absentees were called, six more votes came in. And when the members swarmed around Mrs. Booth to chide her for her coolness, she only smiled again. She had eighty-three votes on her list. She knew they would vote "Aye." And in addition she had two emergency votes—men who would change their votes to make the seventy-sixth and seventy-seventh votes, if necessary. There was nothing to worry over. Hadn't she kept a card catalogue?

With great modesty the four women have published statements giving the credit of the victory to the various Representatives and Senators who aided them—to Senator Magill, who did the hard work in the Senate, and to Senator Juul, who became converted at a dramatic moment and voted for the bill; to Representative Scott, who fathered the bill in the House; to Representative Shurtleff, who, after having killed two suffrage bills in previous sessions over which he presided, got up when the vote was taken last June and announced his conversion in no uncertain tones; to the Speaker, who stood out against great pressure and gave the bill a fair deal; to the Progressives, who voted solidly for suffrage; and to others. But the legislators who were still talking the battle over when the session closed didn't waste much time over their own part in the fight.

They had seen what to them was almost inexplicable—the passage of a revolutionary bill through a supposedly hostile Legislature, without noise, without influence, without popular clamor, and, above all, with nothing in the way of reward for support except the certainty of hostility from powerful interests at home.

How did the women do it? Perhaps the most general answer of the legislators to their own question is the belief that they did it through the greatest appeal which woman can make to man—the need of help. A lobby of a thousand excited women doesn't need help. Some legislators have been rude enough to say that it needs strait-jackets. But, the four quiet women, saying little, working day after day against what seemed to be hopeless odds, won many votes from the sheer innate chivalry which still causes man to help woman. "It wasn't a lobby at all," said one Representative; "it was an exhibit. An exhibit of the way women can be politicians and women at the same time. That lobby by its mere presence smashed one of the biggest arguments against votes for women—that political work will coarsen them."

PSYCHOLOGY AND FAIR PLAY

THIS feeling of sympathy and friendliness won some votes and took the sting out of some opposition. It caused men who voted against the bill to help the women in many ways before the final ballot. The lobby kept down opposition because of its lack of aggressiveness. It takes a very bitter man indeed to rise up on his hind legs and fight tooth and nail against a few quiet women who decline to fight back and who will not even argue their case.

The women themselves had many interesting things to say about their work when it was all over. Mrs. Booth, who emerged from her old blue hat and dress after the vote and played croquet for relaxation in becoming silken gowns, says that psychology and fair play helped them the most. They used the psychology and depended on the men for the fair play. For the last three months they scarcely talked suffrage with the members. At no time did they talk at any length on any subject. They did not attempt to change any minds. Now and then they could give a suggestion to a man who was painfully hunting for a reason which might convert him. Often they could give a suggestion to a member which could help that member in converting another. Appealing to their enemies for help, not for votes, they found most effective. All of their personal work was done in the Capitol—most of it before the door of the House of Representatives. Sleepless nights over the card catalogues, typewriters, and telegraph blanks told the rest of the story.

"And of all our pledges in House and Senate only two went back on us," says Mrs. Booth, "and one of these warned us in advance."

So much for the way in which the men responded to the "fair play" suggestion.

A SAMPLE OF NONMILITANT GENERALSHIP

THE women didn't waste any time on hopeless votes. They determined as early as possible the men whom they could not possibly get and let them alone. That saved time and it saved information from the enemy. And they did not waste time on their doubtful friends. These also were let alone as much as possible except where they could help. For almost every doubtful vote they found a friend in the Legislature who stood close to the man. From him they learned the real objection and often through him they supplied the clinching argument. If there were powerful objectors in his district, and powerful supporters were found. If the member had been receiving protests by mail he soon received twice the number of petitions. One man who had intended to vote for suffrage, but was troubled with doubts, was surprised to receive hundreds of letters from his district urging him to support the bill. He doesn't know yet why he received them but his seat mate on his left does. He had heard the other member express some doubt as to the wisdom of a woman's general ballot and had rejected it to the lobby.

"Illinois women had tried all the old methods," said Mrs. Funk after the vote. "These methods had failed and the Illinois women simply tried a new plan. We tried to answer the cardinal objections by our work. We answered the claim that politics makes women unwomanly by making a quiet, pleasant campaign. We tried to prove that women would not argue by personality and hysteria or by using cold, impersonal statements of fact; and we, the women of Illinois, admitted that woman's place is in the home by staying there and getting results with a committee of four."

"I think the English suffragette campaign helped get us the vote," continued Mrs. Funk, "by the contrast which it furnished. While Englishwomen were blowing up country homes and abbeys we weren't even making speeches. When we took every occasion to remind the legislators that the reason why we could work as we did was because we were dealing with reasonable American men.

"I believe," said Mrs. Booth, after the vote, "that the women in any State in the country can obtain the ballot by the methods which we used."

"WE'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD"

THE suffrage bill which passed the Legislature grants women the right to vote for statutory offices—i.e., those not created or specified in the Constitution of the State. These statutory offices include Presidential electors, city officials and some county officials. The victory is incomplete because a constitutional amendment must be carried before Illinois women can vote for Governor. So as it is, the bill adds about 1,200,000 votes to Illinois's voice on President and gives the women of the State the opportunity to clean up about their homes—in the city governments. And with this lever at their disposal it is a safe

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hearted legislator who will decline to vote for the submission of a constitutional amendment in the near future.

When the Legislature adjourned the four women were still in Springfield, waiting for the Governor to sign the bill. Scores of members bade them good-*by* in the lobby of the Leland Hotel. They had been suddenly transformed from the quiet, apparently helpless woman lobbyists into the representatives of 1,300,000 votes, and as such were approached with the profoundest respect. With reprehensible frivolity they were eating chocolates from a large box when last I saw them, and they declined to be austere. In fact they were more humble and worried than they were when the vote was in the balance.

"It's a tremendous responsibility," said Mrs. Funk nervously. "We women have the ballot now. We've got to use it. And we've got to make good. I don't know how we are going to do it. I never felt so ignorant and helpless in my life. My, but we will have to work and study!"

Which is doubtless true. But perhaps in their very ignorance the women of Illinois will use what their lobbyists did—psychology and bookkeeping. And if they do, there are stormy times ahead for the politicians.

The Stationary Baby

(*Concluded from page 17*)

"'It's Vickie,' she said, scairtlike, 'my darlin' little Vickie; I must go to her ef you'll excuse me.'

"'I'll go get her, ma,' Mis' Mullins's daughter says, jumpin' up, and she brought down the baby an' got its bottle, an' some one stopped the talkin' machine.

"It did look awful cute, like a rich baby, sittin' on the old lady's lap in a soft nighty with feather stitchin' all around it in pink silk, an' the kitten run to it, an' the puppy raced pell-mell to try an' git into Grandma Mullins's lap too—he was kind o' jealous—an' she stood up and held the baby high up in the air, over her head, an' it jest *roared*—the puppy scairt it. The old lady grew so pale I was feared o' her heart.

"'The dog'll bite the baby,' she screamed. 'I can't hev him nohow; the cat'll scratch her blessed baby fingers; the canary bird'll wake her up; oh, whatever shall I do?'

"'Hush, ma,' her daughter says in a loud whisper, 'you'll make the neighbors feel bad.' Then she raised her voice an' looked at us, knowin'like. 'An' anyway, you know,' she says, 'they would hurt the baby an' it wouldn't be safe to keep it, an', besides, it's Liz Whalan's baby, an' you've got to giv it up now you've got the chickens an' the puppy an' the kitten,' an' with that she jest grabs that baby an' goes out o' the room with it.

"Grandma Mullins sat down in a rockin'-chair an' began to cry, quietlike, an' we all sensed she saw us folks was all agin her. Jim Whalan was a-waitin' out by the front door, an' he jest put a shawl about the baby an' *run*.

"Then we all tried to talk some more, but Grandma Mullins wouldn't say nothin', but she did pet the kitten some, an' then we come home. It all worked lovely."

"U'm-m, but, ma," urged Mary Eliza, laying down her spoon in rapturous satisfaction, "what'll Grandma Mullins ever do with all them animals?"

MRS. JONES sighed contentedly. "I don't know, child, that ain't the point, be it? Liz Whalan's got her baby without the perlice, an' I hope she don't ever break her other leg."

Gift of God



Drawing by Charles E. Harley

Dear is the brook that laughs where lilies nod;
But—bless the gutter-flow that down the street
Brings plashy coolness, washing little feet
Where, truly, Water is the Gift of God!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



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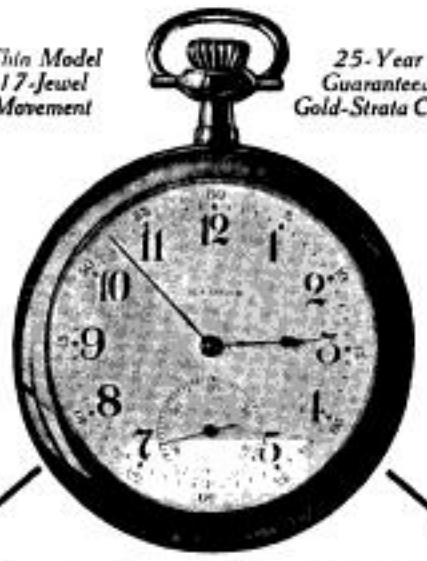
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In Pittsburgh

(Concluded from page 8)

"Stand? And—my princely allowance—"

"Oh, you'll still be wanting money for special purposes, now and then. Let this run on till you're ready to use it."

"No. That's exactly it, father. I'm afraid—horribly afraid—I've been playing the philanthropist a bit. That ends now."

Darmon laughed. "How you socialists do rave at that word 'philanthropy,' don't you?" Guarded, straining, humorous, marshaling every ounce of his immense tactical resource, the man pitted himself against Fate undauntedly. "And I don't blame you, mind. I've seen something of philanthropy. It's a sickly, snivveling business; there's no logic, no common reason, in it. But you—don't *you* trouble, my boy. You've never been a philanthropist. You couldn't be. You're too practical—too much like your daddy."

"Yes," said Laurie. "Whatever else I am, I'm like you. In my little tortured way, of course. You call me a socialist. I don't even know whether I'm a socialist, in the real sense. If to be a socialist means building great dreams for the future, then I'm not. I haven't a dream in my head. I'm as far from the Utopian, the idealist, as a man could be. I've lived among some poets lately—I've learned to make a kind of guess, anyway, at their viewpoint. But I never rise to that. My instinct is straight utilitarian, industrial. I have to see things with my own eyes, touch 'em with my hands. I'm an organizer—almost a promoter. So, with your money, I've put up a couple of model tenements, launched into a new type of scientific trade school—"

"Well. Why not go on? It's done good, hasn't it?"

"I don't know—I'm not so sure. Anyway, I'm at the end of that, father."

DARMON gazed steadfastly across into his eyes. "Decent up-to-date houses, at the rent of rookeries, ought to do good. A school that you give your own life to ought to do good. Why don't you know?"

"Father, you've guessed—you understand. There's a feeling against me—"

"Your tenants and schoolboys don't like the source of your money, eh?"

"Oh, it goes deeper than just that. But the one fact does remain. My try so far has been an absolute failure."

"Dogs!" cried Darmon violently, slapping the arm of his chair.

"No, no, father. That doesn't do, either. The world is changing. There's a big spirit of revolt abroad. My college settlement work simply happens to have thrown me into the middle of it—that's all. We both know mighty well—"

Darmon started with a nervous bound to his feet. "Listen!" he called, fierce and staccato.

Laurie jumped with him. Both peered toward the open terrace windows, outside of which there had been an unmistakable slight sound of voices and scuffling. The windows were open to the floor; and as father and son continued to peer, strainingly on tiptoe, like a pair of nerve-leashed terriers, the curtains on that one toward the hall sharply parted, and a man and a young girl broke into the room. Driving them from a short step behind, with narrowed eyes and a cocked and leveled revolver, followed Harry Kennerd.

"Oho?" sneered Darmon, relaxing.

LAURIE gasped unbelievingly. "Eleonora!" he breathed. "Dankmann!"

The somber and devout-eyed girl under Kennerd's revolver pointed to her glowering companion. "Look out for him," she warned, in a dull, unemphatic voice. "Look out for him. He came to kill you."

"Kill me?" cried Laurie. "He came to kill me? But why, Eleonora—what for?"

"Because he's gone mad. He's been raving of you as a spy—a traitor—an informer."

"By God!" exploded Darmon. "Is this Russia?"

"An informer," murmured Laurie, hypnotized. "An informer."

"Mad, mad—it's because he's gone mad," monotonously repeated the girl. "But he'd have killed you. I had to veil myself—hurry—come. I was just in time to keep him from shooting, outside there."

"Will you ring for the police?" Kennerd reasonably demanded of his chief.

"Wait!" burst out Laurie. "O Eleonora!"—and Darmon had never heard him cry like that before. "What *does* it mean, Eleonora? What *can* it mean?"

"Listen, my friend. There is a great strike hanging here by a hair. Yesterday your father came to New York. You spent three hours with him. You told nobody—none of us. Last night you went to Verplanck's Workers' meeting, to discuss the Pittsburgh plans. You behaved queerly. Everybody noticed. Verplanck had you shadowed. Then he found you were coming here to-day."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Darmon harshly. The next instant he all but wrung his hands. "O Laurie, Laurie! You—you—*you*, Laurie—a grown man! How could you be so foolish—so trusting—so foolish?"

ELEONORA went on to Laurie in her toneless low voice. "Dankmann, my friend, was in the thick of all this. There are many things Dankmann does not understand—does not wish to understand. He is not merely a labor agitator. He is not merely an anarchist. He is a firebrand, a terrorist. And now he is a madman, besides. He said you must not be allowed to return to New York. He said he would follow and kill you, while you plotted here with your father against the Workers."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" groaned Darmon, rocking, his head between his hands. "In justice to me—my love—how could you, how could you? To be so foolish—oh, my boy—so trusting!" In fell, rapid cuts, the man's one fanatical weakness was undermining the whole towering and gigantic fabric of his strength. "To put yourself so blindly into their jaws—their open, waiting jaws!" He wept—this Joel Darmon, the great impregnable Pittsburgh symbol of Steel, fairly turned away his face, gray now as the granite stones of his house, and wept.

Into the ensuing slight pause, Dankmann's hoarse and tremulous voice broke cynically. "All this is very interesting," he jeered. "But it happens all to be lies. Search me. I have no weapons on me. No weapons of any sort."

"You had an automatic pistol in your hand two minutes ago, you rat!" commented Kennerd. "But you pitched it into the rhododendrons, didn't you? Well, all right. We'll find it when the police come with their lanterns and bracelets." He shifted his voice to Darmon without shifting his eyes. "Mr. J. C., I'll just march this gentleman out into the hall. Robbins can work the phone for me."

YOUNG Laurence Darmon, who had been lost in a kind of spell, took himself roughly by the throat, as was his habit in moments of stress. "No," he directed. "Let him go, Dankmann, you're mistaken. I'm no informer. I've tried my bit to help. Harry, put down your gun. Let him go."

Kennerd waited for Darmon, who, with back turned, made no sign. Slowly the secretary's revolver dropped to the side of his leg. "This way out," he nodded to Dankmann, indicating the window. "I'll see you to the street."

They went out at the window, the one keenly following the other, as they had come in.

Suddenly Darmon lunged about. "What's to be done?" he demanded wildly. In a bound he put himself close to Eleonora, who stood with head heavily drooped forward, fateful, inert. "What—what's to be done?"

"Nothing is to be done," said the girl coldly. "Your son cannot go back to New York—that's all."

"I shall go back to New York at once," announced Laurie. "To-night."

Darmon and Eleonora stared at him.

"But—you will not be as mad as Dankmann?" besought the girl.

"Laurie—" began Darmon.

THE boy shook his head. "I must start back to New York to-night," he said decisively; and in that teeming instant he seemed ruthlessly to have stripped his father of the famous mantle of initiative and force.

Slowly, blank step by step, Darmon came near to him, and extended a hand. "Yes, my dear fellow," he muttered brokenly. "You're right—quite right. Don't let any man drive you from your work."

$7500 for Short Stories

With a view to securing for Collier's not only the best work of already famous story-tellers, but to encourage and develop younger writers in the field of fiction, the Editor offers $7,500 in prizes for the ten best original short stories mailed on or **before September 1, 1913.**

Collier's is seeking talent, power, grace, humor, character, fancy and feeling;—not any special brand of story.

Send for the circular setting forth more fully the hopes and wishes that inspire this contest.

The winners will receive the usual price paid by Collier's and these prizes in addition:

First prize $2500
Second prize $1000
and eight prizes of $500 each

On all sides it is remarked that this contest will be unique for the interest it awakes in authors, for the care given the reading of manuscripts and for the catholic gifts of the judges.

There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit.

Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 12,000 words. The preferable length for us in general is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the awards.

As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase as many of the unsuccessful manuscripts as seem suitable for publication.

All manuscripts must be mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

Prizes will be awarded immediately after the judges have rendered their decisions.

The copyright of prize-winning and accepted stories is to vest in **Collier's Weekly.** After the competition is closed, dramatic and book rights will be released to authors on request.

THE JUDGES ARE
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt
Ida M. Tarbell
Mark Sullivan

For full explanation of the Contest, send a postal today addressed to

SHORT-STORY CONTEST
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
414 WEST 13TH STREET, NEW YORK

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The Hoodoo Mascot

(Concluded from page 18.

comin' down from his sleep, havin' the horse on his mind, poor mon! 'Tis the sore care to him."

"Has he no wan to hilp him?" asked Kerrigan.

"There was a sort of a mon to drive an' look afther the horse an' keep the lawn tidy," she said, "but it was up an' off wid him wan day 'tis a month now. A poor, wake creature. Belikes he's gone for good an' all, bad cess to him!"

"'Tis the job I was prayin' for this minut'," declared Kerrigan. "'Tis like the worrd out av the Good Book."

"Can ye find a horse?" she asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Can I walk?" retorted Kerrigan. "I mind not which I did first. Sure, the back av a horse was me cradle, an' a horse me own mither, we wus thot frl'ndly togither."

"God be wid the owld days!" she said soberly.

"An wid yez!" he said. "But ut's plinin' I am for the care av a horse ag'in."

"Thin ye're the wan the owld dochtor's been cravin' this manny a day. He's shmall faith in thim black min."

"'Tis more to the point av me argyment to know am I the wan ye've been cravin' *yoursilf*," replied Kerrigan. "'Tis there the shoe pinches."

"Glory be to the saints!" she said, with a laugh, "could I know before a year, or belikes two?"

"Ye've got the worrds twistud, me lass," he said warmly. "'Tis days ye mane, not years. I'd be mither the s'ul wid waitin' longer. I'd die like the snap av a whip."

"Ye'd be—" She sprang erect with a little gasp, for out by the barn arose the sound of scuffling and then a sharp voice of command. Then two figures appeared, coming on toward the house. Swiftly the girl caught Kerrigan's arm and led him to the rear of the kitchen, opening a door on the porch.

"Out wid ye!" she whispered. "I'll sweet thim at the ither door." She stooped and, catching up the terrier, thrust him into Kerrigan's arms. "For the love of Hiven! keep him shtill!" she added, and hurried back. With his ear at the door, Kerrigan heard the voice of the sheriff.

"Is this the man who ran through the yard this evening?" he was asking. "I found him prowling about the place, and caught him entering the barn. Is he the one?"

FOR a moment there was silence, and then Kerrigan heard the girl say curtly:

"So ye're back, are ye, Tim Rafferty? An' where have ye been the month gone?"

Kerrigan heard an embarrassed laugh and a voice reply:

"Hello, Mag! Ain't ye glad to see me once more?"

"But is he the man who ran through the yard in the early evening?" asked the sheriff, impatiently.

"God knows," replied the girl. "'Twu'd be like his thricks. He's the wan thot worrks for the dochtor whin he has the mind." She hesitated, then added: "He's me husband."

"But could you say whether he was the one—"

Kerrigan heard no more. Softly he stepped from the porch, and, going on tiptoe around the far side of the house, slipped out of the gate. No one was in sight, and he walked rapidly. At the corner of the street he dropped the terrier, and went on. Once he turned back to look at the sleepy but faithful follower padding along at his heels.

"Aye, lad," he said. "'Tis well they came whin they did. Belikes I'd been pussin' me worrd to the lass in a bit more, me tongue's thot knucky. An' where w'u'd I have been thin, wid a lass an' a horse on me hands? God knows.

HE was outside the forecastle door early next morning, sousing his head in a bucket of water, when the mate came forward from the cabin, yawning sleepily. They looked at each other without surprise. The mate stopped.

"I guess you'd better rig up the triangle on the mizzenmast after breakfast, Tom, and scrape it down," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Kerrigan replied.

A smile just curved the corners of the mate's lips, but he quickly suppressed it.

"Oh, before you do that," he went on, "there's a bit of paint scraped off the side of the afterhouse. It looks bad. You might touch that up before Cap'n Brewster sees it."

It was where Kerrigan had thrown the piece of scantling on his departure the night before.

"Aye, aye, sir," he answered cheerfully. "I noticed ut mesilf, sir, an' was thinkin' to do the same. The owld mon's careful av his paint, sir; there's no call to throuble him wid the sight. I'll do ut at wance, sir."

JUST then the terrier came out of the forecastle door, stretching himself sleepily.

"What's that?" asked the mate.

"'Tis a bit av a mascot I picked up in me wandherin' last night, sir," replied Kerrigan. "He's the fine wan for a joke. He'd lade ye into throuble an' out agin wid as divil-a-care clip as a praste w'u'd go to his prayers, sir."

Love Can Die

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LOVE can die—Love can vanish,
O remember this, vain heart.
Love that can all sorrow banish,
Love, too, can depart.

Hold Love close—fold Love surely
In the glowing days that fly;
Bind him with thy faith securely,
Lest he weep—and die!

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 51 AUGUST 9, 1913 NUMBER 21

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A Punch—
Not a Preachment

"The great body of advertisers in America is today one of the most substantial forces in protecting the public from fraud."

THIS tribute from Walter Dill Scott, professor of psychology in the Northwestern University, becomes tremendously impressive and indicative of the great work ahead when placed side by side with the astounding figures in the annual report of the Postmaster General.

The latter states that, in the last two years, swindling promoters have obtained $100,000,000 by insidious advertising!

More than 4,000 cases, involving a fraudulent use of the mails, were investigated last year by the Department inspectors; more than 1,000 persons were arrested; and hundreds were convicted.

* * * * * *

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What the world is very much in need of is a little "brushing up" on the Golden Rule and the teachings that were heard on a mountain side two thousand years ago. There is a real practical side to this business of the "Brotherhood of Man" and it has a direct relation to Advertising.

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 130

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Power comes from ideas set in motion.
If you have lost all desire to learn, you are on the down-grade.
It is only a question of time before an energetic knowledge-seeker will step ahead of you.

Everybody Can Now Afford

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

A New Popular Edition

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This new, low-priced edition contains every chapter, every page, every word, that is found in the expensive de luxe editions.

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"The World's Civilization on a Bookshelf"

That is a sweeping statement—"the world's civilization on a bookshelf"—to be used in describing a set of books.

It is not our own phrase. One of the readers of the Harvard Classics used it in writing to us about the set.

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It is a collection of books that has no parallel in the history of literature, because it is the product of a plan to present, in the limits of a single bookshelf, a series of volumes which would show the complete development of the human intellect.

It is not merely a collection of great books, printed in uniform binding, without coherence or system.

Every part of the library bears a relation to every other part.

Every book, play, poem or article in the set *is complete in itself*. It contains no unsatisfactory, chopped-up extracts.

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Look on the Label for the words "Compound" or "Blend"

ONE of the easy ways around the Pure Food Law is the use of apparently innocent words to cover up adulteration.

The man who is afraid to put a downright lie on his label and run the risk of a small fine for it when the Government catches him can be perfectly safe by calling his product a "blend" or a "compound". And a great many of the less-daring food counterfeiters make use of this easy little loop-hole through the law to fool you and me and the other folks who fondly believe that we can trust our eyes in buying foods.

These and similar words almost always indicate the presence of something which the manufacturer doesn't want you to know about, but they are only a mild form of deception, compared to the much commoner practice of putting a direct lie on the label.

* * * * * * * *

Under our National Pure Food laws, there is nothing whatever to prevent the food faker from stating on the labels that his product is absolutely pure, claiming that it contains what you expect to find in it, and denying that it contains anything else. There is nothing whatever to prevent such a manufacturer from adding to his falsehood the impressive looking statement that the mixture is guaranteed by him under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, and even giving you a serial number which seems to indicate that the product has been tested by the Government and approved!

If you want to be *sure* of getting clean, pure, honest foods—every time—without fail, simply send for

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

and *use* it as your buying guide. It is just a handy, compact, classified list of the pure brands of every kind of food



This isn't maple syrup—maple leaves and sugar camp on the label to the contrary. It's a blend—pure enough—but will the purchaser know that he is not getting what he thinks he is?

product, sifted out of many thousands analyzed by the Board of Health at Westfield, Mass.,—"the Pure Food Town"—during the past ten years. It does not list *all* the pure foods there are, but it does list so many of them that your grocer is almost sure to carry at least one of the list it approves under each important classification.

You can *trust* this book. It is the result of impartial, cautious analyses, carried on in the town laboratory at Westfield in the interest of the food-buyer, and nobody else. The only way in which a product can gain admission to this book is to measure up to the highest possible standard of purity, cleanliness, and worth. The only reason for excluding a product after analysis is its failure to come up to those standards.

With a copy of this book in your possession, you can choose your foods as unerringly as if you yourself had had your own chemists analyze every one offered to you. You can buy on the basis of absolute knowledge, in the definite certainty that every food that finds its way into your kitchen is clean and pure and wholesome.

There is a copy of the book waiting for you at Westfield. Fill out the coupon and send with 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

Do it today. Take advantage of the plan which is making a quarter million American homes sure of food purity. Lock your doors once for all against the food debasers and the label liars who can only fool the people who guess at what they buy. What's the use of guessing when 10c makes you *sure?*



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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WESTFIELD, MASS.

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Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

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10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ Bags-or
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SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

WHETHER you are packing up for a week or a week-end, the big red tin of SMOOTHEST TOBACCO is a mighty good companion to take along. Everywhere you'll find it popular with the "boys on the road." Put it on top so it will be handy.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Building of an Exposition

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Their Honor

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

VOL FIFTY-ONE NO 22

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

AUGUST 16 1913

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Alum in That Baking Powder?

YOU don't know, unless the label says there is. It's easy enough to lie about it, and a great many manufacturers do, but a good many others calmly confess that they use alum.

This means that those manufacturers *know* that you and the other people who buy baking powders don't know what alum is, don't realize that it is a dangerous drug, the effect of which is to harden the tissues of the stomach and encourage digestive disorders and mal-nutrition. If you knew that, you wouldn't buy baking powder with alum in it. Nobody would dare to put *"Alum"* on the label, although plenty of people would still put it into the product and lie about it, because there is money in doing that and mighty little danger of getting caught.

Here is a typical instance of the food buyer's helplessness. What happens in baking powders happens in almost every other kind of food product. The counterfeiter has two weapons. He knows that if he wants to lie the buyer can't catch him, and that even if he tells the truth the buyer doesn't know what it means. You and others like you are paying fat profits to food counterfeiters, simply because you buy your foods on guesswork, in the dark, without any means of distinguishing between the good and the bad.



But you can stop this whenever you want to. You can outwit the wiliest food faker in the business, once and forever. You can be sure of buying only pure, clean, honest, wholesome foods and drinks if you will send for

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This takes all of the doubt out of the process of buying food. You don't need to know anything about chemistry. You don't need to puzzle your head one instant as to the character of what you are buying. All you need do is to specify any one of the brands listed in the book—and you are safe.

For this book represents ten years' patient labor by skilled, impartial chemists. Fifty thousand and more experiments have sifted out the pure brands of foods of every sort. These are listed for you in the Westfield Book in convenient classified and indexed shape so that a single glance at the page makes you able to give the names of a dozen or more brands of any sort of food you want to buy, any one of which has been proven absolutely fit for you to use.

This Westfield Book of Pure Foods is the special work of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass.—"the Pure Food Town." It was issued originally for the people of that town, but you can get a copy of it by sending 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health. That's all you need do to make yourself proof against the wiles of the cleverest adulterator and debaser in the food business.

You don't need to know the names of the bad foods. You don't need to bother your head about what makes food good or bad. You don't need to worry over what the labels mean. So long as you stick to the brands listed in the Westfield Book, you can't go wrong. It makes you just as competent a buyer as though you had personally analyzed every food product offered to you.

Send for the Westfield Book and use it, and you will be sure that *all* your food is pure.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 8-16-11

Enclosed find 10 cents, in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

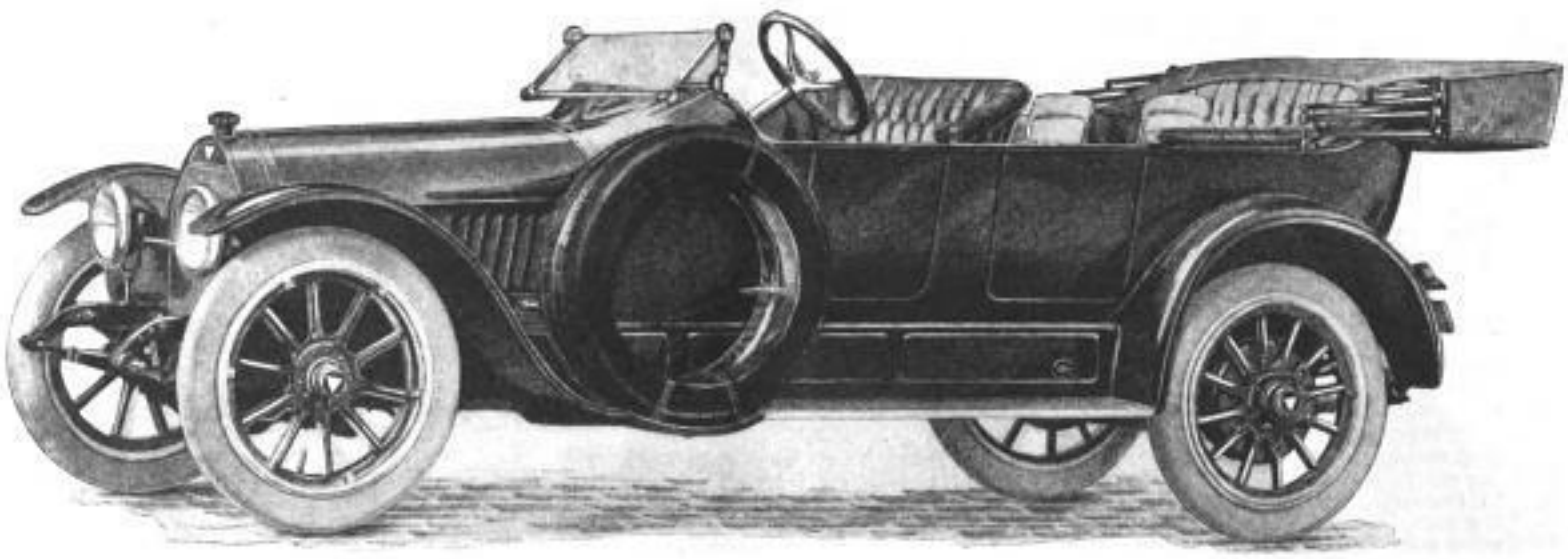


Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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HUDSON SIX 54—$2250

SEVEN-PASSENGER



The New Ideal of a Distinguished Car

HERE now is a car which typifies the ideals of the time. This streamline body—this long, sloping hood—this absence of angle at the dash—this low-hung chassis—these crowned fenders—this placing of extra tires so the front doors are left clear—these things belong to the car of today.

The consensus of the world's best opinion is that this type of body marks the coming ideal car. These are radical changes but they are coming as surely as foredoors came—and as suddenly.

All the best foreign cars—English, French and German—will this year exhibit exclusively this new streamline body. And all men know that what they adopt in body design becomes the world-wide vogue.

Our designers have added a hundred minor effects. They have Americanized—have Hudsonized—the type. So the car is distinctive. There will be no other just like it. But it embodies what we regard as the highest conception of the modern trend in bodies.

And we believe that every connoisseur will consider this new HUDSON Six the handsomest car exhibited.

Engineering Pauses

We can claim in this car no great advance as regards fine engineering and no HUDSON owner expects it. Fine engineering has limits. For the past four years Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers have given their best to the HUDSON. Last year they brought Sixes pretty close to perfection. So close that the HUDSON Six jumped in one year into the foremost rank among Sixes.

These men have worked out in this new-model car a vast number of minor engineering improvements. They have added scores of new mechanical features—some of them quite important. But we never expect to build a much better chassis than we built in our last year's Six.

This year's advances lie mainly in beauty, in comfort, in conveniences, in room. We have combined the best in lines, finish and equipment with the best in engineering. We have succeeded in making the HUDSON Six the masterpiece it is.

Now the Ideal Car

We now feel that this HUDSON 54 offers the utmost in every wanted feature. It has the staunchness of steel Pullmans. It has the comfort of Turkish lounging chairs. It has the speed of express trains. It is free from all the troubles which annoy the inexpert.

No man knows how to build a car more handsome and impressive. No conveniences are absent, no modern features lacking.

And all these things are here included in a Six 54, with seven-passenger body at the record price of $2250 (f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan).

The New Features

These are among the *new* features we bring out in this model. No mention is here made of the countless features in previous HUDSON models which we still retain.

Seven-passenger body.
135-inch wheelbase.
Left side drive. Right hand control.
36 x 4½-inch tires.
Extra tires carried—as never before—ahead of the front door. This leaves both front doors clear.
Four forward speeds.
Pure streamline body.
Low-hung body.
No angles at the dash.
Wide tonneau doors.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Electric self-cranking, with the rapid type of the Delco system built especially for this car.
Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment for city driving. They also act as ordinance lights.
Extra seats in tonneau fold into back of front seat, entirely out of the way.
Jeweled magnetic speedometer in dash, with new concealed noiseless gears.
Every operation and control placed within reach of the driver's hand. Gasoline and oil control, lights and starter.
Individual Yale lock on ignition control, prevents theft of car.
Rain-vision windshield built as part of the car.
Genuine Pantasote top. Curtains that are carried in the top can be instantly adjusted.
Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers—everything.

Go See It—Go Today

Go to the local HUDSON dealer and see this new achievement. It is not merely an improved car—it's a real innovation. It will display to you all the best thought of the day in automobile designing.

Go see it while it's new.
Our catalog on request.

Hudson Motor Car Company

7686 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 257

Go see this car today everywhere HUDSONS are sold

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The New Freedom and the Retail Market

If you read the statements by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis and Mr. W. H. Ingersoll, published in recent issues of Collier's Weekly, I think you begin to realize that, as a Consumer, there are many good *personal* reasons why you should be interested and why you should learn all you can about this question of "Price Maintenance."

I think both you and I believe in the "Square Deal"—not only for ourselves, but for "the other fellow" as well, regardless of whether he is a big dealer or a little dealer. That is why I have asked Mr. Ingersoll for another statement. This time he has something to say of the work of the newly formed American Fair Trade League.

The league already has four investigators in the field, gathering information which will show some of the causes of waste in trade, how much is due to unfair methods, and many other facts that are of direct interest to *you*—because, in the last analysis, the Consumer always "pays the freight."

A. C. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department.

(Written by W. H. Ingersoll)

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his recent writings and speeches, has laid emphasis upon the undefined fear he has observed among free-born American business men, who quail before some invisible power, to avoid offending which they yield up their independence of action and sometimes their convictions as to what is right and best to be done.

Whether or not his observations represent conditions generally, this power, to the extent that it does exist, must reside in the concentration of control, within the same few hands, over many industries with their ramifications. The recent Congressional inquiry into the money-control situation showed that no enterprise involving over ten million dollars has been launched in recent years except with funds supplied by two or three closely related financial institutions. All were dependent upon the same sources for their backing, and one of the heads of the financial power expressed the belief that the control had gone "far enough" for public safety.

But most of us have felt no direct concern in the trust question. It has not seemed to touch our personal affairs. We go on about the same after as before the consolidation of great railroad lines or the declared dissolution of the oil and tobacco combinations. These things are too distant and too gigantic to belong to us.

If, however, we witnessed in our own neighborhood the absorption or driving out of the familiar retail stores where we had traded from childhood, and in their stead stood the stores of one great company, managed from afar, upon which we must depend for our needs, paying whatever they exacted for their wares or doing without, we would then experience an immediate appreciation of the meaning of monopoly right at our own threshold.

Is it possible that we are headed toward such a monopoly of the retail market in this country? Certainly there is no ordinary community in which such a condition now exists or where one is presently threatened, and yet what is the significance of the rapid extension of the systems of multiple chain stores and what of the dominance of the department stores which are already being combined into a great chain system?

Is the independent retail store to disappear, and will we be better off if this is true?

Many questions crowd to our mind. Can the little store really compete? Can it deliver the values? Is there economy in the operation of the big institution? Is not a change inevitable, due to economic law? Is there anything unfair in the competition of the big-store systems? Don't the big stores save us money? By what magic do they prosper so enormously, still seeming to confer a public benefit?

Whatever our opinions on these questions, there is no one who can answer all of them authoritatively. The necessary information has never been gathered.

Recently there was formed a national organization of business men under the name of The American Fair Trade League. Among its organizers are some of the most widely known and successful men in American commerce, though none is a monopolist in his field, and included in the membership are obscure retailers as well as prosperous wholesalers and manufacturers.

From the statement of objects set forth in the constitution of this new organization, it is clear that with their first-hand knowledge of trade conditions, the men comprising its membership were drawn together through recognition of abuses needing attention.

For example, among its objects are these:

"To aid in the establishment and continuance of fair competitive commercial conditions."

"To promote intelligent public opinion regarding evils in merchandising methods which operate to the injury of society."

"To study wastes in merchandise distribution and their relation to the cost of living."

"To aid in the enactment and enforcement of laws that will:

(*a*) Prohibit and penalize unfair competition.

(*b*) Prohibit and penalize dishonest advertising.

(*c*) Prevent the artificial elimination of the small business man by deceptive trade practices."

In other words, the "new freedom" demands that the small man shall have a fair opportunity to compete. He must not be stifled by the misuse of the power of his big competitor.

There is nothing of paternalism in this program. The little man is not to be supported at anyone's expense, but he must have his equal chance to succeed if he earns his way by ability and service.

Evidently these practical business men think his extinction is not a foregone conclusion. They consider it worth while to work to give him a fair field and no favors. Their experience inclines them to the belief that mere size is no guarantee of supremacy unless supported by some artificial crutch. And what a sorry outlook for America if it were otherwise!

Yet they all see that the way of the little fellow is improperly obstructed. The door is partially closed to the man who would start out for himself. Those who already possess have an unnaturally heavy advantage. And the members have taken off their coats to work for the reestablishment of equality of opportunity for big and little man alike, each to prosper according to his deserts and no artificial handicaps to any. That is the old American spirit, striving for the "new freedom," which, after all, is but the old freedom, the age-long vision of all fundamental democrats who will never be content while some are deprived of the natural inheritance of humanity's birthright.

These men are not visionary. For the most part they have met the world on its own terms and won. But the manufacturer perceives that he must have retail outlets through which his goods may reach the people and that if the retail market is absorbed by a few great combinations, his future is subject to the whims of those who stand between him and his public. He then has no alternative. The many small stores become as one. He must make what they will take and take what they will pay.

The retailer on his part feels the increasing pressure of his bigger rival's competition. It is not the average values given that he fears. On that ground he feels secure. The big store's operating expenses are high. Out of every dollar it takes in, it must pay out twenty-five to twenty-eight cents for expenses. It exists to sell goods, yet its selling is often intrusted to indifferent, unskilled sales people who do not understand the public's needs or the goods which they are called upon to recommend.

It is an entirely different issue which constitutes his problem. It is the unfair and deceptive trade-drawing devices which he can find no way to meet.

It is not that the big stores are maliciously plotting to undo their smaller rivals nor that little men are any better than big ones. But all are after business and unless proper restraints are thrown around the contest, the strong will trample upon the weak and human experience has shown that too much power turns men's heads and makes them callous to the interests of others whether competitors or consumers. If this were not true, the strongest argument against monopoly would be taken away.

The unfair practices which harass the small dealers are those in which the big ones can indulge simply because of their resources. They can buy full pages in newspapers and fill them with exaggerated statements of values offered which make the ordinary dealer pale into the background. No one could object to unlimited advertising if it adhered to truthful statements; but just as it was respectable until recently for the corporation to contribute to the campaign fund of the political party from which it expected favors at the public expense, so to-day custom sanctions the misrepresentation of values in the printed word and puts too great a cross upon the shoulders of those whose purses do not allow the lavish purchase of white space.

And then the great corporation is financially able to sell certain standard trade-marked goods for limited periods at a loss for the purpose of drawing crowds who will buy other goods at a profit. This device has the further effect of spreading the notion that big stores have some overweening power to give values because we notice low prices on the goods that we know and unconsciously assume that the same condition prevails over their entire stocks.

Thus is our confidence in the power of the small store to serve us undermined and we pass it by. And in each community as one concern outstrips the rest and controls a large part of the trade, it becomes absorbed into the great chain. So the independent existence of the million small merchants becomes threatened. Gradually it seems that the many are destined to work for the few unless present tendencies can be checked.

To be sure there are other factors. The large companies are ably managed; they have adequate systems; they are expert in their business-gathering methods. But these things are available to the small man. They are not dependent upon wealth. And to offset any other advantages which the big concern may have, we must remember that the small merchant is a specialist. He knows his particular line. He knows his community and how to pick for it. There is the individual incentive to industry in the establishment which he owns and which can be kept within the purview of the proprietor.

So the American Fair Trade League says give big and little an unfettered field to show, by service to the public, which is fittest to survive.

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AUG 12 1913

Building an Exposition



Engraved on wood by H. C. Merrill

In one single glance they do things to the mind of a weary-footed sight-seer that universities and libraries could not do

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

***SOME** carefully humanized facts about the present status and the future promise of the Panama-Pacific Exposition: What it will not be, what is practically assured, and what may be expected reasonably.*

MIGHTY oaks from little acorns! That is the first one learns about the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Reuben H. Hale, merchant, planted the acorn. The Pacific Ocean Exposition Company transplanted the sprout. Citizens of San Francisco and environs, the State of California and the County of San Francisco, by bonds and subscriptions, mulched its roots with between $18,000,000 and $20,000,000. C. C. Moore, mechanical engineer, rich by the drive of his own engines, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company by the insistence of his fellows, is growing the tree—at a salary of nothing a month and a cost of $40,000 a year to his own business.

The writer confesses to having come to look the exposition enterprise over with serious misgivings; but most of these have been swallowed up in enthusiasms with which he is now quite shamelessly agitated, and which were kindled, not by the plans of a fair upon paper, but by an examination of certain human cogs and pistons. This, therefore, is to be a story of the men, far-gathered but close-harnessed, whose exhibition of trained teamwork is a better guaranty of the issue of their efforts than any rosy-penciled dream.

The Germ of a Gigantic Enterprise

IT WAS nine years ago, just after St. Louis got the Louisiana Exposition off its chest, that Hale proposed at a banquet that San Francisco should celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal by the first world's exposition ever held to commemorate a contemporaneous event. The proposal took hold of the popular imagination with the grip of an automatic car coupler, for San Francisco, in addition to an enormous amount of local pride, has an Olympian individualism. It hates the beaten track and the dust of other people. In consequence, Hale's idea was hugged and paraded round the town ecstatically for a couple of years; but along came the fire and burned it up. Thereafter, however, at the first stop for breath, Hale dug his little exposition acorn out of the ashes and began to brood over it again with all the solicitude of a papa ostrich for the next batch of chicks.



Dr. F. J. V. Skiff, the greatest exposition man in captivity

How It Sprouted Magically

THE idea grew, and the Pacific Ocean Exposition Company was built to give it temporary housing. Then came the contest. Washington, Boston, Baltimore, New York, and New Orleans all decided that it would be flatteringly comfortable to be the seat of a canal-commemorating exposition; but an Act of Congress made San Francisco's project the nation's. With this distinction, however: San Francisco and California were to pay the bills, and *direct the job!* This had one unfortunate reflex. It prevented the nation from realizing its paternal responsibility to such an extent as it might have done if some of its own millions were being poured out.

Confronted squarely by a stupendous task, San Francisco incorporated the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company with thirty directors, while Governor Johnson appointed a commission of seven men to cooperate and administer the State's appropriation of $5,000,000. The president of the corporation first chosen, Homer S. King, a banker, had only consented to act temporarily, and there was much fumbling about for a permanent executive. The men who wanted the job were not wanted, and the men who were wanted shunned it.

At length the directors took advantage of the absence of one of their number in New York City and elected him to the vacant chair, tied him in, loaded him down, and walled him about with its responsibilities, so that there was no escape. This man was the C. C. Moore already mentioned. Moore was a Californian; he was young; his standards were high; his devotion proved—he had already worked himself into the hospital in raising the popular subscriptions for the fair; he was an able organizer and a forceful administrator. Some people thought he was too adroit to be strong, but they are finding out their mistake. Besides being something of an idealist, he is a man who can hold fast and hit hard, although the first and sometimes the second impact of his personality is a plush-covered suavity that may be altogether deceiving.

Returning from New York to find what had been done to him in his absence, Mr. Moore said:

"I will take the job if you directors, each and all of you, will agree never to ask me to appoint any man to any position."

Seeking a Head

THE directors assented promptly—were so much in earnest about it that they spread upon their minutes a resolution to that effect, and beside it they laid another, providing that no director should, at any time, become or remain interested in any contract, concession, or money-making interest in connection with the exposition.

To these declarations, I am assured, the parties in interest have strictly adhered. This has made possible the building up of that great strictly business organization which now has the mighty task so well upon its way.

The building of this organization began almost immediately. In their very first big problem, the selection of a site, the majority of the directors discovered that they were about as exposition-wise as a basket of Angora kittens. There was signaling for assistance in all directions. President Moore, being a business man, was doing a few sums in mental arithmetic. He knew that if he were building a dam he would gather a staff of dam builders, summoning them, if necessary, from the edge of the world. On the same principle, he set to work at once to gather a staff of trained exposition builders, for, know all men by these presents, exposition making has become a learned profession, and in Chicago was the grand Pooh-Bah and Akhoond of all exposition men, Dr. Frederic J. V. Skiff, whose career began when President Harrison made him one of the National Commissioners to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Dr. Skiff Is Culled Like a Flower

DR. SKIFF is, and has been since its foundation, the director of the Field Museum of Natural History. He has a head like Victor Hugo's, that swells up back and around into a magnificent dome of thought, and is crammed with an encyclopedic range of knowledge. Nor have his attainments gone unrecognized. There are titles to his name and decorations to his breast.

Now it has come to pass that world's expositions are regarded by thoughtful men as of the greatest importance in the diffusion of knowledge. In one single glance they do things to the mind of a weary-footed sight-seer that universities and libraries could not do in a lifetime. And the directors of the Field Museum, being public-spirited men, and realizing that in Dr. Skiff they have the greatest exposition man in captivity, *keep him to lend!*—for the good of the world.

They loaned him to Buffalo and Nashville and Paris and St. Louis, and they were willing to lend him to San Francisco. But this time he did not want to be loaned. He was not looking for any more big



C. C. Moore, president by the insistence of his fellows

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tasks. He was past the meridian of life. He wanted to journey toward the sunset quietly, in the midst of the Field treasures and the museum of his own memories.

But just at this point the exposition directorate displayed one of its very largest bumps of acumen. It insisted on Dr. Skiff. It coaxed and cajoled, and finally got him out—just to look the ground over. This was Dr. Skiff's fatal mistake.

You see, without exactly knowing it, he had in his mind the rather widespread notion that this was to be a coochee-coochee type of exposition; that amusement features would dominate; that they would be distinctive for those superheated, poppy-blown carnalities that are supposed to inflame the human passions in every Pacific port from Valparaiso to Kamchatka; that as to the serious side of the enterprise, it would be a nice little second-class affair. He learned in his first day upon the ground that this impression was utterly false. He saw the most beautiful and appropriate site for a world's exposition upon which his eyes had ever rested; he saw a treasury with more money in prospect for the work than any fair company had ever had before, and he met a group of men with the loftiest set of ideals for a symposium of world progress he had ever encountered.

The whole enterprise was to be instructional—a vast educational emporium. Over the door to every building, in effect if not in fact, would be raised the challenge: "*He who will not learn must not enter!*"

The fact that the exposition was to be contemporaneous and not historical in character whetted the doctor's appetite. It would be different from all other expositions. One would not see the surveying instruments of George Washington nor the locomotive of Stephenson, nor, in fact, anything earlier than the Louisiana Exposition of 1904. That was to set the hindmost mark. There was to be no mere space filling; no mere spectacularizing; naught, indeed, but a stupendous and instructive representation of time's most forward stride in every nation under heaven. No junk! No yesterday! Today—and *to-morrow!* That was to be the theme of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

From Far Kingdoms They Gathered

ALL these possibilities made Dr. Skiff's blood leap. He surrendered quickly, almost humbly, taking service for thousands of dollars less than he might have exacted. Money was no object to the directors; they had to have Skiff. And money became no object to Skiff; he had to have a part in the job. The title they gave him was Director in Chief, and from the moment of his enlistment the enterprise took on the color of confidence.

Exposition men the world over form a cult. Skiff knows this cult intimately—men like Dupont and Sanders in France, Wintour and Smith in England, Vranchi and Zeddio in Italy, Von Stibrol and Pistol in Austria, and so on round the globe—men who can make a world's exposition in and of themselves. From the moment of Skiff's attachment to the Panama-Pacific enterprise these men began to scheme to get into the game.

Upon the ground, Dr. Skiff's first task was to make rules and regulations. You do not recognize the importance of rules and regulations, and neither do I, but they tell me they are the conscience and constitution of the enterprise. Having made these and published them, the doctor turned to and put forth the Official Classification. Again a term that to laymen does not signify, but they tell me it is the embryo of the exposition. Every constituent element of that finished and furbished architectural pageant, glittering beneath sun and stars, and living the aggregated exhibit of human achievement, must first be put down in the classification. If it is not in the classification it cannot get into the exposition.

Nice little task that, to sit down and annotate the achievements of the world, to spell them over on one's fingers and thumbs, and classify them, and paste them in a book and toss the book to the printer, then turn about and watch 625 bare, brown acres, like some huge asparagus bed, sprout palaces whose sculptured façades proclaim the triumphs of art, of husbandry, of war, of peace, and beckon tantalizingly to all the world to come and glimpse their significant interiors! But Dr. Skiff did it.

Classifying the Universe

HOWEVER, he had to have help, and expert help at that; and so at this point he began the building of his staff of expert fair makers, by calling to his assistance Asher Curtis Baker, Captain of the United States Navy, retired, and just the man for the job. Captain Baker has commanded warships in every water; he has had a spoon in all sorts of diplomatic broths; he knows people worth knowing, and some



In the Court of Four Seasons

Watch 625 bare, brown acres, like some huge asparagus bed, sprout palaces whose sculptured facades proclaim the triumphs of art, of husbandry, of war, of peace

who are not, in every quarter of the sphere. From 1891, when Blaine sent him to Mexico as a Special Commissioner on a reciprocity mission, and he lingered there to secure Mexico's participation in the Chicago Exposition and help prepare her exhibit, he has been saturating himself with the knowledge, the nature, and the genius of these world creations.

Fortunately Captain Baker was at liberty, and Dr. Skiff, who had known him for years, turned to his directors and said as Samson when he besought his parents for the daughter of the Philistine to wife: "Get *him* for me. For *he* pleaseth me well."

But Captain Baker was not exactly for hire. He had first to be exposed to the infection; but President Moore, nothing loath, for he wants no cold-collar horses, vaccinated him systematically for some weeks, and



East Axis in the Court of Sun and Stars

"He who will not learn must not enter!"

presently had the satisfaction of seeing it "take" beautifully.

So Dr. Skiff and Captain Baker, in ten months, made the Official Classification, which you may read in an hour and find exceedingly dull; but, as said before, it is the tiny, puissant tadpole of this great project.

The next thing was buildings. The classification practically determined what buildings, but these experts must go farther and estimate how large buildings. Dr. Skiff affirms that "this was the greatest exhibition of high and lofty guessing ever pulled off," but then it must be allowed that all his sentences bloom with superlatives. This gray-haired youth is entirely unable to restrain himself when he talks of or plans for the exposition. He feels that he is be ing the ultimate one—nothing less. While at work day upon the classification a letterhead lay before bearing the usual form "International Exposi The eminent Director in Chief took up a pen with deliberate malice aforethought, scratched "International" and wrote in "Universal." I hav a dictionary by me at the moment, but I have a scrupled to use that word universe unless mea the whole thing—sun, moon, stars, Coney I Guam, the Milky Way, and San Francisco; but Dr. Skiff scruples not. For him there is no ambi too large, no word too adequate.

But before buildings come sites. San Francis most of us know when we do not forget, inhabi peninsula that stretches and south; the Pacific is the Bay is east, the Gate is north. Midway southern shore of this ga a break in the cliff line, cove and half tide flats, ca Harbor View.

The exposition director a sea wall a mile or more length across the mouth the cove, filled in behind and lo! there were 625 primeval acres, the most unattractive, and accessible sites for a world's fair, the only one ever located on the sea. There, hemmed by hills, washed by w tides, where the masts of sh from every sea swing past, enchanted city was to rise

Captains of the Host

THE exposition-mak part of the organ tion, called the ex tive staff, of which Dr. Sk was the head, had been vided into four divisio— Works, Exhibits, Concessions, and Exploitation. Captain Baker, director of the Division of Exhibits, h already been mentioned. But the first division direct selected in point of time, and the one who now su denly became important, was the director of wo Harris D. H. Connick. We might stop and consid Connick for a minute. He is the only San Francis among the four division heads. He had been Assi ant City Engineer; he had installed a high-pressu salt-water fire system that was a marvel of perfec tion, and generally revealed a genius for putting thi across. He was Irishly enthusiastic, Americanly ener getic, and, by the general concave of his countenanc doggedly tenacious—one of those slow-starting, strong finishing types of engineer who succeed, in part, be cause they see trouble before trouble sees them. Pre paredness is Connick's god. He is always expecting the unexpected; hence is of a studious breed. A though not yet forty, he has accumulated an engineer ing library of 10,000 volumes.

When President Moore said to Connick: "He th our builder," Connick, the cautious, remarked fir of him that this exposition imbroglio would be a awful nice little mess to keep out of; after which h recommended the best builder he could think of for the position, and, merely as a matter of intellectual cur osity, went home to his library to see just what th engineering problem of exp sitions was like anyhow. He soaked himself in that kin of lore for three months and just about the time h got to thinking he might do a catch-as-catch-can wres with such a proposition on his own account, President Moo still persisting, came and blindfolded him with a ba of persuasive conversation, an buckled him into the harness

To Connick, builder, th president next added Kelham dreamer; to be more spec George W. Kelham, Chief of Architecture. Kel is tall and Boston bred, New York trained, and San Francisco tried. He came out after the fire, w associated with the firm that built the Palace H and otherwise left his mark upon the new city. Ke ham is not a gingerbread artist; stateliness and grace of mighty strength are in his most favo lines; besides which, he has something rare among architects—tolerance; and another quality which architect ever had before—a sense of humor. Otherwise Kelham, but a year and a half along upon task, would be in the madhouse.

Just to fortify himself, Connick reached out and got Markwart, who built (Continued on page

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Their Honor

By Maarten Maartens

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG



THERE is conflict and drama in this final passage between father and a son. They are oldiers of Emperor William, but uch gulfs between the old and the oung, and between the high and he low, are part of life every- here; Maarten Maartens brings ut the beauty of a tragically stern ld code, and drives it home that he ideal of a man standing by his ledges will never be played out.

HE telephone bell rang in the room beyond.

The General attentively wiped his pen, for the seventh time that after- before rising from the big, bare desk in ak, bare cabinet. The cleared desk fitted, ean cabinet framed, the personality. The General, lso, spare and thin, in his buttoned uniform, sat e middle of his silent room at the War Office, headed, close-shaven, calm-eyed. Against the walls rose tall cupboards and cases, brass- l and locked. Not a curtain near the tall win- full of wintry sky, not a rug beneath the al's feet. Not a rag for the dappled bear hound gnificent beast!—who dozed with his nozzle st the hot-water pipes. Not an ornament except at portrait, signed, of Wilhelm der Grosse, and, e vast writing table, beside a penny inkstand tin dispatch box, the photograph of an old the General's long-deceased wife, in a coroneted

orderly stood at attention. "Melde gehorsamst!" id. The untranslatable phrase, more than any lic conceit, represents the great Prussian achievement. please your Excellency, the ome?"

anks," said the General, who nce said that, deep in thought, little dog which got out of ay. He laid a piece of blot- aper over the report he was g and went out into the antechamber. He had lephone on his table. He was a nervous man. s," he said. "You speak with General von ing. With whom have I the honor—"

ommerzienrat Meyer," came the reply. Ah!— owner of the General Stores which had spread net in the last twenty years all over the Empire, of the richest and most influential men in the whom the old-fashioned General unfortunately ot the honor to know.

ept by name. Oh, he knew him by name, and port!

what can I be of service to you?" asked the ral stiffly.

there anyone within hearing?" came the un- ted reply.

," said the General, far more stiffly still. hank you. I crave your permission, Herr Graf, peak to you for several minutes, in entire con- ce, on a matter of the greatest moment."

cannot comprehend, but I will listen," answered General. "It seems to me that the telephone—"

the only means I can employ. If you will , you will comprehend. I dare not write, and ve not the courage to speak to your face."

listen," said the General, with the courtesy which ds. Wild guesses flashed through his brain anent rument contracts, fraudulent proposals—

HAVE an only daughter"—presumably that chang- ing voice still belonged to the mighty Commerzien- rat—"you have an only son. The daughter is y all I care about in this world. The son?"

hank you," said the General. "You were re- ing—"

o I thought. Herr Graf, I have to confess to Excellency that my daughter has irretrievably her heart to your son. She is sick with love. he doctors say. Now you will understand why efer the telephone."

"I am at your service," said the General. "They will not switch us off." The wish was father to the thought. But he was sure they would not switch off the War Office. And the man at the other end was certain they would not switch off Commerzienrat Meyer.

"You do not know my daughter. I barely know your son. They have met—at balls. I do not desire this match—"

"Nor do I," said the General quickly.

"So I presumed. But I am asking you, through the telephone, to consent to it."

"I must beg—" began the General.

"Listen! My daughter's hand has been sought by men of equal rank to yours. I will make any arrangement you propose—"

"You must really excuse me," burst in the General.

"My son—"

"I fancy I know what he thinks. He would probably be willing if you were. So much I have found out. Never mind how. By paying his friends." The word was in the feminine.

"You surely do not expect me," said the General testily, "to give my blessing per telephone?"

"I broached the subject thus: I am in a hurry because of the ball to-night. You know that I am giving a ball?"

"I was not aware," said the General.

"Ah? Your Excellency does not read the papers?"

"Only the parts that interest me."

"You must find the selection difficult," the man's voice had gained insufferably in assurance. "Your son is coming. All Berlin. It is to be a ladies' ball. Leap Year, you know. She has warned me this morning that to-morrow her—her secret will no longer be—be ours."

"I am truly sorry for you—"

"Let me speak! I have just received that information—thank God!—about your son. The doctors—" all the assurance was gone again—"but I said that before. Herr Graf, I am asking your consent."

"I cannot give it," said the General, choked.

"Let me speak, let me speak!"—squeak he might have said. "I am acquainted with arrangements you have been making about your personal affairs—your family property. Those we would stop at once, change altogether."

"You—you know?" stuttered the General.

"Your embarrassments. That you are negotiating the sale of Schloss Riesenhof to a friend."

"Good God!" said the General.

"I am not a fool, Herr Graf: I am a man of business. I am doing the most terrible thing, for me, that I ever did in my life. I have never asked any man a favor. I have conferred few. But I plead."

"I have received many favors," replied the General. "But not this one." And he hung up the receiver.

He waited for a few moments, in dread lest the little bell again shriek out at him. But it remained motionless. He went back to his bare cabinet, where hung the signed portrait of the old emperor.

What he cared about most, in the first rush of various emotions, was that this man should have pried into his family affairs. He despised Commerzienrat Meyer as the dust beneath—no, for that left him indifferent—as the toad he passed by. He believed he had every righteous reason for doing so. The magnate was what he called a dirty-money man.

HE HAD never looked, in any way, into the life of the Enormous Shopman. He knew nothing of shops except that he never entered one. His servant got what he wanted. His needs were few.

At his club, in his set, if anybody mentioned Meyer, it was always with disparagement of the manner in which the man had acquired that huge fortune. Ugly stories were told against him.

The club and the set were "rococo," said the son.

Of course everybody would be aware, a few hours after the event, that Riesenhof had passed into other hands. The thing would be an accomplished fact which everybody he met would ignore. That was very different from having such a trade creature peering round corners, computing, proposing, suddenly, to buy back the house, with the son.

"A damnable idea!" said the General, and washed his hands and walked out into the blurred winter gaslight, the drizzle of a bleak afternoon. He hastened to his daily game of "Skat" with the three unchangeable friends of his military youth. It was a "Kaffee Skat"—the loser paid for four portions of café au lait and four rusks. That was all.

The intellectual struggle calmed his nerves. He played with less reserve, with more dash, as the three friends noticed, than usual. They understood what that meant. Something had occurred greatly to disturb his wonted composure. Probably, at the War Office, "reforms" of which he "couldn't make sense." "O-o-oh!" cried one of the friends, irascible, half pay, "you had no right to win that!"

"I have lost so much in my life, at least I may win a cup of coffee," said the General, rising from the card table. He invited his partner to have a smoke with him. The other two gazed after them. What had Von Treuling lost in his life? Nothing. The Gräfin.

HE HAD never had much money. His career had been successful since his early opportunity in 1870. He had achieved every achievable honor. And he had certainly never lost a friend.

"You are the best friend I have," said the General, "but there are things a man must keep to himself."

"Surely," replied the other, who had asked nothing, sympathetically smoking. They sat in big chairs, by a wood fire. The General's head was bowed. The other, florid, white whiskered, rested a spurred boot across a pointed knee.

"I have never had a secret from you," grumbled the General—of course he said "from thee." "Not even the old stories one doesn't tell one's wife. I sometimes wonder, does she know those now?"

"Be sure she smiles at them if she does," said the Colonel.

"Perhaps. I am not a philosopher or a theologian."

"By no means," said the friend, as the General paused.

"Frederick the Great was both, in his way, and also a good soldier. So was his father. The father wasn't wise, Klarwitz, in the treatment of the son."

"Wise or not, he was right," said the other Prussian warmly. "And Von Katt deserved his fate."

"All the same—"

"The king was right. I tell you—was right. An officer who helped the Crown Prince to desert! Any officer who breaks his oath deserves death."

"I am not denying it. How much you care!"

SILENCE fell between the two smokers.

"My father was always very good to me," resumed the General presently. "There is no such difficult relation as that between father and son."

"You philosophize more than you are aware," said Count von Klarwitz. "It isn't good for you. Especially as you haven't the necessary strength of brain. And too much heart. I have often told you before; Philosophize like me. I am an Epi—what's its name? Live and let live! Eat and drink!"

"I know," said the General affectionately. Count von Klarwitz commanded one of the finest regiments

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in the service. A regiment so superfine that a marriage with a Fräulein Meyer, however wealthy, would oblige the General's son to exchange into something else. The Klarwitz estates were unencumbered; the Klarwitz quarterings were untainted; the Klarwitz children were prosperous. Count Klarwitz was going to buy Riesenhof, for every penny it was worth.

"Meyer," said the pale General, watching his friend's bright face, "you know Meyer?"

"Fifty. But you mean the Commerzienrat?"

"Ah, you see there is only one. He is giving a ball to-night."

"Of course. No, I do not know him. Some of my children are going. Fritz says he has a '90 champagne—e-e-ew!"

"I can't understand the boys' drinking his champagne," cried Treuling. "It should taste of human sweat! No offense, Kurt! My boy goes there too."

"You are mistaken about the man," said Count von Klarwitz quietly. "He isn't half a bad sort of man."

"Possibly. But his money is bad. No decent person would touch it."

KLARWITZ drew a long breath. "The money is honorable money. Gained in a sphere you and I do not understand. The man's whole career is perfectly honorable. He started in a small town in Silesia, Berlau. Orphan. Penniless. Crippled grandmother. Peddler's pack. The usual thing."

"Really?"

"He had a genius for trade, like Napoleon for war. You and I don't know what trade is. They tell me it's quite simple. You buy in the cheapest market, and you sell in the dearest. That's all."

"What a tiresome way of spending your life," said the General. "And very hard on your buyers."

"Not at all. Not worse than preparing for a war which nowadays nobody wants to come off. It sounds far more decent than finance."

"Oh, finance!"

"Yet bankers are the only traders you and I are beginning to think possible! Five hundred years ago our ancestors would allow no banker to be baptized. We are quite stupid. Meyer at least sells you something. If he were to take your money without selling you anything, you might think him some sort of a gentleman."

"Oh, what does it signify?" yawned the General. "My tailor or my mortgage Jew. I prefer my tailor."

"Meyer is admirable to his employees. They are well paid and pensioned. He is widely charitable—"

"Oh, I know! Fifty thousand marks for the Empress's Fund—"

"And if they *do* want to get some sort of title? But he gives lots in secret. His whole life can bear looking into, I assure you. He is a good man."

"Excuse me, he told me he rarely did a kindness—"

"*What?* You have had speech with him?"

"Only once," said the General awkwardly. "You seem to be quite intimate. Why all this interest?"

THE Colonel clashed the spurred boot—also awkwardly—to the floor. "A coincidence," he said. "My cousin, of the Imperial Cabinet, had to go into it all, when his name came up for the rank of 'Commerzienrat.' There had been some scandal about recent appointments. He said Meyer's money was quite clean, as money goes."

"Astounding!" said the General. And said nothing else for a long time.

At last the Colonel stretched himself. "We have no secrets," he blurted out, his brick-red going purple. "So it's no use, Karl; I must tell you about your son."

The General dropped his cigar and angrily picked it up.

His friend hurried on:

"About my godson. It's good news on the whole, Karl. Never mind!"

"What now?" said the General huskily.

"He is not going to play any more. Never. He has given me, his Colonel, his sacred word of honor as an officer and a nobleman."

"Thank God!" Then, with piercing anxiety: "Kurt, what made him do that?"

"Well, of course he lost a good deal before. One of these days. Last week."

"Again? How much?"

"Thirty-three thousand marks. I'm most terribly sorry, Karl. It was at the Casino. We must get it hushed up. It'll be all right."

"If it reaches the Emperor, he will be cashiered!"

"Not now! There's his oath. He can't go back on that. My cousin helped me."

"Perhaps it would be all the better—I sometimes think—he should go—disappear."

"Your only son! The last Treuling of—" he checked himself, dug his strong teeth into his broad lip. He got up, took a few strides along the empty room, among the armchairs and smoking tables:

"*Not* the last Treuling of the Riesenhof," he said bluntly. "Look, my dear Karl, you're up against the wall, you must leap. Kurt must marry Fräulein Meyer."

"What? You know too? Everybody knows?"

"Nobody knows. Kurt doesn't. We had a long, serious talk. So you can imagine. But it's all right now. I wanted his promise first. Now he can marry. And keep the Riesenhof."

"No, thank God, you have got that. He can't play again. You're a good friend, Kurt."

"I had to be as his Colonel," said the other coolly. "Of course the Meyers'll take him, if he offers. I've never doubted that, and I've made inquiries. Isn't he my godson? And you betrayed yourself just now by your talk about Meyer."



"There was a flower dance—you don't know—that's after your day. She brought in two bouquets. An outrageous thing. Never mind. The whole city knows"

THE General rose. "You are too clever for me. I'm not clever. Where did Kurt get the money, I wonder?"

"From the Jews. Of course that couldn't go on. And if you were to sell the Riesenhof, it'd stop dead. I wish he was different, Karl; it can't be helped." The Colonel held out his hand; the General grasped it.

"Well, at any rate," said the General, "he cannot play again now and live. I've you to thank for that. 'Better dead than dishonored'—eh? Whose motto is that?"

"Oh, several people's. It's a good motto: it means nothing, till it means everything. Good night, Karl. Every word I said about Meyer I can account for. Sleep on it!"

"Good night, Kurt!" The General crept down into the chill turmoil of the street. It struck him cold. His straight limbs trembled under him; he took a taxi. The world moves. General von Treuling was studying, at the War Office, the application of aeroplanes to modern war.

"You drive well," he said gravely at his door; the chauffeur saluted, gravely also. "The young Herr Graf has come in to supper," said the grizzled servant. Indeed? That was very The young Herr Graf lived in rooms, mes his regiment, supped out. He had a bedro father's, rarely used.

THE stiff old man and the smart young opposite each other. They talked, for t man, always courteous, had found an subject, the new field gun. The only seriou personally cared for was horses. He was easy-going; above all, conciliatory. All he had been, noticeably, young Count Treuling Riesenhof. All his life he had revered and his father. He couldn't understand the old man's exactitude. Why fuss? He himself was lessly a hedonist. Do as you like till you're Then do the next best.

They talked, till the General lighted his cigar. The son lighted a "You have nothing to say asked the father.

"No," said the son.

"As you choose. You are to the Meyers' ball to-nig moment! I think you know that I am arrangi the Riesenhof."

"It is entailed!"

THE General smiled will hardly refuse operate, as it goes your card debts."

"I shan't bother to s thing," thought the son.

"There is one alternati It has been suggested to very markedly, to-day. marry this Meyer's child

"Suggested? By whom said the son, haughtily.

"By your Colonel and father. You cannot, anyh in this regiment. The gir ing to have you. I shou have dreamed of the thing man's money been dirty Kurt says it is perfectly

"A shopkeeper?" The his handsome uniform, sta the father in his buttoned

"That or ruin." The drew a deep line on the cloth.

"I don't want to lea Guards. I won't leave it Have you seen the girl?"

"No, of course not." Tha might matter had not occurr the General.

"I have. I rather like to flirt with. She's quite but she's common. That one defect I object to a woman but my wife."

The General sighed be "I cannot help you. I would do anything. I nothing. Are you going to dress? Well and Remember what I tell you: I have nothing cannot pay any more debts. Uncle Kurt is wi pay a fair price for the Riesenhof for Willy sends you this one chance."

"For Willy?" cried the son, by the door. "Fo great hulking fool? The Riesenhof for Willy?"

The General swallowed something more than lump in his throat. "Willy Klarwitz has worked hard at his agriculture. He will make landlord."

"Great God, father! I believe you want to place." The father looked up at the son, and went out. As the door closed, the Genera dropped on his hands for a moment. Then he re his cigar, and burst open, with lean finger, the of the military "Wochenblatt."

HE FELT grateful to the authorities for the new number that night. He read pa ingly, patting, from time to time, the dog of the dappled hound. It was eleven o'clock he went to bed, an hour later than usual. He had recovered its control. He could revert fro nical engrossments to unthwarted considerati own private affairs. Undressing with his scrupulousness, he thanked his Maker for the ful conclusion of that terrible day. They the wall, as Klarwitz had put it. Or leap in chasm, like the Roman—what's his name? Fill up the chasm with the shopkeeper's gold "Gebsorene Meyer"—in some provincial garris and later on at the Riesenhof. Not pleasant, but nowise disgraceful, now they knew the clean. That was the point everything turned General's estimation. "Better dead than dish Marvelous to think the money was actually

The General lay down on his

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

TAKING the longer view of affairs, the most important aspect of Washington politics is the ascendancy of President Wilson over Congress. The public has grown so accustomed to it that they do not get any sensation from it, nor do they realize how important it is. Anyone who can remember or will read the familiar story of the wreck of the Democratic party for twenty years just because President Cleveland did not have the ascendancy over the Senate when he was making a tariff bill will realize how important is the whip hand which Wilson has. It was not easy to get, and there were many weeks during the beginning of Wilson's Administration when it seemed questionable whether he would have it. The issue was exactly the same as in Cleveland's Administration—whether the party should pass an honest tariff bill, inspired by the President and based on the party platform, or whether the Senate should emasculate it into a thing of—to quote Cleveland's phrase—perfidy and dishonor. It is all safe now, in spite of the two Senators from Louisiana, who will vote against the bill. Wilson has a safe majority. Probably Wilson would have acquired this ascendancy anyhow, but he was greatly helped by the lobby episode. Just about the time the tariff bill had passed the House and gone to the Senate, President Wilson issued his public declaration expressing the wish that the lobby, which was misleading the people and harassing public men, would go home. The utterance created a sensation, and the Senate, with the rather joyful intention of "putting the President in a hole," began a lobby investigation. It is no secret to say that the hope and intention of this investigation were to prove there was no lobby, and thereby humiliate the President and weaken his hand. As events have turned out, however, the President's prestige has been very greatly increased, and the Senate, to use a familiar phrase, is now eating out of his hand. It doesn't do it willingly. The other day Senator Cummins made a speech about executive usurpation and interference. It was a strong speech, and at any other time during the past twenty years it would have made a public sensation. Now nobody pays any attention to it. Congress submits to Wilson's ascendancy much more tamely than it did when Roosevelt created and swung the Big Stick. Indeed, Roosevelt's hard-won triumph over Congress in 1909 has made Wilson's present ascendancy easier. President Wilson is not likely to lose his whip hand through any event now foreseeable. He will put through his tariff bill, and that will strengthen him. In all probability he will put through his currency bill as well. With respect to Mexico, the public has perfect confidence in him. The only events which threatened his prestige were the case of the Japanese in California, which was boggled slightly, and the Diggs-Caminetti case. If Wilson ends the present special session with his ascendancy maintained, he can begin the regular session in December with an impressive program of new legislation and a serene probability of putting it through.

Resenting Wilson's Control

MR. WILSON'S ascendancy cannot be described more clearly than in the words of Senator Cummins:

> The influence that has been exerted by the President upon members of Congress, an influence so persistent and determined that it became coercive, is known to every intelligent citizen of the United States. Without respect to the soundness or unsoundness of his economic views, I am opposed to the Executive interference of which he has been guilty, and I intend now, and upon every appropriate occasion in the future, to record my protest against it. . . . Like all misuse or usurpation of power, the evil grows and becomes more and more pronounced, more and more objectionable. . . . I appeal to the spirit of free institutions and to the fundamental principles of representative government. . . . The President of the United States, assuming to interpret and apply the economic doctrine of his party, has laid the heavy hand of his power upon a branch of the Government that ought to be coordinate but which, in fact, has become subordinate. It ought to humiliate us all somewhat when we look around and find that the people generally not only understand the surrender of our rights and privileges but observe it with a certain degree of satisfaction. It is perhaps natural for them to enjoy it because they have gradually come to believe that Congress looks upon itself as inferior, and it is very human to deride a body of men who, lacking the courage to assert themselves, are whipped by a master hand into subjection.

The Republican Hope

RESISTANCE to the efforts of Senators Borah, Cummins, and others to unite the Progressive and Republican parties doesn't come from the Progressives alone. The old standpat Republicans have one asset. It is a poverty-stricken estate, but they cling to it. They hope the nation will have a commercial depression; they think the country will charge it to the Democratic tariff revision, and they believe they can ride back to power upon it. The fact that a commercial depression came after the Democratic tariff revision of 1893 has been used by the Republican party to intimidate the nation for twenty years past, although all intelligent economists know there was not any relation of cause and effect between the two events. Just when the Senate began to discuss the present tariff bill various standpat Republican Senators began to revive the old story of 1893 and predict similar disaster as a result of the present tariff revision. Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado performed a useful service by going thoroughly into the history of the depression of 1893. Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi summed up the facts in this paragraph:

> The whole history of panics is simply this, Mr. President: That undue prosperity, accompanied by undue speculation and general indebtedness, leads to panic, and that, after the panic has come, then, when humanity begins to preserve itself by getting down to a rock-bottom basis, adversity again leads to prosperity. Prosperity leads to panic and panic leads to prosperity. That is the history of the whole world from the beginning of time down to now. Whenever men get to imagining that they are so rich they need not take care of their pocketbooks they run into debt; when they run into debt too much they run into a panic; and after they have run into a panic too much they have to quit running into debt, because nobody gives them credit. Then after they quit running into debt, financial society reestablishes itself. The Wilson Bill had no more to do with the panic of 1893 than my baby son's birth had to do with what took place in Judea in the times of Christ. Anybody who has any sense, coupled with any intellectual integrity, knows that.

Two Varieties of Statesmen

SENATOR ALBERT BACON FALL of New Mexico says in the formal biography written by himself that he is "interested in mining in Mexico." In Congress he is the leader of the movement which aims to involve the United States in trouble with Mexico. A man with a different view of his office is Congressman William Kent of California. Some of his views of international obligations are contained in this formal public statement:

> I fear that we are altogether too prone to talk about national duties and national honor in careless terms. We cannot afford to set up controverted doctrines to be needlessly fought over. Many a man entitled to life will lose it if we heedlessly and unnecessarily adopt or uphold theories and policies that others feel justified in resenting. . . .
>
> *But the lives of American soldiers should not be sacrificed, the people's treasure should not be wasted, in protecting "the property rights" of those of our citizens who, having gone beyond our borders, have "taken a chance" on the laws and conditions of peoples beyond our control.*
>
> **As one financially interested in Mexico, inasmuch as I would not jeopardize my own life nor the lives of my sons to protect my property, I would be a coward and a murderer if I should send any of my countrymen to death in behalf of that property.**
>
> Yours truly, WILLIAM KENT.

An Echo of Aldrich

AN INCIDENT of the historic Insurgent tariff fight of 1909 came up in the Senate the other day. In the discussion of the tariff on gypsum it turned out that this was one of the very few products upon which the Payne-Aldrich Bill made a material reduction. The reason was explained by Senator William S. Kenyon of Iowa:

> It is true, as my colleague [Senator Cummins] has said, that the gypsum industry is the main industry of Fort Dodge. That is my home and that was Senator Dolliver's home. . . . Senator Dolliver, as the members of the Senate know, in the tariff fight of 1909 broke away from his party and conducted a vigorous and courageous fight to reduce the tariff duties on woolen goods. He fought Schedule K. This reduction in the Payne-Aldrich act was made, as I firmly believe and his friends firmly believed, for no purpose in the world but to take revenge on Senator Dolliver.

It should be added that Senator Lodge and Senator Smoot both denied that they had any knowledge of this motive for the reduction in the duty on gypsum. But it should also be added that persons who followed the inner workings of the tariff session of 1909 believe the story. Senator Aldrich was quite frank in his intimidations, threats, and revenge.

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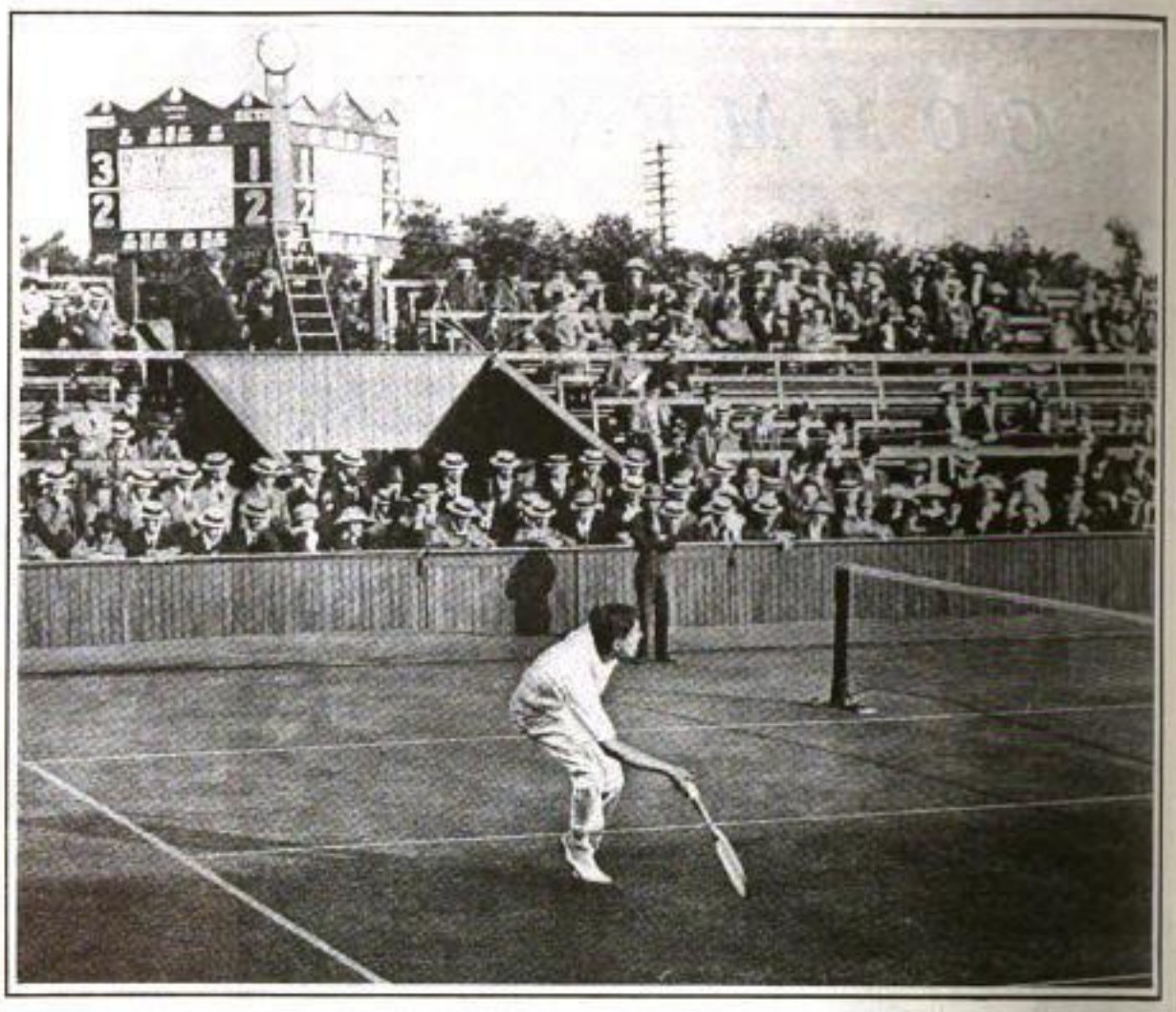
The French magazine L'Illustration, in which this photograph of Georges Carpentier, Europe's champion boxer, first appeared, points with particular pride at the young fighter's "elegant" bearing and faultless dress coat



In the Senate's unofficial's records, Thomas Marshall Sutherland of Berkeley Springs, Va., is distinguished as the youngest gavel wielder that ever sat in the chair of the presiding officer. He is three, and came into his honors as a guest of the Vice President. Though a namesake he is not a relative



The record among collegians for downing the cost of living remains this season in Ithaca, N. Y., but no longer is held by the Cornell man who existed on eighty-five cents a week. Miss Clara Loewus, a student of music, has lived twenty weeks on ten dollars. She earned fifty cents a week by dressmaking and by taking care of babies



Winning the World's Championship in Tennis

MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN of San Francisco, twenty-three, with hair to match a California sunset, is first among several reasons why America has regained possession of the Dwight E. Davis Cup and the international championship in tennis. The cup has been abroad for ten years. The finals in this summer's tournament were played in Wimbledon, England, where the accompanying snapshot portrait of McLoughlin was taken. McLoughlin defeated Charles P. Dixon, the English veteran, in the deciding match of the series, 8—6, 6—3, 6—2. Previously he and Harold H. Hackett in the doubles had defeated Charles P. Dixon and H. R. Barrett of the English team.

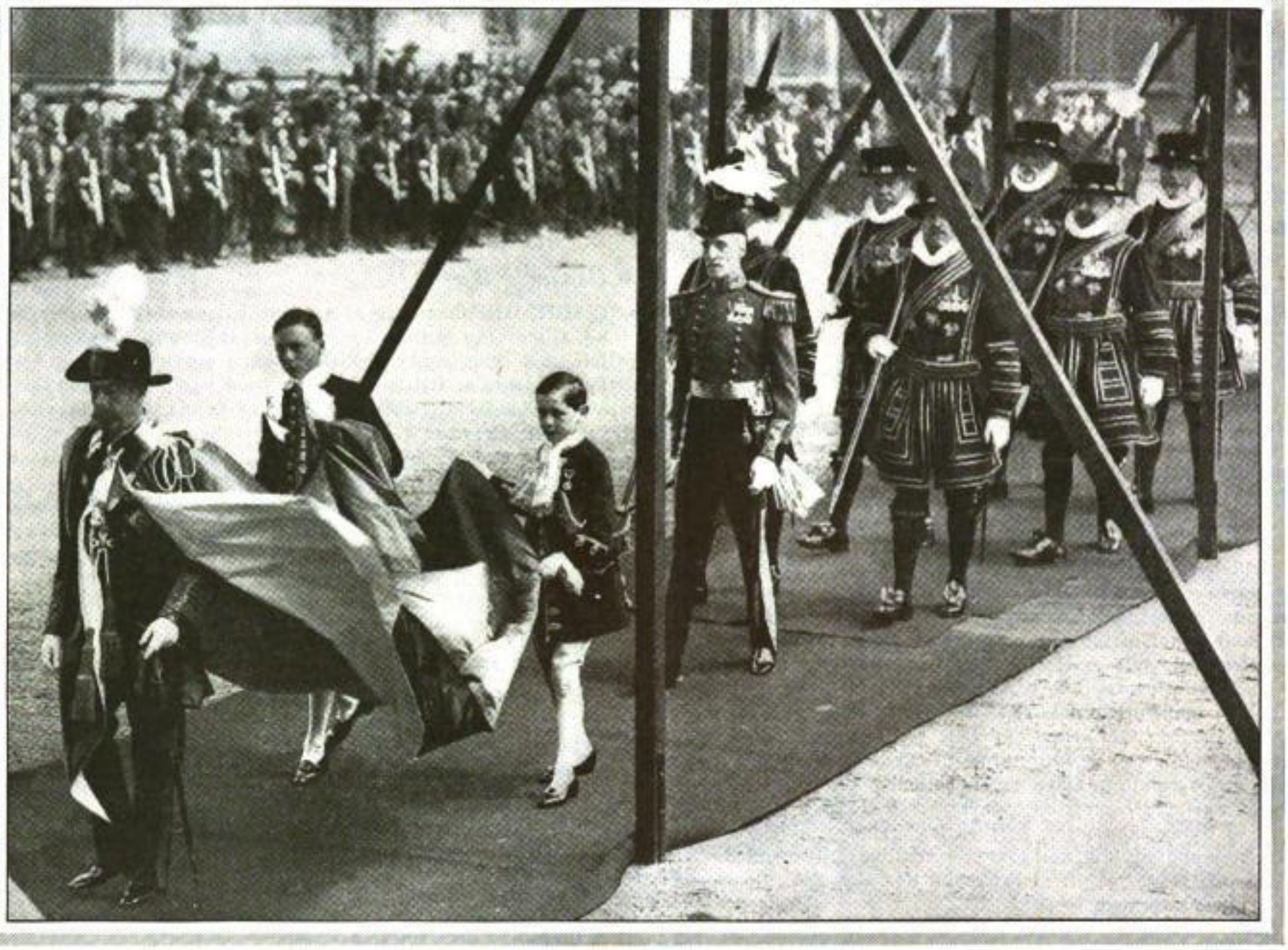
McLoughlin's greatest disappointment was his failure to defeat the English champion, A. F. Wilding. The Englishman declared after the match that with a little more experience his opponent will be the greatest tennis player that ever swung a racquet. McLoughlin's "cannon-ball serve" was the most-discussed feature of a tournament of seven nations.

McLoughlin first began to attract attention when he appeared on the Golden Gate Park courts in San Francisco about seven years ago. He was then only a frail boy, who had taken up tennis for his health. In 1907 he won the San Francisco tennis championship, being then only seventeen years old. Last year he won the All-Comers' championship at Newport after having played twice before on the American team.



A novel compliment to the men behind the guns in the American navy comes from Captain Charles P. Plunkett, commander of the cruiser South Dakota. When asked to order his men to help put out the Mount Tamalpais forest fire, he at first refused, on the ground that he was unwilling to risk the lives of "gunners worth $25,000 each." This sort of government asset has never before been appraised in dollars

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England Revives a Pageant of the Middle Ages

FOR the first time in ninety-eight years England has celebrated the ritual of the Order of the Bath. Nothing but a coronation compares with this mediæval pageant in splendor. Our photograph—the first ever taken of any part of this time-honored ceremony—shows King George leading the procession of knights and attendants from the House of Lords to the chapel of King Henry VIII in Westminster Abbey, the order's old meeting place. No one but Knights of the Bath saw the ceremonies in the chapel. The King wore the same sort of uniform as the other knights, with a red velvet cloak and a jeweled collar. In the procession marched the ranking officers of the state and of the Church of England. A disputed tradition relates that the order was created at the coronation of King Henry IV in 1399.



Though Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has just failed and the "movies" have succeeded in cornering nearly all of the costumes of the old-time Western cowboys, a few impressively clothed survivors of a swiftly passing era are still on view in Mexico. This photograph of Maximo Castillo, the Chihuahua "bandit," and some of his comrades ("x" marks the bandit chief) was taken within the month. Castillo formerly was a bodyguard to President Madero, but now is managing a revolution of his own

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

New York

THE BEST TO BE SAID ABOUT SULZER is that he might have been worse. He might have kept peace with Tammany. Tammany could have gone on with its graft, and SULZER could have avoided the exposures that have followed his break with MURPHY. But let no one hope that New York State will ever be delivered from Tammany by anybody with SULZER's fiber. Between the two, MURPHY has much more character than SULZER—character in the sense of stability and substance. How weak and impossible a creature SULZER is, the public will never know, for his flabbiness is so artless and unconcealed that newspaper men have a weakness for him, and aside from (occasionally) a subtle verbal wink, so to speak, never speak ill of him. As artlessly as a child, he will ask newspaper men to print something nice about him, to circulate a rumor that SULZER is spoken of for Vice President. Moreover, he is far from a wicked man. His weaknesses don't flow from love of money or love of the approval of those who have money, which is the prevailing type of undesirability among public men. He is vain, a ranter and poseur, quite without power of thought. He doesn't know that such a thing as a political principle exists. Politics, according to his perfectly sincere and candid conception, is an occupation in which you make a decent living—and SULZER doesn't care for more—by doing favors for people, by placating this group and that group and the next group, and never offending any group, unless to curry favor with a mathematically larger group, to make a grand-stand play, as in the case of the present Tartarin assault on Tammany. Politics is a better way of making a living than most, because it carries with it pomp and pose, strutting and big talk, and these SULZER likes better than money. New York will never get direct primaries nor any other incident of good government through SULZER.

Siberia, New York

WE HAVE BEFORE US an official document, a report of the grand jury to the court concerning the largest and best-known prison in the United States—Sing Sing. It makes us more deeply thoughtful than anything we have seen for a long time, for it impresses us with the limitations of the function of the press in society. We can't publish this report simply because there are some depths of debasement so terrible that they can't be told in print. At the mere suggestion of the less repulsive part of it, every reader would have a visceral shudder. As far as we can go is to say we have read most of the available literature concerning Siberia, and that Sing Sing is very much worse. While this goes on, and is as well known to the public officials of the State as to us, the governmental activities of New York consist chiefly of a mud-slinging contest between the present head of Tammany and an ex-devotee who is now Governor, the present head having rather the straighter aim and the more tenacious mud. This thing is heavy upon our conscience; we are confronted by the limitations of publicity; will any reader suggest something we can do?

Good Faith—and Good Works

AN AMBASSADOR has been defined as a man who lies abroad for his country. To-day we claim ethical standards for our diplomacy. Yet the theory of that archscoundrel, TALLEYRAND, was not a jot behind ours. He said in his old age:

> If good faith be necessary anywhere, it is necessary, above all, in political transactions; for it makes them solid and durable. Ruse has been confounded with reserve. . . . A diplomatist needs the faculty of appearing open yet remaining impenetrable. . . . But good faith never authorizes ruse.

The "new diplomacy" of good faith, which we date from JOHN HAY's service, is no new invention; at best it is, like the initiative and the referendum, only a new application of an old device. In abandoning "dollar diplomacy," President WILSON and Secretary BRYAN have not, one is glad to note, abandoned this so-called "new" diplomacy. The only regret we have, as regards our present diplomatic service, is that there seems little or no disposition to promote the more worthy Republican incumbents. Our representation abroad will never attain the excellence or prestige it ought to have until the party in power accepts gratefully the inheritance of an efficient foreign service—in so far as it really is efficient, replacing the political appointments of the last Administration with appointees chosen from the best men available. President WILSON has already improved upon Mr. TAFT's record in these appointments—but he can also improve upon his own record as so far established.

Canada's Way

SOME ONE has sent us a copy of a Canadian timber license. It allows the person to whom it is issued to enter upon, "cut, fell, and carry away timber" upon a particular tract belonging to the Province of British Columbia, and has a blank for the signature of the Provincial Deputy Minister of Lands. It ends with this very interesting clause:

> N. B.—This license is issued and accepted on the understanding that no Chinese or Japanese shall be employed in connection herewith.

Suppose that our Forest Service should prohibit the employment of Japanese, by name, by those cutting timber in our national forests. Would not Japanese honor feel itself irremediably impugned? And yet this is just what British Columbia is doing. Why does Japan acquiesce in this and yet protest so strongly against a much less offensive policy on the part of California?

School Hygiene

THE COMMONEST COMMON SENSE would vouchsafe for little children sound bodies in which to develop sound minds; yet 600,000 of them are tuberculous or thin blooded; many have the American ailment, neurasthenia, as badly as their parents; one-fourth of them have eyes that see not or do so at the cost of pathetically painful effort; 1,000,000 of them have ears that hear little or not at all; as many have deformities; one-quarter, being either starved or injudiciously fed, naturally suffer mental indigestion; 30 per cent have unhealthy noses and throats—the mouth breathers, the "dunces" and "vicious" children, who need only the removal of these handicaps to become well behaved and bright scholars; 50 per cent have bad teeth and unclean mouths, which invite infections that spread rapidly among children who, by conveying them home, disseminate epidemics. How absurd to vaunt our public schools as the best ever when three-fourths of the scholars in them need to have bodily ailments attended to! Much has been done to remedy these serious evils; yet obviously the work has only begun. And when the job concerns 20,000,000 children, anyone must see that it has to be gone about in a vast and epic way; men and women teachers, nurses, doctors, sanitarians, builders, and statesmen must together plan wisely and work earnestly in some great and enduring organization, so that every community in the land may benefit by their labors for adequate school administration, in suitable schools, and for medical supervision of the immature occupants. Such a logical coworking will be the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene in Buffalo, N. Y., August 25-30, under the presidency of Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard. All who have a tender solicitude for children, all anxious for the best development of their offspring's vitality and growth, who realize that the health of the school child is a fundamental essential to the health and stability of the State—of whom there are assuredly several score millions of us—all such must be profoundly and should be actively interested in this congress.

Insurance Companies and Land Speculation

A GOOD MOTHER in Israel, it is said, after reading the chapters on the Christian Church in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," asserted that the thing which most impressed her was the sincere piety of Mr. GIBBON! An innocent mind may be excused for such a mistake. Sometimes minds not essentially unsophisticated mis-construe the deliverances in these columns—in which no attempt is usually made at mystifying the reader. A friend in Spokane hails a recent editorial of ours as the first sane utterance he has heard on the matter of investing the funds of life insurance companies. He thinks that we are right in advocating that such funds be unreservedly used in stiffening the real-estate market and bolstering up speculation! Others assert that the doctrine very tentatively put forth by us is dangerous for the same reason. It would, they say, put the huge accumulations of the companies in the vacant-lot business—which is the greatest obstacle to the development of our cities. If we had meant that the insurance companies ought to engage in the vacant-lot industry, a better objection to our idea could be found than either of these. The vacant-lot industry is not only a very great obstacle to develop-

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

, but speculation in unimproved lands is an extremely dangerous
ess for any corporation to engage in. It is based on psychology,
roduction. It is accompanied by a species of insanity, the symp-
of which in its collective or mob stage is the real-estate boom.
of the great financial crises of the past century have been pre-
l by such booms, and there are many reasons for believing that
ooms have been the main cause of the panics. This mob insanity
self-limiting disease, and ends in the bursting of the boom. The
way to make money out of a boom is to get out while the with-
ing is good, and nobody seems to be wise enough to do this. The
which keep the life insurance companies from betting the funds
eir policy holders on this game are good laws, for the funds are
by safeguarded and the country is assured that no misguided
ance company will engage in the business of pouring oil on a
uctive fire. But the acquisition of good lands for purposes of
ovement is a different thing. It would seem that the life insurance
anies might well be permitted to enter this field. Communities
enefited or retarded by real-estate operations just in proportion
nds are by them put to their highest use. And all policies relating
nd, with reference to corporations of all sorts as well as individ-
should be adopted with that ideal in view.

tsightedness

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION of 1915 going to taint
self at the outset by an alliance with quackery? Thus it would
ar from the announced purpose of the management to offer over
ounter the spectacle-selling concession of the enterprise. Protests
the American Optical Association, the American Civic Associa-
and a number of other sources, on the ground that such pro-
re would be prejudicial to the eyesight of the public, have thus
ade no impression upon the guiding spirits of the function as com-
d with the $60,000 or so to be gained. FRANKLIN BURT, Director
ncessions, thus reassures one of the protestants: "I am quite sure
the policy of the exposition as to the protection of their [sic]
ts are [sic] thoroughly consistent;" and President C. C. MOORE
es "that if an official concession is granted at the exposition, it
only be to some business firm of high standing." High business
ding, doubtless. But of what professional standing or skill? Do
two officials hold that protection of their guests' vision is a negli-
consideration? Glasses fitted on purely concessionary and busi-
principles may well ruin any eyesight. As Secretary MYER of
Minnesota Optometrists' Association points out, the managers, on
own showing

> a purely commercial view of the transaction and utterly ignore the fact better vision is not merely a matter of barter, but of professional skill and ce. . . . They state that every care will be taken to fully safeguard the e interest—a promise that has frequently been made before—but the his- of all former spectacle-selling concessions has shown that such promises ot and cannot be carried out.

iously, to adopt the method of selling this permit to the high-
bidder is to invite quackery. Would not Messrs. MOORE and
T do well to consult some specialist on moral and ethical stra-
ms before committing themselves beyond recall in this matter?
aired vision for thousands of guests would be a dire aftermath
heir fine enterprise.

sh!

OW DULL would life be without the country correspondent. From
a thousand obscure hamlets he contributes his iota of innocent
ft to lighten the aggregate burden of existence. At present bless-
are due to some unidentified HORACE GREELEY of North Falmouth,
s. Hark to his tidings of great joy: "MANUEL WHITE is almost
ly to be connected with the town water, which will be a great
enience for him." Convenience! Mark the scholarly restraint of
phrase. Convenience, indeed, with the thermometer at ninety-five
ees in the shade of the electric fan! Transport, rather; ecstasy,
itude, elysium, paradise. Would that we might, at the present
ervid moment of writing, enjoy MANUEL'S prospects and look
ward confidently to being connected with the North Falmouth or
other town water—a double connection, if you please, one at the
of our swooning brain, the other at the further terminus of our
ling spinal column. And if the North Falmouth cannot more
supply Mr. WHITE'S aquatic needs, we might go further and fare
se. On consideration, what we really yearn for is to link ourselves
he Yukon River, and when that has flowed past we should rejoice to act, until further orders, as channel for the Arctic Ocean, being perfectly willing to overlook casual polar bears, walruses, and other fauna of the region, for the sake of an iceberg or two thrown in. Hydrotherapy for ours, and plenty of it! Meantime, hats off to MANUEL! He has gone far toward the solution of the hot-weather problem.

A Poet's Editorial

A NEWSPAPER CLASSIC that promises never to lose its timeliness is "Cui Culpa?" by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS. Though the satire was first printed more than two years ago, it sounds as if it might have been inspired by the recent verdict upon the Stamford, Conn., wreck or fashioned still more recently as a prod to the investigators of the slaughter at Binghamton's factory fire:

> A train collision killed a few; "investigation" came;
> The "probe" was sharp, the "probe" was deep, but "no one" was to blame.
> The overworked dispatcher, true, had fallen fast asleep,
> But that was not the railroad's fault—and the "probe" was sharp and deep.
>
> A hundred souls, a thousand souls were sacrificed to flame;
> The "probe" was long, the "probe" was deep, but where to "fix the blame"?
> "'Twas panic killed the audience; the loss of life was due
> To trepidation of the mob," said Twelve Good Men and True.
>
> Pray God we grow not bitter, but it makes the vision red—
> This hellish truth of crushed-out youth, this tale of needless dead!
> No single name shall bear the blame, go "probe" ye ne'er so deep,
> For the Cost of Living rises high, but the cost of life is cheap.

The Summer Excursion

FORTY MILES up the Hudson River there is enchanted ground, and the people who live in New York City are the inheritors of it. In throngs, with a rush, they are taking their brief spells of possession of beautiful Bear Mountain. The rich communal gift of the late Mr. EDWARD H. HARRIMAN is piled up and spread out in cool green lawn and ragged rock, in chasm and gentle nook, where Highland Lake lies waiting. Such is the seemly pleasure land given to the people of the United States. But to come to it you travel on a steamboat. The company clears expenses by huddling the people in a small unkempt boat, and by letting out contracts to a swarm of venders, who sell "ice-cold milk," sarsaparilla, beer, "souvenir post cards with views of the Hudson River," and assorted candies. In relays these noisy merchants relieve each other, a fresher, fiercer voice taking up the tale of the endless sales when the first throat has told its story. For the four hours of the up-river voyage there is no peace from these tongues. They jab the jaded nerves of family groups with their raucous, tireless touting. To the child's mind they suggest wants which are not needs. They plague the parent and shame the lover into aimless display and a dribbling of expense. The gaudy post card becomes dominant over the placidly unfolding scenery which it pictures. Why must the cries of brass-throated hawkers pierce the brief relief of tired folk? On a gliding river, why need our pleasuring be shot through with the clamor of petty commerce? The restless life of the streets is reproduced on the decks of this people's boat. Let some beneficent millionaire crown the bequest of the Harriman estate by endowing a vessel whence the drink venders are banished, a craft of quietness where the Palisades would have a chance.

The Restless Woman

HER RESTLESSNESS is not the spiritual state of our marching to a victory. Restlessness is the inner life of her who has temporarily lost sight of the goal. She is in mid-channel, where choppy seas prevail. Many of to-day are rushing after something less than their own highest. They need a return of belief and a dispensation of authority. They need a religion and a home. They are so scattered by life as not to win an inner peace. A return to old forms will not bring back the deeper life. When woman ceases to express essential womanhood, when she ceases to express the mothering instinct, she becomes a disturber of the world's work, a slightly exotic deflector of man's efficiency, a troublesome sex machine. Only in motherhood is woman able to win her own center of quiet and man's belief in her. That motherhood is perhaps quite as often spiritual as physical. It is found in the devotion of social workers, in patient teachers, in nurses, in nuns. It is found wherever care for others is steadily practiced—that tenderness and self-sacrifice of care, with its understanding of sin and weakness, which is most movingly revealed in the mother with the babe, but which is shown in a thousand other relationships of life, by women married and unmarried.

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A Michigan City Ruled by Bull Moose



THE first city in the United States to be governed by the Progressive party is Allegan, Mich., the county seat of Allegan County. By substantial majorities the Progressives have elected a Mayor and a council of five. A Democrat has been reappointed to the job of city night watch, a place which he has filled "to everyone's satisfaction" for fifteen years. All of the other offices now are held by members of the new party. Dr. F. C. Castell, the Mayor, whose portrait illustrates this paragraph, is a dentist and never had taken an active interest in politics until this year. The new Aldermen are Clare E. Hoffman, an attorney; M. D. Owen, a manufacturer; Swan Sequist, a retired farmer; Roy Adams, a bookkeeper, and H. W. McIntosh, superintendent of Allegan's public schools. The ticket was greeted with jeers at first, for Allegan always had been a stronghold of Republicanism; but the Progressives carried both county and city.

A Candidate for Alderwoman



ONE of the most startling results of granting suffrage to the women of Illinois is the calm announcement of the "Queen of Chicago's Little Italy" that she has an ambition to become the country's first alderwoman. In advertising that she is a candidate to represent the First Ward in the City Council, Mrs. Anna Blasi is wrecking the peace of mind of two Chicago celebrities who have been voted into office as a matter of course for so long that to hold an election has been more or less a formality. "Hinkey Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse John" Coughlin now appear to be worried about what will result from the addition of hundreds of women's votes and from further complications when the powerful influence of Mrs. Blasi among the Italian voters is withdrawn.



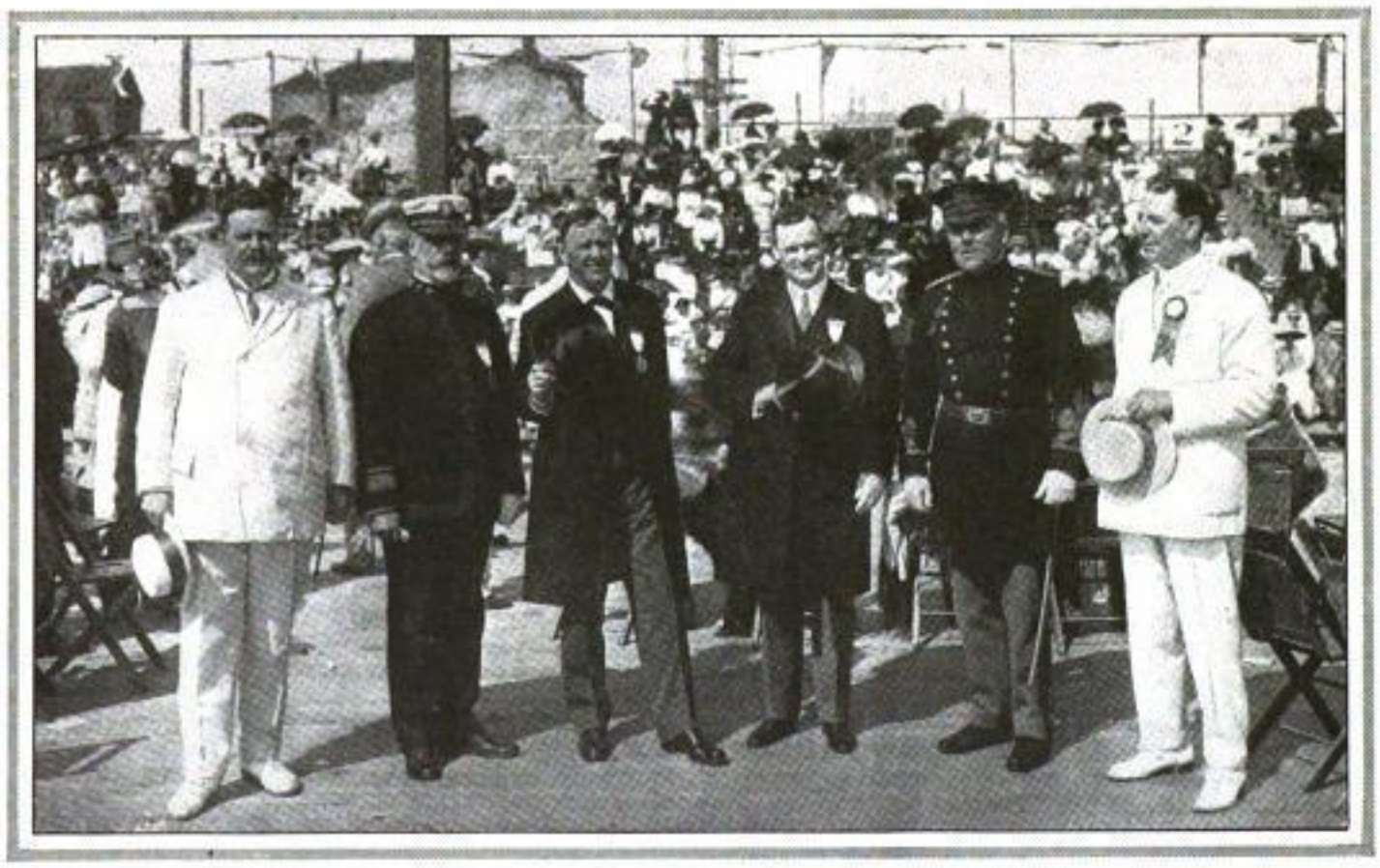
The Romanoffs Pose for a New Family Portrait

A GROUP photograph from St. Petersburg is unusual in that it gives new portraits of the Czar's four daughters as well as of the much-photographed father and mother and only son. From left to right, the group shows the eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga (eighteen), the Grand Duchess Maria (fourteen), the Czar and the Czarina, the Grand Duchess Anastasia (twelve), the Czarevitch (nine), and the Grand Duchess Tatiana (sixteen).



Mrs. Gibboney, Game Warden

THE efficiency of a score of [illegible] now on duty in various parts of the country, encouraged Governor [illegible] of Alabama to appoint a [illegible] warden. Mrs. Norma Frederic [illegible] Aloha, Mobile County, probably is the woman to hold this sort of commission. She is an expert shot, and in making her first dozen arrests of Mobile Bay bird slaughterers has displayed no trace of lack of nerve. Mrs. Gibboney first became interested in her work through a desire to protect birds from game hogs and greedy collectors of [illegible]



A Potlatch with Some Unadvertised Excitement

IN THE course of an eventful tour of the Pacific Coast, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was a guest at Seattle's annual Potlatch celebration, where the photograph, reproduced above, was snapped. Unwittingly, the Secretary, through a patriotic utterance denouncing the "red flag" and lauding the stars and stripes, contributed to the excitement which ended in an attack of sailors upon "Socialists" and I. W. W. men. Left to right in the picture above: Mayor George F. Cotterill; Admiral Alfred Reynolds; Secretary Daniels; Ernest Lister, Governor of Washington; Colonel Charles J. Bailey of the Coast Artillery, and Walter F. Foster, president of the Potlatch.

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"The Spirit of the Lakes"





CHICAGO'S latest acquisition in sculpture is a much-praised fountain, "The Spirit of the Lakes," by Lorado Taft. It is one of the largest pieces of bronze statuary in the country. It measures feet from base to top; and the foundry work alone upon the five figures required more than a year. The group is now being erected at the south end of the Art Institute Building in Grant Park. At this writing, the date for the unveiling has not been set, but probably will be late in August or in the early part of September.

A stream of clear water rising in the basin held by the figure representing Lake Superior overflows and falls into the shell Lake Michigan holds ready; then the flow passes on from shell to shell until Lake Ontario surrenders her guardianship of the water at the fountain's rough base. How the complete group will appear is shown at the right. The figure in the circle above is Lake Ontario.

Chicago imported no foreign talent at any stage of the work. Mr. Taft, the sculptor, was born and educated in Illinois and for twenty-seven years has been an instructor in the Chicago Art Institute. The fountain was cast in a Chicago foundry.



Archeology in a Candy Store

ABUST 2,000 years old and worth more than $100,000 was dug up a few weeks ago in the cellar of a Baltimore candy store. Fifteen years ago it had disappeared from the National Museum at Athens. It is now being guarded by Dr. Alexandre C. Vouros of the Greek Legation in Washington.

A Make-Up Stone an Editor's Monument

THE marble make-up stone upon which Joseph Alexander Howells, as an editor, imposed type for the pages of the Ashtabula (Ohio) "Sentinel" from the days of the Civil War until within a few years before his death, is now the headstone of his grave. Chiseled into the old worn slab are the following lines, written by the editor's brother, William Dean Howells, the novelist:

Stone, upon which with hands of boy and man,
He framed the history of his time until,
Week after week, the carving record ran,
To its half-centuried tale of well and ill,
Remember now how true through all those days,
He was—friend, brother, husband, son—
Fill the whole limit of your space with praise,
There needs no room for blame—blame there was none.

The "Sentinel" formerly was owned by the editor's father. William Dean Howells and his brother were printers' devils in the shop.



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The Angel

By R. N. Wall

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

THE trouble about angels is that usually they are such monotonous bores we are glad to disbelieve in them; but this angel is different; there is no doubt about his reality.

JAMES MOGRIDGE is bartender in the saloon into which I dropped one hot Tuesday night in August. The place was cool, the lights shaded, and the electric fans were pounding the atmosphere into the semblance of a breeze that the more fortunate of humanity were experiencing in reality at the beach or in the mountains. The "Mecca," as the bar was called, was a grateful oasis after the muggy, sticky hotness of the street, and, with a sigh of relief, I sank into a big oak chair by one of the little round tables.

James straightened up as I pushed back the swinging door. He had been standing with his white-coated elbows on the bar, his bald front between his hands, looking fixedly at some small object, flat on the bar, which I could not discern.

Seeing who it was, he grunted: "Hello, kid! Haven't seen you for a week."

"No, I went to the show last night, and I don't poison myself drinking liquor in the morning hours. Kindly bring over the whisky you keep in that Mt. Vincent bottle, ice, seltzer, and two glasses, an it please you, James."

MOGRIDGE looked across in the mirror at the reflection of the clock that hung above his head.

"P'ast ten. Well, you know I ain't in the habit of drinkin' on duty; but, seein' the time and that it's with you, kid, here goes."

He dived under the bar and produced a bottle.

"Concernin' your invidush slurs, this, I would have you know, is Mt. Vincent whisky," he said, placing it on a tray, "as what the label calls for. What you get here, we got in the same package, see? And if this don't suit that high-cultoored and educated taste of yours, it'll be because you've vishiated it hangin' around those cheap Park Row dumps."

As he spoke he dropped some ice and lemon peel into two bar glasses, picked up a siphon, and brought it over to the table with the whisky and the smaller glasses he had already put on the tray. I had opened my case and held it out, filled with good Turkish cigarettes.

Jim turned up his nose. "I will smoke," he said, "but not those coffin tacks that smell like a nigger dressed up for Sunday and sittin' in a livery stable. I knew a guy wonst that used that brand. They keep him over on Long Island now, and he spends his time buildin' little houses out of cards and recitin' that he is the Queen of the May. When I smoke, I want a man's smoke, I do!"

He walked around behind the cigar case and selected a box of the biggest, blackest, oiliest, most gold-banded Connecticuts that it contained. He held out the box to me, grunted as I shook my head, and selected three for himself. Two of them he stuck in his right vest pocket and the other in his mouth. He did not light up at once, but turned the rank roll over and over in the corner of his mouth, while he poured himself out a very modest potion of Mt. Vincent. I followed suit, and, as the seltzer fizzed in the glasses, I said to him:

"What in thunder were you looking at so hard when I came in, Jim?"

HE COLORED a little up on his high cheek bones, where the skin stretched tight as parchment, and, fishing in his left vest pocket, pulled out a picture. Set in a little oval frame, about the size of the pocket mirrors the agricultural implement manufacturers give away at fairs, was a miniature painting of a young girl, a very beautiful young girl, of not more than twenty, limned with loving care and skill. The dark eyes looked out at one frankly and fearlessly from the picture. The hair, also, was dark, and the fine, exquisite features, the poise of the head, the round and slender throat rising from some filmy white stuff, all showed birth and breeding. It was rather an odd article for an old, bald-headed bartender to be carrying. It reminded me of the girls I had known in my old home, south a thousand miles from these hard and garish streets.

"Where on earth did you get this, Jim?" I said in astonishment. "It's a picture of a queen!"

"That's what it is," he answered almost reverently, with a strange huskiness in his usual jeering voice. "That's what it is, a picture of a queen. And she give it to me, like them queens of old ust to give gages to their knights—I've read about 'em. You know I kinda like to read them historical novels nights I ain't on," he added deprecatingly.

"Well, Sir Knight, methinks I scent a tale in this, gadzooks, 'odsblood, or the favorite words of the novel you like best! Spit it out, Sir Jim," I gibed.

"Now, look here, kid, if you get fresh over this, you won't never know nuthin' about it," said Jim, rather hotly. Then, cooling himself with his highball: "You keep your chin in, and I will tell you what happened to Uncle Jim last night. But just as quick as you start that battin' tongue of yours into the narrowtive, it's all off; see?

"It was just about this time last night. The place was empty. There's no sense in our keepin' open these summer nights after nine, anyhow; but the boss thinks if we closed there'd be a line outside the door waitin' their turn to get in to buy wine. He had come in himself, the boss, and was sittin' right here at this table, figurin' on the back of an envelope. Tryin' to estimate the general run, ratio, and average of knockdowns, I guess.

"I was tryin' to extract some news from the 'Telegram'—by the way, I see Matty won his game to-day, good old war horse—to try to relieve my ongueo, when the doors swing and in comes a young fellow, about your build, slim, dark, and kinda wild lookin'.

"'Say,' says he, in a rush, 'could you let me have a little port wine in a bottle and a piece of ice? I do not like to ask strangers for things; but I have not a cent to my name and my wife has fainted from the heat. I live just around the corner, and I will pay you as soon as I can. I shall be grateful all my life.'

"Before I could answer, the boss turned round and butts in. His figurin' couldn't have pleased him.

"'Say, bo,' he says in that rough way of his, 'can't you give us a newer tale than that? I've been hearin' about sick wives and sick mothers and sick babies dyin' for a drink ever since I been in the biz, although I must admit that port wine and ice is a little change. Usually plain old booze, hot, cold, or lukewarm, is satisfactory. If I passed out a bottle to every panhandler that tried to work me for a free drink, I'd soon have a red flag hangin' out front for a sign.'

"THE young fellow stiffened up like the boss had struck him, and turned a bit whiter than he was when he come in, if possible. I noticed his clothes were old but clean, and he didn't look like he crooked the elbow.

"He started toward the door, but stopped. 'My God, man, can't you see that I'm not a tramp?' he cries out. 'Do I look like a man who would try to deceive you for a little wine? Are you brute enough to let a woman die for want of a little help? I'll pay you just as soon as I can, I tell you!'

"The boss looked kinda shamed. You know, he's bad at the bottom, just rough, and I could see he jumped without thinkin', without meanin' any really, and that, on sizin' up his man, he knew he was in wrong. All the same, he couldn't back out graceful. He says to me:

"'Jim, you take a quart of that XX port and a piece of ice in a basket and take buddy here to. If it's straight, leave the stuff. But if he don't up the goods, you beat his sassy little heel Hear?'

"I GRINNED, grabbed a bottle of port, the twenty-pound chunk of ice out of the box without changin' my white coat, I went out the boy and down the street. The kid passed his across his drippin' forehead.

"'They're awful,' he says, 'these big cities. from South Carolina, and we've been here since winter. I'm an artist, a painter. That is, I the I was,' he goes on, bitterlike; 'but it does seem my work is no good. I can't sell it. Our room around the corner—five flights up,' he says.

"The place was one of them old rookeries ought to have been torn down years ago—dark, dirty halls; close little rooms; the whole musty and smellin' of sweat and boiled cabbage. Those five flights were a pull. He took me to of a room about as big as our broom closet, and most as much furniehoor. One gas jet, with burner pinched together so they couldn't get extravagant, gave just enough light to see how bare place was. On a sort of couch, made of old boxes guess, and covered with some beclothin', a girl was lyin'.

"Yes, this one in the picture, only she didn't look She had on a cheap white dress, her hair had come loose, and she had the whiteness of death on her. roses in her cheeks like when this paintin' was On the floor beside her was a bit of embroidery, in' to a couple of them

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"'Here,' I says to the lad, 'when'd she have anythin' to eat?'
"'This mornin',' says he; 'but it wasn't much'"

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John Evan's Last Resort

By Susannah Frances Zearing

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

THERE is a kind of Old World fragrance and kindliness about this tale of our American melting pot. The Latin guile of our Italian brother, the American shrewd business sense that cannot resist sentiment—both are shown up here with a feminine humor at once ironic and sympathetic.

IT was the second summer after John Evan became a country gentleman that Angelus first came to us, with a smile in his eye, guile in his heart, and on his lips a fervently expressed desire to "buy chick', roostie, an'thing," for his poor, so-sick sister.

John Evan has his good points; it was after due consideration of these that I was induced to go through the marriage service with him once, a good while ago, but though I have never deeply regretted that serious step, I am bound to confess that along with the good I've taken the weak, and along with the weak (a mad combination), the unruly, and it was during one of the periodical orgies of these two in his fertile brain that John Evan went into the chicken business.

WHEN John Evan wants something new to play with, one may as well save oneself doctor bills and nervous prostration and appear discreetly speechless. The chickens, fowls, John Evan carefully calls them, were accordingly bought, great monsters, nearly as large as cows, that stalked about seeking all things devourable, but John Evan lived in a state of perfect beatitude; and when I discovered that my hearty dissatisfaction only served to enhance his enjoyment of the delights of that lawless country, I determined to hide it completely until a day when, I hoped, it might affect him differently.

But as this is not a contribution for the edification of chicken fanciers, I shall boldly skip the rest of the poultry annals up to the time when Angelus, brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-skinned Angelus, with his chin new mown, came riding up on his "bisittle," like a new-fangled centaur, to buy chick', roostie, an'thing, for the transplanted lady of Milan who lay sick of a fever. Angelus hailed from the mining camp, down the river road, halfway to town, where another of John Evan's ambitious schemes had burst forth ten years before in the shape of fifty miserable boxes for rent, which he ceremoniously called tenant houses.

John Evan always respectfully refers to himself as a "kind-hearted man," and I was compelled on this occasion to believe that he had classified himself correctly, for Angelus went off triumphant with his chicks; the best of the flock they were, blooded villains, with oceans more of pedigreed ancestors behind them than either John Evan or I dare boast of; and Angelus purchased them for the nominal sum of twent'-fi' cent 'piece, because "sister she sick—you rich. Her die, mebbe. Schwarz big bill." Schwarz is the undertaking trust at Coal Valley.

SISTER apparently, however, had neither galloping consumption nor anything else alarmingly speedy, for, as the weeks passed, Angelus still came for chick', and with Schwarz's big bill constantly dangled before him, John Evan still parted with his heart's dearest for twent'-fi' cent 'piece, until one dark day, unluckily he found Angelus engaged in a desperate deal with one Paul Costello, who keeps an interesting meat emporium in Coal Valley. Angelus, holding two of our best Brahmas, was giving expression to his injured feelings in very fluent Italian, with a clear, familiar 'Nite States swear here and there for punctuation. By means of a friendly interpreter, who stood close at hand and who liked the jingle in John Evan's pocket, that misguided man discovered that "Angelus was great hot because Costell' no give doll' pair chick' like udder all summer. Costell' want give seven'-fi' cent." Thus was revealed the perfidy of Angelus, thus did John Evan find himself once more blessed but without increase of wisdom. I did foolishly think at the time that he would beware of the wily chicken trader in the future, but John Evan's mind is no ordinary one.

When John Evan isn't raising chickens, he is in the bank in town, to which honored institution John Evan most rightfully belongs; but it was a bank holiday when Angelus next bloomed on our horizon, or on mine, to be exact, for John Evan had posted off at three in the morning, with a parcel of vicious men, to fish. How could one be ungracious to such a



That misguided man discovered that "Angelus was great hot because Costell' no give doll' pair chick' like udder all summer. Costell' want give seven'-fi' cent"

bowing, smiling Angelus, conducting himself through every describable contortion of admiration and respect, when one had been so slightingly treated by one's husband? And that humility, that Old World inferior-to-superior deference, what can it ever be but balm to the hungry soul of the missus who has 'Merican help, with a pa owning two farms at that, and plenty able to keep her? As for Angelus's deceiving John Evan, why should I care? Who was he but my own worst enemy? His foes were my friends, and Angelus and I were allies clearly enough.

"How do you do, Angelus?" said I.

Oh, the glory of the man! He was adorned with a picture button of King Humbert perilously approaching life-size, and the rest of his costume was in strict accordance.

"Howdo," sweetly, "where man?"

"Fishing," this severely.

"Ah-um! Say, missus, I no treat your man good. I sell Costell' your man's chick', make mon'. I do for buy orange, banan' poor sick sister, me so poor," and he gazed at me tearfully. "Her nus' hab banan', me nus' sell angel man's chick'."

"Well, Angelus, Mr. Davis is really angry with you. He thinks you told him lies to help you make money, and he thinks you are a bad man."

"Oh-h, missus, me bad! Oh-h-h!" This with a groan of agony, and then a deep sigh as if he would say: "Me, the pride of my mother, the boast of the village, the pet of the padre, me bad? How can you think it?"

This paroxysm was soon over, and it was with comparative calmness that he said: "Me want buy house, your man, down by lomberyard and alvator. You please ask man, please. Angelus pray for you Blessed Lady. See, missus, me been Italy; me got one woman, come back yes'day, bring wife long, me want house," and there suddenly gleamed forth all the radiancy of the new-made benedict, what John Evan in his more quarrelsome moments calls the smile of the sightless.

"You must come and see Mr. Davis, you know, Angelus. I think he will sell you the house, but I am not sure."

After confiding numerous incidents of his personal history to me with a reckless disregard as to whether I understood him or not, Angelus made his exit. Here was a full-fledged opportunity to see myself avenged. John Evan had gone fishing in spite of pleas and threats and here was I left for a mess of fish, to stitch away at this idiotic Battenberg, and—O blessed Angelus!—to ruminate upon John Evan's downfall. And I sat that long, buzzy, drowsy afternoon, thinking what a tremendous joke it would be if that little black man should twice lower John Evan in his own estimation; for I knew, if any transaction whatever occurred, that Angelus would not come out behind. So much for prophetic instinct when guided by experience. I decided, at last, that my course must be a silent one. I might say exactly the wrong thing and I must let Fate and John Evan and Angelus argue it out.

THE edifice in question stood, as its future owner had said, down by the lumberyard and elevator, and was, and is, a noteworthy disgrace to occidental civilization, a black, unpainted hovel, early in its history christened the Last Resort. The Last Resort it had remained, and for the last three years had been the happy home of old Harrigan and his Nora, and the scene of many a fray with frying pans and stove pokers for weapons, all of which John Evan said was not our affair, since the Harrigans paid their rent, an act of which, more's the pity, a good many of John Evan's other constituents would scorn to be guilty.

Some time after the stars had appeared, John Evan returned in company with six small, unhappy-looking fish. After a solemn exchange of civilities, I related to him in an indifferent way, merely as a matter of business, the fact that Angelus had called and, of course, that he wished to become the laird of the Last Resort. To my surprise and delight, John Evan took on an expression of rapture.

"France, not the Last Resort?"

"Yes, verily, the Last Resort. He told me that he took six Italian fell' down there, and after surveying the grandeur, they advised him to buy. You may have forgotten that it stands far removed from the camping ground most favored by the night marshal."

JOHN EVAN was in high glee. The mere thought of getting the Last Resort out of his name seemed to fill him with a wholly selfish joy.

"He's a slick one, that Angelus. He has a big influence among the Italians. All the camps swear by him, not only Coal Valley, but Delmar and Drumtochty and St. Edwards as well. He's a rascal, but his money's as good as the next one's and business is business."

So it was when Angelus flourished up before us the next morning just after breakfast; but such a diplomatic, unforgiving John Evan as he had to cope with!

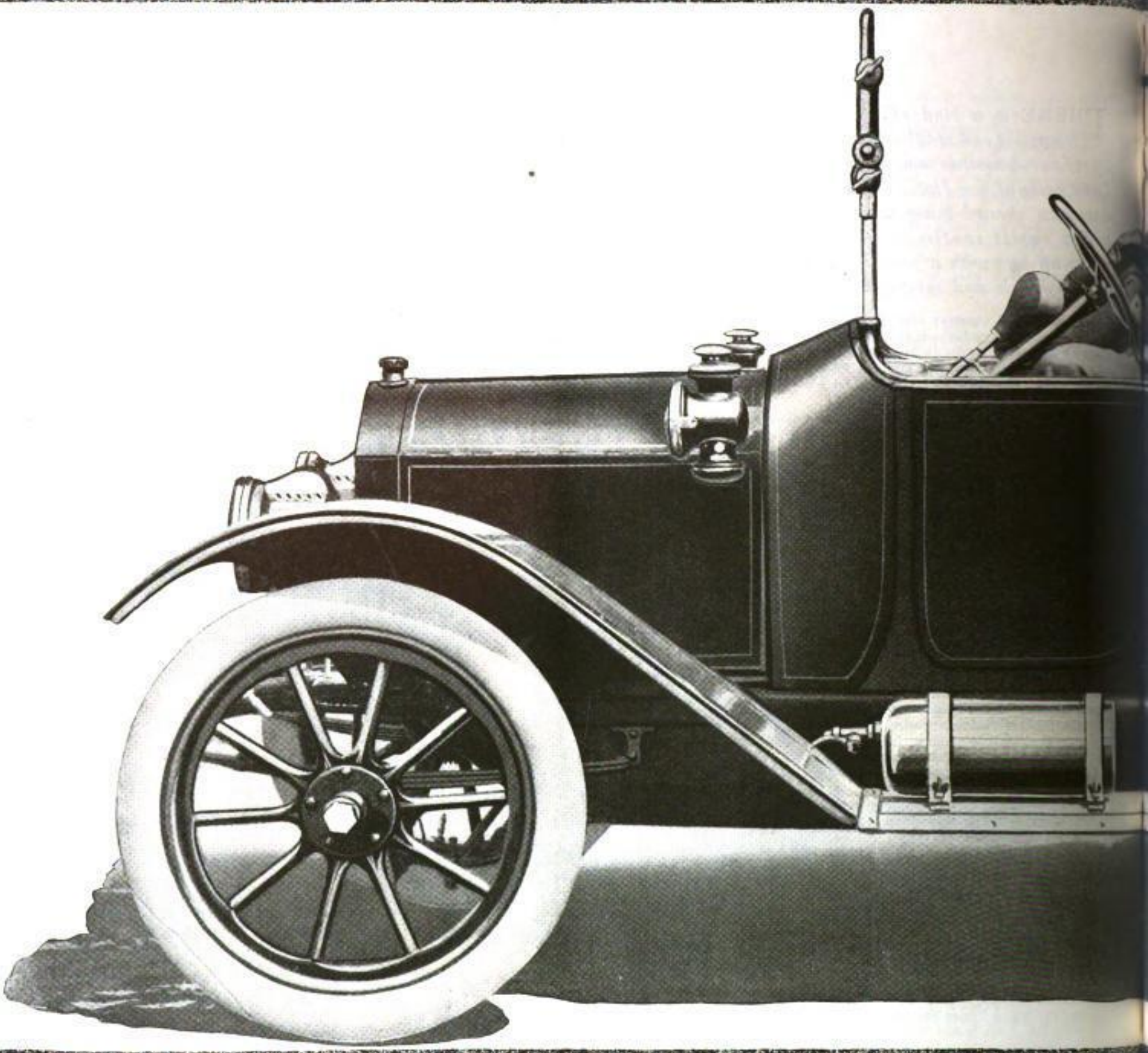
"No, Angelus," with the air of a swindled benefactor, "no, I can't deal with you again. You were dishonest once. You told me lie, boy," with a growing desire to make himself plain, "and I no believe now." Then followed Angelus's set form of prayers and explanations, and little by little a softened John Evan appeared. Finally, as they both foresaw in the beginning, the bargain was made, to be clenched in town the next morning.

"France," said John Evan that afternoon, "one hundred to you to help along your Chicago trip Saturday." As I have said, John Evan has his good points.

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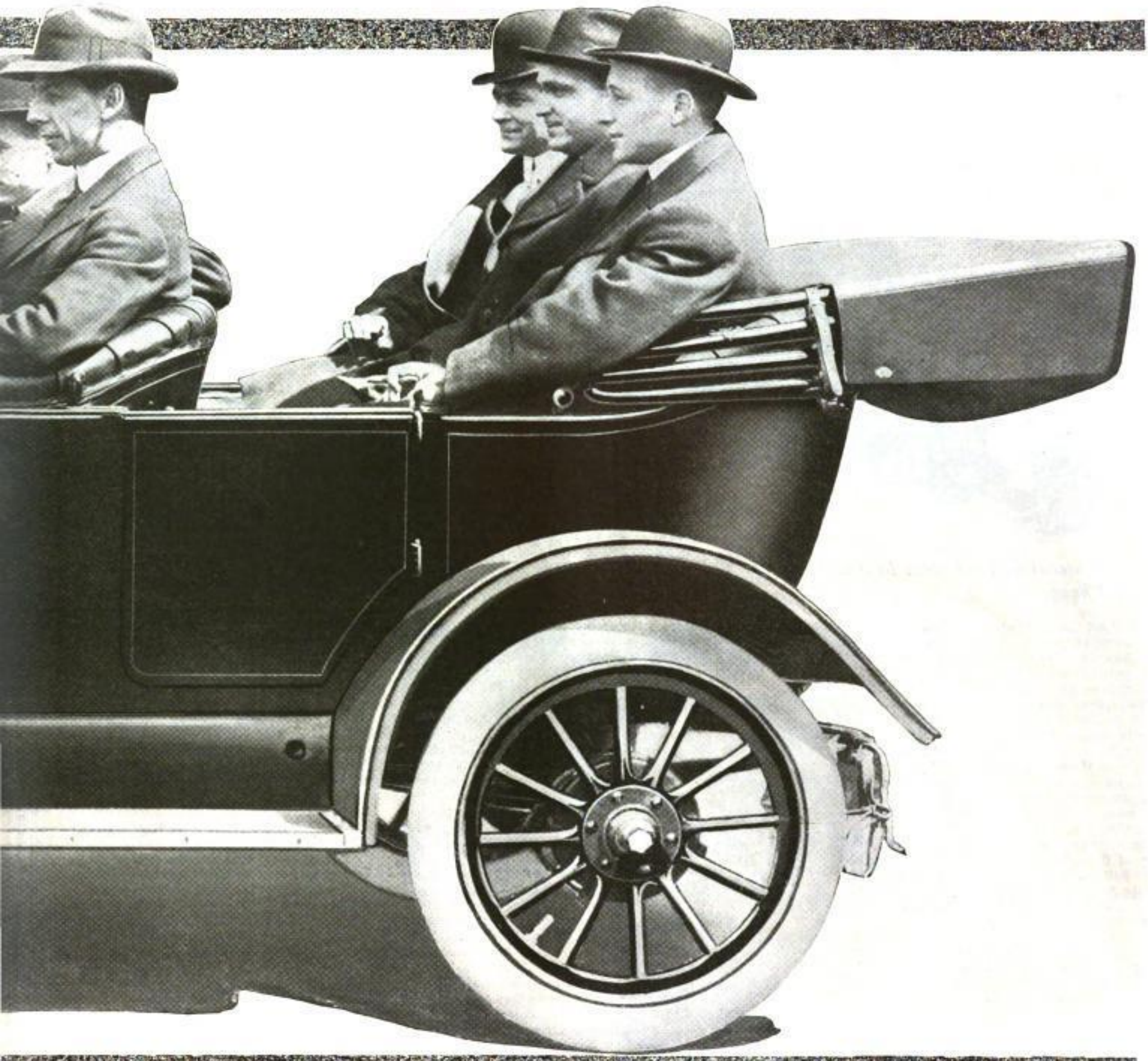


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At the County Fair



"The 'hoss race' at fairs seems a natural product of the soil" . . .

By Arthur Ruhl

One Steadfast Institution in a World of Change.

IT WAS that brief and beautiful time following the ovenlike heat which ripens the corn. Grain and hay were in; threshing done; the corn, ripe and only hardening now, hung heavily on the yellowing stalks—this was the time when the farmers used to put on their store clothes, hitch up the double team, and drive the family to town to see the county fair.

The fair grounds in our town, however, had long since been transformed into a municipal playground, where the curious present generation plays tennis and sits on esthetic stone benches, or, if very youthful, climbs up an inclined ladder to slide down a fancy copper-lined adaptation of the old cellar door. So it is with only half-hearted credulity that I climbed on the 10.44 local for Galena, where, somebody said, the county fair not only survived but was this very week going on.

GALENA is the county seat of Jo Daviess County, and the town Grant came from. I asked a man on the station platform—he was an unhurried-looking man, smoking a pipe, as might a baggageman or some sort of keeper of the gate—where Grant's house was.

"Come along this way," said he, starting down the platform, "I'll show it to you." I told him not to bother. "No bother at all," he sang out, pushing through the crowd—it was late that afternoon, and they were returning to the little towns down the line—"you can see it from the end of the platform."

"There," he said, pointing to a square brick dwelling several blocks distant, on a hill, "on the corner behind them trees. . . . It ain't nothing of a house."

For a moment he studied the prospect. "That house is in better shape now than it ever was—I've lived right here fifty-four years myself. Why, the Government's appropriated $5,000 a year just to keep it up, and they got a man to take care of it and show the relics."

I asked what Grant did before the war began. "Why," said he, pointing over toward the low brick buildings that line Galena's main street, "he had a tannery—right over there. He couldn't a-got a sack of flour on his name. I know all about him—I've lived right here fifty-four years myself. . . . He picked up, though. He picked up."

THE train started then and I started, too, but the man with the pipe called after me. He was holding the pipe aloft and beaming cheerfully, as if to reassure the stranger ere he left. "He come to the front, all right," he shouted.

At Apple River, on the way over, a tanned young farmer, with two youngsters wearing suspiciously large, bright bow ties and looks of anticipation, got aboard; at Scales Mound there were hitched in a row across from the station fifteen or twenty farmers' buggies, the owners of which took the train for the remaining twelve miles; when we arrived at Galena there were the identical busses of old—"This way for the fair grounds!"—and a moment later, having paid our thirty-five cents to the man at the gate, we emerged, through a moss-covered board fence, into the identical county fair of twenty years ago.



The young man who thought touring the county fairs was "just like camping out"

There was the half-mile track, and the crowd hanging over the fence, and the locomotive bell in the judges' stand even now calling out the horses for the two-twenty pace; there was the crowd tramping about under the oak trees, the cheerful song of the merry-go-round coming over their heads, and here, just mounting his platform, in front of a row of faded banners depicting hourglass ladies wreathed with snakes, and the horrendous two-headed Chinese Paluca, with human arms and legs hanging from his dripping jaws, the "barker" for Congo the Gorilla Man—oftener known as Bosco in our day—about to begin his address. Wireless has come—at the Beaver Dam Fair, Jimmie Ward the Birdman was casually mixed in with the trick ponies and the equilibrists—but the cruel finger of Time has not touched the Wild Man.

He was concealed, so we were told—as we stood in a wary semicircle twenty feet away in spite of the barker's appeals to gather right around close—in the canvas pen into which the barker peered from time to time and poked with his heavy iron trident. A youth tightly wrapped in a red cloth, over which the barker had been making passes, also stood on the platform, presumably in a state of rigid hypnosis.

"Now," began the barker, pushing his derby hat back from his brow and dropping the trident with a thump close to the subject's feet, "now, before I show you how little feeling he's got—and I want him for to tell you your name, how old you are, number of your watch, an' how much money you've got in your pocket—I want to call your attention to Congo. Congo the—"

A series of yells issued from the canvas pen, and the barker, turning and listening with interest, again faced his audience.

"There he is," he cried, "a-roarin' an' cryin' for meat! It's all the poor creature knows—to roar an' cry for meat!

"Well—we won't have him long. At one-thirty this afternoon we received a telegram from General Stanton of the United States army at Washington saying: 'Bring Congo back to Washington!' And what did *that* mean? It meant, ladies an' gentlemen, that they're a-goin' to experiment on that poor creature, they're a-goin' to di-sect his brain to see whether he is a man *or* a gorilla!"

AT THESE words another dismal roar issued from the canvas pen.

"There he is, that strange creature, half man an' half beast, in a den with seventeen deadly poisonous snakes, a-strikin' an' a-bitin' at him. Cober snakes, they are, which cause the death of more'n 200,000 Hindus each an' every year in India. The cober strikes his victim and paralyzes his spinal column in three minutes. There he is—that strange freak o' nature—man or gorilla, gorilla or man, who knows? Caught in the jungles of South Africa and loaned to us by the United States Government before the men of science begin to experiment on him. 'Treat him kindly—feed Congo well'—that was their orders to us, an' now if you'll step this way—ten cents is all it costs you—I'm a-goin' to give him ten pounds of raw meat!"

"Ten pounds of raw meat!" roared the barker with a sudden access of energy—were the promise carried out, Congo must have consumed ere this, that day, close to a quarter of a ton of beef—and then he withdrew, while his partner stepped forward with tickets. The barker jabbed again with his trident, and the unseen occupant bellowed till the welkin rang. The crowd dispersed, satisfied apparently that the barker had enacted his rôle as tradition prescribes—these things are fixed by some unwritten but inexorable law, like the salutations of acrobats and bareback riders, or the way the leading lady winds her skirt about her when she sits down—and only a few



"As the trotters came jockeying down toward the wire, a furlong or so away" . . .

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accompanied by their best girls or more reckless than the rest, ventured their dimes. They beheld a boy, inexpressibly bored, with a long-haired wig, and face and arms carelessly daubed with burnt cork, squatting in one corner of the pen, and poking with a stick a half dozen black snakes, even more bored, if anything, and stiff with cold, huddled in the opposite corner. And as this also filled the specifications which tradition lays down, and nourished their innate American craving for being fooled, they departed with great satisfaction for the show next door.

ONE thing, it soon struck me, was not the same—there was a lack, disconcerting to the sentimentalist, of athletic candy men throwing over hooks and pulling white, massive pythonlike loops of "Elgin honeycomb cream chewing candy." This, in our day, was a fair's principal reason for being, for a generation whose present equivalent all seemed to be licking away at machine-made ice-cream cones. I asked a concessionaire at the Beaver Dam Fair a few days later what had become of the candy that used to be boiled in a copper kettle before the investor's eyes behind the candy man's tent. "I guess they made too much money off o' that," he retorted. "Too easy cartin' all that iron around." Another, a more sympathetic soul, for he had been following the county fairs for eighteen years, said that it depended on where you were.



"Now that little lady . . . has spent nine of the best years of her life in the harem! That's what she's done, folks" . . .

"Now, down 'round Elkhorn"—the Walworth County Fair is a famous one—"they'll buy it as fast as you can make it. Here at Beaver Dam you can't give it away. It's queer about that." In the old days the insiders, tramping from booth to booth, knew to a minute which candy man had finished boiling and was about to pull. You then stood round until it was white, and at once demanded your "yard," cut off, still warm, with scissors from the parent stem. It was this that I had been holding out for, but even the ancient had none.

"Try this, though," he suggested, pointing to some pink slabs done up in paraffin paper; "some of this strawberry. That chews up good. It chews up all right."

It is at fairs like this that the "hoss race" seems a natural product of the soil. No pallid mob of office slaves here shrieking "*Come, you* Bluebells!" while the contents of the weekly pay envelope tremble in the balance. The crowd looks on with the keen, quiet, and appraising interest of those accustomed to horses in their day's work—hands in their pockets, hats pulled low over their eyes. A man will drawl "Well—I'll take that sorrel mare against the field"—or perhaps nothing at all. That young man over from Apple River with his best girl, in a spindly buggy drawn by two slender, long-tailed bays, might drive out on the track just as he is and do better than three minutes. Races here mean, of course, trotting or pacing races. The "gallopin' race," as I heard one speak of it, is a trifle foreign and bizarre, more at home in Kentucky or Virginia.

THEY had one, to be sure, as a sort of dessert, at the end of the program, a half-mile dash, run in "heats" like the trotting races. Four horses were entered, two wispy campaigners, trained to the game and to be sold at auction the last afternoon, and two sober animals from the neighborhood. The first two broke like rabbits and were called back, over and over again, until they were panting and wet. The eminently respectable local representatives, as innocent of what was expected of them as the embarrassed youths on their backs, stood at the post as if they were having their pictures taken. The starter himself finally had to come down from the stand and get them off. "Pull up his head, so he knows he's in a horse race!" he admonished one of the quaking youths, and grabbing the bridle of the other horse, prepared to swing it round, he cried: "Now! When I let go—go to the gun with that mare!"

Distinctly a "live wire" was he, that starter—a slightly stooped, ruddy, bright-eyed man, up to all the tricks of the trade—"all horse." The fair revolved about him. He called out the trotters, started races, announced results, and between heats introduced the crowd to the Daly Brothers, comedy acrobats, and the lady performers on the tight wire. As the trotters came jockeying down toward the wire, a furlong or so away, he was muttering to them all *sotto voce*, through his megaphone: "Come up, Mr. Gundry—come up—come up—you can't hang back. . . . Keep to the outside, Mr. Smith. . . . Hold that mare back, Mr. Tomlinson—hold 'er back—hold 'er *back*. . . . Now—as you are—come slow—come slow—" Then, as they pattered in poor alignment past the stand: "No chance—no chance!" and he tapped the recall bell. Even he had his fixed and ritualistic ways. The announcement of the result of a race—through the megaphone—always began very slowly, and on a low bass note as if Fafnir himself were talking:

"TWO—TWENTY—PACE. . . . MARJORIE—MASON—WINS. . . ." Then, suddenly, an octave higher, and faster and faster, until it ended in a rapid staccato squeak: "Water-Patchen-second. Old-Rose-third. Time-two-twenty-four-and-two-fifths!"

AT THESE two fairs there was rather less interest, it struck me, in prize cattle and horses and more in mere vaudeville than there used to be at the fair in our town. I don't suppose that this means that the quality of farm animals in the neighborhood has declined, for doubtless it is better than it was a generation ago, but rather that city distractions have spread further into the country—on the wings of rural telephones, free mail delivery, automobiles, interurban trolley cars, and moving-picture shows. The same men who used to sell "squawkers" or invite you to "ring" canes now appeared to be thriving on college banners or the slangy hatbands and sashes which city cockneys like to wear at Coney Island. At Beaver Dam there was a birdman who flew twice a day and exhibited his machine for ten cents a look between times, and in the show on the outdoor stage there was



"Congo, the Gorilla Man, he's roarin' an' cryin' for meat! It's all the poor creature knows—to roar an' cry for meat!" . . .

even a Russian dancer in peasant costume who leaped and stamped and bellowed out something supposed to be a song. These and many other things were the privilege of everyone, and then, of course, there were the usual side shows besides. A reformer, interested in raising the standard of people's amusements, would have found much to criticize here, but I must confess that I found myself quite shamelessly, and with keen interest, watching the art of the "barkers" and looking at the thing quite from their point of view.

How hard and earnestly toiled the lady in front of "Paris by Night" to lure those horny-handed and skeptical listeners a few steps nearer! How quaint the contrast between her spangles and red dress and the anxious pucker of her brow! She had a little megaphone, and as she walked up and down, shaking the spangles, she shouted, half into, half past it, this steady refrain:

"Now, boys, she's goin' to do it in the doorway! Look in the doorway, boys! It's the lady with the diamond-studded toe! It's the last show before dinner, boys—we got to eat! The fuzzy-wuzzy dance, that's what we're goin' to do, boys—the wollopy-wollop! Right up close now—she's goin' to do it in the doorway!"



"Come up close, boys! She's goin' to do it in the doorway!" . . .



The Strong Men—"Come up and see them try their strength!" The gentleman in the flowered robe is a terrible Turk

Hers was the hypnotic method. After hearing that refrain a hundred times repeated—although, of course, nothing ever was done in the doorway—the lulled spectator fell rather than walked into the tent in spite of himself.

The barker for La Belle Fatima and her two associates, Algeria and Oskalina, across the way, worked in the more elaborate, intellectually persuasive vein. The performance was, of course, a mere necessary inconvenience, the main thing getting people in the tent and as soon as possible getting them out again. First the three houris stood out in the cruel sunshine, then they withdrew into the tent, and, while a small boy beat a bass drum, broke into a chorus of those shrieks and singsong wails which the Occidental audience assumes to be the customary mode of expression in the dreamy Orient—La Belle Fatima, a disgusting, dour, red-faced old woman; Oskalina, a slender girl who had to keep fidgeting about in order to live up to the barker's explanation that her muscles could no longer keep still, and Algeria, a tall, light-haired girl who looked as if she might have been cashier in a dairy restaurant. A curious sight they made, these three, absent-mindedly wailing there in the empty tent, and between shrieks exchanging sentences in their native American. After this maneuver had drawn a few more into the tent under the impression that the show was about to begin, they went outside, and the barker began all over again.

"Now that little lady," said he, pointing to Algeria, "has spent nine of the best years of her life in the harem! Many a time she's been woke up at four o'clock in the morning to dance her wonderful dances for to amuse some sensuous-lovin' rajah! That's what she's done, folks; that's the life she led!

"It's a wonderful dance, folks—it took the practice of years—trainin' from the cradle. It's the mecca-mecca dance! Every muscle, every fiber, every tissue of her body is in motion! There's more beauty, more art, more joy in this here show—an' it's goin' to begin right away, now, folks—than you'll find in any other show on these grounds.

"It's been said"—here the barker lowered his voice and leaned forward as man to man—"it's been said that this show is not suitable to be seen by the ladies an' children."

HE PAUSED until this remark had sunk sufficiently into the imaginations of his hearers, then straightened up and made the gesture of brushing something away. "Nothin' could be more ridiculous! I tell you, folks, there's nothin' in this show that can't be seen with enjoyment by any lady an' child on these grounds. Provided, of course," and the barker paused for a moment, thoughtfully, "provided, of course, she's broad-minded. . . ." An artist, he! Again the dark Egyptian ticket seller began to do business, the three houris withdrew, and again began their windy shrieks, and the thudding drum. At the last moment the surly farmer in a black slouch hat who had been standing in front of the barker suddenly reached into his pocket, and with an air of "Gosh all fishhooks—*I'll* take a chance!" strode valiantly in. Several followed—always did,

(Concluded on page 34)

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The Omitted Chapter

By Bruce Barton

THE story of some forty couples who went back to the land and back to the city again. Names and places given in this article have been changed for obvious reasons, but the story is actual, and details have been verified carefully.

THE little group clustered about the loud-voiced man on the soap box, the women jostling each other in the doorway as they passed in and out on their spying and appraising expeditions, the men spitting contemplatively around some piece of farm machinery down by the stables—all these proclaimed it a country auction.

"Whom are they selling out?" I asked the driver.

"Another pore devil from Chicago—Swede named Peterson. Used to be a carpenter and got the idea he'd like to live on a farm. He put about $1,500 into the place and spent the rest of his savings in fertilizer and feed for the first season. The crops was just about enough to feed his stock, and so he's going back to town. Pore devil!"

"Does that happen often around here?"

"Does it? It's happened around the Corners here about once a month for the last five years, ever since the talk started about this back-to-the-land and high-cost-of-living business."

THE INNOCENTS

AN interurban track crossing a country road 150 miles from Chicago forms the Corners. A dozen houses stand out within sight of it, in the center of a great loose-soiled country that was once rich enough to grow the peaches of the world. Persistent draining of the soil left it little better than sand. The orchards died off, and the original owners died or moved away, leaving the country to be repopulated by the real-estate agents from the neighboring city. And they have done their work well.

In the past five years the sixteen farms lying nearest the Corners have been sold no less than forty-five times. And not one of these sales has been made to a practical farmer. Practical farmers in plenty have come and seen, but they would not purchase. One look was enough. The purchasers have been frugal members of the city's lower middle class—painters, carpenters, masons, mechanics—who have saved their money in the fond hope of buying independence on the farm. There have been a couple of underpaid preachers also, some teachers, and one saloon keeper. Their knowledge of farming and farm values may be epitomized in this: in more than one instance the sale has been made in the dead of winter when the whole farm was covered knee-deep in snow.

This is a chapter in the story of the back-to-the-land movement which for some reason all writers have failed to write—the story of those who have gone back to the farm and back again to the city. There is human interest in it, and a deal of woe.

THE DRUGGIST FROM EGYPT WAY

PERHAPS the Henderson place is as typical as any about the Corners. Old Joe Henderson, the first owner, was a shiftless aborigine who took his profit from the land year after year, returning nothing to it, until there was no profit. Then he concluded to sell. Just how he got in touch with Smedley is not known. Smedley ran a drug store down in Cairo, Ill. But after hours, and between sales, he read books on farming and advertisements of the land companies. Of all the land advertised, that in lower Michigan near the lake seemed to be cheapest. Smedley did not stop to ask why this was so: it appealed to him immensely. His little business translated into acres of rich Illinois corn land would not amount to much. But in Michigan he could buy a *big* farm. The thought stirred his rather sluggish imagination. He went to Michigan and met Henderson. After that he spent an impatient three months waiting for a customer who would buy his drug business without too great a sacrifice. And when the deal was completed he left for the farm.

HOW HE WENT BACK TO THE LAND

THE house on the place was comfortable, but old and in need of repairs. The same was true of the barn and outbuildings. But these were simple problems. The far more important thing had utterly escaped the thought of Smedley: the fact that the land was itself in need of repairs which would take years of investment and hard labor to complete. He had spent all his money for the land. There was hardly enough left to pay the food expenses of the first year; nothing whatever for fertilizer.

It never occurred to Smedley that there ought to be anything left. If even the ordinary slow-witted farmer made his living from the land, surely he, whose mind had been quickened by business problems, ought to do much better. Inwardly he despised the plodding natives, who occasionally stopped to swing one leg over his front gate. And they, despising him in turn, loaded him up with spavined horses and cows sucked dry and hens guiltless of egg bearing.

One season was enough for Smedley. At its end he went back to Cairo, preceding his home-coming with two barrels of the biggest and rosiest apples that the Michigan market afforded. It was while munching one of these apples that Swanson, a Swedish carpenter, concluded to buy Smedley's farm, which he had never seen. Later he *did* see it and there was not a bearing apple tree on the place.

The few hundred dollars which represented Swanson's first savings were sufficient for only a first payment on the farm. There was nothing for the family's food, nothing for the stock, nothing for fertilizer, nothing for interest on the mortgage. The family could go underfed, the stock died, and the land had grown hardened to neglect, but the mortgage would not be trifled with. Swanson left after a few months of pitiful struggle and there followed him a German painter.

CONSIDER THE HEN

THREE months and one day the painter stayed. He complained to his neighbors because his hens would not lay. "I feed 'em," he said, "a pound of corn a week. I put it down in the straw at night where they can scratch for it in the morning. And there's something the matter with them hens; they get right off the roosts in the night and begin scratching." The "something the matter" was starvation, which ultimately took all the hens.

Swanson gave way to a retired preacher who, out of the meager salary of country parishes, had saved a pittance. How long that will carry him on land which needs an investment in fertilizer twice as great as the original cost, and in a business of which he is painfully ignorant, no one can tell. But the neighbors are speculating; and the tenor of their speculations is not a happy one.

The old Evans place lies down the road only a little way. Years ago, after the winter that killed the peach trees, Evans made up his mind that land about the Corners had seen its best days. The back-to-the-land movement was thriving under the enthusiastic, if sometimes misguided, encouragement of the newspapers. Evans decided to incur the expense of a trip to Chicago on the chance of finding some one on whom the old place might be unloaded. He found in Chicago a nice old man named Porter, who, having worked his life out in hard labor, dreamed wistfully of spending his last days on a farm. It was a little amount that Porter has—$1,200 or $1,500—but it represents about all he had been able to lay by through a hard-working life. He drew it out of the bank and handed it over gladly as being incomparably more precious than the vision it was going to fulfill. He and the motherly old lady who had helped to save the money crossed the lake blithely and established themselves with all the joy of first mooners. The very first week two of their cows died from improper feeding. It was spring, and, though the crops had been put in before their arrival, there had been no money to pay for fertilizer or for spraying the trees. Harvest time came, but there were no harvests to speak of. Sadly Porter and his wife settled back to the hard, wearisome toil of a time with no vision of release.

Olson came after the Porters left in early winter. He had been a mover in a small way and had more than the average determination coupled with a certain willingness to learn that pays well. He might perhaps have survived but the lonesomeness of that first winter was too much for Mrs. Olson. She brought him hard up against the necessity of choosing between his wife and his investment.

AND STILL THEY CAME

AS they moved off the Richard moved on—a mechanic and farmer hardly equal to the competition of the city but confident that any city man holds a tremendous advantage in competition with the mind of the soil-yokel. Well-disposed neighbors showed them that of the two places then vacant in the neighborhood, the Evans place was by far the less desirable. But Mr. McLaughlin liked the view on the Davis place. They bought, and, having learned that an orchard will not bear unless trimmed and sprayed, trimmed the fruit trees back almost to the trunks, leaving them so mutilated that it will be at least two years before another apple appears. By dint of hiring their labor out to the country folk whom they had despised, the McLaughlins are still clinging to the place, and there is a chance apparently that they may pull through.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that every city family that has come to the Corners has failed. There are the Jensons, husband and wife who have stuck nine years to the little farm they bought and may yet make it pay. Theirs was only an investment of $1,200 which seemed cheap enough for the forty acres of "rich clay soil" that were offered them. It was only after they had heard from village gossip the boast of the former owner that there "needed a shovelful of clay on the dangedest part" that they realized just how cheap the land was. Jenson is a painter; his wife is as sturdy as a man, and there are no children to demand her care. By his work in Chicago there is gained about $300 a year, which for nine years has gone regularly into the poor worn land. Early and late Mrs. Jenson has labored, rising at 4.30 a. m. to pick the strawberries all day in the hot sun, learning to bargain like a man with the hired neighbors who do work by the day for her. She has learned many other things too. The first year her fellow neighbors sold her many little pigs. In the late fall at six times their cost. At that season no little children can live. The neighbors knew it but Mrs. Jenson did not. She knows it now. She and her husband are canny people and they make a mistake only once. For they have put the nine best years of their young married life into that sandy yielding sand pile, and as yet it has not paid. It may pay ultimately; they are determined that it shall. But it will never pay back those nine years.

Wherever land is cheap and rent



city, wherever people scrape and deny themselves in the hope of winning independence on the farm, there must be more cases like those that make up the pathetic story of the Corners. It is not a pleasant thing to write about, and there is little wonder that the writers have preferred the happier side of the back-to-the-land movement.

A SET OF "DON'TS"

THE most intelligent resident of the Corners, the one man who has really made farming there pay, has formulated these rules for the guidance of such friends as write to him to inquire the prospects for their success on a farm:

1. Don't buy land anywhere until you have the unbiased judgment of some one whom you can trust as to the value of the land and its lowest net return to you the first three years, even under your unquestionable mishandling.

2. While many farmers are unprogressive and sluggish, the mere fact that you are from the city does not make it certain that you will succeed in competition with them. They have been at their business a good many years. They will be inclined to resent any air of superiority in your manner, whether real or fancied. On the other hand, they will probably be able to help you a good deal if you go willing to learn. At any rate you must expect for the first few years that your standard of living will have to approach pretty closely to theirs; that you will have to work about as long hours as they do, and that your wife will have to drudge as their wives do. Gradually your better-trained mind will work out improvements, but the process will be gradual.

3. Don't buy a farm until your wife has had a chance to live on a farm for a little while. A man can get along in some fashion in the city unmarried, but the farmer's wife is the one absolutely essential person or thing on the place. If your wife is not well, if she cannot stand up under really hard labor, if she cannot find satisfaction in her own company and yours, stay in town. *You* will not succeed on the farm.

4. If you have only enough to buy the farm and nothing to pay the expenses of the first year, you are not in a position to make the venture. You have no idea how much it costs to feed stock. If you are to get any sort of a crop now you have to tend it more carefully than you have ever dreamed. For instance, potatoes, in the section about the Corners at least, have first to be poisoned before they are planted. As soon as they poke their sprouts through the ground and until the day they are dug they must be cultivated. And three different times, for three different kinds of pests, you must spray them or you will have no potatoes at all. You will need new equipment no matter how well the farm is stocked; probably not all of your own food will come off the farm the first year. Above all, you must have fertilizer.

5. Finally, if you have never lived on a farm but have just a fugitive notion that you would like to; if your health is frail, so frail that you cannot work hard and long hours; if you have any notion of growing rich from the breeding of chickens; or if you think that living on a farm is an easier life than living in town, don't go. The place for you to do your farming is in your own back yard.

Mr. Chucklehead

HE SHUTS the windows, and shuts the doors, and then he lies in his bed and snores, and breathes old air that is stale and flat—the kind of air that would kill a cat. He says next day: "I am feeling tough; I'll have to visit old Dr. Guff, and buy a pint of his pale pink pills, or I shall harbor some fatal ills."

He fills his system with steaks and pies, and never indulges in exercise. He eats and drinks of the market's best, until the buttons fly off his vest; he's grown so mighty of breadth and girth that when he gambols he shakes the earth. "I'll see Doc Faker," he says; "that's flat; I'll get his dope for reducing fat. Doc Faker says he can make me gaunt, and let me eat all the stuff I want."

He sits and mopes in his study chair, while others toil in the open air. He quaffs iced drinks through the sultry day, electric fans on his person play. "I feel despondent," he murmurs low; "I lack the vim that I used to know; my liver's loose and my kidneys balk, and my knee joints creak when I try to walk. I'll call Doc Clinker and have him bring his Compound Juice of the Flowers of Spring."

His head is bald where the tresses grew in the long gone days when his scalp was new. He won't believe that the hair won't grow where it lost its grip in the long ago. He tries all manner of dope and drug; he buys Hair Balm by the gallon jug; he reads the papers and almanacs for news concerning the Mystic Wax which surely maketh the wool appear on heads gone bare in the yesteryear.

The more he uses of patent dopes, the more he worries, the more he mopes. And all he needs to be blithe and gay is just to throw his old jugs away, to do some work, as his fathers toiled, to let in air that has not been spoiled, to rest his stomach and work his thews, quit pressing coat tails and shake his shoes. If Chucklehead and his tribe did this, they'd soon find health, which is short for bliss; and old Doc Faker and all his gang would close their offices and go hang.

WALT MASON.



DRAWN BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Dad, couldn't we maybe save up?"



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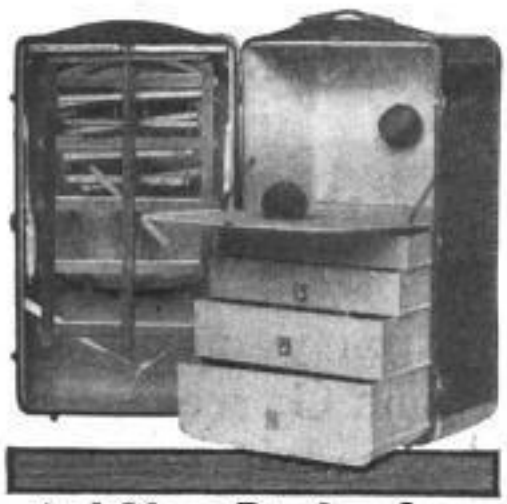


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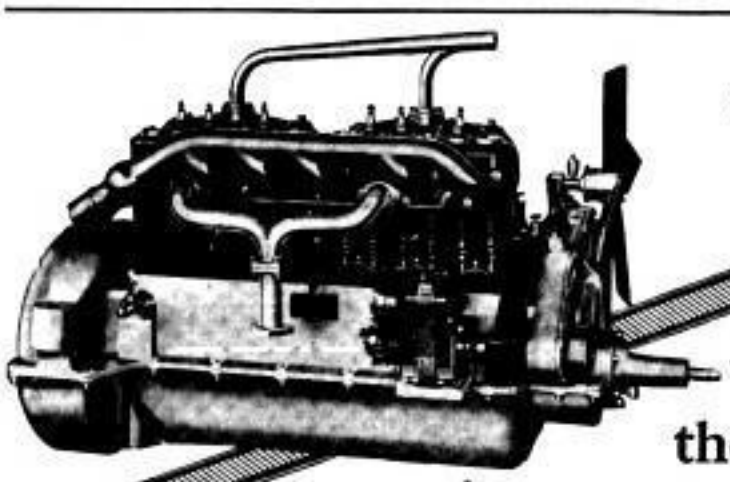
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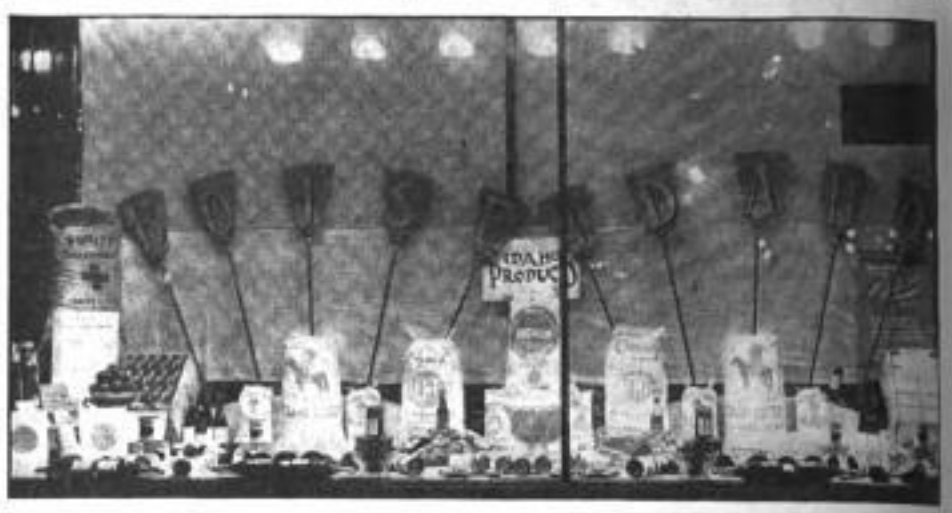
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Idaho a Pure Food State

By MARTHA SPANGLER

IDAHO clubwomen are fulfilling Matthew Arnold's prophecy that "if the time ever comes when women shall come together simply and purely for the good and benefit of mankind they will be a power such as the world has never known."

The clubwomen of Idaho are banded together to have their State known as a pure-food State. The State is new and a great amount of Eastern capital is coming in for manufacturing purposes, cheap and plentiful electric power furnishing an inducement.

That these manufacturers shall have the honest label and the "open door" and all food shall be prepared under sanitary conditions is the hope of the clubwomen.

To this end the Idaho State Federation of Women's Clubs is working and cooperating with the manufacturers in helping build up the State by promoting a Home Industry Week each year when all goods manufactured in Idaho will be exploited by Idaho women. The manufactured food products must first be sanctioned by the pure-food commissioner, must bear the honest label, and the factories must be sanitary.

THEY MIGHT BE FROM MISSOURI

THE Household Science Department of the Twentieth Century Club of Twin Falls has Home Industry days, when they visit the manufacturers and see how their food is prepared. They have asked that the "No Admittance" signs never be placed over the doors of the factories. As the town is only eight years old and the factories are new, they are all built on modern plans. The Twin Falls women saw under what sanitary conditions their flour was made, then they went to a bakery on twenty minutes' notice and witnessed bread making. The creameries were visited, where all the processes, from testing the butter fat to placing the butter in sanitary sealed cartons, were shown. At the laundry they saw how clothes were washed and disinfected, and were convinced that the steam laundry is superior to the old-fashioned washing-at-home method. The slaughter-house visit taught them something new in the care and handling of meats, and altogether the experience was a benefit to both manufacturer and consumer. The housewives of Twin Falls now have more confidence in their manufacturers and they are now more loyal to them than ever before.

A STATE-WIDE MOVEMENT

IN the capital city, Boise, last year the Columbian Club held a pure-food show, where the manufacturers of the city were represented, and the buying of home products was agitated. In April of this year a State-wide campaign, known as Home Industry Week, was promulgated, and the clubwomen all over the State entered into it with so much energy and enthusiasm that the manufacturers and merchants were amazed at the result. In preparation for this week a meeting was held at the Boise Commercial Club, which was attended by over 200 of the representative business men and clubwomen of the State. For the first time in the history of Idaho the manufacturer, producer, wholesaler, retailer, and consumer assembled together for the common purpose of discussing the patronage of home industries.

At this meeting the "Idaho Home Industry League" was formed and this platform adopted:

Object—To arouse the citizens of Idaho to the necessity of patronizing home industry:

(1) By purchasing products manufactured in Idaho.

(2) By purchasing goods and merchandise of all kinds of home merchants instead of patronizing mail-order houses.

(3) By urging the consumption of home-grown fruits and vegetables.

To accomplish these ends this organization is formed for the specific purpose of observing a Home Industry Week April 14 to 19, at which time we request

That the manufacturers of Idaho make displays of their products in as many stores as possible.

That merchants display and ask patrons to buy Idaho-made goods.

That every resident of *Idaho*, women especially, visit the stores and buy Idaho-made products of the mill, factory, and farm.

We further urge upon every man, woman, and child that Home Industry Week be set apart for buying home products, and that each one pledge himself to ask his neighbors and friends to buy Idaho-made products. We further ask

That every town in Idaho join in this movement during this week with the idea in view of:

(1) Purchasing of the local merchant.

(2) Purchasing articles made in their home town or county, or if not made there, to purchase at the nearest town in the State, or if not made in the State, to purchase of the nearest manufacturer in the Northwest.

PURE-FOOD WEEK

MRS. FRED PITTINGER, president of the Idaho State Federation of Women's Clubs, told of the interest the women had in making Idaho known as a pure-food State, and said the clubwomen were willing to cooperate with the manufacturers. Mrs. Haines, the wife of the Governor, who is head of the Household Science Department of the Columbian Club of Boise, told of the active part taken by this department in helping solve the food question. The manufacturers and merchants pledged their support to the movement.

As a result of this meeting the towns over the State prepared for the week and nearly every woman's club in the federation held a pure-food luncheon and cooked-food sale, exploiting Idaho-manufactured goods. In many towns the clubwomen took turns in standing behind the counters taking orders for Idaho canned goods, Idaho candies, and other commodities. The people were urged to buy of the grocers, butchers, and bakers who were endeavoring to comply with the sanitary food laws.

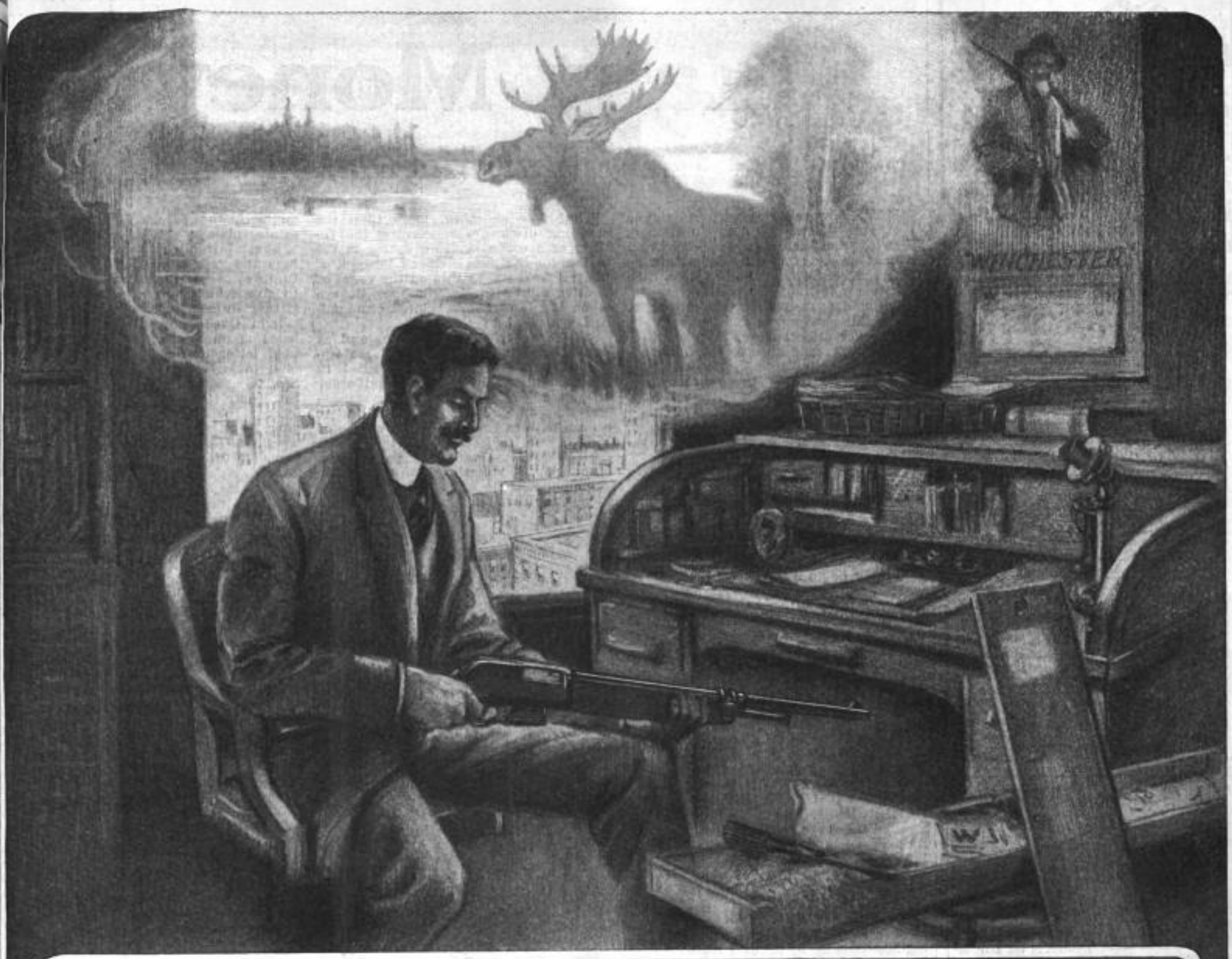
In consequence of this agitation the stores were found bright and shining and the local newspapers were filled with advertisements of "Buy at our sanitary bakery," "Inspect our meat market," "Our canning factory is open to visitors at any time," "Pure-food stores" were prominent in the advertisements all over the State.

CLEAN-UP DAYS

IN many towns the women went even further, and in conjunction with the commercial clubs, held "clean-up days," the schools were dismissed, and men and boys helped in cleaning the streets and alleys.

Many of the women's clubs are sending for the Westfield book to use in ordering products not manufactured in Idaho.

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Easy Money

By Will MacMahon

I HAVE discovered a swift and simple means of gathering wealth in slathers without capital, without working, and without worry. A noble unselfishness impels me to give this miraculous cure for poverty its initial publishing outside of the paid advertisements of certain irresponsible newspapers and magazines.

My eager attention was first called to this veritable gold mine by the following advertisement in a prominent newspaper:

"I made $50,000 in five years with a small mail-order business; began with $5. Send for my free booklet. It tells how to do likewise. Peacock."

I admired every word of that proposition except the promoter's name. It suggested the confessedly ornamental.

Searching further through the Business Opportunities column, I found another seductive invitation. This one was aimed at the discontented, if temporarily unscrupulous, wage earner.

"Do not be an underpaid, overworked clerk," it urged. "Here is a chance for you to make $40 to $60 a week with a mail-order business of your own. No experience needed. Small capital. Huge profits."

Alas, it was signed "Beanse," a word redolent of a know-nothing reproach. I scanned on, a bit discouraged. Then hope arose like—like the rosy dawn on a morning when the Weather Bureau confidently has prognosticated rain.

"I WILL MAKE YOU FABULOUSLY RICH IN THE MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS!" fairly shouted the scare head of a quarter-page ad, and it continued in impressive capitals: "With an Idea and a Bank Roll of Only One Hundred Dollars, I Built a Business that Brought Me Six Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars in Eighteen Months Selling Merchandise by Mail. I Dare You to Let Me Start You to Quick Fortune Making!"

This unselfish sixty-five hundredths of a new millionaire modestly subscribed himself: "Queerham, America's Greatest Mail-Order Marvel." Now, I have been rallied, criticized, and reproached for being poor so long that this printed banter to become rich thrilled me in all my pockets. Ah, but—"Queerham"?

The dictionary gives several interesting definitions of "queer." "Ham," colloquially, means a prominent part of the hog which would be even more important to the animal if pigsties were furnished with chairs for their occupants.

Obviously, for an investor so sensitive to phonetic nomenclature as I, the only satisfactory course was to brave Fate and write the trio—Peacock, Beanse, and Queerham—for their prospectuses. They answered my diffident appeal for further information in the order named, that being exactly their relative mailing distance from me. Mr. Peacock said in substance:

"Dear Sir: All I need to know is: Do you intend to work for wages all your life? No! Then send me $3 for my unbeatable mail-order business instructions on how to make the $50,000 in five years. Use the enclosed strong envelope for remitting purposes."

I was debating with myself whether to send three one-dollar bills or a two and a one when Mr. Beanse's letter arrived.

"Dear Friend: I am a manufacturer and make no charge of any kind whatsoever for my mail-order business lessons," he announced. "It is an enterprise that can only be learned by actual experience. Theory is useless. Do not pay something for nothing. I have no fake instruction books or correspondence courses to peddle. You simply buy my agent's cooperative plan for $21.08. It includes all necessary catalogues and stationery for the trade, with your name neatly printed thereon; also, a shoehorn for your own use. (Free.) Send me in the very next mail $2 to place a trial newspaper ad for you and I will prove that I am a money getter. Remit currency, stamps, postal or express money order, just as you wish."

That free shoehorn, more than the startling disclosure concerning the futility of a correspondence course in the mail-order business, stripped Peacock of his tail feathers. I was on the verge of mailing my $2 to Manufacturer Beanse when Mr. Queerham's belated communication arrived.

"My dear friend," he began, and at once soared into hyperbole: "I am Opportunity! You shall be enriched in health and wealth by the mail-order business if you act now. Grow a spine—and the overloaded postman will wear a deep path to your door. My course of instructions is $100, but I only ask you for $15 down. I will trust you for the other $85. A splendid future summons you to the battle of betterment. I say to you, my dear friend: Rise, Go On and Up! Send your remittance preferably in cash, registered."



"He was run out of the business for making bearded ladies of his customers"

That spilled the envious Beanse. Here was an eloquent and philanthropic teacher of the mail-order system willing to trust me, a stranger, with $85 of my own money.

It naturally took some time to gather a ten and a five dollar bill ready for the mail, and in the interim a follow-up letter came from the marvelous Queerham.

"My very dear friend," he wrote affectionately, "I have been waiting, watching, and wondering! Is it possible that you think me a mercenary monster, seeking to wring from you your hard-earned dollars? Heaven forbid!

"Now, I have decided to throw down the bars to you, my friend, and offer as sincere a heart-to-heart talk and brotherly opportunity as was ever offered a fellow man in this cold, grab-it-all, workaday world. Send me just $5 and I will trust you with the other $95.

"Promise me that this confidential arrangement between you and I shall be kept a sacred secret. Remit within ten days or I will be forced to the sad conclusion that you are allowing a mere trifle to foolishly stand between you and a glorious life of liberty and luxury instead of the sickening yoke of the slavish stipend!"

Alas, if he had only written "you and me" and "to stand foolishly!" If an advertiser's English is corrupt it casts a doubt in my grammar-school mind on his business morals.

In the chill of hesitancy I forwarded Queerham's letter, also Peacock's, to Beanse, and begged the manufacturer to state frankly his opinion of their integrity. The gist of the reply, unfortunately exposing an aggravated case of the split infinitive, was as follows:

"I want to again sincerely congratulate you for writing me. The first named of the mail-order business teachers is a Cunning Hog; the other a Lyre Bird. Please send, in any form convenient to yourself, the $21.08 for my getter-agency plan."

I am a fair-minded man. Messrs. Queerham and Peacock should have an opportunity to testify in their own defense, to give evidence concerning Mr. Beanse, if they so desired. They so desired.

Said Queerham, spitefully: "The [illegible] leged manufacturer mentioned in your kind letter of inquiry sells his [illegible] plan to anybody, everywhere. That's how he avoids prosecution; he wouldn't last a day if he sold exclusive territory. There probably is an army of men in your locality all stuck with the same worthless outfits. Incidentally, a plausible faker, without a moment's rehearsal, would make a fine model for a corkscrew. Send me $10.54 and I will not only duplicate his $21.08 proposition, but let you have my six instruction for $2.50 additional. This is trusting you with $8.04, you observe."

Peacock reported cautiously: "I'm not naming anyone, [illegible]hein's you've asked—that Queerham merely is a four-flushing jobber. Regular stores sell his line cheaper than he charges inexperienced agents. Send me $1, cash or stamps, and I will place more advertising for you than he does for $2."

To make the scenario complete, I proceeded to obtain Mr. Queerham's opinion of Mr. Peacock and vice versa. The Lyre Bird note came first and sounded [illegible] as follows:

"That slick individual merely is my imitator! He originally tried manufacturing and failed. His specialty was a fake face cream, made of plain vaseline and talcum powder, but called the Dorothea De la Vere Peaches-and-Cream Complexion Beautifier. It was run out of the business for making bearded ladies of his customers. Send me $1.50 and I will forward you a complete copy of his so-called 'instructions,' grafting America's greatest mail-order marvel squealed to some purpose.

"Watch out for your pocketbook!" he stated. "That half-baked vegetable nearly went into enforced retirement for mixing goose grease and alcohol, but perfumed, and calling the compound the Millicent Montressor Magic Hair Activator. It bred dandruff until the fair user looked like a miller's bride.

"I am the only legitimate, long-gauge, and open-minded instructor in the mail-order business. The American people lose fully one hundred millions of dollars ($100,000,000) annually on fakes. Most newspapers and some magazines are simply a-crawl with advertising vermin. Here are several choice samples:

"'A genuine engraving of George Washington, suitable for framing, 10 cents.'

"For your dime you get in return an uncanceled one-cent postage stamp.

"'How to draw a tooth, molar or bicuspid, absolutely without pain. Complete outfit and instructions by mail for 25 cents.'

"A quarter-dollar remittance brings you a small pencil, nicely sharpened, and a blank sheet of drawing paper. The only purchaser with a fighting chance for redress would be one afflicted with a severe case of writer's cramp!

"'I will give you $10 for the names and addresses of ten sick persons in your locality. Send me only 50 cents for my valuable symptoms chart and modus operandi.'

"If the half dollar comes from a sucker, the advertising quack demands a list of sufferers from snow blindness sent from the North, victims of the Ross-Gould.

"There I have made my point by exposing the unworthy who venture to compete with me. Now send me the names of your neighbors, men beyond reproach, and I will trust you with my entire $100 course without a cent down. Then you can enjoy a series of joyous trips to the bank with the proceeds from stacks and stacks of money-ed mail steadily streaming in at your hands. Ah, my dear friend, you will think it all a perfect dream."

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Building an Exposition

(Continued from page 6)

e Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and d it ready on time, as his chief of aff: while Kelham, to do a little rricading on his own account, located 'eatherwax, who had been a member the drafting crew of every exposition om Buffalo on, and made him head of s bureau of pencilers. Weatherwax, ause, as has been written already, exsition workers form a cult, and there a strange lure in the game, began to rite letters, and soon from all over e country trained draftsmen who had orked upon the plans of other fairs ere trooping out to help design that hich was to be the last word in exsition building.

But the big move in Connick's divion, the one which above all else will ake the Panama-Pacific Exposition autiful and unique in its external imression, was the calling of a small conress of America's greatest architects, hich met in San Francisco.

NEW IDEAS

ONE great complaint against previous shows had been their too wide scatring, so that people walked themselves upid getting around. To obviate this, e first decision of the congress was to orget the thought of buildings entirely nd spread the entire exposition on one reat oblong floor along the water front, ith a wide esplanade of green grass nd gorgeous poesies between it and the de, and with another huge belt of rubbery and blossoms at the back beween the exposition buildings and the prising, home-hung hillsides of the city. ext they carved this huge, rectangular oor into eight sections to represent uildings in Mines, Transportation, Agriilture, Liberal Arts, and so on—eight st floors, with wide avenues between, nd great, sweeping circles at the intersections of the principal cross streets.

From this was evolved the novel and ll-distinguishing feature, the Court Sysm of Architecture, by which the buildgs themselves will be lost to external iew, concealed behind miles and miles f ornamental façades. Indeed, what one es is a magnificent system of courts, ome rectangular, some circular, some liptical, each impressively beautiful, ith graceful sculptures, warm colorings, nd graphic mural decorations, which ntinually suggest some noble pageant at seems all the while flowing past s, when, as a matter of fact, it is ourlves that move, lured from circle to uadrangle and from quadrangle to ircle again by one architectural surprise fter another.

GORGEOUS PALACES

THE idea is sufficiently unique to be worth getting clearly into mind: yet e plan is simple—merely to take the ction of a street between side walls and e crossings at either end, and treat it s a unit, fashioning the external walls f the different buildings which line it to the façades of a court. If we agine ourselves standing in the center f the Court of the Sun and Stars, which the grand court of honor, we shall atch the genius of the plan instantly. his court is elliptical in form and very rge, about 800 by 1000 feet in its spective diameters. The street leading ut of it toward the setting sun is the ectangular Court of the West, and hrough it we glimpse the imposing Circular Court of the Four Seasons, while ward the rising sun is very appropriately the rectangular Court of the East, hrough which one sees the strikingly autiful Circular Court of Abundance ith its effective tower and bewitching cascade of shimmering variegated waters. rom where we stand the court illusion perfect. Immediately about us we are onscious of a widely curving colonnade the finest classic style, breaking at tervals into noble domes, while splendid ches, often tower-crowned, bend above e streets. We have no suspicion that s we face to the north the right forard arc of the colonnade is a portion f the Transportation Building: that the ght-rear are bears the same relation o Manufactures: that the left-fore arc s Agriculture, and the left rear is iberal Arts: yet that is the fact, and ch of those great buildings is of itelf an interior and individual harmony hat is without a jar.

Two other notable features of the rchitecture should be hinted at here. One is the color scheme. White is out of fashion. The Panama-Pacific is to have a set of colors of its own designed by Jules Guerin, the New York mural painter and illustrator. Every traveler remembers how well that unusual pinkish gray or grayish buff of the Franciscan missions becomes the California landscape. That is to be the body color of the exposition buildings. From the missions, too, Mr. Guerin got the idea of a Spanish red for roofs, and deep, shadowy walls, while for ceilings and interiors generally he mixed a blue right out of California sky and the Golden Gate itself.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS

YET the lighting is by far the most daring architectural detail. The trite and unimaginative plan of outlining building contours in thousands of incandescent bulbs is rejected as utterly passé. The first principle of the new plan is concealed light. Not a beam will be seen from the thousands of arcs that will burn nightly. Each light will be screened by a banner adorned with heraldic devices, and in the exposition colors, the effect of which will be a soft, alluring effulgence that will make all as light as day and yet fleck the face of court and promenade with the whimsical harlequin mosaics of a rainbow moon.

But the crowning feature is a system of lighting by refraction from jewels. Every tower, every sculptured figure, every roof and dome and spire, is to be bedecked with diamonds, huge crystals from one to three inches in diameter, of different colors—yellow, blue, etc.—and cut to present many prismatic angles. To the number of 275,000, these will be suspended so that they will tremble constantly in the always stirring breezes, while from barges anchored in the Gate, and from commanding points on adjacent buildings, powerful searchlights, singly and in batteries, will play their sunlike beams upon these tens of thousands of shivering jewels, making of each flickering, prismatic facet a flashing spectrum, and the whole of them, coruscating at once under the whirling beams will form such an artificial aurora that spectators may turn twice to the heavens to make sure some astronomical Hagenbeck has not snared the Milky Way and chained it there upon the exposition grounds.

But, taking up the reins of our human story again, buildings take money. The directors had now to stop and broach their barrel. To picture the scene, remember that San Francisco thinks money in terms of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and that a million in the yellow disks with the milled edges makes a fair cartload. Unhesitatingly the directors trundled over twelve of these cartloads and dumped them at the feet of the Director of Works.

"Go to, Connick," they said, "and build. Here is your magic!"

And Connick started.

Will the exposition be ready on time? Connick, with $12,000,000 of push money in his inside pocket, says it will. It wants yet nineteen months to the opening day. The plans of every building for which the corporation is responsible are complete: the contracts are let, they call for finished structures from six to nine months in advance of opening day; and every one of them carries heavy penalties for each day's delay beyond the time limit.

SHADOWING THE DOLLAR

AND in the meantime the exposition has five or six cartloads of money left to carry on the other departments of the work. It might be supposed that, having such a nice lot of other people's money lying around, there would be some recklessness in its handling. Quite—quite the contrary! Among the exposition officials is one, Rodney S. Durkee by name, comptroller by title, who handles the funds, and is declared to be the greatest dollar shadower on record, the William J. Burns of accounting realms.

"Durkee," some one told me, "can see a dollar, coming or going, farther than old Shylock himself. He can keep a million of 'em in the air at once, and tell it, what sign of the zodiac each is at a given moment. He's a wiz. They never escape him."

"Where did you get him?" I asked, properly impressed.



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High Pressure Steel Barrels, bored for either black or smokeless powder—12 or 16 gauge—28 or 30 inch barrels—7 to 8 pounds—top lever action—hammers cock and throw safety—automatically. Sent to you for $4.50 down and $2.00 a month. No interest, no extras and you have 7 months in which to complete payment on this Gun, which will compare favorably with any $25 or $30 gun made.
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"Swiped him from the Guggenheims, and say"—this in an awed whisper—"he's only twenty-six."

I went in curiously to look over this dollar-chasing genius. He is tall, slender, good to look upon, and youthful as they told me, yet appearing owl wise, and having in his close-clipped words and the steady glitter of his dark eye something which made one think of a machine. Durkee was studying a blue-print chart that lay beneath the sheet of plate glass upon his desk. This chart was the circulatory system for those eighteen millions of dollars. Through it Durkee sees the dollars as they enter by the various channels marked out like pipes and conduits, rolling and bouncing along to their respective reservoirs; and then springing out at a touch of his hand, to go this way or that, to pay for a cargo of cement for the sea wall or to buy a lead pencil for a carpenter's foreman on the Machinery Building, which is the largest wooden truss structure in the world. The passage of every dime leaves a trail behind it so broad that Durkee can follow it like elephant spoor. The little tabulations that come slipping across his desk almost minute by minute from his organization of seventy accountants, clerks, and stenographers, mark the blood flow in the exposition's veins.

"Is your money coming fast enough?" I asked Mr. Durkee, remembering some rumors I had heard.

He silently showed me the balance for the day, $1,280,000 odd.

"But they tell me some of your subscribers are defaulting, that they made small subscriptions in enthusiasm, and are not able to meet them."

Mr. Durkee reached out for a card.

"The first five and three quarter millions by popular subscription," he said, "came from 1,041 individuals and firms, or an average subscription of over $5,500. Men who can subscribe like that do not default, and they are not defaulting. If some of our smaller subscribers should be slow it would not embarrass us. Ten millions of our resources, you remember, are in State and city bonds."

A SUPERSHOWMAN

NEXT after buildings and exhibits at a world's exposition come amusements. President Moore and Skiff, believing that their main enterprise was projected upon a plan that would compel a world participation and a world attendance, determined next to gather an aggregation of amusements and entertainments that would be an exposition in itself. Once more, the high ideal! Although every feature must amuse or entertain, or both; although the Concession District probably to be called The Spillway, after the overflow at Gatun Dam, must be a world's playground, yet it must instruct, must be one more vast university.

The first requisite, again, was a man, an entertainment expert, who along with his show-gate experience had developed something of the scientific sense of a trained educator. They found such a man and got his name on the bottom of a contract—a man who is a partner in a circuit operating thirty-seven theatres throughout the country; who has constructed and conducted eight great amusement parks in various large cities of America, and who besides has had a thumb in the exposition pie for a generation. The name of this Master of the Frolics is Franklin Burt. He is thickset, with brown twinkling eyes and darkly mendacious hair; mendacious because it proclaims a youth of thirty whereas Mr. Burt is no such chicken. He is wise with the wisdom of years but smiles crowfoot continually across his face which is a very billiken of good humor.

A MINIATURE PANAMA CANAL

MR. BURT promises amusement of the sort the American people like, plenty of action, plenty of clean fun, plenty of shocks, thrills, surprises, seasoned with little chortling ecstasies and those prolonged satisfactions which stir the senses and leave a good taste in the memory. But it will not be all idle water which chases through The Spillway. A frequent challenge to the higher faculties is to be offered.

Here are a few of the features already contracted for: A miniature reproduction of the Panama Canal. You get in a boat at Colon on the Atlantic side; you are locked through the Gatun Dam, you sail across the lake, you emerge from the gorge of Culebra, and out through the locks of Pedro Miguel and then of Miraflores to Balboa at the Pacific. There you disembark on a moving sidewalk, sink into a cushioned armchair, with a graphophone at your ear, and enter upon a land journey back along the canal you have just traversed to your starting point. As you go the graphophone delivers a "personally conducted" lecture upon the features and details of canal construction and operation as they pass before you. Time consumed, twenty minutes; cost, fifty cents. And the chances are you will have a better idea of the Panama canal than those who passed through it.

You can do the Grand Cañon that way.

Think of a Montreal Winter Carnival with its palaces of ice, with its bobsleighs of white, with its huge toboggan slides and all the associated extravagances of human pleasure, and consider that the concessionaire has contracted to transpose a few acres of the fair site by means of artificial refrigeration, into a section of the polar zone, with every detail of those frosty saturnalia of the snows reproduced in this environment of palms and flowers.

And these represent less than a million dollars of the twelve millions that will be expended upon the Concessions District before the gates open. Nine millions of those twelve are already being contracted at this time.

"Some show, eh!" murmured Mr. Durkee with a twinkle of his delightful eye.

HERALDS AND PURSUIVANTS

YET what boots it to get ground for buildings and concessions if the exhibitors do not exhibit and attractions do not attend? Therefore the first division of the executive staff, that of the Division of Exploitation.

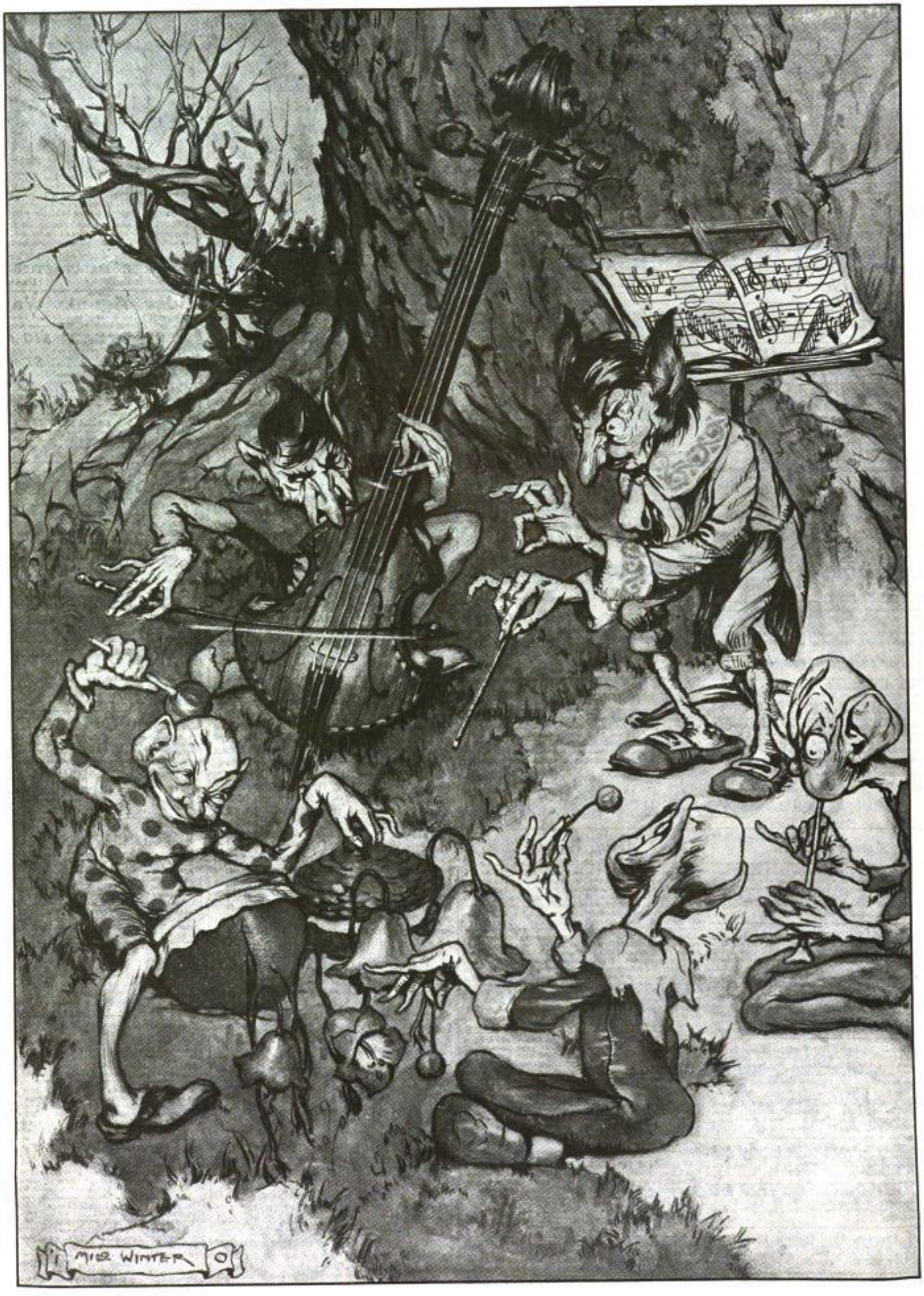
There are forty-eight States and Territories. There are some score of foreign countries. Each had to be seen and invited to participate. The glories of the exposition must be sung in terms of compelling sweetness; for Legislatures are to be reasoned with, councils and committees and commissions are to be wheedled into appropriating hundreds of thousands of dollars; and all this must be done from one to three years in advance, to give time for the erection of buildings and the preparation of exhibits. Twenty-eight of our Legislatures were in session at once last January. Where is the man who could enchant them all at once.

To go abroad, a flying squadron was organized in 1912, consisting of seven citizens of California and headed by John Hays Hammond, a former San Franciscan who had standing as a foreign ambassador; but the final organization of this department was delayed to January of this year, when Director Hough Perry of New York was placed at its head. When John Wanamaker was about to open his New York store and wanted the very strongest and most discreet kind of publicity, he discovered Perry up in his Pittsburgh empire and brought him down to do the job. Perry did it. When the astute merchant decided upon a venture into the periodical publishing world, again he had recourse to Perry who named and was the first editor of "Everybody's Magazine." When Gimbel Brothers, not to be outdone by Wanamaker, decided also to do something and something more their Philadelphia store on Broadway, they selected Perry to herald their advent which he did by employing some forests of paper pulp and whole rivers of printing ink. The Cooper Company and Greenhut-Cooper Company had also secured the assistance of the blond publicity man in the organization of selling campaigns.

Now that a man was wanted to boom the exposition, Dr. Skiff sent for Perry. In a way, his task is the biggest of all. If he fails, the exposition fails. It is already it is whispered that he has succeeded, that already enough States and foreign nations have signified their acceptance of invitations to assure the success of the exposition upon the scale designed; so many, indeed, that it is believed no important State or nation will dare to permit itself to be left out.

THE LIFE OF A DIRECTOR

BUT before finally abandoning the anthropological feature of the narrative pause must be made to remove a possible impression that the trained business men upon the directorate were content to remain long in the Angora stage of knowledge. The most of them have placed their time, their talents



Summer Concert

DRAWN BY MILO WINTER

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HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

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The Motormeter Abolishes Motor Trouble on the road. Saves expense of repairs due to overheating. Tells you instantly, day or night, just what is going on under the hood. Don't drive by instinct—plus luck. Use the "Motormeter" and Know. Used by 90% of the world's greatest racing drivers. $5 and $10 models. 30 day trial offer. Send for booklet. The Motormeter Co., 1790 Broadway, New York City—1122 Michigan Ave., Chicago—525 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

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Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 643 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

You Can Earn Big Money Writing Moving Picture plays. We teach sure method. Great demand. Send for free booklet of valuable information. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Box 278, E. P., Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Learn To Write Photoplays. Easy And Fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Big demand. Producers pay $25 to $500 each. Illustrated catalogue free. Authors' Motion Picture School, Box 130T, Chicago.

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Wanted — Progressive, Clean-Cut, Fresh-From-the-mint man every town to manage sales districts for steady repeat articles; three big sources of profit; rush sales; new selling plan; no experience needed; small capital; can make fine income annually. Bethlehem Utilities Co., 62C, Pine St., New York.

Start Mail Order Business!—Established Corporation backs you. Factory prices. Classy proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 35 E. Fifth, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Salesmen—Shirt And Custom Tailoring Especially —also women to sell custom underwear, best for service, fit and price. Whole or part time. Experience unnecessary. Ohio Textile Co., 212 State St., Painesville, Ohio.

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You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents Per roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. Camera Shop, Box 42 A, Evanston, Illinois.

Kodakers! Very Special Offer. Send Any Six exposure roll and 30 cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints, one beautifully hand-colored. Booklet and sample print free. Kamera Shop, 229 Auditorium, Chicago.

Real Estate

117½ Acre Dairy Farm—New 9 Room House, New Cement Basement Barn, plenty good buildings. Will include 15 head fine Holsteins, 2 good horses, lots of tools, crops and furniture. 4 miles to city and R.R. $6500. Easy terms. N. L. Hoover, Camden, N. Y. R. R. 5.

Money-Making Farms—13 States, $10 To $50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. Big illustrated Catalogue No. 20 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 62, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

For Sale. Snap. Finest Four Year Old Orchard in Idaho. 160 Acres. All Planted. Perfect Water Right. Proven Fruit Country. Terms. Write us. Roberts & Daly, Salt Lake City, Utah.

CALIFORNIA

Dairying In The San Joaquin Valley Is A Very profitable business. One acre keeps a milch cow and she earns you $10 a month. Expensive shelter unnecessary. Land at low prices on easy terms. New book "Dairying in the San Joaquin Valley" free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1089 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 73, Roanoke, Va.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes, Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 191, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

For Your Home

Japanese Towels Or "Tenugui"—$1.00 To $1.25 per 10 pieces. Agents wanted. Send for illustrated catalogue of other Japanese useful novelties. Miyako & Co., Tameike, Akasaka Tokyo, Japan.

Window Trimming

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Kreider School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Die Making, Metal Stamping

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Hand Cleaner for Motorists

Wonderful Invention. Instantly Removes Dirt, grease or graphite without soap or water. Applied like cold-cream. Will not hurt most delicate hands. 50c for sample jar. Guaranteed. Money refunded. Agents wanted. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 161, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

JOBS

Agents Wanted

Our Agents Make Big Money And Get Their own clothes at special inside prices. We want you to take orders for our fine tailored suits. All prices and latest styles to choose from. Complete outfit and full instructions free. Send for details and start early. Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 84, Chicago.

Agents—Would You Take A Steady Job Starting right away on the most attractive proposition with chances of increasing your earning power constantly? No experience required. My goods are snappy, self-sellers that make and hold customers. If you want to make big money quick, write me to-day. E. M. Davis, Pres., 861 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Managers, etc.," our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to hustlers. Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 2425 W. Division St., Chicago.

Kwik Hand Cleaner. Big Profits. Easy Sales. Wonderful invention. Instantly removes dirt, grease or stain without soap or water. Every motorist, motorcyclist, chauffeur or machinist buys when shown. Write today. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 151, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Dist. X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents Wanted. Exquisite Line Imported And domestic Richara-Nalora perfumes, creams and toilet goods. Large commission, exclusive territory. Address Dept. No. 1, Security Co., Woodsport, N. Y.

Agents—Be First In Your Town To Sell New Perfume Novelty. Sells on sight. Sample 50c. Dozen 20c prepaid. Particulars free. Wilbert Co., 2329 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 940 T, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Salesmen—Working For Us Means Cash In Your pocket every day; Household Devices; duplicate orders; profits big; experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., 31 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And ... for Stores and Office Windows, easily applied, ... everywhere. Postal brings free sample. ... Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted

Energetic Men In Every Town And City Make big money selling Package Pure Food Products in homes. A trial of them means customers every day all the year. A rare chance for the right man to make money quick. No experience required. Every day's delay is money lost. Particulars free. Send references. Schorn & Brower, 548-570 West 40th St., New York City.

Soap Agents Make More Money Selling 140 articles of Concentrated Linro Line. Coffee, Flavorings, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes and 136 other items. Handsome Premiums to your customers. Big Commissions to you. Exclusive territory. Free Sample case. No deposit required. Free Catalogue. Linro Company, 10 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 30,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 359, Chicago.

Agents—A Pair Of Silk Hose Free. This Month only. Send no money; state size. Agents wanted in every town. Write today. Beautiful line. Large profits. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. P, 312 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Hinges from wagons on nodes or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Hinge Co., O'Fallon, Ills.

Wanted: A Few Young Men Willing To Work. Good Pay; short hours—prompt action wins the job. Write at once for Free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. 1005, Chicago.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 113 Bedd St., Newark, N. Y.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag; big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. B. Hammond & Bro., 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

Something New—Sanitary Device For Telephones. Millions will be sold. Sells readily everywhere. $1. 100 Profit. One large industrial company purchased 1100. Profitable exclusive agencies open. Thondale Co., 509 Nasby, Toledo, O.

Don't Throw Your Rusty Looking Tan Shoes away. Use Ki-press and wear them for best. Makes old tan shoes look new. Honest canvassers wanted. George J. Kelly Co., 519 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

their digestion much more freely at the service of the great enterprise than was compatible with their private interests; while a number have devoted almost their whole time to it, and rendered service that was not only conspicuously faithful but without which ultimate success would be more problematical than it now appears.

Sometimes these hard workers groan a bit under their burdens, and yet they would not mind it half so much if their townsmen would only give them credit for working at all. On the contrary the popular opinion is that the life of a director, in addition to basking in the sunshine of general envy, is, if not all beer and skittles, something probably better, mostly banquets and champagne, having reference to that elaborate procession of luncheons and dinners to commissioners or envoys from one country or State after another, the accounts of which are always marching through the columns of the daily news.

THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD

NOW, if the facts must be confessed, these functions have long ceased to titillate, so far as directors are concerned. Those gentlemen have tired of making speeches, and tired of hearing them; they have tired of fowl and fish and filet, of sauternes and burgundies and champagnes; and especially are they tired of being accused of banqueting thus at the expense of the exposition treasury, when as a matter of fact only the plate of the guest or guests is so charged. Once a month each director receives a bill pro rata for his share of each banquet he has attended, and as amid the ringing of the Anvil Chorus he draws his personal check for the amount, he can only find a grim satisfaction in reflecting that republics are still ungrateful.

It is greatly to the writer's regret that space does not permit of a word in detail of the many striking features of the exposition plan: of the Horticultural Building with its lofty crystal dome; of the Palace of Fine Arts with broadly extended arms curving to embrace a shimmering lagoon; of the chromatic horticultural display to be marshaled by that wizard of Golden Gate Park, John McLaren, a succession of hues of leaf and blossom such as would be possible only in California; of the sculptures supervised by Ritter and Calder; of the succession of congresses, 138 of which have already been scheduled; of the agricultural and live-stock exhibits with their daily scientific demonstrations; of the speedway and athletic field upon which contests of human and animal prowess will succeed each other like vast Olympics; of the marvels of progress to be revealed in the departments of social economy, of education, of liberal arts, of manufactures, of machinery, of transportation, of mines and metallurgy—of the vying challenges that already begin to ring from nation to nation; particularly of that challenge recently issued by the Philippines to the country of their foster mother, delivered by the mouth of their Director General of Agriculture, Mr. Frederick William Taylor, who said:

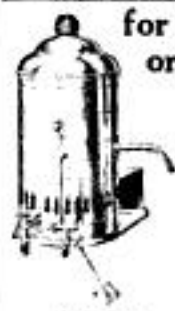
"We will show you an exhibit in education, in agriculture, and perhaps other departments, that will not only be remarkable, coming from the Philippines, but that will put the greatest of our States upon their mettle to excel, or even to equal."

THE HIDDEN MIGHT OF IT

AS one walks over the grounds to-day and sees the foundations of acre upon acre of buildings going in; as one observes in the vast curved space reserved for the buildings of the States and nations the signs that begin to bloom in every part of the arc proclaiming that this soil or that is already deeded to Sweden, to Japan, to Bolivia, to New York, to Illinois, or New Jersey, it wants but little imagination to contemplate this vast congress of State and national exhibits already standing, complete and furbished, a world exposition in itself, although quite over and above what has hitherto been described.

To the westward above this curved arc of the States and nations rise the copse-clad heights of Uncle Sam's great military station, the Presidio, and the sky rattles and roars with the booming of her heavy guns now engaged in target practice. Fascinated, the eye sweeps on round the southern circle to the home-covered vistas of the city's upland; on

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Clean, Fresh Hot Water
for home, office or other use



THE OHIO
"M" for artificial or natural gas $29
"A" for acetylene gas $32

Heater goes in bathroom, kitchen, office, etc. Always ready. You light it when you use it. No maintenance expense. Instantaneously heats a flowing stream of water. No storage. Adapted for all requirements or as auxiliary to storage tank heater. Saves heat, time and expense.



THE DAYTON
for gasoline ... $35
All f. o. b. Dayton

The "Ohio" gas heaters require no flue or condensation pipe and therefore can be set any place. Gas and water attachments, only, to install.

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McCormick Building **Dayton, Ohio**

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in each town to ride and exhibit sample Ranger bicycles. *Write for our latest special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1914 Models .. **$10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires
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100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new ..... **$3 to $8**
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship on Approval without a cent in advance, pay the freight, and allow
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
TIRES, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, cyclometers, parts and repairs at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogue and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, Chicago, Ill.

If You Can Draw
YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

providing your talent is guided to accord with commercial requirements. If you are looking for an opportunity to put your artistic talent to commercial use write us. Good advertising artists receive from $30 to $100 per week and we teach advertising art by correspondence. Our students receive personal instruction and criticism. No printed lessons; every problem an individual assignment adapted to the needs of each student. Some of our pupils are selling work done in the course. Why not be me one of them? Send us a sample of your work with return postage for *free* criticism.

ACADEMY OF ADVERTISING ART
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Do Your Printing!



Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press, Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Do printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog. TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Clark's Orient Cruise

Feb. 2, '14, by sumptuous new "Rotterdam," 24,170 tons, 6 glorious days. Rates $400 up, first class, including shore excursions, etc. Program FREE. Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

JOBS

High Grade Salesmen

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in your own name. No experience necessary. Send no money. Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 296Z Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Make Big Money Taking Orders For Regal made-to-measure Union tailored men's garments. We tell you how. You get everything you need free. Wonderfully colored, illustrated book of styles and fabrics, tape line, instructions free. Experience unnecessary. Write a postal Now. We do the rest. All charges paid. Regal Tailoring Company, 223 Regal Building, Chicago, Ill.

Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by our 2 punch board assortments (jewelry, cutlery, chocolate, gum). We take back unsold goods. Can use 1 or 2 now employed. State territory. We want men capable of earning $50.00 per week and we want them now. We Dun and Bradstreet rating. Dixon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $17.50 to $25.00. You can make good money. Elegant large sample outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No capital required. Splendid opportunity to make money. Easy Dandy Line. Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or accidents, $5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost $10. $500 Accidental Death, $25 weekly for sickness or injuries. Attractive proposition. Midland Casualty Co., 1305 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Salesmen Making Small Towns, Whole Time Or side line, should carry our fast selling pocket specialties. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Big quick easy sales. $4.00 commission on each order. Something entirely new. Write for outfit to-day. Bemis Bro. Bag Co., 212 Sidney St., Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen In Every Town Where There Is A Savings bank—to sell our 6% gold coupon bonds, in denominations of $100 and upwards, on instalments. Quick results on instalment bonds. The Mortgage & Real Estate Company, 20 East 42nd St., N.Y.

Agents Wanted

Anyone Can Attach Gliding Casters. Amazing profits. Carried in pocket. No rollers. Save floors and furniture. Cost 5c, sell 50c. Homes buy dozens. Best article of the century. G. Mfg. Co., 20 B Warren St., New York.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Tapered Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, largest profit. Write for our free catalog. Quick to win. Fuller Brush Co., 35 Bradley Place, Hartford, Conn.

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stward to where the concession district ill rear its sixty-five acres of palaces joy, on to the north where stretches e great parallelogram which is to be e exposition proper.

As one reflects that here in this the-re of the hills, between the land of the west continent and the tides from the ven seas, a mighty pageant of human rogress will form and begin its march to history, what wonder if the veins ngle, and the eye kindles or mists over the prospect! Here the races of the orld will come together, their artists nd their artisans, to hang the pictures a world achievement in the grand lon of all the ages!

It was Napoleon Bonaparte, one re-cets, the red-minded apostle of war, ho planned and held the first World's xposition. He did it as a military ensure, to instruct his nation, to unify and to fortify it for an insular and self-sustaining existence if war should make that necessary. That was the first. How if this last should be brooded over by the bright white dove! How if the full-powered ambassadors of every land, standing in the Court of the Sun and Stars, should turn their eyes away from the scenes depicted on the walls around them, plunging horses, swaying chariots, embattled warriors, the symbols of man's mighty past, and, looking forward to a future that is mightier, should raise their hands to God on high, and here, between the popples and the Pleiades, swear a pact of eternal peace upon the nations of the world!

A dream? And overgilded? Yes, no doubt; but not untimely born, nor out of wedlock, a vision begotten of a well-grown hope and fathered by the spirit of those new times which now begin to be!

John Evan's Last Resort

(Concluded from page 17)

The next morning, Angelus paid John van "three hun' dollars hard mon'," hereby coming into undisputed posses-on of the Last Resort; and as the arrigans, magnanimously agreeing to shift" on the next pay day—Saturday—another place, belonging to the same ndlord, no obstacle appeared in the way f the merry honeymoon Angelus hoped or.

I hate to tell it when I recall what llowed, but I took the hundred, called ohn Evan dear twice in quick succes-on, put the roll in my bag, and spent quite as John Evan had suggested.

A WEEK of satisfaction had not rolled round when one day, as we were driv-g home by the river road, we met An-elus. We had noticed in passing that, hough the Harrigans had departed, "rain r'l, pig, and all," the new owner had ot yet taken full possession of the Last esort. Angelus looked fagged, and the talian mind must in truth work hard on —e Italian body, for he was the picture of l health, as well as of woe. "Mis'r Davis, me want speak with you, please," and e drew up, not without scenting financial loss. "Mis'r Davis, please take back our house, please. Me get let to-day. ty poor old mudder in Old Country ant come me, her all boy. Her sick nd old. Me buy your house, no have udder. Oh-h!" Again that moan, the ame I had heard that bank holiday fter I had hinted gently that Angelus asn't faultlessly good.

"Why, Angelus, you know I can't do iant. I've turned the tenants out for ou; it's hard to rent that house, and I an't afford to take it back and let it tand idle all summer," and John Evan repared to drive on. With that Angelus ad a "sick" all on his own account. Vith a terrible writhing and with his and clasping his side, he managed to ay brokenly: "Oh, God, me sick, too. Vhat my wife and mudder do, me dead?" ohn Evan is at times more discerning han I give him credit for, and seeing ery quickly that Angelus's change of eart had been caused not by any mud-er's sick or let, but by the advice of one of his wiser countrymen, who, in iew of the case, had very likely called im "one big fool, buy dat old house," at calm and unimpressed by Angelus's otal collapse, and drove on. Angelus re-overed in time to appear again before undown, accompanied by no one less han David Reese Reese, whom I must ntroduce. David Reese Reese, John Evan's worst enemy and dearest friend, is most formidable political rival and is staunchest praise singer, is, in fact, a man to be watched and feared. The de-otion between these two is something andsome to see; they go for long walks n pleasant Sunday afternoons; they orrow each other's new novels; they arry on in partnership a sort of imita-ion Young Men's Christian Association ver a barber shop for the benefit of the rusher boys; they journey off together o an eisteddfod every New Year's, and hout and sing with the loudest old Welshman there as sure as New Year omes; and yet, if one of them should die uneasy, natural death after perfect repent-nce, the one who had been spared would leep more sweetly and stiller and better he last six weeks before "the polls are pen from six until six" than ever be-ore. In short, though each may have a veak-kneed affection for the other, it is quite the kind that "friendly rivals" have everywhere except in print, and the constant competition in politics, horses, and gain, and even in the rings and fur coats of their wives, can't help but be a deadener to the bells of sweet friendship.

And so Angelus appeared before us with David Reese Reese, looking a good deal revived, but at the same time ready to go off into another spasm if it seemed necessary. In David Reese Reese one could see at once the champion of injured ignorance.

"Hlo, Reese."

"How do you do, John Evan," aggrievedly. "John Evan, I have come to talk over this affair of Angelus. He has just come to me with his sad story, and I feel that I must do what I can to help him. I don't think that you, John Evan, as a Christian man, can refuse to take back that miserable piece of property (John Evan glares dutifully), into which he has sunk his little all, when his old mother is yearning to come to her only son, who himself is visibly the prey of some insidious malady."

JOHN EVAN looked stolid—that was David's desire, I knew, but the speech was unfinished.

"John Evan," proceeded the most just judge, "give the man his money back, I beg you. If you won't help him, I must, as a merciful man; if you won't take the house and give him his money, I shall, as I can afford it just now."

"My Lord!" said John Evan dazedly, getting the drift of things at last. It was to be an exchange neither of money nor of houses, but of the Italian vote. If John Evan refused to return the money and receive the Last Resort back into his warm embrace, David Reese Reese would, in his stead, go through this transaction, and receive in addition to the house, as a reward for his benevolence, the undivided support of the Italians, who up to this time had wavered, now rallying in John Evan's ranks, now swearing by David Reese Reese.

David Reese Reese had either been generous or had considered John Evan a foe to fear, and an open challenge safer than a stolen weapon, for instead of quietly making the swipe, as he might, he had given John Evan a chance. It was hard lines for the latter; even if he did yield, there would still be the sentiment against him. David Reese Reese could still pass as the lion-hearted protector of the Italians, John Evan might still pass as the villain, won to justice only after a hard bargain. Strenuous measures must be resorted to. There was a solemn hush; Angelus looked mournful and hung limply upon the arm of his advocate; John Evan thought, and I thought, of the hundred that had come —and gone. At last he spoke. "Bring back the deed in the morning, Angelus, and I'll give you a check for the three hundred. And, Angelus, here is twenty-five dollars toward your mother's ticket."

David Reese Reese, who should have looked triumphant, seemed undone; Angelus beamed, and John Evan, with the light of his late inspiration still in his eye, was silent.

POOR mother has not yet come, Angelus has regained his health, the Last Resort is still vacant, but John Evan thinks—oh trusting heart!—that he is "sure of the whole blamed Italian vote in November."

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SHORT-STORY CONTEST
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
414 West 13th Street, New York

The Angel

(Concluded from page 16)

hoops the women use to do 'em on. She didn't make a move nor a sound when we went in.

"'Where's a glass?' I whispers.

"I thought she was all in. The young fellow give me an old chipped glass, I busted off a piece of ice, uncorked the bottle, and poured out some of the wine.

"The poor boy stood there, his face like the end of the world has come. I slipped my arm under the girl's shoulders and raised her up. She must have weighed about ninety pounds; but she was still breathin'. I didn't know whether she was or not when I went in. I pressed the glass agin her lips and got a little of the wine down. She stirred a bit and opened her eyes. Man, they were like stars starin' out from her white face! I gave her the glassful, sip by sip. Then she sank back on the couch, her cheeks a little redder, and breathin' more regular.

"'Here,' I says to the lad, 'when'd she have anythin' to eat?'

"'This mornin',' says he; 'but it wasn't much, and we haven't had very much for a good many days.'

"I pulled out a small bill and passed it over to him.

"'You jump,' I ordered him, 'over to the Capitol City lunch and get a pail of soup, and some milk, and eggs, and ham sandwiches, and pickles, and—oh, h—l,' I says, 'I don't know what you ought to get to feed a starvin' woman, but you get it and bring it back.'

"So he went, and I sat there and watched her till he came back. Then we give her a little more of the wine and fed her some bread and broth slow. Pretty soon she sat up.

"'You have been so good,' she says. 'To whom are we indebted for so much kindness?'

"Yes, she did, just like that. 'My name is Mogridge, ma'am,' I says; 'but you ain't indebted to me at all. The pleasure is all mine.' I didn't forget my manners if I was all shook up.

"'I feel so much better,' she answers me; 'I really think I was dying. To say we are not indebted!' She reached out and took her husband's hand. 'We shall never forget,' she said. She lay back again and closed her eyes. 'I'm all right now,' she said, low, like a tired kid; 'but I'm very weak. I think I'll go to sleep a little.' And she did.

"I sat there for a while and talked with the boy. Seems he and his wife come from old families down in South Carolina, poor and proud, you know. They had generals and governors to burn for relations, or rather had had, for most all their near kin were dead. Those that were left didn't have nuthin'. The boy had been makin' a fair livin' in a Charleston office; but he had made up his mind that his pictures would sell, and the pair of fool kids had come North so he would be near the magazines and art dealers. He had sold a few drawin's to the funny papers, but not enough of them to live on; they had spent their little money, pawned their things, goin' from bad to worse all the time. It seems the girl could embroider beautiful and do fancy work. For the last two months all the money they had had come from the sale of that. She had worked herself sick over it; but in the summer she couldn't sell enough for 'em to live on.

"'Why in Gawd's name didn't you—the paintin' drop and go out and get man's job?' I asked him.

"'Do you think I haven't tried?' flashes back at me. 'The trouble is, know how to do only office work draw and paint. There doesn't seem be a bit of work in this whole big for me!'

"JUST then somethin' struck me. 'S I asked him, 'do you think you paint signs and show cards and fancy letters and things like that?'

"'I never tried,' says he, 'but I'm I could. I have asked at some of places, but they had no positions open.

"'Well,' says I, 'a Mr. Grant, who a business of that kind near here, in the place this afternoon, and he tellin' me that one of his men had off on a bat. He's a habitchual soak, Grant's goin' to fire him. I believe could get the job. I'll go with you him in the mornin'.'

"'Man,' cried the boy, 'you're an absolute angel. You'll be savin' both lives. Pray God I can get the job!'

"So we went around to see Grant mornin' and he put the boy on. And night, about seven o'clock, the lad here and said he was comin' along with the work and could make easy. 'And I'll sell some drawin's now our daily bread is sure,' he says. An' I believe the nervy little cuss too."

"Well, he took a little package out his pocket. 'My wife wants you to this,' he says. 'It's a picture I painted of her last summer. It isn't very good or worth anythin', but it's the best we in our power.'

"'No, it ain't,' I says; 'her thanks at that. But I'm proud to have it, all the same, if you think you want an old hen of a bartender to have your wife's picture.'

"'Lord, man,' he says, 'we don't care what your business is. We don't think of you that way. You remember what I told you last night you were.'"

JIM pulled out a match, leaned back and started a mahoborous conflagration of his Connecticut. He chuckled.

"Maybe some other folks thought I was an angel last night," he laughed. "The boss got mad because I was gone so long closed up the place, and locked me out I had to go all the way home in my white coat.

"But those kids certainly got close to me," Jim sighed reflectively. "I s I'm the original easy mark. I always was a good-hearted son-of-a-sea—"

The baize door swung open. In shuffled a robust vagabond, dirty, pimply face, with matted hair and bleary eyes.

"Say, boss," he whined, "couldn't you set a poor workman out of a job up a little drink?"

Jim rose like a released spring. He swung the hobo around, grasped both his arms above the elbows, and with brutal ness and precision kicked the intruder through the swinging doors and out into the night.

HE came back and sat down, breathing a bit faster.

"Yes, kid," he went on, "the trouble with me is that I'm too damn good-natured. I certainly fell for those kids'

Their Honor

(Continued from page 8)

iron bedstead and fell asleep. When he awoke, in the grim, gray mist of the winter morning, his son was standing by his side.

"I didn't wake you: you woke," said the son.

"What is it? What is the time?" The General lifted himself on one elbow. "Nearly seven? He will be coming in a few minutes to call me."

"I have told him to wait. I want to speak to you."

"Make your report!" The General closed his eyes, assured. Things were coming as far right as they still could. He felt like a roped man fallen over an abyss, stunned by the shock of the stop. But they were drawing in the rope.

"I went to the ball. It was a gorgeous affair."

"Naturally." The father, suddenly frighted by the enforced hush of the son's voice, turned on him, marked the crumpled uniform, his ashen face, the dishevelled brow.

"You haven't come here to describe the ball!"

"Yes and no. She—the girl Mercer showed everybody. There was a fancy dance—you don't know—that's not your time. She brought me two bouquets. An outrageous thing. Never mind. The whole city knows."

He drew breath. "They would have known to-morrow," said the General.

"They will know a great deal more. drove me wild. You had driven me to

bout the Riesenhof. I didn't want to arry her. At least, as long as there as a chance of escape. I can't lose the Iesenhof. Can't let you lose it!"

"Me!" said the General with sudden orn. "What have you done?"

"I wanted to save things! A last ance. I was desperate. Oh, why can't ings come right?"

"What, for God's sake, have you ne?"

THE father lay back in the clammy dawn. He had no idea: amid his obts he was almost curious to know. "There was baccarat going on in a ek room. Not serious, of course. But forced them—forced him, Meyer. He dn't want to, I must own. I made m. It was my last chance. My last ance of escape. My very last."

The gray figure of the General rose the low bed. "You played?"

"I was mad. But if I had won, it ould have been all right."

The General staggered to his feet, in e icy cold of the unwarmed room.

"All right? And your oath?"

"Nobody knows of that but Uncle urt."

"You know!" Both were silent. The ther snatched at his uniform coat and ousers, to steady himself, staring at e son.

"You played! Is it possible? God in aven, you stand here and tell me you ve played!"

"You shouldn't have driven me to it," id the son.

"Nothing could have driven you to it, obody. Not madness. Not wickedness. do not understand." The General's in fell: he recovered himself. "Your th as an officer and a noble, your cred word of honor as a soldier and man!"

"I don't deny it," said the son.

"You are even mistaken in what you id just now. The Emperor knows."

"O-o-oh!—Uncle Kurt!"

"He had to tell him to save you. hat, have you gone to pieces? Does at make all the difference to you?" he son had fallen into a chair, his open alms against his eyes. The father, with re feet and neck, in his huddled uniorm things, hung against the bed.

"Does *that* make all the difference?"

"I can't stay in the country. I thought obody knew." The General, with the opeless void between them, strove for hence.

"Can't stay—" he stuttered, "in the orld!"

THE son looked up, large-eyed. "She is waiting," he said, "for a telephone essage. She said that when I took ave of her, 'I have placed myself in our hands,' she said. 'Telephone beore breakfast that you have your ther's consent.' She gave me her priate number, in her own room. I can elephone to her at once."

"What do you want to say?"

The son thrust open the door, into the ervant's disordered bedroom, at the ack. He rang the telephone bell. A esponse came almost immediately in the arce awakening town.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it is I. You can ear me? You are alone? Yes, you ave understood aright. I am ruined. rretrievably. Quite. I must go and ve in America under a false name. ever come back. No, never. I am dead here. As dead as if I had shot myself. You must understand that. I can't stay anywhere in Europe. I must disappear." He halted. He hung up the receiver. The General had turned away in the door.

"She is willing to go with me. She even has her dead mother's money," said the son, following.

"Poor girl!"

"She is not nearly so much to be pitied as you."

"I am not to be pitied. My son is dead. And I need not even mourn for him."

"Father!"

"The sacrifice you demand from her no man that is not a scoundrel may demand. You must feel that."

"I do feel it."

"Such infatuations as hers do not last. She will soon realize what she has married. What a memory, I mean." The General tried to find his words, to express his thoughts, with that mist about his brain, before his eyes.

"True."

"And her children will *know*."

"They would grow up over yonder; they would think differently. They wouldn't even understand you and me."

"You and me? We do not understand each other. In a few hours all our friends—every one of whom thinks as I do—will know that you have done the *one* thing you couldn't do and live." He broke down now: there was no pretense of keeping up. He bit back the tears.

"Father, you are right. It's true. I couldn't live, wherever I was. I couldn't," said the shivering son.

"As for me, I'm all right. Don't mind me. I shall pull through, these few years more."

EACH stood staring into the unutterable blank for a long, slow time. Each heard the front-door bell ring. Life was coming back, bubbling up around them. Everyday life and talk.

The old man, standing where he stood, unaltered, drew open, as if unconsciously, a drawer in the little table by his side. He left it open. A revolver lay in it, glittering bright.

Each stood staring. The shallow drawer gaped wide. In it, close in front, against the woodwork, the still revolver gleamed at the son.

With no look at the child he had lost, no look anywhere, seeing nothing, the father reached the door, stumbled halfway down the stairs on his bare feet.

Outside was the numbness of a hut half-awakened dwelling. Vague sounds in the distance, perhaps among the neighbors, perhaps in the streets. The immense approaching rumor of the ungovernable city. In the near silence a gray tremor of solitude, an immeasurable wait.

THE old servant appeared at the foot end, in much doubt. "The Herr Graf von Klarwitz says he must instantly see your Excellency. I have put him in the late Frau Gräfin's little sitting room—"

"Hush!" said the General. He motioned the eager summons back. He stood listening, halfway down the staircase, under the placid bust of the old Emperor. By the hall door, in the little entry, stood the boar hound, wagging his tail.

August

By GRANTLAND RICE

DRIFTING as the current goes,
Drifting where the dream tide flows
'g the swaying water lilies and the red
gleam of the rose;
Where the south wind echoes, sighing
For the blooms of summer dying
n the dun threshold of autumn and the
white bank of the snows.

Drifting through a world of dreams,
Dreamer by the low-tide streams,
Lazy vagabond and listless where the
blazing sun ray beams;
Where the shadows gather, creeping
By the couch where Life is sleeping
As the star dust settles softly where the
purple twilight gleams.

Lotus lover, free from care,
Wanderer as winds may fare,
In your veins the blood of roses—yellow sunshine
for your hair;
And your voice the low winds sighing
For the blooms of summer dying,
For the white-faced lilies drooping and the roses
bowed in prayer.

"Courtesy"

I CAN remember how scared I used to be of the ugly man in the railroad ticket office. He was such a sour, gruff, bite-your-head-off sort of a man that almost everybody approached his "cage" with fear and trembling.

But that type of railroad employee is becoming as scarce as the wild buffalo on the western plains; and railroads now even go so far as to have Information Bureaus where you can get an intelligent, courteous reply to almost any sort of a question that you would think of asking in a railroad station. So far forget yourself as to ask the man—"*What time does the 3 o'clock train leave?*"—and he won't laugh at you!

Do you know why?

Because he is learning that "*the prosperity of every institution patronized by the public is absolutely dependent upon the good will of the individuals who comprise the public*".

I have just been reading the little booklet on "*Courtesy*" that is "*issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to its employees*" and I am profoundly impressed with this modern adaptation of a lesson that is thousands of years old. The law of non-resistance and the return of good for evil are its principles. "*Meet discourtesy with courtesy, unreasonableness with reason, impatience with patience*" it counsels.

Here is a practical application of true wisdom and philosophy on the part of this great business corporation—The Pennsylvania Railroad.

Each day brings new evidence that the business men of this country are realizing, in rapidly increasing numbers, that the "*Golden Rule*" has a very practical as well as a moral and ethical side to it. It *pays* to be good—it pays individuals, it pays corporations, it pays everybody. Some day more people will be good just for the sake of being good. In the meantime, it's a good thing for everybody to realize that it *pays*.

Particularly in Advertising does it pay to be good—and to be "good" means to be *honest* all along the line—honest in our intentions, honest in the printed word, honest in the value given for the price.

It is fatal to advertise and then fail to "deliver the goods". Railroads and other big corporations whose sole commodity is *Service to The Public* know this and the more they advertise the greater the need for perfecting that service. That's why such helpful books as "*Courtesy*" are issued "*to employees*".

A. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 131

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—May We Send You This Book About Your Children's Reading?

If you are the parent of a boy or girl we have a copy of this book for *you*.

It is a wonderfully valuable little book, written in a popular style and illustrated with a colored reproduction of one of the most beautiful of Maxfield Parrish's paintings.



It tells the story of The Junior Classics, the 846 wonder tales and poems, the choicest work of 300 authors—the best literature for children to read, selected and arranged by William Patten, Managing Editor of the Harvard Classics, with an introduction by Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., President Emeritus of Harvard University, and a reading guide by William Allan Neilson, Ph. D., Professor of English, Harvard University. It answers these questions—

"How shall I select the books my boy or girl ought to read? Where can I find reading for children that will interest them and still help them?"

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Do you really know who your children's heroes are—not the flesh-and-blood heroes who may meet them in the hurly-burly of the playground—but the heroes who come to them in the quiet of their own rooms—their *book associates?*

Who are their real heroes and heroines in the hours that they spend alone? Who are the men and women who are made to seem to them wonderful, worthy to pattern after? Whoever they are, they have it in their power to shape the lives of your boy and girl permanently for good or evil.

Who are they?

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ent can prove it out of the experience of his own childhood. What are the pleasantest stories with which the memory of manhood and womanhood is stocked? The novels of the hour? The great essays or histories of literature? None of these can compare in sweetness to the memory of those stories of "Jack and the Beanstalk," of "Pilgrim's Progress," of "Cinderella's Slipper," of "Robinson Crusoe," or "Evangeline," with which the first evenings of life were made wonderful. No lecturer, however great his reputation or marvelous his story, can ever quite succeed in rivaling the charm of a mother's accents: no other literature can ever quite replace the stories of the hearthside.

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At the County Fair

(Concluded from page 21)

indeed, for he, too, was part of the show.

The last heat of the "gallopin' race" had been run at Galena and we were working toward the gate in the gathering dusk, when I recognized the young equilibrist who, an hour before, in spangled pink tights, had been balancing on one hand on a pyramid of bottles. He had been assisted by a plump young woman in a white sweater, short skirt, and red stockings, with her hair, tied with a red ribbon, hanging down her back. It was her duty to bounce about the stage waving the traditional gestures of admiration and amazement, now and then pretending that she thought he was going to fall, while the row of small boys, hanging by their chins to the edge of the stage, followed with adoring eyes—as their elders, if they recalled their own stiff-jointed and generally absurd bodies, must, one would think, have surveyed the exquisitely controlled and seal-like movements of that athletic young man. He was in ordinary clothes now, bareheaded, with flannel trousers rolled up from rubber "sneakers," negligee shirt open at the neck, and he carried a small tin pail. He was on his way to get some milk from one of the prize cows—"What do you know about that! Well—somebody's got to have it—why not us? That's what I told my wife."

THEY had their own tent and cooked their own meals and slept on fresh straw with a sheet spread over it. "It's just like camping out. Why, we can keep out right up to winter. Next week we'll be over in Sedalia, Mo., and before we get through we'll work down as far as New Orleans."

It looked a great life, I told him; the only trouble was how long could one keep it up? An acrobat had to be young. "Keep it up?" he demanded. "Why, all our lives, of course. Why, I know men sixty-five years old who do the most wonderful things you ever heard of. You've got to keep in shape, that's all—and that's easy enough, outdoors. Why, look at my wife. I took her out of a hospital—and look at her now!"

There was certainly no doubt about her present good health, and I added that she had her "business" down pretty well, too. "Yes," he agreed, a trifle doubtfully. "It'll do all right here. Anything'll do outdoors. But when we get inside"—they played the vaudeville circuits in the winter—"we lack refinement. It's a different game altogether. The crowd's keener and quicker. They appreciate it more, and then again, if they don't like it, they show it quicker. And it all runs on a close schedule—you're workin' under a watch. Everything's got to go just so, and if it don't, there ain't no time to make it right. It nearly give my wife nervous prostration last winter—of course, that was her first season—she wasn't used to it. But out here—why, everything goes. As I was saying, it's just like camping out."

EVERYTHING seemed all right in a very good world to this young man, standing there with his husky arms folded across a deep chest, watching the crowd shuffle by. Even the booking agent, who made out his summer's schedule and took a good slice of his salary for so doing, struck him as all right enough. "Of course, if we got all we make—well"—he grinned—"it wouldn't be so bad. But, then, look what they do. They [illegible] every fair in the country—who comes and who's running it—and fix it all up for you. They ought to something for that—eh? They're people, all right; I've been working 'em for years."

ONLY one other of these outdoorists struck me as enjoying life much, and her fun came but in dashes, as it were. She was at the Big Dam Fair, and between the tumbling heats of the trotting races she stood beside the band on the lawn in the bright afternoon sunshine and sang to the crowd in the grand stand. She was all in black, with a drooping black hat and her clothes and her pale cameo skin and her singer's manner all seemed to come from some other and very distant world.

A middle-aged Italian with harp accompanied her and supplied the "temperament" of the team, as she evidently furnished the push, hard sense, and business ability. Between songs she disciplined him for getting excited before really understood things or talked tracts (briskly refusing to sing for such pay as *that*, and inviting the manager who had offered it to "kick foot"), and then, when she had produced her dreamy professional smile, the "professor" hopped up, took the leader's baton, and, with agonized lifting of the eyebrows and physical contortions of all sorts, led the awestruck band through the song.

She sang one or two rather sad things which nobody understood but everybody applauded—perhaps because they were ornate, and, being sad and incomprehensible, must naturally be "artistic" and the thing to applaud. Then the band struck up "Silver Threads among the Gold." As those wailing sentimental chords floated out on the afternoon sunshine a quick, happy sigh breathed out from the crowded seats. All at once the shell of their everyday life was pierced, and these sophisticated, tired, and thirsty spirits felt themselves merged in a common emotion. Even a music-hall audience, with its sensibilities scattered by the city's continual show, is impressive from a stage box—all the faces suddenly childlike and eager, put off, defenses forgotten, mere windows to look into. And these were people who you might say, saw no shows at all, whose day's work was scarcely ever lulled by art's kindly anodynes. Doubtless it is fine to be Mary Garden and stand in the center of a vast stage with just the proper shade of amber lighting on you, and sing the latest French dissonances to a vast audience composed entirely of Russian dukes, American heiresses with diamond collars, and appreciative esthetes with green waistcoats and pointed beards. That must produce one kind of a thrill, and I think it must give you another to stand barefoot in the grass in the sunshine before an audience of Wisconsin farmers and farmers' wives—old-fashioned women worn and withered and toughened by years of unremitting work—and feel "Dar-r-r-ling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold." The girl in black with the camelia skin was not at all a light-hearted child of the open road, a sturdy optimist like the boy equilibrist at Galena, yet she must have had her "moments," as they say.

Collier's, The National Weekly

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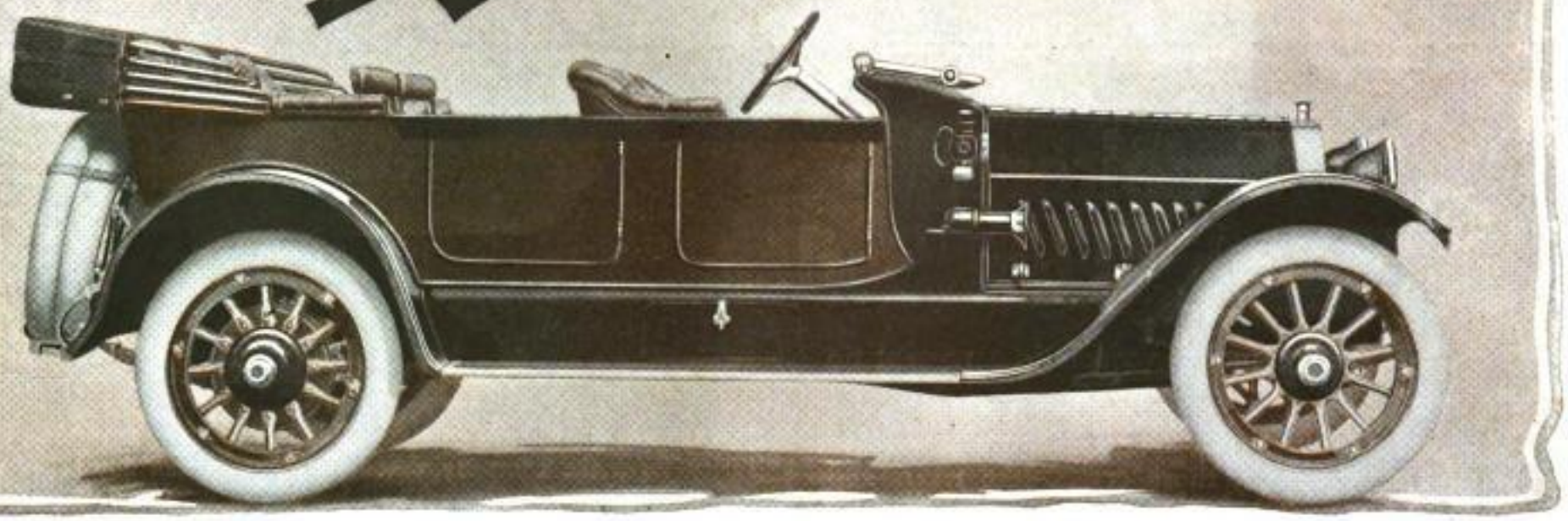
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Established—1880
Incorporated—1899

Oldsmobile 1914



Here is the Greatest Six-Cylinder Car Ever Produced

OUR entire sales organization, engineering department and factory managers, not only endorse the statement that this is the greatest six-cylinder car ever produced, but insist upon advertising it as such—there is no other expression which so adequately and truthfully describes the new 1914 Oldsmobile Model 54.

We have never before in our sixteen years of automobile manufacturing made so strong a statement. Our policy has ever been, and will continue to be, a truthful adherence to facts, and when we commit ourselves we believe we can prove by demonstration or comparison that we have not underestimated the position occupied by Model 54 among sixes.

The motor of this new Oldsmobile is a marvel. To perfect it, the largest corps of engineers, engaged in the exclusive business of designing and building automobile motors, have labored for months. They feel (and we believe you will agree) that this product is the most efficient six-cylinder motor either in this country or abroad. Not too light—not too heavy—perfect in balance and control—it is all that knowing motorists mean by the term "light on its feet."

The 1914 Oldsmobile is not a triumph for ourselves exclusively, but one in which every American can share. Europe's most noted car builders have yet to produce a car that will surpass this Oldsmobile in appearance, completeness or performance.

The 1914 Oldsmobile can be seen at any of our factory branches, located in all the principal cities, and dealers from coast to coast. A complete catalogue will be sent on request.

Four or Five-Passenger Phaeton, touring body type, $2975

Limousine, $4300

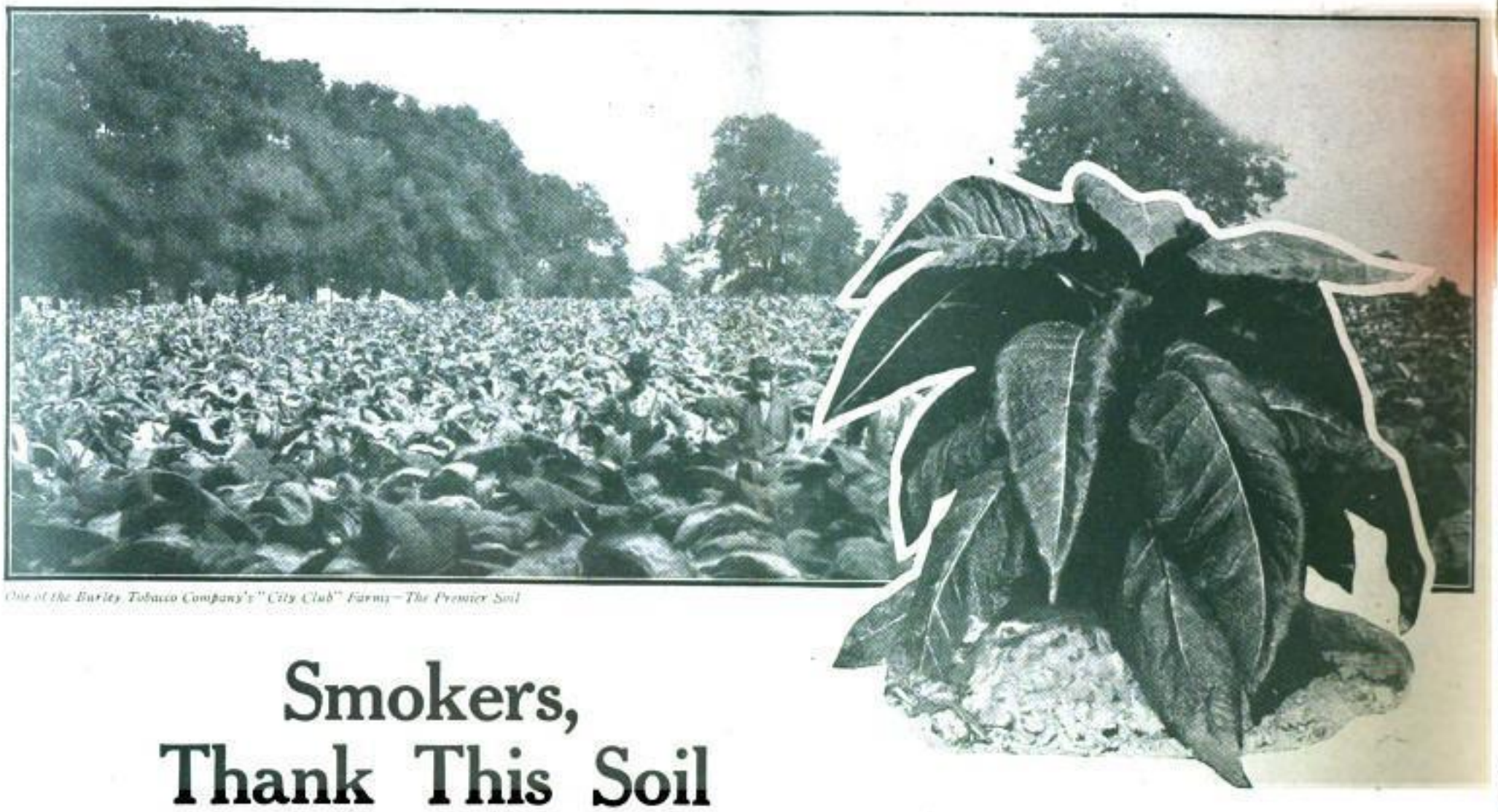
Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $3150

Equipment 1914 Oldsmobile, Model 54 Combination electric and oil side and tail lamps, special Oldsmobile design. Special design Oldsmobile electric head lamps. Special design three-way adjustable ventilating windshield. Top, boot, and patented adjustable side curtains. 60 miles speedometer. Adjustable stem setting and winding Waltham clock. Rear tire irons, capacity for two tires. Demountable rims, one extra. Imported horse-hair tonneau mat. Motor-driven air pump. Famous Delco starting, lighting and ignition system. Electric light in tonneau. Extension electric trouble lamp. Tools, jack. Patented bow separating top holders. Adjustable disappearing auxiliary seats in seven-passenger. (Extra, at additional cost, wire wheels; special Oldsmobile touring trunks.) Motor, 50 horsepower, six-cylinders, unit power plant, three-point suspension. Bore 4¼, stroke 5½. Extreme length of four and five-passenger models, 16 feet. Extreme length of seven-passenger, 17 feet. Springs front, semi-elliptic. Springs rear, ¾ elliptic. Tires 36 x 5 both front and rear.

1914 DELIVERIES BEGAN AUGUST FIRST

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Michigan

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One of the Burley Tobacco Company's "City Club" Farms—The Premier Soil

Smokers, Thank This Soil

For the finest Burley smoke ever sold in a 10-cent tin —City Club.

Thank the Blue Grass sod of Kentucky, *rich in limestone*, and washed by those crystal-like rivers and brooks from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

For this is the soil that grows The Precious White Burley that goes into City Club. It produces the silkiest, lightest colored Burley leaf that's raised.

It is known as *The Premier Burley Soil*, because no other earth grows another tobacco like it.

Supervised from Seed to Tin

We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

We own the land. We grow the tobacco. We watch every process, from growing leaf to finished tin, with double care. That is why we can make City Club better than any brand you know.

Every smoker who wants the best from his pipe, sooner or later, must buy City Club.

The dealers now have it. Go get a trial tin.

The King Leaf from 200,000 Acres

"The cream" of the crops from 200,000 acres is sent us for selection. We grade this tobacco in our own warehouse—the largest in the world. Then we seek the King Leaf in grade No. 1 for City Club. Seldom more than 10 per cent comes up to this standard. But we use nothing else.



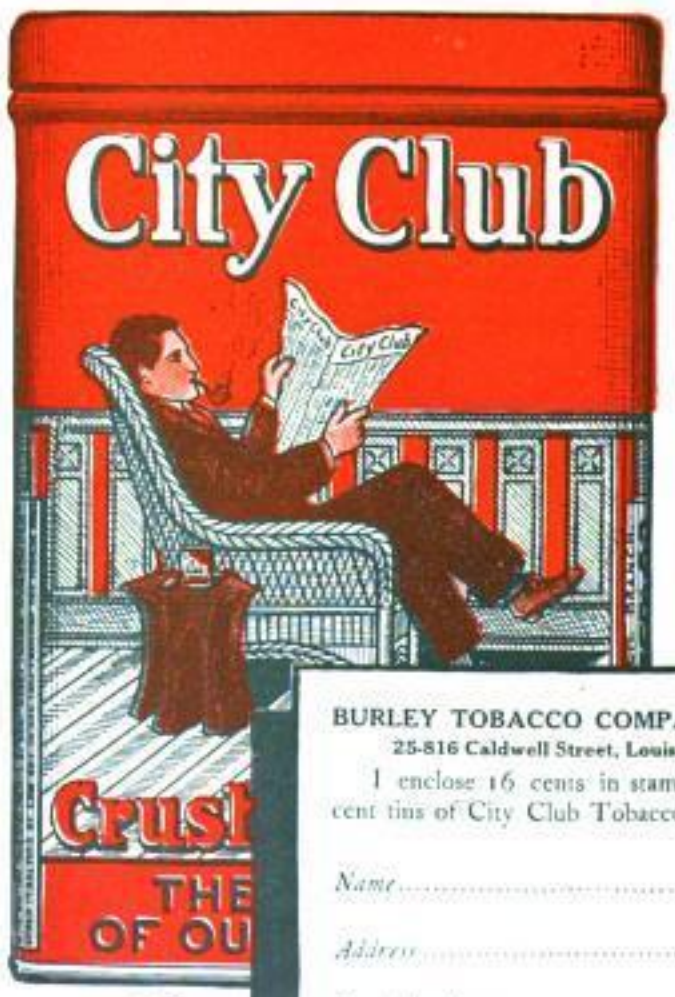
The King Leaf From Each Plant

See How It Smokes

There's an extensive range of quality in Burley. Have you tried the best? Try the *King Leaf* from *The Premier Soil* and see.

Compare its flavor—its exquisite mildness—and full-bodied satisfaction —with the best brand you know now.

ONE TIN MAKES YOU A LIFE MEMBER



Get Two Tins

If your dealer has not received his supply, write your name and address and the dealer's on the coupon below, enclosing 16 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and packing, and we'll send you by mail *two* 10-cent tins—20 cents' worth—to try.

Our Guarantee

Dealers are authorized to refund money to any smoker not satisfied that "CITY CLUB" IS BETTER.

UNION MADE

BURLEY TOBACCO COMPANY
25-816 Caldwell Street, Louisville, Kentucky

I enclose 16 cents in stamps for which send two 10-cent tins of City Club Tobacco.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

GROWERS & MANUFACTURERS OF CITY CLUB

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World

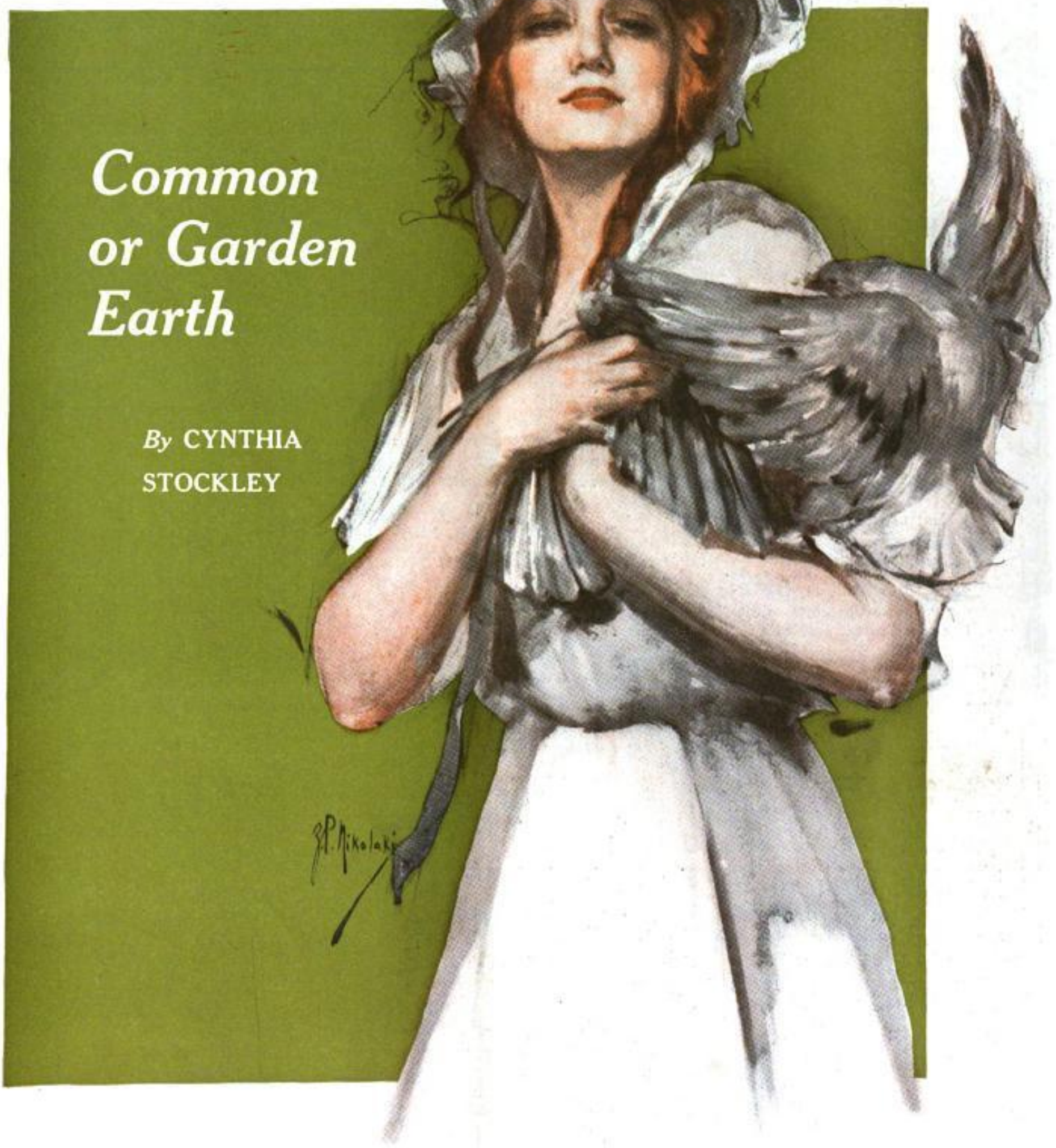
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AUG 20 1913
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Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Common or Garden Earth

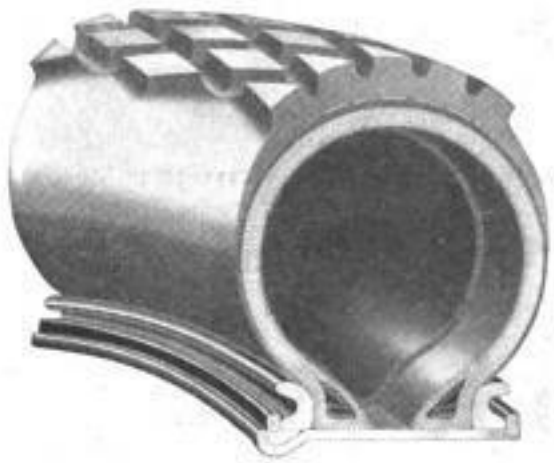
By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

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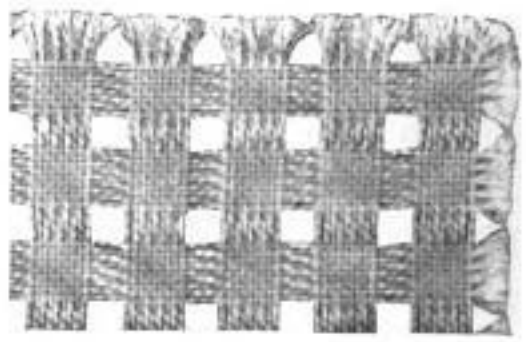
AUGUST 23 1913

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Our "On-Air" Cure Costs $1,500 Daily

Just to Minimize Blow-Outs



This "Rivet Fabric" Cost $50,000

To Prevent Tread Separation

Costly Goodyear Features

Which No One Else Employs

Note now two other reasons why Goodyears won the topmost place in Tiredom.

Two vital, costly features, as exclusive to us as No-Rim-Cut tires.

Two other big economies, which we alone have paid the price to get.

Saving Blow-Outs

Next to rim-cutting—which we completely avoid—the costliest tire damage, perhaps, is the blow-out.

This is sometimes caused by your neglect—sometimes by accident. It can't be entirely avoided.

But the chiefest cause is broken fabric—wrinkled or buckled fabric—caused by curing on an iron core. And that cause we remove in No-Rim-Cut tires, at a cost of $1,500 per day.

Cured on Inner Tubes

We call this the "On-Air" cure. It means that the tires are final-vulcanized on air bags, shaped like inner tubes. That in place of an iron core.

Thus the tires are cured, as they are used, on elastic air. The rubber and fabric adjust themselves to actual road conditions. The strains are equalized.

The fabric is not left wrinkled and buckled as it is when cured on an iron core. There are no points where wrinkled fabric avoids all its share of the strain.

And that does happen in a large percentage of tires cured in other ways. That is the main cause of blow-outs.

This "On-Air Cure," which no one else employs, costs us $1,500 daily. We spend that sum over any other maker to cut down your blow-out cost.

Rubber Rivets Fasten on the Tread

Tread separation, in tires wrongly made, occurs near the breaker strip. It is one of the main tire troubles. This breaker strip, in every well-made tire, comes between the fabric and the tread.

Most breaker strips are solid weaves. Ours is a special open weave. See picture at the top.

The tread rubber, before curing, is forced through these holes, to join with the rubber below. Then the tread and the carcass are vulcanized into one mass.

There are over 500 large rivets of rubber running down through this fabric, just where loose treads occur. We paid $50,000 for the patent on this fabric, to save you from tread separation.

No Rim-Cutting

Then, by another exclusive feature, we have ended rim-cutting entirely.

Rim-cutting ruins nearly one tire in three of the hooked-base clincher type. This is shown by statistics gathered for us by certified public accountants.

They found that 31.8 per cent of ruined clincher tires had been discarded for rim-cutting only. That fearful waste is completely wiped out in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. That we guarantee.

No Extra Price

Yet these great tires now cost no extra price. With these costly features they used to cost one-fifth more than clinchers.

Now no standard tire of any type costs less than No-Rim-Cut tires. Yet we still include these features. That is due to our multiplied output, to a new-built factory and to new machinery.

Please mark this fact. These tires that can't rim-cut—with the "On-Air Cure"—with the "Rivet Fabric"—cost no more than tires which lack these features. Can't you see why these tires have come to outsell any other tire that's made?

Our dealers are everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(1265)

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TIMKEN



I-Beam, Steering-Arm, Rear Axle Drive-Shaft and Knuckle, bent and twisted by powerful machines to test the toughness of the steel.

There's Safety in Axles that Stand Tests Like This—

—Safety in axles designed to meet the maximum stresses of every-day travel with a *big margin to spare*—built of materials so good that, if accident does bring strains beyond what the axles should bear, they will *stand right up to the last ounce of pressure and the last severe shock*—then *bend* but not break.

WHEN Harry Knight drove his racer head-on into a concrete wall at the Speedway May 30 1911, to save another man's life, the Timken Front Axle was bent by the intense impact. But that axle was afterward straightened and is running under a car today.

It is because Timken-Detroit Axle parts are so tough that they *can* be bent, twisted and flattened, cold, *without breaking*, that the man who rides on Timkens *can confidently count on riding safely.*

It requires terrific blows and tons of pressure, in special testing-machines, to bend these big, tough, cold, steel I-beams, steering arms, knuckles and driving shafts.

Tests like this are necessary to *prove* in our factory that the work of the steel-makers, the chemists, engineers and metallurgists was right.

To prove that, while wonderfully tough and strong, Timken-Detroit Axles *are not brittle.*

That the I-beams and spindles will not break under the weight of the loaded car as it drops suddenly into a deep rut or bumps over steel rails. Nor will a steering-arm, or a steering cross-rod snap, and leave the car unmanageable.

Problems in Safety

To get steel that is strong enough, and hard enough to stand the steady stress; and yet so tough that it cannot break under sudden shock, has been no simple problem. And to get it without undue weight has been another problem.

These problems could not be solved through knowledge of the chemistry of steel alone. It meant testing samples of steels from all over the world, observing and recording the effect on these steels of heating them to different temperatures and quenching them in different baths.

Concentrated Study

Out of the multiplicity of analyses, heat-treatments and testings, and out of long experience in every type of car under all conditions of service, has come the best steel for each axle part, and the best formulas for heat-treatment of each part.

Only concentrated devotion to the one problem of axle-building could determine the right steel and the right heat-treatment—just as it has developed the right design, size and relation of the different axle parts.

And Still More Study

Although Timken-Detroit Axles justified themselves from the very beginning of the automobile industry by satisfactory service in motor-cars, pleasure and commercial, the work of study, experiment and investigation has continued through all the years that have followed. It has made, and is making every year, new contributions to the wonderful things accomplished in this Twentieth Century by heat-treatment.

The safety and satisfaction of the man who rides on Timken-Detroit Axles are secure because back of the axle is the great human organization that has worked together for one common object during all the years of motor-car manufacture.

There are no more important parts of your car than the axles and their bearings. Why this is so is told in the Timken Primers, B-3 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," and B-4 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." Sent free postpaid, from either address below.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Michigan
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio



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The Style Book



Fall & Winter

When you get a copy of The Style Book for fall, here's what you'll find in it:

1. A series of artistic illustrations showing the new models in men's clothes; new soft-roll sacks; the latest in shawl-collar overcoats; the men's-styles-for-women models. And a few words to tell you what style really means.

2. We have something to say about the price of good clothes; we'll tell you why you'd better pay $25 or more for a suit or overcoat; but you'll find good clothes with our name in them for less.

3. In a few words you'll find a statement that ready clothes, as we make them—all wool fabrics, fine tailoring, satisfaction guaranteed—are better for you to buy than made-to-measure clothes. It's a convincing statement; better read it.

4. Young men will be particularly interested in the illustrations of their special models, and in what's said about them.

5. The question of fit is touched on; you'll get a new idea about that in this Style Book; you can be correctly fitted in ready clothes.

6. Men's styles for women are the coming thing; not simply "mannish" styles for women—dressmakers and women's tailors have been doing that right along. These are men's styles; made that way.

The Style Book is a valuable contribution to a subject that interests a good many people; don't treat it as a mere advertisement. You can get something out of it. If you're not sure of seeing a copy, send us your name. The book will be ready about September 1st.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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AUG 20 1913

Common or Garden Earth



By Cynthia Stockley

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Part I

THE passionate life of the cities, with its gusts and flurries, carried out upon the veldt of Rhodesia, under southern constellations, stands out with a poignancy and clearness impossible amid the drabness of streets. Miss Stockley brings men and women who are supercivilized, as well as a sophisticated hero made of common earth, into a strange and effective contrast with the wild South African background. Powerful situations result.

THERE always seems to be more ardor and vitality in blue-eyed people than in others, and Diane Heywood and Maryon Hammond were both blue-eyed—with a difference. His ere blue as the inner light of a glacier, with something of the ice's quality in their steady stare—a ghter's eyes, hard as a rock that you cannot break ith an ax. They were the kind of eyes that women orgive anything to. Indeed Hammond had spent ost of his thirty-eight years sinning against women, nd they forgave him even unto seventy times seven; nd that was as far as the Holy Scriptures entered to the matter. Like Napoleon, he was a little fel- w when it came to measurements, but so alert, high eaded, and graceful that no one would have guessed im to be something under five foot eight, and he id the swiftest, most silent feet in Africa, whether or dancing, running, leaping, tracking a lion, or kick- g a negro. A copper complexion, bestowed upon m by the land he loved, and a small tan-colored ustache above a somewhat traplike mouth made up e rest of his equipment. It may be gathered that was no beauty; but he was the captain of his soul, ch as it was, and he carried himself as though the ds had elected him to be one of the eternal captains the earth.

Diane Heywood's eyes were long and deep and cool, th shadows in them like the shadows under fir ls on a hot day, and that should have been enough r any woman; but the gods had been good to her d added a slim little nose that grew straight out of her forehead like a Greek woman's, dragging her upper lip so high that there seemed nothing of it except a red curve above another red curve, and a short firm chin with a cleft in it. It was hard to tell what in all these soft curves and dimples should suggest a pride of spirit almost insolent, a scorn of all things that were not high and clear and noble. It might have been something in the tilt of her head, the turn of her mouth, or the unflickering character of the shadows in her eyes; but whatever or wherever its origin, it was there for all men to read, and not the least of her attractions when read: for all men, whether they know it or not, love that quality of pride in women, recognizing, dimly or clearly according to their natures, that on it is based all fine and great things in the generation to come.

However, if instead of possessing the beauty of a May day, Miss Heywood had been the dullest and plainest of girls, she would still have enjoyed, for a time at least, the rather enchanting experience of having all the men in Fort Salisbury buzzing about her like bees around a rose on a June morning, and every woman hanging on her lips as if she were the oracle of Thebes. For she had come straight from England, and the charm of "home" still hung about her even as the color of "home" stayed in her cheeks. She had seen fields—little square fields with hedges growing round them, and buttercups growing in them—plucked blackberries and cowslips, ridden to hounds in the Black Vale, heard the jingle of hansom bells and busses rumbling on asphalt and the boom of Big Ben, tasted London fog, smelled the Thames, seen Charles I riding down Whitehall, and Nelson's cocked hat lost in the mist. She, the latest comer, had seen and done and heard all or any of these dear and desirable things later than any of the homesick exiles in Salisbury, therefore was she most dear and desirable beyond all things that be.

"She was London, she was Torment, she was Town." There were in Rhodesia women whom men loved or reverenced or tolerated or disliked or desired, as the case might be, but for the time being these were neglected and forgotten for the society of "the girl from home."

FIVE men were on the verge of proposing to her—one of whom, by the way, was already engaged—when suddenly Maryon Hammond, with his dog Boston at his heels, cropped up from his mining camp out beyond Mazoë. And when "Marie" Hammond set his gay, bad eyes on a woman's face, and his feet on the path that led to that woman's heart, the other men were just wise enough to drop out of the running and pretend they didn't mind.

Like all great passions, it did not take long to come to a head—only a few afternoon rides across the short, springy veldt grass, a few moonlit evenings with music in the house and loungers in the verandas, a supper or two up in the old kopje fort, and then the ball got up by Hammond and his cronies at the club.

When, after the fifth waltz, Diane Heywood came into the ballroom from the dim veranda, where she had been sitting out a dance with Maryon Hammond, her eyes were like two violets that had been plucked at dawn with the mists of the night still on them. She had the lovely dewy look of a girl who had been kissed in the darkness by the man she loves, a girl whose heart has waked up and found itself beating in a woman's breast.

THEY had only known each other a week, but it was plain to see what had come to them. She wore the news in her parted lips, her tinted cheeks, and the little rumple of her hair. He walked as one whom the gods have chosen to honor, pride of life written across his face; yet in his eyes was a humility curious in Maryon Hammond. He had met his Waterloo.

Some of the women gave little sighs, not of envy so much as in a kind of sadness that certain beautiful things only come once in each woman's life, however much she may try and repeat or give base imitations of them; and most men felt a sort of warmth in their veins as they looked at those two radiant beings. But a number of people merely contented themselves with feeling extremely glad that the career of Maryon Hammond as a pirate in love was at an end.

For it must here be admitted that the spectacle of a woman holding out her soul in both hands for Maryon Hammond to play with or walk over or throw into the fires that burn and consume not was not an altogether novel one to some at least of those present: it had been witnessed before in various parts of Africa—and the entertainment, it may be mentioned, is not a pretty one when the man concerned is not worrying particularly about souls. People said that Marie Hammond took toll of women's souls for something a woman had once done to his own, long ago in his own country, America; but none knew the rights of the story.

Then there was his friendship with the beautiful Cara de Rivas. No one had been quite sure how far, if at all, her soul had entered into that matter; but it was certain that tongues had been set a-wagging

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for Maryon Hammond's friendship was a dangerous if fascinating thing for a woman to possess, unless she happened to be the woman he was going to marry. And Cara de Rivas was already married. That was the trouble. For Nick de Rivas, a big, handsome, if slightly morose, fellow, was plainly something less than sympathetic with his wife's midsummer madness; even though until Hammond called his attention to the matter he had appeared to be blind and indifferent to the fact that he had a pretty and charming wife.

There had been considerable relief felt when De Rivas, in spite of his home and large mining interests being in Mashonaland, had suddenly decided to take his wife away on a trip to England.

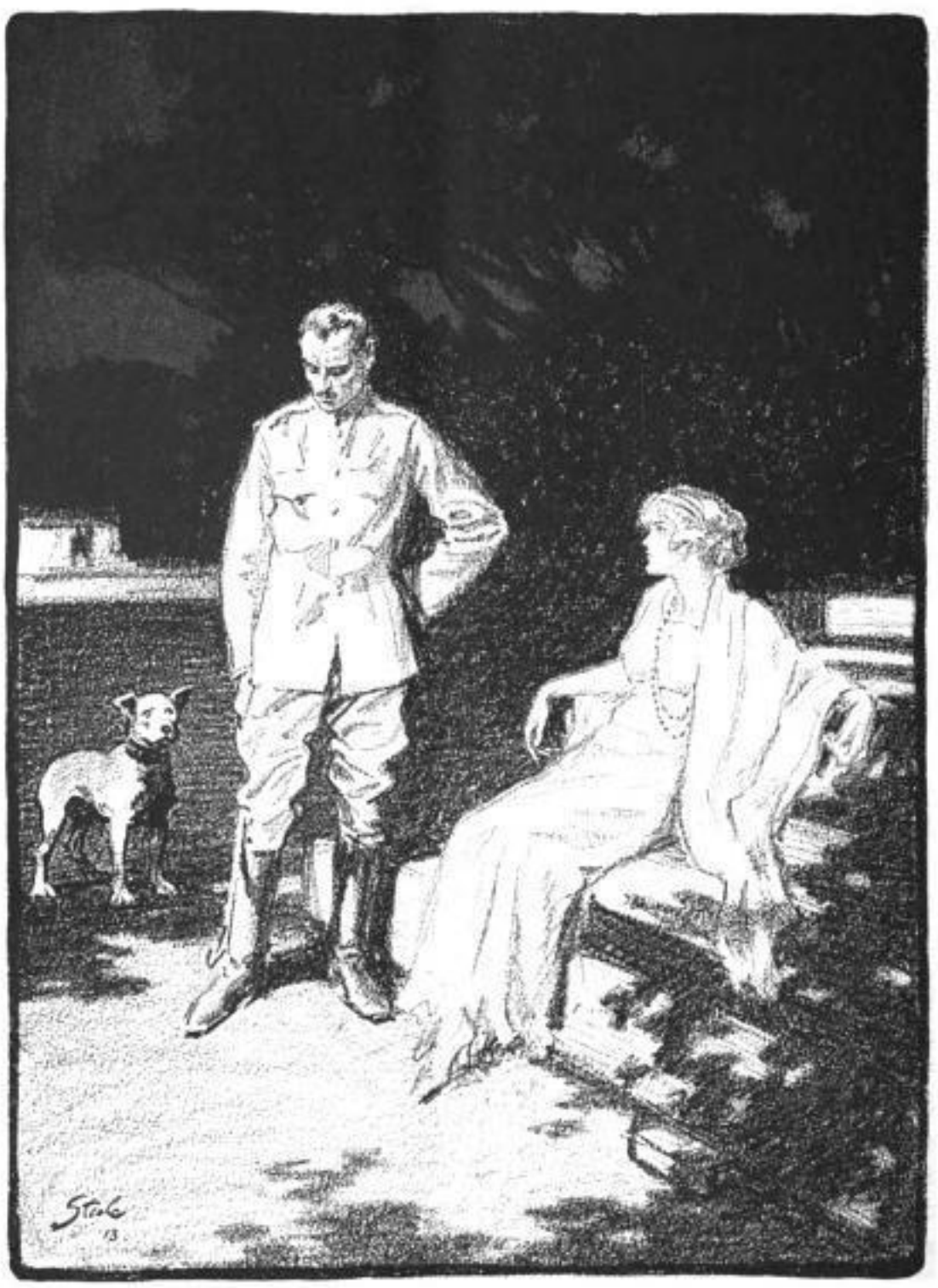
"And no bones broken!" sighed Rhodesians, though they sought in vain for confirmation of that or any other legend in the stony stare of Maryon Hammond. They were a romantic people, those Rhodesians, in the far-off days of 1896, with no rooted objection to illegal adventure, but though Hammond was neither good nor beautiful, he had endeared himself to the country in many ways, and everyone was glad to think that his stormy career was likely to come to an end in the peaceful harbor of marriage instead of in some more tragic fashion. And no one could help rejoicing that Fate had arranged for the advent of Jack Heywood's sister while the De Rivases were still away, and that the whole affair was likely to be fixed up before the De Rivases' return, which, by the way, after the lapse of nearly a year, had already been signaled.

THE Hammond-Heywood engagement then was announced about two weeks after the ball at the club; though everyone knew perfectly well that it had been signed and sealed, so to speak, on that night, the extra two weeks being thrown in as a concession to conventionality and a sort of bonus to the men who had been about to propose. Besides, Miss Heywood had a family in England whom it was Hammond's business to consult and beguile, and consultations and beguilements take time as well as money when they have to be conducted by cable. In the meantime it was plain that love had found Maryon Hammond at last, and that he was loved openly and gladly back. It was for all the world to see—as patent as the silver stars on a purple African night. He would walk roughshod over everybody in a drawing room or cricket field or polo ground to reach her side, and she would openly and obviously forget everybody else in the place and in the world when he was there. No matter how big or how curious the crowd, these two were alone in it when they were together. People said that it must have been a strange, almost piquant, sensation to Hammond, so expert in secret intrigue, so versed in the dissimulation and duplicity of illegal adventure, to be at last conducting a love affair in the open, reckless of the eyes of men and the tongues of women, because for once the woman in the case had nothing to fear!

Be that as it may, a passion so fine and frank and careless had never before been seen in a land where great passions are not rare, and Salisbury genuflected before it in all reverence and admiration.

It was at this propitious juncture that the De Rivases elected to return. Their home was not in Salisbury, but about seventy miles off, out Mazoë way, too, and incidentally not above ten miles from Hammond's own camp, but they put up at a hotel in town for a week or two to give Mrs. de Rivas time to recover from the fatigue of a long coach journey, and be welcomed back by old friends. Promptly all the women in the town went to call and take the news of the Hammond-Heywood engagement.

THE Spanish Inquisition is no more, but the gentle art of putting the question accompanied by the watching torture has not yet been lost. Even when malice is absent, who can eradicate curiosity from the feminine temperament? Cara de Rivas's dearest and most intimate inquisitors were tender toward her, however. They considered it only human that they should desire to know how she was "taking it," but they had no coarse intent of putting questions. Merely they hoped to extract a few answers—eyes and lips and incidentally clothes tell so much! And behold! two of the answers were entirely unexpected. The first was that Cara de Rivas was as deeply in love with her husband as he was plainly and profoundly in love with her. This was for all the world to see and all the world proclaimed it instantly; but the other and charming piece of news was more subtly distributed. Women conveyed it by means of their eyebrows, with benign little smiles, and cryptic remarks, such as: "It was all for the best." "It would make such a bond." "No more dangerous friendships." "*It* would help the poor thing to forget (if there was anything to forget!)."



"I will believe anything you tell me," she said gently at last; "I ask nothing better than to hear that it is only scandal"

Afterward all wise people let the story of "the dangerous friendship" die and be buried, as all things that are dead as nails ought to be buried and put out of sight. And no one but a few scandal lovers talked of anything but the speedily approaching marriage. The men of Salisbury made Bernard Carr's life a torment to him, accusing him of being busier than a hen with a tin chicken getting Maryon Hammond's trousseau ready, while they went into the matter of that same trousseau with profane and particular detail. For Carr was Jonathan to Maryon Hammond's David, and his love for his friend was outrageous and notorious, passing all bounds. Like the mother of Asa, he made an idol in a grove: and the name of the idol was Hammond. The other friend and partner of Maryon Hammond was Rider, a dry, lean fellow of cynical disposition, professing affection for neither man, woman, nor dog; but throughout the long, sun-smitten days and rain-soaked nights of that wet, hot January, he was the only man who refrained from joining in the general ribaldry at Carr's expense, just because Carr, the perfected friend, neglected his own affairs to put Hammond's in order, so that the latter might in due time marry and leave the country; while Hammond, gay of heart and wonderfully brilliant of face, considering he had no looks, irreproachable always in white duck riding kit—*grande tenue* for Salisbury—idled away the sunlit, starlit hours with the moon of his desire that knew no wane.

Strange that the affair of Maryon Hammond's trousseau should occupy the minds and tongues of friends far more than the threatened rising of natives! But that was ever the way of Rhodesians in 1896. "Take care of the affairs of your neighbors" ran their motto, "and the affairs of the country will take care of themselves." Besides, the natives had threatened so often: it was absurd to be disturbed about them.

The growing restlessness and insolence of the Mashona tribes kraaled in the Salisbury, Mazoë, and Lomagundi districts—that is, within a sixty-mile radius of the capital—was, in fact, notorious. Not many of the outlying farmers and miners professed uneasiness; but the native commissioners, whose business it was to know such things, scoffed at the fears. The notion of a rebellion among a tribe of people long downtrodden and browbeaten by the fierce Matabeles, and now for the first time enjoying prosperous and unharried life under the white man's rule, found the commissioners sneering incredulously.

"Makalikas show fight!" said Brebner, head of the native department and terror of every kraal from Vryburg to Blantyre. "No Lord of War! There is not a 'liver' among the whole lot of them. But, of course, they're cheeky—all niggers are when they get fat, and it only takes one good season with the crops for that. Moreover, you must remember that it is now about six years since the Matabeles knocked annual spots out of them, and they are beginning to forget who it was stopped that game by smashing the Matabeles. There's no doubt they are cheeky, also inclined to think they are great. But you give me ten men and three Cape boys and I'll settle the hash of any dozen of them in this blessed country."

THIS last to the administrator for whose permission he was nagging to go and "demonstrate" with the ringleaders of the tribal fight down Victoria way. The administrator smiled at the word. He was aware that Brebner invariably "remonstrated" with the "sjambok," but, being a wise man and one who had lived a great deal of his life among natives, he was also aware that Brebner's method of argument was the best and only one properly appreciated by "our poor black brothers in South Africa," as they are fancifully described at Exeter Hall.

So, eventually Brebner and his men were allowed to depart upon their hash-settling expedition. They marched out one pink dawn and the veld swallowed them up; three days' peace fell upon Salisbury, and the talk of a native rising was dismissed.

The discussion on Hammond's trousseau was resumed at the club.

Only Hammond himself did not think it good form to stay on with his bride in a country which seemed to him unsettled and breathing of war, and he did not hesitate to state his intention in spite of jeers.

"Why, hello, Marie!" they mocked him at times, and quoted remarks from "The Gadsbys":

"White hands cling to the bridle rein."

And:

"You may carve it on his tombstone, you may cut it on his card,
That a young man married is a young man marred," etc.

"That's all right," laughed Hammond serenely. "I'll take a year off for my honeymoon just the same, and you fellows can put things straight with the natives. Afterward I'll come back and congratulate and bring up the new machinery for the Carissima."

THE Carissima Gold Mine belonged to Hammond and Carr and Rider, and looked like turning out wealth untold in the near future.

"Oh, you're crazy, Marie," said Billy Blake, of the mounted police, striving to be patient with a renegade. "Love has gone to your head. There's going to be any row with the natives. Compose yourself, my son."

Hammond composed himself, as requested, in a lounge chair, his feet on another. Leisurely, with obvious enjoyment of his pipe, he explained his opinion love and war

(Continued on p.

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Children of the Feudists

By Bruce Barton

***ACCIDENTALLY** we seem to have mislaid some three million Americans for a hundred years or so in the mountains of Kentucky. Now and again rumors of them have reached us — tales of feuds and moonshine distilling. Mr. Barton tells us here of the Columbus who discovered them and is bringing them swiftly into the twentieth century.*

HALF lifting, half dragging, she carried Tom Mason back to the little log cabin and laid him on the bed. It had been coming to Tom. He had expected it. Ever since the day two years before when he had killed Joe Adams he had known that it would come sooner or later. Mornings when he went down to the spring for water there was always the haunting dread that it might come from behind any bush along the pathway. Evenings he had not sat beside the lamp for a long time lest it might come through the rough hole that served the cabin for a window.

Even to-day as he had kneeled beside the spring and buried his head in the cool waters the fear of it was still present with him: it crystallized suddenly into a numbing horror when the weird, piercing cry of the mountaineer echoed through the narrow valley.

"O-ee-o!" it had sounded from somewhere up the mountain side, and Tom had stiffened at the cry, reaching out to the side where his old "weepun" lay.

"O-ee-o!" it came again; and this time its echoes were cut short by the sharp crack of a gun. The long, gaunt form of Tom Mason trembled a moment and then pitched headlong into the spring. It had come: another name was to be added to the long list of those who had kept the faith in the ancient Mason-Adams feud.

Only a glimmer of life remained when she brought him at last to the bed. Painfully he opened his eyes and pointed his hand first to the little boy who stood weeping at her side and then to the long squirrel gun hanging over the stone fireplace. Then the little spark died out. But she had understood. Even while she drew the sheet over his face she had gazed dry-eyed and vengeful, first at the boy and then at the gun. She measured silently the years that must elapse before Tom Mason's son would be old enough, and silently she registered her vow that she would live only for that day.

Death of Feudism

IT WAS commencement day at Berea College, Kentucky, some ten years later. Berea, by way of information, is the college of the Kentucky mountaineer, the only college in America whose entire student body is pure-blood American, the only college to which every student *goes* and no student *is sent*. You who have attended commencement at Harvard and Yale must put that remembrance out of mind. Instead of the gayly gowned women and men tailored into drab conformity, picture a restless mass of long, gaunt, stoop-shouldered men garbed in homespun; picture women in bright-colored linsey-woolseys and sunbonnets, with children in their arms and many more children dragging happily at their dresses. All the morning they had been arriving on slow-moving ox teams, coming, some of them, thirty miles out of their mountain fastnesses to see the great day. For commencement at Berea *is* the great day of the mountains. The visit of the circus or a political rally is not to be compared with it. It is the one holiday of the whole family, the wife and the children as well as the man, when the mountains release their prisoned thousands that they may dazzle their eyes for once with buildings three stories high, may hear the whistle of a locomotive, gaze perhaps on the fantastic structure of an automobile, and see and hear for themselves what "book larnin'" has wrought in their boys and girls. To the number of 10,000 they had packed themselves in and about the college chapel.

Inside, the great man, imported from the North for this occasion, had delivered his oration, and a half dozen students had followed him with earnest pleas on this important subject or that. The last speaker rose, a slim, black-haired young man, self-possessed and full at ease in spite of his first suit of "boughten clothes." He had selected no far-away subject. His appeal was an epitome of all that he had learned in his four years at Berea, a burning plea for the boy and girl of the mountains, for the mountain school, that it might be made the promoter of a better civilization, that there might be a new regard for law and order in "Lincoln's State for Lincoln's people."

While he spoke a faded little woman who sat far back in the audience gazed into his face with wet eyes that did not once waver. He was her boy; she had not seen him for four years, she had not realized that four years could do so much. She thought of that other day, ten years before, when she had dragged Tom Mason up the rough path and laid him on the bed. Her boy was old enough now, but— As the words fell on her ears she knew that something had happened, that somehow Berea had changed the lad. What it was that had happened her slow mind scarcely understood, but every word of that speech told her that her boy would never do it, that what she had looked forward to and had waited for could never be. Tom Mason would not be avenged; she knew it; every syllable that fell from her boy's lips shouted it to her. Slowly she raised her hand to her eyes and brushed away the tears that had settled there; and it was as though she swept with them something long-lived and hateful and corroding that had fed a long time on her mind.

While the applause rocked the chapel she kept her gaze fixed on his face; and then, catching his eye which had searched the audience for her, she waved her rough hand in a little timid gesture of greeting and smiled at him through her tears.



On the way to Berea, "the only college to which every student goes *and no student* is sent"



A moonshine still, turned good; it pays its license now and keeps the law—but it could tell strange stories if it would

And the old Mason-Adams feud that had come down from father to son passed into history with that smile.

It matters not to you that the names of Mason and Adams are not found in the annals of Kentucky feudism: the real names would mean nothing to you, and there are reasons why they are better forgotten. For the important part of this story is not to be of feuds but of faith, of a man and an institution. It is the story of Berea College, which for sixty years and more has reached out into the mountains, saying: "Give us your boys and girls"; and each June has sent some hundreds of them back into their narrow valleys with a new vision of the big world outside, what it thinks and how it acts. A thousand of them will gather there this fall, only a handful of them from feud families—for only a handful of the mountaineers have ever been feudists. But in that handful will be the children of Clay County where the Baker-Howard feud raged, and is now a memory. The sons and daughters of the Breathitt County feudists will be there, too—and Breathitt is no longer "Bloody Breathitt."

You need to see a picture or two before you can understand Berea:

It is an afternoon meeting held in a little log church in the heart of the slave-holding Blue Grass section. The speaker is a hot-eyed young man of aristocratic bearing and tremendous earnestness; the audience are many of them slaveholders or the friends of slaveholders. The young man steps to the pulpit and holds up a bound volume.

The Bible, the Law, and a Good Revolver

"THIS," he says, "is a copy of the Holy Scriptures, which enjoins us to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. For the benefit of those of you who reverence the ordinances of God I will read from it.

"And this," lifting another volume, "is a copy of the 'Constitution of the Commonwealth of Kentucky,' which guarantees to every citizen the right of free speech. For those who fear not God but have respect for the laws of men, I lay it here beside the Scriptures.

"For those who fear neither God nor man, if there be any such present, I have still another argument." Reaching down into his capacious hip pocket, he produces a wicked-looking army revolver and lays it beside the Constitution and the Bible. Then from this bulwark erected to law and order he proceeds to arraign slavery before those slaveholders in words that burn with fire.

This was Cassius M. Clay, son of a slaveholder, prophet of abolition in Kentucky in the days when abolitionists and rattlesnakes shared an equal popularity. It was he who gave the land upon which the first Berea College building was erected, under the shadow of Bare Knob and West Pinnacle, from whose peak Daniel Boone caught his first glimpse of the Blue Grass country.

Men of Iron

ANOTHER picture. A company of horsemen have picked their way along ragged mountain paths and drawn up in front of a little frame house whose outlines stand out sharply in the moonlight. At their hail a young man appears in the doorway with a lamp in his hand. The leader of the band addresses him:

"Mr. Rogers, as a delegation representing the citizens of Madison County, we have come to warn you to leave the State within ten days, and to take the teachers of your school with you. We want no abolitionists in Kentucky."

The young man in the doorway was John A. R. Rogers, first principal of Berea College, built upon the land which Clay had given. His voice did not falter as he responded to that warning: it had been too well trained in meetings where angry words had been hurled at him and pistols fired. This midnight visit was no new thing in his experience; it was small change in the price he had paid and expected to pay for the defense of his convictions.

Another picture. A young man has gone from Kentucky to study theology in Lane Seminary, and comes back an abolitionist. His father, seeking to overcome his new heresy, gives him a young mulatto woman as his own. The young man sets her free and

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uses his patrimony in publishing an antislavery tract. His father disowns him, and he goes forth with his young wife into the wilderness preaching the gospel of human freedom. He was John G. Fee, and he came to Berea and founded the church out of which grew the school.

What men they were, and what a Providence ordered their coming together! Cassius M. Clay, the orator; John G. Fee, the zealot; John A. R. Rogers, the scholar and saint! Full mightily they wrought, and if you would see their monument, go to Berea and look about you.

It was of the souls of such men and out of the iron of such experiences that Berea College was fashioned; but in that day its concern was chiefly for the colored people ground down under the heavy heel of slavery. It had not yet found its distinctive mission. For that you need one other picture.

It was in 1884. A young college professor, William Goodell Frost, the youngest man ever appointed on the faculty of Oberlin College, and the most popular, was making a walking trip through the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky. He was young and successful; he had made the study of Greek—think of it, *Greek*—the most popular course in Oberlin: there was nothing he could not hope for in the way of university advancement, but that trip changed the current of his life. It did more than that, so much more that it ought some day to be recorded with the other great voyages of discovery which have opened up uncharted continents and brought to light forgotten peoples. For it uncovered the lost tribes of America: three million pure-blooded Americans who, since the days when their ancestors first lost themselves in the mountains, had been as completely covered and forgotten as though the earth had opened to swallow them.

Three million people and lost! It sounds incredible, but you have only to look at the map to see exactly how it happened. Draw a line from Cincinnati to Birmingham and another line to Atlanta. Between the lines lie the "mountainous back yards of nine States," as Frost calls them, a great hilly expanse without a single navigable stream or an inch of coast line, without even a railroad through its greater part. Years ago, when the narrow coast line became too restricted for the more venturesome or the less fortunate English colonists, migration set in westward, following the channels of the river streams, which led deeper and deeper into the hills. Some of the more hardy emigrants pushed clear across the mountains into the fertile Blue Grass country beyond. But some dropped down beside the valleys of the little streams. There they built their cabins with "first a layer of logs, then a layer of fresh air, then another layer of logs," raised their children and their "craps," fashioned their rude wagons and their rougher clothes—a self-sufficient, independent folk cut off by their mountains from the whole great world outside.



They built their cabins with "first a layer of logs, then a layer of fresh air, then another layer of logs"

Civilization Starved to Death

AS GENERATIONS passed and population increased, the square log cabins were pushed higher and higher onto the mountain sides, farms became smaller and poorer, money scarcer, education vanished entirely, and the grandsons of men, some of whom had brought Greek and Latin books with them from England, grew up to make their X. It was no weakness in the blood that led them to slip backward. Imagine a wall built around Connecticut in Colonial times, cutting its people off—no railroads, no telegraphs, no newspapers, no commerce—from all contact with the outside world. If you were to look over the wall to-day would they not still be wearing wigs and carrying their long flintlocks to church? Outside the mountains railway trains whizzed by, telegraph lines linked cities and States together, machinery was invented to take industry out of the home into the factory, baby carriages and barber shops, toothbrushes and telephones, all added their contribution to the progress of civilization; and the mountaineers behind their wooded barriers knew nothing of it.



Gaunt, stoop-shouldered men garbed in homespun

You will find them to-day just as Frost found them, only you must go a little farther into the mountains—quite a good deal farther if you start at Berea, for the influence of the college is registered for at least a hundred miles. Here is the log cabin which Joe built when he married Sarah years ago. He was eighteen and she sixteen. The rude bed was built then into one corner, and no other bed has been added, although thirteen children have come into the household; nor has the cabin grown any larger. In summer its doors stand wide open to let chickens and razorback hogs run in and out at will. In the wide fireplace, which fills the cabin with smoke when the wind is wrong, Sarah has prepared the corn pone and sowbelly three times every day. The little field which Joe has cultivated on the mountain side is so steep that had he once stumbled it seems that nothing could have saved him from falling off his farm into his neighbor's field below, and so stony that the potatoes must be cut thin and put into the ground edgeways. Joe is his own blacksmith, carriage and harness maker; his own butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, and, occasionally, his own barber. He has never handled more than $50 currency in any one year. His clothes and the clothes of all the rest of the household are fashioned of homespun woven on the hand loom which Sarah inherited from her mother.

Their Songs and Speech Are Elizabethan

IN SUCH a home the oldest boys have grown to the premature manhood of the mountains; in another year or two they will marry, erect their square log huts a little farther up on one or another of the near-by mountains, and prepare to reenact Joe's life in all its sordid detail.

Joe speaks a language different from the talk of the world outside. He says "postis" as the plural of "post," and so very likely did Queen Elizabeth. He says "I reckon" where a Northerner says "I guess," and his is the lesser barbarism of the two. He begins to salute you with "Good evening" immediately after twelve o'clock noon; for to him, as to the writer of Genesis, the evening and the morning are the living day. The more you note his quaint forms of speech the more you are impressed that most of them are good old English. You can find many of them in Shakespeare. His speech looks very barbarous in print, but it really is less so than it seems. Mountain slang, what there is of it, is two or three centuries old.

He sings a different music at night when he lifts the old homemade banjo from its peg behind the door. It is a weird, five-note chanting melody, plaintive but curiously fascinating. Perhaps it may claim to be the only truly American music that we have, for it grew up native to the mountains and has been handed down from father to son since the days before the Revolution.

His songs are sad. They are either old English ballads of the tragic type, such as "Lord Lovell" and "Barbara Allen," or they are mountain adaptations of more recent but still venerable song. It cannot be said they have undergone no change; but one may hear in the mountains songs whose heroes were lords and whose heroines were ladies, and can find the originals of these same songs in Percy's "Reliques."

The mountaineer is not extraordinarily musical. He has no such native gift as the negro, and has no more in common than you or I, but he has musical taste. Joe knows some old-time songs and a few more recent; and Sarah can sing "Barbara Allen" and the "Brown Girl," both of which Anne Hathaway probably sang to Shakespeare.



His clothes and the clothes of all the rest of the household are fashioned of homespun

For social life Joe and Sarah have the occasional "babtizins," wedding or funeral, the "house raisins" and "hog killins." Schooling he had for three terms in the rude log schoolhouse down in the valley; his sons received as much, and but for Berea, which will one day send a graduate into that section, his grandchildren might have no better. He could trace his ancestry, did he but know it, straight back to the first colonists who came from England, and because his family has never married outside the mountains, there is no drop of blood in his veins that is not pure American. He is hospitable to a fault, kindly in his dealings with his family and his friends, and a deacon in the Hard-shell Baptist Church, as his father was before him.



He has grown lean and gaunt in the work, but never weary

The Thirst for "Larnin"

IT WAS to be the prophet of Joe and his kind—3,000,000 of them, lost in the mountains—that Frost left the professorship at Oberlin with all that was promised in the way of academic success, to take hold of the struggling college, Berea. He looks like a prophet: one imagines that Isaiah must have formed one of the rings near the heart of his family tree. Frost's cheeks have grown more hollow in the twenty-one years that he has served the mountains. His shoulders have stooped a little, as the shoulders of the mountaineer stoop after many years of setting the hand to the plow. His has been no soft enlistment. For twenty-one years he has made his expeditions into the North to explain that the men of the mountains are not all feudists and moonshiners, but pure-blooded sons of first settlers, and to plead for funds to do his tremendous task. And back from the North he has come to explain to towns like Cutshin and Hellfursartin that there really is a world beyond the Gap. He has built his school from 200 students to 1,000; he has sent back into the mountains 15,000 boys and girls to be missionaries of a new progress. He has grown lean and gaunt in the work, but never weary. When he talks to you about the mountain people his eye gleams, and the arm with which he drives his facts at you trembles inside its homespun covering.

He calls Berea a "brevet" college, a "kind of social settlement, Cooper Institute and extension bureau of civilization," by which he means that, instead of coming into the mountains with a lot of ready-made ideas it has simply adapted itself to conditions as it found them. From distances greater than 100 miles students have walked to Berea in order that all their slender earnings might be spent for actual instruction and not squandered on the railroads. Many of those who have come out of the deeper portions of the mountains see their first railway train in Berea. They come with a thirst for "larnin" that has been pent up 100 years. The difficulty Frost encounters is not to keep them to their classes, but to convince them that they must allot some time each day to recreation and diversion.

More than 1,000 of them will register on the first day of the autumn term, some coming by train, some on horseback or by foot; and in the winter several hundred more will come down for the three months' term. They will be different, self-conscious, uncouth; they will gaze open-mouthed at the steam engine and try to blow out the electric lights. But wait until next June: see them march then to the commencement exercises, erect, confident, modern to the finger tips. There is no greater miracle in American education than this, the bridging of a century's deficit in a single year. In one swift twelve months they make the dizzy leap out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth. To their everlasting credit and to Berea's it can be said that they make it without losing their heads.

Twenty-one years Frost has gathered them in and taught them—what?

Agriculture, for one thing. Civilization cannot move very fast into the mountains. (Concluded on page 22)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT IS now settled that the tariff bill will pass; the next vital question at Washington is whether Congress will pass the banking and currency measure also. President Wilson is determined it ought to be done; quite a large proportion of Congress, including some powerful Democratic Senators, are opposed to it. They don't give any very tangible reasons except that Congress has spent a hot summer in Washington, the fifth summer in succession (a very unusual record, by the way), and that everybody is feeling tired and irritable. President Wilson believes that the banking measure is a necessary supplement to the tariff legislation, that both belong together, and should be passed as near simultaneously as possible.

Hurry or Delay?

THE two Senators from Massachusetts ought to get together. Senator Weeks, in the course of his speech, introduced, with approval, a letter from a man whom he described as "an old and well-known manufacturer of Massachusetts," Mr. Arthur Lyman, who said:

> Business is already held up in anticipation of lower rates, and delay in passing the bill will simply aggravate this situation.

But a few days later Senator Lodge spoke in a mood of resistance:

> My own view is that if we are given to understand, as we now are, that we are to remain in session indefinitely, in order to dispose of a banking and currency bill as soon as the tariff bill is out of the way, I think it will inevitably delay the consideration of the tariff bill, for the simple reason that then there will be *no particular object in hurrying.*

Now that it is certain the tariff bill will pass, the wish is practically universal that it be passed promptly. That wish ought to constitute enough of an object for any Senator to hurry. Senator Lodge, of course, was trying to defeat consideration of the banking and currency bill at the present session.

Tariff Reduction and Prices

DOES tariff reduction result in lower prices? Vehement affirmation and equally vehement denial have filled the Congressional Record for many weeks. This clipping from the "Wall Street Journal" is more pointed:

AMERICAN WOOLEN'S LOWER PRICES

QUOTATIONS ON A FREE-TRADE BASIS—REDUCTIONS FROM 10 TO 12 PER CENT FROM A YEAR AGO

BOSTON—The opening prices which the American Woolen Company announced for its 1914 spring season are so much lower than expected that it is apparent the company is, for the first time in its history, going after all the business in sight. No quarter is to be given either the domestic or foreign competitor. It is against foreign competition that the low prices are aimed, inasmuch as practically all big selling staple lines are quoted on what amounts to a free-trade basis. Considering the added burdens in buying abroad of short credit and fewer styles, some of the prices named are below the importing point. Broadly speaking, the reductions in prices made by the American Woolen Company are from 10 per cent to 12½ per cent, compared with a year ago. Fulton serge No. 31192, usually considered an index to goods prices, is marked down 17½ cents to $1.12½, the lowest at which it has ever sold.

Part of this statement seems to indicate belief that under a reduced tariff the American Woolen Company will drive small competitors out, will absorb more of the business, and will tend to become more of a trust or monopoly. Maybe so. If it turns out that way, not only as respects the woolen industry, but others also, the Democratic Administration must face it. With the present special session Mr. Wilson will get the tariff and the currency out of the way. With the beginning of the regular session in December he must take up the question which was the real issue between him and the Progressives—the disruption, or the regulation, of big units of industry, often loosely called monopolies or trusts.

A Tariff Commission

THIS letter is a type of comment very frequently seen:

NEW ALBANY, IND.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

In your article of last week, entitled "Williams on Smoot," you quote the powerful Senator Williams as saying: "I will frankly confess that after a study of this question the more we study it the greater our consciousness of our ignorance grows."

Is not that an argument in favor of a tariff commission of experts, as suggested in the Progressive platform? DR. A. C. HARSS, JR.

There are few facts more obvious than that we must have a tariff commission of experts. But it has been made clear by the Mulhall revelations that the Republican movement for a tariff commission a few years ago was not intended in good faith, but was designed to postpone tariff revision downward. Even if the movement had been in good faith, if the tariff commission idea had been adopted, the reductions which are now being made by the Democrats in a single session would have extended over a period of several years. It makes a good deal of difference whether the commission of experts starts in from a *high* basis or a *low* basis. But the present tariff debate has brought out inconsistencies which will work injustice, and it is very clear that there must be some body of experts to go promptly at the work of smoothing out rough edges.

Refreshing

THIS letter from George Haven Putnam to Chairman Underwood was meant primarily as a very spirited and proper protest against the proposed customs duties upon works of art less than fifty years old and upon books in foreign languages. Mr. Putnam wrote on behalf of the American Publishers' Copyright League to make it clear

> that the publishers and the book trade generally consider such a tax unnecessary, undesirable, and inexpedient, even on the basis of a protectionist policy, while its enactment would constitute a material inconsistency in the policy announced by the present Congressional majority. . . .

But the latter part of this manly letter is even more worthy of attention:

> *I am myself a printer and a book manufacturer as well as a publisher, and I am expressing not only my individual judgment and that of my firm but that of the American publishers generally in the statement that we have no need of any special assistance from the United States Government to maintain the foundations of our business.*

Such letters as this are a refreshing variation from the calamity chorus. One wishes that the New England textile manufacturers were capable of seeing their situation as this maker of books sees his. Another letter of the same kind was originally printed in the "News" of Dallas, Tex.:

FORT WORTH, TEX.

. . . I want publicly to express my appreciation of the courageous and patriotic Administration of President Wilson. If those of us who approve and appreciate the great fight that he is now waging in the interest of the people should so express ourselves, it would create and reenforce a sentiment that would make the victory easier of attainment. *I am a producer of beef, wool, and cotton, and a manufacturer of iron and steel, and therefore adversely affected by the tariff. . . .*

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

The Tax on Knowledge

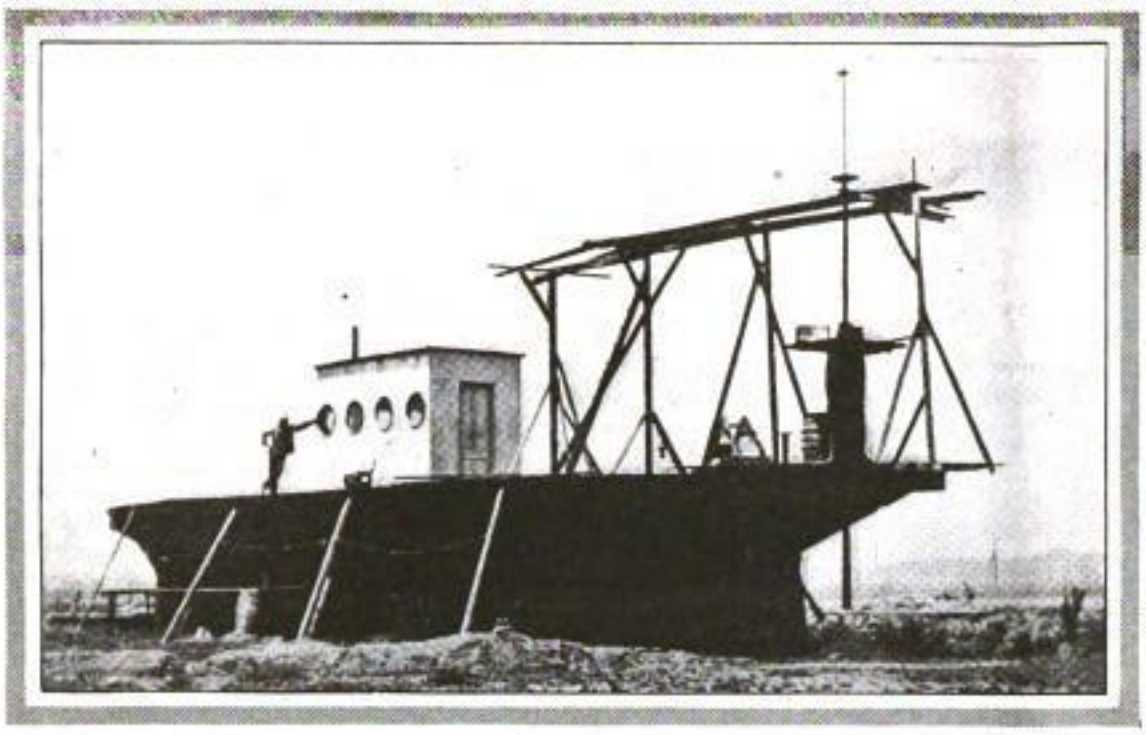
THE proposal of certain Senators that ideas imported from abroad be taxed, to the embarrassment of students and teachers, and the parallel suggestion that foreign pictures and statues be taxed out of consideration for American artists, are as stupid as they are insulting.

History

THERE is an odd analogy between President Cleveland's last Administration, twenty years ago, and President Wilson's. Each had a tariff question. Each had to deal with treason on the part of some Democratic Senators. Cleveland had three traitors—Gorman of Maryland, Bryce of Ohio, and Smith of New Jersey. Wilson has only two, the two from Louisiana. That difference of one in the quantity of unfaithful Senators has made the difference between what Cleveland described as "party perfidy and dishonor" and an honest and satisfactory tariff revision. Cleveland had a banking and currency problem just as Wilson has. Cleveland had a difficult foreign question, the trouble with Great Britain over Venezuela, just as Wilson has the difficulty with Mexico. Wilson may well hope that his foreign question will end as happily as Cleveland's. "Twenty Years of The Republic" thus describes the reading of President Cleveland's message to Congress on the Venezuela question:

> The reading of this message was received in each of the two houses with a tumult of wild applause from Republicans and Democrats alike. The former, if anything, were the more enthusiastic. . . . At once Mr. Hitt of Illinois, the Republican leader of the House, introduced a bill appropriating $100,000 for the expense of such a commission as the President had suggested. . . . It became a law within three days. Not a single vote in either house was cast against it. Republicans vied with Democrats in praising the boldness and patriotism of the President. From all over the country came messages of congratulation and approval. The most partisan of Republican newspapers . . . eulogized the President's action.

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The Hydropathic Is a Twentieth-Century Ark

HOW the world has moved on since Noah's day is made evident by even a frankly untechnical comparison of the ark with Alphonse Trinqual's new *Hydropathic*. Trinqual's twentieth-century model, at which he has been working at intervals for nearly ten years, and which is now not too rapidly nearing completion in a slough near Mayfield, Cal., is, as the name indicates, a scientific water cure. The builder predicts that when another great inundation comes a lot of scoffers will be in a rush to take his cure. Trinqual is a vegetarian, and has made no preparations to take care of the Pacific Coast's fauna. In consequence he has found it unnecessary to build so large a boat as Noah's. The *Hydropathic* is 80 feet long, of heavy pine and redwood and sheathed with steel. The hold is cut up into a series of living rooms and food depots. Trinqual, an expert builder and mechanic, is doing all the work himself. He says he has plenty of time before the flood comes. "Noah," he remarks, "waited 600 years."



Commuting by Air Line

AMERICA'S first aerocommuter has achieved such success this month with his new suburban service that Chicago soon may be able to count half a dozen other air lines of similar equipment. Harold F. McCormick, a pioneer of three weeks' experience in this new department of transportation, established his schedule on the first day. Like many another time table, it is subject to change without notice. Officially, it is:

GOING

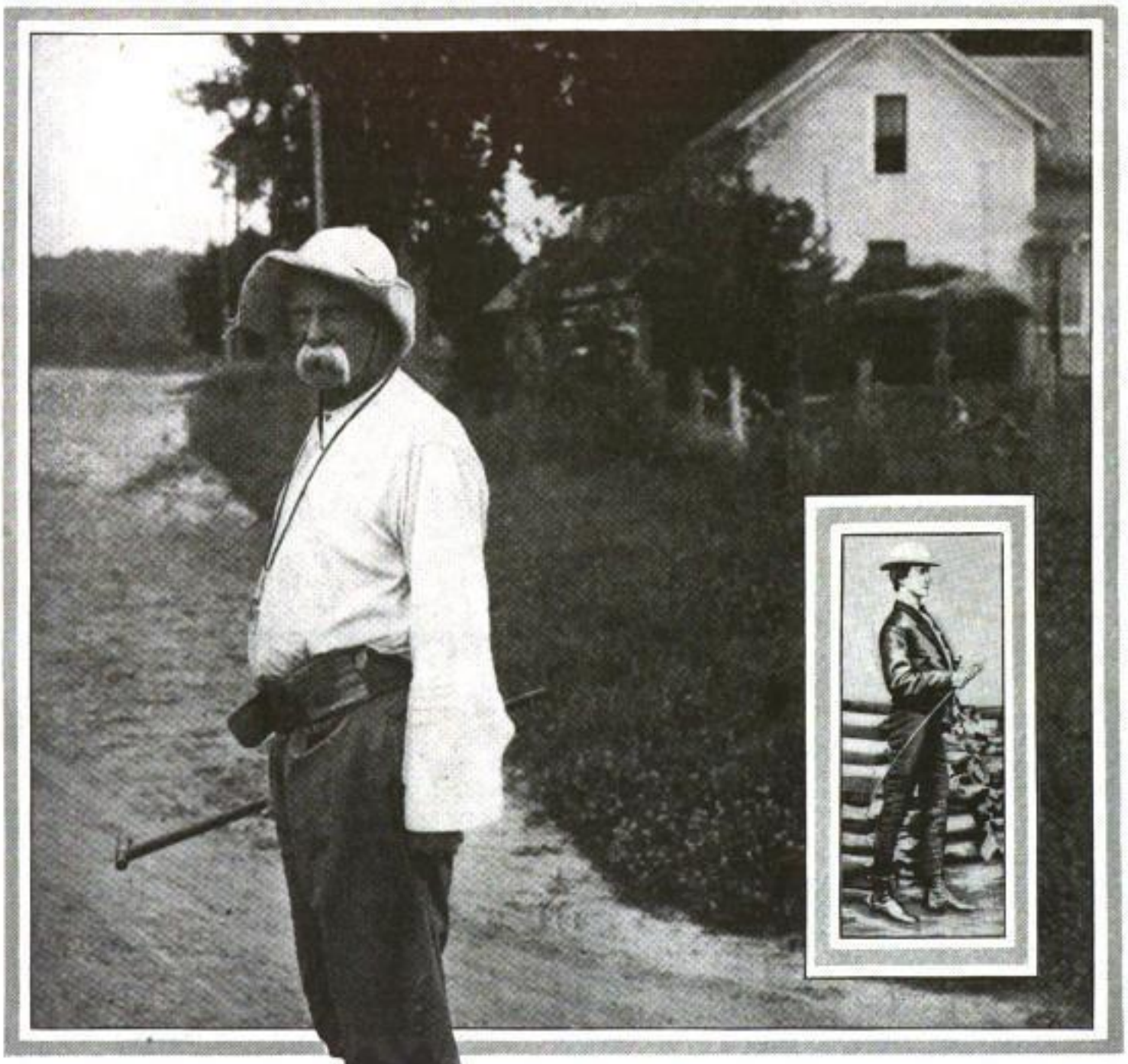
Leave Lake Forest.....9.59 a. m.
Arrive Grant Park.....10.18 a. m.

RETURNING

Leave Grant Park.....4.08 p. m.
Arrive Lake Forest.....4.42 p. m.

The distance between McCormick's Lake Forest estate and Grant Park, Chicago, is 30 miles; and the 95-horsepower hydroaeroplane express often makes it at a speed of more than a mile a minute. For the greater part of the trip the craft is kept at an average height of 60 feet above the water. Our photograph shows the commuter getting into his coat to leave for the city. The craft is named the *Edith*, in honor of Mrs. McCormick, a daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

The enthusiastic commuter claims many advantages for his system, among the most important of which is freedom from interference from crossing patrolmen. Also, he is never troubled with cinders. Nor does he ever have to wait until bridges are opened.



Weston Adds 1,546 to His Mileage

JUST before he reached St. Paul and Minneapolis and ended on August 2 his walk of 1,546 miles from New York to the Twin Cities, Edward Payson Weston posed for this portrait in his road costume. Soon afterward the quiet of this country scene was changed for a welcome of whistles and bells, and the applause of two crowds as large as might greet a President. He left New York, June 2, and walking on schedule kept an engagement to lay the cornerstone of the building of the Minneapolis Athletic Club. Our insert is from a photograph of the veteran walker as he appeared nearly fifty years ago on a walking tour in New England.



A French Mary Walker

FRANCE makes the privilege of wearing men's trousers (is "privilege" the word?) an even more precious distinction than that which Dr. Mary Walker has enjoyed for so many years in America. Madame Dieulafoy, whose portrait in full regalia appears above, is the only woman in France who has the "right" to wear male attire. She won it by her work as an explorer in Asia and as a mountain climber in the Himalayas.

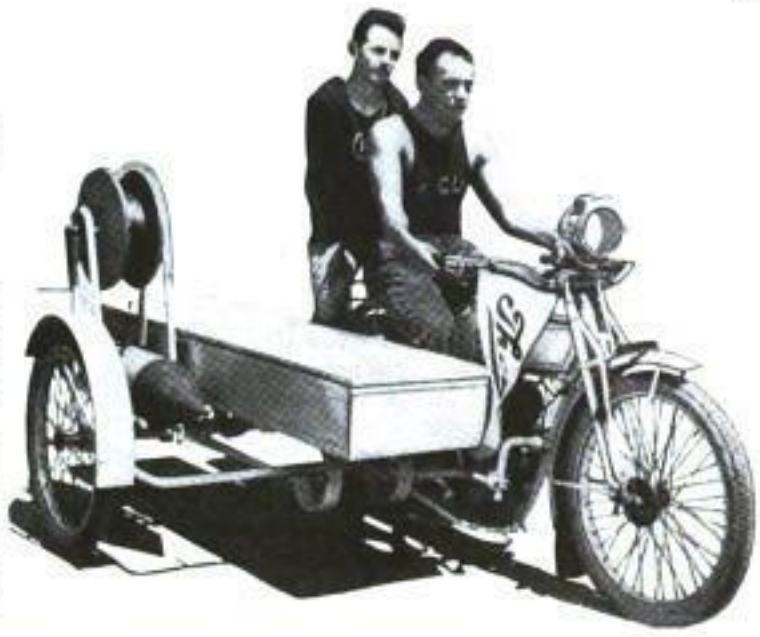
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A Motor Cycle that Rescues and Resuscitates

REDONDO BEACH, one of Los Angeles's seaside resorts, claims to have the only life-saving motor cycle in the world. The machine will make 70 miles an hour, and, in cases of emergency, will carry four persons. On long stretches of beach it is difficult for life-savers to reach drowning persons in the old way. This machine was invented for the purpose of eliminating most of the danger to bathers in deep water.

It was contrived by R. A. Minor, superintendent of the beach, and George Freeth, chief guard. It is so arranged that a stretcher and a life-saving device, consisting of a reel, a buoy, and 1,500 feet of steel wire, together with a pulmotor for resuscitation purposes, are carried. It is equipped with a 7 horsepower gasoline engine and is only a little heavier than the average-sized motor cycle. The entire outfit was purchased for $450, the proceeds of entertainments given by local talent.

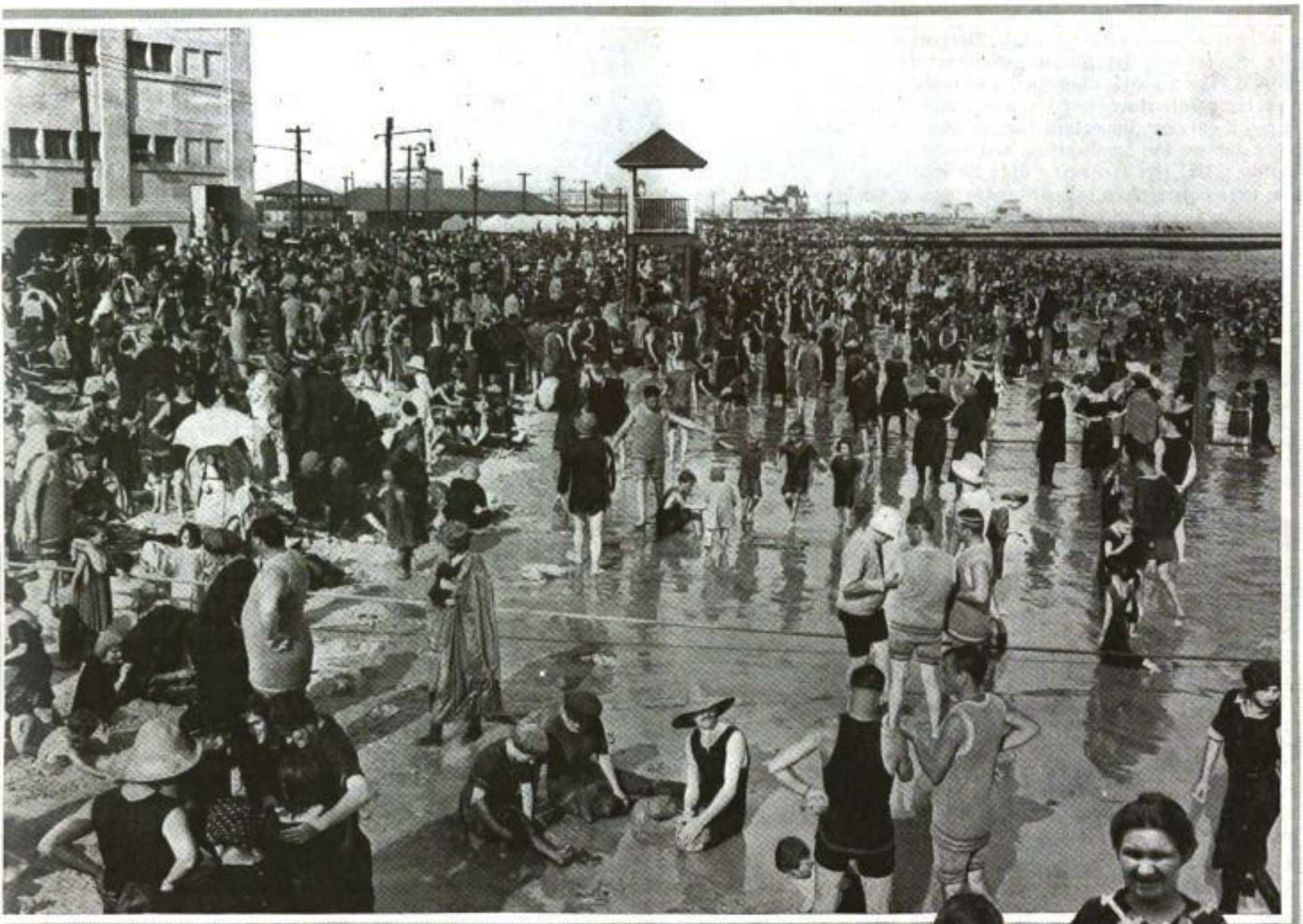
The machine has been a success in a number of tests. On occasion it has been made to serve as a swift, three-wheeled ambulance.



Bathing in Swarms

A CAREFUL count of the number of bathers drowned in July and the first two weeks of August in the waters about New York City shows an average of six a week. Nearly all of these fatalities were on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, when the crowds were large.

The photograph below, showing a Sunday throng of bathers on the beach at Coney Island beside the new municipal bathhouse, is visual evidence that the percentage of fatalities is not, after all, extremely high. This, though the most crowded beach, is only one of twenty from which the figures on drowning are reported.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

A Motor Car with a Sail



AN idea that Western Kansas prairies knew forty years ago as the "sail wagon" has appeared again this summer in France, but sporting enough modern attachments to claim a welcome as "the latest type of speed craft." The early-day catboat cart was not a remarkable success, but the "aeroplage," with its ball-bearing axles and pneumatic tires and a small automobile engine to increase the speed developed by the sail, devours distance like a monoplane. Our photograph shows one of the new models—the winner of a race of aeroplage craft, held at Hardelot, north of France—making a sharp turn on the beach and splashing through a small wave as part of the fun. The speed of the turn is causing the left rear wheel to cut the water so fast that it is almost possible to see the sand beneath the tire. The aeroplage is not, as this snapshot might seem to indicate, a craft in which to go to sea.



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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

"Governor Cannon" of Massachusetts

THE BADLY DEMORALIZED Republicans of Massachusetts are in process of drafting ex-Congressman McCALL as a White Hope to run against the Progressive, CHARLES SUMNER BIRD. With full knowledge of the dearth of Republican leaders in the Bay State, we are still free to say we know of no likely candidate so easy for Mr. BIRD to campaign against successfully. The field of argument would be small and sharply defined. The people of Massachusetts would never select Uncle JOE CANNON of Danville, Ill., as Governor. But it would take a subtle dialectician to make any clear distinction between the public records of Uncle JOE and Mr. McCALL. Offhand we can recall only one important vote on which they differed. Uncle JOE finally did see the handwriting and voted for the direct election of Senators; Mr. McCALL never did; he continued to oppose it when there were only sixteen other Standpatters in Congress so completely standpat as to stay with him. McCALL was CANNON'S friend and aide. CANNON put him on the Ways and Means Committee; McCALL, with eight other Standpatters, including men like FORDNEY of Michigan, PAYNE of New York, and WATSON of Indiana, made the Payne-Aldrich tariff, voted for every schedule of it, and advocated it in Congress and out. During the successful Insurgent uprising, which finally defeated CANNON and his system, Mr. McCALL was the Speaker's most conspicuous and efficient public defender.

Changes

TAMMANY has lasted a hundred years, yet possibly even it may go down in the present era of political regeneration. The best hope against it that we have seen lies in a quiet movement within the Democratic party led by ex-Congressman STEVEN B. AYRES. He has set up his citadel in the Bronx, which is an outlying residence district of New York City. Here an anti-Murphy Progressive Democratic organization is being perfected. The Bronx is a place of homes and stability, and therefore a likelier breeding ground for opposition to MURPHY than the heart of New York City, where the more or less drifting, unstable quality of the population gives Tammany its strong hold. Not only is Tammany menaced by the spirit of political regeneration, which is in the air everywhere; vital changes are taking place in the nature of New York's population. Manhattan Island is becoming more a place of factories and offices, and less a place of residence for the sort of fungus population which has always made up the bulk of Tammany's strength. Moreover, fewer immigrants are coming to New York and still fewer are staying in New York. The public schools and a multitude of social agencies are working to give intelligence and consciousness and conscience to those submerged peoples who have supplied Tammany with both its floaters and its regulars.

The New Politics

"CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMANSHIP" is a phrase that anybody, from a Presidential candidate to a ward politician, may misuse as much as he likes without any penalty—because virtually nobody knows exactly what it means. No esoteric initiation could be more mysterious than those two words, yet they mean, we believe, merely the reverse of "muddle" in government—plus a little of the larger vision. Mr. R. M. McCLINTOCK, whose series of articles on the "New Politics" is concluded in this issue, makes a plea for some of those ideas, thin as gossamer, perhaps, but undeniably in the air, that may be grouped under the name of "constructive statesmanship." The truth is, there was never a time when those ideas were not in the air. The centuries ferried their cradles as they did that of WALT WHITMAN. But they are growing daily more substantial. The tariff is (we hope) not a perennial topic, nor currency. These two should be out of the way, for a time, with the end of the present Congress. With the beginning of the next Congress, President WILSON must face the problems Mr. McCLINTOCK writes about: cooperation, the elimination of waste, constructive statesmanship—in short, these always are and always should be with us, for their possibilities are endless. If we have demanded competition, it is because we were and are aghast at the manner and rapidity with which the trusts have suddenly locked in the American nation like another SAMSON in prison, and made it grind and grind. But in the husk of competition is already forming the future—a future of regulation, coordination, cooperation. It needs no Socialist to tell us that waste is responsible for much of the poverty of the poor, for much dull and futile labor, for endless and stupid duplication. Planless and formless the cities stretch and expand; distribution continues unorganized, spasmodic, unscientific; equipment multiplies needlessly—the mind reels at the monstrous disorder of it all. That is what Mr. McCLINTOCK deplores in his articles, and there in he has our entire sympathy. "Shall we not," he asks, and we join with him, shall we not "then turn our attention immediately to the work at hand, that of so regulating all business that there shall be in it least waste, least injustice, the greatest possible service to the public need?"

The Same Old Issue

LINDSEY baiting in Denver continues. This time it is an organization called the Woman's Protective League which is planting the banderillas. The specific charge is that despoilers of children have got off too lightly in LINDSEY'S Juvenile Court. Agitation is on foot for a recall campaign against him. Pending a careful analysis of the evidence people at a distance will fall back upon a well-founded faith in the personal integrity of Judge BEN B. LINDSEY. They will bear in mind that for a decade he has stood with a protecting arm about the child who comes in conflict with the law; and in view of the wisdom, sympathy, and courage which he has manifested will find it difficult to believe that he is justly chargeable with too great leniency toward monsters who debauch little children. It will be much easier to conclude that this is only one more plot of the selfish interests which have fought LINDSEY savagely and vindictively for years, holding of small account the protector of the morals and happiness of children, when he stood between a reckless political machine and its designs.

Mr. Bryan

NO CRITICISM of Mr. BRYAN for his activity as a professional lecturer while in the service of his country rankles so deeply, we suspect, as the project of the Texas Democrats who are raising a fund by popular subscription to eke out the Commoner's salary and private income. Men thrive on the blows their foes deliver, but one's friends—how their loving-kindness can cut!

Futility

JULES VERNE'S PHINEAS FOGG took eighty days to put a girdle round the earth. JOHN HENRY MEARS, representing a New York newspaper, has turned the trick in something under thirty-six days. Thus does fact better fiction. America now holds the championship in fast travel, formerly the property of M. ANDRÉ JAGER-SCHMIDT of Paris—a newspaper man. It is demonstrated that a man may go round the world—more precisely, round the North Pole—at an average rate, by land and sea, exceeding twenty-seven miles an hour. But it is a futile experiment. There is little to be learned from it, least of all by the traveler himself. Speed is the last desideratum in travel for pleasure, whatever may be said for the exhilaration of aeroplaning and joy riding. KIPLING invented a character who raced against time in a hammock. At this hot season, it seems to us, his device was a great deal more reasonable than JOHN HENRY MEARS'.

Impudence

IMMUNITY BREEDS RASHNESS. So long have the patent medicine makers purchased with their advertising funds exemption from newspaper criticism that they have come to regard themselves as highly privileged characters. On no other theory can we be explanation of the libel suit brought by one C. A. BARNES against the Detroit "Saturday Night," because that spirited weekly, in the course of its campaign against quackery, fell foul of the consumptive "cure," Nature's Creation, of which he is the Detroit agent. Barnes professes to consider himself damaged $25,000 worth by the action of Editor NIMMO in calling upon the Federal Government to issue a fraud order against him. But this is only a small part of what Mr. NIMMO did to Nature's Creation. He showed it to be a worthless and potentially very dangerous form of quackery supported by testimonials from grateful patients who had inconsiderately died of the very disease of which the nostrum had "cured" them. He proved that their claims were false, their medicine a cheap mixture of

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of potassium, and their whole system a typical bit of quackery. So impressed was the Detroit "News" with the expose that it notified BARNES to get out of its columns with his advertising and stay out. Whereupon BARNES rushed into court, complaining that he had been maltreated "as an individual and private citizen, and as the agent for the sale of said medicine," and declaring his unalterable conviction that the demand for a fraud order against his activities was tantamount to a charge that he was using the mails to defraud. Singular perspicacity on the part of Mr. BARNES! We violate no confidence of Editor NIXMO's in stating that the dark suspicion regarding the editorial meaning and intent was well founded. In our own incursions into the battle field of patent medicines we have encountered some notable instances of the impudence of quackery, but none more astounding than that the vender of 24 cents' worth of a common drug, sold at $5 as a sure cure for tuberculosis, should submit his case to the findings of an American jury. Mr. NIXMO has little to fear. So much can hardly be said for his opponent. The searching publicity of a legal inquiry is the last thing that he or his nostrum can afford; and it is in reality they that will be on trial. Meantime the "Saturday Night" continues unperturbed lustily to flutter the vulture roosts of the other fake nostrums and to make life a constant irritation to the local papers which support and foster their trade in human life.



The Movies in Hades. No. 4

A Challenge to Alabama

THE PRESIDENT of the Mobile (Ala.) Cotton Mills, Mr. MURRAY W. DUNLAP, has no use for newspaper men who ask pointed questions about child labor. They annoy him, and he does not propose to encourage them in seeking interviews. JOHN C. O'CONNELL, editor of the Mobile "Item," read our recent allusion to an advertisement of the Mobile Cotton Mills for "families with children, mostly twelve years of age and up," and sent a reporter to Mr. DUNLAP to ask him if he cared to make a reply. Mr. DUNLAP is quoted as saying: "That's our business; I don't think it concerns you in the least." Mr. O'CONNELL regards Mr. DUNLAP'S rather contemptuous answer as a challenge to the State of Alabama, and we think he is right. We are sure a large majority of the people are opposed to the employment of children in factories. The trouble there, as in Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina, is that public sentiment in such matters is too passive. In order to stop the sacrifice of the children of the poor for dividends, the people have got to make themselves felt in their Legislature. Some Alabamans resent outside criticism, saying the whole State should not be blamed for the wrongs committed by industrial employers. It is quite natural that they should find it unpleasant to have criticism directed at them, but they should not overlook the fact that the people are collectively responsible for the laws in their statute books. COLLIER'S, for one, is confident that, thanks to the courageous fight that is being made by the Mobile "Item" and the other progressive newspapers of Alabama, it will not be long before public sentiment will be strong enough to compel the Legislature to enact the right kind of a child-labor law and thereby wipe out the State's disgrace.

What Is Worth Reading

AT A RECENT GATHERING of publishers and editors a speaker waxed merry over the high ethical lessons likely to be imparted by the prize stories selected for COLLIER'S by such judges as IDA M. TARBELL, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and MARK SULLIVAN. That was good matter for jest, but no contestant need take the joke to heart, for COLLIER'S is not out for tracts, and is not in the least afraid that this trio has any alarming bias for tracts. Since they are all warmly human human-beings, clean of self-righteousness or any pestilential devotion to the respectable, all marked by a fixed preference for the publican over the Pharisee, you may be sure that on the firing line, where they all stand, they get their fill of moral ammunition. With people of less weight and culture the danger might be an undue hunger for levity. An undue hunger for levity is just now a degrading influence on our stage and in our publications, particularly as managers and publishers exaggerate the hunger and overestimate the proportion of people who feel it; but there is small danger of this one-sidedness in our judges. They are all people who have kept, who carefully conserve, the power to really read. And they are all people who read literature, meaning distinctly books that have been in the world long enough for their calling and election, to be sure. Does some devotee of the up to date start in distrust at that? Well, that kind of a devotee of the up to date is not likely to write a good story; the most successful producers of the up to date, from GEORGE ADE and O. HENRY to MARK TWAIN, have been devoted to real literature. That is the devotion that frees writers and critics from any cramping prejudice for the last fashion, or for one particular recipe, or for the methods of the latest winner, or for the teaching of a third-rate professor. God gives His gifts in continually new form, and the hard row of genius comes because the mediocre are always looking for something just like something else. We have pretended here to be touching upon the qualifications of the judges in the COLLIER Prize Contest, but what we are interested in really is getting in on the slant a plea for reading, a plea for books—old books whose goodness is much surer than your taste or ours—a plea for a little of the leisurely culture that leads to ripeness; and "ripeness is all," as somebody in Shakespeare says. Finally, as an evidence of good faith in catholicity, let it be admitted that sometimes even tracts are also great stories (though examples later than "Pilgrim's Progress" are a little hard to recall), and we have hopes we would not miss even such a one if it came along.

Reality

IN THE WORLD'S RESPLENDENT ONES, they who have cherished their success and career, there is a touch of selfishness. They are self-sufficient. They carefully avoid rendering help that would hinder their own speed. They seem not wholly large. At least they seem smaller than the patient obscure, who give half their scant vitality to furthering burdened neighbors and bringing a better day. We know a letter carrier. When we range around for one whose life satisfies, our thought comes back and finds its resting place with him. He gives more than other men whose leisure is ampler. What he thinks about life seems soundly based. It is woven out of poverty and struggle. He has seen the game. He knows what conditions are set for the lowly. He knows the hours that make up the day, and how for the humble there is no series of easy advancements from strength to strength, dealt out by the inner circle of pleasant folk at ease in the seats of power. He knows that there will be no sudden luck that will lift them high out of distress. If you are one of the humble, when your loved one 's ill, you cannot command the undivided attention and skill of a trusted physician. When you lose a job you are not sheltered by a bank surplus while you search for new work. There is no breakwater between you and the wash of anguish and annoyance. You are out where the seas run high.

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An Alaskan Volcano in Eruption



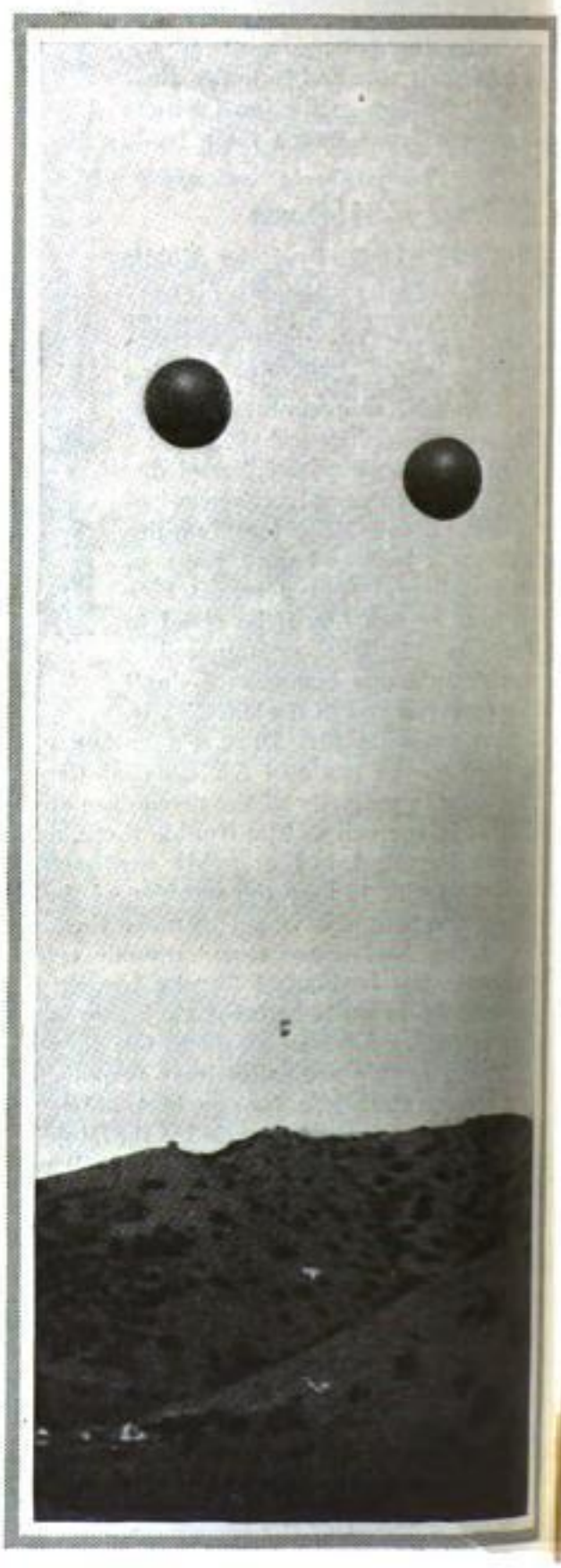


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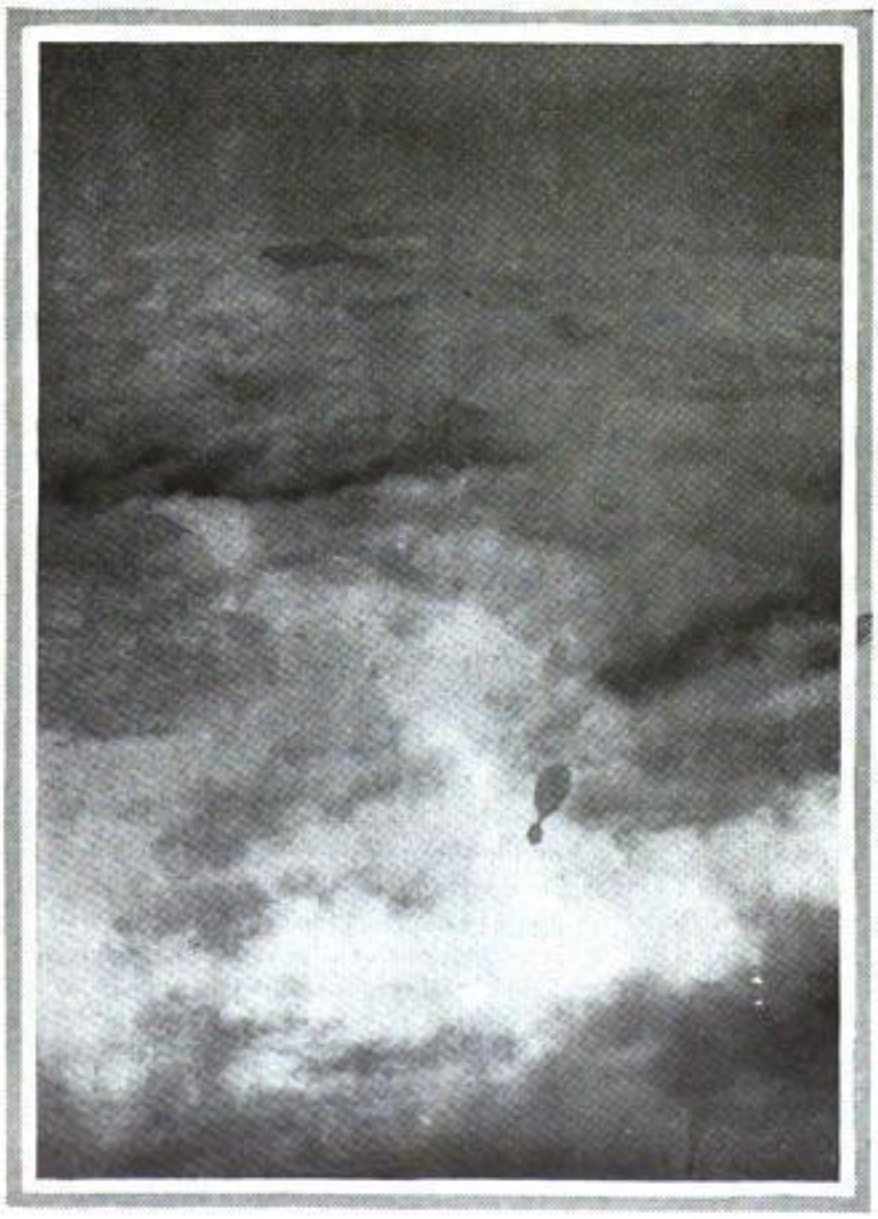
MOUNT KATMAI, in the Aleutian Range on the mainland of Alaska, is again in violent eruption. The accompanying snapshots are the first near views of the peak and the crater to be taken since the sudden explosions in June that hurled bowlders 30 to 40 feet in diameter distances of more than a mile.

Some of the other volcanoes of the Alaska peninsula and its adjacent islands are becoming more active. Mount Shishaldin and Mount Pavlof, though believed by geologists to be in a different volcanic zone than Mount Katmai, are also in eruption.

Mount Katmai's eruption in 1912 turned day into darkness in its vicinity for forty-eight hours and covered Kadiak Island and some of its neighbors with a layer of ashes that varied in thickness from a few inches to four feet. The narrow escape of the islanders last year taught them to keep well out of the danger zone this season during Katmai's periods of violence. The present eruption does not threaten to do much damage. It is more spectacular than menacing.



Exploring the Frigid Upper Air



AT a height of 15 miles above Catalina Island, California, a meteorograph, which two balloons bore aloft in a small wicker basket a few weeks ago, recorded a temperature of 85 degrees below zero. The photograph at the right shows the basket beginning its ascension. One of the balloons burst at last, and the other and the meteorograph dropped into the sea 3 miles offshore. The Government Weather Bureau is making a series of such explorations of the upper air to discover new facts about the great areas of high and low pressure that produce storms and fair weather. The scientists are sounding the air layer's thickness and recording its humidity and temperatures.

A Shadow on the Silver Lining

THE picture at the left is a scene above the world, not taken from such a fearful altitude as the Catalina Island basket attained, yet from so high above the clouds that the balloon cast its shadow upon them. The photographer was riding approximately 7,000 feet above earth. The snapshot was made from the balloon *Kansas City II* when it was contesting for the honor of being named one of the three representatives of the United States in the international balloon races that are to be held in France next October.

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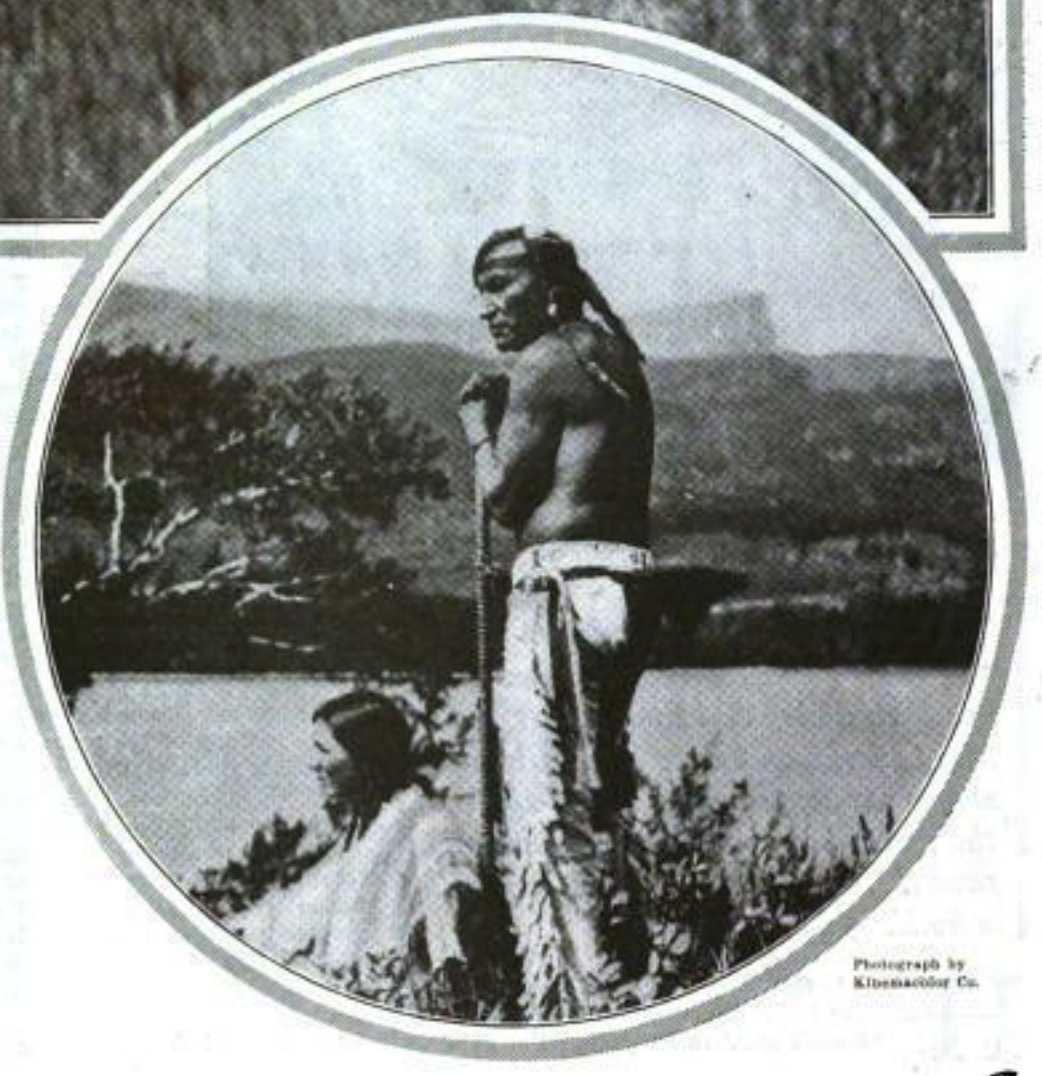


A Sham Battle with Indians as a Dedication Ceremony

ORIGINAL photographs of the life of the early West are scarce. Frederic Remington's faithful sketches make this deficiency less serious, however; and as a supplement to Remington, snapshot cameras have been recording some recent attempts to reenact stirring episodes of the past. The photograph above is a characteristic of this latest series. It shows a picturesque part of the ceremonies with which Fort Rice, south of Mandan, N. Dak., was deeded to the State a few weeks ago as a public park. Two companies of militia represented the United States troops in reenacting the repulse of an attack of Sioux Indians upon a wagon train and upon the fort itself.

From this fort in July, 1864, General Sully's column moved west and fought the battle of Killdeer Mountains with the Sioux. Fort Rice was the first post established in western North Dakota.

At the more conventional exercises of the dedication two Sioux leaders, Red Tomahawk and John Grass, were on the list of speakers of the day, with Governor L. B. Hanna and Judge A. A. Bruce of the State Supreme Court.



Photograph by Kinemacolor Co.

Piegan Indians as "Movie" Actors

A FEW conscientious attempts have been made by motion-picture men to describe the old-time life of the American Indian upon the films. The photograph at the right is enlarged from one of the most successful of these films. Piegan Indians were the actors and Glacier Park Reservation the stage. The film shows a number of old tribal customs and ceremonies.





A Pageant in Honor of Utah's Pioneers

SALT LAKE CITY'S 1913 celebration of the day of the arrival of Utah's pioneers was a pageant so ambitious that it was compared with the 1897 semicentennial. Our photograph shows the float which represented Brigham Young pointing out the chosen valley. In the background is a glimpse of some of the 3,000 children who marched with flags and sang national airs. Replicas of the wagons of the original ox train, and 143 men, 3 women, and 2 children costumed as the pioneers who first entered Emigration Cañon, constituted another division of the parade. W. C. A. Smoot, a pioneer, led the procession in a motor car.

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"The Sinful Six"

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS



"That's all right; yesh. I gave you twenty dollars; take it out of zat," quoth he who was all awash

NOT only has the waiter humor and a conscience tucked away beneath his dickey and Eton jacket, but as Mr. Cahn, who knows him intimately, shows us, he possesses a full share of the warm humanity and sympathy that save this little earth of ours from being a howling wilderness.

"HEY, bo! Get busy there! Maloney's giving a party to-night and you're invited."

"I ain't goin' to no party; I'm goin' to dust along to see Carson."

"Where does he tend bar?"

"Don'tcha know him? Why, he's the guy that gets canned out of every eats palace in town—lives up here in Cat Alley with his wife an' kid. Everything's on the bum with them. The missus is always sick an' Carson hasn't had a good job in a coon's age. He's such a punk waiter that he couldn't serve hay to a mule right. All the head waiters are onto him, an' he can't get a job nowheres; but he's a fine feller and I like him.

"That food kid of his was chasin' a ball in the gutter an' got kicked by a truck horse, an' I s'pose has got to wink out 'cause there ain't a few bones in the box to fix him up right. You know how them doctors give all kinds of orders what to do fer a kid and don't never stop to ask have folks got the price. I wish I could do somethin', but—" Manners groaned and dully gathered up a handful of knives and forks and indifferently inspected the pile of dishes upon his tray before lifting it to his shoulder.

"THAT'S why I'm telling you," said Gresh. "Put a better map on and rustle up a little coin. Maybe you'll have a run of luck and clean us all out."

"Cheese it! Luck an' me ain't on speakin' terms. Ever since I've been transferred from the main dinin' room downstairs to these private ones up here luck's been against me. I ain't made two hits this evenin'—the big drink or the bread line fer me."

"That's right!" interrupted a third voice, gruffly. "Look at that there layout you got! Where's your garnish? What do you mean by takin' a plank out without no trimmin's?"

"Don't call me; call the cook. I ain't doin' the broilin'," defended Manners, while Gresh, minus a few small items of service on his own tray, discreetly took himself away with all speed.

Several times, in the halls separating the private dining rooms, where they fed the hungry and quenched the thirst of the thirsty, the other waiters tried to lift the gloom that seemed to have claimed Manners for his own. Maloney was giving a party and they reminded him of the delights of a party at Maloney's, but all in vain; poor Manners had suffered one of the streaks of bad luck which periodically afflict all waiters, and his spirits were utterly crushed.

For days he had served none but "beer bunches," "tight wads" and "cheap skates," and the tips he had garnered were sinfully small, and it seemed that the more he tried to please the smaller they became.

One patron had even succeeded in getting away from him without settling the check, and Maxmum's Café had an ironclad rule to the effect that in such cases the waiter must settle the check himself.

Besides this, he had had the misfortune to drop a tray, ruining all the food thereon, and breaking two dollars' worth of crockery, all of which he must pay for; and, to cap the climax, his pockets had been deftly picked on his way to work that very afternoon. Manners thought that the world was a very dark, uninteresting, and, above all, unprofitable place, and remarks about the festivities shortly to be held at Maloney's only blackened his mood.

Of what account is an invitation to a poker party if one has not so much as a quarter to feed the kitty, to say nothing of taking a hand in the game, or providing his share of the supper, which invariably preceded these functions?—although this last did not present so many difficulties.

Manners was taking the long flight of stairs leading from the kitchen to the floor of the private dining rooms with as much dignity and leisure as a Congressman out for a stroll—instead of making them at the lively scamper of a waiter in his right mind—when the apoplectic face of the captain appeared at the top.

"Hey, man! What's eating you? Hurry up! That guy you're waiting on is fair ramping! He says he's grown a full beard since he ordered. Look sharp there and get it going now. A big bunch's just come in and everybody's busy as a cranberry merchant. I'm over a bar'l, and here you are giving points to a snail. Beat it!"

THUS admonished, Manners put on a little more speed, served his party, and took another order.

At the pantry Maloney whispered: "Party to-night. Supper first. Are you on?" But he dashed away before Manners could answer. Fitch, a few moments later, told him that four steaks would be needed and confided also that he was glad he himself was unlucky at love—for he was sure going to trim the whole crowd at the cards if there was a thing in the old saying.

"Bottle's behind the pipes next to room ten. Get busy!" hissed Gresh in his ear as he whizzed by with a trayful of glasses and a thickly swaddled something reposing in a bucket of ice.

Manners nodded, and after a wary look around stopped an instant, and carefully tipped a few drops of the whisky from each of the six glasses on his tray into a wide-mouthed vial which he produced from his pocket and then replaced. After which he ran a not scrupulously clean finger around the rim of each glass in order to dry it, then resumed his way. It happened that he had parties in two different rooms ordering whisky very frequently, and it was not long before his vial was full.

He then watched for an instant when the captain was not in sight; when he was sure that the head waiter was not prowling around seeking whom he might devour for just such crimes; when no ghost mopper or omnibus boy was by to spy and later confiscate the cache, and, as he was an expert, all that instant came, it was but the work of another to draw forth the large flask behind the pipes, empty the vial, replace the flask, and make ready to repeat the process as soon as the vial was again full.

MALONEY, Fitch, Gresh, and Frawley were also doing the same as often as their patrons ordered whisky.

"Well anyway," thought Manners gloomily, "I'm providin' some of the nose paint at least."

"How are they coming, Man?" asked Gresh as he purposely contrived accidentally to seize the drink ordered by another waiter and make off with it, thereby making extra quick time on his own order, a large tip certain, and forcing a double wait upon the other waiter, making his tip even more certain small, if not causing it to vanish utterly.

Loud cries of rage filled the kitchen as the best waiter discovered his loss, but by that time Gresh had passed the eagle-eyed checker in company with Manners and was once more climbing the stairs.

The deafening clatter of dishes, silver, pots, pans and kettles and the babel of the place drowned the most of Manners's profane reply to Gresh's: "How are they coming, old man?"

The comparative quiet of the upper halls, however, let him hear that in Manners's opinion he, Manners, would be permanently hoodooed until he got even with the man who had cheated him out of not only his hard-earned and perfectly legitimate tip, but the price of an elaborate and costly meal as well.

"Yeh! an' him that rich he's fairly poisonous! For that is the way all them predatory plutes gets theirs, Gresh; when they swipe it off widders an' orfuns is bad enough, but when they get to takin' it away from waiters, the limit is sure reached."

"Aw cheer up! Maloney's giving a party! Forget it; everybody gets stung now and then," consoled Gresh.

"It ain't the ten bones I'm hollerin' about. It's because he's got me buffaloed. I ain't had no luck since! I'm gettin' so's I'm afraid to walk along the side walk for fear somebody'll push a brick over onto me."

THE plaint was cut short by Gresh's turning in at number fifteen and Manners into number seventeen. A few moments later they were lounging in the hall listening to Frawley's hurried report on the feast to come.

"Holly gee!" whispered that gentleman, using his side towel first to mop his perspiring brow and then to flick a few drops of soup from his boots. "It'll sure feel fine to have a good feed once more. Mrs. Butterfield's got three steaks, fine big boys. The bottle is pretty near full too. You fellows rustle up a few artichokes, and we got to get a salad yet. Rustle anything you can cabbage onto."

"No. 10—Fraw—ley!" called Ashton from the call board. Frawley scurried away to his customer; they saw him knock at the door, and it had hardly closed upon him when Gresh ejaculated: "Holy good jumping nips! What's that?" For from the room before the call board came sounds of violence.

"Hey, lads!" Ashton summoned them with a wave of one short arm, reached the noisy room in two bounds and a slide, wrenched open the door, and was in the thick of the mêlée by the time Gresh and Manners reached him.

The gentlemen who, until a moment ago, had been peacefully dining were now engaged in trying to bite each other's ears off.

Ashton separated them with difficulty, but with admirable dispatch, casting the smaller of the two into far corner with such force that it knocked all desire for further fight out of him—together with his lunch.

The other man, though, was consumed with a desire to annihilate the entire staff, and when he really got into action seemed to have turned himself into a human pinwheel, completely bounded by fists. Before they succeeded in getting him out of the room, into the entrance hall, down the marble-cake stairs and kicked into the street, he had done considerable damage, but nothing serious or even disfiguring except that the nose of the hoodooed Manners, thanks to him, was flowing a rich crimson stream, that made it impossible for that unhappy toiler to answer the bell of his customers. The delay aroused the animosity of his impatient guests, now taken over by Gresh, and lost him the tips he had earned that evening.

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all of which did not tend to cheer him to any noticeable degree.

At last the claret flow abated, Manners washed his face, smoothed his hair, and announced himself ready for the next blow from unkind fate.

"Aw, the watch's pretty near up," said Captain Ashton. "Forget it. I hear Maloney's givin' a party, and you better go along with the rest of the boys."

"Yes," rumbled Butterfield, "you done enough to earn your bread to-day, kid, but I dunno about the cheese. Next watch's comin' on in a minute; give 'em a chance."

"Not on your crayon portrait! The next bell is fer me. I got to make eats money to-night."

"Get the eats at Maloney's."

"Tempt me not, base-born villain! No poker fer me. I'm goin' to take the next bell an' work overtime if Cap'n Brantner will stand for it."

Just then footsteps on the stairs warned Captain Ashton of the appearance of another guest, and he hastened away to play the host. When he returned he was grinning like an amiable shark.

"Manners, here's your friend that hung you up fer that dinner check back again! Loaded to the guards, too! Go see what he wants."

MANNERS sprang to his feet so suddenly that his chair skidded behind him and there was a metallic sound on the floor as the leg of the chair struck some object in its path and sent it spinning. Manners picked it up and laughed joyfully as he held it aloft. It was a silver dollar.

"Hurrah, boys! I'm goin' to get back my rabbit's foot!"

"Fine! But let the old souse wait for Brantner's boys, and come on with us," urged Butterfield.

"An' miss this chance! You go along an' I'll join you later maybe," cried Manners, leaving to reply to the bell of the newcomer.

"Hope he don't start any rough stuff," remarked Ashton.

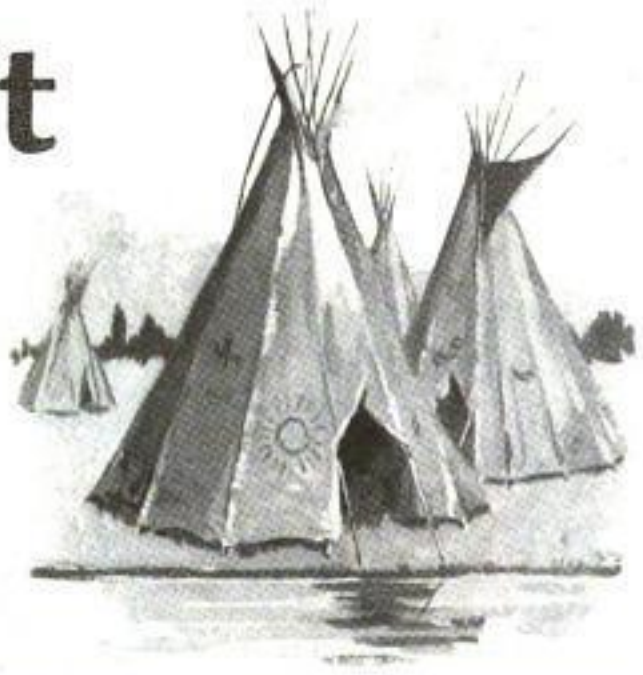
"Leave it to Man! Here's Brantner an' the other watch. So long, cap," and Maloney's little clique led the rest of the waiters in the retreat. On the skill in making a getaway, of five of "The Sinful Six," as they were dubbed, depended the evening's entertainment and the continuation of their jobs if not their very liberty; but such considerations gave them very little anxiety, apparently, as they pulled on their overcoats and chaffed among themselves.

In the meantime Manners, grasping the silver dollar in his left hand like a talisman, assumed the professional attitude of polite indifference, knocked, and entered the presence of his prey. (Continued on page 21)

The Nothing Gift

—Tepee Neighbors

By Grace Coolidge



FOR the setting of these sketches imagine a low, straggling log ranch house set on the bank of a tearing mountain creek, in a broad valley gleaming under the Wyoming sun. In this house place an ordinary ranch family, whose members differ but in one particular from nearly all of the other one hundred thousand civilized inhabitants of Wyoming—their latchstring is always out to their tepee neighbors.

"YOU had better come down and see her," they said. "We think she wants to see you."

"Is she very sick?"

They looked at each other vaguely. "We do not know. She lies down all the time, and she can only whisper. But she says she is not sick—that is, not anywhere in particular."

"It is very strange."

"Yes," they said. "Will you come?"

So I got my pony and saddled him, and rode behind their big, lurching, slow-moving wagon to their cabin, where the sick old woman was.

She lay on her bed made on the ground at the right side of the cabin, the dingy quilts pulled neat and straight over her thin old body, hiding her hands, covering her, in fact, to the chin.

I FOLLOWED them to her bed, where she lay lean and old and waxen her eyes closed with such a pitiful air of finality. They touched her gently on the shoulder, this because she was very deaf and it was hard to arouse her by speaking. She opened her eyes, strangely bright in her dim old face. Seeing me, she made a little inarticulate sound, and laboriously, from beneath the covers, brought forth one hand.

I took it in both of mine.

One of the young women standing at my side stepped closer to interpret. She stooped low above the bed.

"She has come to see you," she cried in the old woman's ear. "Tell her about your sickness."

The sick woman gazed at me, smiled with her bright, strange eyes, and thrust her hand a little farther into mine. The voice with which she answered was but a trembling, hoarse whisper.

"I have no pain," she said. "Only I am weak. I cannot get up. I cannot stand. My legs are no good." All the time her old eyes smiled at me. "But I try to eat. I do not stop trying." A little anxious furrow grew between her brows.

Sentence by sentence the voice of the young woman took up the old one's words and turned them for me into her halting English.

"That's right," I managed. "*Ethatay!*" (Good!)

The old woman sighed. "But I can hardly swallow," and she sighed again profoundly, suddenly overburdened with the weight of this, her last effort—the effort to sustain life.

"Why does she speak in that voice?" I asked. "Does her throat hurt?"

From across the room a woman spoke. "It is because she is tired," she said. As she answered she thrust her hands down at her sides, index fingers pointing downward, hands trailing a little behind the body. She was making the Indian sign which signifies weariness, exhaustion; portraying, as it is said to do, the drooping wings of a spent bird.

THE old head on the dingy pillow nodded assent. Then a blessed definite idea came to me. "Perhaps she does not like her food. Perhaps she wants something else, something that I could bring her. Ask her, Clara." In my eagerness I quite glowed.

Indifferently but politely the old woman heard my offer.

"She say maybe you right. We just got coffee and fried bread and boiled meat. She say she can't chew that bread and that meat. Maybe if you bring her little rice and tea, then she be eatin' better."

"Well," I cried. "I'll get her some. We'll try."

I returned next day with my delicacies, plus a box of raisins, a great treat with the Indians, a fact happily recollected by me at the last moment. In the cabin all was as before. The old woman smiled faintly at my gifts. The young woman took some of the rice at once and put it on the stove to boil.

I went again. The patient was lying a little higher on her pillows now, her arms outside the quilts. Her eyes were open. I stood by the bed smiling down at her. Then, lifting her old hands, she began with signs to tell me that she was getting well. Her cupped left hand seemed to be the roof of a dark abyss into which her right hand, its extended fingers cramped, sank, sank—I understood. She had been dying, all but gone. Then suddenly the right hand by the same slow degrees began to jerk upward, out from under the gloom of the overhanging left. So she. Now she was well, or almost well. The old bright eyes beamed upon me.

"*Ethatay!*" I cried again.

"Yes."

At my fourth visit she was gone.

"Why!" I cried at sight of her empty and denuded bed. "Where is she?"

They smiled at my astonishment. "She is well. She has gone in a wagon over to the river."

We all stood smiling at each other. The food I had brought, "white" bread (raised bread), a can of peaches, some potatoes, a paper sack of dried apricots, I gave to them that were left.

Still carrying their packages, they accompanied me to my pony and held him for me to mount.

It was perhaps three weeks after this that she sent for me again.

"To-day?" I cried. I was rather busy.

"No—o," they said. "But soon."

"To-morrow, I think."

"All right. We tell her."



Now she was well, or almost well. The old bright eyes beamed upon me. "Ethatay!" I cried again

SO AGAIN I rode down to the granddaughter's cabin.

This time both of the young women ran out to meet me. One took my pony's rope to tie him for me. There was in their manner something special, though subtle. I watched guardedly.

They had left the door of the cabin open, and now in the empty door frame stood the grandmother, smiling, her withered old face alert, her neat shawl and short braided hair framing her face.

They took me in.

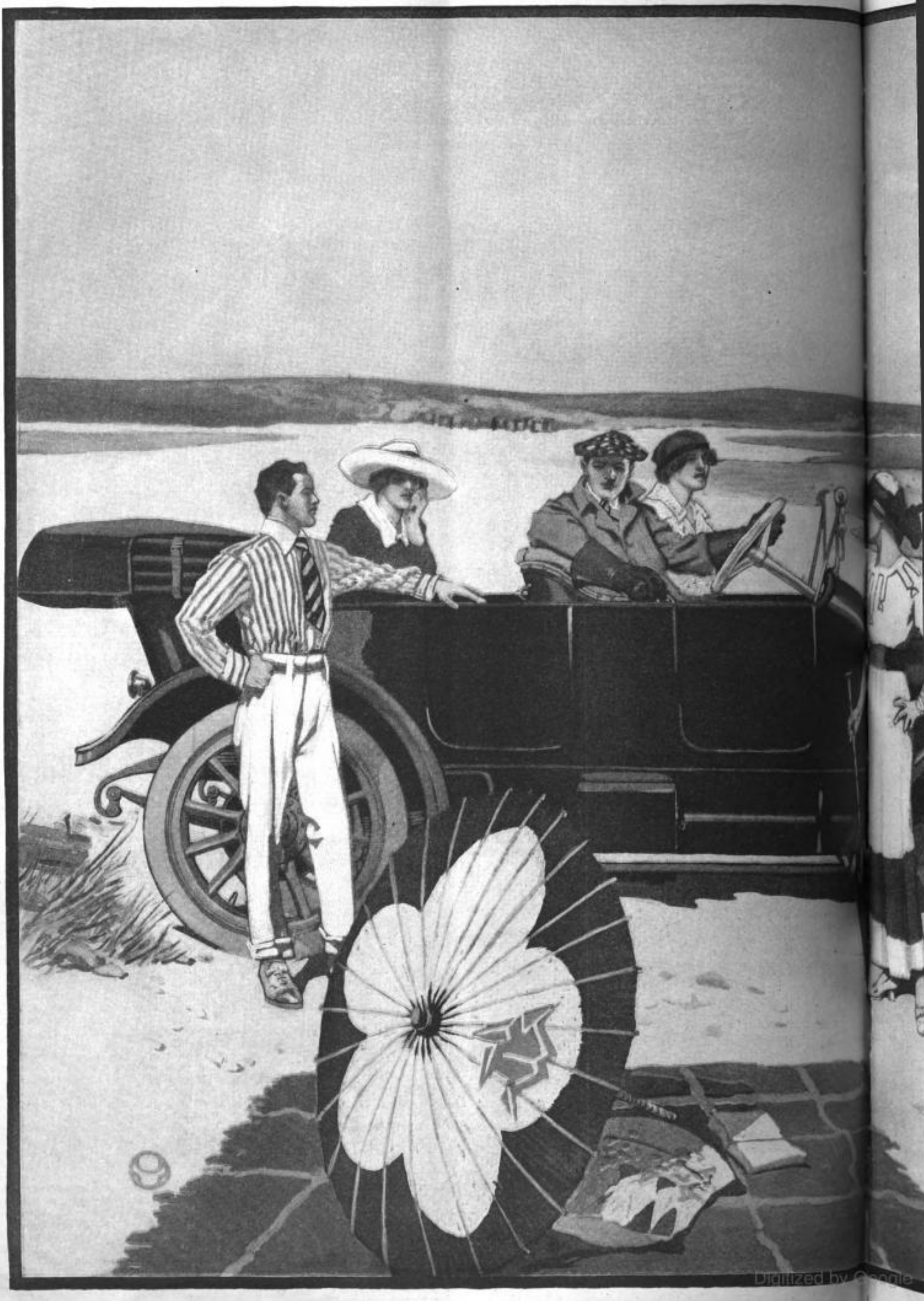
Conversation under the circumstances was difficult, but we smiled, exchanging little commonplaces. And we waited. Then the old woman arose and went to her trunk, one of the folded and painted rawhide "trunks" or cases of the Indians, relic of the old days, safest and handiest thing with which to load and pack a horse. From this she produced a wide black cowhide robe, tanned to the pliancy of a kid glove. She spread it out before me.

"For you!" her old hands cried. "I give it to you. I was sick and you took pity on me. I couldn't eat and you brought me good food. I was going down, down into the valley of the shadow, but you led me up again. I am *your* old woman." Her eyes beamed with affection. "It is a free gift," she said. "There is to be no return. It is a 'nothing' gift," and her old hands described the circular "nothing" sign—that is, it was not a ceremonial present, requiring one in return.

All eyes in the cabin were upon me.

(Concluded on page 21)

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1914 Overland

$950

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While the price has gone down the value has gone up. The motor is larger; the wheelbase is longer; the tires are larger; the tonneau is larger; the equipment is better—including such additions as electric lights; the body is more handsomely finished, in rich dark Brewster green, with heavy nickel and aluminum trimmings; in fact, in every single and individual respect it is an improved car at a reduced price.

We already have applications on file for more cars than we can deliver during the month of August. Therefore, it is advisable for you to see the nearest Overland dealer promptly, in order to secure an immediate delivery.

1914 catalogue on request.

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The Aisles of Trade

By Diana Hirschler

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS HALL PANCOAST

EXPERTS, such as the writer of this article, have in recent years developed a new science, that of creating efficiency in employees. Rules will not do it, nor will clocks or fines. But a keen, sympathetic knowledge of human nature, of mental machinery, will enable the expert to put the girl in touch with her own inner self, the source of all efficiency.



"You annoy him to distraction. You are untidy. And you ask a customer how much she wants to pay"

"CAN you see me a few minutes some time to-day?"

I looked at the girl who spoke and remembered her by no special incident of praise or blame. Those are the pegs memory hangs her recognition on in my work.

"Surely; come to the office in a half hour."

I have learned not to try to anticipate what the problem is of the sales girl who comes to me. It might be a stepmother, or a drunken father; it might be pain of body or trouble of mind, or an empty purse, or I might even be surprised with a song of joy.

So what Miss Anderson wanted, I made no attempt to foretell. As she had stood before me, I recognized a fine, sensitive face with its signs of quick recoil from much that would escape the phlegmatic. This was accentuated by an unusual silky fineness of her very yellow hair.

"Well, Miss Anderson," I said, as she appeared, "let's have our chat," and we shook hands to begin with. Nervous intensity gave my hand its mark through her grip, a further cue to whatever conditions her story might unfold.

"Miss Hirschler, I want to talk with you about my temper. I have a sharp tongue and it lost me my last position. I speak up quickly to the girls in the department, and then they get to dislike me. And I have to watch myself or I'll do it to customers. I'd like to get over it. Do you think I can?"

I HAVE said I could not always foretell the problem I was to face with a sales girl. But the general divisions of troubles are few, and the special one may be classified quickly. Here was an excellent illustration of what an educator business is in life.

"Do I think you can overcome irritation? I *know* you can. And I'll explain why. There is a Miss Anderson in you that is patient and gentle and soft of speech, and it is this Miss Nannie Anderson that has come to me this morning. And I'm pleased to meet her. For it is the permanent you; the other is the transient. You can remember as a child that this transient you slapped some one when it was angry probably, and now you don't. The real you has denied the slap its place in your daily life, just as it stops us at a certain age from making faces at each other and sticking out our tongues.

"So the real you denies the tongue its right to hurt others by speech. Miss Nannie Anderson is therefore saying to herself right now: 'I want to be sweet and gentle and I will find a way.' The 'want to' spirit you roused in yourself made the 'will to' do it strong enough to seek me for advice. Do you see, my girl, you have now the only friend you need to accomplish self-control, your own will.

"Let's take that very word, self-control. It means control by the self, the real you, of the usurper self, the one that pretends to be you. To oust this one, you are now to think about the real you, its power, its kindliness, its patience, its true friendliness to others, and its refusal to acknowledge the shadow you as its own, or as having any power to use you. I shall give you some thoughts to center on as a daily exercise, especially before you go to sleep. This is to tell your will just what you expect it to carry out."

So begins my supervision of Miss Nannie Anderson to train her to do her work well.

In the creation of an efficient retail sales person is fulfilled the great law of service in its most personal form.

She is face to face in her work with the one who fills the pay envelope, eye to eye, touch to touch we might say often, and in the Helen Keller sense smell to smell, so human is each transaction. Every article that the great wheels within wheels of industry turn out must be transferred piece by piece to the environment of a consumer in her presence. The merchandise then becomes lost in the working out of human relations.

So, in my work of training retail employees to skill and also of training others to train them, I recognize the same aim the educator in school or college should have for them. And that aim is no less than a trained will, a wise judgment, an individuality that compels attention and yet not attention that is personal.



"You won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry"

Annie Sapra is in demand as an operator of waists by virtue of her manual accuracy and speed. No need for the personal radiation of those qualities that invite trust. Collarless her neck may be, beltless her waist, bent her back, unkempt her hands and feet. Minus charm, minus enthusiasm, she may be efficient.

Now, Annie Smith displays those same waists to the consumer for whom they were made by an efficient operator. But Annie Smith, to be efficient, must show the social courtesies and the personal drawing power of an interested individuality, combined with the art of making it all impersonal. She must attract personally, only to confer the resulting confidence to her merchandise.

I SEND for Miss Smith to see me privately. She enters swinging an arm with three bracelets on it rather defiantly, so they make a rattling sound. For she suspects they are to be mentioned.

"Miss Smith, you won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry."

"It's very strange; I've worked in so many places and they never objected to what I had on."

Presuming on my smile and tone to make my remark friendly, I said: "Perhaps that's the reason you've been in so many places. Miss Smith, this house believes in you and wants you, or I shouldn't bother to tell you something unpleasant, for I don't enjoy saying it any more than you enjoy hearing it. But I'm going to explain why you make your work hard by overdress.

"You are here to center the minds of your customers on the hats you have to sell, not on yourself. The more quickly you do that, the more quickly you make your sale, isn't that so? Then, when you wear something that attracts them to it and you with it on, are you making the sale easier? You know you would rather make a good sale than be admired for having jewelry. Anyone who values her position would.

"You have several pictures hanging in the millinery salon. Describe the one you like best."

She did promptly. "What sort of a frame has it?"

She hesitates: "White and gold, I guess."

"You pay the frame a compliment by not remembering it. It is so appropriate it does not detract from the picture, it simply improves it. That is what dress should do—bring out your attractiveness but not deflect the eye to itself. You are pleasing enough, Miss Smith, to rely upon yourself to attract, without overdoing the frame business."

And so we thresh it out together. At least, I plead the mind in front of me, unused to thinking, so that here and there reasoning gains ground. Anyway, she must leave me with a feeling of relief as regards the purpose of her visit. It might have been worse than the matter of her wearing many bracelets.

ANYONE could order Miss Smith to remove an inappropriate article of dress. But my department stands for promoting unity, for teaching reasons for awakening the desire to be that success which means permanent position and more wages.

Miss Nettie Klein rushed into my corner one day and said: "Miss Hirschler, I'm hoodooed, positively hoodooed. I haven't sold a thing for two days, and this morning I've started out the same way. So I thought I'd come to you for a boost."

She let me laugh for a moment, then I said: "You certainly are hoodooed if you think you are. That's the only hoodoo there is. Nettie Klein is a good sales woman, and there's nothing that can stand in the way of her selling but herself, so we'll change the hoodoo into a mascot, and you run along now and sell like—well, like yourself."

True enough, as I passed her on the floor two hours later, she beamed: "Say, I sold a $62.50 dress the minute I got back. It's all off," and she waved away an imaginary foe.

But it is in the class work that I do the most effective training. For the

(Continued on page 2)

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Pickups & Putts



By Grantland Rice



The Ultimate Invictus

(If we are to credit the printed statement of President Wilson's alert caddie)

"IN THE *fell clutch of circumstance*
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Thus Henley wrote in boastful mood,
To show us that his iron will
By fate was not to be subdued,
However lusty be the spill.

But Peggy Wilson has him trimmed,
For when he smears a ten-inch putt,
Although the ball can be rimmed,
He only sighs and mutters "Tut!"

Throttling Debate

SOME ONE proclaimed recently that the Giants followed McGraw implicitly and rarely attempted to argue with their chief. On the other hand they start an argument once in a while but rarely ever finish it.

For example, some Giant attempts to put over a certain play and is nailed by a yard.

"Well," says McGraw as the Athlete comes in to the bench, "what's your reason or explanation for that play?"

"It was like this," answers the Athlete; "I thought—"

"What with?" snaps McGraw, thereby closing out the rebuttal to a finish.

Baseball Luck

"JUST what part in baseball does luck play?" we asked Connie Mack.

"Luck," answered Connie, "is merely a matter of injuries to players. The rest of it evens up—such as close decisions by the umpire; long drives that barely go foul or are barely caught and other turns that are known as the break of the game. But injuries to players vary upon different clubs and are beyond any man's reckoning. To figure out how much more luck one club has had than another, it is only necessary to figure how many regulars one club has lost in play compared to the other and the amount of time these regulars have been out of the game."

Which sounds reasonable enough. Last season Mack had several good men out, Boston remained intact, and Boston won handily. This season Boston lost Stahl, Wagner, Yerkes, Gardiner, and others at various stages, while Philadelphia retained her line-up, and by mid July old conditions were reversed. Where Boston was ten games ahead in 1912, the Athletics in July carried that same margin in 1913.

Statistics show that the Cleveland club has suffered more from fate than any other in either league. Next to Cleveland the New York Americans and Philadelphia Nationals follow in order. These three have all been targets for the Marksman of Misfortune and have yet to win a pennant after several dashing starts that made them early favorites. The Cleveland club still holds the record when in 1905 it lost Clarke and Bemis, catchers; Joss and Moore, pitchers; Stovall, Lajoie, and Bradley from the infield with Bay and Flick from the outfield, and all within a period of two weeks. This season, when Cleveland was neck and neck with Philadelphia, Lajoie had his right hand broken. Manager Birmingham suffered a broken leg, and the club promptly dropped back.

Pittsburgh, picked as an early favorite, lost Wagner and Gibson at the start with other regulars crippled, and was almost hopelessly floundering by June. Where one or two high-grade ball players can often turn a second-division club into a pennant contender, so the loss of one or two regulars can turn a pennant contender into a second-division rock.

John McGraw, through a long, hard training period, where the average age of his line-up is well under thirty, has suffered fewer mishaps of late than other rivals. On the other hand he has each position on his club well guarded by dependable aides so that when trouble arrived the gap was instantly plugged with first-class stuff. McGraw could lose five regulars and still present a strong battle front, which accounts in good part for his three-year success.

Strong ball clubs unprotected against disaster have but little show in a game where so many of late years are breaking before the smash and tension of the game.

The International Summing Up

THE Davis Cup has come over to spend a pleasant fall and winter at least with the Polo Trophy, leaving Great Britain at the nineteenth hole discussing the eminent prowess of Taylor, Vardon, and Ray. In the International Sweepstakes the Lion finished second to the Eagle in two of the three contending fields.

Great Britain and her Colonies, according to forecast, maintained her supremacy in golf. But at polo and tennis she merely made a gallant fight that was not good enough to win.

If you care for further details we have a ready explanation handy. Golf is a game of nerve suppression and nerve control—a game where an even, regulated temperament will rule the field. And British poise and stolidity is beyond America's.

Tennis and polo are games of energy unrestrained—of smash and dash and fluttering intervals—of high speed and high tension that can be unleashed. America carries the smash and the dash and the unrestraint. And British poise and evenness was overwhelmed, though it was backed by courage and skill.

Britain had the calm courage required by golf but not the rushing aggressiveness required in the other fields of play.

A nation that can sit out a cricket game or that can master golf is a nation of infinite patience. But there is small room for infinite patience where the other delegate is on top of you as if he were fired from a 44-inch gun. It isn't a case of patience then, but of the punch.

And the punch is exactly what Britain needs to back up her skill and courage.

Skill and courage are vital parts of any game, but against the rush of the polo four and the crimson-domed McLoughlin the final score is answer enough that even this combination is not supreme.

Offshoots

SOME *pitchers have more stuff on the ball than they can crowd over the plate.*

On the other hand, it often takes more nerve to hold a lead than it does to come from behind.

Playing it safe is well enough where one is content to finish second.

The man who never takes a chance rarely gets in very bad—or very good.

The Winning Game

IN trailing the procession through any golf tournament of rank, it is surprising to see the large number of those who can step up and crack a long, clean shot from the tee.

Moving on with the parade it is equally surprising to see how this majority melts away when it comes to accurate approaching; and how the residue is still further eliminated when the final test arrives where deadly putting will tell the story.

Apparently the shorter the distance to be covered by a golf stroke, the harder the stroke is to make. Not in practice, but in actual play.

The shorter the distance left the more importance the stroke assumes and also the greater need there is for accuracy.

In driving it's often a matter of rods; in approaching, a matter of yards, but in putting it's a matter of inches, or the fraction of an inch. And then again it is so much easier to take a full, clean swipe at the ball than it is to handle the repression and rigidity which come from facing narrow limits of both distance and direction.

Jerome D. Travers, national champion, has shown us again this season how much more important the iron is than the wood; and how much more important putting and short approaching are than all the rest of it combined.

Rivals have beaten him steadily up to within 50 or 100 yards of the cup, only to fade away before the deadly accuracy of his jigger and putter. Travers can putt and Travis can putt while neither are wonderful from the tee. Yet there are no two harder to beat in the grind of match play. The long game is the first half mile, but the short game is the stretch, and the bulk of all good game races are won between the pole and the wire.

With Rag and Pack

THEY *have gripped us—you and I—*
in the sweat heap of the throng;
They have chained us to the job—
and we may not break away;
And we may not follow now where the
red road winds along
Through the sun and wind and rain to
the edge of night and day.

They have gripped us—you and I—but
our dreams have snapped the chains,
And with rag and pack have left by
the still uncharted trails
Through the starlight and the storms—by
the mountain peaks and plains,
Where the seventh sea unrolls to a
thousand gleaming sails.

They may look on us as slaves or as
captives of the town,
But we'll laugh them back in scorn,
though our weary bodies bend,
As our free souls range the hills where
the torrents hurtle down
And we take an untrod path by a road
that knows no end.

Roving vagabonds of dream, we are off
with rag and pack
Through the silver sweep of dawn to
the purple paths of night,
Through the open air of God by the
never-ending track
That is leading us afar from the sweat
heap and the fight.

We are off to come no more where our
weary bodies wait,
Through the grasses and the woods by
an ever-singing stream,
Through the wind and sun and rain on
beyond the city's gate,
Drifting vagabonds at home in the
Romany of dream.

Pitching Records

THE extreme fallacy of pitching records in regard to establishing the rival worth of different slab men was never illustrated to better effect than in the case of Arthur Fromme, the ex-Red, traded to the Giants for Ames, Devore, and Groh.

With the Reds this spring Fromme worked in 6 games. He won 1 and lost 5—percentage .166.

Shifted to the Giants, by the time Fromme had worked in 6 games his record stood at 5 won and 1 lost—percentage .833. The same pitcher through the same season in exactly the same condition was able to show a gain of 667 percentage points with a leader above his showing with a tailender.

And the same shift would come to other stars, held captives upon second-division clubs.

Pitchers like Sallee of St. Louis, Rucker of Brooklyn, and several others if cast with Giants or Athletics would be next to unbeatable in place of working their souls to the raw in a struggle to break even on the year. Ray Fisher of the Yankees dropped 15 of his first 17 games where if he had employed the same brand as a member of the Mackian artillery he should have won 15 out of 17. The Fromme incident furnishes the answer as to what pitching records are worth.

By Way of Rejoinder

"J. BULL, JR." chides us at considerable length and with amazing vehemence for what he considers our unfairness to England in her sportive affairs.

Will he pardon us a moment while we quote from Mr. Owen Seaman, the English editor of English "Punch":

Where, ah where, shall we seek asylum?
How shall we gild again,
Fallen and tarnished deep, the whilom
Coronals? Frank and Dane
Filch from our brows the olive boughs.
Sprinters we have, but they halt like cows—
And as for our chess and our chucking the pylum—
Ah, stop! It is too much pain.

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The New Politics—V

Is Competition Worth Restoring?

By R. M. McClintock

STATESMEN in both the Democratic and Republican parties usually announce it as their chief purpose, in settling our economic problems, to "restore competition." But they speak ill-advisedly. The moment you begin to pin them down to an exact definition they begin to make exceptions. And you don't have to analyze their statements far until you discover that the exceptions in which they would not restore competition are more numerous than the cases in which they would try to do so. For, in many instances, competition has passed irrevocably away, and no one regrets its passing, or would dare advocate its restoration.

No statesman, for instance, would be so rash as to advocate a return to free competition in labor. Free competition in labor exists in certain industries—steel, cotton, wool—and we all blush at the conditions that exist in those industries. Every labor union is a combination in restraint of trade—whether reasonable or not the Supreme Court has not decreed. And it is only in the well-organized industries—those from which labor competition has been effectually banished—that labor gets anything like its fair due. Labor has found that free competition is fatal; that only through cooperation can justice be secured.

Competition is dead in the railroad business, so far at least as the fixing of rates is concerned. All rates are now fixed by a central body; there is no rate cutting, no granting of rebates. And who is there who would call back, if he could, the old days of free competition, when rates were slashed right and left, and no business man could tell what his competitor was paying? Both railroads and the public have found that there is something better than competition: the making of joint rates, under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. And the demand now is, not for a restoration of competition, but for the strengthening of the Government's regulatory powers.

In most cities the demand for competing public utilities is forever stilled. Where there is not municipal ownership of utilities, there is State or municipal regulation. Competition has been found both wasteful and inconvenient, in the long run, as compared with regulation.

But even labor unions, railroads, and public utilities do not constitute the only exceptions to those lines in which it has been recognized that competition is better dead. To an increasing degree farmers' unions are being formed in restraint of trade; California citrus growers, Colorado and Oregon apple growers, Louisiana cane planters have formed trusts; there are increasing numbers of farmers' cooperative elevators, mills, and stores. And no politician has the hardihood to protest against these infractions of the law of free competition, or to urge the passage of legislative acts for their destruction. They have grown from the people's stern necessities; they have been found necessary correctives of some of the injustices that have grown up under the law of free competition.

CAN COMPETITION BE ENFORCED?

BUT, we are told, in the realm of Big Business there must be a restoration of free competition, else the nation will perish. And we are also told that Government regulation, as a substitute for the restoration of competition, is a matter of such infinite complexity that it is not to be thought of, and that it would destroy all initiative. But would regulation be any more complex, or more perplexing, or less possible of achieving, than the decade-long and as yet abortive attempt to break up the big trusts into competing units? For all the time and all the money that have been spent in these efforts to enforce competition we have as results only such farces as the Standard Oil and Tobacco "dissolutions." And would there really be less initiative under Government-regulated trusts than there is now under trusts, in absolute control of all the great industries, and not regulated by the Government? It must be remembered that competition supplied the initiative that brought forth our present trust magnates. Do we want to breed more like them? Or do we prefer a type with less "initiative," perhaps, but more regard for the public welfare?

Is competition worth preserving, even if it could be restored? No one would restore it in labor, in the making of railroad rates, in the public utilities' field, nor where cooperation has taken its place in agriculture. Competition spawned the trusts. Government kept hands off, and the strongest survived. Competition is industrial war. International agreements may somewhat modify the barbarities of war, but it still remains, what it always has been, hell. And so Government may to an extent restrain some of the more vicious practices of our industrial war, but as long as real competition exists there will be such outbreaks, industrially, as there has just been in real war in the Balkans. For when we call upon the brute in man, the brute is sure to respond.

THE WASTES OF COMPETITION

AFTER all, competition isn't as rosy as its champions have painted it. Unrestrained competition leads to periods of overproduction, followed by periods of stagnation. That's bad for industry, for labor, for the community generally. Competition is frightfully wasteful in other ways. Take the retail grocery business, for instance, in which competition exists, at least in the striving for business by the grocers, if not in the cutting of prices. It has been conservatively estimated that from 20 to 30 per cent of the cost of foodstuffs is caused directly by our medieval methods of distribution—if, indeed, the Middle Ages knew anything so wasteful as this. And this waste occurs in every town and city where there is no trust distribution of foodstuffs. How many millions annually could be saved in the cost of living in each town the distribution of foodstuffs were scientifically carried on from central stores, each delivery wagon having its own route, infringing on no other? What would be the saving in duplicated equipment, useless rent, advertising, and a hundred and one other items? And, as in the delivery of groceries, so of ice, of milk, of coal, of practically every other necessity of life.

And yet, with this big problem of distribution staring them in the face, our statesmen spend all their time and effort in revising the tariff, which will save pennies (if it finally saves anything) where this other would save dollars. And all that stands between us and grapple with these really important problems is a blind faith in the outworn superstition that there is some inherent virtue in competition—in industrial war.

COOPERATION

SOME European nations have gone miles toward cooperation where we have gone feet. In France there are over 16,000 cooperative agricultural societies, in Germany 19,000, in little Denmark 2,100, in tiny Switzerland 3,000. Belgian labor is among the poorest paid in the world. Belgian workingmen would starve if they wasted a tithe of what is wasted in the United States. Their workers there have formed immense cooperative trading societies, the models of all the world. There were, in 1909, 1,200 such societies, with total sales of 288,867 francs, from which a profit of returned to the members of 45[illegible] francs. There are similar cooperative societies in England, Germany, and most European nations.

Governor McGovern of Wisconsin is an American executive who does not hesitate to face the future. He has proposed the enactment of a law creating a railroad commission, with powers over all business in that State similar to the powers exercised over utilities by the railroad commission. He would have the commission promote, "in the interest of the public, including producer and consumer alike, economical and efficient production and distribution of all commodities." And to this end he would have the State through the commission encourage the formation of cooperative societies, both of producers and consumers. He would have the commission regulate these societies and assist in their success by furnishing them with expert organizers, accountants, legal advisers, business managers. The usual cause for the failure of cooperative concerns in the United States is the ignorance or malfeasance of their promoters. State regulation would protect the members against both these causes of failure.

Isn't it about time for us in the United States to wake up to the fact that unregulated and unrestricted competition is fast dying, and that at its best it should pass away because of all its frightful waste, its bitter injustices, its failure to develop man's selfishness at the expense of his social nature? Competition is doomed, but only through some form of cooperation can the people secure the advantages of the economies and savings of the new system which now go almost entirely to the great trusts.

Should we not, then, direct our attention immediately to the work at hand, that of regulating all business, large as well as great, that the people shall be in it least wasteful, least injustice, the greatest possible service to the public and



Sowing the Children—What Will the Harvest Be?

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The Smileyville Experiment

By the Man Who Made It

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

EXCEPT *for a few fictitious names, this is a narrative of facts—a chapter of autobiography by an editor in a Middle-Western country town. Nothing about it rings more true than its note of joyfulness. "Smileyville" is just the sort of place the editor of the "Express" says it is; and what he modestly describes as an "experiment" is the pride of the community.*

THE day I broke into the newspaper game I lingered at the office after most of the reporters had gone. I fancied if I were on hand when something big turned up I, the cub, might get a chance to cover myself with glory. Big Bill Harvey, late-stay man on the city desk, sighting at me between his crossed and elevated feet, emitted a fat man's chuckle, and said:

"Son, do you know I'm a mind reader?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I'm it. I can tell just what you're planning to do in this business."

"I dare you."

"You think you're going to save up your money, and some time you're going to buy a paper in a little town with a big future, and grow with it, and become rich and independent."

I was astonished. I hadn't told a soul. Bill's grin broadened.

"You're wondering how I know, are you?" he asked. "Well, I've only been in this business a little over twenty years, but I never knew a cub yet who didn't have that same scheme secreted up his sleeve. But with most of 'em it works out as it did with me—it doesn't. We all keep thinking we'll do it some time. But 'some time' means 'never,' son, unless right in the beginning a fellow starts working out plans to make it mean 'now.' Just feed on that thought awhile. There's a lot of nourishment in it if you can assimilate it."

Bill had struck my case exactly. I had that very idea about a little town with a big future. And I believed any well-located town would do—that any such town, no matter whether or not it were thriving then, could be made to grow and prosper and advance with the right kind of newspaper leadership. I had all the confidence of youth, too, that I could give it just that kind.

THE KNOCK OF OPPORTUNITY

BUT the longer I stayed on a metropolitan paper the further away I got from realizing that ambition. In the first place I failed to save any money. From the start I lived up to the top notch of my salary, and later a little ahead of it. When I was a cub I bought my clothes from haberdashers and paid cash. When I was getting three times the salary I started on I was running an account with a tailor, and often had to let my bills run two or three months. In spite of Bill's excellent advice, I kept putting off making a start.

The events which changed my course were wholly fortuitous. They began when my friend Cole was brought to the city to undergo a surgical operation. I had met Cole when covering a convention, and he was one of the men who made me envy country editors. He ran a county weekly in a little Mid-Western town. Rather, he owned the paper, and let it run itself. He spent most of his time going about. In those days railroad passes were plentiful for editors and politicians, and Cole was both. He always was glad of an excuse to go, and so either was sent or went of his own accord to all sorts of conventions and gatherings. He was a big, fine-looking fellow, and the farther from home he got the more prominent he made himself. The importance and prosperity of his paper also increased with distance. When he was in Chicago it was clearing him $300 a month. When he was in Washington it was netting him $400, and was the most influential paper in the State. He never missed a chance to remark that the country editor is the freest, most independent mortal on earth, and he seemed to prove it. He was a fine fellow and good company, was Cole, but a great old pretender.

I visited Cole in the hospital frequently, and was there the day he died. Then I learned from his brother that he left practically nothing. A widower with no children, Cole's chief aim had been to be as much of a public man as he could. Pursuing that ambition, he had mortgaged his paper so heavily it was doubtful if his equity would pay outstanding bills. At the sheriff's sale, the brother said, it would not bring more than two or three hundred dollars. I had supposed Cole to be worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, so that the news shocked me; but it also gave me a sudden resolution.

I knew I could borrow $1,000 without interest from a relative, and thought I saw the finger of Opportunity beckoning. A week after Cole's funeral I had made arrangements to buy his paper, paying $400 cash for his equity and assuming a mortgage for $2,800, provided the proposal suited me after inspection of the plant. All my ideas of newspaper values and opportunities had been gained from my connection with a million-dollar concern, and this chance to own a real newspaper for such a small investment seemed to me too good to let slip.



"What, that house for $15?" "That's the one." "And the yard?" "Oh, we throw that in." I took it

ALIGHTING AT SMILEYVILLE

THEN I looked up Bill Harvey, city editor at last, and told him. Bill chuckled fatly, and said:

"No fool like a young fool."

"First time I knew you had a jealous disposition," I answered.

"Sure, that's it—jealous. Here you are, still a kid, only been on the paper seven years, and on the editorial staff already, all because you were born lucky and have a knack for jokes and verse and sharp paragraphs. Exchange editors are eating your stuff raw—some of it mighty raw—and some of it has even crossed the big water. Now you want to give up a little snap like that to go and raise moss on your back in Jayville-in-the-sticks—or is it on-the-Styx?"

So much for the consistency of advisers.

I got a leave of absence with the understanding that I would resign by wire if I bought the paper. My wife and I had decided I was to see what sort of apartment we could get before she forwarded our chattels. I had suggested a house, so the baby would have a yard to play in, but she was sure we couldn't afford a house, and also feared it would be very hard on us to get along without a janitor. So we settled on an apartment, and I wrote down instructions as to what sort of an apartment to look for, just how the bathroom must be located, and such details. Oh, we were beautifully "green"!

I never will forget the minute I stepped off the train at Smileyville. I felt like Martin Chuzzlewit when he landed at Eden. The station was a stout little box, but its one front window was so grimed that the only clear spot in it was where the glass was broken out. The wooden station platform was crowded with people who plainly were not there to meet anyone, but merely to see. The only alert-looking persons in sight were two negroes, one of whom stood in the door of an ancient bus and lustily bawled: "Pallus Ho-tel, Pallus Ho-tel." The other, a supple, pleasant-faced youth, glided forward, reached for my grip, and said:

"Anywhah in town, mistah—jes' a dime."

I asked how far it was to the office of the Smileyville "Express." For a moment he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"Oh, de 'Ex-press.' It's right close."

THE SMILEYVILLE WELCOME

I DIDN'T like his accentuation of the "ex," particularly when the following syllable was "press." It struck me as an ill omen. But soon I learned it was a peculiarity of pronunciation into which the whole community had fallen, and that the rival paper invariably was called the "A-peal."

There was only one short business street, and it was generally called "the



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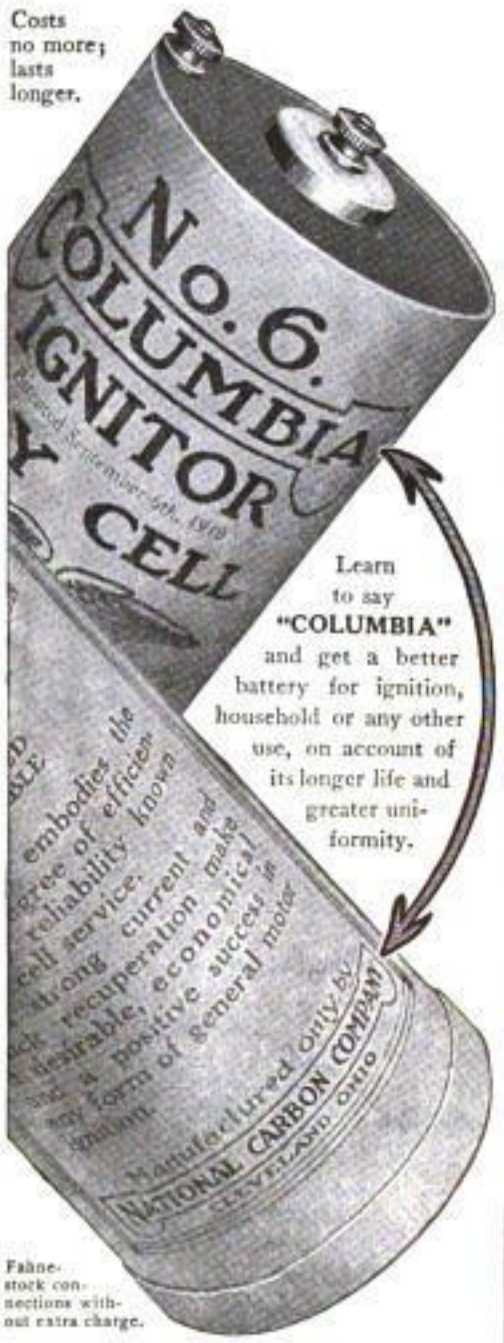
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street." As we walked up this street I had the pleasure of feeling I was making a sort of triumphal entry. In the doorway of every shop, shopkeepers and clerks were standing. They regarded me with frank curiosity, and as I gazed back, equally curious, they gave me friendly nods, and said: "Howdy." That welcome made me suddenly like the town, though otherwise it seemed dull and ugly enough to one who never before had even visited a rural community. Later I learned that the storekeepers went to their doors every time a train came in, and that every friendly-seeming stranger got the same welcome.

I MEET MY "STAFF"

WHEN we came to the little frame building on which a sign announced "The Express, Neat Job Printing," all my ideas of the majesty of the press dwindled. The building contained but one room, the editorial sanctum being divided from the part occupied by the type cases, imposing stones, presses, and gasoline engine by a railing. The force consisted of two girls sitting on tall stools before type cases, and a gaunt, apparently overworked man of about thirty who, with his back to the door, was "kicking off" dodgers at a small job press. The man stopped and hurried forward.

"This ain't Mr. Winston, is it?" he inquired.

I confessed.

"Glad to meet you, sir. My name's Hayden. I'm foreman here. I calculated to meet you at the station, but the train must have been on time to-day. Funny I didn't hear it come in, though. We don't usually show our visitors such discourtesy in Smileyville."

I learned that this man was and for several years had been the paper's printer-foreman, pressman, advertising and job-printing solicitor, and editor. And that was the way he ranked his duties. When there was mechanical work to be done he stayed "inside" and did it. When there was not he went out to solicit advertising and printing, and picked up news items incidentally. I learned with horror that practically all the editorials the paper published were furnished by a firm of patent lawyers in Washington. The rival paper, he assured me, got its editorials from the same source, as the lawyers furnished either Democratic or Republican matter, as desired. The papers paid for the service by running a plate advertisement for the lawyers. In campaign times, he told me, the national and State committees also sent out large quantities of similar matter, and few country editors took the trouble to write the political thunder for which their readers gave them credit. I could hardly believe him then, but now, after several years of experience and observation, I am not afraid to assert that the country editors of the United States do not write one-half of the editorials they publish as their own. There are thousands of notable exceptions, of course, but not enough to bring their average up to 50 per cent.

Smileyville, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, was the county seat of Finney County, with a population of 30,000. It was the largest town in the county, but there were four others with more than 1,000 inhabitants. Nine weekly newspapers were published in the county, none of which had a circulation of more than 1,500. All of them were conducted along practically the same lines as the "Express." Their editors felt it would be impossible to widen their fields materially, and their only hope to make a living was to devote most of their efforts to their job-printing business. They were, in fact, job printers who also published papers rather than editors who also operated job printeries.

I believed my training on a big paper with big ideas made me see the one big chance all these little papers overlooked, and a big idea began to form in my mind. It was an idea I would have to keep under my hat awhile, until I knew the county better, but I believed it would work out. So I bought the paper.

That same day, on "the street," I was introduced to one of the town's two real-estate agents, and told him I wanted to rent an apartment.

"A what?" he asked incredulously.

"An apartment—about six rooms and ba—"

"You must think this is Noo York," he broke in. "Why, friend, there ain't an apartment in Finney County."

I was troubled, but presumed I would have to get a cottage then—a very modest cottage, but modern, of course. He smiled again.

"We ain't got many modern houses here yet. Our water and light plant was only put in a couple of years ago. But I can rent you a nice little house—nice yard—lots of fruit trees—nice garden—"

"I'm afraid that will be a little too steep for me," I broke in hurriedly. "What does it rent for?"

"Ten dollars."

I smiled and said that would hardly do. What did he have for thirty or thirty-five?

"You sure do think this is Noo York," he declared. "Why, there ain't a house in town would rent for more than twenty a month."

RENTING A PALACE

HE took me to see a house which would rent for $15. As we walked out the beautifully shaded earth street, oiled and dragged so it was both smooth and dustless, I learned that the residence portions of a small town are much prettier than its business district. The poorest of the houses were pretty cottages. The best of them were roomy, homey, hospitable frame houses. Nearly all were painted white. All the yards were large, with many trees, so that all which met the eye was green and white, except where blossoming fruit trees formed a mist of color, or flowers sparkled out like illuminations. Soon we came to a place which made me halt in admiration. The yard was almost big enough for a baseball diamond, and magnificent trees shaded the thick, soft blue grass. A quaint, old-fashioned house, topped by a weather vane and a lightning rod, sat a hundred feet back from the street, and behind it more than a score of fruit trees in bloom formed a background of indescribable loveliness.

"Like it?" asked the agent.

"It's the most beautiful spot I've ever seen," I declared.

"Well, that's your house."

"What, that house for $15?"

"That's the one."

"And the yard?"

"Oh, we throw that in."

I took it. We always had lived in a coop in the city, and liked it. But I knew when my wife saw that princely yard and inhaled that blossom-sweet air, and realized our little boy would have all that space to run and romp and grow in, she would never want to let him go back from Mother Earth to Mother Asphalt.

GETTING OUT A REAL PAPER

A WEEK later the first issue of the "Express" under my management appeared, and I congratulated myself as never before had such a paper been published in that county. It was full of news, and the news was full of sparkle. Enthusiasm fairly illuminated it. It was published Thursday night and would be distributed through the post office and on all the rural routes the next morning. The rival papers were published the same night, and when I compared the two my spirits rose even higher. The "Appeal" carried twice the advertising the "Express" did, but in every other particular it seemed far behind. It was a typical "jay" paper of the kind I often had laughed at when in the city, and the "Express" had scooped a dozen scoops. I felt sure when the town merchants compared the two they would get more than my share of the advertising. And I felt equally confident that when the new "Express" appeared before the surprised and delighted eyes of the community a procession of new subscribers would start for the "Express" office. They would feel at last they had a paper to be proud of. I thought a paper which would be a credit to the community anywhere—and would want to show their appreciation and give encouragement at once. I had mailed 200 sample copies to persons not on my list whose names Hayden had given me, and was at the office before seven o'clock next morning to receive them, or the telephone orders.

But none came. All day I waited, but received no indication that anyone had noticed improvement in the paper.

LOSING SUBSCRIBERS

I WAS disappointed, but my confidence was undiminished. It would take a few weeks to wake them up. I concluded that I could do it. So I set to work to make the next week's issue even better.

It was better, and the next one was better still, for I was learning more the needs of the community. I was finding feature stories, too. I found an old and honest man who knew who shot Billy Patterson. When he was a young man attending school in Baltimore he told me, he and a friend named Theodore A. Payne were walking down the street when the famous bully called out an insult to them. Instantly Payne struck him, knocking him down. Fearing arrest for street brawling, the young men fled and pledged each other to secrecy. The story I wrote for the "Express," clearing up the mystery as to who struck Billy Patterson, was taken by the Associated Press and appeared in every important newspaper in the United States.

But things like that seemed to make no impression on Smileyville and Finney County. The stampede to the "Express" had started at the end of the first week or the second.

In the city, this lack of appreciation would have embittered me, but I did not feel bitter against these people I had come to live among. Having been a city man and nothing but a city man, I knew nothing of the ways of the small American people, and their kindliness, their hortlinness and honest hospitality were a constant delight to me. Just a few friendly nods and "howdies" I got when I first walked up "the street" pleased me, other things happened each day to make me grow fond of my new surroundings. Had I only been making a living I would have been perfectly happy. But I was steadily losing money, and when I checked up at the end



"You're not rehired as foreman," I went on. "Hereafter you will be associate editor of the 'Express'"

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Garford TRUCKS

Some record truck transactions

DURING the last six months, New York City—the most difficult, exacting, and over-solicited truck market in the world—has purchased over **$1,300,000.00** worth of Garford trucks. Listed below are the individual transactions made by the R. & L. Company, our eastern distributors. Over 66⅔ of these sales are repeat orders.

Watson Contracting Co., Fordham, N.Y., — 10 five-ton Garfords
Before placing their last order this firm had 8 Garfords. This makes 18.

Texas Oil Co., New York City, — 5 Garford Tank Trucks
This firm now operates 17 Garfords.

New York Police Department, — 10 Garford Patrol Wagons
Purchased 3 Garfords last May. Effected a saving over horses of $19,000 a year. 10 more were ordered.

New York Mail Co., New York City, — 8 three-ton Garfords
This firm handles the mails in New York City. They now have a total of 68 Garfords.

Pittsburgh Contracting Co., New York City, — 2 six-ton Garfords
This makes 7 Garfords purchased in 2 years for their Catskill Aqueduct job.

Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins Corp. N.Y. C., — 2 ten-ton Garford Tractors
Used 2 Garfords for over a year on the Catskill Aqueduct.

John Bell Co., New York City, — 5 six-ton Garfords
The Bell Company had one Garford in use a year before this order was given us.

Colwell Lead Company, New York City and Brooklyn, — 6 three-ton Garfords
This firm has used motor trucks for years. This order replaced all their other trucks.

Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, — 5 Garfords, various sizes
Operated 3 Garfords for a year. Now have a total of 8.

Eastern Asphalt Paving Co., N. Y. C., — 3 six-ton Garfords
Engineers of this Company unanimously recommended the Garford as the most efficient.

N. J. Ice Cream Co., Newark, N. J., — 3 three-ton Garfords
One Garford ordered last fall proved up so well that three more were purchased.

H. C. Bohack Grocery Co., Brooklyn, — 2 five-ton Garfords
This makes 5 Garfords purchased by this firm during the last two years.

Cranford Co., Brooklyn, — 7 six-ton Garford Tractors
After trying three different makes, the final choice of this company was the Garford.

Interboro Brewing Co., Brooklyn, — 11 five-ton Garfords
For a year previous this firm had one Garford working side by side with other makes.

Piel Bros., Brewery, New York City, — 6 Garfords, various sizes
Used one 5-ton Garford for a year, then discarded all other trucks.

Dayton Hedges, Contractor, N. Y. C., — 3 six-ton Garfords
Hedges selected the Garford because of the efficient service it gave dozens of other contractors.

F. L. Cranford, Inc., New York City, — 2 ten-ton Garford Tractors
In building the N. Y. Subways, Cranford is hauling 10 and 11 tons per load by means of Garford 4-wheel tractors.

Public Service Corp., Newark, N. J., — 2 two-ton Garfords
Particularly where quick, efficient and faithful performance is required, like in the work of a public service corporation, the Garford is pre-eminently the dependable truck.

Farmers Feed Co., New York City, — 2 ten-ton Garford Tractors
After several years experimenting, the Garford is the final choice of this company.

D. W. Kaatze Milk Co., Brooklyn, — 1 six-ton Garford
The first Garfords purchased some time ago must have been satisfactory.

Westchester Lighting Co., N. Y., — 1 three-ton Garford
A year's use of a 3-ton Garford convinced this firm that they could use another just like it.

Frazer & Burchenal, New York City, — 2 six-ton Garfords
In seeking the best truck for heavy contracting it was only logical to select the Garford.

R. A. Funger Motor Trucking Co., N. J., — 3 six-ton Garfords
This firm now has 6 Garford trucks—having replaced all their other makes.

L. Wertheim Coal & Coke Co., N. Y. C., — 1 six-ton Garford
The first Garford was so satisfactory that a second one was immediately ordered.

Monarch Auto Trucking Co., Brooklyn, — 2 six-ton Garfords
Used one Garford for a year in conjunction with several other trucks. Their repeat order is significant.

Empire State Dairy, Brooklyn, — 1 ten-ton Garford Tractor
This is the third order within two years.

Peter Breidt Brewery, Elizabeth, N. J., — 2 five-ton Garfords
This is but another illustration of where the initial purchase was so satisfactory that the second order was placed without hesitation.

Thos. Wood Sons Coal Co., Brooklyn, — 1 six-ton Garford
This company has two more six-ton Garfords on order.

Some other recent buyers who endorse the Garford

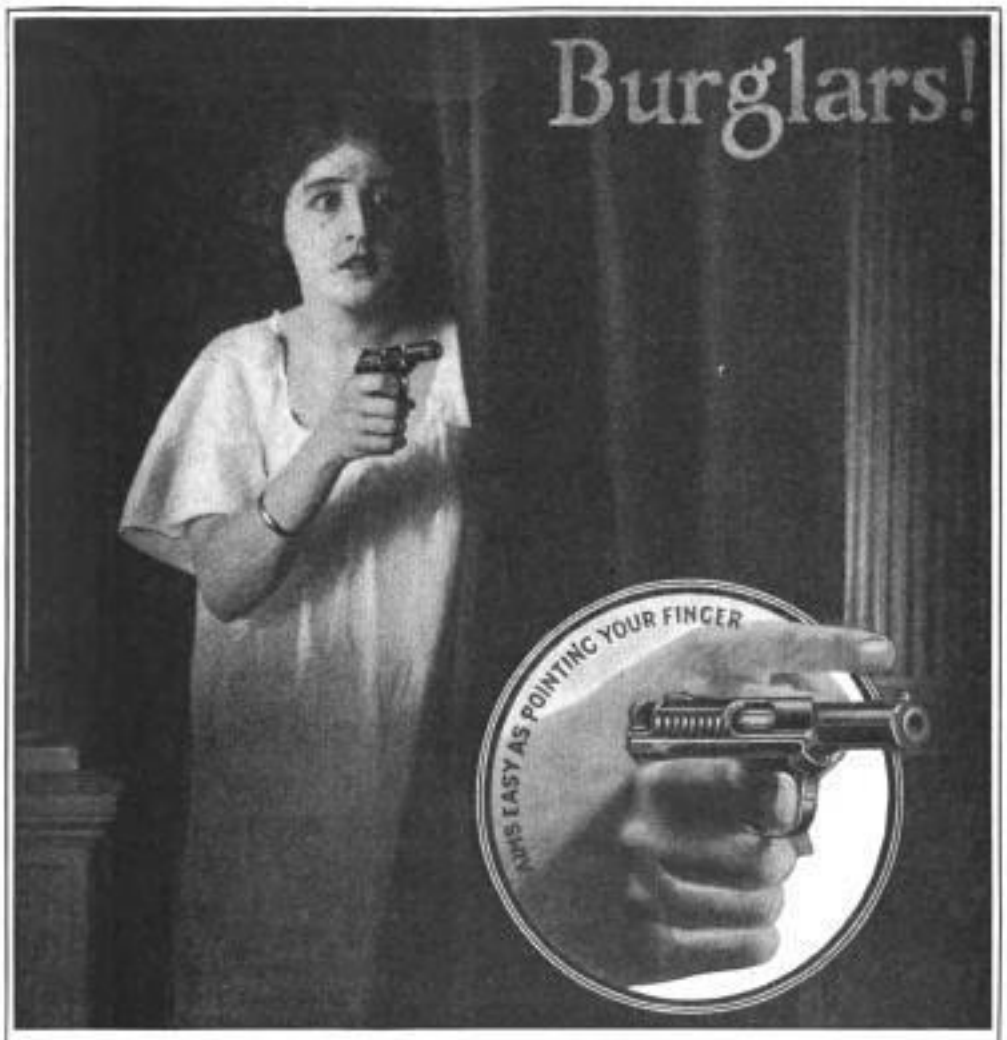
Consolidated Gas Co., New York
Nassau Brewing Co., Brooklyn
J. W. Greene & Co., Newark
Barr Bros., Brooklyn
Michaels Bros., Brooklyn
Welz & Zerweck, Brewers, Brooklyn
Herring Hall Marvin Safe Co., New York
Jagels & Bellis Coal Co., Jersey City
Middle Lehigh Coal Co., Brooklyn
Z. O. Nelson Coal Co., Brooklyn
Pure Oil Co., New York
Novelty Candy Co., Jersey City
R. F. Stevens Milk Co., Brooklyn
Germania Roofing Co., New York
Cheseboro Whitman & Co., New York
Knox Hat Mfg. Co., Brooklyn
Royal Metal Furniture Co., Brooklyn
Butler Bros., Jersey City
Merrit Construction Co., Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Orange Brewery, Inc., Orange, N. J.
Orange County Brewery, Middletown
Brooklyn Builders Supply Co., B'klyn
Builders Brick Supply Co., Bronx
Swain Bros. Dairy, Newark
Beekers' Chemical Works, Brooklyn
M. F. Hickey Cont. Co., Brooklyn
Atlantic Macaroni Co., Brooklyn
B. A. & G. N. Williams Co., New York
Knickerbocker Storage Co., Newark
Dept. of Correction, New York

Such an unusual volume of business is only another indication of Garford efficiency and should make a marked impression on those who are figuring on commercial vehicle equipment.

Catalogues, transportation advice and all information gratis. Please address Dept. 1.

THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

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THE most timid pistol-fearing woman knows she need not fear the Savage, when, in the dead of night, she seizes it to protect herself and her babies.

Its ten quick shots are *absolutely at her control*—one to each trigger pull—either fast or slow.

It shoots straight in the dark, for she aims it easily as pointing her finger.

It is *safe*, because a glance or, in the dark, a touch tells if it is loaded.

Is *your* home really protected against burglars? Today send 6c in stamps for booklet "If You Hear a Burglar".

THE 10 Shots Quick SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Savage Arms Company, 828 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.
Makers of the Famous Savage Rifles

Do You Favor "Price Maintenance"?

Please Write Me Your Views

Most people who have not studied the subject are against *"price maintenance"*—another term for expressing the *"one price"* idea. They approve of *price cutting* without realizing that they are acting against their own best interests.

Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Ingersoll have thrown some interesting light on this important subject and there is more to follow.

We should like, at this time, to receive frank expressions from our readers who have given serious thought to this question and who have ideas which they think might be helpful to others. We desire as many sidelights as possible and shall be very glad to hear from all concerned—Manufacturer, Dealer, and Consumer.

Please address communications to

Collier's Weekly
A. C. G. Hammesfahr
Manager Advertising Department
416 West 13th Street New York, N. Y.

the fourth month I found that the paper had lost a hundred subscribers, one-twelfth of its entire list!

It was after five o'clock one evening when I made this discovery. The girls had gone home, and I forgot about Hayden. My head was aching, and I gripped both hands in my hair. Hayden was passing out as I did this, but he stopped a moment, irresolute. Then I heard him say, half aloud:

"It's a damn shame."

"THE PERSONAL TOUCH"

I GOT an inspiration. I had smiled to myself whenever I glanced over back numbers of the "Express," at the kind of paper Hayden had put out. But suddenly it struck me he had managed the "Express" more successfully than I had, in spite of his many duties. So I turned to him frankly, and asked:

"Hayden, why is it?"

He smiled uneasily. It was plain he did not like to criticise me.

"Speak it out, man," I urged. "Things are getting desperate."

He sat down and leaned forward earnestly.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, Mr. Winston—you're too citified. Here in Smileyville we're all just folks. You're giving us the best paper we ever had, but it's a city paper, not the old-home paper. The personal touch counts more here than what you write or how you write it. For instance, look at Sam (the rival editor). He doesn't get out much paper. But when he meets a farmer on the street he shakes hands with him, asks him how's tricks and if the family are well. Then he puts it in his paper that Joe White, one of our prosperous farmers of near Cox Schoolhouse, was on our streets Saturday. You wouldn't call that worth printing—and it ain't. But all the same it tickles Joe White and Joe White's relatives to death, and next time Joe wants some horse bills printed he has Sam print 'em."

EVEN THE OBITUARY WAS WRONG

I SAW Hayden had been studying the case, so I told him to go on. He proceeded.

"For another instance, take old man Hicks. When he died last week you wrote up a brief but complete sketch of his life—had all the facts. And you headed it "Jonathan Hicks Dead." Sam, on the other hand, ran a long obituary written by Hicks's seventeen-year-old daughter, and signed "A Friend." And it was headed "Gone to His Heavenly Home."

"And then there was the Horne-Coates wedding. Sam finished up his write up of that affair by saying: "The 'Appeal' wishes this estimable young couple a long and prosperous journey through life"—and the "Express" didn't say any such thing. People here in the country want a home paper that's a sort of family friend—and you wouldn't think much of a friend that didn't congratulate you when you got married, would you?"

It was a blow. The very features I took most pride in, the things I had felt confident would make the "Express" the most admired and most desired paper in the county, were hurting it. I could never hope to work out my big idea until the paper gained the complete friendship of these people. And how could it do that?

I FIRE AND REHIRE MY FOREMAN

AS I studied this problem, Hayden began to cough. He had been coughing a good deal lately, and it had worried me. But I shall always be glad he coughed just then, for it gave me an idea.

"Hayden," I said, "you're fired."

The poor fellow turned pale. He had a wife and two babies. I proceeded inexorably:

"You were reared on a farm near here, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir, till I was seventeen."

"And you know this county and its people pretty well?"

"Few better."

"Well, you need outdoor work, or that cough may get you. That's why you're fired."

"All right," he said quietly, rising. "But I'm sorry you took offense at what I said. I sincerely meant it for your good."

"I know it, my dear fellow," I replied, putting out a hand to detain him. "And that's why you're hired again."

He was bewildered.

"But you're not rehired as foreman," I went on. "Hereafter you will be associate editor of the 'Express.' Your name will fly with mine at the paper's masthead. We're going to run this sheet on the circuit-rider plan, and you are to be the circuit rider. I'm going to spend the last cent I have in bank, if it takes that much, to buy a good horse and buggy. You will take that rig and drive out every road leading into Smileyville, taking a different road every day in the week. You will stop to chat with every farmer you meet, learning all the crop news and stock news and neighborhood gossip. You will be one of them at their festivals and their funerals. You will visit them in their homes, always as a friend and a farmer, but keeping a keen eye out for new subscribers and business. You will turn in the kind of copy that will make them love this paper, and your copy, with a few ads, will fill two full pages every week. We must run this paper as we would a restaurant, old fellow, giving the people what they want and the way they want it."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

THAT was five years ago. The circuit rider succeeded where I had failed, and helped me get in touch with the people, too. We have not had to lower the tone of the paper, but simply have made it more of a family friend. We have made the paper say the things which intimate association with our readers showed us would be the kindly things or the pleasant things, or would solace them in their sorrows.

Now the "Express" is issued from its own substantial brick building, for its prosperity, its influence, and its pay roll have largely increased. But it is no longer the weekly "Express." Acting on my theory that the news of a county of 35,000 inhabitants—ours has grown in these five years—can be gathered more easily, more thoroughly and cheaply than can the news of a town of equal population (for the reason that news sticks out more in the country than in a city), I established the daily "Express" a year ago, making it just such a paper as I would have established in a prosperous town of about 35,000. In each of the four news centers outside of Smileyville we have a well-paid man with no business but ours to attend to. With the aid of rural telephones, these men take their districts for news every day, reporting every afternoon by mail and every night by telephone. Hayden also continues to hold us in close touch with the people, but his circuits are longer now, and often he is out a week at a time, reporting every other day by mail.

The paper is published every night in time to catch a midnight and an early morning mail, and is delivered on every rural route and in every town in the county next morning. It goes into nearly two-thirds of the homes in our county, and its combined circulation in the four adjoining counties is even larger than in the home county, for readers in those counties find in it much of local interest, besides its telegraph service. It has grown to be a power for good and for progress. Its readers not only feel proud of it, but feel genuine friendship and warm personal regard for its editor—which is reward enough.

I have been offered a nomination for Congress, which is equivalent to election. But I will not consider that. I feel I am doing far more good where I am than I could do in Washington. In fact, my big idea is succeeding.

"GLORIOUSLY WORTH WHILE"

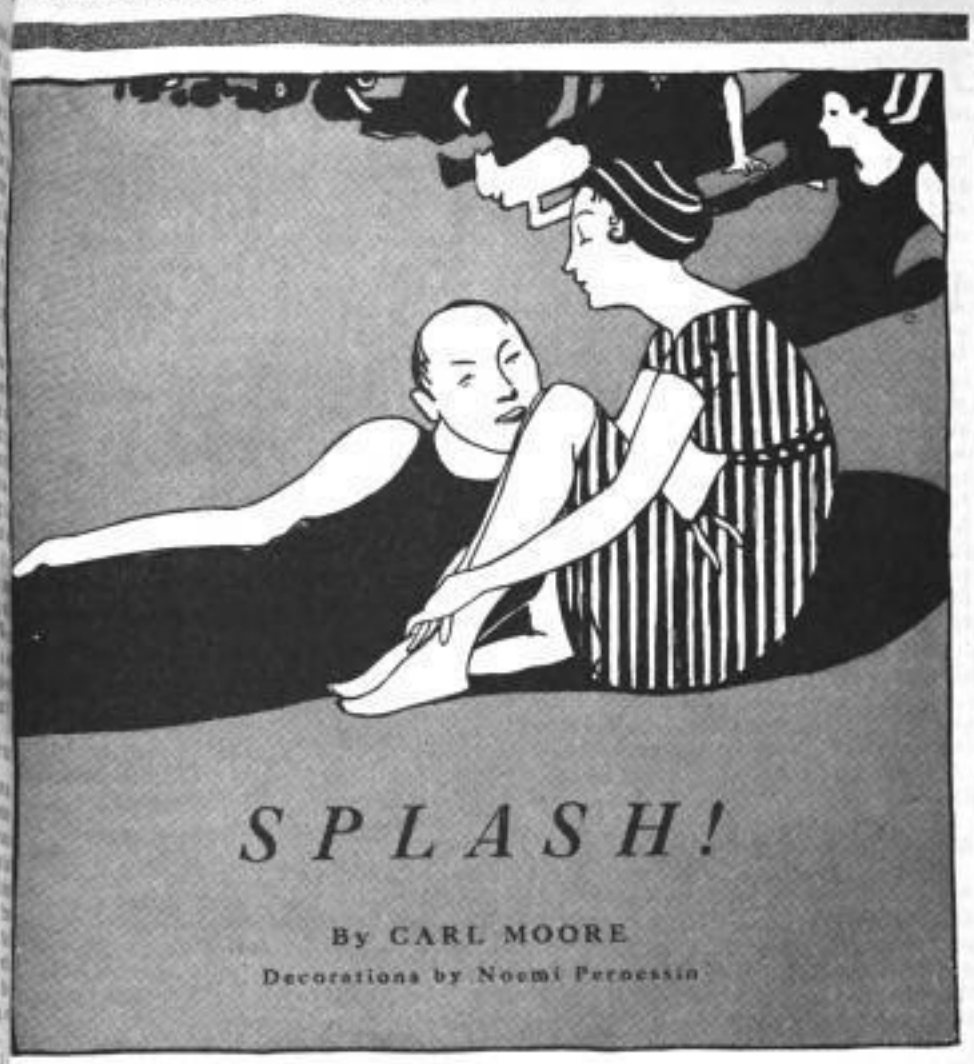
BUT best of all to me is the life I lead. I love to live in a community where we "are all just folks"; where everyone knows everyone else and says "howdy" to everyone he meets; where everyone is sorry when anyone is sick or in trouble; where all of us are neighbors, as the people are in nearly all small communities; where the air is pure and sweet and the outlook is wide and free; where there are no apartments and every house has a yard with trees and grass and flowers. I own a home now, and often as my wife and I sit in the big yard, watching our two children—for our family, too, has grown—romping with their dog on the grass, I turn to her and ask:

"So you think it was worth while to leave the city, dear?"

And she replies:

"Oh, gloriously worth while!"

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SPLASH!

By CARL MOORE

Decorations by Noemi Peruzzin

CABLES from Paris report further reduction in the quantity of the feminine bathing suit. We are told a two-piece affair: item one, a broad-n hat; item two, a long silk sash apped several times about the body th a large knot at the front. Surely is must be the warm-weather dream a press agent bent on enticing Ameri-ns to cross the Atlantic. But even the story be true, this newest folly fashion will never come over to annoy censors of American bathing cos-nes. Clarice and Marie may appear fashion-ridden French watering places garb more eloquent of modiste than odesty, never intending to go near the ean at all; but Clara and Mary, at lantic City or Galveston, heed public inion in the matter of dress that they y seek the ocean unmolested for the nal purpose of getting into the water. Newport, Coronado, or Golden Gate American girl forsakes bridge, social fies, or the languorous spell of the nitropical climate to dive in the surf, ak a swimming record, or play with seals; and each time it is the rt itself which attracts her, and not chance that may be afforded for ity's display.

OU perhaps entertain doubts about Gertie when she strolls along the ter's edge at Coney Island. Her dark-e suit is cut low fore and aft and npletely out as to sleeves. Vanity y have decked her h the real lace and etty ribbons. Yet en she takes to the ter as fearless as any k, thrusts the ruffled nightcap through a ve to emerge one pping scream of ec-sy, when she mis-vously allows the ndsome man she er met before to ch her the art of mming which she ew backward long your doubts begin give way. Finally leaves the water to the blazer with the es Phillips stripes. is so saturated with ppiness that you kly own that it is sport and not the ure which brings tie to Coney.

ebecca—chicken size om the East Side, h a brilliant bun-na twisted about raven locks, turns graceful somersault a giant comber, does not hope that e masculine onlooker fancy an acrobat to share his lonely hearthstone; she loves bathing, that is all. The bandanna, with the fetching little ears just over her own, cannot protect her hair from a soaking that the surreptitious tango with Jimmy McGuire on the sand won't dry. Becky's mussy tangle will need an hour or so of warm sun. She does not mind that. Salt water may or may not be good for dandruff. Wet hair is part of the game.

CONSIDER the statuesque lady with Titian hair. Hers is nice hair and ought not to receive a ducking; she thoughtfully arranges matters so that it will not. The rest of her does get wet, and she is pleased to death about it. Water aids in the accumulation of lovely sunburn and delightful freckles. Is this vanity? Can she be vain while her handsome shoulder blades hurt like the toothache and her spotted nose would discourage an ambitious leopard or hyena?

Sue of the straw sunbonnet dotes on a beautiful tan; but think you she exposes her arms till they are a deep squaw color simply to attract attention to their shapeliness? Unworthy thought! The front and back of her waist are united by a series of little straps over the shoulders. In evening dress next fall her upper arm will look like a ladder, but that, too, is only part of the game. She knows full well some nice man, seeking after paradise in her eyes, will lead her to a cozy corner away from the dancers and call those milky little lines the rungs of Jacob's ladder, which, as you may remember, reached to heaven. Besides, when one tires of being part zebra, the corner drug store sells something warranted to remove tan effectually and at the same time leave quite a lot of skin.



Undeniably, the bathing girl is perfectly aware of man's presence at the shore. She will let the omnipresent eccentric comedian splash brine into her eyes or pour down her neck handfuls of nice beach sand, so white and clean and full of cigarette butts and peanut shells. She giggles and squirms with delight when he roguishly tickles her soles. She will even "spoon" with him a bit—habit is hard to overcome, you know. Nevertheless man is not essential. She bathes because she loves to bathe. It is the sport that counts, not Vanity Fair's display.



After All, There's No Bath Like One With

Palmolive Soap

NOTE how refreshed and invigorated you feel after using it.

Palmolive Soap is a delightful cleanser and has all the soothing and beautifying properties of imported palm and olive oils.

We have doubled their value, in Palmolive Soap, through our exclusive blending process.

The green color of Palmolive is due to palm and olive oils—nothing else.

We send to the Orient for these oils because they've been recognized as best for more than *2,000 years*. World-famous beauties of history used them to keep the skin soft and smooth.

Use more than mere soap—use Palmolive. Let your skin have Palmolive Protection. Infants are bathed with it because doctors know it cannot hurt the most tender skin.

Palmolive lathers in hard or soft water. 15c the cake, and *most* economical because it lasts so long.

Don't use merely "soap" when *Palmolive* is sold by dealers everywhere.

Send two 2-cent stamps for free sample and booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: 105-137 George St., Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.





"Once to Every Man"

is the first novel of America's most promising young writer, Larry Evans. It is a story of a big shouldered son of the woods whose sole heritage from a drunken father is a stone jug of whiskey. Heart sore with the mutterings of a suspicious village, strengthened with the saving love of a wonderful woman, this boy-man fights a life battle that will thrill you and warm you as is given few stories to do. You will not need be told that Larry Evans is young. Only Youth could give so generously; only Youth could dream so well.

METROPOLITAN

The Livest Magazine in America

15¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS OR

Tear off this coupon, write your name and address in the margin, pin it to a dollar bill or your check and mail to the METROPOLITAN, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. You will receive the METROPOLITAN for 9 months.

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Just a Teaspoonful

Will make a great difference in your dessert.



Mapleine

Makes the daintiest dainties

In Whipped Cream Puddings, Sauces, Cakes, Candies, Ice Cream, Blanc Mange, Jellies and Custards

It is Delicious

Our Cook Book—Mapleine Dainties tells how to use it in fifty different ways.

Grocers sell Mapleine—35c for a 2-oz. bottle (in Canada 30c).

CRESCENT MFG. CO., Dept. E9 Seattle, Wash.





"RANGER" BICYCLES

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Common or Garden Earth

(Continued from page 6)

were each good and great and highly desirable things, but he preferred them separate.

"They don't mix," said he, "so we'll divide them this time. You can have the war all to yourself, Blake, and I'll—" He flushed under his copper skin and added gravely, for he made and took no jests on the subject of his amazing happiness: "It's a long time since I've seen Kentucky—I'll take a trip home."

"Oh, you ought to take medicine, Marie—"

"Take a rest—"

"Take a drink—"

"Man, I tell you—"

"Show me the chief of these tin-pot Makalikas who has got the gall to fight—"

"Why, you've got nerve to clear out—"

THEY clamored and jeered about him, but he remained cool. His personal courage was too well known for any doubt of it. He had more than earned his laurels as the most daring of scouts in the Matabele trouble of 1893 and many another "little war," and could afford, if so inclined, to trim himself from top to toe with white feathers without likelihood of being misunderstood. So he left them to wrangle it out among themselves, and it being after dinner and a whole three hours and a half since he last saw Diane, he went to call on her at the house of Mrs. Tony Greville, and Boston, as usual, slouched beside him.

Now Boston as a dog and a gentleman deserves a few words to himself. He was a large, dust-colored bull terrier which Hammond had raised from puppyhood, and in whose muscular carcass the man had by rigid training developed many of his own physical characteristics—that is to say, though Boston was of large, ungainly build, and always appeared to flounder rather than to walk, he was really as speedy as a greyhound, brave as a lion, and as silent in his movements as Fate herself. He could track down anything and scout with the best man in the country (who happened to be his master), but he spent most of his time tracking that same master; for it was one of the practical jokes and never-failing joys of Salisbury to hide Hammond from his dog. Boston would go through fire and water to regain his love—even the great ice barrier wouldn't have stopped him long—but the moment he had Hammond in sight he would assume an air of cynical indifference, and with his hands in his pocket, so to speak, lounge up and sling himself down with a weary air, as though he'd given up all idea of finding what he was searching for—certainly not Hammond at all! As for Hammond, he loved his dog as he loved few men; it is doubtful whether if asked to choose between Boston and his best friend for company in exile he would have chosen the man.

KNOWING full well for what destination his master was now bound, Boston presently went ahead, and before Hammond had reached the house of Tony Greville, where Miss Heywood was staying, because Tony Greville was Jack Heywood's best friend, Boston had returned to report that Miss Heywood was not in her usual place on the veranda. Neither was she in the drawing room; and search by the servants found her absent from her bedroom. It was only when Boston set his blunt nose toward the Gymkhana ground that Mrs. Greville remembered to have seen Diane strolling off in that direction directly after dinner.

"She's not quite herself this evening, I think, Marie. There were a lot of women here when she got in from her ride with you, and I fancy she overheard something she didn't like. That wretched little gossip, Mrs. Skeffington Smythe, was here."

Mrs. Greville looked a little anxiously into his face, and the hard, blue eyes looked back unflinchingly, but as he walked swiftly in the direction of the Gymkhana ground, alone and with his mask off, his face showed signs of strain.

THE night under a rising moon was clear as crystal, and he had no difficulty in descrying Diane's figure across the course where he and she since their engagement was announced (escaping for a little while from an army of friends) often walked in the evenings. Some of their dearest moments had been passed sitting where she now sat on the pile of heavy timber by the grand stand.

BOSTON arrived before his master, sprawled at Diane's feet, as she was gazing before her at the moonlight coming up in waves from the horizon, flooding all the land with cold, silver light. Something colder than the moonlight gripped the man's heart for a moment, but he held out his hands to her and spoke her name as though he had nothing to fear. She stood up quickly and put out her hands, too—but with a difference; in her gesture there was a subtle suggestion of defense, of warding off something—and when he would have taken them in his she drew back.

"No, Marie—not yet—there is something you must tell me—"

He stared at her. She was deadly pale, but the moon itself was not more composed, and her eyes had the same steady glance as his own. Her question was spoken in a very low voice:

"Were you ever in love with—another man's wife?"

His face darkened. Prepared as he was, the unexpected form of her question took him unawares. He had anticipated something to which he could give a firm, clear denial—but to this, what could he say, who had so much on his conscience!

"*You*—listening to scandal, Diane!" he said at last, and the reproach in his voice reached home. She faltered a moment, not answering at once, and they stood looking at each other, less like lovers than two duelists measuring each other's strength.

"I will believe anything you tell me, Marie," she said gently at last; "I ask nothing better than to hear that it is only scandal."

HE could not afford to hesitate any longer.

"If you are referring to my friendship with Mrs. de Rivas, I may say that in *that* at least I am innocent. Her husband neglected her; I was sorry for her; our so-called friendship was a concerted plan to bring him to his senses, and it worked like magic. They are now extremely happy."

But he had waked something new in Diane Heywood: she looked into his eyes with the cold curiosity of a child.

"Why should your friendship be so terrible a thing for a woman? Why should it bring a man to his senses?"

"Oh, dearest!—for God's sake don't ask questions the answers to which will only hurt you!"

"But I must know, Maryon," she said proudly. "I have never lived among lies and shadows. Everything must be clear and clean about me. If you are innocent in this matter—of what is it that you are guilty?"

The mad longing of the unshriven soul for confession swept over him then. He, too, would have all clear and clean about him for once and all, cost what it might.

"Oh, just of being a blackguard," he said, and all the pent-up bitterness and self-mockery and self-loathing of years came out in the low-spoken words. "Just of being a scoundrel and a coward as far as women are concerned—of robbing, looting—taking all and giving nothing—playing pirate and cutthroat in the great game, careless of what anyone suffered."

"*You*," she whispered. "*You* whom I have looked upon as a knight of chivalry—a Galahad—all that was fine and noble!"

"Diane, I have never pretended to be any of these things—never wanted you to believe it—I am only common earth—common or garden earth. But such as I am I love you—I ask you to take me with all my sins."

THERE was a long silence.

"But *why*, Maryon? What changed you from the man God meant you to be to *this!*"

She loved him. For all her wounded pride and anger and horror, for all his black sins, she loved him, as women will love through everything, in spite of everything; and she longed for some word of extenuation that would justify the forgiveness she could not withhold.

"I loved a woman years ago and she was faithless. She left me for another

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n. My wife ran away with my best end."

"Your *wife?*"

"Yes. Oh, I meant to tell you everyng before you married me, Diane—y I was putting it off as long as posle. I left America because of that l came out to this country. Then e day, after many years, I found myf up here living next door to the very n and woman who had been false to —for whose sake I had been divorced America so that they might marry d be happy."

"*Divorced?*"

"And they weren't happy after all. e loved him, but he was neglecting her. d she turned to me again for help, found a kind of cynical amusement helping her out. So there you have e whole story, Diane—not a pretty e, God knows, but in this instance t a guilty one as far as I am conrned."

UT the girl stood stammering at him, one word on her lips. "*Divorced?*"

"You must believe that I meant to veal nothing from you, Diane. I ve already spoken to De Rivas and s wife and told them that you must ow—though no one else need ever spect. And if you choose it, if you ll still take me in spite of my sins—d, darling, I believe you will—we'll t out of this country and go back to our own—"

"But, Maryon," she broke in desperately, "you do not seem to understand t this ends everything between us. I t a Catholic—do you not realize—"

"A Catholic? I don't care what you —"

"But don't you know that we do not ognize divorce—that in my eyes you are still her husband—will be her husband until one of you dies?"

IT was he who stood now staring and stammering.

"You would let your religion come between us—separate us?"

"Oh, Maryon—my religion is *me*—it is what I feel myself—it is deep in me. One cannot escape from what one has felt and believed all one's life."

"But the thing is impossible," he cried wildly, fiercely. "I cannot lose you. You must leave your religion—what does a good woman want with religion? Our love shall be your religion—*I* will be your religion—I will never let you go."

"Hush, Marie, you don't know what you are saying," she said gently. "We must part. I can never, never marry you."

And despite her gentleness she stood like rock against the battering of his words, though he reasoned, pleaded, beguiled, even cursed, in his pain and wrath. Her heart turned to water. She was sick with love and pity for him, but for nothing he could say would she contemplate treachery to her faith, her people, her life-long principles. Not so does the Catholic Church train its daughters against the hour of temptation.

WHEN at last, in the bitter madness of defeat and loss, he caught and crushed her in his arms, kissing her savagely, she stayed silent, too proud to struggle in those iron arms, but cold, cold as snow; until at last the cold purity of her penetrated him like a lance of ice, piercing his heart.

"Forgive me!—forgive me, Diane—I am a brute—I am mad!" he muttered, and stumbled away into the night.

END OF PART I

Children of the Feudists

(*Concluded from page 8*)

less the mountains have more money; ·d whatever money comes must be ·ung out of the land. The cattle buy·: who ride far back into the mounns every year tell Frost that Berea s raised the price of farm land for least 100 miles around.

HE TEACHES THEM ARTS, CRAFTS, AND REVERENCE

IE has taught the girls home making. Let darkness overtake you anyere in the mountains and look about a place to stop. You will pick out the t-looking house in the district naturalthe house that has windowpanes inad of a jagged hole, the house with a rch vine covered, the house that preins itself neat and comfortable. Ride to the door and ask for your lodging—spitality is never refused in the mounns—and you will find inside, nine times t of ten, a ruddy-faced girl who one ır went to Berea and learned what it ans to make a home.

He has taught them carpentry and ting, horseshoeing and business adnistration, bricklaying and newspaper porting. In one of the most progresve towns in the mountains you will d a local newspaper owned and edited one Berea graduate, a bank presided er by another, a Berea doctor, two Berea wyers and a preacher, and four leading rchants, all of them Berea trained.

He has taught them a larger reverce for law and order. One afternoon strong young man rode into the main eet of Berea and stopped before a ysician's office. "I just dropped in, , to have you dig a little buckshot t of my carcass."

"Where'd you collect it?" asked the ysician.

"Huntin' moonshiners; you know. I'm the revenue service up in our county and we're goin' to have every moonsiner cleaned out of it before my term up, you can depend on that."

Four years before, when Frost had inted out to that young man that to ke moonshine whisky in defiance of e Government was an actual moral ong, the information had come to him th the shock of something entirely w and unheard of.

ARE THEY POOR WHITE TRASH?

IE has taught them to teach. In the four counties that touch the border Berea's own county the superintendents of schools have been Berea students almost every year for a long time. Practically all the teachers are Berea trained. Back farther in the mountains, in scores and hundreds of little hamlets, you find a miniature Berea under the charge of a Berea student, who is remaking the children of that community after the pattern that Frost has set.

And he has taught them a new respect for themselves, and the world a new respect for them.

This story started out to tell one reason why Breathitt is no longer Bloody Breathitt, why moonshining and lawlessness and ignorance and apathy are fading out of the mountains. Perhaps you understand better now why that is so, but that is only a part of the real story. Unless you can catch something of the vision of the mountaineers, as Frost sees them, unless it has made you hate, as he hates, the term "poor white trash," as applied to the mountaineers of Kentucky, the story has been badly told.

Poor they are—miserably so; and white, at least after Berea finishes with them. But trash—listen.

Years before the farmers of Massachusetts gathered at Lexington to fire the shot heard round the world, a band of 2,000 mountaineers rallied in North Carolina to resist the unjust demands of the royal governor, Tryon. All day long they fought against the well-trained British troops in defense of the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny; and when at last their ammunition was exhausted and they were driven back they left 200 of their dead upon the field. You have heard a great deal of the men of Lexington and Concord, but the battle that the men of the mountains fought at Alamance—did you ever hear it mentioned?

The Revolution came. Cornwallis was marching through the South unchecked and apparently uncheckable. Each day seemed to make the failure of the American cause more sure. Then the unexpected happened. At King's Mountain a band of mountaineers, armed with their long guns and marshaled by their own leaders, charged upon him and administered a costly defeat, which opened the way for Yorktown and the final surrender.

The men who served at Yorktown became fathers of their country, but the mountaineers slipped back quietly into their log cabins and were forgotten.

"SECEDED FROM SECESSION"

ON sea the War of 1812 was a glorious one, but the American land forces suffered one defeat after another. Only one battle ended in victory: at New Orleans, behind the cotton bales, a band of mountaineers rallied under Andy Jackson and drove the British forces before them.

Andy Jackson became President, but the simple mountain folk who had stood behind those cotton bales with him dropped back into the mountains as quietly and unpretentiously as they had come. And again they were forgotten.

Who won the Civil War? The men of the North: yes. But how about the mountaineers who "seceded from secession," who tore West Virginia away from Virginia, kept Kentucky true to the Union, and made Tennessee debatable ground throughout the four years? Both armies marched back and forth across their counties, shot their pigs, trampled their cornfields, and abused their wives and children. The armies could do it with impunity: no men were left in the mountains. They had gone, 50,000, 75,000, 150,000—think of it—into the Union ranks. Suppose those 150,000 men had gone into the Southern army, making a difference of 300,000 in the Union cause. The mountaineers asked no reward and they received none; they saved the Union, and again we let them be forgotten. It is this story that Frost knows better than anyone else and has been telling for twenty-one years to the world beyond the Gap.

"LINCOLNS IN THE ROUGH"

YOU have thought of the boys and girls of the mountains merely as the children of the feudists and moonshiners; he thinks of them as the sons and daughters of heroes. He knows what stuff they are made of. His little college in the mountains he regards as the biggest thing in American education. No other college can turn out an enlightened American citizen for so little money. No other is furnished crude material in the form of "Lincolns in the rough."

"Lincolns in the rough," you say: "isn't that a little strong? To be sure he was a Kentuckian and a mountaineer, but then Lincoln was different."

"Sure he was different," answers Frost: "and this was the first difference. The mothers of all the other mountain boys had no books; his mother had six."

Figures and Farming

CHARLESTON, ILL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN COLLIER'S I read an article on "The City Man on the Farm," in which was displayed such an array of figures as was calculated to discourage and frighten any man with small means, limited scientific knowledge of soils, fertilizers, and plant life, and little experience, till he would turn his back forever on the most independent, lucrative, and delightful occupation a family can follow that has any agricultural bent. I think I can paint a rough picture that looks more encouraging.

I WAS a preacher, and as years began to tell their story I thought I saw a trend in the pews that warned me of serious consequences, so I took time by the forelock and changed my relation. I had been raised on a farm, and in casting about for an occupation to earn a livelihood I naturally turned to the Egyptian fleshpots of the farm, although I knew absolutely nothing about so-called "scientific farming." I knew nothing of the elements of fertility in the soil by name or otherwise. My experience had taught me that what we got by farming we got by main strength and common sense. Black prairie lands were selling in our locality for $200 per acre. Our little fund of savings wouldn't go very far in that direction, so I sought in the timber lands, and found a small farm of forty acres for sale on easy terms at $60 per acre. The buildings were common, but good of the kind, and the place was in a fair state of cultivation, with lots of fruit. So I closed the deal, and, after making the first payment, we had a few hundred dollars left, and this is what I did, with the following results:

I ATTENDED public sales, common in late winter, and bought a blind mare, in foal, for $85; an aged mare, in foal, for $85; two cows, one for $45 and one for $57. I got two young sows for $22; an old wagon, $10; a set of harness and a breaking plow, $5; a cultivator, $4.50; an old surrey, $10; and some pitchforks, garden tools, etc., for nearly nothing; 100 bushels of corn, 55 cents per bushel, and a ton of second-class hay for $8. In addition to all this I had other perquisites necessary to successful farming in a son twelve years old, a daughter seventeen, and a good wife.

We moved to our new home about March 1, and all hands went to work, for there was plenty to do; there always is on a farm. My wife got five dozen hens of a neighbor in some sort of a woman's deal, and she and my daughter got all the vegetable and flower seeds they wanted in like manner, mostly as a gift.

The farm had been properly rotated, and we had ten acres of clover, which we broke for corn; ten acres of corn stalks we sowed in oats and clover; ten acres of meadow; five acres of pasture; two acres of truck patch, and about three acres in yard lots, garden, orchard, etc.

We planted the truck patch in potatoes and most of the garden in onions.

We all worked to the best advantage to each. My daughter cared for the chickens, my wife took charge of the milk and butter making. The boy liked to plow, and I was busy doing what was left. We kept no books, charged no field with seed, manure, or labor, nor gave credits for grain or products. We all put in our time, hired no help, but exchanged with the neighbors in harvest time, and this is what we cashed out the first season:

9 crates strawberries	$ 27.00
5 crates cherries	12.50
3 crates currants	9.00
3 crates gooseberries	7.50
75 bu. peaches	85.00
125 bu. apples	93.75
550 bu. corn @ 50c	275.00
350 bu. oats @ 35c	122.50
15 tons hay	150.00
200 doz. eggs @ 20c	40.00
55 doz. eggs @ 25c	13.75
20 doz. chickens	72.00
500 lb. butter	140.00
19 bu. onions	15.20
145 bu. potatoes	108.75
15 shoats	90.00
2 calves	42.50
2 colts	130.00
Total	$1,434.45

Besides, we have:

5 tons of oat straw	$ 25.00
100 stacks of shredded fodder	30.00
5 loads of pumpkins	5.00
50 bu. turnips	10.00
10 fall pigs	20.00
3 acres of cowpeas, winter forage	20.00
40 chickens	12.00
Total	$122.00

We had all the butter, eggs, chickens, fruit, and vegetables we wanted to eat and stores for next year, and we still have all the stock we began with. Our neighbors treat us on a level; we go to a country church every Sunday and are recognized as an equal, socially, intellectually, and religiously, if not financially, which is more than dollars to a preacher who has been used to leading among men. My son attends the district school; my daughter teaches in a neighboring school at $45 per month, and we are happy in our new environment.

NOW, what we have done any ordinary family can do, and I advise hundreds of families, who can do thus well and ten times as well as they are doing in the crowded cities, to move and get the children out in the open, where they will have a chance to grow up into the fullness of the stature of good men and women, and make themselves useful in the world.

GEORGE WATSON.

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"The Sinful Six"

(Continued from page 17)

Manners recalled Captain Ashton's words as he looked at the half-dozing figure at the table. "Huh! Loaded to the guards, eh? Well, he's worse than that; his rails is all awash."

"Yes, sir," he said loudly, and the other sat up with a start.

"'Lo, waiter. Oh, yesh! You're the good-looking waiter I always get. I saysh to M-M-Max-Maxmums, I saysh, that waiter's fine feller; dam fine feller—you oughta raise shalery, yesh."

"Little whisky, straight?" suggested Manners helpfully.

"Oh, yesh! Yesh! Make it slarge fat one, waiter, and oh, waiter, hurry back!"

NEEDLESS to say, Manners did so, and the tray that the bar checker passed contained two drinks of whisky, two crystal-clear chasers, and the sum that he stamped on the checks in the hands of the humble waiter was the price of just two drinks of the best liquor the house afforded.

Manners set one before the inebriated gentleman and took the other himself. "Here's to your very good health—an' I hope you choke," he said, smiling.

The inebriated one said: "Many shanks; shame to you," and swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp.

"Bring us snother—two snothers, an' hurry back!"

Manners brought four more, and he ran every step both ways.

This time his toast would not bear repeating and was received with even better grace, and another round and another toast went the same way, with the trifling difference that Manners's own drink was only ginger ale.

"Bring us snother. No. Wait minute. Don't want snother; gotta go; mush go. Bring me check."

Manners sprinted to the cashier to get a blue-penciled total and sprinted back, wondering how he was going to put recollection of the other unpaid check into that muddled head.

"Anyway," he consoled himself as he opened the door again, "I got a few drinks out of him; that's somethin'."

HE put the check down before his guest, and since such a small thing as his attitude mattered very little now, and he was tired, he slipped his hand into his pocket. His fingers closed over the dollar he had found just at the instant the other thrust his hand into his own pocket and pulled out a shining twenty-dollar gold piece, which he flung onto the check, reaching for the until-now-neglected chaser.

Quick as thought, Manners picked up the coin and check, substituted his own silver dollar, pocketed the gold, and laughed loudly. "Pardon me, sir, your check is a dollar *and a half*." Manners put the check down again with the dollar upon its face.

"That's all right; yesh. I gave you twenty dollars; take it out of zat," quoth he who was all awash.

"Pardon me. This is one dollar. One silver dollar, mister."

"Wha'?" The coin was seized and examined.

"You're ri', m'boy. Thought I had twenty-dollar gold piece. Course I did! I—"

He pulled out a handful of small change and laboriously examined it, piece by piece.

"'Tisn't here! Gone! What d'ye think of zat? Where's gone? I know—hackman! Yesh, give hackman dollar; wasn't dollar; wash twenty. Mush fin' hackie—quick! Goo'-by." And he was making for the door.

MANNERS cut off the retreat, however, and remained planted as firmly as Gibraltar until a two-dollar bill was produced and the change generously left for him to keep.

"Now, me for Maloney's an' the party," he chuckled gleefully. "I guess I'm a robber—oh, you robber!" he thought as he watched his victim marking out a devious and involved course through the hall. "You would skin me out of a ten-dollar check, would you? Well, that little deal cost you just ten-fifty. Honesty is sure the best policy. If you had been square with me, I'd have been square with you. Say, I wonder who this twenty dollars really belongs to? You're such a thief, with your crooked deals, there's no tellin' what poor old guy worked for this."

Manners tucked the shining coin carefully away at the bottom of his pocket and then left the building to hie himself as fast as his long legs could carry him down the lane, around the turn, and into the rookery, where Maloney and Frawley kept hilarious bachelor's hall.

He found that the others had only just arrived, having made several time-consuming stops on the way. They were all in the best of humor, and the laughter mounted to the stars as they took off their hats.

They still wore their short jackets and stiff shirt bosoms, and with one accord they waited until Maloney had lit the gas stove and put the kettle on to boil. Then they gathered around the table and proceeded to disgorge the contents of their pockets.

A knife, fork, and spoon were stuck into the belt beneath the dickey of each man. These made their appearance first.

Pepper, salt, mustard, sugar, all the seasonings for the salad, tied up in fragments of Maxmum's best napkins, freshly torn for the purpose, came out of Fitch's inside trousers pocket (a special arrangement of his own, by the way), while from the other two obvious trousers pockets came hearts of lettuce, telescoped, of course, but still crisp and appetizing when once turned out of their protecting shroud of napkin and plunged into water, and from two enormous rubber-lined pockets in his jacket, beginning at the facing and extending to the under-arm seams, came two first-quality porterhouses, filched from Maxmum's butcher in the twinkling of an eye, secreted, and conveyed hither unharmed—a little warm perhaps, but that was a fault soon corrected.

BUTTERFIELD had four whole tomatoes, a lemon skin full of chopped onion filched from four orders of caviar, six hearts of celery, fourteen radishes, seven slices of cucumbers, and two quarters of eggs—all in one pocket. These, he explained, were for the salad. The oil and vinegar for same came out of two



"Hully gee! It'll sure feel fine to have a good feed once more. Me'n' Butterfield's got three steaks, fine big boys"



Reduced illustration of Aplco controller one half actual size

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The Apple Electric Co.

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Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

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vials reposing in the change pocket of his jacket.

The flask containing the combined, if unconscious, donations of the whisky-drinking guests of Maxmum's, served by "The Sinful Six," reposed behind Butterfield's immaculate dickey, and it spoke well for his poise that he could safely carry it there long enough to get it out of the house, a feat he could be relied upon to achieve every time. He also had concealed about him enough bread and butter to supply the crowd.

Maloney produced half of a fried chicken, a fillet of sole, a handful of olives, and a wad of Roquefort cheese.

FRAWLEY had a baked potato, which was promptly thrown at his head, but he redeemed himself by bringing to light a steak and some artichokes from his rubber-lined pockets, and some cake for Gresh's sweet tooth. Gresh himself had no luck at all as a forager, but there was ample food for all, and he produced cigarettes from his own private store, though there was a discussion as to whether he ought to be allowed to contribute anything he had actually paid real money for.

"This here feed is a tin roof," remarked Butterfield while he broiled the steaks like the artist he was; "a tin roof's on the house, only the house don't know it."

All through the meal Manners indulged in fits of silence. Finally, when the battered scraps that Maloney honored with the name of dishes had been cleared away for the game, Frawley demanded what was troubling him, and was echoed with such vehemence by the rest that he finally said: "Fellers, I had a grouch all day long, an', believe me, it wasn't no joyful thing, but this here disease what I'm sufferin' from now is a blame sight worse. I have got a bad case of conscience, I guess."

He looked gloomily at the table, and Gresh, misunderstanding, began to justify their wholesale methods of relieving the Maxmum kitchens.

"No, nothin' like that bothers me. Anythin' we get from Maxmum's we earn all right, seein' the rotten slops they give us to eat. No, that ain't it—" He stopped short.

"Get it off your chest," advised Butterfield. "Whatcha pinched?"

"Aw, I'm a darn fool! Let's get the game goin'." Manners's mood changed abruptly. The rest felt relieved, for among "The Sinful Six" things pertaining to the soul were rarely spoken of.

Maloney opened a brand-new deck, passed the cards to Frawley at his side, who, with the lightest and deftest of fingers, proceeded to shuffle; then the cards were cut and the first hand dealt.

Maloney was about to open a Manners suddenly flung down his c and drew out the twenty-dollar piece. "Gee! I can't do it, fellers guess you have heard of tainted well, here's some. It's so blame it stinks in my pocket, an' I'm go take the taint off'n it fer good.

"Maloney, get me an envelope piece of paper an' a stamp. I pencil."

"You crazy nutt, what's the m with you? You're getting buggy," marked Maloney, but he produce desired articles and joined the fas group that was watching Manners.

The envelope luckily was of b paper. Manners affixed the stamp great care and painstakingly addres it to Jack Carson. Upon a lit scrap of wrapping paper he scrawl

Get the kid what he needs with and good luck. FROM A WELL-WISHER.

The golden coin was inclosed in thrust into the envelope, and the a sealed. Manners put on his hat and the room. He turned back a step f the door, and asked Butterfield and Fr ley to come with him. "I'm such a lu food I need guardians," he explained

SWEARING in a puzzled and a anxious way, they did so, and a fe moments later returned. Manners's spirits had come back, and when sat down to the table and picked up cards, he seemed actually joyful.

"I won't turn a card until I k what this is all about," declare Maloney, so Manners explained.

"I just flimflammed that twenty o the guy that did me out of the ten-th check that I was beefin' about, but h such a dirty thief an' got so m dough out of them poor suckers wh lost every dollar they had in that pe minin' deal of his that I couldn't g no fun out of spendin' none of th money. I just now sent it to Jac Carson's kid. He got kicked mig near to death. You know; I told yo Gresh. Carson is down on his luck, a say! A finer feller never lived, but e broke. That guy will use the twen to make his kid comfortable; maybe it help save his life—" Manners shuf his cards in modest embarrassment.

"Say," he said suddenly. "Say! Th money is so tainted that I'll bet it will burn a hole in the envelope, if it don't—then I guess maybe so of the taint's gone an' it's right to the poor kid gets it.

"Somebody lend me a five spot; I flat busted, but I feel better, since I poked that blood money into the le box an' Frawley and Butterfield s me do it."

The Aisles of Trade

(Continued from page 29)

training must be to get that alertness of mind so necessary to a business which deals first, last, and always with human nature, and on the side, deals with merchandise.

I began my work in Boston as welfare secretary before there was any name for it. A well-known merchant, Mr. Edward A. Filene, had conceived the idea of establishing some one as an intermediary between the house and its employees, an idea since become the basic principle of the welfare secretary movement in stores, factories, and mills. The object was to unite both employee and employer more closely in mutual interest, to make each more truly comprehend the needs of the other. I had recently graduated from a law school, with a special interest in the progress of women, and Mr. Filene and his brother, Mr. A. Lincoln Filene, induced me to try their new idea. I said I would join them for a month to see the possibilities in it and in me for it. The month never closed for me, so fascinated did I become with the widening outlook.

I WAS in the midst of life, rushing, throbbing human life. As a factor in life for life, the retail worker must, as it were, be developed on the run. And this development implied exactly those qualities which make an all-round man or woman, no less. To distribute the goods which commerce makes means to convince the human race of its merits. The best saleswoman or salesman puts mind and heart into willing service to another, and this exercises the great trinity, faith, hope, and love, and o in no small measure!

Remember, I said exercises. Now them have become saints yet. S growth of efficiency plans—the efficiency had not become the vogue —was forced by the very problems sought me.

MAGGIE MAGUIRE comes cryi me saying the head of her dep ment "nags" her. Why, certainly he Maggie. You annoy him to distra You are untidy. ("But mother d think so.") You can't do fractions you make mistakes with your c checks. ("I get nervous.") And ask a customer how much she w to pay. Unpardonable. ("But I d know I shouldn't.") But, Maggie, you are anxious and that's a good anxiety is interest in germ. C doesn't know what germ means, b picks up for I have told her s something, instead of that she isn't.

There's much to be done with M but if you dismiss her in the wro way, you will only get another M in her place.

Eva Gottlieb approaches my d angry dignity. There's a girl ne she says, who is a grabber, a re grabber. Why, before Eva can g customer, she slips ahead of her. fair? She is quicker on her feet you, Eva. ("She's little and I'm But I've seen you dancing, my c your feet seemed fairly to t (Eva smiles a bit.) Don't you you'd better call her a hustler? N

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mind, I didn't say you weren't one, but before she came you could take your time. Now she shows you that to a sales girl there is no such thing as "your time." Time is madam's, and if Miss Schultz gets to her first, the real question is, Does madam like it? I'll watch you both for two days and keep in mind the important point for you, whether patrons are helped by this new situation or annoyed. Then I'll talk with you again. I know you haven't come here to hurt another girl's sales, only to see she doesn't hurt yours, isn't that it? Then put *your best* foot forward, and let's see. Is it a bargain? Eva Gottlieb had to learn that, instead of heavy feet that ailed her, it was a sleepy mind, and she was being waked up. But she needed great drafts of ideas to get over the half-awake period.

IN this way I launched a new profession, the training of retail sales people. The work of this store was the beginning for ever-widening circles of similar work in Boston, in which other stores became interested. The public schools have taken part as well, and so have such admirable philanthropic institutions as the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. Other progressive stores here and there throughout the country also began to recognize the value of doing for the worker what had not been done before he or she began to work. So now there may be discerned dimly an educational movement in this direction in modern store life.

In some cases the store carries out the "welfare" idea only. In my work I have always mixed the two. Or, rather, I have never been able to draw the line between the two. A girl's short sales may be due to short shoes. So I've learned to tell the how-my-feet-ache expression when I look at a girl. A man's absent-mindedness with a customer may be due to a home anxiety which tends to overwhelm him. The kindly manager of a dress-goods department observed that one of his best men on a busy Monday sale day was not up to his usual briskness. He decided to say nothing to him, as he usually needed no prodding. Late that afternoon the salesman approached the buyer, saying quietly: "Mr. P——, may I go home a half hour earlier to-day? I lost my only son yesterday, and we bury him to-morrow; but I knew you needed me for the sale to-day, so I came in."

But sales people are not the only ones who have problems. There was the new buyer who sought private sessions. "You know in the smaller store where I came from I was assistant manager, and I used to go along and snap my fingers at some one and say: 'Look at the top of that shelf! There's enough dirt to shovel it off. Get a move on there.' But I find I can't do that here. And the fact is," he hitches his chair forward a bit and lowers his tone, "I like your way best here, and I want to get out of that dictatorial style." And he does. For he manfully faces my reports of his conduct, analyzes them from day to day, and sees it in the light of a new method—the old-new one of seeing in others yourself, and treating them as if you were they.

THE floor manager who comes with the whip-'em-in-line idea learns the meaning of my department and sees that "fair play" is the key to his permanency. "But, Miss Hirschler, you mustn't take away my determination." "But, Mr. Stone, can't you be determined and amiable too?" No answer. Then he laughs, and his new rôle has its beginning. I've shaken hands with many floor men since who say they like it better than the "shake" they got at our first meetings. But to shake is better than to be "shook."

I wonder if I ought to tell how *my* knees trembled the first time I told a manager that he spoke with unjust sharpness to a buyer. I knew it as a sample of what he had a tendency to do, and as it had just happened in front of me, the time and matter were evidently preordained.

So with apparent calmness I told him. (I was looking at his profile at the time.) There was a dreadful silence for a second. Then his eyes began to twinkle and the corners crinkle, and how he did laugh! He apologized to that buyer afterward, I found.

I TRAIN instructors in my method, and they, using this as their basis, have ample play for individuality. One of them, Mr. Charles W. Hoyt of Galesburg, Ill., has started the interesting plan of inviting the young people of the high school and other schools to evening classes, where he teaches the principles of business. Thus, as time goes on, the store may cull from the number young people who will be thinkers at their work, and eventually fill the higher positions so often cryingly vacant.

IF a man is willing to pay the price of thinking in his work there is no field of labor so promising in advancement as the store. I mean in regard to pay, in freedom to use initiative and individuality, in chances to keep in contact with the executive minds above him. This statement surprises you. But with the extraordinary growth of retail business we note, as part cause and part effect, the rise of the modern merchant. He is a man of mental power, logical, and a keen business thinker. He is thoroughly alive to commercial conditions with competition nipping him sharply at every turn. He is kept close to business on account of the enormous amount of detail connected with the profitable turnover of merchandise at retail.

And the point I make here is that he needs lieutenants of like caliber expressing these qualities in varying degrees. There are positions with some executive necessary, from general manager, through a series of department managers and aisle managers, to the minor ones of heads of stock. Then there are the auxiliary offices to manage. There are the depots for the coming and going of merchandise, not to mention whole workshops for manufacturing or repairing. Often there are laboratories putting up products for the toilet table, the kitchen, and the dining room. In fact, we frequently have in the store movement many industries under one roof.

TRUE, if the 500 or 5,000 members of any store should simultaneously begin to work their brain cells with rapidity, with the natural outlet of action, that management might not be able to place in promotion each one of them. But there would be a rush at once from all over the country, a race, I might say, to see what store could get there first, and everyone capable of any degree of responsibility secured at salaries of from $20 a week to $20,000 a year.

But what about the statements now made that the atmosphere of stores is morally contaminating?

I am convinced that there is no cleaner, freer opportunity for a girl to maintain her purity than in the open aisles of a store. Protected on all sides by the presence of the shopping public, she has not the oppression the stenographer often has in private offices, where a homely girl has a hard time finding a position and a pretty one keeping it and her purity too. Serving women with countless yards of ribbon a day, girls may be in a safer position than in private offices with 50 per cent of their husbands; the percentage is not given from collected statistics, but I submit it to you as not underestimated.

Again, the very great need for good organization in a successful store teaches the heads that immorality should be eliminated and prevented. Immorality along one line points to possible laxity in another. It may lead to thieving, or to the small thieves of time, by frequent absences, tardiness, and gossip with others. So there is a growing tendency to reject applicants who show the marks of impropriety. And, what is better, there is an increased firmness by managements to prevent influences that might tend to immorality.

IN Los Angeles one of my graduates, Mr. H. W. Sjostrom, teaches classes in salesmanship, and graduates yearly with imposing exercises those who pass a thorough set of examination questions. The store where he is employed carries merchandise at and below popular prices only. Yet a sales girl who is roughly or rudely spoken to by a customer there may touch a button at the end of the counter, and a man from a "committee" appears. He waits on the customer, explaining that this girl to whom he had said: "Here, you counter jumper, wait on me," was used to courtesy and was selected with care by the store as one who would render courtesy. So they could not allow her to be addressed that way. Invariably the customer, through the fact of the "committee," becomes interested and a closer friend of the store.

This is wonderfully advanced, of

Ingenuous Advertising— Does It *Pay?*

DO YOU believe an advertiser when he tells you his product is the "*Best* in the World"—or do you suspect that his claim is exaggerated?

Wouldn't you like to see the superlative eliminated from all advertisements and have every advertiser talk to you in a plain, simple, straightforward manner—without frills or fancy phrases?

Some advertisers don't think it *pays* to be *Honest*, but those who have always been honest and those who have had the "courage" and gumption to try it *know* that it is the simplest, easiest, quickest, and "*Best*" way to get results. (I use the superlative here advisedly.)

Here is my idea of a genuine advertisement. Truth stands out in every line and you can't mistake it:—

"WE DO NOT RECOMMEND THESE GOODS; IF WE COULD THEY WOULD NOT BE HERE NOW

"Everything described below has been in stock for more than one year, with the exception of a few lines of staples. We do not pretend that they are the latest and most fashionable goods that you can buy. Some of the lines which are subject to the whims of fashion are decidedly out of style. The only reason they are here now is because no one wanted to buy them. In some cases the materials are off color and the patterns are bad. They occupy valuable space which is needed at once for the display of new goods. They may not appeal to you at all—on the other hand, the prices are low enough to make every item on this page a 'bargain' as the word is generally understood."

Do you think it paid?

If you don't believe it did, write to the Parquet Department Store at Quebec, Canada, and let them tell you how it resulted in the most satisfactory clean-up sale in their sixty years of existence!

That ought to be proof enough for anybody.

A. G. S. Hammesfahr.

No. 132

Manager Advertising Department

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—May We Send You This Book About Your Children's Reading?

If you are the parent of a boy or girl we have a copy of this book for *you*.

It is a wonderfully valuable little book, written in a popular style and illustrated with a colored reproduction of one of the most beautiful of Maxfield Parrish's paintings.



It tells the story of The Junior Classics, the 846 wonder tales and poems, the choicest work of 300 authors—the best literature for children to read, selected and arranged by William Patten, Managing Editor of the Harvard Classics, with an introduction by Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., President Emeritus of Harvard University, and a reading guide by William Allan Neilson, Ph. D., Professor of English, Harvard University. It answers these questions—

"How shall I select the books my boy or girl ought to read? Where can I find reading for children that will interest them and still help them?"

Who Are Your Children's Heroes?

Do you really know who your children's heroes are—not the flesh-and-blood heroes who may meet them in the hurly-burly of the playground—but the heroes who come to them in the quiet of their own rooms—their *book associates?*

Who are their real heroes and heroines in the hours that they spend alone? Who are the men and women who are made to seem to them wonderful, worthy to pattern after? Whoever they are, they have it in their power to shape the lives of your boy and girl permanently for good or evil.

Who are they?

The characters of cheap fiction? The grotesque creatures of the Sunday supplements? Or are they the great folk of literature whose character and achievements the whole world has honored?

ent can prove it out of the experience of his own childhood. What are the pleasantest stories with which the memory of manhood and womanhood is stocked? The novels of the hour? The great essays or histories of literature? None of these can compare in sweetness to the memory of those stories of "Jack and the Beanstalk," of "Pilgrim's Progress," of "Cinderella's Slipper," of "Robinson Crusoe," or "Evangeline," with which the first evenings of life were made wonderful. No lecturer, however great his reputation or marvelous his story, can ever quite succeed in rivaling the charm of a mother's accents: no other literature can ever quite replace the stories of the hearthside.

"Show me a family of readers," said Napoleon, "and I will show you the people that move the world."

For Your Children's Sake—

—merely clip this coupon. What your children read is most important to you—for what they read determines what they are to be. This booklet brings you, in popular language, most suggestive and valuable information on the subject of your children's reading. It gives you the benefit of the advice of Professor Neilson and Dr. Eliot on this subject which is vitally important to you—the mental training of your boy or girl.

Your copy is ready for mailing and will be sent to you free of charge on return of the attached coupon.

"My Mother Never Read to Me"

A great educator says: "There is no academy on earth equal to a mother's reading to her child." But it does not need this testimony to establish that great truth: every par-

8-23-13

P. F. Collier & Son
416 West 13th St.
New York

Please send me by mail my free copy of the book about my children's reading.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

CLIP THIS COUPON

course, over the average store. And against this I might place the one store, also of the same type of merchandise, that I know of my own knowledge openly shrugs its shoulders over the indecencies to which the women in the store may be subject by the men of the store. The second represents those stores which are on the decline and noted for an "atmosphere" in which the average middle-class woman shops little.

It is in the store as elsewhere. Those who let slip their womanhood easily find the way to do it. But no girl need be frightened and no mother fear to place her there if she holds herself simply sweet and pure, as thousands do, above thought of being aught else.

IN the training classes of a store those for the younger members—the stock girls, parcel clerks, and messengers—are important. We find them lacking in the rudiments of arithmetic. The multiplication table should be as much a part of them as their fingers and [illegible] but it isn't. They should add [illegible] with accuracy, but they too often [illegible] slowly with inaccuracy. Then the [illegible] guage needs attention.

EVERYTHING will come out w[illegible] them, however, if we train them see when they look, when they [illegible] listen, and when they touch to [illegible] notice. In other words, to gain [illegible] habit of close attention, or concentration, is the basis of advancement. [illegible] I have observation games to show [illegible] we see with the mind and hear with [illegible] mind and touch with the mind.

At the same time other ways [illegible] trod more securely, and loose steps [illegible] firm—enthusiasm that comes with [illegible] growth of thinking power, interest aroused by learning about things, accuracy improved through competition with others that do better, and [illegible] to be so accurate created by increased interest.

The Nothing Gift

(*Concluded from page 17*)

"Ah-ho! Ah-ho!" (Thank you!) I cried, confusedly.

Smiling, she thrust the hide into my hands.

One of the girls took it from me then, and, turning it wrong side out, folded it into a small roll so that I could tie it behind my saddle.

I LOOKED at the old woman. She looked at me. I took her hand. It is hard at times to do without articulate speech. But I had lived some years with the Indians; I had learned that there exist other forms of expression. I held the hand. I looked into her bright old eyes. She had honored me. She had made me her "nothing" gift. In money she might have received at the store for it ten times the value of what I had done for her. By the sweat of her brow, indeed, she had made it what it was. First, as I knew, she had staked it, "green," upon the ground and above it, bent double at the hips, her shawl secured about her waist, with her bone "flesher" she had scraped and scraped at it with [illegible] hard thrusts. And there was [illegible] "flesher" itself, made years and [illegible] ago by her own grandmother, perhaps, the steamed and bent antler of an elk and in order to hold its two halves [illegible] right angles to each other it was [illegible] with rawhide lashed on wet and [illegible] and now shrunk and dried to the greatest solidity; the "flesher" marked [illegible] dots dug with a knife to record the [illegible] of the different children of the family. After that I knew how many days [illegible] must have sat, her feet braced, the [illegible] of the dampened hide in her [illegible] drawing it back and forth, back and forth, around a post set in the ground to soften it thus, until finally it became supple and pliable as a lady's scarf. [illegible] great black cowhide that she had given me, her best, perhaps her all.

I looked about the meager cabin, sought her eyes again. And yet I [illegible] but one word to offer.

"Ah-ho!" I faltered. *"Ah-ho!"* (Thank you!) It was my only possible [illegible]



Mr. Rabbit: "We will be mighty glad to have you stay to dinner if you don't mind taking 'potluck'!"

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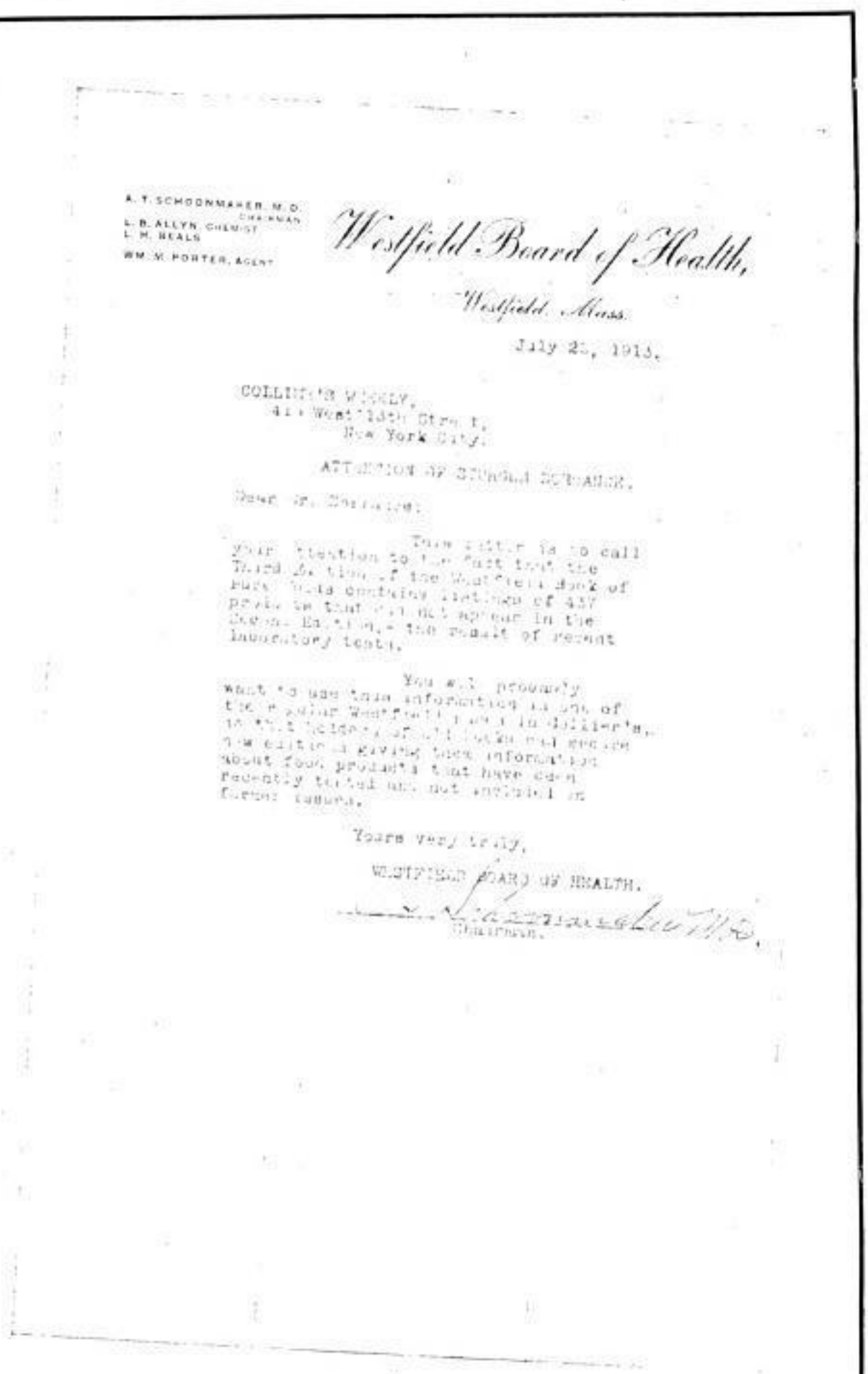












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Westfield Board of Health,

Westfield, Mass.

July 25, 1913.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY,
416 West 13th Street,
New York City.

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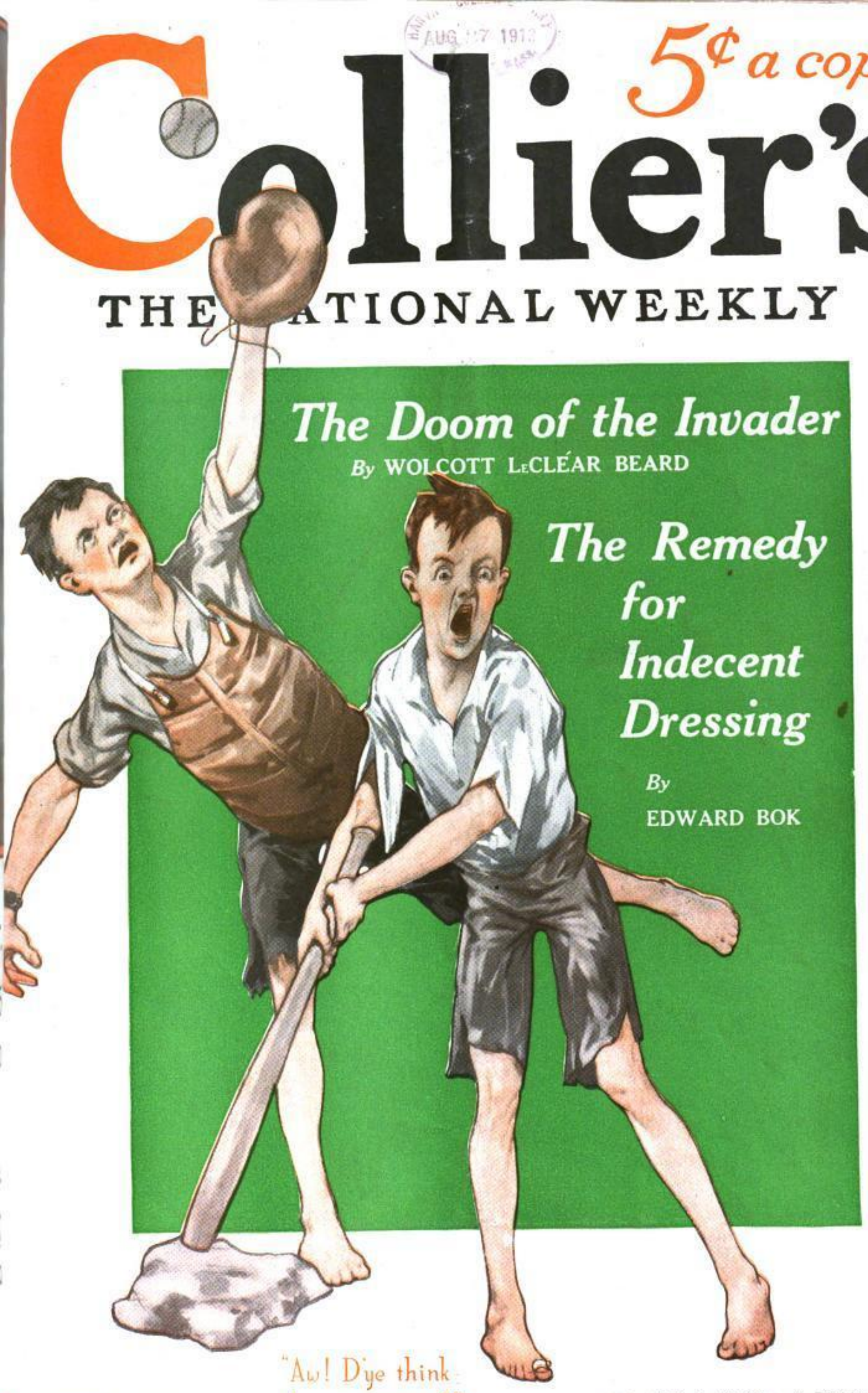
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Doom of the Invader

By WOLCOTT LeCLÉAR BEARD

The Remedy for Indecent Dressing

By EDWARD BOK



"Aw! D'ye think I'm a geeraf"

VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 24
AUGUST 30 1913

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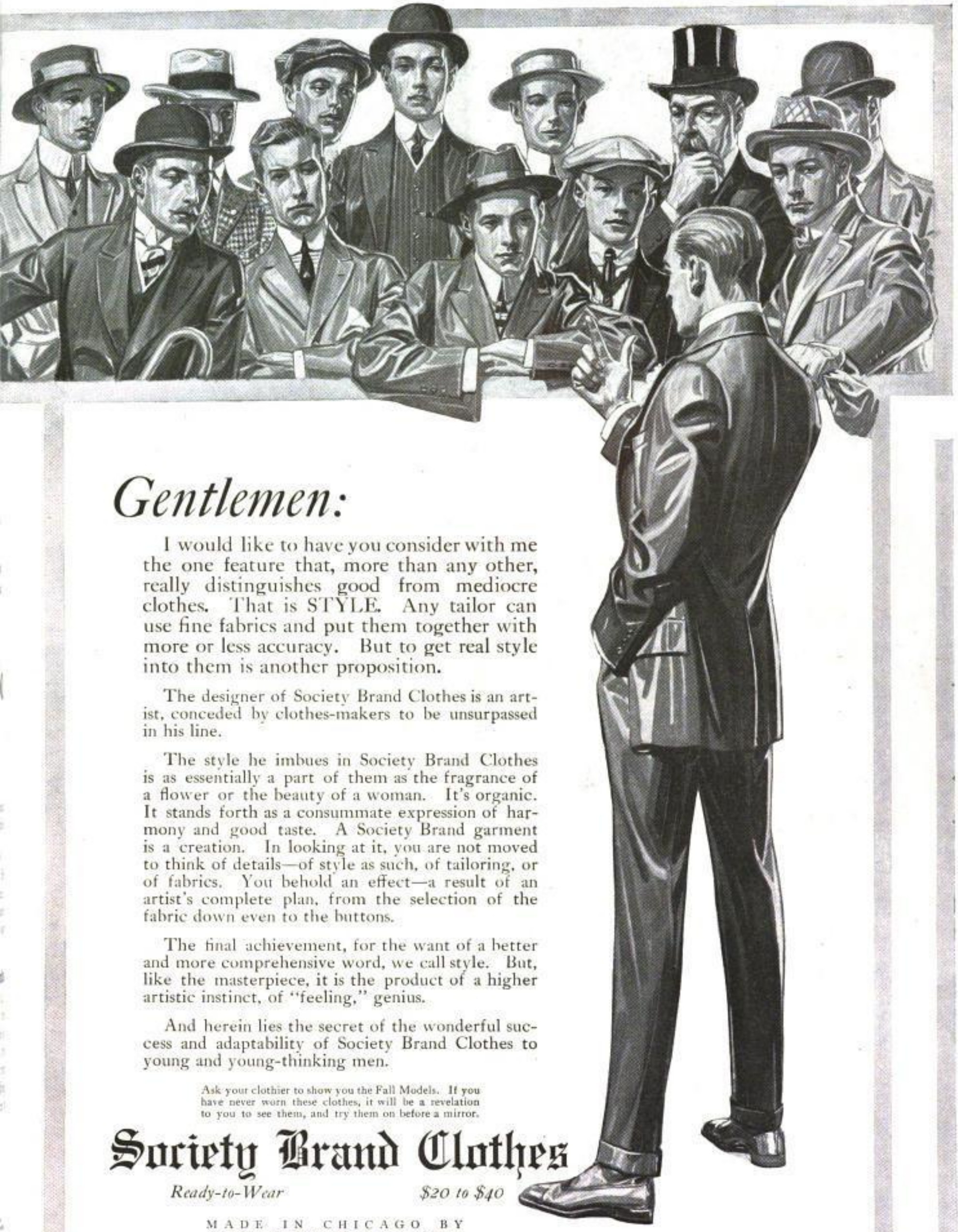
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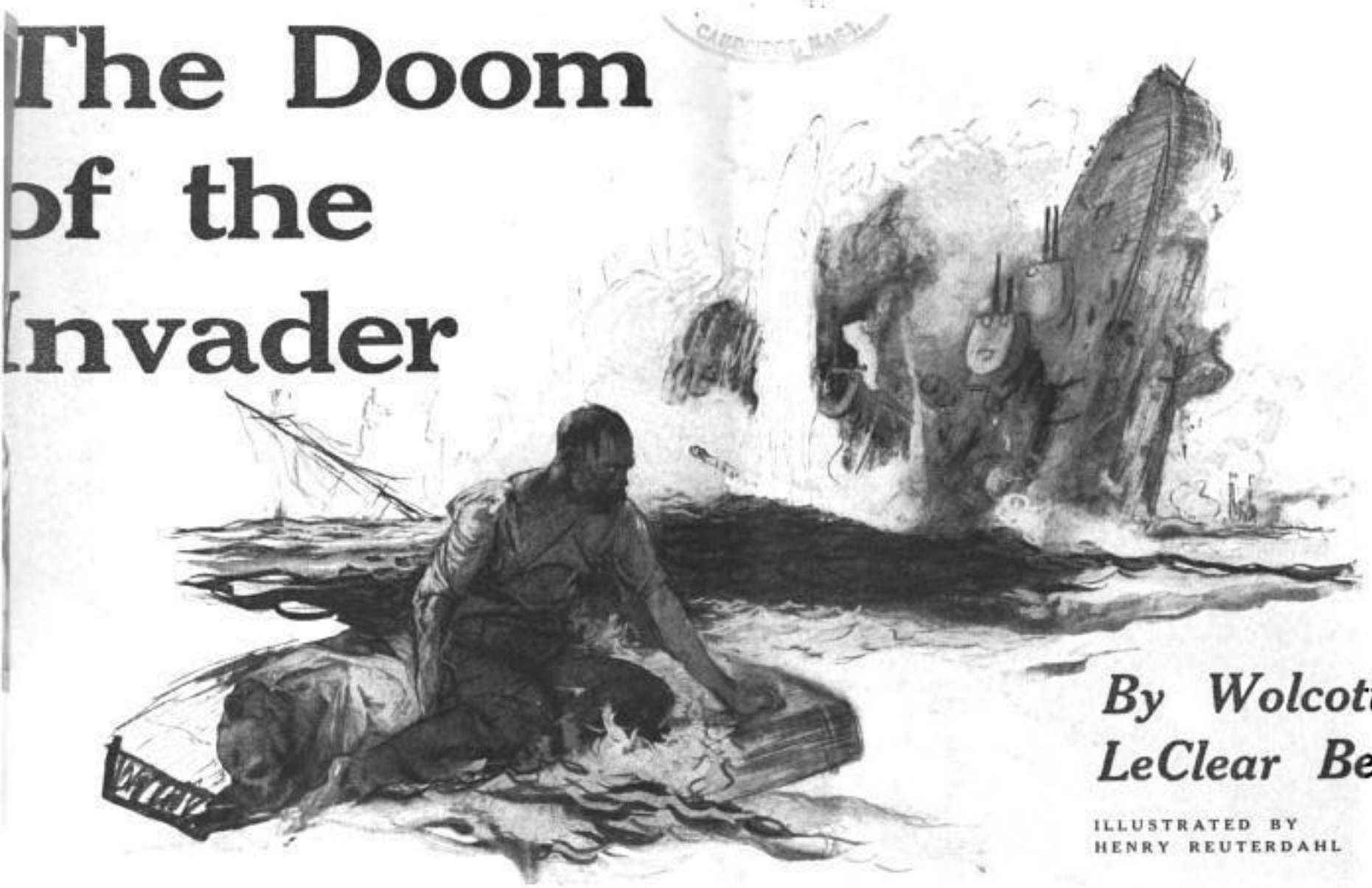
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The Doom of the Invader



By Wolcott LeClear Beard

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

IF AN enemy really should land an armed expedition in the United States, what would happen? Probably there is not a single adult American who, at some time or other, has not asked himself or herself that question. But Mr. Beard does more. He follows the imaginative question with an imaginative reply.

A DESERTED stretch of coast would be our enemy's natural goal. He very likely could succeed in reaching such a place without an alarm being given. That an expedition of [illegible] had started would, of course, be known, but not [illegible]essarily its whereabouts at any given time. The [illegible]ans are very big and our coast lines long. Our [illegible]y and its auxiliaries cannot be everywhere, and [illegible]ther can our tiny army. The ubiquitous fishermen [illegible] coasters could easily be silenced by his destroyers [illegible]ting ahead of the heavier craft, on some calm and [illegible]ondless night, to take the life-saving stations, which [illegible]erwise would give notice of the enemy's presence. [illegible]rom this point it is not impossible for anyone who [illegible]ows his countrymen, and who, at the same time, [illegible]s seen something of similar work, to picture what [illegible]uld occur with essential accuracy. Undoubtedly [illegible] reality would differ from this mental picture, but, [illegible]nting the fundamental facts, this difference, in all [illegible]bability, would be a matter of detail only.

Following his destroyers, then, the enemy's trans[illegible]ts let go their anchors in the open roadstead, [illegible]most before they have lost their headway, their [illegible]ts splash in the water. There are ordinary ships' [illegible]ts, and also flat-bottomed lighters, that have been [illegible]rried, nested, on the decks. These pass to the gang[illegible]ys and thence to the shore, towed in strings behind [illegible]or launches along paths of brilliant white made [illegible]t he searchlights, and so loaded with men that [illegible]e gunwales are almost awash.

THIS first lot is infantry. It forms on the beach as the boats return for more men. Small bodies break away from the mass and disappear into [illegible]shadows. The rest deploys into lines, faced inland; [illegible]es which throw themselves prone where the shore [illegible]eaks upward into the higher ground behind it, and there, waiting and ready. Through the medium [illegible] secret wireless stations his spies have kept [illegible]n and still are keeping him informed as to the [illegible]position of our forces, yet he is taking no avoidable chances in this land of "hideously ingenious and [illegible]ptable Yankees." Moreover, he hardly dares hope [illegible]t his searchlights will for long remain unseen, unquented though that stretch of coast may be. Nor [illegible]t they remain so. Perhaps it is a longshore fisher[illegible]n, aged beyond the period of deep-sea usefulness, who, going out to insure the safety of his boat against the young flood, sights that shifting glare in the sky. Turning about, he lumbers back to his cottage as fast as his stiffened joints will allow, shouting as he goes.

From within there come in reply the querulous voices of frightened women and the whimpering of sleepy children suddenly aroused. As he reaches his door the old man stops for an instant, to give room to a half-dressed boy, his grandson, who darts out and away. Then he goes in.

The doors and windows are closed and fastened just before a thunderous knocking resounds through the house and a peremptory voice, speaking in broken English, demands admittance, which is as peremptorily refused. Again it is demanded, this time with a threat, and again refused with profane emphasis and point. The old man knows well enough that it is the leader of a squad of the enemy's scouts who speaks, but he doesn't care who it is. An American's house, no less than that of an Englishman, is his castle. The old fisherman imbibed that sentiment with his mother's milk three-quarters of a century ago. Now, snatching an ancient duck gun from the corner where it rested, he stands ready to make it good.

With a crash the door flies inward, and, carried by the impetus of a log that they have used as a ram, four men stumble into the room. Both barrels of the old gun speak valiantly, and a soldier falls with a hole in his breast almost big enough to hold his own canteen.

Grasping the gun by its muzzle, the old man swings it for a blow. Before he can strike, however, the enemy has "rushed" him. His arms are pinioned. Probably without intentional roughness, the screaming, pleading women—his wife and daughter—are torn away from him and placed in another room, under guard. The fisherman is led out of the house and made to stand against the wall of his own woodshed. A firing squad quickly ranges itself, and a volley crashes out. Hardly has the thin vapor of the smokeless powder dissolved into thinner air before the enemy's scouts are away, leaving the women to find their husband and father where he lies staring sightlessly, with glazing eyes, at the dark clouds overhead.

Now the foregoing is by no means a mere gruesome flight of the imagination. Under the circumstances assumed, no incident could be more probable or natural. It is one which, with local variations, has been repeated again and again in practically every country that has ever been invaded. The old fisherman had no standing in war—had no official right to kill. He was, therefore, merely a *franc-tireur*—a murderer—according to military law. In shooting him the enemy made a grievous mistake, it is true, but by the letter of the law he was within his rights.

THE old man's grandson hears that volley, and though he does not know what has occasioned it, the sound would make him go still faster if he could, but he cannot. Already he is running as he never ran before—a miniature, unmounted Paul Revere, spurred to his utmost endeavor by the thought that upon those bare feet of his, paddling so stoutly through the black night, is resting the honor and perhaps even the life of his country.

Soon, his mission accomplished, many other Paul Reveres, on foot and on horseback, on bicycles and in motor cars, are scattering in all directions, like the pieces of a bursting shell. The enemy on the beach—and the beach is black by this time with his men and guns and equipment—hears the bells of distant churches ringing in wild, dissonant appeal and warning, and here and there a whistle joins in. Plainly the countryside is rising, but the enemy probably hardly gives this fact a thought. Those whose ears will be reached by the alarm are only untrained men—peasants, he calls them very likely—who are utterly unfitted to cope with soldiers.

He is right, in a way. Fighting is a trade that has to be learned like any other trade. Civilians, no matter how brave, cannot successfully give battle to a military force, even though that force may be, numerically, greatly inferior; and in this case the invaders outnumber the inhabitants of the entire countryside. But even so there are things that the civilian can do—and will.

Lights shine in village windows and in those of farmhouses. Shortly afterward wagons rattle away, laden with women and children. They are driven by women, too. The men not already called to the colors and away have other business. Singly and in groups they come, some with arms in their hands—shotguns and a few sporting rifles—but more bearing in their hands axes, shovels, or picks, and in their pockets our national weapon, the nimble six-shooter; they flock to the appointed rendezvous, until practically all the remaining male inhabitants between the ages of fourteen and seventy have reported or are on their way. Let no one think that the spirit of '76 is dead. It isn't. It doesn't even sleep so soundly that it can't be very easily awakened.

ALREADY a leader has arisen as a leader in such crises always does; there seems to be no exception to the rule. Perhaps this leader is a retired officer, a colonel, who has foreseen the possibility of invasion, has preached this possibility to his neighbors, and has done his best to provide against the emergency, should it arise. Only yesterday the vast majority of those neighbors were laughing at him for a visionary old alarmist. No one is laughing now. These same people obey him with wild enthusiasm as he divides them into parties, appoints a subleader for each party, and assigns to each its portion of the work necessary to carry out the plans he has formulated.

There are only a few roads—four, say—leading from the beach where the enemy has landed to the railway, which is his obvious first objective. In a great measure his infantry, his cavalry, and even his lighter guns can move independently of these roads, but his heavy artillery and his trains cannot. He will need those trains—ammunition, provisions, pontoons, and all the thousand and one things that accompany a marching army. The old colonel means to see to it that he does need them, and need them so

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With a flash and a muffled roar the fougasse explodes, sending a blighting shower of stones and gravel across the road, sweeping from its surface every living thing

badly that he will not dare allow his main body to get out of immediate touch with them. To delay the enemy until our troops can be rushed to the spot—that is what the colonel is fighting for. It is all he can hope to attain. It is to the four roads, therefore, that at first he devotes most of his attention.

In four columns, then, as soon as they can be formed, the enemy starts his inland march. Let us consider the fortunes of one of these. They will be typical of those which befall the other three.

Ahead of the usual advance guard a string of motor cars pushes itself. The foremost two are armored, and each carries a machine gun and a small searchlight; those which follow are loaded with tools and men—engineer troops, armed and drilled as infantry. These cars do not rush madly forward, but proceed with what the enemy considers a wise caution. Very soon indeed he will find that more caution would have been wiser still, but at first he makes the common mistake of underrating his adversary.

AT THE first turn of the road the ruddy light of a fire shines through the bushes that screen it and mingles with the white beam of the foremost searchlight. With trained readiness the engineers leap to the ground and run forward to reconnoiter. They find on the far side of that curve an old wooden bridge that spans a small estuary. Against this bridge some one has lighted a fire, with the apparent intent of burning it down. So hastily or carelessly has the work been done, however, that the enemy finds, when he kicks the burning brands into the water, that the timbers have been hardly scorched. So the motors start once more, and the foremost reaches the middle of the bridge. Then, without a warning crack, it falls—falls like a trap in a pantomime stage. There is a despairing shriek from one of the men as the car plunges into the estuary, then filling with the flood tide. It vanishes beneath the surface, leaving behind only miniature waves, dying against the banks, and some bubbles that burst, and are gone.

Thus the enemy learns that the pristine ingenuity of the Yankee, and his knowledge of human nature, remain unimpaired. The fire was not intended to burn the bridge, but to attract the enemy's attention away from the fact that its timber had been cleverly sawed almost, but not quite, through. In the meantime the column is halted. The bridge must be repaired. There will be little difficulty in doing that without bringing the pontoon train from the rear if only materials can be found—and materials, it would seem, are at hand. The searchlight of what was the second car spies out a cottage standing among trees. It is the old fisherman's cottage, but the main body of the enemy does not know that. It never heard of the old fisherman, but will hear of him from now on.

The searchlight also reveals some dark forms, indistinctly to be seen, which seem to stand under these trees. A challenge brings no reply; a volley no movement, nor a single answering shot. Wondering at this strange conduct, the enemy advances—and all is made plain. The forms are those of a party of his own scouts, caught by the men who came to saw the bridge, and hung by them to the trees in reprisal for the fisherman's death. An account of personal hatred, in addition to the former national, and therefore impersonal, hatred is now fairly opened. It is never balanced. It keeps growing on the debit side, growing by leaps and bounds, as such accounts always do.

With beams and planks torn from the cottage, repairs of the bridge are begun. During the progress of their work the engineers, every little while, hear the snap and rattle of their scouts' rifles, always accompanied and generally preceded by the heavier reports of shotguns. It is easy for the men of the countryside, knowing the lay of the land as they know their own pockets, and aided by the darkness, to lie in ambush until the enemy is within a few feet of them. Soldiers are not required for this sort of warfare, and high-power military rifles offer no advantage. Shotguns are among the very deadliest weapons known when used at short range.

The enemy notes, however, that the rifles and cartridge belts of his ambushed men have always been taken, and that the men themselves are always dead. The "peasants" are leaving no wounded alive—and thus another item is added to the account.

The repairs are completed, and the column moves on, though not very far before once again it is obliged to halt. Venerable trees that for a century have been shading the road are now felled across it—"slashed," as the military term has it. That is, they are allowed to fall without being entirely cut loose from the stumps, to which they are still held by tenacious fibers, and each tree besides is lashed with fence wire to the one that used to grow abreast of it on the opposite side of the road.

Though the searchlight beams are darted here, there, and everywhere, no defenders of these slashings can be seen. The enemy even loses time by sending men to beat up the surrounding country, but without results. Then, and not until then, he starts to clear away the obstructions. And then it is that the defenses begin to manifest themselves.

THE first party, armed with axes, rushes in to begin its work. There is a roar from beneath its feet, and its men vanish in a burst of flame, to become portions of a mass of fine debris, which later will rain from the sky, scattering over the surrounding landscape. One of the members of that party had trod on a point mine of dynamite, designed to be fired by contact. Diligently now the enemy searches for other mines. He finds them. Some can be located in spots where the earth shows signs of having recently been disturbed; others are found in the same manner that the first one was. All this takes time—and, for that matter, men. Ever since his landing became known, the enemy has been fervently wishing for morning, that he might see what he was about, avoid ambushes, and that his aeroplanes might obtain information of what conditions await him. Morning comes while he is still at work on the slashings—but it does not bring the longed-for relief.

Mingling with the first gray of dawn is a pink glow that grows brighter and redder while one looks at it. There is the acrid smell of fresh smoke in the air.

Soon—very soon—the enemy knows that the standing grain in front and on both sides of him has been fired. Farmhouses and the houses of a village which he is approaching blaze like great torches. His flankers and scouts run for their lives into meadows, where concealed riflemen shoot

Continued on page 20

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Common or Garden Earth

By Cynthia Stockley

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Part II

AFTER a night of drenching rain the camp out at the Carissima Mine lay sparkling in the morning sunshine. It was 5 a. m., with the promise of a golden day. Birds were twitter- in tree and bush and wet leaves flickered and nkled like diamonds, throwing off a myriad points light. From the thatched roofs of the half dozen ge huts in the clearing, steam arose, mingling with blue spirals from newly kindled fires.

Hammond, dressing leisurely in his hut, looked out ough his open door, and the beauty and promise the day seemed to take him by the throat, for he ned away from it, with a face darkened and con- sed.

"God! What a day!" he groaned as a man might an who has had a knife jabbed into him. For it thus that Nature hunts and hurts those who lov- her are yet a law unto themselves. Since he had t Diane all beautiful things struck at him with unding, hurtful hands.

He had a sudden longing to let work go to the deuce r that day, to take horse and his desolate heart ay to some lonely wild place where he could be solutely alone, unobliged to speak or be spoken to any; but he knew that it was impossible to think such a thing. Rider and he were the only white n in the camp, and he could not leave all the work Rider. The mine manager had been laid low by ver, and the submanager had taken the Cape cart d driven off with him the night before to Salisbury ospital. As for Carr, he had been away on business r some days in the Lomagundi district.

It behooved Hammond to get his breakfast over and art for the native compound. There was a matter 300 boys or so to round and hustle to their bors down the shaft. He rew a glance round for s boots, a special pair he pt for negotiating the et, sloppy clay at the bot- m of the mine, and see- g them nowhere, whistled r his body servant.

"My mine boots, Pongo," jerked in the vernacular the sleek-eyed Mashona ho answered his signal. transpired that the boots d been forgotten and ere still in the saddle hut vered with the dust and ud of yesterday! After ceiving Hammond's com- ents on the subject, Pongo sappeared in a hurry to fulfill his neglected task.

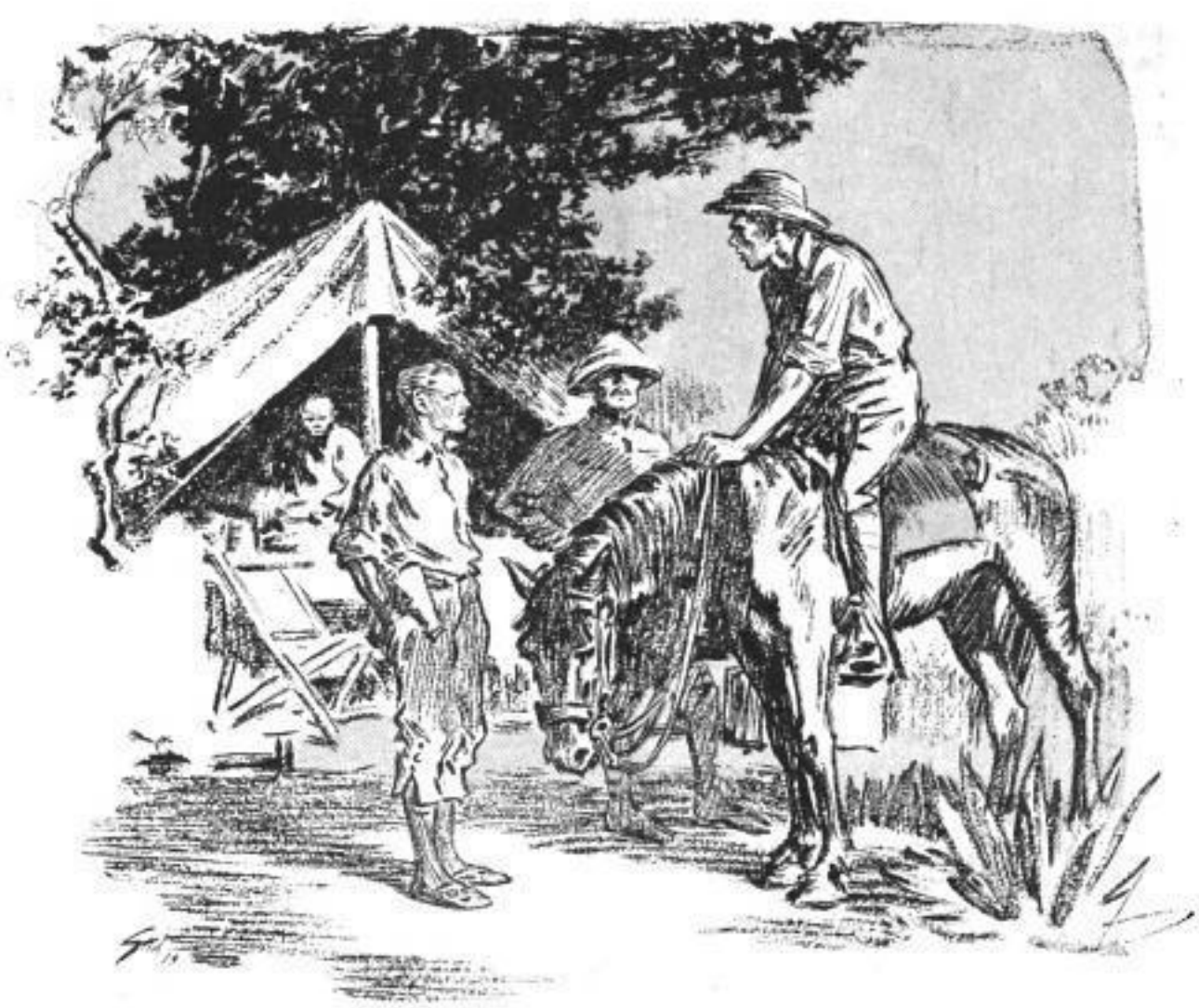
AND tell Candle to rustle with my breakfast," roared Pongo's lord, e a lion in pain, and Can- at the sound did not need lling, but rustled to such od effect that in five min- es breakfast stood steam- g on the rough wooden ble that was pitched un- r a tree in the middle of e clearing. Rider, very ick and span in white oleskins, emerged from nother hut, and Hammond, ressed all but his boots, d impatient of waiting, arust his feet into a pair silk slippers sent him at Christmas by his sister d brought out by accident to the camp, and, stroll- g out, joined his friend at the table.

The three partners had been in camp for nearly ix weeks.

After that night on the Gymkhana Ground, Salis- ury had no further hold for Hammond and he ft the next morning, accompanied by Carr, grave d unquestioning, and followed a day or two later y Rider. He had never opened his lips on the sub- ct of his changed plans, and he did not need to. 'arr knew that the trouble was deep, and guessed he cause. Later Rider brought the news of the roken engagement as briefly announced by Jack Hey- wood with whom Hammond had encompassed a short interview before leaving.

With the exception of a remark or two on the sub- ject of the storm during the night, the two men took their breakfast in silence. Rider was at no time a talkative fellow, and Hammond's mood of late seldom invited gayety. This morning he had not yet recovered from the savage misery that had smitten him in his hut, and still preoccupied was not his usual observant self, or he would have noticed something unnatural in the atmosphere of the camp.

ABOUT 300 yards off from where they were sitting a construction of heavy beams forming a rough hauling gear marked the mine's mouth, with the power house and a number of small shanties grouped beside it. Beyond, and almost hidden by this group of buildings was the kraal or compound occupied by the natives who worked the mine. It was merely the usual collection of fifty or more rough *dagga* huts with thatched roofs drooping almost to the ground and lop- sided like a lot of old battered straw hats, surrounded by a high *dagga* wall; and from it came the usual morning sound peculiar to Kafir kraals—a low humming singsong of voices, with an occasional *tap* or *boom* on a vessel of metal or skin. What Hammond should have noticed and did not was that his natives were humming a war song—one of those monotonous chants, flat and unmusical yet full of some hidden power to stir the blood of a savage to dreams of reeking assegais and the crashing thud of knobkerrie upon skull. The few "boys" loitering among the white men's huts, all personal servants, cast furtive glances tinged with surprise at the indifferent faces of the white men. Certainly *Inkos* Rider was but a new hand—only a year or two in Africa; but *Inkos*



"The natives are 'up.' They've murdered everyone in our district except De Rivas and his wife," he burst forth. "You fellows had better get your horses"

Hammond was an *induna*[1] who knew all things, and had fought in many Kafir wars! *Ole!* Surely he must hear that song in the kraal and know its meaning!

Hammond indeed would probably have waked in a moment to a sense of something wrong, but as it happened his attention was suddenly diverted by the sight of a man on horseback tearing full-tilt toward the camp.

"What the—"

[1] Chief: captain.

"Who the—" They both stood up as the horse came clattering into the clearing, and its rider gasping and haggard flung himself down. He was one of De Rivas's assistants out at the Green Carnation Mine—a young Scotchman called Dent, well known to them both.

"The natives are 'up.' They've murdered everyone in our district except De Rivas and his wife," he burst forth. "You fellows had better get your horses and scoot for Mazoë before—"

"Steady, Dent," said Hammond in a voice like cold steel. At the first mention of trouble he had thrown his eye around, and in a flash heard and seen the danger signals about him—his servants' faces, the timbre of the song in the kraal, the sudden dead silence which, with the horseman's coming, had fallen on camp and kraal, and—*the rustle of feet creeping up behind the mine-head shanties!*

"Pull yourself together. My boys are observing you. Get your revolver from your hut, Rider, and all the ammunition you can lay hands on, but keep them out of sight." (He had his own revolver on him—too wise a citizen of Africa ever to be without it.) "Sit down, my dear fellow," he now added heartily to Dent, and called for fresh coffee, sitting down himself too, but with his face toward the mine head.

RIDER, coming back casually from his hut, resumed his chair. Speaking in an ordinary voice, smoking and pouring out coffee, Hammond questioned the Scotchman and elicited facts.

The natives had set to work at four o'clock that morning, and systematically visiting every farm hut and tent within the district, had butchered the surprised and defenseless occupants. Everyone at the Green Carnation, taken unawares, had been knobkerried or assegaied to death—except De Rivas and his wife, who got warning in time to barricade themselves in their ranch. Dent had been with them, and the two men had managed to drive the demons off for a time, but it was certain that they would return. In the circumstances De Rivas had ordered Dent to try and get away by means of an old mine working that came right up close to the back veranda of the house and bring help to them, for Mrs. de Rivas was a sick woman and could not travel any distance except in comfort and well protected.

"They can't last out long," finished Dent dismally. "Half their ammunition is gone—Mrs. de Rivas is in hysterics most of the time—if I don't get help they'll be done for in a few hours—I must push on to Mazoë and—"

HIS sentence was broken off by the smart snap of a revolver. Hammond was firing across Rider's shoulder, not once but many times.

Snap—pht! Snap—pht! Snap—pht! And the grim eyes of the man behind the revolver snapped and flashed too, as he picked off one after another of those who led the advancing horde. In less time than it takes to write it, five of the leaders were groaning in the dust, and the murderous band behind had fallen back dumfounded, staring like fascinated rabbits at the man who now advanced on them, still covering them with that gleaming deadly revolver and his ice-cold, deadly glance. At last he flung them a few brief words in their own tongue.

"Get down to your work in the mine. Anyone who loiters will be shot like these things here."

They gazed at the "things" for a silent moment, then cringing before the white man, they dropped assegais and knobkerries in the dust and retreated

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sullenly, step by step, to the mine mouth. Rider, close behind Hammond, opened the little gate leading to the inclosure round the shaft and hustled half a dozen boys into the power house to set the cage going. Then, one by one, with downcast looks and modest mien, the boys filed into the cage and were lowered in little companies down the mine. Hammond stood by silent, dominating; the sunshine glinting on his revolver barrel, and Boston, casual and indifferent, lounging beside him. The other two men, unobliged even to draw their guns, contented themselves with speeding up an occasional loiterer. In the end every "boy" of 300 was at the bottom of the shaft, except those in the power house. Hammond approached them.

"You too—get in," he remarked briefly, and they got in, humble and sleek, with air deprecative of giving so much trouble. Dent and Rider took possession of the power house and worked the cage, for, as is well known, two white men can do the work of six natives any day in the week. Afterward they cut the steel ropes that held the cage and it fell crashing to the bottom of the shaft.

"*That's* all right," said Hammond at last. "They've plenty of water, and a couple of days with empty stomachs will take the cheek out of them. At the end of that time, if all goes well, we'll be here to let 'em up again—if not, so much the worse for them."

"The blessed tinkers!" was all that Rider permitted himself to remark.

"Now, you fellows," said Hammond briskly, "take your horses and beat it for Mazoë, hell for leather. Get a party together—half a dozen guns—and make for the Green Carnation. I shall go on ahead and help De Rivas hold out."

"I'm coming with you," said Rider carelessly. Hammond looked at him coldly.

"You will kindly do as I ask you, Bill. If you meet trouble between here and Mazoë, as you probably will, and one of you is potted, there is still a chance of the other getting in to give the alarm."

RIDER merely smiled. Hammond knew that "obstinate" smile, and he also knew there was no time to lose.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," he said brusquely. "We are not in this for glory, or fun, or friendship. Just remember there's a woman in the matter, will you?—a sick woman. What you two fellows have got to do—or one or other of you—is to get together a big enough party to convey her in a cart to Mazoë. If you are delayed you will probably find when you reach us that we have left the ranch and taken to the bush. The house won't be safe once the ammunition has given out—and I know the country all round there like the palm of my hand. There are plenty of places we can lie 'doggo' in until help comes. But you must get help, and get it quick. Take the fresh horses, you've farther to go than I. I'll take Dent's. Go on now, Bill. Don't be pig-headed—and take charge of Boston, will you? I don't want him with me. Where is the beggar?"

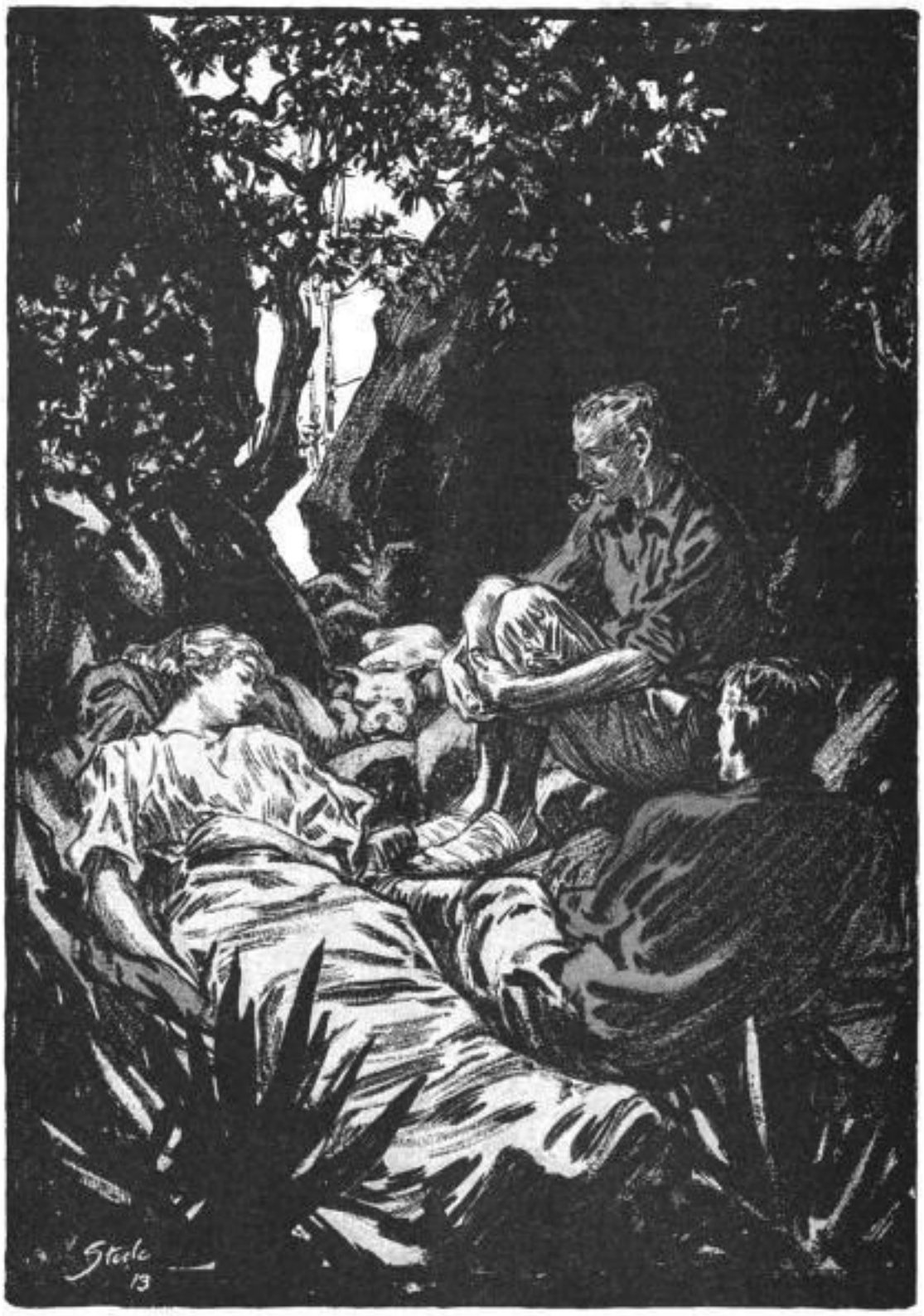
No one knew. A moment before he had been lounging idly against the power house, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his eye expressing boredom; a moment later he simply was not. It is hard to say what instinct had bidden him make himself scarce in a manner as swift and unobtrusive as possible, and turn into a motionless sand-colored ant heap about fifty yards from the road, down which anyone leaving camp must pass. No one had time to look for him, and no one would have found him in any case. Hammond let loose a bad word, gave Rider's hand a parting grip, and skimmed out of camp on Dent's horse.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of the Green Carnation he dismounted and, leaving the horse in the bush, advanced under cover and with great caution toward the ranch. It was then that the rough ground and thorns under foot brought him the realization that he was still wearing the pair of silk slippers made and sent him by his sister for a Christmas present.

It was a little dell-like place—not more than ten feet by six, hollowed out by the heavy streams that in bad weather came rushing down the slopes of the kopje above it, darkened by the thick bush all round, full of small sharp stones and thorns, and red ants that stung like wasps, with not a single smooth tree trunk or flat rock to lean against. Still, it was a hiding place; and to three people it had been for as many days a haven and a home. Three people—to say nothing of the dog.

IT WAS indeed Boston who lay in one of those triangular positions which only a dog can find reposeful, his head on a stone, his tongue lolling languorously from his mouth, one eye closed, the other cocked on his master.

For Hammond, seated uneasily upon a small rock, his arms round his knees, his empty pipe in his mouth, was plainly busy on an intricate problem, and Boston, too, was interested in the solution of that problem.



"I shall start for Salisbury to-night."
"But Salisbury is seventy miles!"
"Sixty when you know your map."
"Well, sixty—without food. And you've got no boots!"

Close beside them, touching feet with Hammond and the dog, De Rivas half lay, half leaned in the cramped space, painfully shifting his wounded leg every few minutes. Between his lips was a thick white mimosa thorn which he bit on when he shifted, as a wounded soldier might bite on a bullet to keep in his trouble.

Mrs. de Rivas lay sleeping on the men's folded coats.

"Well—what next, Hammond?" asked De Rivas in a whisper. They had been obliged to whisper for days: the natives were all round them in the bush, searching; but Hammond had chosen his retreat well, and the odds were against discovery as long as they lit no fires and were not heard talking. It was characteristic of the man, however, that this business of whispering annoyed him more than any of the risks and hardships of the past few days. To have to whisper on account of a lot of murdering negroes! When all he wanted was to get out and beat the brains of a score of them—and he would, too, if—

Mrs. de Rivas gave a little moan in her sleep. whispered, in spite of his fierce desires.

"I shall start for Salisbury to-night."

"Salisbury?—on foot!"

"It's no use trying Mazoë. Something's gone wrong there or Rider would have been back by now."

"But Salisbury is seventy miles!"

"Sixty when you know your map."

"Well, sixty—without food. And you've got no boots!"

It was no use offering his own. He was a big man and his feet were on a generous scale. As for Hammond, he could not forbear to smile when he looked at the travesties from which his toes protruded—a few rags and ribbons of dark blue silk.

"No; but I've got feet."

He had indeed—the most famous feet at Harvard in his time. In Africa at any time. All the same, he cursed himself for criminal carelessness in leaving him improperly shod; for he, too, knew that sixty miles barefoot through an enemy's country, over karroo and kop and rough, untrodden ground, was not going to be the funniest thing that had ever happened to him. Still, they could not sit whispering there forever. Cara de Rivas had to be saved.

She had stood the strain well till now, but it was doubtful if she would last out much longer. Hammond *she must not die.* No woman in the same case would be allowed to die if he could help it. But he knew the stain and disgrace would be on him to let her, of all women, die, whose death would give him his heart's desire.

When De Rivas spoke again his whisper had grown fainter. His thoughts appeared to have taken the same direction as Hammond's.

"How am I going to keep her alive, Hammond? She can't live without water."

"I shall fill the can before I start, and you must try and make it spin out for three days. I promise you I shan't be longer than that."

FORTUNATELY they had thought to bring a can with them in their hurried exit from the ranch, and Hammond stole out every night and filled it from the river, not 200 yards away. De Rivas's wounded leg entirely incapacitated him from doing anything; Hammond would have been obliged to carry him more than half the way on the night of their flight.

"Three days!" De Rivas was thinking to himself. "He could never do it even if he had food."

Three days was too short a time in which to walk to Salisbury and bring back help. Three days was only long when contemplated from the point of view of a larder whose larder is empty and where death lurks in the shadows.

"What am I going to give her to eat?"

"I've thought of that, too," said Hammond quietly. The other man looked up questioningly. The problem of provisions had been a haunting one ever since they arrived in their refuge. If Hammond had a solution of it now, why not before? But Hammond was apparently not inclined to be communicative. He merely sat there staring at Boston, and Boston, as though suddenly aware of something personal in his master's attention, rose suddenly, and in his silent, floundering way came over and laid his nose on Hammond's knee. Hammond, after a moment or so, raised the dog's head in his hands and looked into the golden-brown eyes, tender and trustful as a woman's, far more trustworthy than many women's. Then, for Maryon Hammond, he did a strange thing—he bent his head and kissed his dog's nose.

DE RIVAS bit suddenly on the thorn between his lips and looked away. He had seen Hammond's eyes, and it is not good to see the eyes of a strong man in pain. He knew now what Hammond meant to do to keep him and his wife alive during the next three days.

When Cara de Rivas awoke from her long sleep of exhaustion it was dusk, and (Concluded on page 9)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE speech delivered in the Senate in favor of the Underwood-Wilson Tariff Bill by Henry F. Hollis, the Democratic Senator from New Hampshire, may fairly be described as marking the end of one era and the beginning of another. Without checking up historically, it is probably safe to say that no such speech was ever before delivered by a New England Senator, certainly not since the protective tariff became an issue in American politics.

My constituents as a whole have no sympathy with the provincial doctrine that New England must be coddled or "protected" at the expense of the South and West. When her public men in years past have begged for special tariff privileges at the nation's capital she has been misrepresented. She bids me say, Mr. President, that *what is best for the country at large is best for her.*

Senator Hollis then passed on to such outspoken heresy as this:

I am convinced that the placing upon the free list of New England products, such as boots and shoes, shoe machinery, lumber, fish, newspaper stock, plows, wagons, harness, and the like, is fully met by the free listing of Southern and Western products like wool, sugar, leather, cattle, meat, flour, coal, and iron ore. And I reach the same conclusion regarding the relative reduction of duties where the free list is not reached, and the equality of the reductions as regards different industries and different sections of New England. If there is discrimination in favor of any section or any industry or against any section or any industry, it is not so marked as to have caught my notice.

Senator Hollis's speech is very important when you reflect upon it. Maybe it marks the end of the whole protective hypnotism throughout the United States. Certainly some obvious new direction has been taken by public thought when such a speech as this can be delivered by a Senator from New Hampshire. If this is not the case, if the change marked by the Senator's declaration is less fundamental, if his presence in the Senate is merely a temporary accident, the fact will soon be uncovered. For Senator Hollis's speech will be the issue in the New England Congressional elections next year. As soon as he had delivered it, his colleague, the Republican Senator from New Hampshire, Jacob H. Gallinger, a standpat Republican of the genuine type, arose to challenge it, and made the issue clear. Senator Hollis has plenty of ability to defend his position. His speech went straight to the heart of the fundamental question: Are the New England mill towns an agreeable picture of civilization? Has life in New England been made a better thing for all affected by the protection system?

Progressive Republicans

THERE is some likelihood that at least some of the progressive Republicans, after registering their protests against the maladjustments which it must be acknowledged, the new tariff measure contains, will vote in favor of it on the final passage after the conference with the House. The present tariff bill had to be made to cure a complex system which has crystallized through generations of building one special privilege upon another. Any tariff made under such circumstances must have defects. It is merely a first step toward a return to normal conditions; the complete return will be a matter of years and patient readjustment. The main fact about the present bill, the issue upon which the final vote will be taken, is that it *is* a revision of the tariff downward. The progressive Republicans have long been for this; their political lives are bound up with it. Now that it has come, can they afford to vote against it? Is not the issue exactly the same as it was in 1909—whether they are *for* the Payne-Aldrich Bill or *against* it? It is to be hoped some of the progressive Republicans will vote in favor of the bill; it is less desirable to have a bill pass the Senate by a narrow partisan majority of one or two. The trend of thought which is marked by the present tariff bill has come to stay. Those who are hurt by it will be more likely to accept it; the period of suspense will be shorter if the figures by which the bill is passed are substantial.

An Enlightened Position

FROM a speech of Senator William S. Kenyon of Iowa, a progressive Republican:

Mr. President, I have approached the debates upon this bill with an open mind, looking for light. The light, it is true, at times has been rather dim, but after the completion of the debate and after all the light has been shed upon it that is possible, I propose to be governed in my vote by the one test whether or not this bill is better for the hundred million people of this country than is the present tariff law.

The Tariff Commission

THIS took place during the examination of Lobbyist Mulhall:

"Why was the National Association of Manufacturers so deeply interested in a tariff commission?" inquired Senator Reed.

"The association hoped through this means to prevent a revision of the tariff law," replied Mulhall.

There is no doubt that, among much that was honest, some of the agitation for a tariff commission three years ago was based on the wish to postpone tariff reduction. With a tariff commission, the work of reduction could be spread over a series of years, a process that, of course, has much merit. Now that the Democrats have made some essential reductions, a tariff commission, or some body like it, can take up the work of necessary readjustments.

Intervention

IN THE matter of Mexico, President Wilson is following an extremely difficult and necessarily complex course. He is doing it in a very sure-footed way, and, if intervention can be avoided at all, President Wilson's course is well calculated to achieve that end. He is on the side of sound morals. However, if a venture be made into the field of prediction, even by those to whom any kind of intervention is repugnant, it is necessary to say that the pressure from many directions to compel or induce the United States to do something about Mexico is going to be increasingly powerful. Unhappily, much of this pressure comes from interested and mercenary sources, but that fact is not going to make resistance to intervention any easier.

Banking and Currency

THE probability now is that President Wilson will prevail in his wish that currency and banking legislation pass at the present session. This is best. If it were left over until the regular session, probably the whole of that session would be consumed with it, leaving to an indefinite future the pressing problem of trust legislation. There is a natural dividing line between the tariff and the currency bills on the one hand, and antitrust legislation on the other. It is best that the special session should begin with a clean, new program. The Republicans will resist the effort to pass a currency bill. Senator Lodge voiced their opposition:

Mr. President, many people feel that this is no time, in the heat of summer, with an exhausted Congress after a long tariff debate, to take up a banking and currency bill, which in my judgment is ten times as important in its effect on the business of the country as the tariff, grave as that is. They feel that it is not the time to take up such a bill and undertake to deal with it. It is not the time to reach decent legislation upon that subject.

We all know that the banking laws need reform and change. We are agreed on that. There are many points in the law that have been presented on which I think all men who have reflected on the subject are agreed. There are some others to which many people are utterly opposed, as they think they will be ruinous in their effect. We must have, we ought to have, a long and thorough debate.

After all, there isn't much to this except to say that Congress is tired and fretful.

The Farmer, too

FROM many sides come signs of a fundamentally changing point of view. These words were printed as an address of C. B. Kegley, master of the Washington State Grange, in the "Western Farmer" of Spokane, Wash.:

Make no mistake—we are face to face with the entire removal of the protective tariff from farm products. In my judgment, there is no scape from this conclusion, and the thing for us to do is to meet the issue fairly and squarely.

As a system, protection is doomed. If we, as farmers, stand for it, we shall lose our share, and the public believing that it has secured relief from the burden of living cost, will stop there, causing whatever of loss occurs to fall upon the farmer. Consequently the business-like course open is for the farmer to fight, not to continue the system, but to smash it! Fight, not to hold his own questionable benefits of tariff on grain and live stock and wool, but to strip the coat of privilege off from the back of every business engaged in supplying the necessaries of life. . . . The time to cure the whole diseased system has come and the proper medicine is the ax. . . . Let us stand steadfast to this and appeal to farmers everywhere to join with us and wipe every tariff privilege off the statute books now and forever.

If this is correct, a good many Senators have been wasting time at Washington in their defense of protection for the embattled farmer.

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Another Sermon on the Mount

THE summer week-end exodus of motorists to out places in the country caused the church attendance in Cheyenne, Wyo., to dwindle so appreciably that the ministers decided it would be worth while to carry a Sunday service to the motorists. Sherman Mountain was selected as the auditorium, and the Rev. Leon C. Hills preached the sermon. More than 100 cars conveyed the churchgoers to the base of the mountain.

A Matter of Clay or Dust

A CARTOONIST, who long has delighted to picture New York's Governor as a caricature of Henry Clay, sees the Legislature's impeachment proceedings against Mr. Sulzer as a demonstration by Tammany of how clay may be reduced to dust. Another description of the situation is that given by some of the Governor's friends in the sentiment that accompanied a floral horseshoe which the Governor received the day the Legislature passed the impeachment resolution.

Homesteading by Motorcycle

AFTER an attempt to grow trees on 10,000 acres of Government land in Hamilton County, Kansas, proved a failure, the Land Office opened the tract this month to homesteaders, a few of whom modernized homesteading by speeding to their claims on motorcycles.



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The Remedy for the Present Wave of Indecent Dressing

By EDWARD BOK



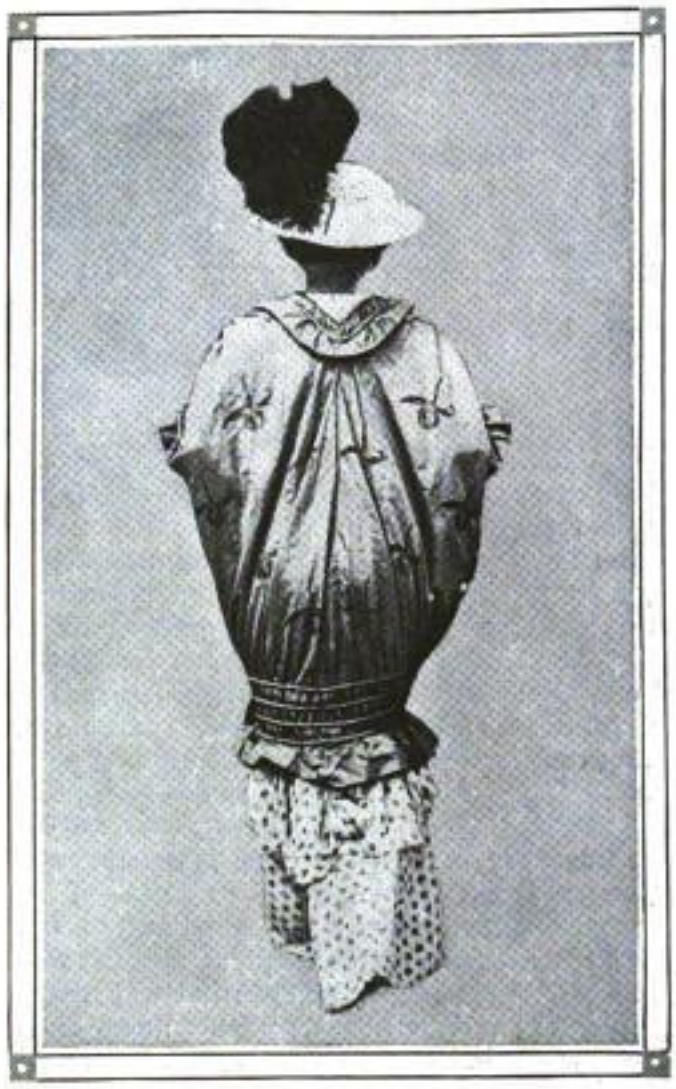
A Fifth Avenue dressmaker's model in a modish Parisian slashed skirt. She went walking in it and was so fashionable that she almost felt ashamed



"Diaphanous" or "X-ray" skirts are particularly startling when worn in the sunshine. Our illustration of the point is a snapshot from Auteuil



Another example of the sort of fashion which the American woman will be asked to adopt at balls and social affairs this winter



In the way of coats, this one from Longchamps, in a design which makes the human form resemble a peg, is described as "characteristically French"

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the present indecent styles in women's dress, or the impenetrable enigma of their adoption by even a portion of our heedless American women, we know where they come from, and in view of that fact the remedy lies in the hands of every decent American woman.

During the past five years in particular the Paris dressmakers have, step by step, shown the steady degeneration of their waning art in the so-called "Paris styles" which they have sent over here. Each year the tendency to lower the standards has become more strongly marked. But it must be said to the credit of the French gentlewoman that these "styles" are neither indorsed nor worn by her. She scorns them with contempt. They are the creations of the disordered minds of French dressmakers who have lost all sense of art and decency, have become pure commercialists, and who, laughing in their sleeves at the American women, are, as one of the greatest of them recently said, seeing how far they can go "in making damn fools of the American women." No Frenchwoman of the slightest refinement wears these "styles": they are the hall mark of the women of the French underworld that frequent the Paris boulevards and the French race courses. As Mme. Sarah Bernhardt said upon her last visit to America, it was a perfect amazement to her to see apparently decent American women dressed like the demimonde of Paris.

Nor is this a matter of my own or any personal opinion: it is an incontrovertible fact known and acknowledged by every American buyer who goes to Paris and everyone conversant with the French fashion situation. It is known to every woman of the underworld in America. As one of these recently said: "Here are a lot of girls and women who draw aside their skirts when they meet us, and yet are dressed exactly like us." A walk along Fifth Avenue verifies this statement—that two classes of girls are to-day dressing exactly alike. A social service worker only a few days ago said that more decent girls had been approached during the last year by men in the streets of New York, under a misapprehension as to their standing, than ever before in her recollection.

No matter how we may blame the unthinking American girl in donning the uniform of her sister of the underworld, or her careless mother in her criminal negligence in permitting her daughter to do so (or, what is sadder still, dressing herself in these styles), the right point of attack is at the source of supply. The Paris dressmaker has become a degenerate, and as such it is time that every decent American woman should leave his designs unbought. Thousands of clean-minded and clear-thinking American women are already doing this, and the steady trend toward American fashions for American women, and the wonderfully rapid spread of the idea throughout the country, are the first awakenings of American womanhood to the right thing to do. Nor is this trend confined to the American woman. The rebuke being administered to Paris, which particularly this summer her dressmakers have felt in a marked falling off in trade, is world-wide. In Milan the dressmakers are united in a campaign for Italian fashions for Italian women; Spain is standing for Spanish fashions for Spanish women; in Berlin a dressmakers' union has established a school for German fashions for German women; the women of the Netherlands have absolutely refused to buy "Paris styles" for over a year, and now comes London in registering an emphatic disapproval of the Paris modes.

In the absolute loss of its once superb art in dress designing, Paris is on the wane, and no one realizes it more clearly than do her own couturiers. So alarmed are these dressmakers over the tide of revolt in America that three of their leaders came over here during the past year "to see what was the matter." The present outburst of indecent dressing from Paris is the last gasp of a vanishing art. Paris, as a fashion center, faces the setting sun.

And never was the time more propitious for the rising of the sun in America in a firm and complete establishment of American fashions for American women. To say that we cannot design our own women's clothes is idle talk. We can. We are rapidly accumulating the historical works in our libraries and the paintings in our galleries to furnish us with the basis for study the same as did the Paris designers of old. And what we have not here, we can send our designers to the Cluny Museum in Paris and to the great art galleries of the world and secure. No race is more acknowledgedly skillful in the art of adaptation than are the Americans, and it is the exercise of this art that is called for in dress designing, since all modern costume

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

"The Great Adventure"

POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS have, from the beginnings of literature, written courageously and nobly of death. Typically their attitude has been one either of sublime and tragic resignation or of self-conscious and exultant defiance: "O death, where is thy sting?" It has remained for a modern author to deal with the darkness ahead in a spirit of pure, joyous curiosity. "The Great Adventure," LOUISE POND JEWELL calls her little book. It is the life story of one vitally, vividly, expectantly concerned with death as a Great Adventure, the greatest of all possible adventures, the illimitably interesting continuance of this existence,

> another golden chamber . . .
> Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

The tale is of the simplest; the fictional biography—not wholly imaginary, one may be permitted to guess—of a girl and woman "who cherished so loyally and wore so gallantly the rags and tatters of life that had been her portion," and, at the end, went out with the plumes of her spirit all aflaunt in the wind which wafted her over the dark river. Not a religious book, in the ordinary and rather damaging sense of the word, but one all aflame with faith and the valorous virtues. In a love song so fine that modern hymnologists have appropriated part of it to the uses of worship, HORACE sings:

> He who his life hath held in fee
> To wisdom and high purity
> Need fear no shaft from out the dark,
> No shipwreck for his spirit bark. . . .

"Integer vitæ," indeed, was Mrs. JEWELL's heroine. With every potentiality of tragedy, there is, in the slender volume about her, no single note of melancholy. Gayety and a blithe and tender humor are its special qualities. The lover of life may find in its pages zest and inspiration; he who fears death, a solace and a bulwark; and the believer in the religion of CHRIST as a living verity, a profound realization of His teachings. A book to be read, to be treasured, and to be handed on.

Simple Loyalty

ONE DOES NOT NEED to be a New Yorker to draw inspiration from the letter in which GEORGE MCANENY, one of the candidates for the fusion mayoralty nomination, accepts a nomination for a lesser post. JOHN PURROY MITCHEL is the reformers' choice for Mayor—partly, no doubt, because he is a Democrat in a city normally Democratic. Nominated for the presidency of the Board of Aldermen, a subordinate position, Mr. MCANENY has this to say:

> There is but one thing to do. The duty is laid upon me, as it is upon any man who has a chance to help, to help with all my might.
>
> The great thing is to preserve the ground that we have won, to keep on building upon it, and to make honest and efficient government in New York City as nearly a permanent institution as we can. I don't believe that any man who has it within his power to contribute in any way toward the success of an anti-Tammany campaign at such a moment can fail to give all that he has, either of strength or of ability, toward that end. And, I might add, the strength of no man alone can win this fight. The ticket proposed would bring together a union that ought to prove irresistible. I am more than willing to do my share.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN, the District Attorney who, more than any other individual, is responsible for exposing New York's police corruption and sending uniformed lawbreakers to jail, was another candidate for Mayor. Some of his friends in the Republican organization wanted him to run independently after the fusionists preferred Mr. MITCHEL's name to his; and many of his friends, of both parties, regarded him as the man who would poll more votes than anyone else likely to run on any ticket. But, having been nominated by the fusionists to succeed himself as District Attorney, Mr. WHITMAN follows the example of MCANENY in loyally accepting. It is easy to call the action of these New Yorkers in subordinating personal ambition and disappointed pride to their sense of duty a mere living up to their pretentions as good citizens. But it is a rare thing, this living up to one's duty in the face of good excuses!

A Plain Case

SAN FRANCISCO needs a new water supply. The city has outgrown the present supply. Water is hauled in barrels and wagons. Many homes are without sufficient water for bathing. In the new and growing portions of the city it is necessary to leave a spigot turned on at night in order to procure water for the morning meal. These facts are admitted. To cure this the city has a bill before the present special session of Congress authorizing it to use the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a reservoir. The subject is not a new one. It has been up in Congress before, and has been fully thrashed out. San Francisco has waited patiently. The time is ripe for decision. All the light that can be turned on the subject has been turned on. The only objection to San Francisco's project is that the Hetch Hetchy Valley is one of California's scenic attractions, and the United States Government has reserved it as a pleasure ground. But the proposed reservoir will not destroy the beauty of Hetch Hetchy—the worst that can be said is that it will detract in some respects and add to its beauty in others. California can safely be trusted not to destroy any of its own scenic wonders. The people of San Francisco are perhaps as much interested in maintaining the beauty of Hetch Hetchy as any section of the country; but they ought not to parch in the presence of plenty. The present project has the sanction of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, the head of the Reclamation Service, the head of the Geological Service, the head of the Forest Service, three army engineers, eleven members of Congress from California, and the two United States Senators from that State, as well as the support of so pronounced a conservationist as GIFFORD PINCHOT. The opposition is confined to a small coterie of nature lovers, many of whom are undoubtedly sincere. If San Francisco can secure the use of Hetch Hetchy, the way is clear for its future course, even though the final completion of the work may take years. If it cannot get Hetch Hetchy, a deplorable situation will be prolonged at a time when every well-wisher of public pluck is desirous of lightening the burdens of San Francisco. The good people who are arguing for scenery in this case may not belong in what Mr. ROOSEVELT called "the lunatic fringe," which occupies the outer advance of many reforms, but they do belong to the group of extremists which discredits many good movements in the eyes of sensible people.

"Speech! Speech!"

THOSE ALL-WISE Eastern conservatives who have been quick to ridicule the progressive States of the West every time a dispatch mentioned the word "recall" are herewith requested to take the floor. Point out to us, please, the superiority of impeachment—the time-honored method now in operation in New York. Some of the same Standpatters who loudly guffawed at San Francisco for spending $30,000 to recall a police judge are cordially invited to estimate how much the rumpus at Albany is costing the State each day in time and money and general disorganization of public business. Much breath and ink has been wasted insulting the common sense of the average American by warning him that he isn't fitted to exercise the recall with intelligence. But why is Boss MURPHY, speaking through his squad of trained legislators, to be regarded as any better qualified to cast an unbiased vote on a question of removing New York's Governor than the citizens who voted that official into office?

Sir Edward Grey and Achilles

ENGLAND, we learn, may reconsider her decision not to be represented in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. We decline to dwell on the reasons for the decision or the reasons for the change. We can only add that even for ACHILLES was it unbecoming to sulk within the tent, and Sir EDWARD GREY would ill serve his country or his own solid fame in emulation of ACHILLES.

Life or Death?

CANCER is the most justly dreaded of diseases. Strangely enough, in spite of its alarming increase and the universal terror which it inspires, less purposeful consideration has hitherto been given to it than to any other important problem of public health. The general ignorance of the subject is appalling when one considers that out of every ten middle-aged Americans one dies by its slow and agonizing doom; doubly appalling in the light of the known fact that a large proportion of the victims could be saved, either by preventive or curative measures, if they but knew how. The American Society for the Control of Cancer has recently been organized by a number of public-spirited men and women, with the main purpose of popular education on this vital topic. The public is to be taught three fundamental truths: First, that cancer is in the majority of cases curable *if taken in the early stages;* second, that, quacks and mistaken enthusiasts to the contrary notwithstanding, the knife is the only known cure; and

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a corollary to these two propositions, third, that prompt diagnosis d immediate recourse to a skillful surgeon on the first suspicion of ncer means a highly probable saving of life, whereas neglect means evitable death. "Ah," says Cynicus, "another scheme of the surgeons extract fat fees." The Baltimore "News," in a convincing editorial, futes this oft-repeated superstition:

> As for the allegation, sure to be made by the rogues and vagabonds of medise, that the surgeons undertake this campaign for their own profit, it is scarcely orth serious answer. If you have cancer, you may be sure they will get you, soon late. After you have been tortured by caustics a dreadful space, you will land on the operating table at last, and the fee you pay will not be the less because e labor you demand is the more. No; the surgeons will not be in pocket by is campaign. All they will get out of it will be the satisfaction of doing better ork and of saving more human lives.

or the laborious work of investigation and tabulation, of circulating lucational matter and of general propaganda, the society needs funds. hecks may be sent to HOWARD BAYNE, treasurer, 60 Broadway, New ork City. No other movement for the public weal deserves more hearty pport. In this cause your dollar may well mean the difference beveen life and death to sufferers of whom you have never even heard.

ustice

A NEGRO, WILLIAM REDDING, spent some time and money in a "blind tiger" in the town where he sometimes worked—Americus, a. He left the place intoxicated. REDDING was soon involved in a narrel with other negroes, and, when the smoke cleared, the list of jured was as follows:

> Chief of Police WILLIAM C. BARROW, fatally wounded
> DANIEL SALLINGS, colored, fatally wounded.
> MORRIS ALLEN, colored, shot in the arm.
> Unidentified negro, scalp wounds.

EDDING himself received several pistol shots, and was later hanged v a mob. When the first rope by which he was strung up broke, a econd was brought into play. We take these facts from an Atlanta ewspaper; they speak for themselves. The newspaper was sent to us y a Southerner born and bred, a journalist. Says our correspondent:

> It occurs to me in the sickening horror of such cases that the mob fails to get he right man. Instead of the negro, with his wits stolen away and his mild ature brutalized by the poison, it should have been the man who sold him the blind-tiger" whisky who paid the price. The reporter on this story missed the eat in it: the brand of liquor sold to the lynched negro; the distiller of the uff; the man who illegally sold it.

nother Southern reader adds more to the same purport. When his ellow citizens hang, shoot, or burn, he writes:

> They should also send a posse up to Louisville to lynch the manufacturer of nigger gin," whose villainous product and libidinous literature robbed the poor lack of reason. It would not take more than one or two such lynchings to make he commercializing of the Southern negro's passions decidedly unpopular.

his second suggestion is not offered by COLLIER'S correspondent as practical program. The abolition of lynching, not its extension, is ur desire. Yet so far as justice goes, there would be more of it in anging the manufacturer of bottled crime than ever there was in torturing his ignorant victims. Society is an organization of men and omen to further the best interests of the mass. How long will society tand for the stimulation of rape and murder for money?

Outside and Inside

EDITORS assert as a theory that there is a peculiarly malicious imp of mischance who presides over the "make-up" of newspapers, nd adjusts printed matter in the most unhappy juxtapositions. Doubtess that evil genius is responsible for the obverse and reverse of a clipping from the "American Tribune" of Newark, Ohio, recently mailed to his office. On the outside appears this glib claim:

> RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS
>
> No objectionable advertisements of any kind are admitted for publication in he "American Tribune." We believe that every advertisement in the "American Tribune" is trustworthy. In dealing with advertisers our readers may be confident that they will be fairly and squarely treated in every case. We shall be glad to have readers report any experience to the contrary.

On the inside is an advertisement headed "Tricks Doctor to Save Him," which recounts how a physician (unnamed) was cured of Bright's disease by a nostrum, Fulton's Renal Compound, secretly administered by a friend. Bright's disease is incurable by any medicine. Fulton's Renal Compound is a notorious fake. Yet the editor of the "American Tribune," with his smug asseverations of virtue, accepts money for the dissemination of its claims. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" wrote an author not wholly unread to-day; "for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." At least two of the characterizations in this passage seem to fit, with peculiar applicability, the scribe of the "American Tribune." The outside of his journalistic cup is in marked contrast to the inside. Also his implied opinion of his readers, as too stupid or too careless to penetrate his hypocrisy, is a dangerous theory nowadays. The American newspaper subscriber is learning how to read both sides of his paper.

Illiteracy

STATISTICS are not always dull. Wilkes County, North Carolina, reports that illiteracy has decreased from 13 per cent in 1900 to 2 per cent in 1912. The educators responsible for a betterment like that in Wilkes County are making history as truly as any of their ancestors did who fought for North or South in the Civil War.

The Wild West

WHEN WE WERE MUCH YOUNGER the Wild West gave us our most delicious goose flesh. African and Arctic adventure charmed our imagination, "Marco Polo" made a wonderful Sunday book, but it was our own American pioneers, the mountain men who toiled with ax and battled with rifle to carry the East into the West, these and the Indians they fought with, who were our heroes. When we played outdoors we played Indians, and invented dramas of border life in the patch of woods just off the old post road which parallels the railway line. WILLIAM F. CODY—"Buffalo Bill"—was meanwhile evolving a more elaborate pageant of border life, staging in his big tents not the aborigines alone, but cowboys, stage-coach holdups, and all the rest of it. And now, after prospering for years—decades, even—after addressing its appeal to the young and old of this nation and all the other nations, too, the Buffalo Bill show has failed. A change has come over us. Newer triumphs have obscured the triumph of the pioneers over wild nature. Small boys read less, and probably dream not at all, of the old contest between redskin and paleface. They find FENIMORE COOPER dull. They are absorbed by baseball, by mechanical toys like the motor cycle, the motor boat, the motor car, the aeroplane; but they lack the historical imagination. We are sorry; and so, no doubt, is Buffalo Bill.

A Neglected Art

ALL OF US have striven to be many kinds of good citizen that we never became. The most matter-of-fact man in town likely as not has tried his hand at verse making, or taken lessons on the mandolin, or furtively attempted an oration with pebbles in his mouth. This, of course, is as it should be, since it is the method of discovering true talent as well as the lack of it. But, for all our industry, not a few of us have missed things we might have done well. How many of the daughters of men, who will faithfully practice singing with throats never meant for song, could become an everlasting joy to their friends if they would apply themselves with half the zeal to the art of reading aloud? A lamentable constraint seizes upon many otherwise gracious persons when they undertake to do this simple thing. The Fifth Reader was the last fair practice they had. We may have a hopeless time emulating the charm and wit the acquaintances of STEVENSON, for example, admired in his conversation, but we can reflect a little of them, on occasion, in reading sympathetically from his books. A sick room, evenings at home, even lovers' meetings, may be enriched and enlivened by wise exercise of the accomplishment.

A Wish of the Grown-up

IF WE COULD BUT RECOVER the naïveté of children (that first-hand way of seeing persons as if they had sprung up out of the ground and were standing like fresh flowers to be looked upon with wonder), and if we could have again those simple words with which children tell their thoughts, the concrete words, making a picture, revealing motion and emotion—no words like "function," "social consciousness," none of the phrases with which we hide our vagueness: "The man jumped up"; "I told you so"; "My dolly's dress is torn"; "JENNIE had a nosebleed, and she cried and cried"! His fate would be happy, the writer's, who could keep that vivid simplicity, the noun that described a person or a thing, and not a state of mind, and then could use it on the larger world, more richly peopled, of his older days.

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"The Proper Study of Mankind—"

As a warning not to take Pope's epigram in too narrow a sense, the gallery includes her Honor from Colorado



Judge Tague of Redcliff

MRS. LYDIA BERKELEY TAGUE has two distinctions of which she is pardonably proud. She is accredited the best bread baker in Redcliff, Colo., and is the only woman in the country to hold the post of county judge.



A Record Dash around the World

By steamers and trains, tugs and yachts and a hydroaeroplane, John Henry Mears, starting from the office of the New York Evening Sun, July 2, circled the globe in the record time of 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes. Our flashlight photograph was taken just as the race ended



Among Japanese actors of the old school it is yet the custom to have men play all the parts. This young man is "made up" for the role of a mourning widow



If John Purroy Mitchel, who at 34 is Fusion's candidate for Mayor of New York, takes Tammany's scalp, he will be acclaimed mighty among tiger hunters



A Cup Brimming with Yellowbacks

BASEBALL fans of the District of Columbia celebrated the sixth anniversary of Walter Johnson's appearance with the Washington club by presenting to the star pitcher a $500 loving cup filled to the brim with $650 worth of $10 bills. He then proceeded to pitch his twenty-fifth victory of the season. He had lost only five games in the year.



From Seattle to Alaska by Canoe

FOR seven weeks Arthur Simpson and Forrest Clark of the San Diego Yacht Club paddled a canvas-covered seagoing canoe along the Pacific Coast northward from Seattle. When the trip ended they had traveled 1,300 miles and were in Skagway, Alaska. The canoe was an Indian model, 18 feet long, and constructed with a high protected deck, much like that of an Eskimo kayak, to protect the crew from breaking seas. The weight of the equipment was approximately 200 pounds. The canoe itself weighed 75 pounds, and the passengers 300.



Blooded Racers on a Cinder Track

TWO of the sprinters in this snapshot are German princes and three are plain military men. The picture was taken at the annual field day of the First Regiment of Infantry Guards. Prince Sigismund is third from the left. Prince Frederick Karl is at the extreme right.

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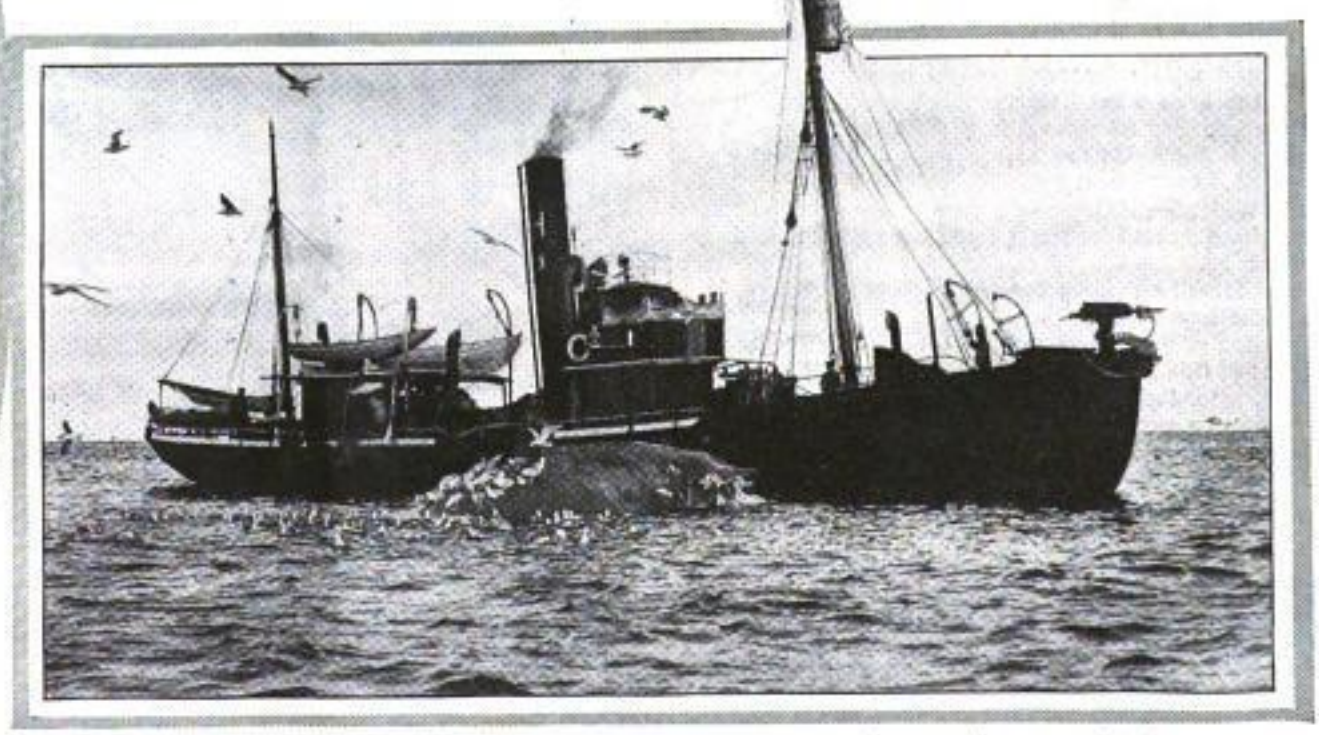


Modernizing One of the Oldest Trades of the Sea

THE industry of whaling is at least 1,000 years old, but that the quality of picturesqueness has not yet departed from it is evident in the accompanying snapshots collected on a recent whaling voyage in the North Atlantic. The upper picture, of petrels following the ship for shreds of whale, probably shows as many of Mother Carey's chickens and as wonderful a sunset as the pioneers of the trade ever beheld four centuries before Columbus. The other photographs, descriptive rather than picturesque, show a good type of modern steam whaler in action.

Cutting off a tail to facilitate in towing





Whaler towing a giant sperm whale. The harpoon gun, ready to fire, shows in silhouette at the bow. At the left: A closer view of the harpoon gun. The harpoon itself weighs more than 100 pounds

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A figure leaned there, a grim figure, bearded, streaked with red. It stood propped feebly against the jamb, slack armed. But one wrist was flexed

A Daniel Come to Judgment

By John Edward Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

SOMEBODY grabbed him by the arm and pointed.

"There's the scab's got your machine, Dan!"

Dan Garth stood tiptoe, following the line of the outthrust finger with a swift glance. His swart, hard face gave no sign of the leaping wave of exultation within him as his avid eyes picked out the man.

Quietly he edged through the hooting, elbowing crowd, which seethed like turbulent waters against the blue-uniformed barrier about the factory and the marshaled strike breakers. Once free of the throng, he headed downtown against a nippy, raw wind with a gray hint of snow behind it.

He knew that man, that scab, and his veins sang with the knowledge. Police escorts and the calculated doubling and twisting by which these rats crept to their secret holes at night need no longer baffle him. One rat he could trace without trailing; one scab he could run to earth blindfold—by grim chance the very scab to whom he owed the bitterest grudge.

Meanwhile he must have food. He jammed his fists deep into his pockets and held his way with the lithe, muscled swing that days of semistarvation had not quite slackened. In one fist lay a single coin, a scant loan from a more fortunate comrade, the potential half of a meal.

HE SLID furtively into the alley back of a newspaper office. It was enemy's country. Circulation managers had learned that strikers were selling papers, running the streets for pennies, and they refused stock to grown men.

From behind a truck he enviously watched the hustling newsboys, favored youngsters hurrying from the rear doors with bundles of evening editions under their arms. He kicked the truck wheels for warmth and awaited the chance that might aid him. His head was singing with weakness. He must have money—enough for one more hot meal.

A small boy limped past, whistling, headed toward those rear doors. Garth hailed.

The boy paused and turned a drawn but fearless little face. He was a very small boy. His garments flapped with summery freedom upon his tiny person in the keen wind. Garth noted why he had limped. His left foot was cased in a thick, misshapen shoe—a club foot. He cocked a cheerfully skeptical eye at Garth. Garth held out the coin.

"Will y'—get me some papers, sonny?" he asked, hesitantly; and instantly felt shamed in his eagerness that he, the big, deep-chested, strong-bodied man, should so hang upon the good will of a pygmy.

The boy took in the situation with the sharp perception of gaminhood; divined, too, the utter helplessness of this adult suppliant. His pinched lips widened in a grin, the satiric grin of premature poise.

"Pretty rough times out at the works, eh?" he inquired, with confident familiarity.

Garth nodded. He was no hand with children.

"Ain't begged to git yer job back, have y'?"

"No," said Garth.

"Some of 'm did—'n' got it in the neck," said the boy. "Served 'm right."

Again Garth nodded. The boy considered him further.

"Will you get me a bundle?" repeated Garth.

"They passed the word," answered the boy, nodding toward the newspaper office. "No more big guys c'n git to handle papes."

Garth's outstretched hand fell to his side.

* * *

"Besides," added the youngster, with a note of truculence, "when you big stiffs knock the trade, where do we reg'ler guys come in?"

Garth thrust his fist back into his pocket with a shrug and turned away.

"Hol' on." The boy took a limping step after him. Garth waited.

"Can't ye do nothin' to raise some grub?"

"No."

The youngster enjoyed his moment of power to the full, and then, in a quick transition, a smile of perfect friendliness curved his little mouth.

"Shell out, bo," he commanded, with a patronizing nod. "I'll see what I c'n do for y'."

He took the coin and disappeared into the circulation room, to dart out again presently carrying a thin sheaf of papers.

Garth started forward, but was checked by a strange contortion of the small Samaritan's face, a wink of vast cunning. Garth followed. The boy awaited him in a sheltered doorway.

"For cripes sake, ain't ye got no sense?" he demanded, severely. "If them guys seen me pass them papes to ye, they wouldn't gimme no more."

He peeped out into the street with the air of a conspirator and smuggled the papers hastily into Garth's hands.



The big strong man with the dark sullen face, with murder but now in his veins, fell upon his knees at the side of the cot

"Here—now ye're fixed," he observed, with satisfaction. "Now rustle 'm. Say—where y' goin' to work?"

"I thought—the railway station," answered Garth, submitting the suggestion with a full sense of inferiority.

The youngster considered with downdrawn lip.

"Well, y' might do worse," he admitted. "Hop to it. And say, bo. Don't fergit t' talk it up, see? That's the trouble wi' ye big stiffs. Y' ain't no good on th' yell."

Garth took his way soberly to the station and began to offer his wares. Customers were scarce at this hour. Had they been plentiful they would hardly have competed to drip coppers into the hand of this stalwart, sullen-faced newsboy. Folk with a cent to spend for two cents' worth of paper and twenty pages of reading matter like to feel that the payment is dedicated in some part to the hallowed cause of charity.

Dan Garth was not a cripple, a dwarf, nor an infant. He exhibited no malformations. He offered no claim upon the sympathy of the passer-by. And he was a sad failure at "talking it."

"'Evening Star,'" he croaked hoarsely a few times. And gave it up, standing mute and flushed.

Rebellion surged within him. He was a man. His muscles were full and vigorous, his blood was rich and sweet, his eye keen, his brain swift, all to one end—that he might perform the work that was his mission and his right. In his fingers was the delicate touch of a duchess, in his arm dwelt the force of a steam hammer. Trained, perfected, and—useless, waiting like a beggar for the coppers of the charitable.

HIS eyes grew moist, not with self-pity but with pure rage. His purpose took new impetus.

Some one should pay for this. There was the man who had taken his place, who had driven him to scramble for pennies with children. There was the scab.

If only he could get that bit of money! The deathly weakness of starvation was close upon him now. He must get it.

"'Evening Star,'" he growled again, and so far prevailed upon a countryman awaiting his train as to sell a paper.

Toward the rush hour crowds of homegoers began to swarm through the gates. But Garth was too maladroit to profit. The stream passed him by and he came at last to meet the miserable fact that he had lost even his trifling stake. He owned four coppers—and a sheaf of unsold papers. His plunge had brought disaster. He had been a fool. Starvation waited; and his mind went sliding into desperate channels.

There was a touch on his arm.

"Well, cull, how goes?" piped a small voice.

Garth looked down dazedly, snatched from dark brooding. It was the boy, the clubfoot. He was carrying an armful of papers.

"Cripes!" he exclaimed, gauging Garth's bundle with expert eyes. "Couldn't ye do no better'n that? Y' ain't sold hardly none!"

"No," said Garth, dully.

A sudden spurt of lofty scorn exalted the small master.

"Here!" He dropped his own papers against the wall and with a deft sweep gathered Garth's bundle to himself. "You can't do nothin'. Never see such a stiff. Watch me!"

Straightway he plunged into the crowd, raising a shrill battle cry. Garth watched, half irritated, half fascinated. The tiny merchant seemed possessed of an uncanny and tireless vitality. He was here and there, his voice and you and back again in a breath, managing the pitifully deformed foot as nimbly as the sound one. He wiggled in and out of the throng like an eel, waving a sheet under every nose, saluting every ear with his challenge, spotting three customers while he made change for one, bestowing smiles from abstracted brokers and tired clerks with his dexterity and his impudent clamor. When he returned the last of Garth's papers had been sold.

"But hold on," objected Garth, stammering, as the sales agent counted him the receipts with grimy meticulous hand. "How about yourself, sonny?"

"Fergit it," was the flippant response. "Y' ain't got no job, have y', ye big stiff? G'wan and feed your face. Ye need it."

Garth stood awkwardly by while the youngster gathered up his own bundle. The boy's mood was disconcerting.

"Can't I—help you?" he asked.

"Help me!" The answer was a jibe. "You'd be a lot—I don't t'ink."

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Garth still tried awkwardly to arrange the bundle.

"G'wan," said the youngster, ending him. "Beat it now. I got to work these editions off before th' rush quits."

And shifting his pose of cynical efficiency for another upward grin of friendly good humor, he plunged once more into the fray, hopping briskly on his twisted foot.

It occurred to Garth that he had not even thanked this diminutive benefactor. He would have followed the lad to say something, he knew not what—some rough word of what it meant to him. In sober truth, he was near to owing his life to the boy. But he was no hand with children. He hesitated a moment, then left the station and headed for Coffee John's.

IT WAS dark when he slouched out of the greasy little restaurant, filled to repletion, warmed, strengthened, and nerved to his task. He knew where to go. He knew exactly where to find his rat.

A week before, wandering aimlessly in the outskirts of the town to kill an hour before union meeting, he had jostled a man who came hurrying around a corner with a froth-topped pail of beer. The stranger had cursed him fluently before turning in at a rickety garden gate. By the arc light Garth had noted a dark, scowling face with dusty brown beard, a square, heavy-set frame, and shoulders like a rocking beam.

It was this man who had been pointed out to him among the strike breakers—the man who stood at his machine on scab's pay.

He found the garden gate and the little lopsided, one-story shack behind. Catfooted, he glided through the dark to the rear. The back door was ajar. Light showed from within. His hand slid into his coat pocket. When he brought it out again the fist was ribbed with a narrow, scalloped bit of brass.

Garth was without fear, without compunction, in what he meant to do. All his way of thought, all his mode of feeling, all the social training of his life had tended to one fixed belief, that the enemies of banded workers were vermin, not men, to be dealt with as prowling, noxious things of prey. He barred them from his scheme of right and wrong. It was no crime to kill a scab. A householder may slay a burglar who comes to steal his substance. The scab came to steal the bread of life from such as Garth.

AND to this scab, whom he meant to "get," he pinned his whole grievance. Here was the definite personification of the ruthless system that robbed him of his rightful work, drove him into the street, starved him, flouted him, humbled his manhood, and sent him to grovel for pennies.

Garth stood on the threshold in the shadow of the half-opened door. He looked within. The room was a kitchen, small and bare, dimly lighted from a whistling gas jet. At a rusty stove in the far corner a big bearded man whirled a smoking skillet that sang to the crackle of fat. His back was turned. He was alone.

Garth gave the door a heavy thrust and strode forward. Garth meant killing, not fighting. He had come to deal with a rat, not a man. But even so, he could not strike unawares or from behind.

The bearded man whirled at the crash, staring with startled eyes. Garth paused before him, face aflame, body tensed and eager.

"I got you—ye-damn scab!" he rasped, hoarsely.

Swift as thought the hot skillet was swept from the stove and smashed against the side of his head. He reeled, half stunned, shrinking as the boiling



"For cripes sake, ain't ye got no sense?" he demanded, severely. "If them guys seen me pass them papes to ye, they wouldn't gimme no more"

grease bit into neck and shoulder. Then, with a brute roar of fury, he leaped from bent knees, lashing back with a frenzied swing of his right arm. The brass knuckles cut the strike breaker across the temple with the crunching force of the fist full behind it and he went down by the stove like a stricken tree, arms asprawl.

Half mad with pain and battle, Garth crouched over the fallen man, ready at a move to repeat the blow. But the body quivered and lay still. Breathing deep, glutted with vengeance, Garth snatched a towel from the sink and sopped the grease from his coat, still glaring down at his victim. Then, taking thought of his own safety, he turned out the gas and put away his brass knuckles.

The front of the house was faintly lighted. He stepped over the body to the connecting door and looked through. It was a living room, scantily furnished, with two cots, a crazy chair, garments on pegs.

He was still standing there, undecided whether to return the way he had come or to leave boldly by the street when a latch clicked sharply somewhere. He started, peering through the gloom before and behind.

"Hello!" chirped a voice.

It caught Garth tensed for a backward leap and held him transfixed. By the head of light in the front room he made out a small figure just within the entrance.

"Hello—you." The figure advanced with scraping step. "Well, jiminy if it ain't the big stiff. What 'cher doin' here?"

GARTH stood in the doorway, paralyzed, staring. It was the boy! The clubfoot!

"Come t' see the old man?" asked the urchin.

A sound rose in Garth's throat—a strange sound. The boy shoved the chair to the wall beneath the gas jet. Climbing, he turned the light to a full flare.

"Y' say y' come t' see the old man?" He got to the floor again and approached Garth confidently, tossing his cap to a cot.

Garth moved so as to fill the doorway between the rooms with his bulk, staring down stupidly at the smiling little face.

"Old man?" he repeated, hoarsely. "You mean—your old man?"

"Sure, he's my old man. This is where we hang out. Didn't y' come t' see him?"

"Is—is he a big man—with a beard?"

"Sure, that's him."

"Your father?"

"Yep. Say—what's bitin' y' anyhow?"

Garth caught the jamb of the door with a spasmodic grip. Whatever came, the boy must not enter the kitchen, must not—must not! He passed a shaking hand over his face.

"Oo—gee!" exclaimed the youngster suddenly. "Look—et! Oo look—et! Y' cut y'self?"

He pointed with eager finger at the man's hand.

Garth held it before him, blanching. Across the back of that hand ran a smudge of bright crimson, the mark of new, warm blood. But the blood came from no wound upon his body. (Continued on page 31)

The Doings of the Cynic

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

"HEY, Butterfield!" called Captain Ashton.

"Yessir!" replied that worthy from the end of the hall.

"Yuh busy?"

"Won't be in a minnit, Cap."

"Aw rl'; hurry up then."

Butterfield hastened his footsteps a trifle, knocked discreetly at a door, was bidden in, and entered. He presently emerged and shuffled up to his superior officer, his soiled side towel flung negligently over one shoulder and his empty tray dangling from one hand. "Yessir?"

"Are them people apt to ring again?" inquired Ashton, getting out of his chair.

"Nope. He's tellin' her the story of his wicked past, an' judgin' from the other times I've heard 'im tell it to other girls, he'll be too busy to order again for a hour," quoth Butterfield.

"All right. Watch the board fer me fer a while, will you, Butterchips? I'm goin' in to No. 17. Tip me the wink if the old man comes smellin' around, will you?"

"Sure, Cap," agreed Butterfield, sinking into the Captain's chair just outside the cashier's window and leaning his head back against the wall. Ashton left to spend a pleasant half hour with his friends in No. 17, leaving Butterfield to attend to his work, and, if need be, keep him from losing his job in case it should be discovered that he had deserted his post.

Butterfield slipped his hands into his pockets and stared idly down the hall. A sound of subdued weeping behind him made him lift his head and listen, and then he slid quietly out of his chair and peered in at the cashier's window.

Miss Mercier sat before a sheet of figures, a heap of blue-penciled checks beside her, crying.

Butterfield's red-lidded eyes rested upon the meal checks and the sheet of figures. His flabby, yellow face took on a grim expression, he licked his thin lips, hesitated, and finally spoke. "How much you short, kid?"

THE girl sat up with a start. "How do you know I'm short?" she demanded, dabbing away at her tear-stained face with a grimy handkerchief.

The waiter grinned. "Say, kid, I'm too old a bird not to know the signs." He reached in and picked up the sheet before she could prevent it.

"Humph, your checks call fer $72.90, an' you got to turn in $75 in change, an' all you got is $142.90. You're $5 behind—$5 even. Am I right?"

"Yes," murmured Miss Mercier dolefully.

"Who got the $5?"

"I—I—don't know," she answered slowly.

"But you got a hunch?" Butterfield read it in her face.

"Well, er—er, I don't know where it could have gone to unless—I—accidentally gave somebody $5 too much or somebody gave me $5 too little."

"Accident'ly!" sniffed Butterfield—"accident'ly is good. Come on now, kid, if you got any idea who copped that coin on you, lemme know an' I'm the ruffian that'll git it away from 'im." Miss Mercier bit her lips to keep from voicing a suspicion and said, finally, that she had no idea at all who could have cheated her.

"Well," yawned Butterfield, "I give myself one guess who's got it—it's old Lorraine. I heard him givin' you the rush act to-night an' I seen him hand you a $5 chunk of gold."

She gave a gasp of recollection and rapidly shuffled over her checks.

"Find one that calls for five even?"

She nodded.

"Bet a pickle it's Lorraine's."

Again she nodded.

"Remember what he paid in? Was it a ten?"

She wrinkled her forehead and answered: "No, but I think—" She opened her cash drawer and inspected its contents. "There is not a gold piece here, but that proves nothing. I've made lots of change to-night and I was rushed to death. I don't know what I gave to anyone. Butterfield, it's unjust to suspect Lorraine. Why, he's an old man! He wouldn't rob me on purpose!"

The cynical old waiter at the window laughed out-

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right. "Oh, he wouldn't, eh? I'd hate to trust him alone in the same room with 15 cents. That ol' geezer'd steal the gold out of his mother's back teeth. He's the bird all right. Pah! Him an' his seedy ol' clothes an' his pathetic air! He's a fake, an' he's got your five bones, you kin take it from me."

"Butterfield, what makes you so suspicious?"

"Life in general, kid; life in general. The first thing a waiter learns is that unless he wants to starve to death, he's got to be just like Cesar's wife—awful suspicious."

The cashier smiled faintly and took her purse off the nail.

"Watcha doin'?"

"Looking to see if I have enough to make this up."

"Make it up nothin'! I'll tend to that fer you." And Butterfield called to Gresh to come and relieve him. Then he hurried down the hall to the room where the other waiters were lounging between bells, and, after darting one keen look at old Lorraine, said briefly: "Say, boys, some skunk has done Miss Mercier out of five. She's cryin' an' tryin' to find the coin to make it up in that dinky little ol' purse of hers."

"Hell!" exclaimed Frawley and Manners in concert, and plunged eager fingers into their trousers pockets. Maloney did likewise, after breathing a pious prayer that he might have the pleasure of breaking every big and little bone in the thief's body.

Butterfield tossed a $1 bill on to the table. Maloney added $2 more in silver; Frawley, cursing a night's poor business, added some 70 cents in dimes and nickels, and Manners added 95 cents and turned his pockets inside out.

LORRAINE sat in his corner watching the proceedings with half-shut eyes. His thin, white hair, his worn and shiny clothing, and a sort of furtive tremulousness invariably gained the sympathy of his customers and brought him many a dollar. He was known by Butterfield to be the sole owner of a block of highly valuable flat buildings, and now his silent refusal to contribute so much as a cent to the little fund on the table was doubly irritating to that usually calm gentleman.

"Hey, Lorraine!" he said in his hoarse whisper. "Wake up an' chip in! There ain't 85 here, an' Gresh outside is dead broke."

"Tell it to the marines," said Lorraine.

"Aw, come on," urged Manners, "Miss Mercier only makes seven per. How can she afford to make it up? Kick in, Lorraine, an' shame the gutter pup that gouged her."

Lorraine drew his cunning old face into a sly grin. "Don't be so sure she is gouged. I think, if you ask me, that she is gouging you. The missing five is probably at this moment stuck in her stocking."

"Cut it out!" ordered Maloney, roughly. "Miss Mercier is on the dead level."

The old man opened his mouth to speak, but Butterfield gave him such a steady look that he thought better of it, and, smiling his coolest, he subsided into his corner again and prepared to resume his nap.

Butterfield counted the money and left, remarking that he guessed he could raise the rest somewhere.

Six words to Gresh produced the desired results and he took it to the astonished cashier. "Here's your money, kid, an' best regards from the boys."

Miss Mercier sprang to her feet and gazed at him in astonishment. "Where did you get it? Did he own up?"

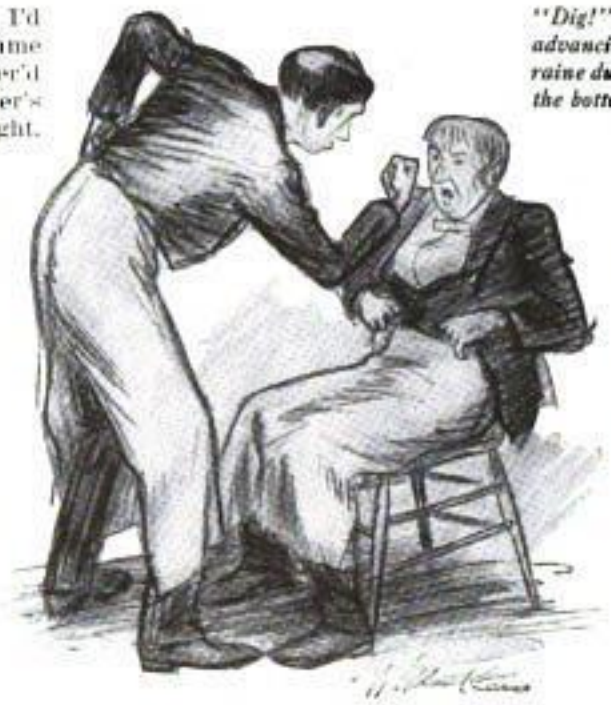
"Never you mind; 'tain't polite to ask questions."

"I know. Oh, thanks, but—but—what do you mean by regards from the boys? I couldn't take their money! Why should they have to pay for my blunders? I can't take it."

BUTTERFIELD looked at her and decided that she was one of those people whom he considered foolishly scrupulous. Clearly, he must proceed with caution or else be haunted for a week with the thought of little Miss Mercier living on $2, while the other 85 of her wage went to make up the shortage, and Lorraine's bank roll grew by that much.

"You got a very bad habit of jumpin' down a conclusion's neck head first, Miss Mercier—conclusions which are away off. You don't wanna forget that you're green at this business yet, an' there's a whole lot you ain't wised up to," he said slowly and impressively. "This here ain't the boys' money, it's your money. I can't be tellin' a lady how boys does in these here cases, but if you ain't never ketched me in no lies you can take it from me that this here money is yours. We caught on to who pinched it off you an' we got it back. What more do you want?"

Butterfield's face now wore an injured expression and Miss Mercier, between relief and gratitude, was



"Dig!" commanded Butterfield, advancing the fist, and then Lorraine dug up a $5 gold piece from the bottom of his trousers pocket

too excited to notice any lack of logic in the explanation. She accepted the money with a smile, but her thanks were interrupted by the appearance of a waiter for change and a call from the telephone, so Butterfield made his escape unthanked to his very great relief.

He was conveniently deaf later on when she called him, and Ashton himself seemed unable to locate him when, after turning the whole thing over in her mind and getting nothing more than "I dunno what you're talkin' about" and a blank stare from every waiter that came to the window, she decided that Butterfield had paid the loss out of his own pocket and generously and shamelessly lied about it.

It grew late: a storm came up which spoiled business for the rest of the evening, and Ashton, obligingly blind, let the weary waiters beguile the time with a game of poker. Butterfield had suggested it and played with his usual ill luck for an hour; then, when Lorraine was confident that all the money in sight belonged to him, Butterfield had a run of luck and cleaned him out.

"Gosh, Buttercup," whined the old man peevishly, "I'll have to see you in the morning; I'm broke."

For answer, Butterfield reached over and dragged Lorraine out of his chair by the collar. "Oh, no, you don't, you ol' faker!" He shook him roughly, while the other boys looked on unmoved.

"Maybe you can fool that poor little girl in there, you insect, but ol' Butterfiel' wants the five you owe him *now!* Pungle!" He prodded the unhappy Lorraine in the ribs and set him down in his chair, none too gently. Then he stuck his freckled and hairy fist in the trembling rascal's face and earnestly promised to alter his facial appearance to a marked degree if the five was not immediately forthcoming.

Maloney, unable to restrain himself, interrupted with: "Never mind the five bones, Butterscotch; beat it out of his hide, and if there's anything left of him I'll put on the finishing touches myself."

Seeing that they meant business, Lorraine fumbled in the change pocket of his jacket and drew out a handful of silver. "It's all I got," he whined.



"Confound your impudence, waiter! Who told you to open the door?" The little girl was crouching against the wall, her face pale and her eyes wide with terror

"Dig!" commanded Butterfield, advancing the fist, and then Lorraine dug up a 85 gold piece from the bottom of his trousers pocket.

"Aha!" cried Butterfield, pouncing upon it. "I thought you had it, you cradle snatcher."

A glance of understanding went round the table, and only the opportune voice of Captain Ashton, announcing that there was a bell for Lorraine, saved him from hearing some very uncomplimentary remarks. Butterfield spun the coin toward Gresh. "Say, boy, scoot down to the main dinin' room an' get the cashier to change this; we'll divvy up."

"I ain't goin' away down there," said Gresh. "I guess Miss Mercier can change it fer me." But the quicker-witted Maloney had already seized it and was pattering down the stairs.

When he came back, Butterfield returned to each man the amount he had contributed toward making good Miss Mercier's deficit, and then they fell to matching nickels.

"Butterfield!" called Ashton, wearily. "New party: No. 10; git a move on!"

"Right, sir, right," answered Butterfield, and at the door he turned back to say: "Boys, put daisies on my grave."

"Watcha mean?"

"Nothin', only Lorraine's gunnin' fer me from now on."

IN No. 10 he found the new guests. One was the most notorious rake in the city, and the other a very young girl, just graduated from a business college, whom Butterfield chanced to know by sight.

He took the man's order for supper and champagne, and at the same time a comprehensive look into the already half-frightened eyes of the poor little fly in the spider's toils.

When he left the room, which was to be the scene of the conflict between virtuous ignorance and vicious guile, he left the door slightly ajar, but before he had gone ten feet he heard it close decisively, and if anything had been needed to assure him of the rake's intentions, that was sufficient.

Butterfield, cynical in most things, had never grown so callous as to view such a case with indifference, and since he felt that this little girl was still all that she ought to be, and knew the man to be all that men call vile, he was troubled to such an extent that he got the supper together in record time and hustled up the hard flight of stairs leading from the kitchen and along the hall as though his life depended upon speed.

Arriving at No. 10, he paused outside the door and listened, but all he heard was a nervous laugh from the girl. He knocked then, and entered instantly, instead of waiting the interval Maxmum's rules expressly ordered.

The man looked up with a frown of annoyance, and Butterfield saw him withdraw the hand that had taken that of the girl unwilling prisoner. He saw an uneasy look in the girl's face and read design in the very manner in which her companion poured a brimming glass for her.

Lorraine, his old face full of crafty animosity, was loitering in the hall when he came out, so Butterfield did not linger near the door, as he had meant to do. Instead, he strolled up to Miss Mercier's window.

When she saw him she began to thank him for his kindness about her deficit, but he cut her short with: "That's all right. Don't thank me; thank the boys."

"But the boys all say thank you."

"ALL right, kid, if you want to thank me help me out. I'm goin' to maybe bring a lady in here. All you got to do is tell her everything's all O. K. if she does as she's told. You might tell her that nobody come up here to eat in them private rooms 'ceptin' when they've got chaperones—see? She is up here with a rare ol' bad egg—see?"

"Yes, I see."

"All right. Now phone fer a carriage fer one lady. Give 'em some fake name—say it's for Miss—Hull; that sounds good. Tell 'em to take Miss Hull to her home an' to come back here fer the pay. You O. K. the call, will you, kid?"

"Of course I will, gladly." And Miss Mercier turned to the telephone exchange.

Butterfield walked back to No. 10, and as Lorraine had disappeared, applied his ear to the crack and listened.

He heard enough to convince him that it was high time to act, so he stepped into the telephone booth at the end of the hall and called Miss Mercier.

"Hey, kid," he whispered in reply to her hello. "Did you get the carriage?"

"Yes. It's at the door now."

"That's good. If anybody asks you if you have seen this girl, say no. I'll get her into your office an' you do the rest. Don't lose no time in makin' her see she's got to go right away—see?"

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A Successful Cop

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

***NUMBER SIX** in the series of Everyday Americans. Mr. Macfarlane thus far in the series has introduced us to a statesman, a schoolteacher, an advertising man, an editor, and a reformer. And now he asks us to make the acquaintance of a patrolman on his beat.*

ONE morning the sisters at the Mercy Hospital in Baltimore were surprised by the appearance of a small procession of children bearing flowers, literally armfuls of carnations, roses, jonquils, lilies, and other blossoms, too many to write down. The children, some twenty in all, were of both sexes, and, like the flowers, were of many hues and varieties. While faces were polished and clothes gave evidence of being supertailored for an occasion, the youngsters were plainly of the poorer class. But their faces were none the less bright and eager, their bodies in perpetual motion, and their tongues were only hushed into an awed half silence by a glimpse of the high ceilings and long, empty corridors of the institution.

The flowers, it appeared, were for "Off'cer Hamilton."

The sisters had good reason to know Officer Hamilton. He had entered the institution as plain Andrew J. Hamilton, some weeks before, for special treatment and a severe operation. He impressed his nurses as a modest, unassuming man of professional type, who bore great pain with small complaint and by no means gave out that he was anyone in particular. Yet from the moment of his enrollment the hospital had been deluged with continual inquiries as to the progress of his illness. These could not be from the man's relatives, for there were far too many of them, and they could not be from persons who hoped to inherit his property in case of death, for their lips quivered and their voices broke or choked up as they spoke. Moreover, many of the inquirers appeared to be poor.

Love Followed Him

SPECULATION was not even scotched but rather stimulated when it developed that Hamilton was neither a millionaire, whose many heirs were waiting his demise with interest and hope, nor some guardian angel of the poor, who at Christmas and Thanksgiving time remembered them with baskets and blessings. Instead, he was a patrolman on Post No. 1 in the eastern district of the city.

Now the sisters had received policemen into their hospital before, men of courage and great physical strength, who filled out roundly the ideal of policely character; but the concern from the people on whose beats they were accustomed to walk, and whose heads from time to time they deemed it their duty to whack, was nothing at all like that manifested by these inquirers from Post No. 1.

The sisters had only one parallel in their experience, and that was when a favorite priest was sick, and then every person in the parish, including people whom he had baptized in infancy, or joined in marriage, or over whose loved ones he had whispered the last solemn words of the Church, watched the progress of his illness almost from pulse beat to pulse beat.

But reverting to the flower-bearing children: Here they were, and by no means to be dissuaded from bestowing their floral tributes upon the policeman with their own hands. Quite in vain the sisters urged the danger of so much company.

"Nuttin' to it," declared the leader. "Us kids, 'bout a hunderd of us, I reckon, got dese poesies, and we's de delegation to do de presentin' act, see!"

The Happy Warrior

THE sister in charge saw—with a tear in the corner of her eye. From one and another of the youngsters had burst out fragments of the story of Policeman Hamilton's affection for the children on his beat, and of their reciprocal attachment for him. The sister heard how the children, learning from day to day of the sick man's condition, had determined that he should have some special tribute from the youngsters of the alleys and tenements of his district; how the girls had scrubbed steps and peddled soap, how the boys had cleaned out basements and sold papers and blacked shoes, till the necessary funds were raised; how a committee had been appointed to purchase the flowers, demanding and getting from the florist his freshest and finest blossoms, and the most for the least; and how, discreetly considering that the whole hundred could not be admitted to the ward, this chosen delegation had been commissioned to bear the flowers, and how they positively could not—"No, mum, they soitenly could not"—go back to the others without saying they had seen Officer Hamilton completely embowered in those same flowers, and without a message from his own lips to the children of his post, giving accurate information as to the progress of his recovery.

After hearing all of which, the kind-hearted sisters quite agreed with them, but hit upon the strategy of splitting the delegation in half, and sending it up, girls first, with their lilies and jonquils, and after they had tiptoed safely back, the boys were allowed to go with their share, the roses and carnations, each lad himself looking like some gorgeous blossom with a most awkward and wabbling stem. As a result Officer Hamilton's bed began to resemble a florist's window, and the policeman himself was made almost as happy as the children by their act had made themselves.



Quite obviously the life of a police officer who can so win the affection of children is worth telling about; but though the story which the children half whispered and half shouted into the ears of the sisters was much less coherent than what follows may be, it was charged with an unaffected enthusiasm which no limping skill of the writer can transfer to print.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

BRIEFLY it may be stated that at twenty-nine years of age Andrew J. Hamilton, young, vigorous, and ambitious, with dark hair and mustache, with blue, hopeful eyes, donned a patrolman's uniform and walked out upon a beat in the Eastern Police District of Baltimore. He had deliberately chosen a policeman's career. He knew that civilization requires policemen. He was brave and clean and loyal. He was unimpeachably honest. He expected to shirk no duty and he expected the character of his service to be recognized. He had not a doubt of winning promotion. Down the road a little way he saw a sergeant's stripes awaiting him, and beyond that the bars of the lieutenant and the captain.

But now, after thirty years, his hair is gray, his mustache is white, the blue of his eye has even faded a little, and he still patrols a beat. Promotion has never come. He knows now it will not come. He will walk a beat till death or disability overtakes him. He began at $18 a week; now he gets $20. Yet the man's spirit is not quenched. He feels that he has made a success of life.

But some one will exclaim: "Plodding monotony! Pinching poverty! A race without a goal—how can such a life be a success?" Well, the first reply might be that there is no monotony in pacing a beat as the alert-minded Hamilton does that duty. As to poverty, why, the man is rich, positively rich.

J. P. Morgan, most respected rich man of his time, died the other day and left $100,000,000, yet it may be doubted if he was more successful than "Andy" Hamilton. He did not look nearly so happy. Nor did he dominate the financial world more completely than Officer Hamilton dominates Post No. 1. The mourning at the funeral of the money king was genuine, but there will be more at the funeral of this patrolman—long may it be postponed! The children in the alleys, the men and the women in the tenements, as well as the folk in the good houses on the avenue, will be stricken with bitter personal sorrow. There will be crape on every door, and many a heart will feel the loneliness of utter desolation on that day.

Strange as this may seem at first blush, it is not strange at all if one but stops to think. There is no occupation that brings a man into more intimate touch with life than that of a policeman. He sees the bright side and the dark; he sees the family with its best foot forward, and he sees it when every closet skeleton walks abroad with clattering, jingling joints. He sees husbands sober and he sees them drunk. He sees wives faithful and he sees them faithless. What he does not see others tell him.

Adventures in Friendliness

NOW, suppose your policeman to be a man of keen intelligence, quick sympathy, and kindly heart. At the same time give him a personal character that is irreproachable. Then add to the authority of a right life the more tangible power of a policeman's star. Next put such a man upon one beat and keep him there for twenty years. Do not the possibilities of such a career suddenly enlarge? Consider alone the vast and recurring opportunities for adventures in friendliness.



The children are his especial care. He is called "The Children's Friend" policeman. He knows them all, the well-fed ones on the avenues, and the pinched, starved faces that grow thick as cobbles in the alleys

And this has been the career of Officer Hamilton. For thirty years he has walked a beat. For the last twenty of those years he has walked one particular beat. He all but owns it. By the time he got political pull enough to get a stripe upon his sleeve, Officer

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Hamilton was so attached to the people of his district that he did not want the stripe.

For the first eight of his twenty years on Post No. 1 Officer Hamilton was on duty at night. There he goes now. He has just reported from his box at the corner. You can see his buttons glint under the light of the street lamps—up Patterson Park Avenue to Pratt Street—taking a look down the alley dignified with the name of Boyer Street—down Pratt Street, with an inquisitive eyethrust into Madeira Street, which also resembles an alley—across Collington Avenue to Washington Street, along that to East Baltimore Street, and back again to Patterson Park Avenue. He has also paced the alleys and streets that intervene. It has taken him forty-five minutes to complete the round. He has noticed a good many things. There is a suspicious character loitering opposite the Jones mansion on Collington Avenue. There are sounds of a row brewing in Murphy's saloon. He saw little Maisie Hopkins scoot out of the door of a tenement on Madeira Street and run like a frightened deer. Probably Tom Hopkins is home from his last oyster cruise with liquor under his belt and an ugly mood in his heart. He has been frightening his children. He may be abusing his wife now. The balance of the night the officer will keep a watchful eye on all these sources of possible trouble.

The Blue Symbol of the Law

BUT Officer Hamilton has done something else besides taking notice upon his first round. He put to flight a flock of noisy young arabs who were annoying the bake lady on Boyer Street; he rescued a crippled boy's terrier from the assault of a bulldog; he rang the bell and reminded Mr. Thompson that if his rain spout was not fixed by to-morrow night, so it did not douse passers-by, he would be regretfully compelled to take him to court; he met Alec McKenzie, already carrying too heavy a cargo of spirit, but tacking doggedly in the general direction of Murphy's and more, and turned him back toward home with some stern, monitory words.

And thus, having concluded his first round, Officer Hamilton, with a careful eye for all the signs of possible disorder he had observed before, and the many new ones which should develop, would go back over the ground again; but not by the same route. Oh, most certainly not! He always changes the course, picking up the alleys, the streets, and the avenues, in a continually differing succession, so that in all that score of years he has walked this beat it has never been possible for a band of hoodlums, a sneak thief, a "stick-up" man, or a second-story worker to make any calculations as to just where the patrolman would be at a given time. There was only one solid assurance these adventures of the night could have, and that was that the policeman's ferret eyes would be traveling once in forty-five minutes over every visible wall and window or doorway in the district, and if so much as a catch on a shutter were displaced he would know it.

And so on through the night!

And so on through the years! Eight years of nights; and since then he has walked it in the daytime; twelve years of days, round and round, over and across and through, fifteen times in every day for twenty years, while his hair turned gray and his mustache white.

Presidents have come and gone in twenty years. Governors and mayors have succeeded each other; but during all this time the personal representative, the ambassador plenipotentiary of presidents and governors and mayors, to the people of Post No. 1 has been Officer Hamilton. He has been the blue symbol of the majesty and perpetuity of the law. And the significant thing is not merely that by this man the shadow of law has slipped daily over those bricks for so long. The significant thing is that for those twenty years the shadow of the character of the man has fallen across the lives of the people and given them an example of right intent and self-control that is better than any minion of any statute.

Not Wrath Is His Weapon

FIRST of all, Officer Hamilton stands forth among the people of his district as a stern disciplinarian. The city ordinances must be obeyed. The grocer that piles his goods on the sidewalk, the teamster that unhitches his wagon in the street, the householder that does not clear his snow off within the allotted time, is made to feel the immediate hand of the law. But the hand of Hamilton, while rigorously insistent, is gentle, yet with a gentleness not to be misapprehended. The people learned long ago that if they mistook the softness of his manner they might find themselves most politely, to be sure, but also most masterfully arrested; they would be haled into court; they would see their mild-mannered, soft-spoken policeman going on the witness stand against them with a few mild apologetic sentences, and the judge on the bench paying more attention to those carefully chosen words of Officer Hamilton than to the most powerful oaths of a hundred men. There is something in the soul of Hamilton that carries the weight of great conviction in the glance of his blue eye or the mild tones of his voice.

His parishioners—that is the word that most nearly expresses the relationship—like and even love the man, and yet fear they must obey. Rowdyism and hoodlumism do not flourish on his beat. The thousand and one annoyances which thoughtless youth inflict upon the small shopkeeper, the householder, and the passer-by are practically unknown in the hours when this man is abroad on the streets.

But it must not be supposed that Hamilton is an "arresting" officer; he seldom finds it necessary. As one man at headquarters told me: "He has hardly a case in six months." That, however, is because of the built-up moral influence of years. People know what will go and what will not with Officer Hamilton. He thus largely needs police courts. He is a walking article of the law. He dispenses justice as he patrols his beat. His frowns are fines, his displeasure is a penance. What he demands the people render. Besides, he makes himself a personal friend, a big brother, a gentle godfather, even a spiritual adviser to the folk upon his post.

A Bringer of Peace

WHEN a wife comes to him demanding the arrest of the husband who has abused her, Officer Hamilton uses that soft, persuasive, Southern accent in which he is such a master, is very likely to dissuade her.

"Why, Mis' Sue, what's the use of that?" he may say. "You will have to pay his fine anyway. Besides, I certainly am surprised at Tom. He must have been drinkin'. Now let me talk to him. I'll give that boy a goin' over that he won't forget."

Mrs. Sue would usually be persuaded. Tom, knowing what was coming and dreading it worse than a jail sentence, would avoid the officer for days and days, but sooner or later he would be caught face to face and get a talk that would make his ears burn for months. It would not be scolding, puritanical temperance lecturing, something much harder to endure. The officer has known Tom since he was a little boy. He knew his father before him and he knew Tom's wife, Susie, when she was the bright-eyed child queen of the alley. Besides all of which, Officer Hamilton has a sympathetic, fatherly way with him. With all of these ingredients he is sure to mix a homily that would make Tom sorry and solemnly swear never to raise a hand against his wife, and especially to guard against an overindulgence in the Baltimore brand of fire water.

Truly a Keeper of Consciences

THE worst of all this, or the best of it, would be that Officer Hamilton would for months thereafter keep Tom under daily surveillance. He could not loaf in Riley's pool room, he could not linger a single hour in the cool depths of Schneider's, but that Officer Hamilton would not saunter by, thrust the swinging door wide open for a moment with his club, salute everybody courteously, and Tom in particular most courteously of all, and then pass on; but in that extra courtesy would be read an extra stab from the keen blue eye to remind the wife beater and whisky worshiper that there was a present and necessary relationship between promise and performance.

It is humanity like this which has won for officer the place he holds in the esteem of the people. Women talk to him about their husbands; fathers consult him about their sons; girls who are in trouble and young men who have involved themselves generously make him their confidant. He has saved many a heart and many a home from breaking, has united lovers and protected the honor of many homes that to this hour do not even dream of the service rendered.

The district is a peculiar one in that the well-to-do, the middle classes, and the very poor are all represented in it. Officer Hamilton accepts the poor as a particular charge. They have more need of an officer in blue and brass. He knows every case of sickness on his post, and knows, too, if that or accident is likely to be accompanied by want. He has connections that tap the sources of charitable supply, and often is able to bring relief or prevent suffering and hardship to the people in his alleys. On Christmas Day he is likely to spend



Niagara

By EDITH WYATT

COOL the crystal mist is falling where my song is calling, calling
Over highland, over lowland, fog-blown bluff, and bowldered shore:
Proud my snow-rapt currents leaping from Superior's green keeping,
Down from Michigan's gray sweeping toward the Rapids' eddied floor.

Rain, hail, dew, and storm cloud swing me; from the heights the hollows wring me;
Filtered clay and field silt bring me silent through the dark-breathed loam,
Down the thousand-terraced highlands till the sky-land lake beds wing me—
Flying down and down in beauty through the chasm's flocking foam.

Down from Huron, down from Erie, though the wild duck's wing grow weary,
Tribe and nation part and vanish like the spindrift haze of morn,
Fresh my full-fold song is falling and my voice is calling, calling
Down from far-poured lake and highland as I sang when I was born.

South, North, East, and West untiring speak my brother seas in splendor,
Tell their dominant desiring, claimant over coast and main.
Mine the choiring of a woman's chord immortal, of surrender—
Of the splendor of desiring, deep to give and give again.

Chord of star-fused loam and silver-surgent lake cloud's generation,
Here I sing the earth's still dreaming down my green-poured currents' length,
Voice of river-rocking valleys, rich heart plains, and heights' creation,
Clear-veiled chord that locked in you your mother's life, your father's strength.

Cool the fog-flocked mists are swinging. Soar, my dream; and silver winging,
Call my air-hung music ringing, toward the crystal-buoyed morn—
Full-fold music from the highlands, where my splendor's voice is singing,
Fresh from flooded shores and sky lands as I sang when I was born.



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The Fifth of September

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

"AND here's my mate's papers," said the young man, drawing a long envelope from his pocket and holding it out to Captain Spruce.

"All shipshape," acknowledged the captain after glancing over the documents. "You're my man if you want the berth."

The young man hesitated, cleared his throat, and lifted to his knee a little girl of some three years who stood beside him timidly clutching the hem of his coat. She snuggled against his shoulder and his arm tightened about her. Over her head he looked uncertainly at Captain Spruce.

"This here is my daughter," he said with seeming irrelevance.

"Perty baby," smiled the old sailorman, winking at her and smirking broadly under the impression he was behaving as babies like their elders to behave.

"I'll ship with you," said the young man slowly, hesitatingly, "if I can fetch her along. Her and me we can't be separated nohow."

Captain Spruce widened his eyes and stared. "Fetch her along! Aboard the *Parsons*! Whoever heard of sich a thing, I'd like to know? A baby aboard a vessel! I s'pose you're calc'latin' to have her mother along too?"

"No," said the young man, "her mother hain't able to come. I got to look after her alone."

"Dead?"

The young man shook his head and moistened his lips uncomfortably.

"Sick, maybe?"

"No, she hain't sick. She's perty well, perty fair, considerin'—"

"Humph," grunted the captain, "one of these here am'ly squabbles, eh? never see the beat of things nowadays with wimmin leavin' heir men and men eavin' their wimmin est for nothin', so o speak. Why, oung feller, me and y wife has had uarrels that would 'a busted up a whole ity block of couples -day—and thought othin' of it. Folks ain't able to bear nd forbear like they sed to be."

IT HAIN'T that, neither," said the young man n a voice that was ot even and certain s a man's voice ould be. "My wife nd me hain't never ad no quarrels. She est hain't able to ok after leetle mmy situated like e is at present."

"Um," grumbled e captain, "kinda ysterioustike. I on't seem to git no ead nor tail to it."

"It hain't myste- ous, cap'n." The oung man looked ith level eyes into e older man's face, and the quaver was absent from is voice. "It's jest my own business, and nobody lse's. I'm willin' to ship with you, pervidin' Emmy n come along, and that's all there is to talk about etwixt you and me—that's all."

Presently the young man spoke again:

"She won't be no trouble to speak of. Havin' a aby around hain't so bothersome as folks think—promised my wife I wouldn't leave Emmy even or a day."

CAPTAIN SPRUCE considered. He was in sore need of a second mate; he loved children, had sons and daughters of his own, now grown; and here was something about the young man and his unfinished, unsatisfactory story which aroused the old sailorman's liking and his pity, something straightforward, something dependable, something intangibly pathetic in his eyes and in his words.

"Fetch her along," he said, "but keep her out of mischief."

So Gideon Downs and Emmy his daughter became a part of the crew of the *Parsons*. That night, the child on her father's shoulder, they watched the receding lights of Detroit as the vessel rounded Windmill Point to follow the Path of Buoys across Lake St. Clair on her way to the ore docks of Superior.

"We'll be comin' back to Mommy 'fore long," Gideon whispered. "'Fore long. Three months hain't a awful while, honey, and we'll be there to meet her on the fifth of September like we promised."

The child, one arm crooked around his head, reached down with the other hand and stroked his cheek.

EVERYBODY aboard the *Parsons*, from the uncouth stokers, emerging grimy from the hold, to Captain Spruce himself, found minutes to play with little Emmy. Before the first day was gone the men had become accustomed to the unusual presence; were one and all putting their best foot forward to win her favor. So she was not without playmates full of thrilling tales; capable of fashioning marvelous toys with skillful jackknives. Jealous eyes followed her as she toddled about the deck to oversee her comings and goings lest she fall into danger.

It was the merriest, heartiest, best-natured ship's crew that ever sailed the lakes, and Captain Spruce was quick to congratulate himself that he had permitted the child aboard. The men's superstition told them she was "ladened" with good luck, so they were contented; her presence repressed them, so there were no quarrels; she seemed to raise the morals of them all, so there was no shirking.

As for Gideon Downs, he went about his duties quietly; a smile for his daughter now and then lifted the shadow of melancholy that darkened his face. He was a mystery to Captain Spruce; more of a mystery to the crew, who, wondering, put their curiosity into words. They discussed him in the forecastle; speculated on his condition in the mess room; when other topics failed he was always there, Gideon and his daughter, to furnish them food for debate.

"Ma's dead, I calc'late," ventured old Sam Weaver, wheelsman, with voice of sympathy.

"No," Gideon replied, "not dead."

Sam felt he had blundered; struggled to apologize, floundered. "I didn't mean to go touchin' on sore subjec's. Things will happen sure enough, and all folks can't live happy together, and nobody's fault, I say."

"Emmy's ma and me hain't separated," Gideon said reluctantly, as though he felt compelled to guard against even a hint of infelicity between him and his wife.

Sam shook his head in bewilderment. He had stated the two cases that might make it necessary for a father to do as Gideon was doing, but neither hit the truth of the matter. He repeated the conversation in the forecastle.

"Maybe she's sick," a hand suggested.

"She hain't or he'd 'a' said so. If a feller's wife is ailin' or in a horspittle or somethin' he's goin' to do consid'able talkin' about it, off and on. Stands to reason, don't it?"

AND so it went. If Gideon was conscious of the curiosity he excited he gave no sign; if anyone tried to pry under his reserve he was well able to rebuff. But to little Emmy he spoke freely of her mother, always lovingly, always gently.

"We promised her we'd be there, didn't we, honey? We give her our word we'd be a-standin' right on the spot waitin' for her. And we'll be there, come the fifth of September, like we said we would, even if we have to swim across the Atlantic Ocean to do it. Mommy'll be needin' us to sort of lean on, won't she?"

Sometimes he could be seen to show the child a picture inside his watch, and old Sam vowed that tears stood in Gideon's eyes as he showed it. Always he tended Emmy with the skill of a woman. He dressed her, bathed her, was heard teaching her babyish prayers which never omitted mention of that mysterious mother.

"You're that handy with the baby," Sam admired, "that it don't seem possible. I never seen a man could git around to do the like."

"I promised *her* I would," Gideon replied. "I said Emmy shouldn't suffer no neglect, and she shan't suffer none while I can make out to move hand or leg."

GIDEON seldom joined in discussions, plentiful though they were. Forecastle arguments held no fascination for him; but once—and only once—did he make himself heard when the men commented on a newspaper story of a wife who erred, and a husband who deserted her and their child in consequence.

Opinion ran strong in the man's favor. Reasons were given which justified a man in abandoning his wife, some valid, others captious. Gideon listened, disapproval stamped on his face. At last he spoke, it seemed involuntarily, as though urged to speech.

"A man," he said slowly, "hadn't oughter marry a woman till he knows she's the only woman in the world for him. He oughter be a'mighty sure. Then, if he does marry her, there hain't nothin' in the world should set him agin her. If she does wrong it hain't his work to punish her, but to pertect her, like. Wimmin makes mistakes—good wimmin—but



"On the fifth of September," said Gideon, like one repeating a formula. "I'm a-goin' to see her. I promised I'd be there"

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that don't give no reason for leavin' 'em. Why, sich wimmin need their husbands more'n ever. A man that'd up and leave his wife onless he knowed she was all bad, through and through, hain't, to my mind, no kind of a man at all. He's a slinkin' animile, he is, with more fear for what his neighbors is goin' to say than love for the woman that's mother to his little folks." He stopped, flushed, squirmed uncomfortably, and soon found an excuse to take himself away.

"Queer feller," nodded old Sam, and the crew agreed with him.

FROM June till mid August, Gideon Downs and little Emmy sailed with Captain Spruce. Then, while the *Parsons* was taking on her load at Cleveland in readiness for the northward trip, the second mate sought out the captain.

"I calc'late," said the young man, "that you want me to keep on for the season?"

Captain Spruce nodded.

"I'm willin'—exceptin' for one day. I got to be in Detroit on the fifth of September, cap'n. There ain't nothin' must keep me away. I figger it we'll be about hittin' the Detroit River on the third or maybe the fourth, so's I could git off, with Emmy, in the mail boat. 'Twouldn't be necessary for me to stay long—jest for the day, maybe. Then I could take the train and meet the *Parsons* in Cleveland, gittin' there most as quick as she will. Is that there suitable to you, cap'n?"

Captain Spruce nodded again, but with ill-concealed curiosity. "I guess we can git along that far without you," he said. Then, after a pause: "Goin' to see your wife?"

"On the fifth of September," said Gideon, like one repeating a formula—or a ritual. "I'm a-goin' to see her. I promised I'd be there—me and Emmy."

THE run to Superior was accompanied by fair weather, but once the nose of the *Parsons* pointed southward again the greatest of the lakes rose in fury against her. For days and nights she surged and plunged onward, decks awash, superstructure wrecked, boats crushed, seams aleak. But she was a staunch vessel built against such emergencies, and manned by able sailormen, she came safely through, but sore and strained and bearing many scars of furious combat.

Nor did the crew pass the ordeal without harm. Half a dozen men were injured, some more, some less; Second Mate Gideon Downs, in traversing the deck, had been seized by a wave and hurled against the deck house, but for which he would have been swept overboard. It took toll of him in the shape of a leg broken above the knee.

ROUGH but none the less skilled surgery did its best; at the Soo a physician examined the splints and pronounced the setting good, and would have had Gideon sent ashore to a hospital, but the injured man would not be moved, became excited, demanded that Captain Spruce be sent for.

"I can't git off here," he said wildly to the captain. "I got to be there on the fifth of September—I got to be. I promised."

Captain Spruce looked at the doctor, who nodded. It would not be safe to go contrary to the man's will, his fixed purpose, in his condition, and Gideon remained aboard.

To Captain Spruce it seemed that the fifth of September possessed the man like a monomania. He repeated the words over and over; he assured little Emmy as she sat timidly on his bed that they would not fail, that they would be at the appointed spot on time. On the very spot. "I showed Mommy the spot where we'd be waitin'—and we got to be there, hain't we?"

It was when they entered the St. Clair River that Gideon first conceived the impossibility of getting ashore at Detroit by way of the mail boat. To do so it was necessary to descend a ladder into a rolling, tossing skiff, and thus to be conveyed to land. It was a dangerous, difficult feat for a well man—impossible for one with a fractured limb. Again he summoned the captain to him.

"Cap'n," he began weakly, yet with excitement in his voice, "be you int'rested in folks' souls? What would you do, cap'n, to pervent one from goin' to hell?"

The captain looked at him long, perceived he was not delirious, and answered: "I'd do consid'able, Gideon, I reckon, consid'able."

"Cap'n, if I hain't ashore in Detroit on the fifth of September, a woman's goin' to hell. She's my wife, cap'n—and Emmy's ma—and she's goin' to hell if I don't come. I promised her I'd be there, cap'n, and p'inted out the spot where I'd be standin'. She'll look for me—and Emmy—and if we hain't there she'll think we've failed her, and, cap'n, she—won't be able to—to stand it. It'll drive her down, cap'n."

CAPTAIN SPRUCE had no words. To soothe such emotion he was unskilled, but he put a gnarled hand on the young man's shoulder and patted it comfortingly. "There," he whispered, "there—there."

"You got to land me, cap'n. I can't git ashore no other way. Land jest for a minnit, long enough to set me ashore. Put me into a carriage with Emmy, cap'n, and that's all I ask. You'd do that to save a soul, cap'n, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, cap'n?"

CAPTAIN SPRUCE spoke very gently, tenderly. "Hadn't you best tell me about it, Gideon, so's I can sort of fetch my judgment to bear? I guess you can trust me with it, boy."

Gideon shut his eyes and groped for Emmy's hand.

For several minutes he lay silent, and tears squeezed slowly, one by one, between his lids. At last he looked into the captain's face and nodded to the door.

"Send—Emmy—away," he whispered.

WHEN the baby was gone, Captain Spruce drew a chair to the edge of the berth and waited. With an effort Gideon began speaking:

"She hain't nothin' but a girl," he began in a murmur, "younglike, and not knowledgeful of the world. We was gittin' on fine—her and me and Emmy. Then she made a mistake like folks will. All of a sudden, without thinkin' it was, or she wouldn't never have done it. Never. It was in a store, cap'n—and she took somethin'. Took it suddenlike, before she thought, and stuffed it in her waist. And then one of these here woman detectives. Well, what could I do? Nothin' as I could see, 'cept tell her I'd stick by her—and I'm a-stickin'. They arrested her, cap'n, and put her into jail—jest like she was a—a crim'nal. I hain't complainin', cap'n, it was right. She done it and it was agin the law. It was right she should be punished."

He nodded once or twice as though verifying his decision.

"If a woman stole from me I'd have her arrested, cap'n—so why should my wife git off? But I promised her I'd stick by her, and that I'd care for her and Emmy and never leave her out of my sight; and I promised, cap'n, that I'd be there, jest a-standin' to the left of the door when she come out—waitin' for her, with leetle Emmy. I showed her the very spot. And she gits sent to jail on the fifth of September." His eyes shut again and he breathed heavily. "If I hain't there, cap'n, she'll think I've deserted her, and she—she won't be able to stand it. I got to git there, cap'n, to—to—save her soul."

That was all.

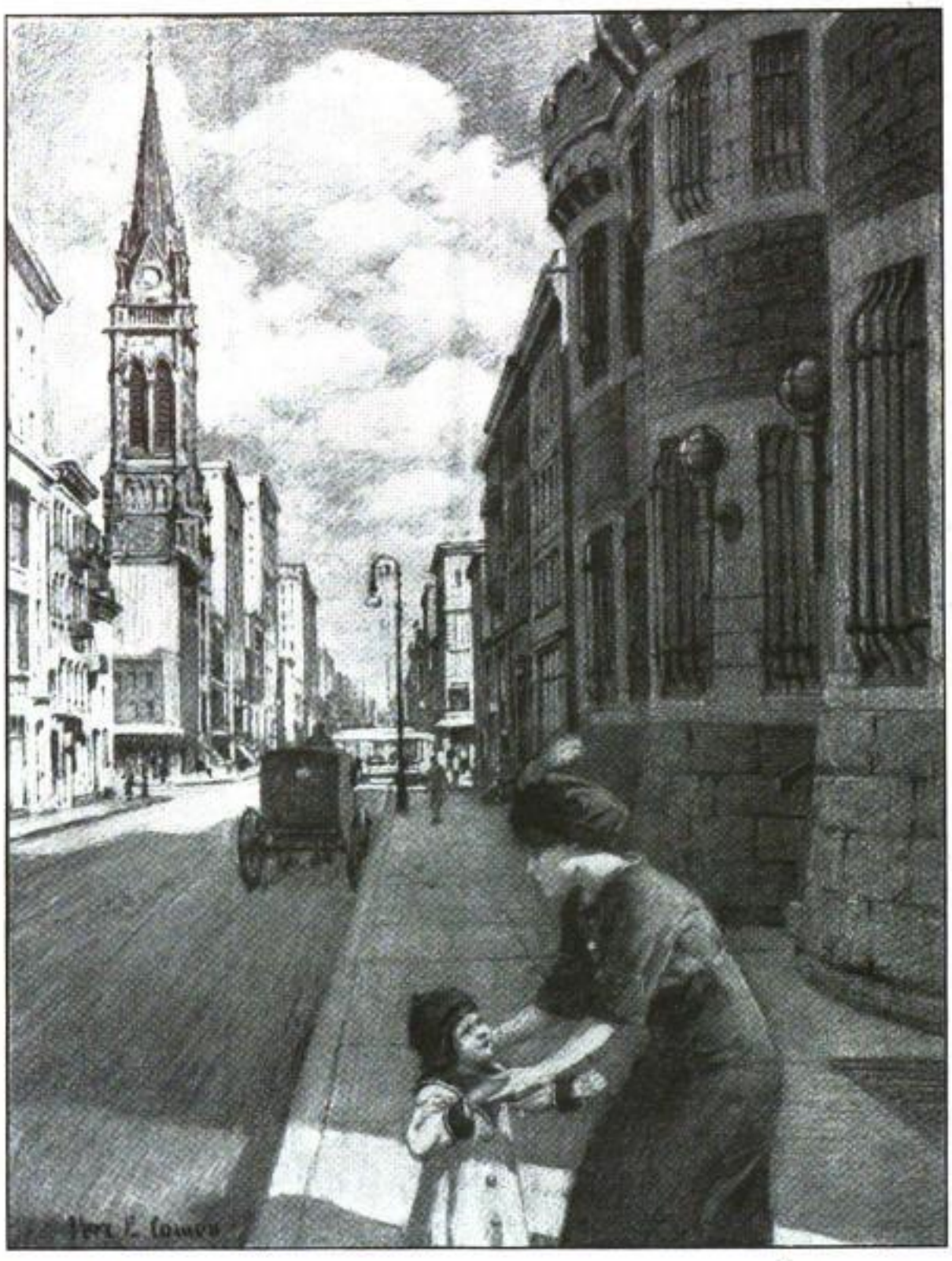
Captain Spruce leaned over the young man as he would have leaned over his own son and pressed back his hair.

"Son," he said huskily, "I land you in Detroit if I take my papers away from me for doin' it."

A CARRIAGE stood on Russell Street just at the left of the entrance to the House of Correction, waiting-waiting. Since daylight it had been there, door open, watchful eyes strained toward the gloomy building.

Sometimes little Emmy played on the grass close by, sometimes she sat on the seat by her father's side, happy, prattling, talking of Mommy—of Mommy whom she was soon to see.

At length the great door opened and a young woman stepped forth. She looked around her wildly, shrinking. Her eyes sought the spot at which left where her husband, the baby, were to have awaited her—and there was no one, nothing but a carriage. She cowered against the building, clutched her cheek, repressed a cry of anguish.



Tiny hands clutched her skirt. "My Mommy—my Mommy. Daddy's waitin' in carriage. He's broke, Mommy, an' it hurts"

THEY had failed her. He had not kept his word. His love had not been stronger than prison stone. Down the steps she tottered.

On the walk she paused, tensed unbelievingly, wavered as though she would have fallen, for a baby voice sounded in her ears: "Mommy—Mommy." She did not look, but tiny hands clutched her skirt. "Mommy—my Mommy. Daddy's waitin' in carriage. He's broke, Mommy, an' it hurts."

She snatched the baby in her arms and wept, cheeks with her glad tears—tears that flowed from a soul that had seen into the depths. Slowly she walked to the carriage carrying the child.

At its door she halted, drew back. What could she expect from a man who hid himself in its depths? Who was ashamed to face the world with her? He spoke her name and she dared look within. His arms were extended to her—open. "I promised—I promised we'd be here," he said brokenly, "and we come on the fifth of September."

The carriage door closed behind her tightly. It seemed to shut off all that had gone before—to leave her safely in a new and better future.

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Fair Names in Foods

By Lewis B. Allyn

How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

BEN JONSON'S criticism of things visible applies with equal force to things invisible—to various ideas, phrases, or words. It is this telling influence which makes a successful trade-mark so valuable and causes it to be so jealously guarded.

Fair Words

ALMOST all packers of food products select some "fair" word which shall designate their particular brand. Thus it comes about that we have "Beechnut," "Ferndell," "Sunbeam," "Premier," "Belle Mead," and hundreds of others of equal euphony. Sometimes products of fair name and reputation are copied as closely as possible by a rival manufacturer. The latter, inflamed by the desire for profit even at the expense of others, calls his product "Noxie," or "Cottoleo," or "Royalty Baking Powder," or "Gold Drop." This thing goes on for a little and then the court decides that Moxie and Cottolene and Royal Baking Powder and Gold Dust have been wronged, and infringement proceedings are in order. Says Professor Rogers in "Printers' Ink": "The question is one of resemblances, not differences—the purchaser is required only to use that care which persons ordinarily exercise under like circumstances. He is not bound to study or reflect; he acts upon the moment—he is not bound to remember more than the general features of a mark, brand, or label, and is not expected to have in mind the details. He is not supposed to know that imitations exist."

It is evident that in the purchase of food products one should be reasonably familiar with the name and appearance of the brand of goods he desires.

Juggling with Fair Names

FREQUENTLY the fair name of a product is smeared by the addition of statements in small type. One manufacturer said he used small type so as not to detract from the neat appearance of his labels, but that was not the real reason. It was because the Food and Drugs Act under Section 8 requires the statement of various adulterants to appear upon the packages of all food products entering into interstate commerce.

Should people exercise the same care in the purchase of their foods that they display in the purchase of clothing, real estate, or hens, one would see the food faker going out of business or undergoing a regeneration. A lady in Maine who is undoubtedly interested in the pure-food cause and unquestionably careless in her methods of purchasing supplies bought several bottles of "Manhattan Club Imported Lime Juice," with the name of J. H. Folkins Co., Boston, Mass., appearing on the label. After using part of her purchase she happened to read the rest of the label. Appearing in plain red letters one-eighth of an inch in height, "Lime juice 60 per cent, water 40 per cent, salicylic acid 1-10 of 1 per cent. Lime bisulphite 1-10 of 1 per cent, slightly colored." Thus instead of pure lime juice, note that she had purchased a mixture of lime juice, water, rheumatism medicine, a diuretic and germicide and dye. All of which might have been avoided by proper attention to the label in the beginning. Together with "First Aid to the Injured" study First Aid to the Purchaser, which means investigation of the label, lest

With the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

"Please give an opinion concerning this baking powder," writes a Southern reader of COLLIER'S. The label reads in part as follows: "Strongest Baking Powder in the World." "Pure as the Driven Snow." "Food prepared with this powder is conscientiously pure, wholesome, and healthful." "To make cabbage, kale, turnips, greens, etc., *very tender* and digestible, put a heaping tablespoonful of baking powder in the pot while boiling." "This powder is composed of the following ingredients and none other: Cornstarch, sodium bicarbonate, sodium aluminum sulphate." "The Sea Gull Specialty Co., Baltimore and New Orleans." This label savors of the ancient past, when such sentences as "This remedy is guaranteed to cure cancer, consumption, goiter, catarrh, dyspepsia, and all other diseases," ran rampant. Do not be gulled by the powder. It is not the "strongest in the world." A good phosphate or cream of tartar powder will contain about 13 per cent of available carbon dioxide. This powder does not. It is doubtless just as "pure as the driven snow," which latter is loaded with impurities running all the way from bacteria to chlorine. Food prepared with this powder is not necessarily "conscientiously pure and wholesome" nor can one believe that the addition of alum tends to make it "healthful," any more than it would make turnips "digestible." Exaggerated statements put the hall mark of inferiority upon any product.



Some Striking Examples

THE Dairy and Food Department of the State of Michigan made an examination of the T. Gorham famous catarrh remedy, Battle Creek, concerning which surprising statements were made. The following from Bulletin No. 210-11 is of interest and illustrates what has been repeatedly pointed out by COLLIER'S—the need of caution, investigation, and common sense. Referring to the Gorham preparation, the report goes on to say: "The remedy consisted of three 6-ounce bottles of brownish-red liquid for internal use and an ounce tin of 'Antiseptic Balm.' Analysis showed that the internal remedy consisted of 8 per cent alcohol, 25 per cent sugar, 67 per cent water, and a trace each of Bromide of Soda and Iodide of Potash. The 'Antiseptic' balm was just ordinary vaseline containing a small amount of menthol and perfumed with oil of wintergreen.

A Gallon of Catarrh Cure for 55c.

"WE will let physicians and the reader determine whether a weak toddy of sugar, alcohol, and water, flavored with a trace of drugs, is a good remedy of catarrh. If you want to take it why pay at the rate of $25 a gallon when you can make a gallon of it for 55c. as follows: Mix water 5 pints, alcohol 12 ounces, sugar 1½ lbs., potassium iodide 5 grains, and bromide of soda 5 grains, flavor with a few drops of wintergreen. If you wish to grease your proboscis with 'Antiseptic Balm' you can do so at a cost of 6c. as follows: Add to 1 ounce of melted vaseline ½ dram of menthol, stir and add a few drops of oil of wintergreen. Inquiry by this department at Battle Creek establishes the fact that Gorham is not a physician and has no physician connected with his business. The bankers there say he is a 'very desirable customer.' He certainly ought to be, as he is engaged in a business that pays 3,000 per cent profit."—JAMES W. HELME, State Dairy and Food Commissioner.

The Need of Care

EVEN in this enlightened time there is occasionally surreptitious addition of injurious substances to food products, and this by supposedly reputable manufacturers. The recent Humbert & Andrews case, brought about by the activity and insight of Alfred W. McCann of the New York "Globe," is instructive. Parts of the editorial comment follow: "When the Court of Special Sessions sitting in Brooklyn yesterday convicted Humbert & Andrews of using a poisonous preservative in their asparagus a hard blow was struck for pure food in New York and the country. The conviction proved that powerful food poisoners who know how to avail themselves of every influence that is likely to protect them in their miserable business can be exposed effectively nevertheless, and made to stop their wrong practices—it began several months ago when the Health Department found sodium fluoride in the concern's product. Nothing more was done. In due course a man was poisoned by the stuff, and notified the 'Globe.' Mr. McCann investigated; he visited the premises with two sanitary inspectors and found that most of the preserves put up there were treated with sulphur fumes. Chemical analysis of the asparagus disclosed the fluoride. A former manager of the firm admitted its use in the form of 'No-Ferment.'"

The firm was found guilty of the charge of treating food products with a deadly drug, and a fine of $500 or 90 days in jail was imposed. It is a good policy to demand from your dealer assurances of the purity as well as the quality of the product. Sodium fluoride is one of the most reprehensible of food preservatives, and forms the basis of various insecticides. The Massachusetts law requires all compounds containing fluoride to be marked "Poison." Here we have the sad spectacle of a poisonous compound freely sold in a food product. Such occurrences, happily, are not frequent, and an increasing public intelligence in the matter as well as a higher standard adopted by progressive manufacturers renders its recurrence very improbable.

If you know of a manufacturer of pure products who packs in the open and sells on the square, give him your hearty support, for without it he cannot help you.

The multitude of so-called "Pure Food Stores" gives point to the idea that the phrase pure food is attractive and one which can be capitalized. A large restaurant visited not long ago has the words Pure Food inlaid in the tiled floor at the entrance. Within, however, drugged foods and dyed concoctions were freely dispensed. Some of the "Pure Food Stores" will sell almost pure food and some that is very far removed from it. In one of these stores nearly a score of legally adulterated products were on sale. Does not such dealing bring a fair name into disrepute?

A pleasing change from the fake type is found in the Suffrage Pure Food Stores of New York City. These are true to name. So far as is known no adulterated product is sold in them. If by chance an impure article finds its way in, it is summarily removed by the management.

At 229-231 Ninth Avenue is one of the Progressive Grocery Stores, Inc. The theory of the manager is that he will sell both pure and impure goods, but the latter only under protest or with adequate explanation to the purchaser.

"If you want foods preserved with Benzoate of Sodium we will have to sell them to you because they are legal, but you buy them with your eyes open."

Thus reads a large sign near the doorway. Here is another: "This is a Food Store, not a Drug Store. We are not friendly to drugs in foods. That is why we are willing to tell you all we know."

"The average grocer," says the proprietor, Mr. George Stadtlander, "often lacks time to study the food question. Others do not care. We do care and take the time to study it."

Mr. Stadtlander was asked: "Suppose a customer inquires for catsup or jam, without specifying any particular kind. What are your clerks instructed to give him?" "Those free from preservatives or dyes. We sell doped foods only when they are demanded, and then call attention to the fact that they are not pure."

Is not this a helpfully progressive plan? Speed the time when all provision dealers will treat their patrons with equal frankness.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

No Need of It

Are preservatives ever put in olive oil?—J. R., Washington.

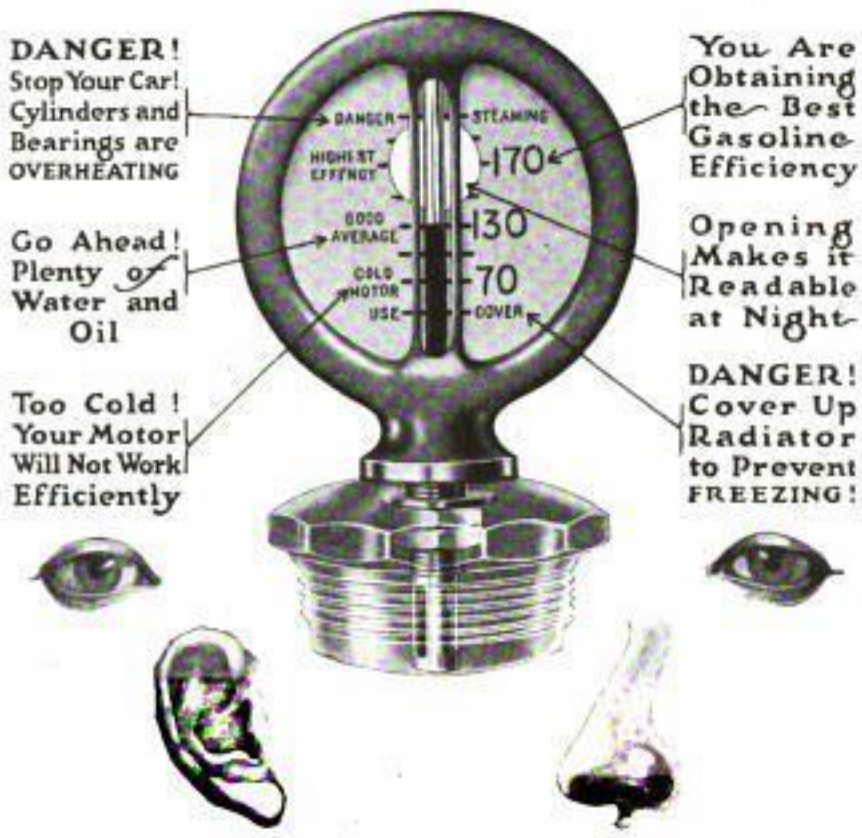
Oils of this nature need no preservatives. We have never heard of their addition.

It Is Not So

I have understood that much of the imported olive oil is adulterated with cottonseed or some similar oil, and would appreciate your opinion in this department.—MRS. F. C., Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the best answer to your inquiry can be found in the recent circular of information from the United States Department of Agriculture: "Imports of Olive Oil Not Adulterated." Department of Agri-

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"Stop—Stop Now!"

Commands the Motometer,

"Before the Repair Bill Starts"

PUT the Motometer in command of your car. Then your motor troubles will be over—upkeep expense will stop.

Don't expect your ears, eyes, and nose to detect motor troubles like a Motometer. They won't wake up until the knocking, steaming, smoking of the engine wake them up—until after the injury to the motor is already done.

Why assume that you have better ears, eyes and nose than an expert driver like Oldfield, Tetzlaff, De Palma?

All the great drivers have the Motometer to watch the lubrication, cooling system, carburetor, spark, fan belt—to watch all these things from the *inside*. These experts want the danger signal the instant the trouble starts.

But the man who thinks he is a human Motometer pays $5, $10, $50 a clip. His motor is often a *total loss* before he wakes up—*$500 gone!*

Don't pooh-pooh at overheating troubles. They are shortening the life of your motor. Overheating causes *60% of all repair work* on pleasure cars and trucks. The

BOYCE MOTOMETER

is a watch-shaped device, finished in either nickel or brass and attached to your car's radiator cap. It records the average temperature of the whole cooling system. It operates as a block signal visible day and night from driver's seat and tonneau.

It tells you instantly—accurately—when the lubricating system needs oil—when the radiator has insufficient water—when there is a faulty carburetor adjustment—or a late spark—or a loose fan belt.

The Motometer has been tested from every angle. Such a conservative company as the Mercer Company make it *Standard Equipment on all Mercer Cars for 1914.* Watch the cars on the road. See the Motometer on the magnificent cars that sail up and down Fifth Avenue.

Price $10 in the standard size for larger cars. The Motometer Jr., for smaller cars and trucks $5.

Get One on 30 Days Trial

If at the end of thirty days you are not more than pleased with your Motometer, return it to us and we will gladly refund your money. If your dealer doesn't carry Motometers, order from us.

Send *today* for booklet describing the instrument and its operation.

The Motometer Company

1790 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

1322 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO Ford Bldg., DETROIT 524 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES

DEALERS: *If you are not equipped with Motometers but are in a position to order in quantity, we have an* ***Exclusive Agency Proposal*** *to make. The Motometer is the most practical and quickest selling accessory marketed in the last ten years.*

culture corrects rumor that much imported olive oil is adulterated with cottonseed oil.

Following the receipt of several inquiries as to whether a large part of the olive oil imported into the United States is adulterated with cottonseed oil, the Department of Agriculture has made a special investigation into the state of the olive oil admitted. The Government's interest in the matter is twofold: first, to protect the people from getting adulterated olive oil; second, to protect the reputation of olive oil in the interest of olive-oil producers in California, Arizona, and other olive-growing sections. Since 1900, the Department, through its various port laboratories, has examined samples from 2,149 importations of olive oil. Of these, only ten were refused entry, and only three of these were refused entry for containing cottonseed oil. These cottonseed-oil adulterations date back to 1908, when two shipments were found to be adulterated, and in 1909, when one shipment was found to be adulterated. Since that time there has been no shipment which has given evidence of cottonseed-oil adulteration. In 1910 seven shipments of olive oil were refused admission because adulterated with peanut oil, and since that time there have been no cases discovered of either cottonseed oil or peanut oil adulteration. The addition of cottonseed oil to olive oil, the Government specialists report, is very easily detected. Indications, therefore, are that all olive oil admitted to the country and branded as olive oil has been pure olive oil, and has contained no cottonseed oil or peanut oil. Occasionally the Government discovers a shipment of sardines in which the olive oil contains some cottonseed oil. Experts point out that it would be illogical for the importer to bring into this country olive oil adulterated with cottonseed oil, and pay a duty of 15 cents a gallon on the cottonseed oil that is contained in the mixture. Similarly, nut oils are admitted under the tariff act, and the specialists say that it would be absurd for an importer to bring from Holland olive oil adulterated with peanut oil, and pay a duty of 50 cents a gallon on the mixture when he could bring them over separately and avoid paying any duty on the nut oil.

Pure Water and the Filter

By JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

THE best drinking water is such as comes down to us from the blessed hills, sparkling, cascading, silvering in the sunshine, and taking up in its passage from the rocks and the soil through which it flows the gases that make it the most delicious draft ever invented. But water supplies have been known to come partly from contaminated streams; and there are instances when the babbling brook of the poet, by reason of outhouses along the banks, has rendered very prosaic suffering and some matter-of-fact deaths from typhoid fever and the dysenteries.

Of course it is the duty of governments—town, city, and State—to keep water supplies pure and germ free; but everyone knows how cruelly this duty has in some times and places remained undone. In many communities householders must still do what they can for themselves to keep their drinking water wholesome.

Spring waters, the purity of which is generally guaranteed, are on the market, as are waters purified by distillation and then aerated to make them palatable. Boiling any water will make all the germs in it harmless, though it will remain as muddy as ever; there is no objection to this unless you mind taking your animal food that way. Unfortunately boiled water is insipid, because all the natural gases that make it delightful bubble out in the boiling. Yet when there are epidemics of "ingestion infection," and no guaranteed system of reservoir filtration exists, the water for drinking and cooking must, for the average citizen, be boiled or passed through domestic filters of assured efficiency. The most perfect of domestic filters are only making the best of a bad state of things, and one which no man zealous for his family's welfare should endure indefinitely; he should put that matter up to the men he has elected to the public service, and put it up to them hard. The small sand, animal charcoal, wire cloth, filter paper, sponge and cotton contrivances which are screwed on to the faucet and let much water pass rapidly through them are not filters at all, but simply strainers that give a murderously false sense of security. They are first-rate soil for germs, and the water is richer in disease after than before their use. Removing mud, iron rust, and visible sediment (crude but comparatively harmless impurities), they make the water look more attractive, but the germs that are invisible to the naked eye thrive in them all the same. Small filters that allow a good stream of water to pass through will never stop germs; look out for leaky joints, cracked tubes, and the like in such filters. Filters that are effective will let water pass through drop by drop; to get a fair stream a series of such filters should be tubed together and reservoired in the home.

The most effective domestic filters are made of unglazed porcelain, baked infusorial earth, or sandstone—the inventions of Bergefeld and Pasteur; but through them even germs may in the course of time pass into the filtered water. The best filters are germ proof for only a limited period; those willing to pay the bacteriologist for periodic inspections of their filters may purchase water security, but this luxury is not for the man with a fifteen-dollar-a-week job.

To clean the Bergefeld or Pasteur filter the cylinder or candle is removed, scrubbed or brushed, sterilized by boiling or baking, and then replaced; this done once a week assures safe filtration. All domestic filters must be capable of disjointing easily for such purification.

The Remedy for Indecent Dressing

(*Concluded from page 11*)

must, of necessity, be, and is, based on historical costume. Paris has always done this; always adapted; never originated. Not a single original fashion, *per se*, has ever come from Paris—it is always based on the costume of other races and nations, either past or present.

BUT the American woman must give the American designer encouragement. She must believe that her own designers know her needs, her temperament, her environment, better than do the Parisian designers, most of whom have never set foot on American soil, and are not only ignorant of her but are contemptuous of her. No Latin race can ever rightfully dress an Anglo-Saxon people: the temperament, the environment, the climate, the needs—all are different, and it is upon these that proper costume rests and is based. Moral conceptions and standards are likewise different. The fresher American mental outlook would be absolutely incapable in thinking in terms of the present degenerate fashions; they are the expression of a tainted Latin temperament.

Had we years ago, as we are now doing, taken hold of the idea of American fashions for American women and encouraged and accepted it, we should not now be reaping the whirlwind of a fetish to let a few commercialists of disordered minds, 3,000 miles away, say what our American girls and women should wear. It is our own fault that we have allowed this spectacle of indecent dressing to come upon us, and it will be our own fault if we allow it to continue. The remedy is perfectly simple—we must turn away from Paris and the clothes of her demimonde and set about to encourage our own designers, our own manufacturers, our own dressmakers, our own industries. Then we will conserve two things—our own economic independence and keep $200,000,000 of good American dollars at home where they belong, and our own moral standards.

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Voolliness as You Like It

By C. J. MANNING

LD maids of New England and literary gentlemen of New York have maligned the cowboy and dian to so great an extent that both ese classes of human beings would be reed to show credentials and affidavits origin, did they appear at any set eeting of the fiction writers' New ork local. The extent of the injury ne the gentlemen of the ranges and servations was developed at the Sioux ty, Ia., Frontier Days celebration, ly 2, 3, and 4.

Sioux City in early days was camping und for Sioux warriors and later a ter for cowmen. To celebrate its ssage from trading post to city, the ntier show was arranged by business n, who decided no better way to show e's flight could be evolved than that giving living picture reproduction of old lawless days.

The Interstate Live Stock Fairground s chosen as setting for the celebra- n. To the great ranges of Wyoming, ontana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colo- lo, and Texas were sent announce- nts that $25,000 would be divided ong cowboys, cowgirls, and Indians at might see fit to participate in West- n sport contests.

Sioux City is joined to Nebraska by a at bridge. Managers had occasion to nounce through newspapers that at on. July 1, the Winnebago Indian dele- ion would cross the bridge on the way the celebration. A great crowd of the initiated gathered to witness the red- n invasion.

NOT A SCALP LOCK!

WHAT a disappointment that inva- sion was to those who got Indian klore via the moving-picture film and penny dreadful!

A six-passenger touring car bumped er the bridge, drew up in a cloud of st at the toll-keeper's gate, and a red- nosed individual dropped out to pay passage. In a rear seat was a woman dusky hue. She was toying with two ad-headed, dark-faced youths. The or moved on.

"Indians," explained the gatekeeper the crowd.

Why, he wore a white collar, a shirt, necktie. I'll wager $100 she had a skirt on," protested a disappointed derfoot.

"Can't help that," conceded the toll er. "The buck was Harry Walks in Morning and the squaw was Minnie Long on a Porch. They are Winne- os."

Now, you aren't sure that woman n't Minnie Sits Long on a Piazza, or nnie Sits under a Pergola, are you?" rastlessly rejoined the tenderfoot.

t this juncture came other motors light wagons, bearing more Winne- os. All wore white collars. None feathers. Bowie knives or quick- oting rifles were not in evidence. ux City ceased trembling for the re of the city and awaited the arrival he blood-loving Sioux warriors from kton reservation.

ioux chiefs dropped off a train on unlit afternoon. They wore business s of gray, tan, and blue. The buck squaw in the lead sped an ice- am-parlor sign and a soft-drink orgy ed. One of the celebration managers ght the party with the third ice and clambered aboard cars bound for scene of the show.

ne strap-hanging squaw, after two id miles of travel, protested against street-car service, to the disgust of a -white, who had thrilled to Western na in pictures.

s the Indians alighted at the grounds were told that feathers could be inside and that day wages and food ld be given to all braves appearing costume during the congress and ces. The Harry Lauder of the squad red to know if the management ld pay his laundry bills. Being as- sd the matter would be taken care of, marched in stately grandeur to the es the management had provided.

o dog-soup meni was to be found he Indian camp. Bucks insisted they t have the best cuts of beef. When isitor suggested he would like to see camp chef lull a languid dog to soup he was told by a Carlisle graduate to "Beat it!"

The Carlisle man and a group of his college fellows directed in excellent English the staging of the ghost and war dances in the arena.

"We maintain tribal traditions and customs as a matter of race pride," he explained to questioners. "We wear the feathers of our fathers on but few occasions. We deem the feathers insanitary."

BACHELORS OF ARTS WIELD THE LARIAT

MANAGERS of the celebration thought the advent of the cowboys would stir the city. They thought the fiction cry: "Whoop la! Pull in your windows or we'll shoot 'em out," would ring through the streets. The cowboys came, sought hotel rooms, and awaited the contests in peace. They used the hotel silver with respect. Clerks were not called on to check guns overnight. In the lobbies the gentlemen of the plains discussed college days, modern range methods, and scientific farming. They were different from the average individual because they wore the wide-brimmed felt hat.

A situation had to be met by the management, because the visitors had brought no such story-tellers as have been pictured in all stories of Western setting. Joe Morton, general manager of the celebration, also secretary of the Interstate Fair, first urged the cowboys to spread a few yarns in passing through crowds, and then, noting that the cowmen took poorly to fiction, hired two fertile-brained city youths to don chaps and sombrero and to spin Western tales in tents or paddocks where the curious might gather.

Visitors listened, wide-eyed!

One young man traveled under the pleasant title of "Sneaking Lariat" Jones. The other youth's "pen name" was "Dead Shot" Cartwright.

When a crowd gathered "Sneaking Lariat" began to carve his name in the pillars of the grandstand. He wielded an evil-looking knife, and at intervals disgorged a great stream of tobacco juice in department-store abandon. The crowd agreed "Sneaking Lariat" was the only cowboy on the turf.

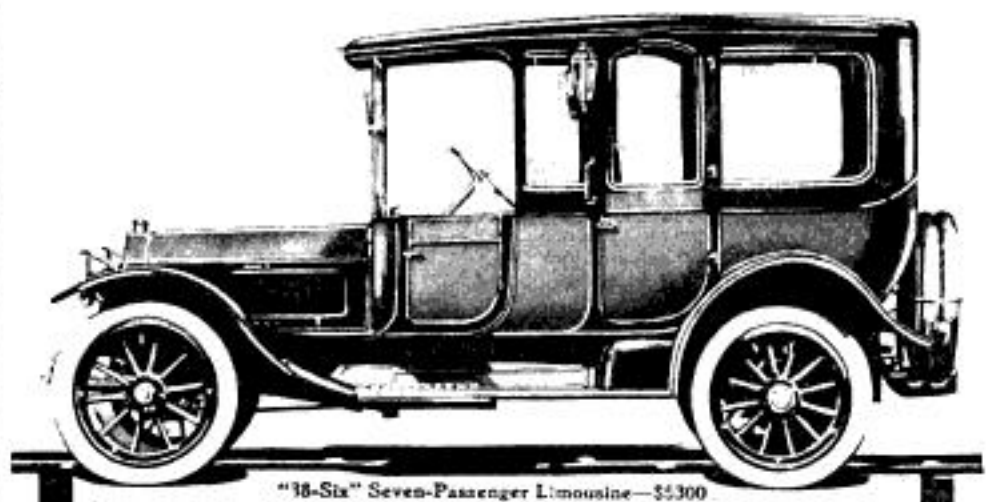
While this was going forward on the side lines out in the sport arena the West was being depicted in "whoop-la" fashion, while moving-picture batteries worked overtime and rough-rider bands supplied the musical clamor. "Old Steamboat" and "Rocking Chair," famous throughout the West as "the meanest outlaws in the world," were mounted and conquered by college-degree men like Frank Carter, formerly of Iowa, but now of Cheyenne, Wyo., and William Obele of Fort Pierre, S. Dak. Bachelors of arts wielded the lariat and dropped Texas longhorns with the graceful ease made famous in the Remington pictures.

NEED A FAIR SHOW IN LITERATURE

CHARLES IRWIN, responsible for the Cheyenne Day's celebration, was general director of the field sports, and his champion riders and ropers were featured in horseback quadrille, potato contests, and night-shirt races. Champions from the Calgary Stampede, the Winnipeg Roundup, and the Los Angeles Rodeo were gathered in by the glitter of purses offered. While they demonstrated uncanny skill in riding and rope tossing, they also played to the picture stands and the newspaper squads, explaining that their next move would be into vaudeville, and that they wanted large type prominence to attract booking agents.

Two cowboys slept on a downtown hotel roof, explaining for publication that they liked life in the open. One complained of rheumatic twinges after a night of exposure and questioned whether he was being paid a sufficient wage, later submitting a protest to Mr. Morton.

The crowd verdict (over 60,000 people witnessed the programs) was that the frontier day and man had passed on, and that the rising generation of cowmen was wise in choice of drinks, words, and methods of accomplishing the same ends that once brought broken pates and necks. All this new generation needs is a fair show in literature.



"38-Six" Seven-Passenger Limousine—$5300

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THE New Peerless Closed Cars, in type and detail, are characterized by an advanced independence in design and construction that makes them superior to all former Peerless Models and to other closed cars.

In external beauty, richness and perfection of internal appointments, in originality and maturity of detail, in dignity and complete freedom from eccentricities they are unequalled by any other vehicle produced in this country or abroad.

EXCLUSIVE DETAILS: Auxiliary seats fold completely into the front wall of the car; windows are sashless, Swiss Railway type, polished plate, automatic control; division window at front of tonneau has no obstructing mullion; doors open almost flat against the car; upholstery is Turkish Roll type; electric chaosphone, Pullman type electric lights, concealed when not in use; automatic step light when door is opened; and many other distinct novelties.

Three Six-Cylinder Models: "38-Six," "48-Six," "60-Six." Limousine, Landaulet, Coupe and Berline-Limousine Bodies. Prices $5300 to $7200.

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What a time for the youngsters — when "Grandpa" comes to visit, with his big heart and old-time stories! What interest in those jolly, moon-lit evenings when he tells of his exploits and about the rigors of his boyhood winters! How sharp the difference between cabin-comfort "60 years ago" and the genial warmth and quick convenience of

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Such contrasts, with tales of bygone hardships, surely make little hearers, as well as grown-ups, appreciate the great work of heating inventors, iron workers, and fitters who have done so much to comfort the homes of today.

In "Grandpa's" younger days comfort was sparce and hard-earned by fireplace and stoves, wood-fed every hour and poked fifty times a day — a constant job. And when the biting wind blew hard, comfort went with it. In homes of today AMERICAN Radiators place wind-defying comfort evenly in all nooks and rooms from IDEAL Boilers fed once or twice a day, and self-regulated to keep up comfort evenly and fuel costs down.

Our modern outfits are made in all sizes, for smallest cottages up to largest buildings. Their capacities to make and distribute the most heat from coal burned are proved in our Test Laboratories in United States, France and Germany. Nowhere in the world can you get better heating control and fuel economy than produced by these outfits.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made of best cast-iron; no parts to warp, wriggle apart or wear out; will last a century. What you pay for them adds much to your building values, which tells in higher rental or sales price. As they bring no dust or dirt into the rooms (as from old-fashioned ways) much cleaning drudgery is saved the women and damage to furnishings avoided.



AN IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner $225, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

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Write also for ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner catalog. Machine is cellar-set, connected by iron suction pipe to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine, and will last as long as the building.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Showrooms in all large cities
Write Department 31 CHICAGO

The Doom of the Invader

(Continued from page 6)

at them, or back to the road, to wait for the fires to burn themselves out. But they do not burn out. That is, as fast as one field or house is consumed, another is set on fire; the old colonel has arranged all that. He is determined that the enemy shall have no opportunity to "waste the land with fire and sword." That will be attended to for him, so that he will have to pass through a blackened, kiln-dried desert, broken only by green oases, where pasture lands defy the flames. He—the colonel—knows well that there is no ally more effective and terrible than thirst. This ally now begins to make itself felt.

Soon the water in the enemy's canteens is gone. Eagerly his men rush into the scorching heat radius of a burning farmhouse, only to turn away again with bitter curses and an added score of hatred toward those whose land they are invading. For the animals that could not be driven away—pigs, mostly, and sheep—have been killed and their bodies thrown into the wells. Already their waters are so polluted that to drink them is practically suicide. Yet some of the enemy's men do drink before their officers can stop them.

Is not this poisoning of wells contrary to the laws of war? Certainly it is. But men who are not given the benefit of those laws are hardly disposed to accord such benefits to their adversaries. No truer phrase was ever coined than that of General Sherman when he said that "war is hell." He might have added that when soldiers meet civilians who are fighting to preserve the integrity of their country—why, then it is that war takes on its most superlatively hellish aspect.

THE enemy has not captured many of the inhabitants of the country; those men who have fallen into his hands he has treated even as he treated the old fisherman. From now on he spares no one, not even the few women who have not made their escape, nor their children. The dead bodies of the men are found mutilated in the nameless and horrible manner which, strangely enough, is common to all parts of the world where unbridled, uncivilized warfare is waged. It must be prompted solely by the most brutal instincts latent in the nature of man; it can hardly have been communicated from one land to another. The Yankee does not reply to this indignity in kind. But he does other things. He does not realize that the enemy is not wholly without the only excuse that could serve to palliate his acts. But it is a fact. Thirst, carried to an extreme, will bring with it insanity of the most agonizing sort. What between heat, thirst, fatigue, and rage, many of the enemy's men are literally crazy now. His horses are falling by scores. His attempts to bring water from the rear are utterly inadequate; his means of doing so are so small, his men and horses so many.

His aeroplanes have proved all but useless. It is but rarely that they can get an adequate view of the country through the pall of smoke that hangs over it. Once one of them catches a glimpse of men working busily at a road near the railway. In order to see more distinctly, he swoops like a hawk—and gets too low. A chorus of rifle shots rings out. The monoplane dives as a boy's kite sometimes does, and striking the earth head on, it crushes its aviator and the passenger under its engine. And the work on the road goes on.

The road here runs along the face of a rise. On one side there is a steep declivity; on the other a steeper bank. This bank has been heavily undercut. Along the back of the wedge-shaped cave thus formed a continuous box—a sort of square, wooden pipe—has been laid. It is filled with powder. Over it planks are set upright, and against these planks gravel has been thrown until the bank has resumed its normal appearance. This is a species of mine known as a "fougasse."

The sun, a mere red ball as seen through the smoke, has passed over the land and gone below the western horizon. Night brings no cessation of toil. The roads over which the enemy is passing have practically to be rebuilt as he goes. Point mines are succeeded by trench mines, which lay it open as though some giant plow had passed through it. Incidentally many men are killed; but men in this case are only pawns in the game, and are of but little value compared to the time that is wasted. The enemy has more men, but time is a thing that he cannot command.

Still he toils doggedly on toward the railway, which at this point runs in a direction practically parallel to the coast line. The enemy is brave. Most men are. The coward is a rare exception; hence the black disgrace of cowardice.

SO, half dead and more than half crazy with toil and thirst, the enemy nears his objective, the railway, and starts to cross the rise. There is a stream, too large to pollute, on the far side of that rise; his aeroplanes have told him that much. But as the head of his column nears this stream some one, concealed at a distance, jams home the plunger of a firing battery. With a flash and a muffled roar the fougasse explodes, sending along its half mile of length a blighting shower of stones and gravel across the road, sweeping from its surface every living thing.

Even this does not deter the thirst-maddened men who follow. In silence—for their parched throats refuse to voice a cheer—they rush forward and are killed like rats as they throw themselves prone on the banks of the stream to drink. The colonel at last has made a stand, and is occupying a line of sandbags laid along the railway bank.

Beating them with the flats of swords, the enemy's officers manage to get their men into line. Bayonets flash and rattle as they are snapped in place, and they charge, taking a line of empty works in time to send a useless volley after a speeding train.



His transports are taken or sunk, his warships also taken or driven away

STILL the enemy has water now; also he has the railway at this point—that is, what there is left of it. A glance in the direction of the seaport terminus shows that little use can be made of it, for the present at least, in that direction. The rails have been torn up, heated in the middle over fires of ties, and then twisted, by means of great wrenches at each end, and turned in opposite directions. Rails that are merely bent can be straightened, but those twisted in this manner are useless until rerolled. There has been a small yard at the point that the enemy has taken. The cars have been set ablaze, and are burning merrily. Some of the engines have had their cylinder heads removed; others are permanently disabled by means of dynamite exploded in their fire boxes.

Patiently he sets about saving what he can and repairing damages. He expects to need those cars and engines. With the seaport town he is not at present concern himself. Its garrison, though too small to make a sortie against him, is still too large and too securely placed readily to be taken by storm or a direct attack. Later he intends to act against it in conjunction with his ships; at present it is with the other direction that he occupies himself. It is from that direction that the American forces will come. His plan is to take up the rails in order that he may secure a trench himself in the position he has gained. Later he can replace those rails when he needs to use them. In order to take them up, however, a train is necessary—and a clear track.

To test this latter point he sends for a pilot engine, running wild—that is, with its throttle open and its cab unoccupied. It meets a rail joint, open-pingly opened, on the outside of a curve, and plunges over a bank. A second engine has her vitals speared by a rail which has been set in the middle of the track so that its end points diagonally upward and backward. He resolves to wait until morning, then not far away, before starting out with the train that he has managed to get together. When morning comes, however, his attention is otherwise engaged.

First the wires of his field telegraph are cut—but that is continually happening. Then his scouts begin to come in. Small bodies of American troops have been met, which are evidently the forerunners of larger bodies. Neither of this disquiet him ordinarily; it is nothing more than was to be expected. What does disturb him is the fact that these small bodies seem to have appeared not only on his front, but also on both flanks, showing that the Americans are attempting to surround him on three sides and cut him off from the fourth, the sea and his ships, which form his base.

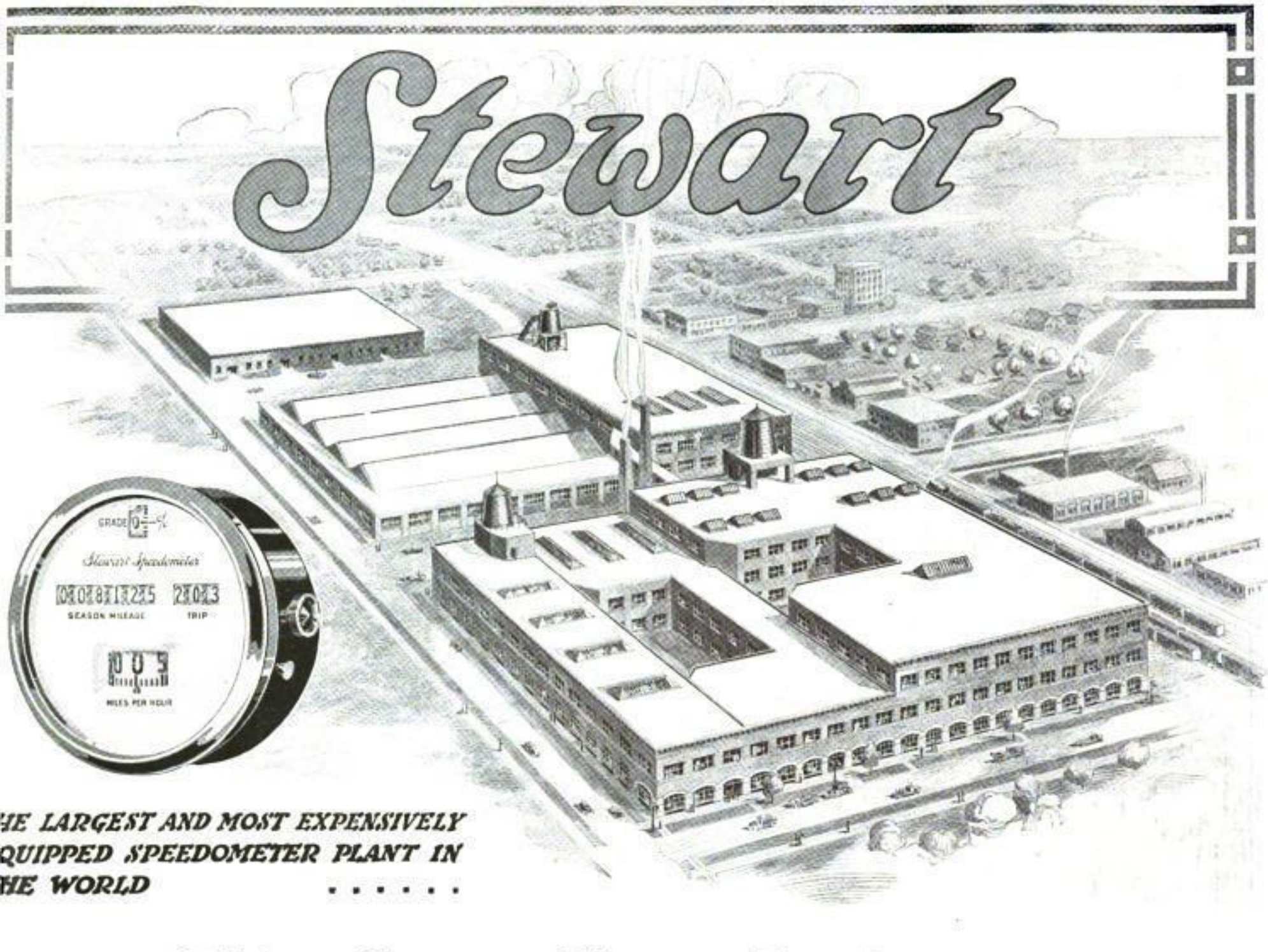
THE distant "wop! wop! wop!" of rifle fire begins to make itself heard. It gains strength until it comes in gusts exactly like thousands of packs of firecrackers set off together. Also it comes closer; the enemy's outposts are being driven in. A shot fired from a field gun, screams into camp, buries itself in the bank, and explodes there harmlessly. Another follows it and another. Then comes one from the flank.

Already he has sent all the men he can spare to protect those flanks of his. Now these men are falling back. Orderlies and gallopers bring dispatches—verbal messages—begging for reinforcements; but the enemy dares spare no more. Hesitantly he orders retreat—and it is like the retreat from Concord. It is not a rout at all. At no time is it entirely a rout, in fact. The enemy's rear guard holds its formation throughout. It is like some beast of prey which, though obliged to flee to safety, still will make a stand and fight savagely when its pursuers come too close on its heels.

The main body, however, has not even the poor consolation of carrying on a losing fight as it hurries, once more tortured by thirst, along that fire-lined road. The volunteer civilians of the colonel's force, they find, have returned to their former home by devious ways. Every tree, every blackened rock and bush has a man behind it with a rifle in his hands and the memory of those mutilated corpses blazoned on his brain. There is little use in detaching men to oppose them; it would be like trying to catch fleas with a boxing glove. On all sides, there is a rumor which runs along the column's length that causes them hasten until they sometimes fall exhausted by the road side by sides of those who have fallen to the rifles of men behind the trees and rocks. Then there is a sound that confirms the rumor.

This sound is the distant, thunderous rumble of many heavy guns firing rapidly. It tells the enemy's men that

Stewart



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. . . . . .

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SUCH a sweeping and conspicuous domination sharply emphasizes our recognition as the world's most eminent authorities on all matters pertaining to the correct principle, operation and method of constructing fine instruments for the measurement of precise speed and exact mileage.

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THE World's Record for speed on the water is held by a motor boat —45.22 miles an hour. A measured mile in less than one minute and twenty seconds: *Howard time.*

Forget for a moment that speed boat racing is a sport. Consider its *practical* results. At any given price, compare the motor boat of today with that of a few years back.

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When you see a concern forging ahead of competition, stamping its individuality on the trade—there you find the HOWARD type of man putting the thing across.

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The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

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Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. A, and we'll send you a copy.

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for the highest quality in every particle—is Pears' Soap—and for the possession of those special emollient properties which soften and beautify the skin. Moreover, Pears' Soap is

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because its price is absolutely low —and because it has no mixture of water to cheapen it. It contains no impure or inferior ingredients. It is a positive help to the most delicate skin. Matchless for the complexion —there's money saving as well in

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$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

ships are engaged. Then he comes to know, as the news is passed from mouth to mouth, that his transports are taken or sunk, his warships also taken or driven away. No line of retreat is left open now. Some of the survivors break into the woods, vainly hoping to conceal themselves, but only to be slaughtered there. Others gather in little groups, trying desperately to fight against their relentless and unseen foes. When at length the khaki uniforms of the regular American forces appear, they hail those uniforms with devout thankfulness as a refuge and a protection from the erstwhile peaceful inhabitants of the countryside, changed back to primitive savagery by the enemy's coming.

So the invasion ends. The [illegible] left a heritage of hatred [illegible] which not fifty years of ordinary [illegible] fare could have brought into [illegible] can five hundred years of peace [illegible] cate. He has drawn a black line [illegible] a portion of our land—but it is [illegible] short line when compared to the [illegible] the land. He has lost much and [illegible] much loss. Neither side has gained [illegible] thing worth having.

The case here stated was [illegible] made an extreme one, and it is [illegible] imaginary. Yet there is not an [illegible] here recounted that has not had a [illegible] dred parallels—save perhaps that [illegible] aeroplane and the motor car. [illegible] that is here recounted is impossible

Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which always gets the latest when there's anything doing or when there isn't.
—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Telegram.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not always wrong. It sometimes rushes in where many another angel might fear to tread, and suffers a clipping of its wings.
—Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette.*

✚

Mark Sullivan has now progressed to the point of advising the abolition of the Congressional campaign committees.
—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant.*

✚

Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S, one of the most keen and careful observers of Congressional proceedings.
—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Herald.*

✚

It is strange to find Mark Sullivan, COLLIER'S Congressional expert, declaring that conservation is yet the great issue of the country, and that its care really rests in Republican hands. Mr. Sullivan and his publication did everything possible to align the Republican party against the policy and give it over to the party of Roosevelt and Pinchot. Mr. Taft's wise and sane conservation policies were ignored or misrepresented, and the wisdom and altruism of the Pinchot school of politics accentuated.—Albany (N. Y.) *Journal.*

✚

No doubt the Senators feel, like Patrick Henry on a certain notable occasion, that if standing up for a great industry and a half million people at home be treason, then let COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Mark Sullivan and John L. Sullivan make the most of it.
—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says a vote against the Underwood Bill is a vote for the Payne-Aldrich tariff.
—Milwaukee (Wis.) *Journal.*

✚

One typical organ of free trade or near free trade—COLLIER'S WEEKLY—is quite plain and direct in its program for cheapening the cost of food in the United States.—Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY did more to assist the great Progressive cause than any other periodical in the United States.
—Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern.*

✚

BUTTE, MONT.

The way Mark Sullivan is holding up Wilson's hands in the big fight is certainly commendable. WM. F. FAGAN.

✚

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

Firmly believing that when a great publication fearlessly and earnestly assails the liquor traffic, and, through the medium of powerful editorial and forceful cartoon, seeks to awaken in the public mind a more vital interest in the terrible havoc being wrought by the evil of strong drink, we, the members of the Brotherhood Bible Class of the First Baptist Church of Riverside, Cal., the largest men's Bible class in the State, take this opportunity of commending the editors and publishers of COLLIER'S for their courageous stand, and bid them a hearty Godspeed in their splendid efforts to bring about the complete [illegible] of King Alcohol in our nation.

By order of the class,
JESSE A. HUNGATE, Class Teacher.

✚

We may be mistaken, but we believe COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not for legal prohibition, but against it, and it is therefore, only a mischief maker.
—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✚

Warning from COLLIER'S to the plutocracy of the country is entitled to thoughtful consideration.
—Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY having done [illegible] it could to disorganize the Republican party, has now begun on the Democratic party.
—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye.*

✚

COLLIER'S magazine, the great [illegible] that is doing so much to arouse the conscience of the American people [illegible] realization of the fact that there is after all, something really worth while to strive for other than the mad rush for power and pelf.
—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Progress.*

✚

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Will you permit me to thank you for the steady improvement noticeable in COLLIER'S? I know that editors are only people, but even the biggest folk like to know that their work is appreciated.

I particularly want to thank you for the excellent fiction you publish each week and for the broad policy which includes all that is worthy, even though it may occasionally offend Mrs. Grundy. I especially have in mind a story published recently, called "In the Hell of the Living Death," by C. Hilton Tuttle. The scene of this story is laid in a brothel. When you accepted the story for publication you were doubtless aware that it might offend those who object to mentioning such places with a realization that by ignoring them they perpetuate them.

The author had a perfectly natural tale to tell, which emphasized the importance of the child mind. The story was accordingly laid where that mind in childhood would be most conspicuous in contrast with its surroundings—in a place where innocence is entirely absent. This was entirely right. . . .

ARTHUR SELWYN GAIR.

✚

LONG BEACH, CAL.

The uplifting influence of COLLIER'S editorials, stories, and comment is assuredly gratifying to an [illegible] critic, the critic whose point of view is from the pinnacle of justice, and whose great ambition is to create a better understanding between all men everywhere.

CHARLES N. ANGE[illegible]

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY criticizes [illegible] for fixing the lowest limit of [illegible] upon which the income tax may be collected at $4,000 as "a bit of deference to popularity." Coming from a magazine which palpably has had no inspiration for its editorial policy but the desire for circulation for years, and which has been demagoguing with Wilson from the first issue, this particular piece of criticism is really good.

Muncie (Ind.) [illegible]

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A Successful Cop

(Concluded from page 20)

the whole morning tramping here and there with baskets of provisions, unable to enjoy his own Christmas dinner until he knows others are having theirs.

A FRESH-AIR MOVEMENT OF HIS OWN

BUT the children are his especial care. He is called "The Children's Friend" policeman. He knows them all, the well-fed ones on the avenues, and the pinched, starved faces that grow thick as cobbles in the alleys. About ten years ago he began to be concerned about the poor waifs playing upon the bricks, who, all the year round, never once saw the country or had a chance to gambol under the trees and live a single normal day through in the presence of that nature which is the source and true environment of all life. Wherever it was possible for a mother to go with such a child, he could arrange it by distributing tickets for the fresh-air outings provided systematically by institutions existing in the city. But there were so many ineligibles, so many whose mothers could not leave their work in the oyster canneries or the fruit-packing establishments even for a day that finally the policeman himself gathered up nine or ten of the very worst cases, both boys and girls, part of them cripples, and took them by wagon ten miles out to the grounds of a fishing club, which were readily opened to him, and there gave them the playtime of their young lives.

This was such a thrilling success that next year the experiment was repeated with greater numbers. It has now become an annual event. Last year 135 children, convoyed by this policeman, spent a day in the country. This year the number will be larger still. Bakers, grocers, confectioners, and caterers vie for the privilege of furnishing the dinner and its trimmings. There are all sorts of games, all kinds of frolics, and the most gamesome, frolicsome, and very near to the youngest of them all will be this white-mustached policeman.

These picnics have become a means of discipline in the district. Officer Hamilton doesn't like dirt or disorder, soiled faces, or unnecessarily ragged clothes. The children know it, and they all want to win his favor. For him to say: "Don't do that-a-way, Buddy; I won't take you on the picnic if you do," is enough to insure that Buddy will stop shying rocks at Mrs. Brown's cat, or attaching tinware to Towser's tail, or teasing his little sister or whatever other mischief juvenile depravity may have been brewing at the moment. And the influence upon Susie and her small misdemeanors is just as great.

It even works upward to fathers and mothers, who have a feeling that if they can conduct themselves in a manner to please Officer Hamilton their offspring will surely be honored with invitations upon picnic day.

Yet it is not alone for the swift-passing bliss of an annual picnic, but because of the kindness and sympathy of a thousand and one daily contacts that Officer Hamilton is endeared to the children.

OF UNIMPEACHABLE COURAGE

BESIDES, there is the example of his own life. His family lives on the edge of the post. That family life is a model to all. He is the kind of father that these waifs of the alley would like their fathers to be, the kind of husband that the wives of the tenements would like their husbands to pattern after.

Down at the Eastern District Police Station they boasted to me that Officer Hamilton was a Christian, a member in high standing of the Methodist Church in Post No. 1, and that it was being such a good Christian that made him such a good policeman. To prove his strictness they related with gusto how he refused to allow the station phonograph to play ragtime on Sunday, and only laughed when the boys tried to tease by calling him "Sister" Hamilton. To show his broad charity they boasted with equal emphasis that while Post No. 1 was largely Catholic, his popularity was as great with one religious faith as with another.

And they particularly warned me against supposing Officer Hamilton to be of the mollycoddling sort. Incident after incident, illustrative of high courage, was related, going far back in the memory of the older men, and coming right down to three days before, when, just out of the hospital and back upon his beat, because of the unanimous insistence of the people to see him once more, though with the strictest injunctions from Lieutenant Hurley to step to a box and call for help at the least sign of trouble, he had torn his operation wound open in a tussle with a drunken sailor.

BUT VINDICTIVENESS IS NOT IN HIM

DISCRETION demanded that the officer should not invite a contest of strength which, in his condition, might end fatally; but Andrew J. Hamilton, fifty-nine years old, with a hole in his side big enough to throw a baseball through, was cock of his walk or he was nothing. Courage is courage with him, and cowardice is cowardice. He wrestled the fighting-mad sailor to the signal box, rang for the wagon, and stood by, white and resolute, till he had sent in his man, and then—collapsed.

This merely to show that our policeman, though loved by children, and cried over by mothers, is not a mollycoddle—unless you would consider it mollycoddlish that the very next morning he dragged himself down to police court and, hearing the judge impose a fine of $25 upon the sailor, pleaded with him to reduce it to $5 instead, which was done, and that thereupon the sailor, twisting his cap in hand, approached the officer, thanked him, apologized for the trouble caused and injury done, and departed, his friend for life.

A POPULACE OF FRIENDS

WHEN I called upon Officer Hamilton, he was still at home, convalescing from the effects of his battle with the sailor. At my request he donned his uniform and walked with me over the beat, along the pavements, past the walls and doorways that he has known so long. This walk became a triumphal progress. The urchins in the street, the women on the doorsteps, the stylishly dressed ladies on the avenues, men of every condition of life, looked the trim blue figure over with admiring eyes, and asked him how he did. Chambermaids at second-story windows paused in their work and leaned out, dust cloth in hand, to get a nod and make an inquiry. The gray head was bare most of the time, as he responded to one salutation or another.

His manner was affectionate and fatherly. No king returning from victorious wars was ever more proudly, loyally, or affectionately welcomed.

Will the Kaiser Forgive Us?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GENTLEMEN: Being for a long time interested readers of your valued paper, we find ourselves somewhat puzzled to understand that you with so many years of experience in public life will allow to be printed and exposed to the world such unfounded "news" as what you publish in regard to "No mantelpiece ornament is the latest gift of the Norwegians to their friendly neighbor, Kaiser Wilhelm, etc.," on page 15 of your August 2 issue.

ALFRED SUNDEEN.

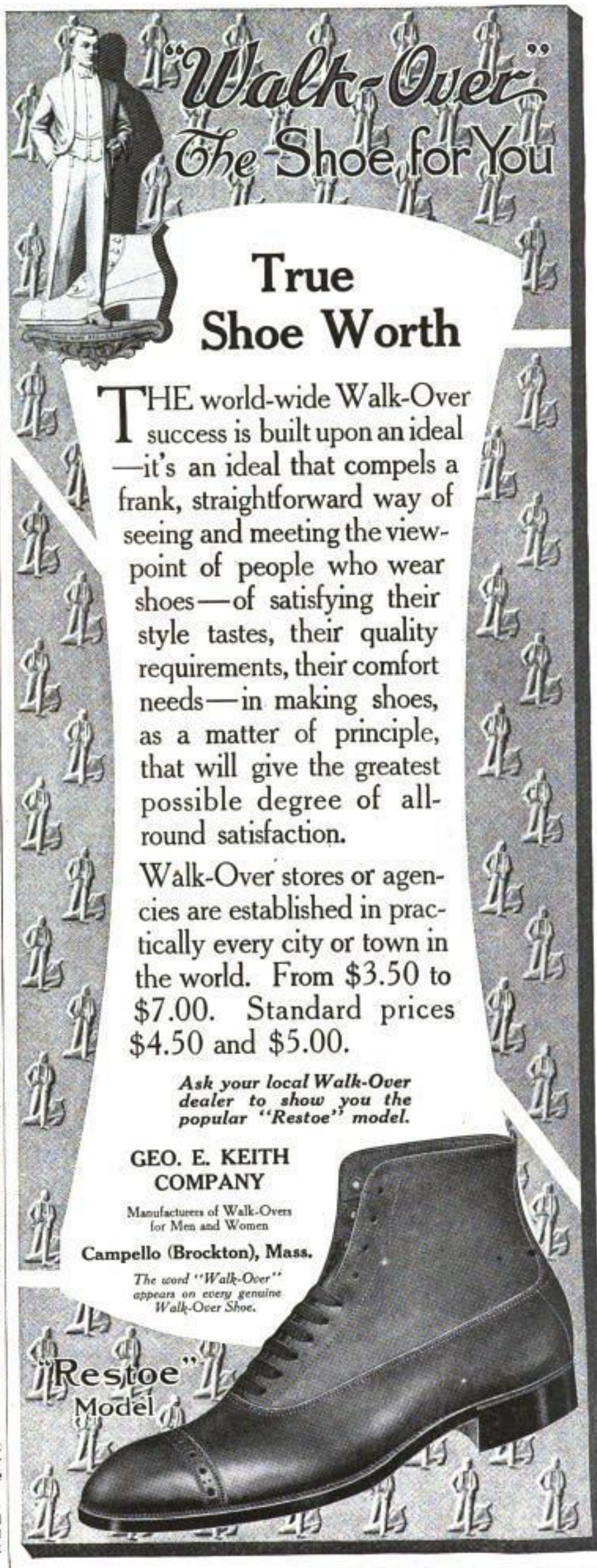
The complaint is a just one, and COLLIER'S apologizes for a reportorial blunder. The Kaiser was the donor, not the recipient, of the statue of Frithiof.

Circumstantial Evidence

IN the brave days when Secretary Bryan was known as the Boy Orator of the Platte, a venerable postmaster in western Nebraska journeyed to Lincoln, and when he returned home everybody wanted to know if he had seen Bryan.

"I'm not sure," said the old man cautiously. "A feller was p'inted out to me as being Bryan, but I'm afeard there was some mistake. I follered him half an hour and he never offered to make a speech."

WALT MASON.



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A boarding school for girls. 23d Annual session begins Sept. 24. Offers Academic, College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Home Economics—Atmosphere of culture, equipped with every comfort. Under the personal care of the principal. Limited in numbers. For detailed information address **Head-Mistress, Miss Kate Louise Spaids.**

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in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.
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I'm Ready

At any moment in these hot summer days, you can serve without work a delightful meal.

Prepared for you by a famous French chef. Baked for hours in a modern steam oven.

Brought to you with the fresh oven flavor, with the beans mellow and unbroken.

A perfect dish with a matchless sauce. And always ready for hungry folks if you stock a few cans of Van Camp's.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

The man who prepares this dish of baked beans came from Hotel Ritz, in Paris.

The beans he uses are white and plump—beans picked out by hand.

The sauce is made from whole, ripe tomatoes. It costs five times what common sauce is sold for.

The baking is done with superheated steam, without contact with the beans.

After hours of this baking, the beans come out without being crisped or broken. They are mellow and whole and nut-like.

The tomato sauce is baked into the beans. And the beans by our process are brought to you with all the fresh oven savor.

Such beans are extremely rare. So far as we know, there are no others like them.

So this dish has made this kitchen famous in a million homes.

The beans will amaze and delight you. They will give you a new idea of baked beans. Please try them. Make these summer meals which come ready-cooked as inviting as you can.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by the

Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Indiana

Common or Garden Earth

(*Concluded from page 8*)



she found herself alone with her husband in the dell. She crept to his side and kissed him with a whispered inquiry for the pain of his wound. Then: "Where is Maryon?"

Unfalteringly, without the flicker of an eyelid, De Rivas repeated the lesson in which Hammond had instructed him. "He has gone to get water—and, Cara—he has had a great stroke of luck—got a buck in a kind of primitive trap he fixed up last night. We shall have meat for several days."

"Meat—*but no fire!*" she said, a little spasm of horror contracting her weary face. He put his arm round her.

"Dearest, this isn't the time to be squeamish—for my sake, and for the sake of our little kid to come—just think of it as sustenance—close your eyes and get it down. Lots of sick people have to eat raw meat by order, and think nothing of it. And thank Hammond—don't forget to thank Hammond before he goes—for all he has done for us."

"Before he goes?" she cried with frightened eyes. "Where? Why?"

GENTLY, with more confidence in his words than in his heart, he explained Hammond's plans to her, and her eyes brightened. She had faith in Maryon's plans: they always "came off." And it would be only three days! It was a long time—but Marie would come back with help, and they would both be saved.

Suddenly, without a sound of his coming, Hammond was with them, carrying the can of water and something wrapped in long fresh grass. Immediately Cara cried:

"Boston? Where is Boston, Marie?"

"I parted with him down by the river," said Hammond, adding after a moment: "He is busy with part of the buck I got."

He did not speak for a long time after that, seeming very intent on what he was doing—tearing the sleeves of his coat in strips to bind round his feet. His shirt had been used up for De Rivas's wound. After he had finished this, the only preparation for his journey, he sat talking cheerfully to Cara for a while, asking for messages for friends in Salisbury, and inviting her to choose the men she wanted for her "relief patrol." Hardly in keeping with these gay whispers were his words in De Rivas's off ear, as he thrust his revolver into De Rivas's off pocket.

"I'll take yours instead. It may serve to smash a skull with, at a pinch."

Now De Rivas's revolver was empty; it was Hammond's that contained the one cartridge for a certain emergency, the frightful emergency which all brave men who take charge of women in a savage country must be willing to face! But Cara, whom this little incident chiefly concerned, knew nothing of it. Almost light-heartedly she bade Hammond farewell, thanking him, as her husband had told her, for all he had done, far from knowing how much that was and how much it might be before the end.

At the last De Rivas held out his hand and said hoarsely:

"If you don't mind shaking, Marie—and saying you forgive me?"

It was the first time since he stole Maryon Hammond's wife that he had used the name that once in college days was sweet between them. He would hardly have dared now, but somehow he felt he owed it to Hammond's generosity to dare, if only to let the other man smite him with the just word of wrath. But Hammond took his hand. They were all in the shadow of death.

"And me, too, Marie?" whispered the woman through her tears.

"That's all right, Cara," he said gently, taking hers in turn. A moment later he had gone upon his way.

IN the Salisbury laager, which was the Salisbury prison put into a state of defense, with sandbags and wagons all round it, and machine guns pitched on every eminence, the air was charged with gloom and rage. It was not because of war: Rhodesians after 1893 were inured to war and had learned to accept philosophically its bitters with its sweets. What hurt them now was that this was not war, but black murder. There had been no decent open fighting—only secret savage murder of men and women in far places. Murder—and worse! Men bit their mouths close on revolting stories that it would do no good for the women to hear; and women came into the laager night after night white-faced and sick at heart. The whole country was "up" in rebellion, but, except in Matabeleland, there had been no actual fighting. Overwhelming small isolated bands of men cannot be called fighting—but it was the nearest approach to it that the Mashonas had made. That was what they had attempted in the case of the Mazoë patrol. On hearing that there had been wholesale slaughter at Mazoë, and that the survivors (mostly women and children) were huddled in a house waiting for the end, twenty-six picked men had ridden out from Salisbury to the rescue. They reached Mazoë just in time—and getting the women, children, and wounded men into a wagon protected by sheets of corrugated iron, set out on the return march to Salisbury. These twenty-six men had had to fight every inch of the way with thousands of natives, but not one dead or wounded man of the gallant band was left by the wayside. As they fell, their comrades picked them up and thrust them into the wagon, and thus in somewise or another came back each and every man of the famous patrol!

Carr, with an arm shot off and his horse shot under him, was one of those who had to lie helpless and raging among the women—raging because he knew nothing of the fate of his best friend! All that he knew was that the bodies of Rider and Dent had been found on the outskirts of Mazoë. One of the Carissima boys was reported to have stated that Hammond had gone to the help of the De Rivases. But it was now known that De Rivas's place was burned to the ground and not a living soul left at the Green Carnation! Small wonder that the bitterness of Carr's heart was as the bitterness of the heart of Job in the last stage of his torment.

It was now generally believed that everyone in the mining districts who had not managed to escape to Salisbury at the first alarm was of the doomed or dead. Diane Heywood looked into Bernard Carr's eyes and saw that belief there, and her face took a deeper shadow upon it. From the first entry of wounded refugees she had offered her services to the good nursing nuns, and striven in ardent labor and many a weary vigil to dull her heart's fierce pain. When once she and Carr had read each other's misery, he forgave her for what she had done to Hammond (though he knew not what it was) and they were friends. She was often by his bedside, reading sometimes or talking a little, but more often both were silent, thinking of what they dared not speak.

Oh! to see his eyes again! To know that he was still on God's fair earth!—not cut down, beaten to his knees with knobkerries, assegaied by foul, cowardly brutes whose courage was only in their numbers! Only to know that he had had a fair chance—out in the open with a gun in his hand, not trapped in a hut, as so many had been! But all that had happened at Carissima remained dark and unknown; and the mystery of its fate lay heavy on the hearts of those in Salisbury laager.

Then late one afternoon shouts on the clear April air! Shouts and cries, hoots and yells of triumph from afar—nearer, nearer, until right at the laager gates; then crowds of men rushing in, all thrusting, heaving, shoving to be near a central figure—some one being borne high on men's shoulders!

DIANE, standing in the veranda of the jailer's house where Carr lay sick, shaded her eyes with her hand to see better through the sunset rays. They were calling Hammond's name—but was *that* Maryon Hammond—that haggard, tattered wreck, brown with dirt, disfigured by thorn scratches and dried blood, ragged, shirtless, with bare arms sticking through a sleeveless coat?

Yes, it was Maryon Hammond! He looked up at her as they carried him past, and it was as though he saluted her with a sword.

"Ah, God! if she could have gone to him and taken his head to her breast! But how could she? He was not hers but another woman's! All she might do was rejoice that a brave man still lived. Blindly, with faltering feet, she found her way back to Carr's room where she had been sitting when the noise came. She wanted to share the news with someone—some one who loved him too. Afterward they sat silent in the twilight, Carr with a man's philosophy was content now and could possess his soul in patience until Hammond came to him. But Diane knew not what power helped her to sit there so still, listening to the sounds in the jail yard. For they had not for a moment discontinued those sounds. Always men's voices continued to rise and fall shouting excitedly, crying Hammond's name, questioning—even, it seemed, remonstrating. There was much jingle of harness, too, and the sound of horses being led out. At last a wilder hubbub than ever, an uproar of mad hurrahs, cheer upon cheer ringing on the evening air, then—the thud of horses' hoofs and the rattle of cart wheels!

SOME word he caught in all that wild bedlam of sound made Carr spring out of bed and tear down the passage that led to the veranda, with Diane Heywood running after him.

"What is it? What is it? Where is he?" After the first amazed stare at this madman in pajamas there were many to cry him the news.

"He's gone back again! What do you think of that? After doing sixty miles in his bare feet! Gone back to get De Rivas and his wife! Our fellows, twenty of 'em, were ready to go alone—but nothing on earth or off it could stop him from going, too—not the Judge, nor the Administrator, nor an archangel from heaven—said they could never find 'em without him—or might find 'em too late. His feet are all to bits—I tell you, man, he hasn't got feet any more—only some black currant jelly. They're so bad he has to ride in a cart!—but he *would* go—he *would* go. Whether he'll ever come back again—with those feet—"

BUT he did come back. It took longer to bring in the two refugees than it had taken Maryon Hammond to walk the distance in his bare feet, for there was fighting to be done on the return journey; but Cara de Rivas and her husband were safe and sound in Salisbury at last, none the worse for their three days' vigil.

And once more a man riding on men's shoulders looked up at a girl in the jail veranda and saluted her with the light glance of his eyes; and she with her hand raised to her forehead saluted him in return, as a soldier might salute a conqueror, her eyes full of pride. For only she and he knew how great was this victory in which lay their defeat.

Do we think Victory great?
And so it is.
But now it seems to me, when all is done, that Defeat is great, and Death and Dismay are great.

Long before they came to fetch her she had heard the news—the bitter tragic news. It was on all men's lips.

"His feet are gone. Nothing can save Marie Hammond's feet—the fleetest feet in Africa!—gone!—done for! Nothing *but amputation can save his life—and he won't have it done.*"

It was true. He refused to have it done. He lay and laughed in the doctor's faces.

"Take my feet off? Leave me to spend the rest of my days on my back—or crawling about the earth like a maimed rat? Oh, no, my dear fellows. No go for you to-day—nothing doing!

"All right, I'll be dead before nothing if you say so. That's not such bad luck either. I think a good long rest is indicated anyway. I'd like a rest, by Jove! Only I should like to be left alone now if you don't mind, with my pal Carr—and—ah! yes, if Miss Heywood would stay too— Leave us three alone, will you, until the end?"

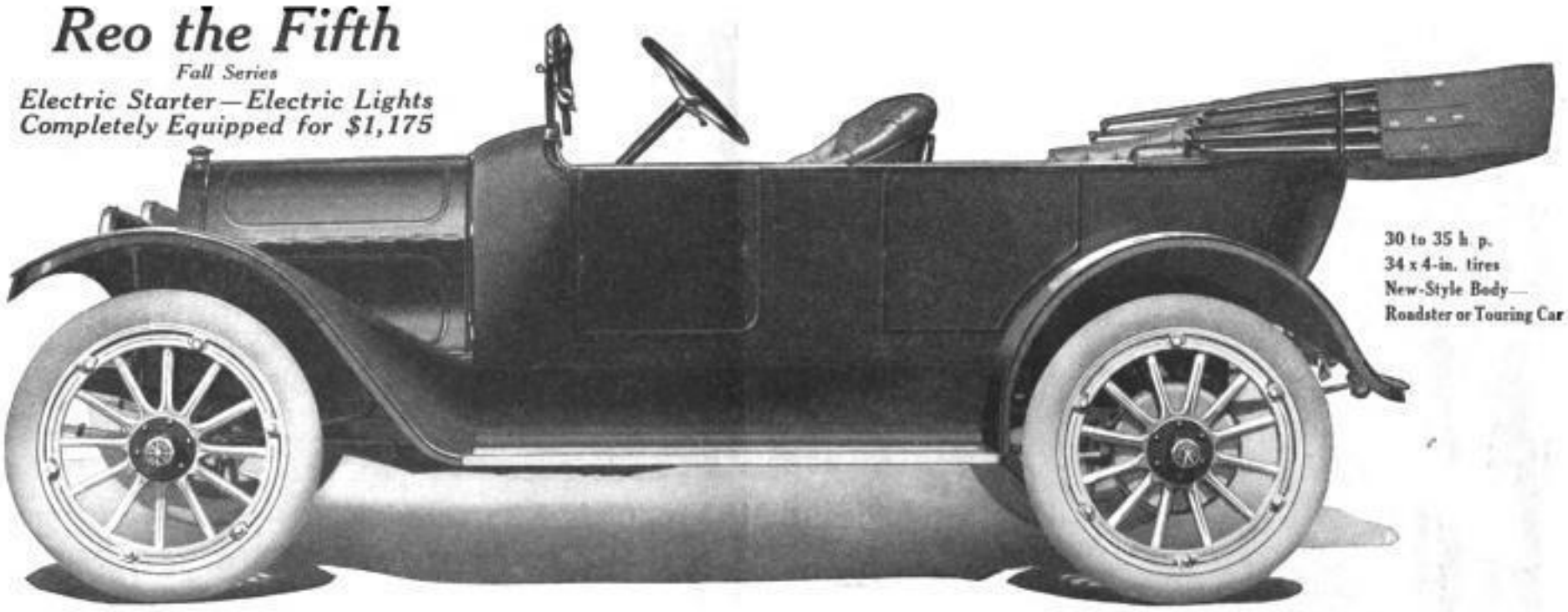
DIANE HEYWOOD never left Salisbury. A grave kept her there, and you may find her there to this day, feeding the sick and sad, helping all those whose burdens seem too heavy for their shoulders.

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The Doings of the Cynic

(Concluded from page 18)

"I'll fix it, Butterfield."

Hastening back to No. 10, Butterfield knocked. There was an instant's pause, and then the man within inquired impatiently: "What is it?"

BUTTERFIELD promptly opened the door. "The lady is wanted on the telephone—booth No. 6—right away, sir—party says it's urgent."

"Confound your impudence, waiter! Who told you to open the door?" demanded the other, angrily. The little girl was crouching against the wall, her face pale and her eyes wide with terror.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Butterfield humbly, and then to the girl: "Will you please come at once, madam? I think it is quite important." He held the door open invitingly, and the girl, utterly confused, stepped through it and followed him.

Her host called out cheerily that he would await her return with impatience, and Butterfield closed the door upon him.

Lorraine, again in the hall, noted with surprise that Butterfield was conducting the lady from No. 10 into Miss Mercier's office, and, fancying that something unusual was happening, decided to watch for developments.

The foolish little girl sank into the chair Miss Mercier brought her and buried her face in her hands.

"Lorraine is scootin' around; don't lose any time," said Butterfield, and closed the door upon them.

MISS MERCIER assumed a severe expression, and, after a mental prayer that she might be granted inspiration to say the right thing, she said: "You can thank your lucky stars that you are going to go straight home, safe and sound. And let this be a lesson to you not to go to suppers in private dining rooms with men without a chaperon. Nobody does, especially here. The waiter will put you in a carriage, tell the driver where you live, and go there. We will pay the driver, so you have nothing to worry about. Come along now. Don't tremble so; you are safe. Here's the waiter now."

Butterfield appeared and led the still trembling girl out of the office down the marble-cake stairs, through the deserted grand hallway, across the sidewalk, and saw her safely into the carriage.

During this time the man in No. 6 grew restive and suspicious. He rang for Butterfield, and Lorraine, watching the call board for the absent waiter, took it upon himself to answer.

"Where is my waiter?" demanded Drake.

Lorraine shook his head and grinned craftily. Then he remarked, as a sort of afterthought, that he had seen Butterfield talking to a lady in the hall and later escorting her down the front steps as though he were seeing her to a street.

"Go and call the lady in No. 6—the telephone booth."

Lorraine returned with the information that there was no one in that booth nor any of the others. When he was dismissed Lorraine laughed and remarked to himself that it was almost worth $5 to cook Butterfield's goose so easily and with so little trouble.

THE deserted one rang the bell again and this time Butterfield himself answered it, but in reply to every question he returned the same answer: "I don't know nothin' about it, sir. Anythin' else, sir?"

"Yes! Call the head waiter and tell him mum himself. I'll fix you, you fresh gink."

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," replied Butterfield colorlessly. He did as he was ordered, and saw Lorraine rush in to relate his story.

"That thieving skunk, Lorraine, wants to get even with me for the free supper, I guess he will, mebbe. He'll be happy! I make trouble and get his knife into me. Well, it's worth it!"

Then he called Miss Mercier from the booth.

"This you, kid? If you want to be let me out of a tight place, remember I've never seen that girl, an' stick to it. I didn't see the cabman an' shut him up tight. So long."

Leisurely he shuffled back to the waiters' rest room, and it was there the head waiter found him, serenely playing solitaire; but his serenity did not save him.

"Well," cried the head waiter angrily, "Butterfield, you're not paid to be a missionary. Go get your time!"

A Daniel Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 17)

He knew it—was aware of it in a swift, choking wave of remorse.

"Gee! Don't it hurt?"

The boy's pointing finger was within an inch of the ruddy stain. Garth snatched the hand away behind him with a gasp. It seemed to him that if the son had touched that fatal mark the very heavens must have fallen to crush the father's slayer on the spot.

THE boy was looking at him strangely. Summoning every fraying nerve to the effort, Garth smiled at him. Such a smile might, perforce, twist the lips of a soul plunged into hell.

"It's nothing," he said hurriedly. "W—when will the old man—be back here?"

"He'd orter come pretty soon," returned the boy, meeting the advance frankly. "Sometimes he's late, 'count of them pickets."

Garth nodded. A swift suspicion crossed the boy's mind. He drew back a trifle.

"Say, y're a striker, ain't y'? 'Re you one of them pickets? Say—what'cher want t' see him fer?"

"I—I just want to talk to him," stammered Garth.

The boy's defense fell with instant readiness. He laughed. "That won't do no good," he commented. "The old man's strike breakin'. Guess y' know that, don't y'? And say—he's wild agin strikers. He won't talk wit' no striker. When he comes he'll likely chuck y' out. He c'n lick you, I bet'cher."

HE took in Garth's proportions with a confident grin.

Garth had no plan, saw no relief. Singly, the one imperative thing—the boy *must* not find what lay behind him. He plucked at the only words he could find.

"What's your name?"

"Me? Seth. 'S a rott'n name, ain't it? Say—I ain't skeert of strikers. It's fer the strikers, I am. Y' orter be me and the old man scrap about it. Only—I'd be fer my old man if he was in a fight."

Garth nodded again at the curious face.

"Say—come on in and sit down."

"No," answered Garth with a half caught breath.

"Gee—I'm gonna." Something seemed to relax in the youngster. He moved slowly to the cot that stood against the rear wall of the room, at Garth's right hand. "I'm all in, I am. I wish the old man'd come."

HE sat upon the edge of the cot. As Garth saw for the first time the weariness had lain very close behind the cheery, smiling glance. With one of the quick transitions peculiar to him the boy had yielded to it. His cheeks were waxy and sunken in the yellow gas, his little limbs and body seemed very frail. His foot dragged heavily as he walked.

Something drew Garth away from the doorway to the cot.

"What do you want?" he asked quickly. "Something to eat?"

"Naw," said the boy. "I ain't hungry. But—my foot hurts!"

Garth stood before him helpless. The something that had drawn him to the youngster was wrenching pitilessly at his heart, where grew such things as he had never dreamed. This boy! This brave, ready, comradely boy! This little cripple, so small, so handicapped, whose tiny hand had reached to his in open friendship—to whom he owed the very food that day, the strength and warmth in his body! And it was he—Garth—who had wrought this ill!

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-lammable and fiendish wrong. The hor-ror and the pity of it!

A burning, blinding mist swept before his eyes—and passed. Tears would not clear it. Tears? Nothing on God's green earth would ever clear it.

"Your—foot hurts?" he repeated mumbly.

"Uh-huh!" The child looked up at him with wide eyes from which precocious confidence had fled, leaving only suffering and the gentle, wondering resignation of childhood. "When *he* comes he'll rub it."

Garth went down on his knees. The big, strong man with the dark, sullen face and the stubborn will, with murder now hot in his veins, with the mark of Cain upon him, fell upon his knees at the side of the cot. "Let me rub it," he cried. "Won't you let me?"

"Uh-huh," said the boy indifferently. "The's the linyment over on the trunk."

WITH trembling, unsure hands Garth unlaced the thick, misshapen boot. Tenderly he drew it off, and winced as if a knife had been driven through him when the stocking, turned back, revealed the white-veined flesh and the cruel thing beneath. In his careless pride of health and sound frame Garth had never given a thought to the unfortunates turned imperfect from nature's mold. The intimate discovery was reserved for this moment when, staggering under terrific emotional revulsion, he saw the poor, malformed foot of his innocent victim. The impact shook him to the marrow of his being.

"Where does it hurt?" he murmured, struggling with a surge of emotion.

"It jes' aches all over," said Seth wearily, accepting the man's anxiety as a thing familiar. "He rubs it wit' his hand—and linyment."

Garth took the bottle and sent a wordless cry of strength into the quaking spaces of his soul.

Gently, fearfully, he began to rub the foot. It seemed at first as if he could not endure it, to feel beneath that hand, so dreadfully stained, the live, good flesh in its pitiful distortion. For a time there was only the singing of the gas jet and the soft slide of Garth's palm. The man presently found the silence unbearable. The crude violence of his feeling drove him into further paths of service, strange ways to Dan Garth.

"Like to hear a story?" he blurted.

The boy's dimmed eyes lighted a little.

"Sure! The old man he alwuz tells me stories when he rubs my foot. How'djer know that?"

Garth could not have told. But he had, somehow: he had known just that.

"Tell me 'bout a striker's kid what bounced a brick off'n a cop's nut and got pinched," ordered the boy.

It was an incoherent tale. Little tutoring Garth's tongue had had in such tasks. The thought of the next room and what it held was on him like a rope of lead. The terror of his deed and his wrong was stifling him. But it was a thing to be done, and he did it, wrestling with the torment in the depths of him, yet desperately molding the trivial phrases for the passing ease they might bring the boy. Seth listened without comment, but his little mouth curved in a drooping smile of tolerance as the clumsy yarn wound its slow length along. Garth, subtly sensitive, knew that he was failing miserably as a substitute. But he held doggedly on, rubbing as he talked.

"And so—Johnny come up before the judge in the mornin'—and the judge—he said—'What you got to say for yourself?' And Johnny said he never thought it was bad—to kill a cop. And the judge said: 'Don't know no better than—kill a cop?' And Johnny—he said: 'No, sir, I—never understood how it was—'"

"Aw, say," broke in Seth. "I t'ought he was a tough guy. A tough guy wouldn't holler like that. Ouch! Y're hurtin' my foot!"

IN a sudden leap of feeling Garth leaned forward and put his big arms about the boy's body and drew the pale little face close to his dark, virile one.

"Seth," he cried hoarsely. "Come with me! I want you to come with me, away from here. We'll go some other place—just you and me. And you can play in the fields with the kids. And—and I'll get candy—and learn a lot of fine stories to tell you."

The boy drew away from him, but without fear.

"What'cher talkin' about?" he said, startled. "Leave here?"

"Yes—yes," begged Garth urgently.

"Leave the old man?" exclaimed Seth.

"I know—but—he won't miss you," pleaded Garth, the words tumbling in a hot tide from his lips. It was the one chance for amends. He had no thought of himself; only of the boy. To get him away before he should learn what had befallen in the next room. To atone in some measure for his irreparable wrong.

"I—I haven't got no kid of my own. You come with me and you'll see what a nifty time you'll have. We'll go—now. You won't have to work any more, only—"

"But gee, I wanna work," broke in Seth.

"You want to work?" repeated Garth mechanically.

"Sure. For my foot, see? The old man and me, we been savin' up. When we git enough I'm goin' t' have my foot fixed."

"Fixed?"

"Sure. The's a doc goin' t' fix it wit' a' operation. What'cher t'ink I'm hustlin' papes for—and the old man scrabbin'? We gotta save up—pretty quick, too. The doc, he can't fix a kid's foot 'cept while he's little, like me."

The wide eyes reproached him, and Garth, kneeling there, knew the ultimate despair.

"But I'll have it done," he cried wildly, straining the boy closer. "I'll find the money for the operation. Come with me, Seth!"

But Seth, alarmed at his violence, pressed his little fists against the man's heaving breast to force him away.

"No—no, I don't wanna."

"Why? Why, Seth? Don't you like me? Say—don't you like me, Seth?"

"Sure I like y'," said Seth, struggling. "Only I guess y're kind of crazy, and—y' ain't my old man."



"'Evening Star'" he croaked hoarsely a few times. And gave it up, standing mute and flushed

GARTH'S arms relaxed and he sank back, pressing his hands to his face. That answer, too, had to come. He could suffer no further. God had closed the boy's heart to him, and he knew that the bitterest punishment in the human scheme is meted to the man who is refused the right of atonement.

It remained only that he pay the blood debt. That could be settled, a life for a life. It was nothing.

He raised his face, wet with unheeded tears, and looked dumbly at the child.

A flicker of refracted light passed athwart his eye and led it to the doorway behind and to the side of the boy's cot. A figure leaned there, a grim figure, bearded, streaked with red. It stood feebly against the jamb, slack armed. But one wrist was flexed. And in that hand was a big, compacted chunk of steel with the round eye of the barrel trained full.

FOR a breath Garth's heart stood still. And then the reaction came upon him in one great, whirling rush of stupendous happiness, a flood of utter gratitude. A weaker man, capable of feeling as Garth had learned to feel, must have collapsed. Never was a soul plucked from such depths and carried to such heights at a bound. He closed his eyes for the shot. And there came upon his dark face a smile that was more than human, lighting it as by an aura.

"Say—g'wan wit' that story about Johnny."

The boy had taken that transfiguring smile instantly to himself, and when Garth looked at him again he was smiling with ready response. Garth nodded. He did not glance again toward the doorway. The shot would come. Let it! The boy was the one thing that mattered.

"Sure—about Johnny," he said, low voiced, still smiling. "Pretty near forgot him, didn't we. Well, Johnny, first thing anybody knew, he called the judge an old pennwiper, right then and there. Yes, sir, nothing slow about Johnny.

A Note of Warning

I SUPPOSE it's Human Nature to like to pick up a "bargain"; but there's a whole lot of difference between "getting a *bargain*" and "getting *trimmed*"!

When a standard article is "marked down", for legitimate reasons, that's a "bargain"; but beware of the untrademarked, unadvertised, unknown goods which are *represented* as "marked down" and which have no reputation to sustain. They are the so-called "bargains" which appeal to the cupidity of Human Nature and which, for credence, rely solely on the reputation of the *"cut price"* articles along with which they are offered to the gullible.

For a long time, "Cut Prices" have been an all-powerful decoy, but there are hopeful signs that the Public are beginning to realize that even if there isn't any *distinction* between the words "Bargains" and "Bargains", there's a mighty big *difference! Cut price* too frequently means *cut quality*, and the bargain hunter is gradually concluding that it is less desirable to be a victim than a beneficiary.

The whole question—and the Answer to it—are merely matters of common sense. Storekeepers are not in business for fun or for their health. They are in business to make money; and they are entitled to all they can make legitimately. They have their expenses to meet and their profits to make; so, if they undersell on one article, it is only natural that they will make up the difference on another.

In "Cut Price" stores, some goods are made to carry the burden of handling all of them and that's where the dealer gets his profit. And it is not my intention to be at all funny in adding—*And that's where you get "Yours", as well!*

If the retail dealer loads the expenses of his business on to certain things that we do not know about, he can well afford to cut prices on the things that we do know. The result is that the Consumer pays less for one thing, but more for another—with emphasis on the latter. But the big important thing for you to consider is the effect that "price cutting" has on the manufacture and distribution of new articles and of the old, familiar standbys. I've something very interesting, bearing on this point, that I am going to publish next week. I hope you will read every word of it and then *think* about it.

H. G. Hammerstein

Manager Advertising Department

No. 133

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A great educator says: "There is no academy on earth equal to a mother's reading to her child." But it does not need this testimony to establish that great truth: every par-

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Called him an old billy goat penwiper. Told him his whiskers needed trimming, he did. Y' ought to have seen the judge's eyes pop out when Johnny begun to sass him. 'Officer,' he yelled, 'officer! C'all the Jimrox!' Mind you—Jimrox. And the first thing Johnny knew, in come a little old man with the funniest green hat! 'Ah-ha!' said the Jimrox, just like that. 'Ah-ha! Another bad boy! Leave him to me, judge—'"

NONSENSE. But wonderful nonsense to Seth, and it came from Garth's lips as if he had done nothing all his life but tell fairy stories to marveling youngsters. No impediment now, no awkwardness, no hesitancy. The bold, sullen-faced assassin that had groveled and labored in his sin was gone. And here was a very different individual, quaint, chuckling, confidential—and smiling with the smile the child knows.

"Gee!" cried Seth, breathless with delight as the tale tumbled riotously on. "Why 'n't y' tell me that before?"

Garth could not have told, did not know himself whence this strange, buoyant sense of sympathy had come to him, how it was that his brain had become apt to plan, his tongue swift to tell, the conceits that charmed. He only knew that love for this child had swept his heart clean and that pure joy was bubbling to fill it, babbling in laughter.

The shot would come. It mattered not a whit, except that perhaps Seth might be frightened. As he talked on a faint hope sprang within him that it might not be until he had finished the story. It was his interval, his little space. He was like a miser granted but an instant to gather his treasures before being hurried away. He hung upon each curve of lip, each limpid flash of eye, the sigh of tremulous breath, the faint flush of starting rose in the boy's pallid cheek.

The shot would come. But still it did not, and he talked on. The boy's hands had stolen of themselves into his. Seth had surrendered, all the tiny being of him, to this strange friend who understood and who loved. It was over at last. Garth smiled at the boy. Seth glowed upon him, wriggling with ecstasy.

"Oo—gee!" he sighed. "Tell us another." Garth stood up, laughing, wrung the mite's hands again, and moved back a pace. He was ready.

"Just run outside a minute and see if the Jimrox ain't hiding in the ash barrel by the gate," he suggested. "I bet he is."

"Aw—the' ain't no Jimrox," said Seth doubtfully, grasping after the skepticism the tale teller had charmed from him.

"You just go and look," nodded Garth. "You'll see."

"Aw—" grinned the boy, but began to pull on his stocking and shoe, eying the man askance. They laughed in common appreciation of the joke as the boy got on his feet finally. Garth hurried him across the room to the front door, shielding any stray glance behind toward the kitchen doorway. He opened the front door.

"Look hard," he cautioned, and the youngster, with a giggle, skipped from the step.

"Now!" snapped Garth, spinning on his heel. "Hurry! Before he gets back."

The bearded man stood there as Garth had glimpsed him, propped against the jamb, a ghastly red ruin, with the big revolver gripped in a great fist. But what Garth had not seen in that first flash was the face of him, where the eyes burned like twin smoky flames. They looked at each other. The scab at the calm, waiting striker. The striker at the fearsome figure of the scab, and the weapon deadly near.

"You're—out at the works?"

The voice was a deep-chest tone, but colorless.

"Yes," said Garth.

"What'd you come here for?"

"To get you."

"Did you—know that boy?"

"He earned my supper for me last night, selling papers."

They stood for a long minute. Garth wondered dumbly at the delay. He felt it hard, a little. The eyes glowered at him winkingly upon him from the heavy crimsoned face. "Why didn't you come out when you had the chance?"

Garth made a small, helpless gesture with his hands. He could not have explained—that. "The boy," he said slowly, "I had no idea this was his home—you his father—till he came."

The man raised the weapon. Garth stiffened involuntarily. The man shifted revolver behind his hip.

"Didn't happen to hear the strike was settled this evenin', did you?" inquired the heavy voice laconically.

Garth stared, bewildered.

"So you're in your job again and I'm out," added the other. "Help me sop up this face, will you? I'm kinder weak and Seth—"

Garth had taken a stumbling step to him. "But, man," he faltered, "it was me—it was me hit you!"

The scab held him with steady eyes. "I know. But I heard—you and him."

Still Garth could not understand.

"I'm ready—" he gasped.

"I said, help me clean up this mess will you?" said the strike breaker evenly.

THE boy broke in upon them, shrilly voiced.

"Say, I poked in all the bar'ls up the street—the' ain't no Jimrox—" he began. And then caught sight of his father. He sprang for him with a yelp. "Oh, pop, this here guy's been waitin' fer y'! An' say—he tells the niftiest stories."

"Does he?" said the father dryly. "Better'n me?"

"Pretty near," said Seth, struggling with his loyalty.

"P'raps you'd rather go along with him."

The boy clung to his arm and looked up at Garth, standing by. "No," he said, shaking his head. "I like him—and he tells nifty stories. But he ain't my old man."

"Would you like to have him around to tell you stories?"

"Bet'cher," said Seth promptly.

Garth held an impulsive hand to him.

"I asked your father if we could go away together, we three, some place where we can work, him and me—some place like I told you—some place where we'll forget strikes and scabs. And you can go to school and play in the fields and we'll both tell you stories." The youngster looked up at him, wide eyed.

"Would you stand for that, Seth?" asked his father.

"Y' mean, bring him—this guy—hang out wit' us?"

They nodded, leaving the word with him. His fingers stole into Garth's.

"Gee!" he breathed. "Won't that be peachey!"

With quick eye he noticed a clean cut on his father's temple.

"O—o, pop!" he cried. "Somebody hit y'. Did y' git in a fight?"

"Yes," said the bearded man grimly.

"Wit' a striker?"

"Yes."

"Did y' lick 'm?"

"Well, sonny, I guess we both licked," was the cryptic answer as the eyes of the men met above the boy. "I'm somebody too strong for the pair of us."

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Almost–Flavoring Extracts

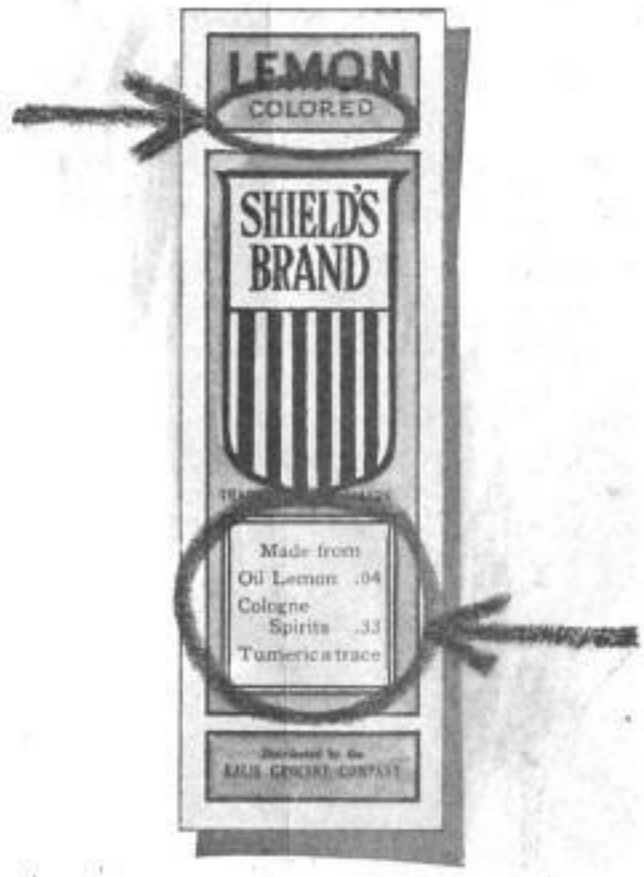
IF a man tried to sell you something marked like the above instead of a real extract, you'd laugh and pass him by. And yet hundreds of thousands of shrewd Americans—yourself probably included—buy flavors almost as plainly branded counterfeit. And where one extract-faker confesses some of his sins in shifty language on his labels, his fellows prefer to lie downright about theirs, and boldly tell you that their goods are what they seem to be.

And you believe them!

You take their word for it, and pay them real money for vicious compounds of coal-tar colors and ethereal flavors—sometimes even for the deadly-poisonous wood-alcohol which some of these gentlemen like to substitute for the harmless article.

And this is only a minor matter, only a specimen of what you're doing every day, with all sorts of foods and beverages, buying on faith, choosing in the dark, taking the maker's word for what he sells you, and being cheated right and left, fooled with counterfeits, tricked with chemicals and drugged with preservatives!

And, to make it still worse, you can stop it whenever you please. You can laugh at the wiliest of these



food-sharpers whenever you like. You don't need to let them cheat you one minute longer than you want them to. Just get

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

It makes you able to specify exactly what you ought to have, as surely, as safely and as easily as though you had analyzed every food on the market and could remember the result of every test!

The Westfield Book is the index compiled by the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., in ten years of continuous food-analysis by impartial, careful chemists. During this process the names of the pure brands have been sifted out and listed in a handy, compact, classified and indexed book, which anybody can use without a minute's study or the least bother.

To be absolutely sure that the foods and drinks you buy are above suspicion all you need to do is to send for this book—ten cents in stamps or silver brings it to you—and insist on buying any one of the brands it mentions under each classification. If you see the article in the Westfield Book, you may be sure that it is pure, clean, wholesome and honest-measure. If it isn't there—it may be *or may not*.

The whole trade of the food-counterfeiters rests on your habit of buying by guess-work. They prosper by fooling you only so long as you connive with them by choosing blindfold. They stop cheating you the very minute you begin to to use the Westfield Book—for the very simple reason that their names and their products aren't in it and can't get there.

Tear off the coupon and send today. The Westfield Book makes you *sure* your foods are *pure*.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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The Great Grand-Daddy of the Jimmy Pipe



THIS pipe Sir Walter Raleigh carried back to England and used incessantly, and is no doubt a souvenir of the first authentic introduction of tobacco in England. When Raleigh's fall came, simultaneous with the weakening of Queen Elizabeth's power, and he mounted the scaffold, he held the stem of this pipe in his teeth.

It is related that he handed the pipe to Bishop Andrewes, who administered the last sacraments of the church to him, and the goodly bishop passed it to the Carews, of Beddington, England. From this family it came into the possession of the Glovers, of Croydon, and afterwards to the Bryants, of Reigate, England. W. A. Bryant, of this family, exhibited the relic at Guildhall Museum, London, forty-eight years ago. At that time a parchment was introduced authenticating its history.

The pipe is now the property of Horace G. Blundell, 10 Stile Hall Parade, Chiswick, London, W., England, who received it two years ago from his grandfather, who had married into the family of Bryant.

This pipe is in a splendid state of preservation. It is made of Virginia maple wood and is rudely carved with two dogs' heads and four faces of Indian squaws. There is also a whistle cut in the pipe, by which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh summoned his servants. It is made in four pieces and is 2½ times larger than this photograph.

This old he-one is the original jimmy pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh probably sat up nights carving while he smoked one extra pipeful before turning in. If Sir Walter had had

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

to puff on, he'd have made the original jimmy pipe the size of a log of wood and stayed up all night, because P. A. can't bite the tongue or make you pipe-tired; it's patented.

Those were good Injuns that tipped Sir Walt off to the joy of pipe smoking. Sir Walt deserves a specially soft cloud for introducing the jimmy pipe to Johnny Bull and the rest of us. Prince Albert deserves the everlasting love of pipe fans, for it has brought into the game the real joy of smoking fragrant, delicious tobacco minus the tongue sting and throat torture.

Get out your jimmy pipe and then buy a toppy red bag of P. A., 5c; or a tidy red tin, 10c; or a good supply in a pound or half-pound humidor.

Sold everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

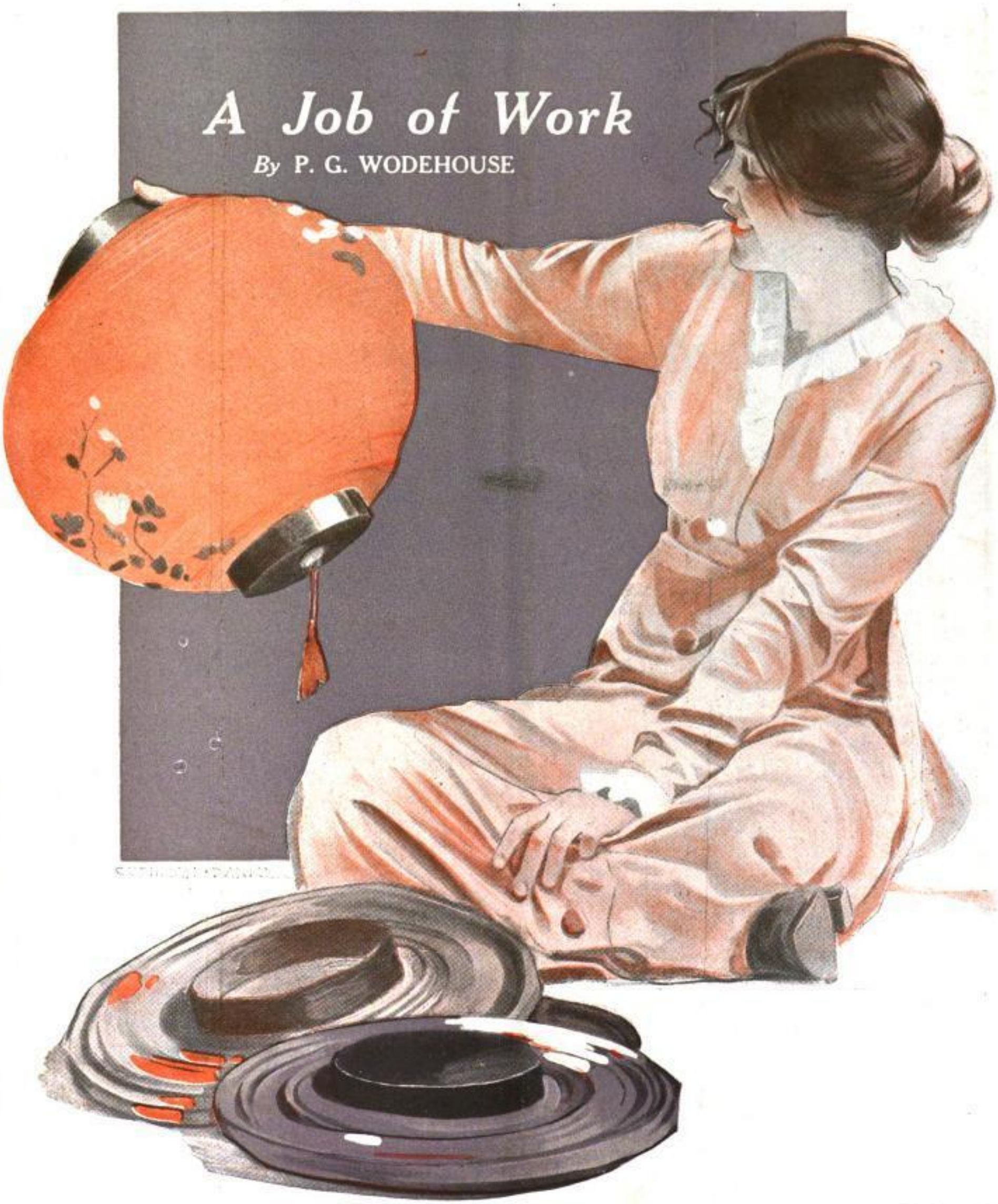
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A Job of Work

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

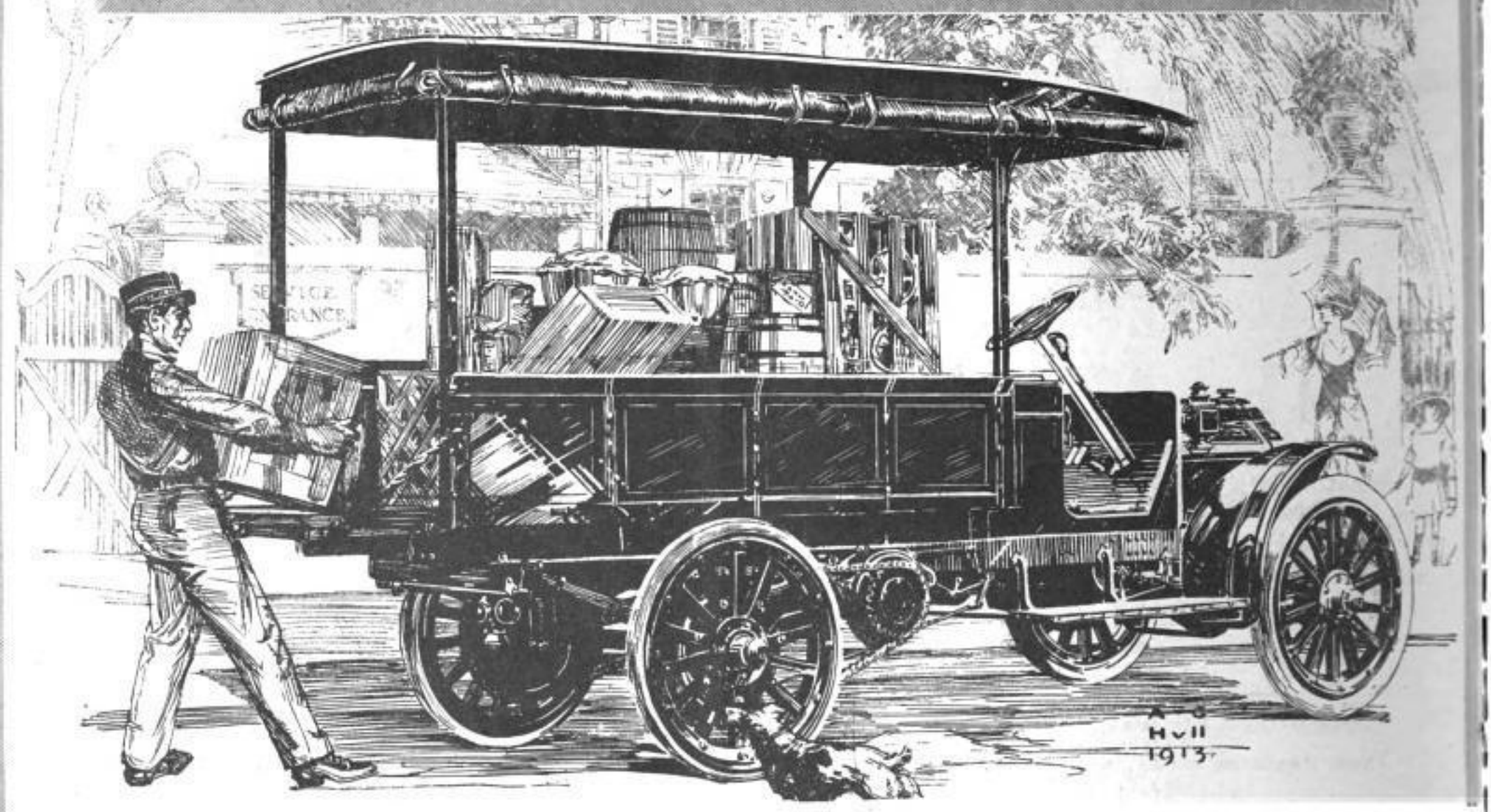
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SEPTEMBER 6 1913

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200% more efficient; 30% less cost

IT'S not so much what a Willys-Utility Truck *can* save as how much more it *does* accomplish. What you want is Dollar *Production* not Penny *Reduction*. You have got to tune your business up-to-date and up to *meet* and *beat* competition. But you can never bring it to a higher level of efficiency than the tools or equipment you work with. The horse-age is now commonly referred to as "the way they used to do it." No one can prosper today by using the methods of yesterday.

You use the telephone—not on account of its economy, but because it is quicker than walking or mailing. It saves time.

You use many modern business necessities—not because they are cheap to install but because they save that which you are continually figuring and fighting against—time.

A Willys-Utility truck can make from five to ten delivery operations where the horse makes one. It will do 200% to 300% more work than any team and do it so that the cost of your individual deliveries will be the lowest in the history of your business. And *your* business means any business that requires the transportation of merchandise.

As to cost, it is the *lowest* priced truck of its size and capacity built. This is because we are building it in great quantities—and quantity production *cuts* manufacturing and *purchasing* costs to a minimum. On the average this truck costs you 30% *less* than any other similar truck made.

It is the *only* truck at the price that has a chain drive. The powerful 35 H. P. motor is controlled by our patented governor. It cannot operate over 18 miles per hour. The pressed steel frame is built to stand the most severe strains. It is thoroughly reinforced. Both the front and rear axles are unusually rugged, and are made in our drop-forge plant. It has a three-speed transmission—three forward and one reverse. The tires are 34-in. x 4½-in. pneumatic on the front wheels and 36-in. x 3½-in. solid on the rear. Its capacity is three-quarter ton.

$1250

(Chassis only)

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Chalmers—1914

The New "Six"



$2175
Fully equipped f.o.b. Detroit

The Master Motor of Them All

What other makers are still striving for we give you in the New Chalmers "Six."

To the best features of the costliest cars we have added these crowning triumphs:

Silence at all speeds; silence that lasts.

Sustained power; even after years of use.

No vibration; comfort and long life.

Extreme flexibility, without intricate gearing.

These features mean far more than the luxury they bring. They mean minimum wear—no waste of power—lowest possible depreciation. A car that lacks them, may cost you less to buy—but it will cost you more to keep.

When once you know the years of extra service these features add, you'll wonder how we give them at the price, $2175.

Go ride in this car. Let it tell its own story in deeds. It can neither over-rate its virtues nor hide its defects. It must tell the truth—nothing else.

Silent At All Speeds

Many cars that are quiet at ten miles an hour, kick a lot of noise at thirty.

Let us see what the New Chalmers "Six" will do. Watch the speedometer; 30—40—50 miles an hour and a murmur from cams or valves.

We have discarded the noisy little wedge-like cams so widely used. Our big oval cams push open the valves and slide them shut with the smoothness of velvet.

What Silence Tells You

The silence of the Chalmers "Six" means more than a mere luxury of quiet.

It tells you that your motor is working with the perfection of a watch—with but minimum wear; that your car will perform as well after long use as the day you bought it. And this silence continues for years. 30,000 miles of hard road service, equal to three years of average use, leaves this motor as good as when it started.

$80,000 Extra Cost to Us—An Enormous Saving for You

This motor, like the trained athlete, grows better by action. Our valves of Tungsten steel cost us $80,000 extra per year. Tungsten steel is not affected by the cylinder heat. There's no warping—no leaking—no power wasted as happens with the ordinary cast iron and nickel steel valves. Tungsten steel valves almost never need regrinding. This means an enormous saving of power. Think of the years of extra service this master motor will give you.

Power—Supple as a Fencer's Wrist

The power of our New "Six" is so flexible that you can throttle it down on high to a creeping gait in the crowd; then away swift as a swallow, mounting quickly to twenty, thirty, forty miles an hour without stress or effort.

This wondrous flexibility is due to our big, roomy valves; they open 40% wider and shut tighter than common. This gives freer passage to the gases.

The wonderful flexibility of this motor is amazing. You'll find you can do nearly everything on "high." It does away with gear shifting almost entirely. With this "six" any supplementary gear mechanism would be useless. The motor itself gives a suppleness of power unknown even in costlier cars.

A Non-Stallable Motor

This motor will never go dead in the crowded city traffic. The electric starter won't let it.

Even if the driver should cut off the gas accidentally, the electric starter, always on duty, keeps the motor running—won't let it stop.

It prevents stalling under sudden overload.

This is the greatest feature of safety and convenience on a car in the past five years.

Salient Features of the New Chalmers "Six"

Six-cylinder motor, T-head type 4" x 5½",—40-65 h. p. All moving parts enclosed.

Bosch magneto.

Electric starter—Entz System, built in Chalmers shops.

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Chalmers patented doors.

Full equipment,—including Chalmers silk mohair top, quick acting storm curtains, Warner speedometer, one extra demountable rim, electric horn, pump, tools, etc.

Roadster	**$2175**	**Six Passenger**	**$2275**
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The simplest and surest starter ever made. A little motor spins the engine to start it. Then it automatically reverses itself, becomes a generator and stores up power in the battery for electric lighting and future starting purposes.

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After a long ride you are often tired and you don't know why. It's the vibration jinx in the crank case. It means the moving parts are too heavy or a fraction out of balance.

Vibration is overcome in the Chalmers by forging connecting rods stronger and yet 40% lighter than the average; by giving the motor an extra long stroke and so reducing the number of strokes; by balancing all moving parts on a delicate scale.

The smoothness of the "Six" saves wear on the car as well as on the passengers. The interval between the explosions of any "four" makes a gap in the power stream. It produces a vibration that hammers constantly at the life of the car. The explosions of the "Six" give an unbroken stream of power. This gives smoothness and economy that no "four" can equal. It adds years to the life of the car.

The Beauty of the Car

As we make the motor better we make the car handsomer.

We spent $85,000 in new equipment to give you its long oval fenders; not alone for the added beauty, but for their utility as well.

Bodies are big and bell-shaped. Plenty of room to stretch your legs in either seat. Doors are wider than usual, with concealed hinges.

Extra tires are carried in the rear leaving the running boards clean as a quarter-deck. Everything about it tends to give the New Chalmers "Six" the flowing, stream-line effect of a graceful steam yacht.

Unsurpassed at Any Price

It is impossible to get more real value than we give you in the New Chalmers "Six." The wonder is that we can sell it at the price.

But this car is the product of a $7,000,000 factory where economy of production has been perfected as never before; where parts makers' profits have been eliminated; where large output reduces cost to a minimum.

In the New "Six," you get features that mean your car will run year after year as smoothly and silently as the day you bought it; features that keep operating costs down to a minimum.

To buy a car that lacks these features—even though the first cost be less—is short-sighted. To pay more is an extravagance.

Let the Car Tell Its Story

We want you to take a ride in the New Chalmers "Six"—a ride that will make you dissatisfied with any other car. This ride isn't just a ride. It is the Chalmers Standard Road Test—used by all our dealers. It will prove to you in deeds what we have told you in words. Let our dealer take you on such a ride.

Send us this coupon and we will mail you one of the most interesting and valuable books ever written about motor cars. It tells by pictures and words facts that every one should know. Mail the coupon now.

Send me literature explaining why the New Chalmers "Six" is the master motor of them all.

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Collier's 9-6

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Sept. 6

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TODAY, as in the past, Kuppenheimer Clothes mark the high tide of refinement and economy in men's wear.

Young men of eighteen to thirty years, good fellows who are still young at forty, older men and those in between, should not overlook the pleasure of examining this season's offering to be found in the stores of the more progressive merchants throughout the country.

The two English models as shown here are decidedly correct—other styles if you prefer them—an endless variety to select from.

Our book, Styles for Men, will be sent upon request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
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"Dunlop, old man, how would it be to take in a show?"

A Job of Work

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

WHAT this story needs to set it moving is a synopsis of preceding chapters, like that of a serial in a daily paper; something curt and compelling; something that will ke you by the scruff of the neck and hurl you into e middle of it before you have time to remember at what you were really intending to read was low to Make a Dainty Winter Coat for Baby Out Father's Motor Goggles" on the next page. You are busy man, and your time is valuable. Very well then:

BEGIN TO-DAY

FREDDIE BINGHAM, *a young man of large, independent means, left to him—not that it matters—by a maternal aunt, has fallen in love with, proposed to, and been accepted by*

MARGARET, *daughter of*

FRANKLYN BIVATT, *an unpleasant little millionaire with a weak digestion, a taste for dogmatic speech, and the personal appearance of a pterodactyl. Freddie has called on Mr. Bivatt, told him the news, and asked for his consent.*

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

MR. BIVATT looked at Freddie in silence. He belonged to the second and more offensive class of millionaire. There are only two kinds. One is a mauve face and a three-hundred-pound body, ed grinds the face of the poor on a diet of champagne and lobster à la Newburg; the other—Mr. Bivatt's type—is small and shriveled, hardly weighs ything at all, and fortifies himself, before clubbing e stuffing out of the widow and the orphan, with a ght repast of hot water, triturated biscuit, and pepn tabloids.

Mr. Bivatt took another look at Freddie—a thorughly nasty look. The fact was that Freddie had osen an unfortunate moment for his visit. Not only d Mr. Bivatt a bad attack of indigestion, but he d received a letter that very morning from Marret's elder sister, who some two years ago had arried the Earl of Datchet. Lord Datchet was not *ideal husband*. Among other things, he was practically a lunatic, which is always such a nuisance in *e home*. This letter was the latest of a number of *snatches from* the seat of war, and the series, taken a whole, had done much to sour Mr. Bivatt. One sured son-in-law struck him as sufficient. He was smitten by a craze for becoming a collector.

Consequently he looked at Freddie and said: "H'm!" Freddie was somewhat disturbed. In the circumstances "H'm!" was scarcely an encouraging remark. "You mean—" he said.

"I mean just this: When Margaret marries, she's going to marry a real person, not"—his mind wandered to the absent Datchet—"not a pop-eyed, spindle-legged jack rabbit, all nose and front teeth and monocle, with hair the color of butter and no chin or forehead. See?"

Freddie started, and his eye moved hastily to the mirror over the mantelpiece. What he saw partly reassured him. True, he was no Apollo. He was square and bullet headed, and his nose had never really been the same since he had ducked into, instead of away from, one of his boxing instructor's right swings, but apart from that he attained a pretty fair standard. Chin? If anything, he had too much. Teeth? Not at all prominent. In fact, owing to two seasons of college football, rather the reverse. Hair? Light, certainly, but what of that? No, the description puzzled him.

"Am I a pop-eyed jack rabbit?" he inquired curiously.

"I don't know," said Mr. Bivatt. "I don't know anything about you, except that you've got money you never worked for. Say, do you know the Earl of Datchet? Never heard of him? I wish I hadn't. He's my son-in-law, and I don't want another one like him. His specialty is aristocratic idleness. He has never done a day's work in his life. No Datchet ever has, apparently. The last time any of the bunch ever showed any signs of perspiring at the brow was when the first earl carried William the Conqueror's grip down the gangway. Is that your long suit too—trembling when you see a job of work? Have you earned a cent in your life?"

"No. But—"

"It isn't a case of but. There wasn't any need for you to work, and so on. I know all that. The point is that the man who marries Margaret has got to be capable of work. You remember Jacob?"

"Jacob?"

"I mean the one in the Bible, the one who worked seven years for the girl, got the wrong one, and started in right away to do another seven years. They managed things mighty sensibly in those days. You didn't catch them getting stung by any darned pop-eyed Datchets. It's given me an idea, talking of Jacob. That's the sort of man I want for Margaret. See? I don't ask him to wait seven years, let alone fourteen. But I will have him show that there's something in him. Now, I'll make a proposition to you. You go and hunt for a job and get it and hold it down long enough to earn $500, and you can marry Margaret as soon as you like afterward. But let's get this fixed right. When I say earn, I mean earn. I don't mean sit up and beg and have it fall into your mouth. Manual work or brain work it's got to be, one of the two."

"Very well."

"Easy enough to say 'Very well.' You won't like it."

"I don't suppose Jacob *liked* it."

"I suppose not. Good morning."

And Mr. Bivatt, swallowing another tabloid, turned his attention once more to harrying the widow and the orphan.

It amazed Freddie when he set out on his pilgrimage, the difficulty of getting work. Work had always seemed to him so peculiarly unpleasant that he had supposed that the supply must exceed the demand. The contrary appeared to be the case.

Eventually, after wearing a groove in the pavement from Twenty-third Street to the Battery, he found himself, through a combination of lucky chances, in charge of the news stand at a large hotel. Twelve dollars a week was the stipend. Working it out on a slip of paper, he perceived that his ordeal was to be a mere nine or ten months' canter of unexacting work in quite comfortable surroundings. Datchet himself could have done it on his butter-colored head.

There is always a string attached to these good things. For four days all went well. He found his duties pleasant. He liked looking at the crowds in the lobby. He enjoyed selling dollar-fifty novels to men who had meant to buy evening papers. But on the fifth day came reaction. From the moment he began work a feeling of utter loathing for this particular form of money making enveloped him as in a cloud. The customers irritated him. He was hopelessly bored.

THE end was in sight. It came early on the afternoon of the sixth day through the medium of one of the regular customers, a man who, even in happier moments, had always got on his nerves. He was a man with a rasping voice and a peremptory manner, who demanded a daily paper or a stamp with the air of one cursing an enemy.

Freddie had fallen into gloomy meditation, business being slack at the time, when this man appeared before him and shouted: "Stamp!"

Freddie started, but made no reply.

"Stamp!"

Freddie's gaze circled round the lobby and eventually rested on the object before him.

"Stamp!"

Freddie inspected him with frigid scorn.

"I won't," he answered coldly.

The hotel in which Freddie had found employment was a sporting hotel in the heart of the Tenderloin. Its patrons were mainly racing men, gamblers, and drummers, men of action rather than words. This particular patron was essentially the man of action. He hit Freddie in the eye. Five minutes later Freddie, panting a little and blinking to ease the pain of his injured eye, was waiting for his opponent to rise from the floor. At this point the manager entered the arena. The manager was a man with sporting blood and a sense of the proprieties. The former had kept him an interested spectator during the late proceedings; the latter now made him step forward, tap Freddie on the shoulder, and inform him that his connection with the hotel was at an end.

Freddie went out into the world with $12 and a black eye.

I would enlarge on Freddie's emotions at losing his situation were it not for the fact that two days later

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he found another. There was a bellboy at his late hotel to whom he had endeared himself by allowing him to read the baseball news free of charge—a red-headed, world-weary, prematurely aged boy, to whom New York was as an open book. He met Freddie in the street.

"Hello, you!" he said. "I been huntin' after you. Lookin' fer a job? My cousin runs a café on Fourteenth Street. He's wantin' a new hash slinger. I seen the card in the window yesterday. You try there and say I sent you. It's a tough joint, though."

"All the more likely to suit me. I seem to lack polish."

"The East Side Delmonico's is the name. I'll tell him you're comin'."

THE East Side Delmonico's proved to be a dingy, though sizable, establishment at a spot where Fourteenth Street, that ex-hub of the city, wore a more than usually tough and battered look. As is a dented derby hat, so is a street with a glorious past. It can never look the same again. Fourteenth Street has given up trying.

It appeared that the bellboy, who had been deeply impressed by Freddie's handling of the irritable newsstand customer, had given him an excellent character in advance. Mr. "Blinky" Anderson, the proprietor, welcomed him, if not with open arms, with quite marked satisfaction. He examined the injured eye, stamped it with the seal of his approval as "some lamp," and, having informed him that his weekly envelope would contain $5 and that his food was presented free by the management, requested him to slip out of his coat, grab an apron, and get busy.

Freddie was a young man who took life as it came. He was a sociable being, and could be happy anywhere so long as he was not bored. The solitude of the news stand had bored him, but at the East Side Delmonico's life was too full of movement to permit of ennui. He soon perceived that there was more in this curious establishment than met the eye. It offered attractions to the cognoscenti other than the mere restoration of the inner man with meat and drink. On the first floor, for instance, provided that you could convince the management of the excellence of your motives, you could buck the tiger. On the floor above, if you were that kind of idiot, you might play roulette. And in the basement, in a large, cellarlike room, lit with countless electric lights, boxing contests were held on Saturday nights before audiences financially, if not morally, select.

In fact, the East Side Delmonico's was nothing more nor less than a den of iniquity. But nobody could call it dull, and Freddie reveled in his duties. He booked orders, served drinks, smashed plates, bullied the cook, chaffed the customers when they were merry, seized them by the neck and ran them into the street when they were too merry, and in every other way comported himself like one who has at last found his true vocation. And time rolled on.

WE WILL leave time rolling for the moment and return to Mr. Bivatt, raising the curtain at the beginning of his tête-à-tête dinner with his fellow plutocrat, T. Mortimer Dunlop. T. Mortimer was the other sort of millionaire. You could have told he was a millionaire just by looking at him. He bulged. His head was bald, his face purple, his hands red. He was accustomed to refer to himself somewhat frequently as a dead-game sport. He wheezed when he spoke.

I raise the curtain on Mr. Bivatt at the beginning of dinner because it was at the beginning of dinner that he allowed Mr. Dunlop to persuade him to drink a Dawn of Hope cocktail, so called because it cheers you up. It cheered Mr. Bivatt up.

Mr. Bivatt needed cheering up. That very afternoon his only son, Twombley, had struck him for $1,000 to pay a poker debt. A thousand dollars is not a large sum to a man of Mr. Bivatt's wealth, but it is your really rich man who unbelts least joyously. Together with the check, Twombley had received a parental lecture. He had appeared to be impressed by it; but it was the doubt as to its perfect efficacy which was depressing Mr. Bivatt. There was no doubt that Twombley was a trial. It was only the awe with which he regarded his father that kept him within bounds. Mr. Bivatt sighed and took a pepsin tablold.

It was at this point that T. Mortimer Dunlop, summoning the waiter, ordered two Dawn of Hope cocktails. Mr. Bivatt weakly surrendered. He was there entirely to please Mr. Dunlop, for there was a big deal in the air, to which Mr. Dunlop's cooperation was essential. This was no time to think about one's digestion or the habits of a lifetime. If, to conciliate invaluable Mr. Dunlop, it was necessary to be a dead-game sport and drink a cocktail, then a dead-game sport he would be. He took the curious blend from the waiter and pecked at it like a nervous bird. He blinked and pecked again, less nervously this time.

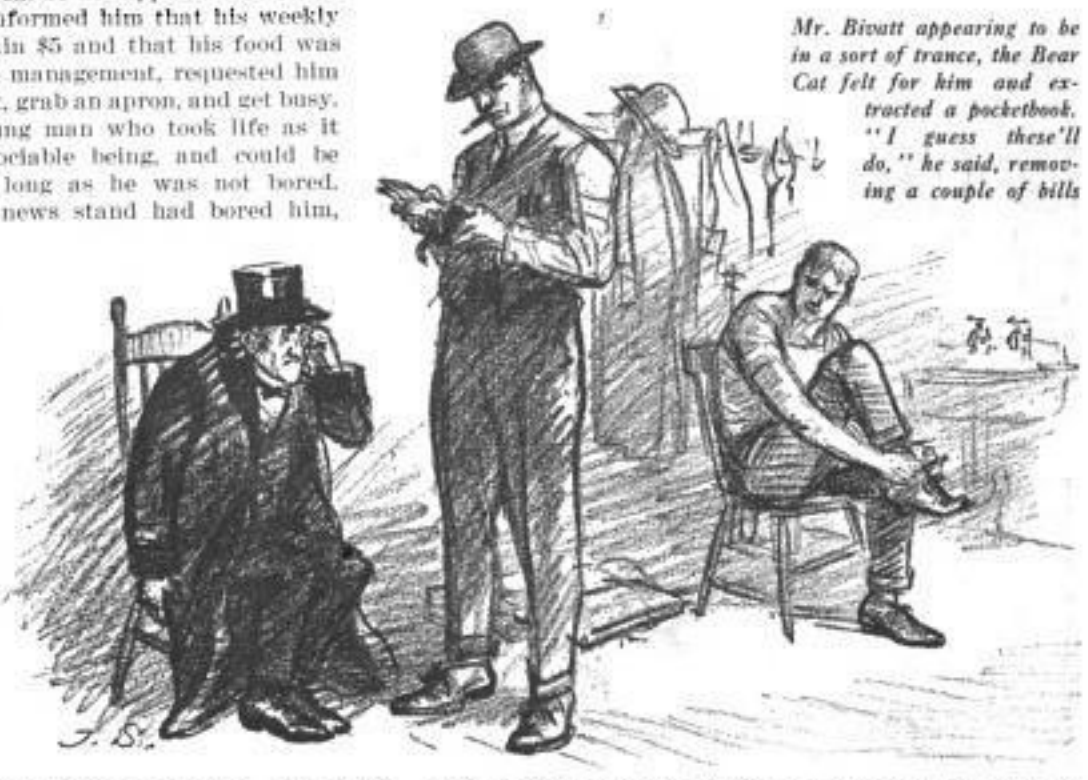
You, gentle reader, who simply wallow in alcoholic stimulants at every meal, will find it hard to understand the wave of emotion which surged through Mr. Bivatt's soul as he reached the halfway point in the magic glass. But Mr. Bivatt for thirty years had confined his potions to hot water, and the effect on him was remarkable. He no longer felt depressed. Hope, so to speak, had dawned with a jerk. Life was a thing of wonderful joy and infinite possibilities.

We, therefore, find him at the end of dinner leaning across the table, thumping it with clenched fist, and addressing Mr. Dunlop through the smoke of the latter's cigar thus: "Dunlop, old man, how would it be to take in a show?"

Mr. Dunlop snorted.

"I can give you something better than a show," he said.

One thing leads to another. The curtain falls on



Mr. Bivatt appearing to be in a sort of trance, the Bear Cat felt for him and extracted a pocketbook. "I guess these'll do," he said, removing a couple of bills

Mr. Bivatt smoking a Turkish cigarette in a manner that can only be described as absolutely reckless.

THESE things, I should mention, happened on a Saturday night. About an hour after Mr. Bivatt had lit his cigarette, Freddie, in the café at the East Side Delmonico's, was aware of a thickset, short-haired, tough-looking young man settling himself at one of the tables and hammering a glass with the blade of his knife. In the other hand he waved the bill of fare. He was also shouting "Hey!" Taking him for all in all, Freddie set him down as a hungry young man. He moved toward him, to minister to his needs.

"Well, cully," he said affably, "and what will *you* wrap yourself around?"

You were supposed to unbend and be chummy with the customers if you were a waiter at "Blinky's." The customers expected it. If you called a patron of the East Side Delmonico's "sir," he scented sarcasm and was apt to throw things.

The young man had a grievance.

"Say, can you beat it! Me signed up to fight a guy here at a hundred and thirty-three, ring side, and starving meself for weeks to make the weight—say, I ain't had a square meal since Ponto was a pup—and gee! along comes word that he's sprained a foot and will we kindly not expect him. And all I get is the forfeit money. Forfeit money! Keep it! It ain't but a hundred plunks. Say, I'd have licked that guy with me eyes shut."

HE KICKED the table leg morosely.

"Your story moves me much," said Freddie. "And now, what shall we shoot into you?"

"You attending to this table?"

"I am."

The young man scanned the bill of fare.

"Noodle soup—bit o' weakfish—fried chicken, Southern style—corn on the cob—bit o' steak—fried potatoes — four fried eggs, done on both sides — apple dumpling with hard sauce, and a cup custard," he observed rapidly. "That'll do to start with. And, say, bring all the lager beer you can find. I've forgotten what it tastes like."

"Sure," said Freddie sympathetically. "Keep your strength up."

"I'll try," said the thickset young man. "Get a move on."



Work had always seemed to him so peculiarly unpleasant that he had supposed the supply must exceed the demand

There was no doubt about the pugilist's appetite. It gave Freddie quite a thrill altruistic pleasure to watch him eat. He felt like philanthropist entertaining a starving beggar. He fetched and carried assiduously for the diner, when at length the latter called for coffee and cigar and sank back in his chair with a happy sigh he nearly cheered.

ON HIS way to the kitchen he encountered employer, Mr. "Blinky" Anderson, looking pressed. Freddie gathered the reason for gloom. He liked "Blinky" and thought respectful dolence would not be out of place.

"Sorry to hear the news, sir. I hear the main has fallen through. I have been waiting on the fighters upstairs."

Mr. Anderson nodded.

"That would be the Tennessee Bear Cat."

"Very possibly. He had that appearance."

Like the Bear Cat, Mr. Anderson was rendered municative by grief. Freddie had a sympathetic ner, and many men had confided in him.

"One-Round Smith says he's hurt his foot. H Mr. Anderson grunted satirically, but pathos supers satire again almost at once. "I ain't told them al it yet," he went on, jerking his head in the direct of the invisible audience. "The preliminaries h just started, and what those guys will say when th find there ain't going to be a main event I don't k I ought to tell 'em right away, but I can't see sorter brace myself to it. And I can't get a sub tute. Who's going to offer to step up and ex punches with a terror like the Bear Cat?"

"I am," said Freddie.

Mr. Anderson stared at him with open mouth "Eh?"

"I'd fight Jack Johnson if he'd just finished the that guy has been having," said Freddie simply.

Mr. Anderson was not a swift thinker. He st blinking, and allowed the idea to soak through penetrated slowly, like water through a ceiling

"He'd eat you!" he s at last.

"Well, I'm the only in this place he hasn eaten. Why stint him?"

"But, say, have you any fighting?"

"As an amateur, a go deal."

Mr. Anderson so far got himself as to expl rate disgustedly.

"Amateur! Well, if or nobody. I'll give you hundred if you last rounds. I guess five isfy them if you them fast ones. I'll tell the Bear Cat."

"And I'll go and get his coffee and the st est cigar you keep. I little helps."



"Don't—er—don't go away, my boy," he said. "Come with me to the drug store while I get some pepsin tabloids"

FREDDIE entered ring in a costu rowed from one of fighters in the pr naries, and, seating self in his corner, re

(Continued on page 7)

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A Vagabond Poet

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

umber Seven in the Series of eryday Americans

WHEN Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was seventeen years old, in the dark of the moon and the dead of night, he had a dream. It was a ion of battle, an old-fashioned hand-to- nd encounter of the storybook kind, with eling, slashing combatants, the tramp of t, the clank of armor, the hot hiss of fight- breath, the gleam of whirling steel, the ash of sword on sword and showers of rks when the edges met. Lindsay im- diately got out of bed and wrote a poem ut this dream and entitled it "Battle." the morning, not satisfied entirely, he ned to and made a picture to help out the se. Inspecting the two products, he ex- ienced for the first time the ecstatic thrill the creative artist.

Lindsay is just twice as old to-day. The m is lost, the picture is forgotten; but the ill of discovery that he was a god and ld create still vibrates in the breast of man who, part prophet, part crusader, rt artist, and altogether poet, likes to sit an upper room of his father's home in ringfield, looking out on the streets of his tive Illinois town, building airy Roman rements, Greek colonnades, and Spanish tles along its gutters, or visioning the e expressed in his poem, "The Building Springfield":

Let every street be made a reverent aisle
Where music grows and beauty is unchained.

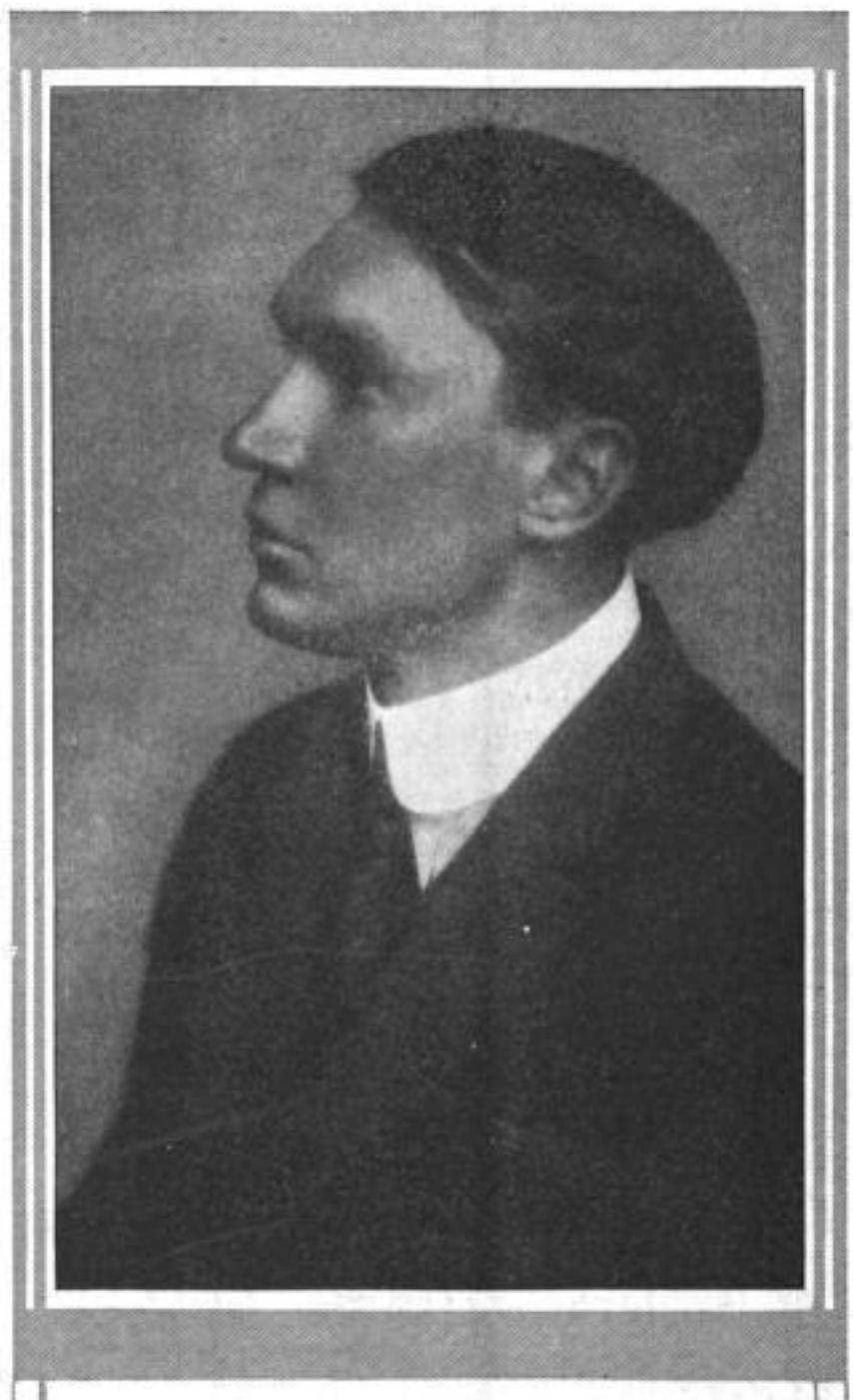
Let every citizen be rich toward God,
Let Christ the beggar teach divinity—
Let no man rule who holds his money dear,
Let this, our city, be our luxury.

But Lindsay does not always merely dream. ne, he blows bubbles, but sometimes the bble is balloon enough to take his body ring. For instance, one of his dream bbles is that beauty will redeem and trans- m the world and life. The farmer he con- ers the most worth-while element in our ial fabric, and the one most in need of uty. So, when his dreams are strong upon him, t goes Lindsay to take beauty to the farmer. He rries no scrip nor wallet, but a sheaf of his poems d a handful of pictures. If men question the worth his poems, Lindsay but falls back on the other of his walking creed: "I believe that beggary is noblest occupation of man."

This vagabond has the lean, strong figure of an ath- e. His face is frank, open, and hummocky. Over hills and hollows whimsical expressions play. The neral color scheme is paper white with sorrel hair. e brow bulges forward with animal intensity and n retires in uplifting, irregular slopes and swells it suggest an eccentric mind of great vitality. The r half of the brain seems heaviest and is always ping the head back till Lindsay gazes at one from der large, smooth lids which overhang the windows his soul like awnings. The poet has a ready smile d a voice that is high and clarionlike, made for the en road and echoing almost harshly in the confines an ordinary room.

ke a Peripatetic of Old

TRAMPING, Lindsay keeps away from large towns and railroads and the motor-car, phone-wise type of farmer, aiming straight for the back country, d at mealtime or bedtime approaches a likely farm- use and proposes the exchange of poetry and talk food or lodging or both. Being a fair-spoken lad, the farmer have charity in his heart or much dis- rnment in his soul, Lindsay will be welcomed—curi- sly—but welcomed. After the meal, during which peripatetic poet may be trusted to monopolize both food and the conversation, when the farmer pushes chair back and commences to pick his teeth with jackknife, Lindsay makes a selection from his af of poems and begins to read. It will be, most obably, "The Proud Farmer," recently published in e "American Magazine."



Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. One of his dream bubbles is that beauty will redeem and transform life

With resonant, rolling tones he peals out the first quatrain:

Into the acres of the new-born state
He poured his strength and plowed his ancient name,
And when the traders followed him, he stood
Towering above their furtive souls and tame.

By this time the host has suspended operations with the jackknife; his wife has ceased to wipe her hands upon her apron; son and daughter are transfixed—not so much by the sentiment of the poem as by the personality of Lindsay. He reads with his peculiar brow tipped far back, his eyes half closed and rolling in ecstasy, the true poet, enraptured by his own rendering of his own composition.

Presently the reading stops and the poet begins to tell the farmer folk what his verse means. He talks of the majesty of the farmer's life, of the great souls it has bred, of the cities where life festers, and the broad, free countryside where honor and virtue have their birth and best fruition.

Abruptly he switches to the theme of beauty, trying to turn their minds away from sordid sods and dirty pots and pans and pigsties, and while they continue to gape respectfully, he reads another poem, and then digs from the portfolio at his side a few copies of the masterpieces in art and passes them round, commenting illuminatingly, showing his hosts what they had never seen before and what they only see now through the eye of his mesmeric enthusiasm.

And so Lindsay will fare on, not in little straggling trips, but in great, sweeping cruises over the face of the land. It was from New York, half a dozen years ago, disgusted and broke, that he first set out to proclaim this gospel of beauty to the farmer, and to indulge a life of ecstatic mendicancy. Lindsay had been trying to live from poems which he wrote and illustrated and offered to magazines, but the periodicals would not buy enough in a year to keep him alive for a month; so, believing profoundly in the grass-root element of civilization, believing that art should go there and expound and engraft itself and wait a patient century, or two centuries if need be, for the transforming result, he moved out from under the shadow of the fabricated brick and steel that vexed his sky, and began to tramp, first just a little excursion into Jersey, and later a regular beggar's Marathon all the way from Florida to his home in Illinois.

Only recently the wanderlust prodded Lindsay out again on a hike from Illinois to California; but at Wagon Mound, N. Mex., in the land of the high sky, the walking mood suddenly left him. He got upon a train, as prosaically as any seller of soap, and journeyed to Los Angeles, where we discover him marching up and down under the palms in Sixth Street Park, waving his arms mysteriously and thumping upon the ground with his heels like a mad Belgian hare. What is he doing? Writing the poem, "General Booth Enters Heaven," to the rhythm of "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb" and the accompaniment of flutes, tambourines, and bass drums. This poem has got Lindsay more notice than anything he ever wrote, though, to my taste, it is by no means the equal of twenty others. However, it is interesting as the working out of an idea that flew into Lindsay's mind on his long tramp, that of writing a group of lyric poems to the measures of popular hymns and songs. When I saw him in Chicago recently, he was trying to make some golden thoughts dance to the tune of "The Old Gray Bonnet," and not succeeding so very well.

The Artist

BUT perhaps this is the place to stop and piece the patches of Lindsay's short and rather closely consistent career together for a moment. His father was a physician, and designed the son for the same profession. Nicholas tried dutifully to drape his broad shoulders and lean flanks with the mantle of Æsculapius, but from the hour of that first picture and poem could not interest his mind in pills and potions. Not cadavers and not scalpels, but the great, glittering cosmos and a blade not less broad and ready than old Excalibur itself challenged the ambition of Nicholas.

At college he skimmed the classics and entertained himself with writing for and illustrating the academic annual for three years, then hurled himself headlong into art with Chicago as his immediate mecca. For a while he worked at Marshall Field's, pushing trucks and wrestling boxes and bales by day, and at all other hours, aside from a few necessarily wasted in eating and sleeping, he was to be found in the Art Institute. After two years' drawing from the antique, he made the life class and spent a year there. All the time he was writing poems and illustrating them. The illustration often came first, and was likely to be some mad, wild conceit, as disproportioned as a nightmare, but always with some "mighty sense" in it which Lindsay, if no one else, could see.

Lindsay next descended upon New York, studying under Chase and Henri. Henri was the most aggressive of modern insurgents in the field of American art. Lindsay, an arrant individualist, primed with the cocksureness of ambitious youth, was ready to fight everything, and usually did. His tutelage under Henri was a Kilkenny affair, a delight to Henri because he dearly loved an argument, and a source of great profit to Lindsay because it kept breaking off husk after husk of his own conceit and opening the way for the real artist in him to break out.

To this period belong some of the finest things Lindsay has done. One is an illustrated quatrain, "The Soul of a Spider."

The lines are:

The thing that eats the rotting stars
On the black sea beach of shame
Is a giant spider's deathless soul—
King Mammon is its name.

These words will bear mouthing, both mentally and physically. The boldness of that figure, the undying

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soul of a monster spider crouching on a vast gloomy beach and eating rotting stars, is all but stupefying; yet significance breaks in like a lightning flash when the poet compares this giant spider soul to the banal influence of materialism—"King Mammon is its name."

As we ponder the lines of the quatrain and study the monstrous creature, fantastically conceived, of a Blake-like originality as to form, corruptly devouring a star from heaven, we are forced to concede that Lindsay the poet, plus "Ung, maker of pictures," has bodied forth one idea of malevolence better than we have seen it done before.



The Soul of a Spider

The thing that eats the rotting stars
On the black sea beach of shame
Is a giant spider's deathless soul—
King Mammon is its name.

But another product of this period of bitter struggle against foes without and frenzies within is "The Queen of Bubbles," which is quite the very finest of the Springfield poet's fantasies.

A youth, seeing the material world overshadowing completely the ideal, addresses himself to the Queen of Bubbles, who represents that ideal, taunting her with:

You will never reach the sun
In your bubble crown ascending,
Your chariot will melt to mist,
Your crown will have an ending.

And the queen, representing the glorious self-assurance of idealism, proudly boasts creative control over all material things, answering:

Nay, Sun is but a bubble,
Earth is a whiff of foam:
To my caves on the coast of Thule,
Each night I call them home.
There faiths blow forth to angels
And loves blow forth to men.
They break and turn to nothing,
But I make them whole again.
On the crested waves of chaos
I ride them back reborn.
New stars I bring at evening
For those that burst at morn;
My soul is the wind of Thule
And evening is the sign
The sun is but a bubble,
A fragile child of mine.

This poem of twenty lines and ten years back probably comes nearest to a perfect production of anything Lindsay has written. It strikes out one clear idea, it is perfect in proportion, swift in its movement, and sharp and final in its impression.

But this author's poems are not all born of the esthetic impulse. Poet though Lindsay is, and worshiper of beauty, his social sympathies determine the cause in which he will lift his voice or sharpen his pencil. Signs of social progress make him crow like chanticleer, while the success of wrong, public or private, strikes a note of grief or wrath or protest from his soul.

When, for instance, the news came to Springfield that in the first campaign the United States Senate had confirmed the election of Lorimer, Lindsay greeted it in lines of fiery, blistering scorn, beginning:

And must the Senator from Illinois
Be this squat thing with blinking, half-closed eyes?
This brazen gutter idol, reared to power
Upon a leering pyramid of lies?

And must the Senator from Illinois
Be the world's proverb of successful shame? . . .

The poem goes on to considerable length, mingling warning, protest, and passionate appeal. The opening stanza is a cartoon—nothing less. But a later stanza is notable for a line:

When Armageddon thunders through the land,

and at the head of the poem as published March 2, 1911, in the "Illinois State Register," is the chapter and verse reference to the field of Armageddon in the book of Revelation, which raises the interesting query whether it was not Lindsay who directed the attention of Theodore Roosevelt to the possibilities of Armageddon as a battle slogan.

On the death of Altgeld, when the man whose tenderness of heart and greatness of spirit had been so misconceived in life received a half appreciation in the garnishing of his funeral-baked meats, Lindsay struck a much higher note in some wonderful and searching lines, beginning:

Sleep softly—

(To get the full value of these lines, breathe them softly and slowly, with the interruptive quality of a mortuary chant, but giving each phrase its full tonal value.)

Sleep softly—Eagle forgotten—under the stone,
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.
"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.
They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced.
They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you, day after day.
Now you were ended. They praised you . . . and laid you away. . . .

In the verses which follow the poet further forcefully reveals his sharp sense of bitter wrong in the ironic postponement of honor until death, the hasty attempt to commemorate and the immediate disposition to forget, while in the last three lines he declares the race-long faith of his own philosophy:

Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man that kindled the flame—
To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,
To live in mankind, far, far more than to live in a

But Lindsay is most powerful when he lifts a poisoned lance in behalf of the Red Sister. Take these lines from "The Trap" and read them aloud

Of mind and nerves and breath.
She was trapped to a slow, foul death
The door was watched so well
That the steep, dark stair to hell
Was the only escaping way. . . .

It is difficult to break off quoting from this passionate apostrophe which mounts from height to height like a savage, trouble-hunting grizzly. But in the center of it I seize four lines which, with first reading less obvious, appear upon reflection the most powerful or, better, the most terrible in the poem. They are:

Her captor, by chance, was one
Of those whose passion was done,
A cold, fierce worm of the sea,
Enslaving for you and me.

Horrible words! They make one's flesh creep. Here Lindsay has put the report of the Chicago Vice Commission into four lines that cannot be expunged from the mail. This terrible quatrain should be placed under and studied in connection with Jean Antonia St. Leger Eberle's sculptured group, "The White Slave," recently exhibited in New York and a reproduction of which appeared in the "Metropolitan Magazine" for June.

But Lindsay is not always militant. He is able to achieve a most philosophic calm, as when he begins some lines with:

We cannot conquer time. Sit down, breathe slow
And muse a little, since great time is king.

He is tolerant, too, and with an artist's love for fleshly beauty and passion. In one of his musing moments he was standing on the heights of Berkeley looking across San Francisco Bay to the wonderful new city that crowns the fire-scarred heights, and beyond to where the dream palaces of the World's Greatest Exposition are rising. As he mused he wrote the poem, "God Loves a Gambler-Lady," from the middle stanza of which I quote, by courtesy of the "Forum":

Not by the earthquake daunted,
Nor by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing,
Plays she a new-found game.
Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendor
Ever upon the earth.
Here on this crumbling rock ledge,
'Frisco her all will stake,
Blowing her bubble towers,
Swearing they will not break.
Rearing her [illegible]
transcendent.
Singing with [illegible]
ing art.
Calling to [illegible]
Asia,
Wooing young [illegible]
rope's heart.
Here where her [illegible]
has scourged [illegible]
Wantoning, [illegible]
sweet:
Waiting her mad, [illegible]
lovers
Here by the [illegible]
ment seat. . . .

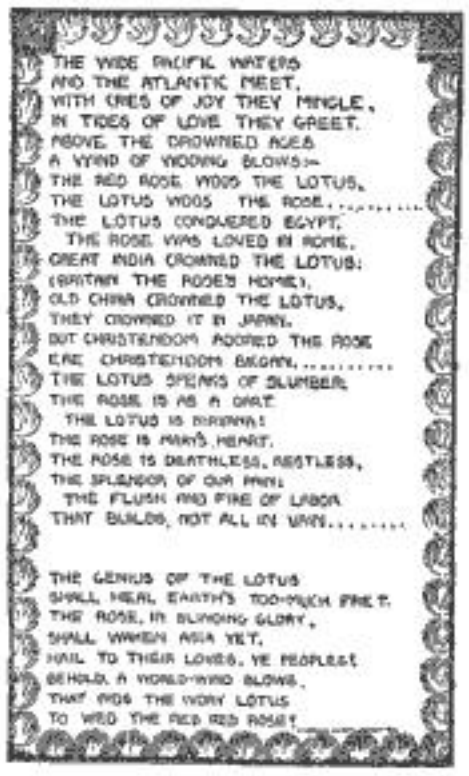
Tremendously [illegible] these similitudes despite the fact that for San Francisco the poem is [illegible] spoiled by the use the abominated contraction 'Frisco.

There is an [illegible] absence of trite phrases in the writing, and of trite rhythm in the measure of Lindsay's verses. They are as natural as Ruskin's ivy sprays in the drawing class. They are not the result of an emotional instinct to sing, but an intelligent desire to say something, and consequently employed because Lindsay can talk louder than sing.

After Lindsay had first studied and then learned his way through the museums of New York, and had conned the corridors of some twenty of the museums and galleries of Europe, he turned his back on them all and returned to Springfield, but with no laurels to his brow. A few critics had bathed him with a nod. A few good periodicals had published prose sketches from his pen. A few of his poems had hit the mark of editorial acceptance. But as a public statement the world at large had not descried him.

However, what was more important, Lindsay had descried himself; and what is more interesting, he had descried himself as a man with a message and a mission. His message Lindsay called "The New Socialism"— (Concluded on page 2







East is East and West is West, and one day the twain shall meet, so declare these pictures and text by a true poet

with emotional but well-weighed utterance. What close-eyed sympathy! What blasts of scorn! What realistic portraiture!

She was taught desire in the street,
Not at the angel's feet.
By the good no word was said
Of the worth of the bridal bed.
The secret was learned from the vile,
Not from her mother's smile.
Home spoke not. And the girl
Was caught in the public whirl.

Do you say "She gave consent";
Life drunk, she was content
With beasts that her fire could please?
But she did not choose disease

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Over the Grape Juice

Yarns Told by President Wilson, His Vice President, and His Cabinet

ıree of President Wilson's Stories

Case of Lapsed Personality

A FRIEND of mine was in Canada with a fishing party, and one member of the party was imprudent enough to sample some whisky that was called "Squirrel" whisky because it made ıse who drank it inclined to climb a tree. This ıtleman imbibed too much of this dangerous liquid, d the consequence was that when he went to the ain to go with the rest of the company he took a ain bound south instead of a train bound north. ishing to recover him, his companions telegraphed conductor of the southbound train: "Send short n, named Johnson, back for the northbound train. is intoxicated." Presently they got a reply from conductor: "Further particulars needed. There thirteen men on the train who don't know either ir name or their destination."

I Ain't Never Give Nobody Away Yit"

A MAN got into a cab at the Richmond railway station and said: "Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipped up his rse, and drove a block; then, leaning over to address passenger, said: "'Scuse me, boss, but whar d'you you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh." After another block there is the same performance: "'Scuse me, boss, but ıar d'you say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal:

"Now, look a-here, boss; I be'n drivin' in dis town enty year, an' I ain't never give nobody away yit. ow you jes tell dis nigger whar 'tis you wanter go."

olk Miller's Story of the Darky id the Mule

AN OLD negro went into a drug store in Richmond and said: "Boss, will you please, suh, call de Colonel on de telephone?"

"Yes," and he called the Colonel. The old darky id: "Colonel, dat ar mule done stall right in de main reet right out here in front of de store.

"Yaas, suh; I done tied strings round his ears, but he in't budge.

"What's dat? What's dat?' Yaas, suh, I build a e under him, but it didn't do nuthin' but scorch de rness.

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh; I took de things out, but he uldn't budge.

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh. What's dat?

"No, suh; no, suh, Colonel, I didn't twist his tail.

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh, another gemman twis' his il; he look like a Northern gemman.

"What's dat, Colonel? Yaas, suh, dey tuk him to hospital.

"No, suh; no, suh; I ain't heard yit."

ce President Marshall's Favorite

Doubtful Compliment

RIGHT after election a visitor called at my office in Indianapolis and requested to see me. He was venerable, dignified, and very earnest. His e broad shoulders had a decided stoop, and his ng, bushy hair had grown silver and indicated the ture of a man who, like the typical Hoosier, is a unto himself.

I had never seen him before. He let me know that once. I asked him to be seated. We shook hands, d we sat down.

"I came in to see you, Mr. Marshall, because you e the first living Vice President that I ever saw in life, and I wanted to shake hands with you on at account."

We talked at length about the crops, the industries that part of the country; how times had changed the last thirty years and everything of moment cept politics. Therefore I was surprised that when arose to leave he began:

"Mr. Marshall, you have been mighty affable and ver to me, and I ain't going away leaving you think voted fer you, fer I didn't."

"Oh, well," I suggested, "you need not worry about



that, for, you see, I did not need your vote. We won't quarrel about that."

I could see that he was still uncomfortable, and thought perhaps his conscience was hurting him a little, so I tried to propitiate him by saying: "Well, we can be friends just the same. We are all good American citizens, irrespective of our political views."

But I was soon to discover that his discomfort was not occasioned by any sense of regret. It had altogether a different meaning.

"When I heard you and Woodrow was elected, I sez to myself, sez I: 'I hope Tommy and Woodrow will do what is right now that they are elected'; but sence I cum over here and seen you and talked with you, I'll be darned if I believe you will."

Secretary Bryan's Best

Importance Overestimated

THE year after coming to Nebraska, in 1888, I delivered fifty speeches against the Republican candidate for Governor, and in each one made it clear why he should not be elected.

He was elected, however, by the usual majority.

On the following St. Patrick's Day I was to make a short speech, and Governor Thayer (whom I had tried to defeat) presided. It was a varied program, consisting of songs and speeches and vaudeville numbers. It was the first time I had been in the presence of the Governor, and I wondered whether he felt any resentment toward me for all the work I had done against him.

At last my turn was reached. The Governor, having been prompted by another man, arose and said: "The next person on the program is W. J. Bryan," and as I came forward he stepped toward me, smiled, and extended his hand. I felt greatly pleased that he did not harbor any resentment against me, and grasped his hand warmly as he drew me toward him and whispered: "Quick! Do you speak, sing, or dance?"

He had never even heard of me.

Secretary of War Garrison Tells This

The Earmarks of a Profession

DURING the summer of 1896 I went fishing with a party of friends in Pennsylvania, and upon being called back on business I arranged to meet the through train at a rather inconsiderable station. The train stopped and the Pullman conductor got off. I was garbed in camping clothes, with campaign hat of black hue, and I asked the conductor whether he could give me two seats in the Pullman. He replied that he would very much like to do so.

I said to him: "I didn't ask you that; I asked whether you could."

He remarked: "You are a lawyer."

I asked him: "How do you know I am a lawyer?"

And he replied: "Because you look like one."

I said: "What else do I look like?"

And he replied: "You look like a cross between Bryan and McKinley."

I told this story the other day to Secretary Bryan, and I am not able as yet to determine from his expression whether he felt complimented or insulted.

Contributed by Josephus Daniels of the Navy

A Harmless Threat

I HAPPEN to have four boys who are healthy specimens of the North Carolina type of youngsters.

My oldest boy is in school in North Carolina, and when I became a member of the Cabinet it meant temporary separation of this lad from his parents and younger brothers.

Tears were flowing freely in a family gathering over this thought, when the cause of the trouble flashed suddenly into the mind of one of them.

He wailed out:

"Doggone Mr. Wilson!"

But it did not take the boys long to become Washingtonians.

Just as I returned from a Cabinet meeting I was startled one day to find upon my desk a Black Hand epistle. It read:

"Leave $10,000 on the old stump or you die."

After the first shock I sent Captain Palmer, my aid, to ask if either of my four sons had been in to see me, and learned that two of them had called and made themselves at home at my desk.

Two of Postmaster General Burleson's Anecdotes

What the Microbes Had Done

A CANNY Scot was listening to former Secretary Wilson delivering one of his lectures on what the microbes had done.

The Secretary of Agriculture said: "We have microbes in the cabbage and microbes in the wheat and microbes in everything that grows."

The old Scotchman paid strict attention to the lecture.

When he left the hall one of his Scotch friends asked him how he liked the lecture.

"I doan't see how it ees thot the Secretary of Agriculture should put so much stress on what the McCrobes done. They've done no more than the McGregors or the McPhersons, and there lives no such clan as the Campbells anyway."

The Choir Came Back—in Texas

IT LOOKED like a duel between the parson and the choir, and at the end of the ninth inning the score seemed to be in favor of the singers.

It was at the morning service, and the minister, sitting in the pulpit with a dignified expression, listened to the singing of the usual anthem. Then he arose and announced in a loud, clear voice:

"My text will be: 'Now, when the uproar had ceased.'"

For a moment the members of the choir looked as if they had been fed on persimmons instead of peaches, and then they got together and, in the softest kind of whispers, began to talk it over. As a result of the subdued conference a slight change was made in the musical program, and when the sermon had ended and the organ pealed forth, the choir sang: "Now it is high time to awake after sleep."

Guess Labor Secretary Wilson's Nationality from This

The Canny Scots

A SCOTCHMAN had contracted a debt. When it became due he had no means with which to meet it. He worried a great deal, but no feasible plan of raising the money to meet the obligation presented itself.

At last he decided that he would get a pistol, go out on the highway, hold up the first traveler that came along, take his money from him, and with it pay his debts. So Sandy got a gun and went out on the highway, and when the first traveler came along he pointed the gun at him, and said: "Gie me your money or I'll blow your brains out." The traveler saw that Sandy was green at the business, and began to parley and bargain with him.

"My good man," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all of the money I have in my possession with the exception of £5, and I will give you that if you will give me the pistol.

"I'll do it," said Sandy. "It's a bargain."

The traveler handed over his money and Sandy handed over the pistol; but no sooner had the man secured the gun than he turned it point-blank at Sandy and said:

"Now, sir, I want you to give me back the money you have taken from me or I'll blow *your* brains out."

Sandy looked at the traveler for a few seconds with a canny Scotch smile and slowly replied: "You may blow away; there's no pouther in it."

(*Concluded on page 21*)

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"Pulling Missouri Out of the Mud"



Men of all callings turned road makers for two days and toiled together in the mud in blue jeans and khaki. Most of the workmen in this photograph are Kansas City business men. It was taken on the Moran Road, Jackson County



Governor Elliott W. Major of Missouri (at the left); Frank W. Buffum, State Road Commissioner; Congressman D. W. Shackleford

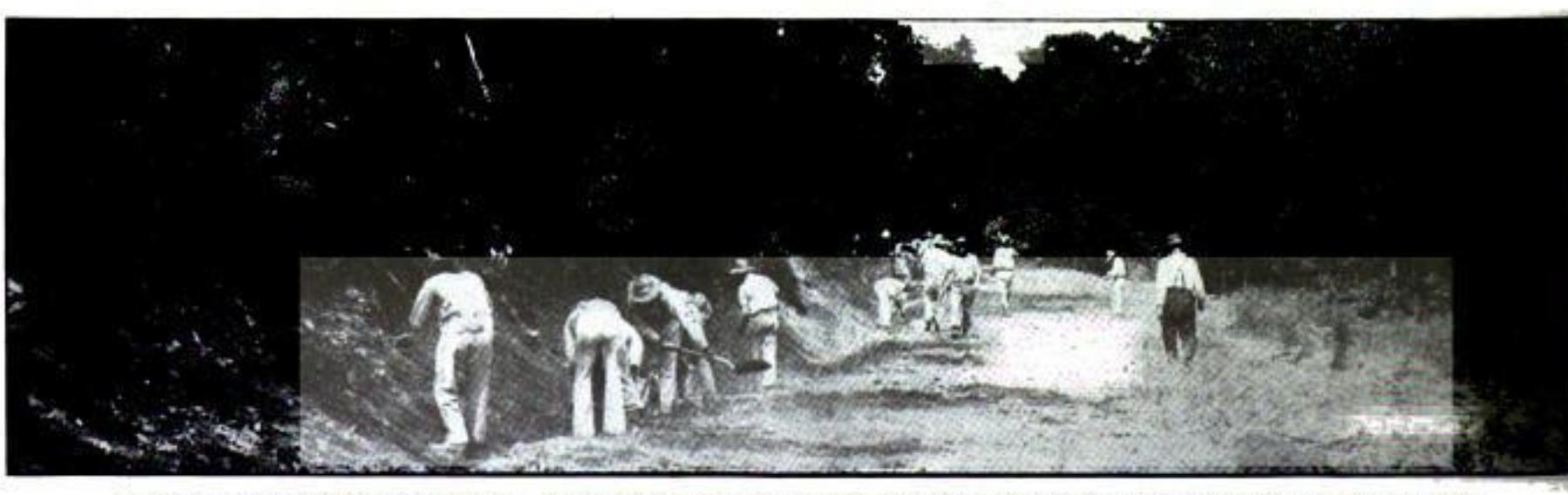
FOR two steaming hot days of August, 250,000 Missourians, representing the widest possible variety of callings and stations in life, toiled together in the mud as road makers. Bankers and clerks, farmers, physicians, and laborers, governors and convicts, served without pay in a pick-and-shovel army pledged to "pull Missouri out of the mud." They filled mud holes, opened ditches, drove split-log drags, graded and blasted and laid culverts in every one of the State's 114 counties.

In an official description of the results, Governor Elliott W. Major declares that an average of 250,000 men were at work on each of the two days. "A total of 500,000 days' work done on the roads," he summarizes, "or the equivalent at $2 a day of $1,000,000 improvement. The work done by a large number of splendid road equipments, plus the free material furnished by the counties and contributed by various establishments for concrete bridges, culverts etc., can safely be estimated at $300,000. The amount of cash contributed by the various cities and counties can conservatively be estimated at $200,000. Work, materials, and cash will make a grand total of $1,500,000."



Governor George H. Hodges of Kansas did the neighborly thing by lending a hand at a road scraper

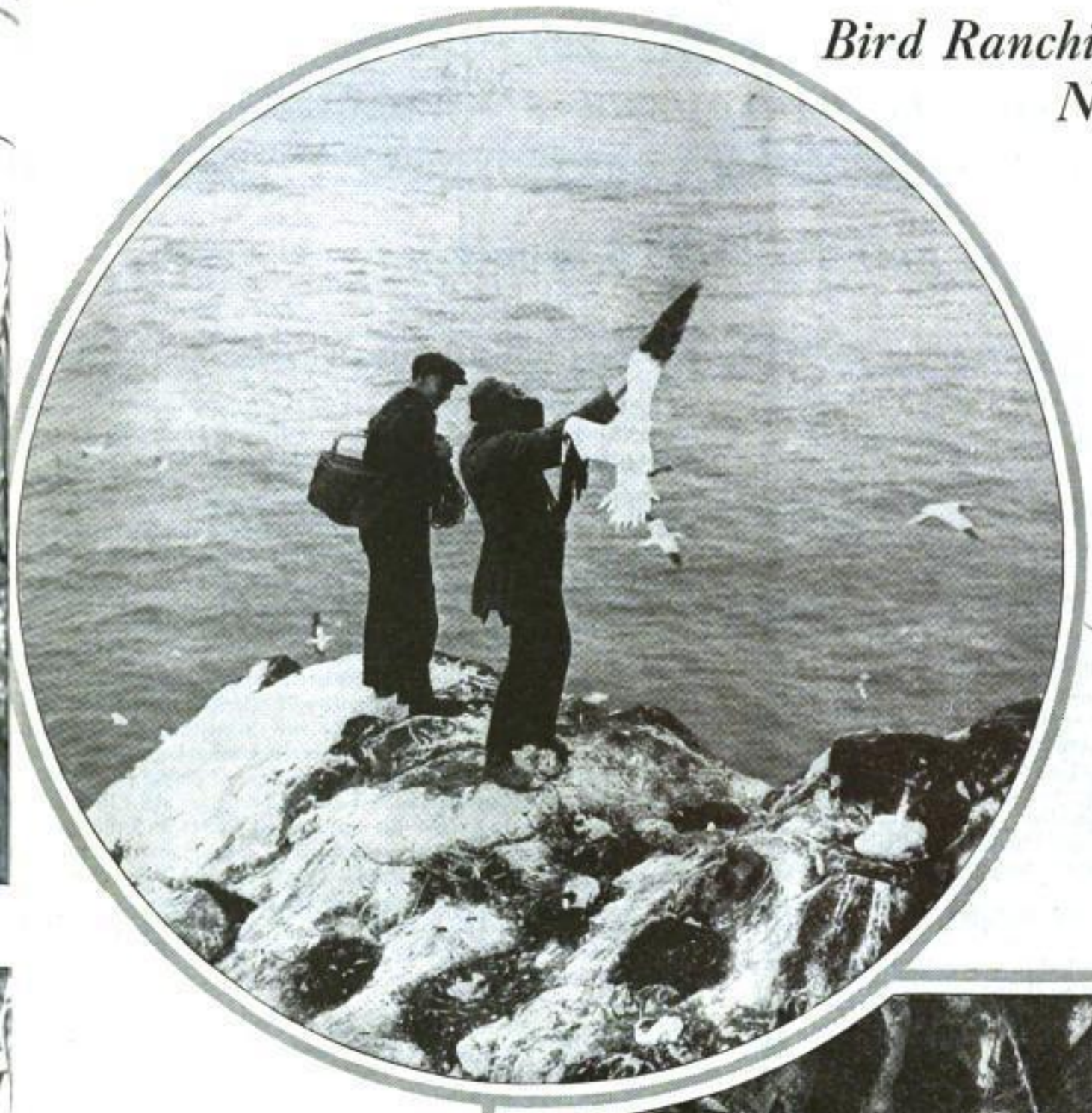
Governor Major himself put in two hard days at labor. August 20 he drove one wheel of a road grader on roads of Callaway County with Governor George H. Hodges of Kansas, his guest, at the other wheel. August 21 the Governors worked on the roads of Boone County.

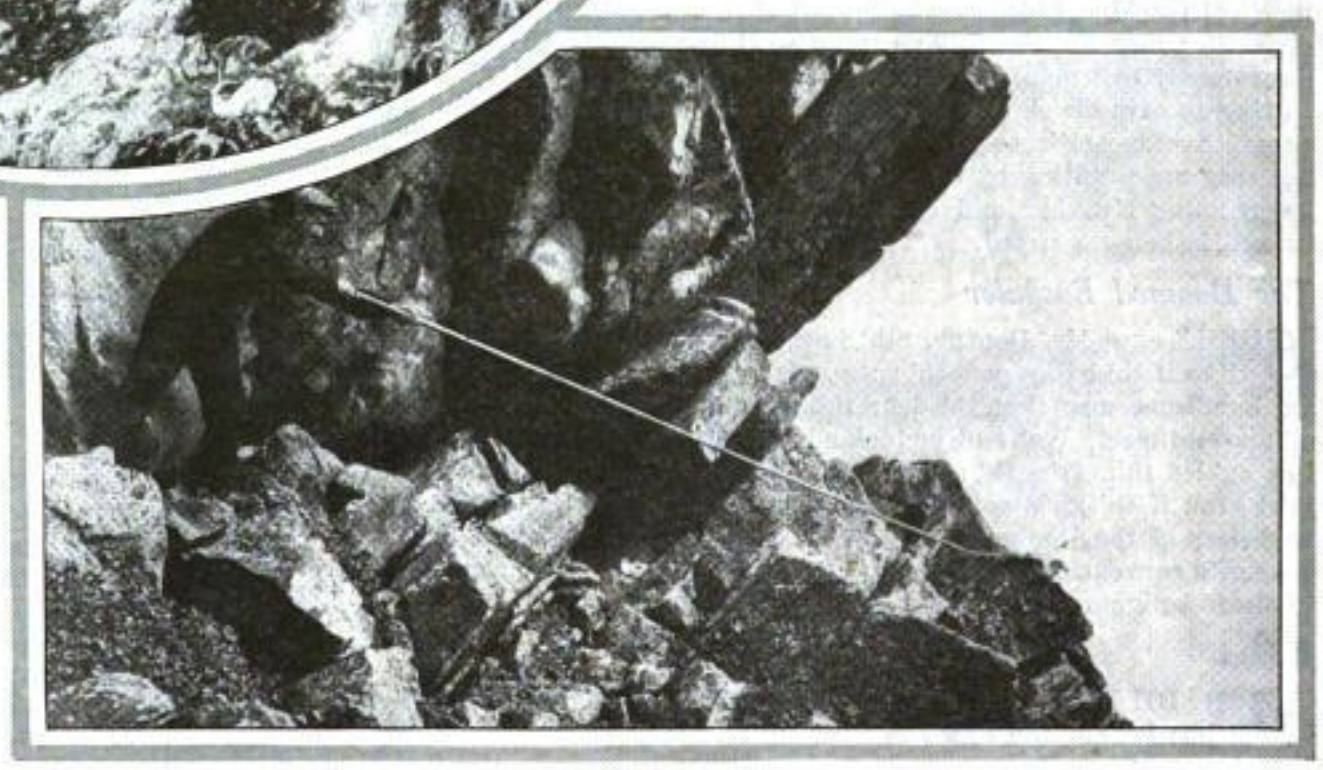


Ditching on a little used but picturesque road. In many of the country towns of the State the merchants closed their stores and the whole population celebrated two days with pick and shovel. The women—some 10,000 of them, including the Governor's wife—fried chicken and made lemonade

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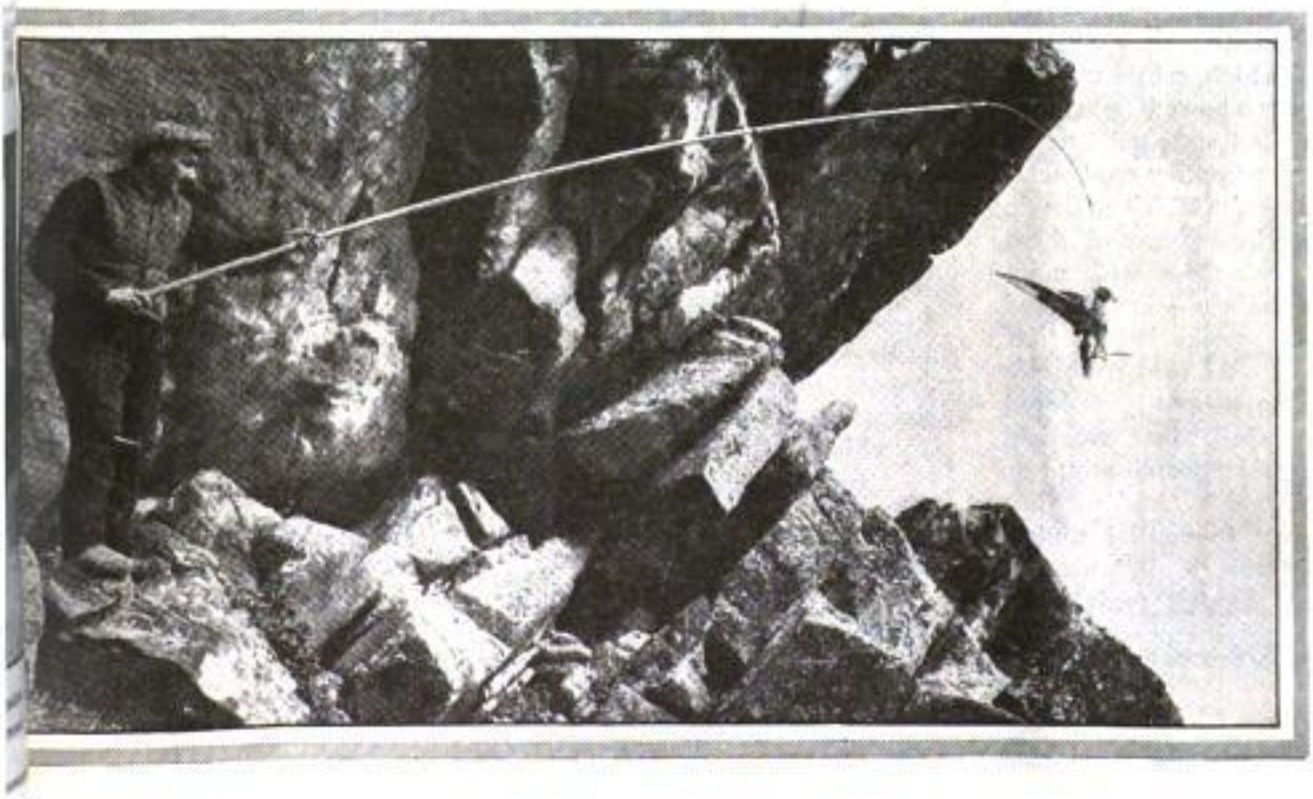
Bird Ranching on St. Kilda's Ninety-Story Cliff





FOR as many centuries as its history is recorded or scientists can reconstruct, the lonely rocky island of St. Kilda has been what it is today—a gigantic bird roost. On the map it is ny dot in the Atlantic, 40 miles remote from the rest of the Outer Hebrides and 57 miles from a t. It is one of the British Isles; but the London rnalist who had the enterprise and daring last ith to scale its barren wind-swept cliffs and collect set of photographs from which the three on this e were selected won his snapshot trophies by takrisks worthy of an American structural iron ker or an adventurer in the Alps.

ravelers who believe they can qualify as experts n the performances of climbers have declared that cliff men of St. Kilda have no equals in the world. liff that is reputed to be the dizziest in the British s—a steeplejack would describe it as "ninety stories "—is the ground where St. Kildans earn a large of their living. And here the photographer followed to snap them at work. Birds are to St. Kilda what farms and factories are to lands less barren. The islanders have apportioned the steep cliffs into lots. Their ranches lie on the perpendicular instead of on the horizontal. They go harvesting with fishing poles, at the end of which are fastened loops of horsehair. Two of our photographs show the method. To take these snapshots, the photographer followed a cliff man to a height greater than the highest level of the Eiffel Tower.



The bird in the noose is a Fulmar petrel, a representative of the island's chief source of wealth. According to Rennant, "no bird is of such use to the Islanders as this; it supplies oil for their lamps, down for their beds, a delicacy for their tables, a balm for their wounds, and a medicine for their distempers."

The picture in the circle is of a snarled gannet, or "solan goose," fighting its captor. The gannets furnish a far less important source of income than the petrels.

A peculiarity of the Fulmar petrel's disposition makes this bird easy to catch at nesting time. When the Fulmar is sitting, the St. Kildans have only to approach and fish for the bird's head with their horsehair loops. All of the Fulmar's devotion to duty departs, however, once the eggs are hatched. It will desert its young swiftly and without compunction—an odd exception to a rule of bird land.

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

The Movies at Albany

THE TRAGI-COMEDY "William Sulzer—A Man of the People" has now been produced by Manager CHARLES F. MURPHY, the heavy. Before the curtain fell, the audience's only question was: Would MURPHY and his creatures stab SULZER in full sight of all, or would they give him a chance to expire more gracefully off-stage? Tammany made and unmade the fallen hero. The moral of the piece is, for the people: *Don't look to Tammany for your Governors.* For the Sulzers it is this: *Tammany insists on its enemies being honest.* So long as SULZER "played the game," his weaknesses didn't matter. After he had dared treat Boss MURPHY disrespectfully, they mattered very much. SULZER "rose from the ranks"; his father was somebody's German gardener. Now, men who rise from the ranks to positions of high trust and honor owe it to themselves and to humanity not to sink any faster than they have come up. Their careers may prove a great inspiration—or the reverse—to other gardeners' sons. This particular self-made man failed to measure up to his opportunity. He was never a big man; only a strutting actor built for the "movies." His studied suggestion of HENRY CLAY imposed on no really good judges of physiognomy and character. But blustering BILL SULZER, who renamed the Executive Mansion at Albany "the People's House," and reeked with spectacular simplicity, was not bad at heart. Though his democratic and progressive tendencies were as superficial as everything else, he was not exactly a hypocrite. It is an unhappy business, and one's predominant emotions are disgust and pity: disgust at the instrument of SULZER's ruin, the political machine which personifies all that is sinister in New York's civic life; pity for the well-meaning weakling. Had SULZER been a dangerously evil man, he would have made his peace with Tammany in time to save his skin—in time, even, to profit by momentary resistance. Average citizens have not joined in stoning the lost leader, but they are profiting by the object lesson. It is for Tammany, with its grinning Murphys and Frawleys and Levys, that an inner circle in hell is being warmed.

The Doomed Bachelor

"SURE," says Mr. DOOLEY, "th' bachelors will be the boys in polyticks if th' ladies gets th' votes. It's to us intilligent, raisonable, an' handsome men that th' dear things will come, an' not to crusty ol' married men. We've niver took advantage iv thim with false promises an' led thim fr'm th' altar to th' washtub. I'll have fifty votes to ye'er wan if th' girls get their rights." But be not deceived, O gay bachelors of the Dooley or any other stripe—be not deceived by Mr. DOOLEY's conventional reasoning. Rather than cajoled, you are more likely to be ignored and thus ultimately eliminated.

Killed

M. H. DE YOUNG, proprietor of the San Francisco "Chronicle," has bought the San Francisco "Call" for the purpose of suppressing it. There have been three morning newspapers in San Francisco—the "Chronicle," which represented the personal interests of M. H. DE YOUNG; the "Examiner," which represented the personal interests of WILLIAM R. HEARST, and the "Call," which, while usually representing only JOHN D. SPRECKELS, frequently showed spurts of independence. For example, just after the fire of 1906, two good newspaper men took charge of the "Call" on a three-year "policy contract." During that time they alone were to determine the "Call's" attitude on public questions. The famous graft investigation rose, and these new managers, for both policy and conviction, took sides with most clear-seeing and disinterested people in San Francisco—they backed HENEY. The "Call" did good service until three weeks before that election which brought the graft fight to a climax. At that dramatic point the policy contract expired, and SPRECKELS promptly ordered the muckraking stopped. From that time the "Call" lost prestige. Established newspapers are harder to kill than most people suppose. But one of their diseases is always fatal—"Control." And of that slow, wasting complaint the "Call" died. Every journalist understands that DE YOUNG, in buying the bones of the "Call," wanted neither its machinery nor its circulation. He wanted mainly its Associated Press franchise. He knows that so long as our oldest and best-established press bureau runs under its present rules, he and HEARST are the only men who can publish a morning newspaper San Francisco. For you cannot conduct a newspaper without graphic news. The Associated Press has a monopoly of that commo in the morning field; and by their "right of protest" the owners of "Chronicle" and "Call" franchises can perpetually prevent newco from getting a franchise. The layman will never know how many of the press spring indirectly from the Associated Press monopoly.

Disrupting the Party

RIGHT WHEN MOST OF US THOUGHT the Democratic Administration was getting on swimmingly, Governor COLE L. B takes it into his head to secede. The President has bumped into number of discouragements since March 4 without once showing pace, but this surely will make him plump down at last and bite nails in vexation. For one thing it dooms him to living the life of law-abiding citizen for the rest of BLEASE's incumbency. South Carolina, under the present management, will offer Mr. WILSON no hospitality in advance if he ever decides to run down there some week to lend a hand at a lynching. He may not even hope, after this, to enjoy (like Mr. BLEASE) the blissful privilege of defying a court to Mr. WILSON's chauffeur will be arrested and fined on sight in Columbia, S. C., if he dares to exceed the legal speed limit; and the Governor won't so much as extend the courtesy of calling out the militia to demand that the $3.75 be returned. This is the pickle our President is in for snubbing COLE L. BLEASE. Mr. WILSON has been in office barely six months, but already his party is being disrupted by insurgency. Behold! COLE L. BLEASE has seceded from the Democrats to organize the Demagogues!

Culture

CULTURE is a word we often fight shy of by reason of certain unfortunate connotations. Here is a masterly definition of culture by the English philosopher, BOSANQUET:

> The habit of a mind instinct with purpose, cognizant of a tendency and connection in human achievement, able and industrious in discerning the [illegible] from the trivial.

Twenty-seven words are enough to phrase this noble conception of noble quality.

For Children

THE HUMANE METHOD of putting out on probation children who have been arrested for minor offenses instead of committing them to a reformatory has grown wonderfully in ten years. Whereas in 1900 only six States had probation officers, thirty States were in line by 1910. Now the cry is not merely for the recognition of the rightness of the probation system, but for enough probation officers to look after the children. In most cities only a of the children eligible for probation can be so treated, for there not enough funds voted to provide officers to do the work, and children are therefore subjected to the injustice of reformatories there is far more reason to expect reform under probation. It seven times as much to care for a child in a reformatory as it does probation, according to reliable figures, and yet it is on the ground civic economy that a more ample number of probation officers provided. Here is a chance for public-spirited citizens to show ticians how to figure expenses.

Nerve

FOR UNADULTERATED NERVE you are referred to the EUGENE N. FOSS. Mr. Foss is Governor of Massachusetts. originally a Republican, he has been elected to that office as a crat, and twice reelected. A year ago last July Mr. Foss hopes of receiving the Democratic nomination for President delegates to the Baltimore Convention received copies of his in which he was thus characterized:

> A true Democrat . . . whose political advancement has marked the the Democratic party. . . . A genuine, dynamic, progressive Democrat long advocate of Democratic principles, and a courageous and unselfish of Democratic policies . . . a maker of Democratic voters in Republican

Having vigorously attacked the tariff policy of the Democratic jority in Congress, Mr. Foss might, one would think, be eli from this year's gubernatorial contest in Massachusetts. No

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

e only difference is: Mr. Foss wants the Republican nomination. he sun should shine for us Republicans now," says Mr. Foss, "for clouds are really rolling away." Mr. Foss ought to know. He con-lers himself the one and only Bay State barometer. But can the olliest West offer anything to match this man for cheek? Before ss of Massachusetts, Kansas hangs her head in shame; Missouri ushes with modesty; Oregon holds her tongue. But there is one int worth remarking: Mr. Foss hasn't been nominated and won't be.

oads

AMUEL HILL, "father of good roads in America," returns from a European tour persuaded that as many tourists as go to Europe h summer would come to this country from Europe if only we had ds fit for their automobiles. Perhaps he is right. Certainly more ericans would tour at home. But there is one more requisite. erica is lamentably backward in its hotels, except in the cities of first magnitude—where they are the best in the world. With good s and good roads we should get the full value out of our fine nery and railways. But roads cost money. France will spend ,000,000 in the next ten years improving 5,000 miles of thorough-es that are not up to her high standard. France is a frugal tion; be sure that this expense would be spared unless it were aying investment.

ices Still Will Soar

HE GREAT RISE in gold production began seventeen years ago. Since then about six billion dollars' worth of this metal has been en from the ground. It is very hard and durable. Little of it is t. But the gold stock of the world shows no increase of six billions; haps not more than three. In all the previous centuries much gold s produced. The known stock in '96 could scarce have been less n three billions. It is not much over six now. Where has the rest e? Hardly into the arts. India, Egypt, and like countries have n large absorbers. Much has been hoarded. The huge new gold pply, then, has had nothing like its full natural effect. But the at rise in land values is a strong discourager of hoarding. Spec-ular profits make speculators of us all. If there should be less rding, and the present rate of production hold, the effect of the new d on prices might be much greater in the next seventeen years than the last. Something like this was certainly true in the fifties, when ces went on rising for ten years after the supply had begun to fall. severe recession in business, causing a sharp curtailment of bank ns and hence of credit currency, may cause a temporary lowering of ces. But the long trend should be upward for many years to come.

ccess

HAT IS SUCCESS? Sometimes it begins in apparent failure. A young physician went from New York to a small Western y a few months ago to begin the practice of his profession. For a nber of years he had been attached to a New York hospital, where had unusual opportunities to study stomach diseases. When he ched the small city he found the community considerably excited ause one of its important citizens seemed about to die of cancer the stomach. The young doctor was called in. He analyzed the tents of the man's stomach, discovered that he did not have cancer, ated the true cause of his suffering, applied appropriate treatment, l in a short time put the man on his feet. Success? Well, promptly ry genuine cancer victim within a radius of forty miles was brought he doctor for treatment. And because a careful diagnosis showed ancer in every case, and because he could not cure a single one of se unfortunates, faith in his ability declined as rapidly as it had n. In vain he explained that his first success lay in the fact that diagnosis disclosed a patient who was not suffering from a fatal ase. However, he had to give up practice and move to another n. Will he succeed? Very likely. It is not easy to down a man eal ability who is courageous and declines to fake.

ort on Sundays

HEN WE WROTE in defense of Sunday baseball we expected to receive some adverse criticism. There has been less of it n we anticipated. One correspondent upbraids us for considering day the "seventh" day of the week; but that must, we suppose, the view of the Sabbatarian who interprets the Decalogue as for-ding Sunday recreation. The corresponding secretary of the Kings County Sunday Observance Society has, by the way, addressed a letter to Mayor GAYNOR of New York alleging that many baseball games take place illegally every Sunday. Here is a portion of the Mayor's reply:

It may be that as a health measure, without mentioning other considerations, the men and boys and girls and women of this great city who have to work indoors all the week days, many of them in hot and uncomfortable places, ought to be encouraged to go out in the parks and fields and play games on Sundays, after church hours. Of course, they should not play games forbidden by law. I fear you misinterpret the law. I am unaware of any divine law forbidding us to play games on Sunday. When the great Christian minister, JOHN KNOX of Scotland, went to Geneva, in Switzerland, to visit that other great Christian minister, JOHN CALVIN, and called on him at his home of a Sunday afternoon, he found him out back in the fields, playing at bowls with his sons and neighbors. He knew of no divine law prohibiting him from doing so, nor did JOHN KNOX know of any. Do you?

Making Drunkards

EXAGGERATION OF FIGURES is frequently charged against the antisaloon campaigners. But what statement has ever been devised and circulated by them as startling as the report privately made to his firm of distillers by one of the more experienced whisky salesmen in the country? "Regardless of population claims," he writes, "there is in this city of 400,000 inhabitants one saloon to every hundred people. Allowing that 20 per cent of the population are adult, liquor-consuming men, *this gives one saloon to every twenty customers not females or minors.*" No snap judgment or careless estimate is this. It is the painstaking reckoning of an expert sent out to one of the large Western cities to make a house-to-house canvass and report why his employers' brand of whisky was not selling satisfactorily. Even allowing, on a more shocking hypothesis, that the male adult patronage of the saloon is but 50 per cent of its total, and is equaled by the trade to women and children, this sums up to but forty patrons per liquor store. The inference is beyond doubt or question. Only by enormous consumption of alcohol per capita can saloons contrive to live from so slender a clientele. In intoxication lies their livelihood. They must "stimulate" trade constantly in order to exist. Of the making of many drunkards there is no end under our American system. Fewer drunkards will be made under a high and restricted license than under that liberal régime which permits the supply of saloons to grow vastly in excess of any normal demand.

A Telltale Moment

CONCEIT is not the worst fault in the world. But it serves as an index to character. Unfortunately, real conceit is not easy to detect. We can think of only one case in which everybody may read the verdict at a glance. This is the ball player who can bat above .300. The way he carries himself in his journey from bench to plate thunders out the answer to the whole world.

Southward Again

OF ALL SUMMER TOURISTS the most wonderful are the birds. And at this season some of them are packing up and starting south again—so quietly that one is unaware. For three and a half months, speaking roughly, they are saying their good-bys to the North; many of them have had a vacation of only six weeks, for which some will have traveled 15,000 miles. For centuries, for eras, man has witnessed the flight of birds, their invasion of the frozen North in all the gayness of bright feathers and wooing time; their melancholy retreat before a winter unannounced. Yet few of us can speak on the subject with much authority. Why does the insect feeder take his flight in August, when it is still warm enough to suit everyone and the air is full of dinner? How high does the golden plover fly, and why does the warbler lose his head in approaching the lights of the city, that burn so many wings? By day and by night the birds' exodus is a marvel; but at night it is most mysterious. It is not alone feathered citizens that fear the hawk tribe that pursue night travel at the risk of life. Why? Some species seem to have organized their retreat on the most systematic plan; others are impressionists, and mix with other kinds of fowl, traveling as the spirit moves, covering no great distance at a time. We all know how the blackbirds and crows meet and swing off in troops, starting in August and attaining great numbers in September flight. Some birds certainly rise to a height of four or five miles on their pilgrimage, and the speed of some is calculated at a hundred miles an hour. Millions upon millions of birds are in motion at this time, or a little later. The loss of them for a season may in part explain our autumn sadness.

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The Washington Capitol is being treated this year to an unusually thorough housecleaning — in the literal sense as well as the metaphoric. While Mr. Wilson has been "sweeping out the lobby," other janitors, with scrub brush and hose, have been cleansing every cranny of the building's walls and dome

"Skyscraper Island" Takes a Census of Its Tall Buildings



The towers of the world's four tallest buildings: the Metropolitan, the Municipal Building, the Woolworth, and the Singer

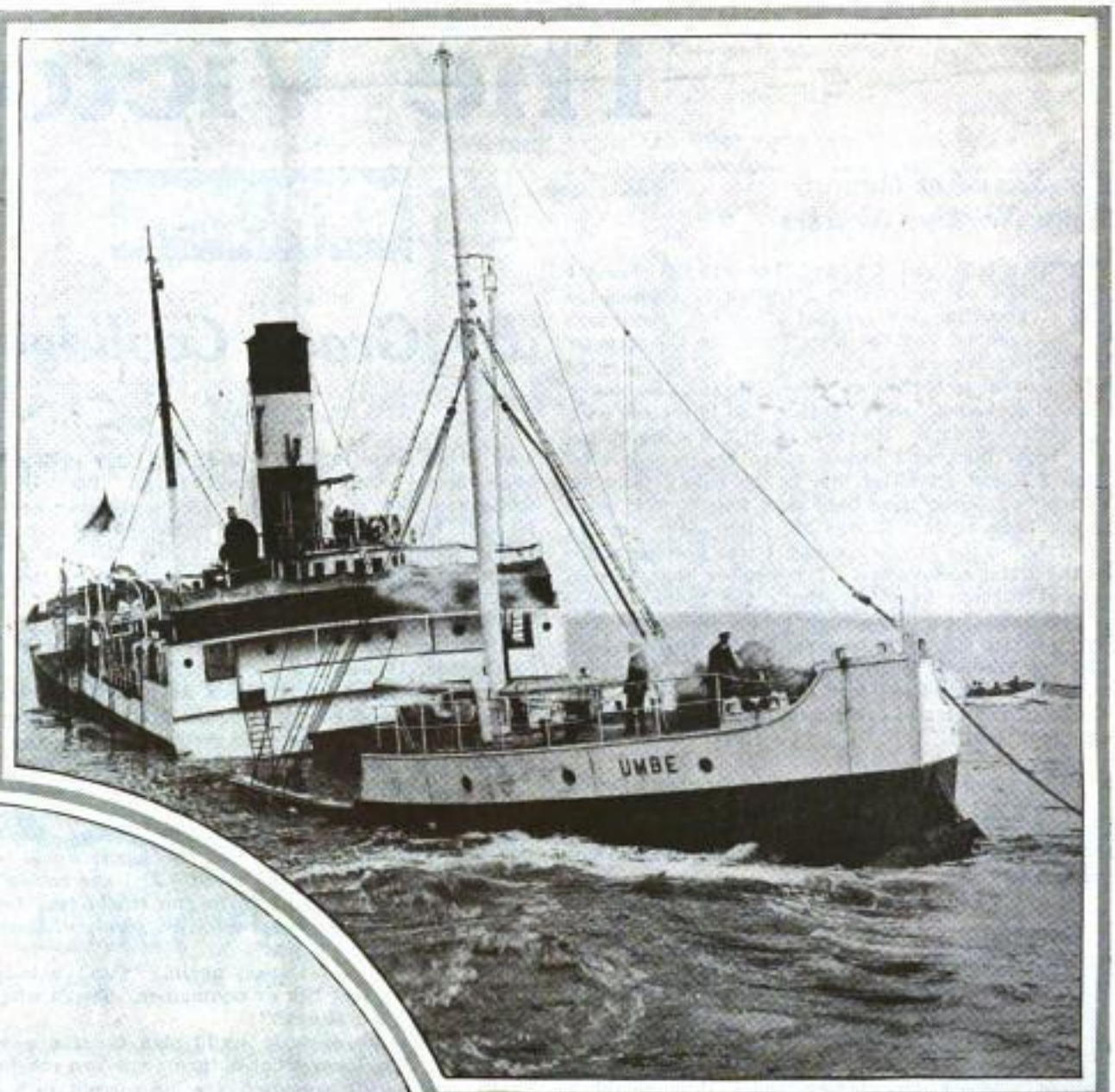
THE popular impression that M- hattan Island, the most d- populated of New York City's boroughs, is a mass of skys- is not sustained by the facts i- cent report, the result of a- census of the number of em- buildings on Manhattan Island a- beginning of the present year. - that nine-tenths are not mo- six stories high. Even if the d- tion of "skyscraper" is accepted - building exceeding ten stories - a little more than 1 per cent of Island's 92,749 structures wo- into the skyscraper classificati- 226 buildings in the borough - height of fourteen stories or m-

The experts who have collecte- studied these facts do not p- them, however, in defense of - ing more high structures. The- out that many of the dow- streets of New York already a- small to hold the population of neighboring buildings. If a c- conflagration or an earthquake- pour the inhabitants in panic in- streets, they would be piled tw- in a score of man-made cañons. I- of the largest of these downtown buildings the population is 72,0-

The accompanying snapshot - by COLLIER'S photographer a fe- ago from a new twenty-six-stor- the roof of the McAlpin Hote- the towers of the world's fo- est buildings in an unusual p-

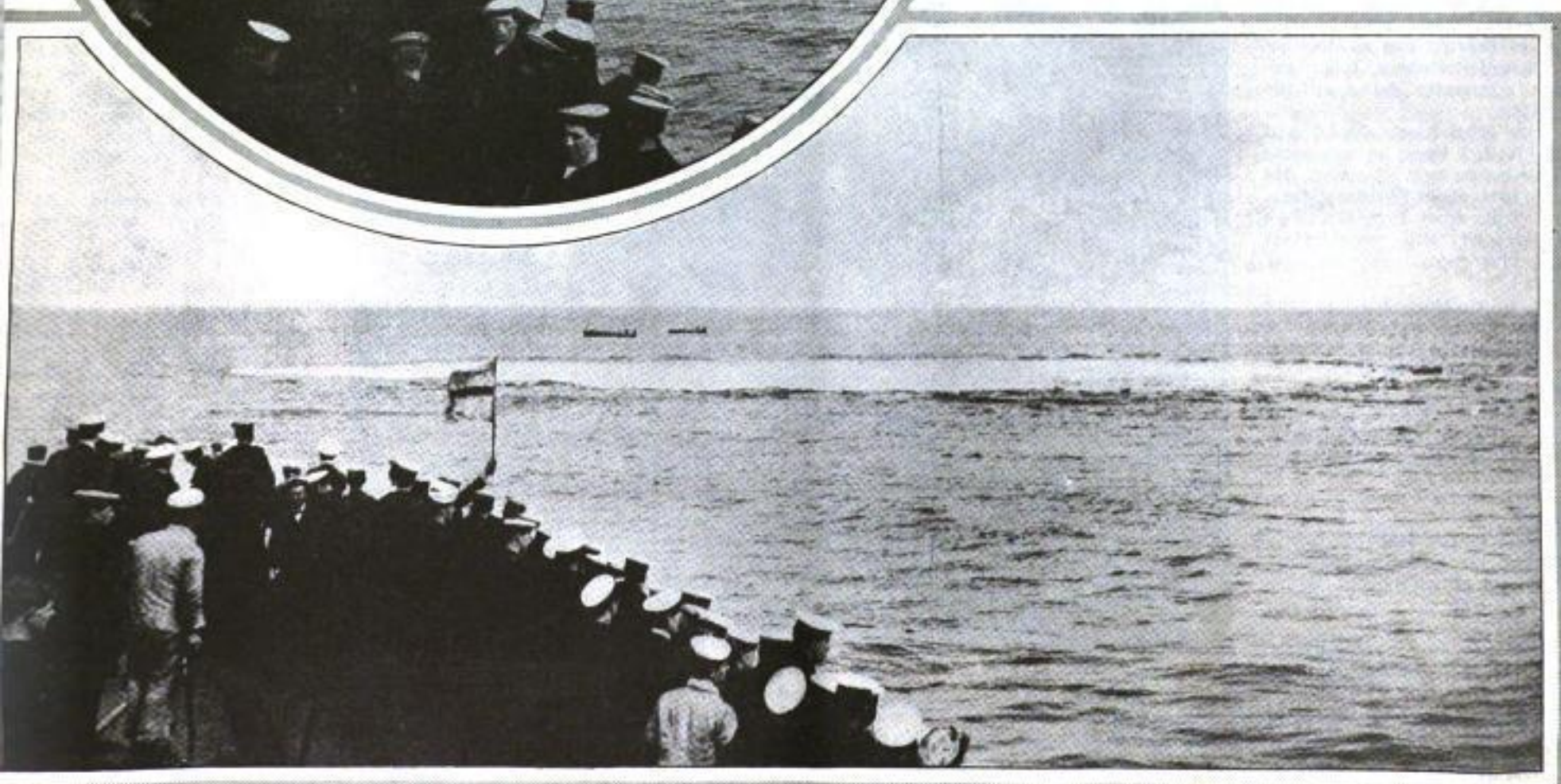
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A Mimic Naval War With a Real Disaster





THE most picturesque and exciting incident of England's mimic naval wars this summer was the sinking of the Spanish steamship *Umbe* by the armored cruiser *King Alfred* after a collision near Hull. The *Umbe*, with a cargo of iron ore, was playing no active part in the war game, but suffered the traditional fate of the "innocent bystander." The trader was struck amidships with violent impact, but managed to keep afloat for more than an hour. Our upper photograph shows her settling in the water with the two last men to be taken off still standing on the forecastle, though the water had reached the level of the decks. A little later the camera caught the *Umbe* making her final plunge. She went down in almost the same fashion as the *Titanic*. The lower picture shows the vortex on the sea after the ship disappeared. This snapshot was taken from the quarter-deck of the *King Alfred*. The flag in the foreground is being used to signal to the men in the distant lifeboats. It would have been perilous for small boats to attempt to come near the edge of the huge whirlpool.



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The Victory

The Second of the Tepee Neighbor Sketches

By Grace Coolidge

THE baby was sick, and that was the reason I had not paid much attention to Damon the first time he came that afternoon. Saturdays they let out the boys from the Government Indian boarding school at one o'clock, and he had come down on foot to borrow my pony. He and I had taken to sharing the pony since the baby had interfered with my horseback days. He came in with a smile on his nice boy's face, and asked where my saddle was. Then I forgot all about him in the baby's troubles. I suppose it must have been near four o'clock when he got back again. It was May, but chilly yet; at any rate, on the baby's account, I was keeping a fire in the living-room stove. I remember that Damon entered without knocking—that's the Indian way—and slumped down into a chair behind the stove. The baby's attack seemed to be over; he was nearly asleep. I sat on the sofa jiggling his carriage. I was still mopping an occasional tear from my own eyes, and the baby, poor lamb, every now and again shook all over with sobs.

FOR a long time the boy sat quiet, but after a while I heard little broken sounds coming from behind the stove, and snuffles. I made haste to emerge from the gloom into which the afternoon had cast me.

"Why, Damon! Why, boy! What on earth is the matter?"

Had I been Indian I should never have been so rude as to ask a direct question, but—well, it took him a long time to answer it. He, at least, was Indian enough. At last he got it out.

"Elk wouldn't sign for me."

"You mean to say you went away down to Goes-in-Lodge's, where Elk is staying, and that he wouldn't sign your Carlisle paper, though he promised you to do it to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Damon, and snuffled again.

"But I don't understand at all why he wouldn't. He has always seemed willing enough for Mr. Knight, when he goes East next week, to take you with the other children. Why, boy, what on earth can you do now? Elk's surely the one who ought to sign for you. Why do you think he went back on you?"

There was a long pause. At last Damon managed: "John Pine, he died—" Then he stuck again.

CONVERSATION between the naturally reticent Indian and the as naturally loquacious white man is very apt to impress one as does an overheard telephone talk: one man apparently doing all the work.

"Oh, John Pine's dead," said I. "Well, I knew he was going to die before long, of course. He came back about Christmas time, wasn't it, from that Kansas school, and with consumption? And now he's dead. So your uncle—"

"Yes, ma'am. Elk, he got scared, and he said what did I want to go off so far for, and couldn't I learn enough at this here school."

"And then what did you say?" I didn't want him to run down till I had got it all out of him.

"I just kept sayin': 'I want to go to Carlisle, I want to go to Carlisle.'"

"Well, there's Hubert. He's a kind of an uncle to you, too. He's been off at school. Maybe he could sign for you. Did you try him?"

"He was to Goes-in-Lodge's, too. But he just talked mean to me. He said, why did I want to go and try to learn to be a white man? He said I'd forget how to talk Indian, and I'd come back and marry one of them half-breed girls. And 'look at the ones that's come back,' he said, 'can they earn any more money than us fellows here? They ain't white and they ain't Indian. You better stay here,' he said, 'and this summer I'll take you out on my ranch with me, and maybe in the fall me and you'll have a little huntin' trip back of Black Mountain.'"

"And what did you say to that, boy?"

"Just the same thing; I kept sayin': 'I want to go to Carlisle. I want to go to Carlisle. There ain't never been one of us Northern Arapahoes graduate from Carlisle, and I want to be the first one,'" I said.

"Well, Damon, there's your mother. Do you think anyway she could be made to do it?"

"No, ma'am," said Damon, and again he snuffled.

"She's old," said I, "and, being blind that way, it surely would be hard to make her understand. She'd just hate to have you go so far. To her it would be like sending you off to the moon. And she couldn't realize where the advantage to you would be. Let me see, you must have other relatives, plenty of them, who could sign that paper."

"No, ma'am," said Damon again. "Can't nobody sign for me but just Elk or my mother. That's what the agent told Mr. Knight."

"But last year anybody could sign for the ones who went. You know what a time your own cousin, Tabitha, had. Elk wouldn't give his consent to her going to Carlisle, and she got just a young man, a cousin, to sign for her, and she went anyhow."

"Yes, ma'am," said Damon dolefully.

HE WAS young, but when you live on an Indian reservation you get your eyes open early to a good deal of pretty obvious irony. Last year, to further the interests of an employee who wished to travel East in charge of the children, and so at the Government's expense, the regulation requiring actual parents or guardians to sign their consent for the child to go away from the reservation to school had been waived. This year, however, when a lesser governmental light was desirous of taking the children East, the observance of the ruling on the question was being most strictly adhered to.

Poor boy of fourteen! Vaguely, in his groping child's heart, he craved a little more education than the reservation school could offer, and he was fired also with a dim desire to see something of the outside world in this his one and only chance, living as he did in so remote a part of the country. Poor youngster! To be forced thus to fight for the chance a good government had meant to place within his easy reach—on the one hand the indifference of well-seeking whites, and on the other the ignorance and stubbornness of his own purblind people. I wonder how, at fourteen, my boy, there in the cradle, would face a situation like that.

WE SEEMED to be in a cul-de-sac, which is the French for box cañon, a horrid place in which to find yourself when all your desire is to be at the other side of the end wall of it.

Well, there I was in my box cañon, off the trail, no suggestions to offer. I told Damon to keep my pony all night and to come back to-morrow; and in the meantime to tell Mr. Knight, the lesser light and the boy's good friend, all his difficulties. Perhaps among us all, we might be able to find some way out of the dilemma.

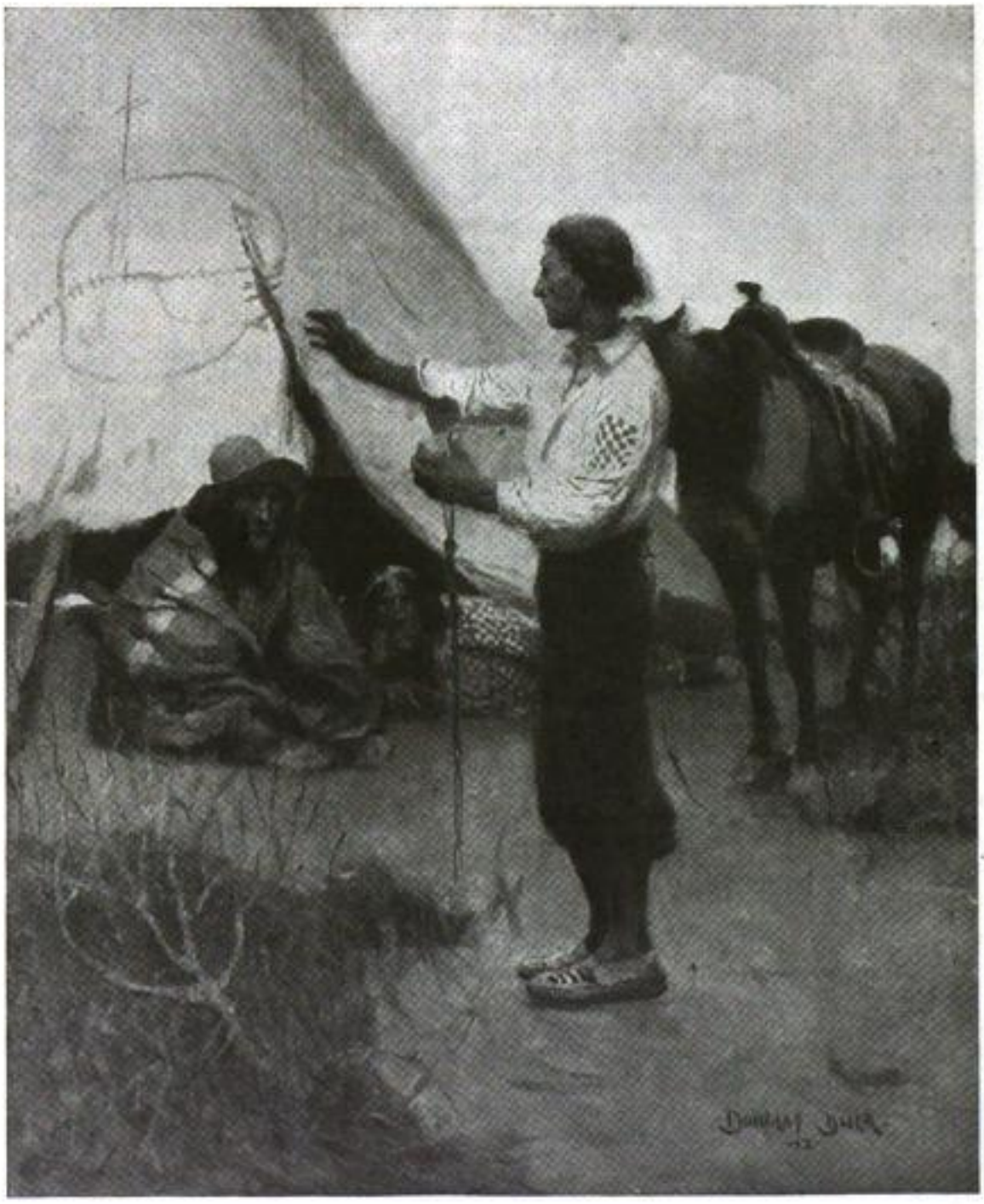
In the morning I saw a buggy drive through the ranch gate. The sun was shining, the baby smiling again. I remember I was just doing the dishes.

"Oh! leave your dishes and come along. We're going over to Wind River, to get Damon's mother to sign this paper if we can. This boy's just got to go to Carlisle, and we'll leave no stone unturned to get him there."

So I bundled up the baby and put on my linen duster and threw my heavy coat under the back seat. That's the way to go in Wyoming; the dust is always with us, and the cold grows. So we go prepared for anything.

THE river was high, but we got through it all right. Government horses are fine and strong. We turned off across "Dobe Flat," then angled eastward up the long divide between the two rivers. We always call it five miles to the summit; it's all of that, a long, heavy, gradual grade. At the top Mr. Knight pulled up the team to let them breathe, and we all turned back to look at the country behind us, the big sweep valley sloping up to the foot and lined with little branching creeks, each one tracing its tortuous way back to its own cleft cañon. Beyond were the mountains, delicate, gray, snow sprinkled, and over all the whole west of the world.

We stood there at the summit, the hill falling away from us both ways. You could hear the wind singing away off; you always can on the plains, no matter how still it is. There were a few cactus plants growing near us, and they were in bloom. The sage smelled good, that fine primeval smell that takes you back to the beginning of all camping, of all. Everything was sparkling in the sun, and, most of all, those mountains, so many of them in such a powerful line.



"How! Blind woman." It never seemed to me either polite or considerate to call her that. But it was her name. We all used it

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We started at a good clip down the other slope. The road wound through red, sage-covered, rolling country; down there, miles ahead of us, we could see the big river, marked by a wide band of cottonwoods.

THE country through which we were passing, though looking most accessible, was in reality so completely the reverse that you couldn't help admiring the clever way the road nosed its passage between the little hills, down gulches and draws, along hogbacks, finding out and following the only possible ways.

At last we were nearly down. We passed through a narrow draw, all pinkish-red sand, very hard and ancient looking. There the sage grew as high as your eyes as you sit ahorse. It looked gnarled, misformed, and old, as though it had been the very first thing of its kingdom created of God. As we came down that sand draw I turned my head to the left and hugged the baby close. You can't see it from the road, but just a little way back from it there's a box cañon, red and sandy and sage covered, where the people over here on the river bury their dead. I have heard them up there crying at twilight, the age-old lament of grief.

At last we got to the river. Elk's camp stood right at the edge of the tall timber, within sound of the roar, if not quite within sight of the water. There stood three cabins, set at irregular angles, the most primitive form of human-built house; rough, dusty logs, the ends not so much as sawed off even, chinked with red mud, dirt roofs and floors, crooked door and window frames of hewn logs. There also stood at one side a tall tepee, graceful and free, compared to its squat house neighbors.

By the side of one of the houses a post was driven into the ground, and sitting in the dirt, facing it, was a woman. Her hands held the two ends of a wet cowhide, scraped of its hair, and which, to soften, she kept pulling back and forth around the stake. At the sound of the buggy she turned her face toward us, listening expectantly. We tied the team to the fence and all went over to her. Mr. Knight shook hands with her.

"How! Blind Woman."

I did likewise. "How! How! Blind Woman." It never seemed to me either polite or considerate to call her that. But it was her name. We all used it.

Damon hung back.

"You'll have to interpret for us," said Mr. Knight to him. "There's no one else."

THE boy came forward bashfully and stood in the sunshine by his blind mother. She let the hide slip from her hands. The ends lay touching her feet, within reach. She lifted her face to us, her blind face, which wore, as do the faces of so many of the Indians, a look of childlike sweetness and age-long patience.

Mr. Knight explained. Damon interpreted. I sat on somebody's saddle, which lay on the ground, holding my baby.

"Six days to get there?"

"Yes."

"And for five years?"

"Yes."

The light faded from the blind face.

"My husband is dead," said the woman. "I have but two sons. The other one, as you know, is sick. Five years!"

DAMON interpreted on. Then a slow tear stole down the old woman's face, and another. She wiped them away with the palms of her hands.

Tears ran down the boy's face also. A sudden sob shook him. They spoke quietly to each other, scantily.

At last Damon said: "She says to give her the paper, she will make her mark."

Mr. Knight handed it to her. He guided her hand. He and I witnessed the crude signature. Then we went down to the river bank to eat our lunch, leaving the mother and her son together. I felt somehow as though I could not let the baby out of my arms.

On our way home we were all inclined to be quiet. The hills were glorious in the afternoon light, long shadows pointed back from the mountains—it was all so world-wide, so everlasting looking. It made you feel the way reading some parts of the Old Testament does, as though suddenly, mysteriously, you were in touch with the things that transcend time and space.

King Cotton

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN



THE faultlessly dressed, pressed, manicured, and barbered young man in the pilot house of the *Valley Belle* sat on the visitors' bench and watched the young woman who wrestled with the steering wheel—now flexing her slim, supple body like a steel spring, now climbing the spokes like a squirrel to "hard down" the helm, again letting the handles flutter through her fingers as if they were plumes instead of seasoned hickory, and quite capable of inflicting a bone felon upon a "cub" who should essay the trick. Presently, however, she called upon the young man to "pull down," and he took his place at the other side of the wheel.

"Deedy," he remarked, as the boat came abreast a picturesque, Greek-porticoed, ante-bellum plantation home, perched on a bold bluff, "I'm goin' to set on that porch some day, with a nigger in a black coat mixin' me mint juleps and another one keepin' the flies off with a peacock brush. I intend to be a planter and a substantial citizen—the kind that lays cornerstones and leads the grand march at charity balls."

The Mississippi was on one of its periodical sprees, and Deeda Calvert, estimating the speed and probable course of an approaching barn, and slowly working the helm to starboard, made no immediate response. Presently the barn swept by, exhaling the aroma of wet hay and revealing four gaunt, dispirited fowls on its ridge—the sight of which elicited a chorus of regretful ejaculations from the black deck hands below.

"If you could cash your pipe dreams, Woody, you'd make Cresus look like a peanut vender," she then observed dryly.

HE DREW a bank pass book from his pocket and flaunted an open page before her eyes. The balance, in red-ink figures, was over eight thousand dollars.

"Looks as if I'd cashed some of 'em, don't it?" he demanded triumphantly. "Moreover, I'll cash another one inside of twenty-four hours that will add 50 per cent to that balance."

"Where and how?" she asked curiously—and a bit admiringly—for he was no braggart.

"Over at Noccopola. Lem Shopiere, who owns the ginnery there, has five hundred bales of cotton that he offers me for eight cents a pound. The Natchez market closed yesterday at twelve cents. Difference per pound, four cents—or twenty dollars on the bale. My eight thousand simoleons will buy two hundred bales. Profit, four thousand dollars."

He laughed like a boy, showing a row of teeth free from blemish or dental carpentry, pearly-white, square, and sharp edged—beautiful teeth, indeed, yet looking as if they could nip on provocation.

Deeda's eyes wandered reflectively over the vast expanse of water, bearing on its ocherish bosom plunder from a dozen States to the north—boxes, barrels, logs, bridges, straw stacks, houses.

"But why is Mr. Shopiere selling at eight cents if cotton is worth twelve?" she inquired.

He laughed again. "The high water has backed up Moccasin Creek until forty or fifty rods of the railroad track are badly affected, and all trains on the Noccopola branch were laid off yesterday morning. Shopiere was caught napping. He was left the alternative of selling his cotton at a sacrifice or of taking a chance on having it destroyed by the flood, in case the levee should break. Having a very small strain of sporting blood in his veins, he chose the former."

"But why do you want it—at any price—under the circumstances?"

He lit one of his favorite long, slim cigars.

"Well, Deedy, I have a friend at court, as the sayin' goes. Dudley Oakes, assistant traffic manager of the A. & C., has engaged himself to get one more train into Noccopola for my special benefit. I might explain," he added, with a twinkle in his snappy, dark eyes, "that Dudley is suffering socially for want of a better automobile than he can afford to buy—unless some friend should chip in a thousand or so."

THE girl looked doubtful. "But suppose he fails? Suppose it proves a physical impossibility to get a train in?"

"My cotton would have to weather out the flood in Noccopola. But the train will come. Don't you fret. And if it don't come, the levee will hold. So it's a two to one shot in my favor."

"Woody, I don't believe the levee will hold. None of the river men believe it. I know the patrol has been furnished dynamite to make a gap in the Maxime lateral and let the water in gradually, in case the pressure on the north end becomes dangerous. If they blow it, Noccopola will go under. In '82 it had a depth of four feet. I've often heard daddy talk about it. He landed a relief boat at the post-office door. Give up this deal, Woody," she concluded earnestly. "The chances are too desperate."

"I live on chances—eat 'em alive," he answered teasingly. "But I'm not going it blind, Deed. I phoned Bob Dessay to phone his agent at Noccopola to look into the condition of the track on the q. t. I'm on the way to Port Godfrey now to get his report."

Before Deeda could answer the door opened and Captain Zeno Calvert, her father, thrust in a florid face, adorned with a rosy, bulbous nose.

"Come on down, Woody, and make up a table of poker. Four of them Arkansas sheep men are aboard and their money is burnin' their pockets."

"Sorry, Cap, but I've quit," answered the young man.

The captain cocked a crafty eye aloft.

"Your grandmother! Come on down. You can buzz Deed any time, but you won't get a crack at another roll like this soon."

Bonebrake shook his clean-cut head decisively. "Nixie, Cap. Nothing doing. I'm treadin' the straight and narrow path."

Old Zeno retired growling, for he and Woody knew many a trick with kings and queens. But Deeda, with eyes of molten topazes, said swiftly: "Good boy, Woody!"

"You say 'good,' but you won't marry me," he answered, soberly.

"I have one man to take care of now. Daddy's business wouldn't last a year without me. That's what gambling and booze will do."

"You class me with him?" he asked sharply.

"Isn't it true—flush to-day and broke to-morrow?—laying aside the matter of cards. This minute you are crazy to put every dollar you own into a scheme that is only a gamble."

"Call it that, if you will," he retorted.

Port Godfrey hove into view. Deeda tapped the landing bell twice and slanted shoreward. The hamlet occupied a high bank, but to-day the *Valley Belle* floated almost level with the houses and she thrust her stage plank into Dessay's warehouse door. Captain Calvert had not appeared—evidently the poker game was on—and Deeda descended with Bonebrake to the forecastle where the crew of negro roustabouts, naked from the waist up and shining like wet seals, were trucking ashore ties, jute baling cloth, gin repairs, and other paraphernalia for the court of old King Cotton.

DESSAY, a fat but energetic young man, ran down the stage plank, dodging the trucks.

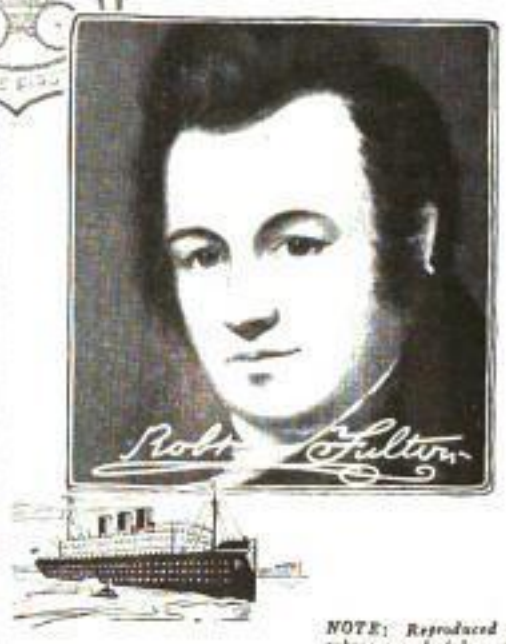
"Woody," he announced, "Skinny McAfferty has beat you to that cotton of Shopiere's. Bought it at eight cents, too."

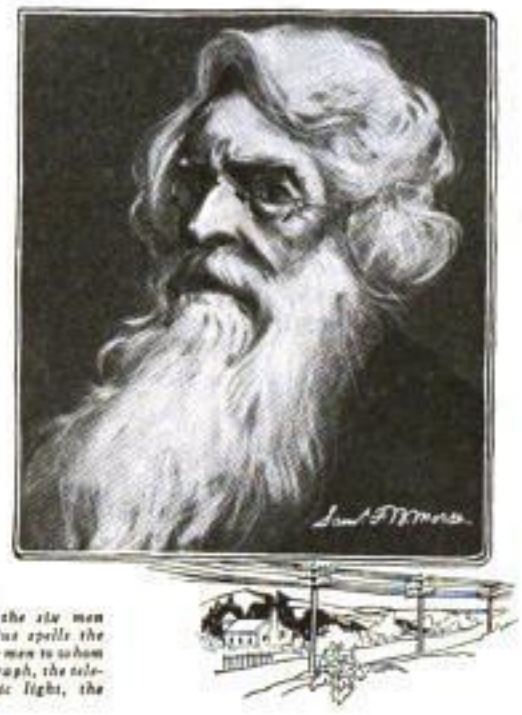
"The damnable traitor!" cried Bonebrake, with a black brow. "His last words to me at the hotel last night were: 'This is your fat. Fry it out to suit yourself.'"

Dessay laughed. "Which ought to have warned you that he had his own pan hot. However, you needn't feel so bad. The joke

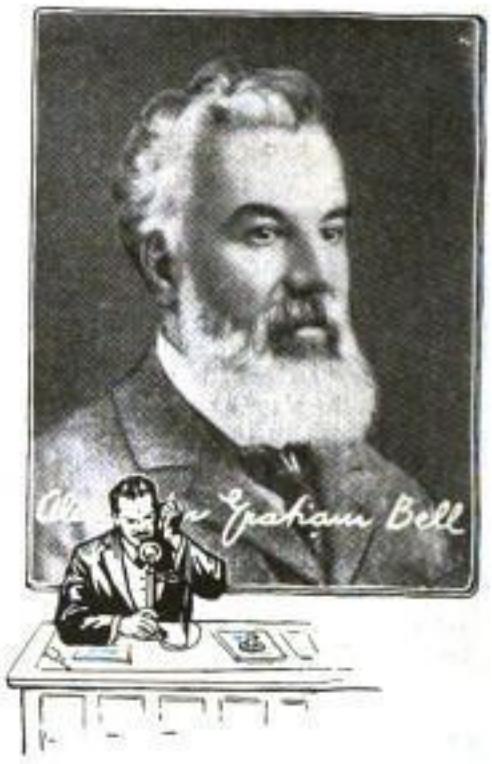
(Continued on page 22)

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NOTE: Reproduced here are the six men whose wonderful creative genius spells the advancement of this country, the men to whom we owe the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the incandescent electric light, the flying machine, the automobile.





HAYNES—America's First Car

Adopts Greatest Automobile Improvement

No more yanking of hand gear-levers for Haynes owners. No more crashing and burring when the gears are shifted. All this is replaced by a quiet, automatic shifting of the gears in obedience, not to a strenuous pull, but a mere pressure of a finger upon a push button.

Upon the wheel post of the Haynes is a circle of electric push buttons. These are plainly marked 1, 2, 3 for the several speeds, N for neutral, R for reverse, S for starter, H for Horn. In this circle of buttons is centered the control of the car. All confusing manipulation of levers is eliminated.

Haynes Specifications

	A. L. A. M.	Dynamometer.
Horse Power—		
Models 26 and 27,	43.35	65
Model 28,	28.00	48

Motor—4¼ inch bore, 5½ inch stroke. L-Head Haynes design, cylinders cast in pairs. Enclosed valves.

Cooling—Centrifugal pump and pressed steel fan.

Wheelbase—Model 26, 130 inches; Model 27, 136; Model 28, 118.

Weight—Model 26, 3,800 lbs; Model 27, 4,000 lbs.; Model 28, 3,450 lbs.

Carburetor—Stromberg.

Ignition—American Simms magneto, with patent pole shoe, producing hot spark at full retard. Perfect synchronism, greater horse power and more perfect running motor.

Lubrication—Splash and gravity feed to main bearings and idle gear; also constant feed to oil basins in lower base.

Control—Left-hand drive, **Vulcan electric gear shift**, dispensing with hand lever and enabling driver to shift gears electrically.

Transmission—Selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Timken roller bearings.

Steering Column—Worm and worm gear. Timken bearings.

Clutch—Haynes contracting steel band. Adjustable with single set screw. Applies power gradually.

Rear Axle—Timken full floating on Models 26 and 27, McCoe design on 28 with Gourney bearings.

Front Axle—I-beam, single piece, O. H. steel heat treated. 1⅝ inch spindles of chrome nickel.

Wheels—Artillery type with Funk demountable rims.

Tires—Models 26 and 27, 36 x 4½ inches; Model 28, 34 x 4 inches.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 39½ inches long, 2 inches wide; rear, 48 inches long, 2 inches wide.

Brakes—Diameter, 15½ external and 15 internal on Models 26 and 27; 12 and 16 on Model 28, both internal.

Finish—Body Indiana dark blue or Pacific Tour gray (optional), with black gear and wheels.

Gasoline Feed—Pressure Feed. Storage tank holds 20 gallons of gasoline, At rear of car where easily filled.

Upholstery—Models 26 and 27 hand buffed leather; model 28 machine buffed cushions.

Starting and Lighting—Leece-Neville electrical system. A separate unit system embracing a generator for charging battery and motor for cranking engine. 100% efficient under all conditions.

Cowl-board Equipment—Electric lights, sight oil feed, automatic cut-out for lights, dash light, auxilliary air pressure pump with gauge. Models 26 and 27 have rim wind clock and Warner autometer. Model 28, Stewart speedometer.

Other Standard Equipment—Top, top cover of silk mohair, mechanical tire pump, rain vision ventilating wind shield, two large electric headlights, electric side lights, electric tail light, electric starter, generator, 80 ampere hour storage battery, horn, coat and foot rails, tire irons, full tool equipment, one extra demountable rim, Collins curtains. Models 26 and 28 have Truffault-Hartford shock absorbers.

Shifting the Gears Made as Easy as Ringing a Door Bell

Men who have been unable in the past to enjoy driving—women who have found running a car too hard on the nerves—will find the Haynes the car they have longed for.

The hands never leave the wheel, the eyes need scarcely be taken from the road, there is never the occasion to change from an erect position. No possibility of stripping a gear—no chance of making a wrong selection. Everything so amazingly simple and so easy that you must see the new feature to appreciate it.

The Vulcan Electric Gear Shift is Thoroughly Practical and Proven

It was tested hundreds of times a day for a month straight at the Haynes factory before adopted. If it were not an entire success it would not be a part of the Haynes equipment. It is exceedingly simple, and both scientifically and mechanically practical.

The Haynes Gives You Everything in Automobile Improvement

It is entirely controlled by electricity. At the pressure of a push button the starting motor begins to whir. Snap a switch and any or all the electric lights on. ton and the warning sounding, ligh gear shifting buttons are near your set of desk call buttons. The gasoline is pressure fed to the rear where it is easily filled. In Collins curtains are let down, ing the car. Surely the former k of "care free motoring

Beautiful, Durable, Po

The cumulative refinements of decade the Haynes. The body and su manship is masterful, the earth own the Haynes and you appreciate y times when you realize its price, pos

The Famous Haynes M

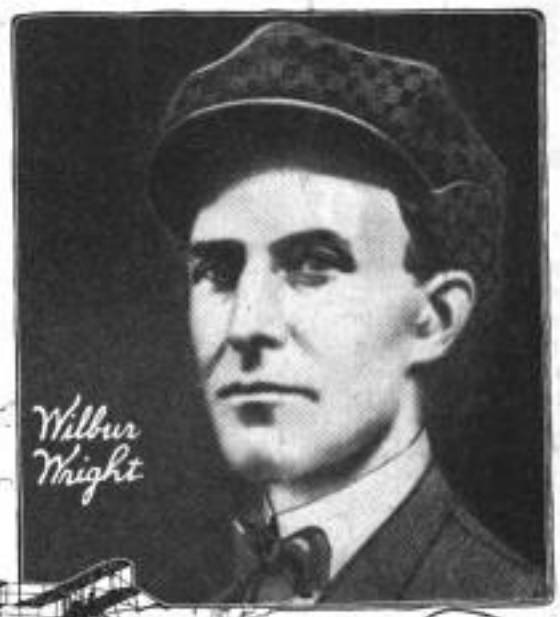
is built in the Haynes shop. L-Hea terpiece of simplicity. Understa aren't much of a mec

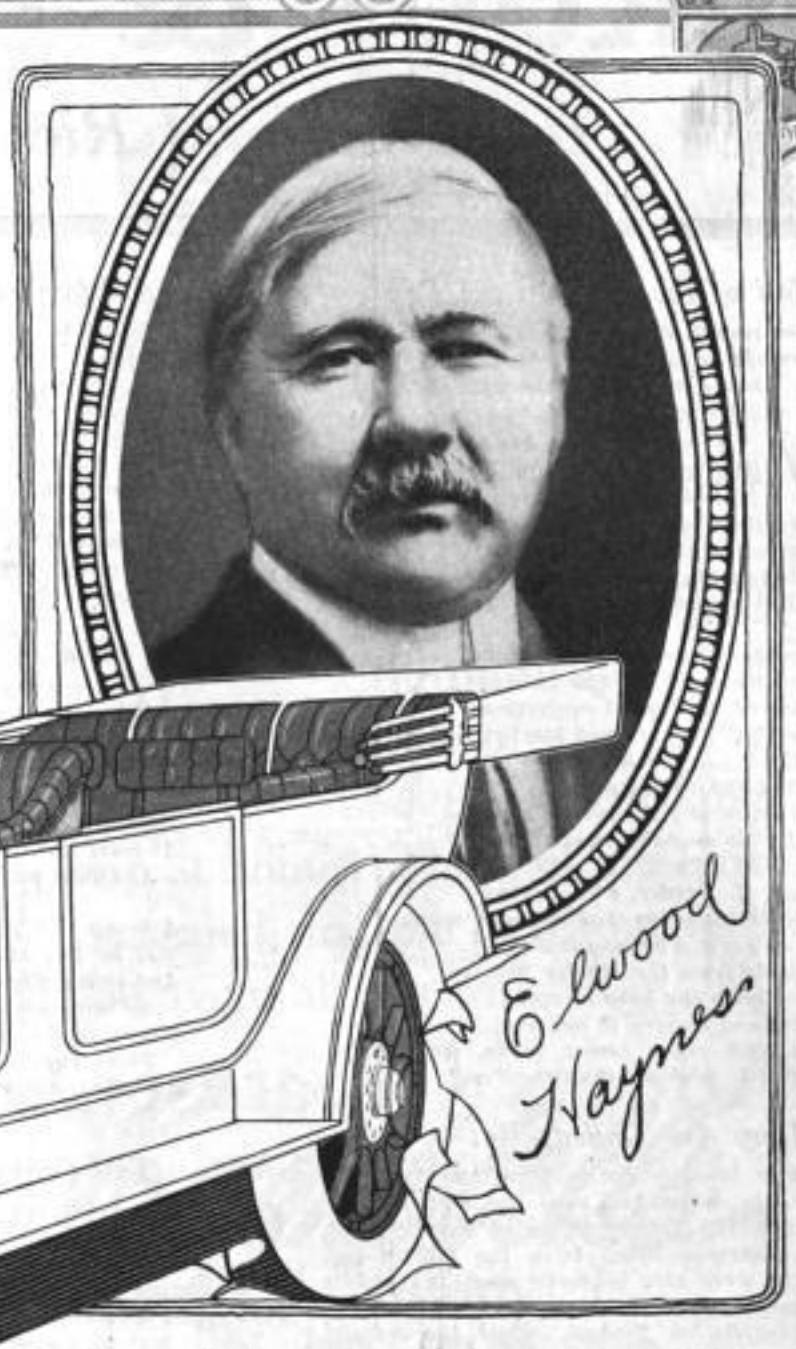
Elwood Haynes Has Written a Great Book Com

No matter what car you own or intend to own, the factor. T book of the automobile and motoring will be of great value new There isn't a dry page, and it's full of things you ought to know

The Haynes Auto Co., Main









Elwood Haynes, One of America's Great Inventors

In the hall of America's great inventors, Elwood Haynes deserves a niche among the greatest.

He Invented America's First Gasoline Automobile

The first American car was built by Elwood Haynes during the years 1893 and 1894. The original car is now a government exhibit in Smithsonian Institution, Washington, and the official placard reads: "Gasoline Automobile Built by Elwood Haynes, in Kokomo, Indiana, 1893-1894. Successful trial trip made at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, July 4, 1894. Gift of Elwood Haynes, 1910. No. 262,135."

The practical demonstration by Elwood Haynes that a road vehicle could be built to carry its own gasoline engine and its own fuel, without excessive weight or cost, started the amazing development which has resulted in the perfect automobile of today.

Throughout this period of development, Elwood Haynes has been a leading factor. The Haynes car was the first two-cylinder opposed car built in the world, it was the first to use aluminum in crank cases, the first to use nickel steel in axles, the first to use side doors, the first to have the throttling carburetor, the first to use the make and break spark, the first to use the jump spark, the first to use electric ignition, the first to use a magneto—its magneto was the first American-made magneto,—the first to use double independent system of ignition through two sets of spark plugs.

In a word, America owes her thanks to Elwood Haynes, that the automobile of today is a perfect and road-worthy vehicle that has lessened the distance between country and city, and between office and home, that has inspired a nation-wide good roads movement, and become the chief recreation of many thousands all over the world.

Haynes Built —Haynes Tested

Every essential part of the car is built in the Haynes shops. We know absolutely the material that goes into every part of the car, the quality of workmanship that is used and the testing that is made. It's this exacting standard of manufacture that is keeping those good, old-time Haynes cars on the road after a decade and more of service and that will insure you a long service in your Haynes car.

The New Haynes Models and Their Prices

Model 26, 6-cylinder, 2-passenger, 4-passenger, straight-line, or 5-passenger touring car, **$2700;** coupe, **$3200.**

Model 27, 6-cylinder, 6-passenger straight-line, or 7-passenger touring car, **$2785;** limousine, **$3850.**

Model 28, 4-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-pass. straight-line, or 5-pass. touring car, **$1985;** coupe, **$2700.**

Hand gear lever optional, any model, at $200 reduction.

Press another but-
lighting, warning and
our eye, as handy as a
pumped automatically.
oline tank is filled from
In case of storm the
seconds without leav-
r knows the meaning

Powerful

cades show clearly in
sweeping—the work-
You'll be proud to
te yourself a hundred
power and economy.

Motor

lead type and a mas-
rstand it even if you

om plete Motorist"—Write for a Copy

The final page gives full information concerning the
w models of the Haynes, with a complete description
ong erful Electric Gear Shift. Write for copy to-day.

ain Street, Kokomo, Ind.

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Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



Ballad of the Bat vs. the Pen

(It was recently reported that $100,000 had been offered for Ty Cobb, whose annual salary is $12,500 or more)

WHEN Homer (as one said before us)
Began to thump his bloomin' lyre,
He cut in with a subtle chorus
And set the Grecian league on fire;
But when the Old Doc started trying
In Seven Towns to borrow Ten,
He drifted to the bushes sighing,
"The Bat is mightier than the Pen."

R. Burns was there in all directions,
He had the stuff all thirteen ways;
They cheered his lyrical confections
And well-nigh smothered him with praise;
But at the heyday of his glory
He often had to beg a yen;
Too late he learned the simple story—
"The Bat is mightier than the Pen."

You know, G. Reader, how Byronic
The deathless songs that we have sung;
Or how we drone a pulsing tonic
Rimonthly from the Mother Tongue;
But as we lamp the baby creeping
Shoeless and hungry to our den,
We join with other famed bards, weeping,
"The Bat is mightier than the Pen."

Many Are Called, But—

HE WAS a wise fish who first remarked that "Many are called, but most are frozen."

Of the 150 youngsters who were bought, drafted, or otherwise lifted from the minors last season, but 18 were able to make good and paddle along as regulars under the Main Tent. Twelve per cent carried safely on through, while the remaining 88 per cent skidded back where the woodbine twineth or else veered to the bench for further instruction.

Demaree of the Giants, Russell of the White Sox, and Boehling of the Senators are the three main pitching finds, with Weilman and Leverenz of the Browns, Shawkey of the Athletics, and Dauss of the Tigers close behind.

Maranville of the Boston Braves, Vlox of the Pirates, and Chapman of the Cleveland Naps were the only three infielders of note to carry through. Schang of the Athletics, Schalk of the White Sox, and Agnew of the Browns top the catching finds, while E. Murphy of the Athletics, Leibold of the Naps, Stengel of the Dodgers, and Conelly of the Braves rank the outfield recruits. Hap Myers of Boston was the only recruit first baseman to break in and stick.

A compilation of the general average shows that it is about as hard to bolster up one spot as another, although good pitching comes in thicker clusters than fast outfielders who can harass the ball from .280 to .310.

Out of the entire outfield flotilla of youngsters, Eddie Murphy of the Athletics was the sole entry from 1912 able to flirt consistently with .300.

Yet the haul was an average one, as Schang and Schalk are two fine young catchers; Chapman and Maranville rank already among the leading shortstops. Russell, Demaree, Boehling, and one or two others have furnished their share of the pitching defense.

The percentage of those who stick shows what a rough-and-tumble task the American Ivory Hunter is up against. He can beat the bushes for the stretch of a thousand miles and be lucky to trap one fledgling good enough to fill in where some old boy with a worn-out arm or leg is still hanging on, watching his base hits with one eye and the list of drafts and purchases with the other.

If an all-American team of Big League Debutants is to be selected the following would be the main reply:

CATCHERS—Schang, Schalk, Agnew.

PITCHERS—Demaree, Russell, Boehling, Weilman, Leverenz.

INFIELD—Myers, Vlox, Maranville, and Chapman.

OUTFIELD—E. Murphy, Burns (who put in a year on the bench); Conelly. Which happens to be a better ball club than several we know rigged up with triple the experience.

A Blow at Trappe, Md.

NEW YORK is making preparations for another Philadelphia World Series invasion.

The preparations so far embrace two main details. The first consists in the arrangement of a portable right-field fence that can be shifted back 300 feet when J. Franklin Baker arrives at the plate in a moment of stress.

The second move consists in a course of aeroplane lessons for right fielder Jack Murray in case the 300 feet of portability prove to be a few inches shy of the Bakerian limit.

The Ancient Cinch

WHEN old Horatius held The Bridge
And won the flag for Rome,
When his long clout broke up the game
And drove the runner home,
They made it fairly soft for him
Or used him as a pet,
At least they let him hang around
And take what he could get.

A lucky bloke, Horatius was;
If he had starred to-day
And won a flag each season out
By some heroic play,
They'd let him stick while he could hit
Three hundred in the push,
And then, absorbing one swift kick,
He'd wake up in the bush.

The Crimson Sky Line

ONE may now lamp a crimson tint upon the leaves, a crimson glow to September's sunset, and, looking just beyond into the frenzied mass of struggling souls, there is also a crimson fringe around the football situation.

Yale is making plans for a valiant year under the rule of Ketcham and Jones. It has been some years now since Crimson flesh was Bulldog meat. Princeton, with her usual vivacity and grit, will go in headlong with a light team and let the rips fall where they may. Cornell and Penn both see a brighter year, while Carlisle mourns the absent Thorpe, who has left the amateur reservation to run amuck no more. The Western alignment or arrangement is about the same, with no vast shifts in any one direction.

But in the meanwhile no one has heard any weeping and wailing from the direction of Cambridge, Mass.

With Messrs. Brickley, Hardwick, etc., still in tow, and a world of power scattered about, Har-



vard will be severely jolted if she is forced to dig for an alibi to explain another Blue or an Orange and Black renaissance.

Drift Weed

WE ALWAYS figured that raw criticism of Shakespeare was the ultimate limit, the final gasp of the Anvil Chorus, until we sat in the stands and heard Pittsburgh fans roast Wagner.

As the official date for the World's Series edges nearer, New York slab men are busy doping out Frank Baker's weakness. The best guess so far is a high peg over second base.

Ned Allis of Milwaukee has discovered the only sure system of beating Jerry Travers in a championship golf match. Said system merely comprises the art of holing out from the tee in one.

Far be it from us to stand among those with a sneer for the White Hope caravansery. Any contender who can run nothing but a red neck into a fortune is not to be asparagussed at any turn of the road.

The Badge of Courage

(Ted Coy, famous at Yale as football, baseball, and track star, has taken up golf at Chattanooga, Tenn. The great line plunger says he would rather buck tackle any day than have to make a two-foot putt in a tough match. In addition — but why not let him tell his own story?)

I'VE fought my way through Princeton's line,
Where Tigers tangoed on my back;
I've war-danced up the Crimson spine
And felt it rip from my attack;
But what a simple game to play,
This being trampled on and cut,
Compared to how I felt the day
I ran against a two-foot putt.

I've had them stand me on my head
Or deftly stalk upon my bean;
I've had them leave me there for dead
Or summon doctors to the scene;
But through it all without a thrill
I've fought my way beyond the rut;
I never lost my goat until
I ran against a two-foot putt.

Bring on your Minnesota Shift
Or let the Tiger claw my crown;
Call out my signal for a lift
Of ten yards on the final down;
Come, jam me time and time again
Against J. Harvard's tackles—but
Don't ask me not to shiver when
I run against a two-foot putt.

The Golfing Round-up

BACK in 1907 a twenty-year-old golfer gently eased himself into the Hall of Gutta-percha Fame by annexing in turn the Metropolitan, the Jersey State, and the National Amateur championships. Considering the briefness of the interval "between getting ready and going stale" in golf, this triple round-up was held as something of a miracle, not to be repeated within many generations.

This all happened six years ago, and now the same golfer, in his twenty-sixth year, has not only cornered the Metropolitan and the Jersey State titles again, but is favored above the field in the National Amateur conclave, which opens September's jubilee at Garden City.

The name of this rare bird is Jerome D. Travers, the hardest American amateur to beat that ever sunk a twenty-foot putt when it had to be done by way of preserving a victorious status.

Just as Wagner's weakness is a "base on balls," so Travers's weakness in golf is holing out full mashie or jigger shots 150 yards away. He rarely ever accomplishes this feat, modestly contenting himself with a shot that drops close enough to the cup to go down in one putt. But in this next championship Travers faces his hardest fight.

Chick Evans carries as many shots; Kirkby and Herreshoff are longer and truer from the tee; Travis is as deadly on the green and is equally dependable under the strain. But Travers the Tenacious knows the road better from the start of his approach to the end of his last putt, which is the eternal answer in golf. He has too many miracles under cover for the crucial epochs to be regarded as merely human. A great golfer and a greater fighter is never to be rated as second choice before the firing begins.

A Call for Red Murray's Arm

A NUMBER of big-league ball players have taken up golf with great zest. They may need their diamond training.

Reynolds Tichenor and George Adair, two ranking golfers from Atlanta, Ga., were playing the eighteenth hole at Garden City, battle field of this season's national championship.

Tichenor pitched his tee shot into a deep trap guarding the pin.

For several minutes his companion heard the thud of niblick vs. sand. Then quite a pause.

"Say," finally yelled Adair, "why don't you throw it out?"

"Throw it out?" came a muffled query from the bowels of the earth. "Who do you think I am—Walter Johnson or Ed Walsh?"

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The New Weather Man

By LABERT ST. CLAIR

FTER almost thirty years of ob-
scurity the real man behind the
Weather Bureau in Washington
been ferreted out by President Wil-
and placed at its head. He is Charles
derick Marvin.

nder the old spoils system it is doubt-
if Marvin ever would have been rec-
ized. There is no record of his ever
ing done any work for the Demo-
ic or any other party, and he admits
: if he were forced to go out and
d up another vote besides his own
probably would have a desperate
.

hen his name went to the Senate
e was some scurrying around among
politicians to learn something of his
tical affiliations. He wore no collar
ks of any party, and there was some
ecture about how he came to land
job. Finally it occurred to some
te statesman that perhaps Marvin
done something for science which
President, in his peculiar way of
ing at such things, might have
ght entitled the new chief to the
e. Scientific records gave Marvin
ndid indorsement.

RESIDENT WILSON in fact found
Marvin by asking the National Acad-
of Science to recommend a man to
l the bureau. Four nominations were
e and a committee selected Marvin.
n the President, without discerning
ther Marvin wore a silver-gray hat in
campaign of 1896 or wore a gold bug
is coat lapel, or sang the "Houn'
g" song last year, nominated him.

nce 1884, when the bureau was a
of the Signal Corps, Marvin has been
ember of it. He has invented in-
ments for measuring and automati-
recording rainfall, snowfall, sun-
e, atmospheric pressure, and evapo-
on. At other times, when he had a
leisure hours on hand, he made ex-
ive studies of and wrote on the use
ites for ascertaining meteorological
litions in the free air, the registra-
of earthquakes, the measurement of
oration, solar radiation, temperature
electrical resistance thermometers,
a few things like that. Some of his
ruments are in use in almost every
ther bureau in the United States.

he new chief was born in Putnam,
, in 1858. Putnam is on the map,
not in the Postal Guide. Folks
there have to cross the river to the Zanesville post office to get their mail. In the old days Putnamites fell into the habit of saying, when over at Columbus attending the State fair, or some other place away from home, that they were from Zanesville. That saved a lot of useless explanation. But no more. Not by a jugful. Now it's Putnam, "the town that produced the man who makes the weather."

THAT sounds well, and town pride is an admirable thing, but the chief of the bureau really has nothing whatever to do with the forecasting. Instead of throwing up a window, casting his eyes about at the rustling leaves and the birds rolling in the dust, and taking a peep at a barometer every night before he goes home in order that he may guess for the United States, he sits back and takes the word of five expert forecasters in different parts of the country. Of course, he does not have to believe them, or even record their guess. As blame for a poor forecast falls on him, he is given the last guess, if he wants it. On one notable occasion, the day preceding the inauguration of Mr. Taft in 1909, Chief Willis L. Moore saw fit to make his own forecast. He guessed fair weather. History shows that great gobs of rain and snow fell. Since that time the custom of a chief forecasting on his own responsibility has not been popular and it promises to die out altogether.

Marvin has ambitions to strip the bureau of mystery. He would make it possible for grown folks other than scientists to read the peculiar yellow maps with crooked black lines running across them that can be found in post offices and union depots. That in itself is a big job, considering the way these maps have been successfully defying people for years, but he would do more. He would send literature and maps into schools and teach the secrets of the bureau to children, too.

HE says it is possible to learn all about the weather outside of schools, and his own case seems to lend weight to his argument.

Other than a course in the Columbus, Ohio, high school and a course in mechanical engineering at the Ohio State University, he is self-taught.

And, furthermore, he is not sure but that a heavy goose bone may indicate a hard winter.

Over the Grape Juice

(Concluded from page 9)

**from Secretary of Com-
ce Redfield**

inge Wares

HOPKINSON SMITH, painter, au-
thor, and engineer, was employed in
Government service at one time.
ng which he had to do some travel-
He was riding in the Pullman opposite
e traveling men who were very lo-
ious.

They tried several times to bring him into the conversation. He answered politely, then became silent. Finally one of them said:

"On the road?" addressing Mr. Smith.

"Yes," he replied.

"What kind of goods do you sell?"

"Lighthouses."

The drummer gasped in astonishment, then said: "Boss, where do you keep your samples?"



What's the use? You can't make better tomato soup than Campbell's. And think of the labor and fuss of making soup at home! Think of the time consumed, and the heat required! You avoid all this with

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

You know what choice materials we use, and how carefully they are prepared and blended. And you can have this rich, satisfying soup ready in three minutes simply by adding hot water—or milk if you prefer a tomato bisque.

Why not enjoy the benefit of *our* labor and experience, and *our* unrivaled equipment?

Just phone your grocer to send you half-a-dozen of Campbell's Tomato Soup *today*. That is the easy and practical way, the *sensible* way. *Your money back if you want it.*



"Teacher: 'Twas an extra plate
Of *Campbell's Soup* that made me late."
"Good excuse; and bounteous larder.
Now you'll study all the harder."

**21 kinds
10c a can**

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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BEAUTIFUL teeth are always clean—immaculate. But *permanently* beautiful teeth are the result of cleansing them the *safe* way. The use of a dentifrice not entirely free from injurious elements defeats the very purpose of

GOOD TEETHKEEPING

It is not enough to merely brush your teeth. Visit your dentist at least twice a year. For daily care, use the tooth-powder known through three generations as a *safe* preparation—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Neutralizes all acid tendencies of the mouth.

Dr. Lyon's preserves teeth by polishing them thoroughly—a harmless method, yet the most efficient one.

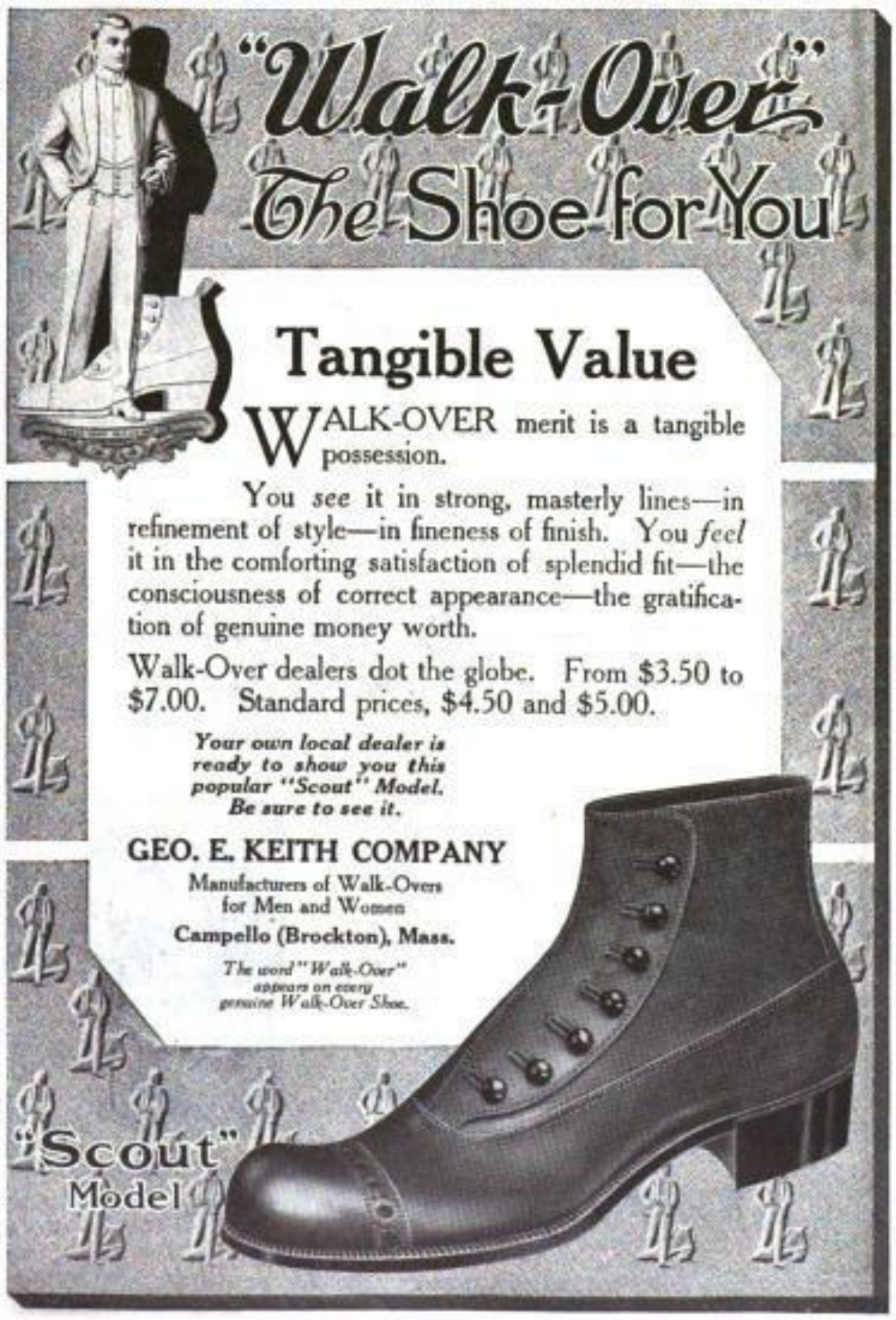
Dr. Lyon's is a pure, velvety powder which is very pleasant to use.

Teach your children to use it night and morning—especially *at night.* The benefits of the habit of Good Teethkeeping increase each succeeding year.



Sold Everywhere

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.



"I'll burn it first!" he shrieked. "Very well," answered the other smoothly. "It will fitly celebrate your bankruptcy"



King Cotton

(*Continued from page 17*)

is on Skinny, after all. Duddie Oakes phoned me this morning to tell you that it was impossible to get a train into Noccopola."

"You're easy, Bob," observed Bonebrake bitterly. "That message was sent simply to head me off, in case Skinny was delayed in getting to Noccopola. It means that he offered a bigger bribe than I did for a train. Well, I hope the rascal loses every bale."

THE chances are good if the train fails him," said the merchant glumly, for he, too, had property at stake. "The crest of the flood hasn't reached Memphis yet, and they're already sandbagging this levee in half a dozen places."

The *Valley Belle* steamed up the river twenty miles farther and landed the Arkansas sheepmen, lighter of purse than of heart. The "crossings" and Island chutes were running like mountain flumes. Captain Calvert decided to abandon the remainder of the run to Vicksburg, and the boat straightened downstream for Natchez.

Deeda, now off watch, summoned her father and Bonebrake into the former's spacious cabin in the texas. She wore an important air, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes glistened with excitement. She first explained the Noccopola business to her father.

"Gentlemen," she added, "I have an inspiration." Neither of the gentlemen looked startled.

She continued: "If Dudley Oakes fails to get that train into Noccopola, Skinny McAfferty will be marooned with five hundred bales of cotton. If the authorities find it necessary to blow the levee, that cotton is doomed. Mr. McAfferty would sell it for a song—if he could find a man crazy enough to buy it."

Still the listening gentlemen maintained their poise.

"You ran a steamboat into Noccopola in '82, daddy. Why can't you do it again, if Raccourci Bottom goes under water, and pick up that cotton—after our speculative young friend here has played the rôle of crazy man and bought it for a song?"

THE two men eyed each other steadily for a moment. Their passivity was now unquestionably jostled. Then they simultaneously arose and gripped hands across the table.

"I'm afraid the train will get through and spoil our game," said Bonebrake. "But will you take a chance on it, Cap, and put the *Valley Belle* up Bayou Maxime?"

"Will I!" thundered Zeno. "When did you ever know me to show the white feather? You bet I will." Turning, he opened a paneled recess in the wall and seized a bottle of cognac. "Drink a health to the smartest girl in old Mississip, if she is my daughter!"

"And the nerviest gambler in the bunch!" added Bonebrake slyly.

Secrecy was imperative. So reaching Natchez, where the *Belle* had expected to lay up until the flood, only one white man in crew—Hawkins, the engineer—received an intimation to remain aboard. two o'clock the next morning the quietly slipped out of her berth headed upriver.

Dawn was breaking, accompanied slapping gusts of rain, when she rea the "pass" of Bayou Maxime. slow, long-drawn, shuddering coughs reluctantly crawled through the op into the desolate, submerged country yond, where the forest was bearded patriarchs with Spanish moss and together by a tangle of vines.

CAPTAIN CALVERT and Bonebr occupied the pilot house with hi

"An alligator might easy run aft here," observed the captain. "I use brag that I could take a boat acro cotton field on a heavy dew, and mighty nigh done it. But damne like this skiddin' over cypress knees snags that could snatch your bull bers from under you like a mil stool. . . . Steerageway only. Ge and stand close by!" he called down speaking tube to the engine room.

As the boat nosed along the na channel, twigs switched the railing either side. Occasionally it was ne sary for a darky to shin up a tree saw off a limb. Sometimes the limb been preempted by a water mo who showed fight, whereupon a c ki-yiing and guffawing would go up the forecastle at the expense of the less wight up the tree. Stubs poke from the water like the fangs of merged monsters.

The strange intruder caused a co tion among the wild denizens. Pi woodpeckers, yapping nasally, fle away to more secret recesses. Alli silently sank out of sight. Hum thrust out their swordlike bills and appeared with a flirt of the tail. A rooned bear and two cubs watched from the fork of a tree with beady eyes. Three turkey buzz gorged to repletion, were roused their siesta on the floating carcass horse.

Then came open spaces, marking sites of small farms. The owner these farms—negroes or saffron whites, for this unprotected land cheap—were sitting out the flood i boats rigged with tarpaulins and s Here they whittled and chewed t quite cheerfully, calling out for the news, while the women and c busily stripped willow leaves for th stock—chickens, hogs, a cow, oft calf, and usually a span of mules.

AS the *Valley Belle* worked farth land, and the navigation grew hazardous, the leadsmen, both po starboard, plied their lines continu

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Captain Calvert, on the forward hurricane deck, relayed their singsong tallies to the pilot house, where Deesla spun the wheel accordingly, with Bonebrake pulling down for her. In tight places a yawl was sent forward to make soundings and set buoys.

FINALLY they neared the lateral or wing which ran back from the main levee on the river front to the hills behind. From the lofty pilot house a fine view was afforded of the rich and prolific Raccourci Bottom, ninety miles long and from twenty to thirty wide, with a soil of unfathomable depth, all filched throughout the ages by the Father of Waters and his tributaries from a territory as far north as Canada, and bounded on the east by the Appalachians and on the west by the Rockies. Stately homes reared their white gables amid clusters of trees, and the flat fields were lush with young cotton and corn.

It was a peaceful scene. The medley of the mocking bird filled the air. Yet on the levee glowed the tents of the State militia, like fungi of a night. The patrolling soldiers passed to and fro. The smell of their bacon and coffee drifted to the boat. Above the tree tops towered a wireless telegraph mast, communicating with half a dozen other stations on the great Raccourci levee, and the snap and crackle of its electric flame was distinctly audible.

"This is close enough," said Zeno. "Set her over against those two big cypresses, Deed, where there's plenty of water and something to tie to. If they dynamite the levee it will be som'ers along here, and the first effect will be to lower the level a foot or so, with a current like a mill tail. Listen!"

"Ship ahoy!" came through a megaphone.

"Aye, aye!" Zeno bellowed back through his cupped hands.

"Stand off a safe distance. Just received word to lay a mine here. Pressure on the north levee is bad. May have to make an opening here any time, to let the water in gradually. Get it?"

"Aye, aye! . . . Now you niggers, four of you lower away that yawl and don't be all day about it. We got to set a gentleman ashore. Wake up! *Wake up! Four* of you, I said. Take holt of that rope—it won't bite you."

Turning to Bonebrake, who had donned rubber boots and carried a black bag, he continued:

"Now don't go off at half cock. If I git through—and I will, God willing—I'll lay up in the woods along 'Gator Crick, two miles due west of Noccopola. Watch for my signal. When you see it, close in on Skinny McAfferty, git a strangle holt, and tighten up till his tongue sticks out. Then give me your signal and I'll come ahead."

Deesla was pale. "You have the hard part, Woody. Mr. McAfferty is such a violent man. Don't—don't let him hurt you."

"I wish he'd try it," said Woody, with a click of the square, sharp teeth that looked as if they could bite. "Good-by." He hesitated and added in a tone for her ear alone: "If I win, I'll buy Hillcrest."

"You'll win," said she, with a flush.

A LABORIOUS tramp of a mile and a half along the oozy levee top to the hamlet of Horeb Hill, and thence a seven-mile drive in a buggy—often hub deep in seep water—brought Bonebrake to Noccopola.

Distant as was the river, the inhabitants were plainly under no illusion regarding their danger. Store stocks and furniture were being moved to upper stories, and roofs converted into corrals for chickens and hogs. Darkies and those whites whose humble homes offered no second story as a refuge staggered along under huge bundles, bound for the highlands.

Bonebrake paid off his driver and exchanged his boots for shoes, after which he legged it rapidly toward the ginnery, with an accelerated heartbeat. Was Dudley Oakes's phone message to Dessay a fake? Had Skinny got his train through, after all? Was the hazardous expedition of the *Valley Belle* a wild-goose chase?

HE turned the last corner. There on the loading platform of the ginnery, rank upon rank, bale upon bale, lay the cotton! Dirty jute jackets and all, it was the most beautiful sight Bonebrake had ever looked upon. He removed his pearl-gray fedora, dabbed his hot brow with a scented handkerchief, and emitted a fervent "Amen!"

No one was in sight, but as he approached the office the voice of Ulick McAfferty, evidently at a telephone, blared savagely through an open window:

"I tell you I know better. I've had a string of niggers watchin' the track for the last twenty-four hours. . . . Sure! A foot or so is the deepest anywhere. A train could have come through any time, easy. . . . What? . . . Sorry? Yes, I know you're d—d sorry. I can hear your tears spatter on the floor like buckshot. But let me tell you something, friend Oakes. I've got thirty thousand dollars' worth of cotton here that I might as well touch a match to if you don't git that train through. If I lose it, somebody will dance like a turkey on a red-hot plate, and it won't be yours truly."

"Tell the boun' dawg you'll send him to the penitentiary," interposed a fiery second voice.

"Or horsewhip him in the street," added a third voice.

"Shut up, you fellows!" roared Ulick. "What? Talk louder. C'ome closer to the phone. I'm no mind reader. . . . In danger? Certainly it's in danger. Why in h—l do you suppose I'm bawlin' my lungs out over this cornstalk telephone line? If they blow the levee, it will put this ginnery under ten feet of water, with more comin'. . . . Sure! Sure! Now listen! If you git that train in I'll treble the amount I promised you. *Treble* it. T-r-e-b-l-e it. Three times! Ketch it? I'll—"

FROM the sulphurous fusillade which followed, with shrieks for Central and a furious rattling of the receiver hook, it was evident that the connection had been broken. Bonebrake, with a seraphic grin, discreetly stepped around the corner of the building for a moment.

When he reappeared a tall, grotesquely thin man in horse-blanket plaids and a square-topped derby was standing on the platform, staring morosely into space. At the sound of steps he turned, revealing a long, hatchet face splotched with eczema, a compressed, beaklike, cartilaginous nose, and a pair of prominent, sea-green eyes, pierced with tiny, pinpoint pupils.

If McAfferty was surprised at Bonebrake's appearance, it did not hamper the ready invention which had made him preeminently successful in his piratical profession, for he said at once: "So you're here at last. They must have relayed my telegram by mule-back. I sent it yesterday noon."

Bonebrake was not deceived, yet nothing was to be gained by saying so. "I never got it. What was the drift of it?"

"I said to come at once if you wanted a slice of the Shoplere watermelon, or to wire me authority to buy for you."

"Skinny," said Bonebrake bluntly, "I thought this was to be my deal."

"It was—it is," answered Skinny suavely. "That's why I wired you."

"But why did you come up here, if I was to have it?"

"Simply to beat the Morrill boys to it, after I heerd you'd started upriver on the *Valley Belle*—a boat that I've knowed a man to git two hair cuts on between Natchez and Vicksburg. You can thank me that I did come, for they'd have bought every pound. I didn't want the stuff—don't now, for that matter, for I'm sewed up pretty tight. But rather than see you lose out, I went in with Major Delacroix and Colonel Kite—gentlemen you don't know, I believe—for half the stock, and I reserved the other half for you, though I didn't know whether you'd got cold feet or not, and the Morrills begged for it like spaniels. They'll take it yet, for that matter, if you don't want it."

THE man's cool, adroit, intrepid, sleight-of-hand, rapid-fire mendacity made Bonebrake's palm itch to smite the lying mouth. But assuming the innocence of a dove, while praying for the cunning of a serpent, he maneuvered for the delivery of a more crushing blow.

"Of course I want it," he answered. "As a matter of fact, if I had received your telegram, I'd have wired you to buy the whole lot for me."

The baited hook fell in the right spot. A cautious glow lit Skinny's eyes—some such a glow as a captive constrictor emits when its keeper approaches with a live rabbit under his arm.

"Why, I thought ten thousand was your limit!" he exclaimed.

"It was, but I have a friend who knows



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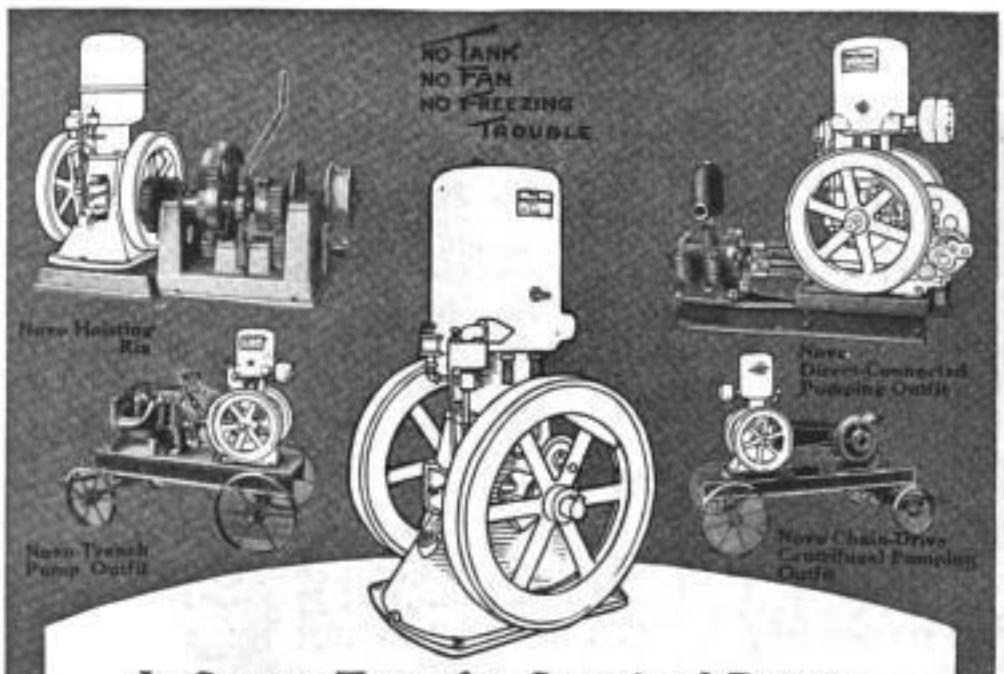
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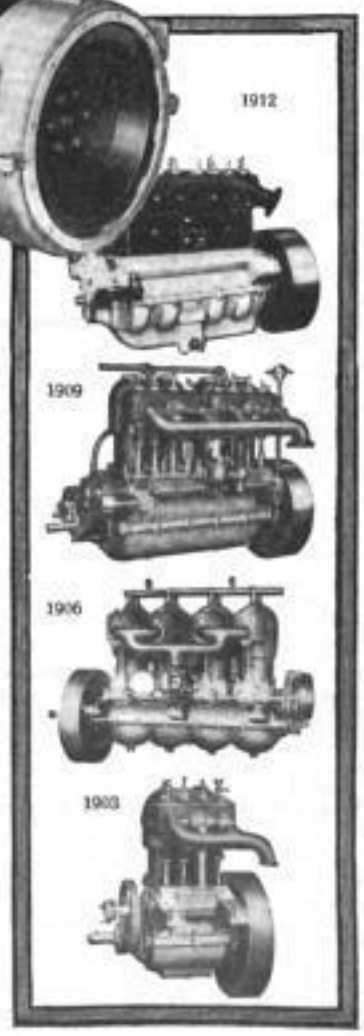
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a plum pudding when he sees it," said he, chipping but not cracking the egg of truth.

"I'm devilish sorry," said McAfferty, briskly. "I'd have been glad to freeze these two old stiffs out. Mebbe we can do it yet. Set down while I sugar 'em up a little."

COULD Bonebrake have overheard the sugaring and seen the pink-cheeked, black-mustached, impulsive Delacroix throw a fat arm about McAfferty's ropy neck, he would have been vastly entertained. But he would have been no surer than he was already that he had these gentlemen in a vise and needed only to turn the handle to squeeze them dry.

Nevertheless, the process was a delicate one. He could not even pinch them until the arrival of the *Valley Belle*. Meanwhile, should they scent his intentions, they might make a desperate effort to run at least a part of the cotton out by wagon, expensive and hazardous as that undertaking would be.

The trio approached.

"Mr. Bonebrake," said Skinny, with elaborate politeness, "touch flesh with Major Delacroix. Also Colonel Kite—of Baton Rouge."

Both the gentlemen expressed a profound—and doubtless genuine—pleasure at meeting Mr. Bonebrake. The major had often heard of him. The colonel, a harmless-looking old fellow of the fallen-fortune type which haunts hotel lobbies and bucket shops, wanted to know if he were a connection of the Bonebrakes of South Carolina.

"Now, gents," interposed McAfferty, after the "mush-mush" had gone far enough, "let's git down to brass tacks. But let me say first, Woody, that Dudley Oakes telephoned me not more'n five minutes ago that he'd set an engine and a string of flats in here inside of two hours—which is good enough news to smoke on." He passed the cigars. "Now you gentlemen understood yesterday, didn't you, that Mr. Bonebrake was entitled to two hundred and fifty bales, if he wanted 'em?"

BOTH gentlemen nodded affirmatively. "And that we three was to share and share alike on the balance?" He again awaited their nod. "Now, gents, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do with *my* share. I'm goin' to turn it over to Woody, and let him pay me what he thinks is right for my trouble and expense in comin' up here. Under the agreement him and me had I can't honorably do anything else. It's different with you two gentlemen. You bought in good faith, and—"

Major Delacroix stopped him with an eloquent gesture of his plump, white hand. "Will you kindly delineate that agreement?"

McAfferty did so, briefly, emphasizing the fact that Bonebrake's coming prepared to buy the whole lot instead of half had altered the face of the situation.

"Gentlemen," announced the major with a sonority which wafted his alcoholic breath to Bonebrake's nostrils, "I'm a poor man as wealth is reckoned in these post-bellum days. I need money for the maintenance, in that costly society for which their accomplishments and their beauty fit them, of my four daughters. But, gentlemen, to accept profits on this cotton, under the peculiar circumstances, would be as repugnant to my sense of honor as to thrust my hand into Mr. Bonebrake's pocket and extract his purse. My dear young friend, I follow Mr. McAfferty's suit."

The colonel hesitated. Perhaps he was making a subtler play; yet Bonebrake imagined, as he studied the old gentleman's aristocratic face, that his rôle was an unpleasant one. Finally, however, he answered: "I cannot do less."

Bonebrake smothered a dangerous impulse to snicker at the whole farce, and said, smilingly: "This is certainly handsome of you, gentlemen. Yet I feel as if your sacrifices—"

"Cut out the grand standin', Woody," said McAfferty. "You're only gittin' what's due you, though 'tain't everybody would give it to you. Now let's step inside and git this thing in writin'."

"And drink a thimbleful to our lucky young friend's health," added Delacroix. "I'm as dry as a herring."

THEY had just reached the door when a barefooted darky bounded up the platform like a deer and burst out breathlessly: "Boss, a big log done hit the trustle oveh the crick and cyah'd it out. I don't see how that train's gwine to back in now, nohow, less'n she kin jump like ole Mister Bullfrog."

If glances could slay, that innocent darky would have dropped like a poleaxed ox, simultaneously pierced with three mortal wounds. Again Woody was threatened with a laugh, for the incident opened the way for his next card.

"Gentlemen," said he, with great gravity, "this startling news affects the status of your cotton."

McAfferty whirled upon him wolfishly. "*Our* cotton!" he snarled. "Ain't you already bought it?"

"As between gentlemen, yes," returned Woody sweetly. "But the transaction can hardly be regarded as concluded until a price has been named."

"Eight cents is the price," retorted McAfferty. "That's what we paid."

"It doesn't follow that that's what I'll pay," said Bonebrake, with a flinty eye.

THE conspirators exchanged sickly glances. Then Major Delacroix, hastily tossing off three fingers of brandy, valorously flung himself into the breach.

"Mr. Bonebrake, the washing out of that trestle don't affect the value of this cotton one jot or tittle. It simply means holdin' it here for a few days, or possibly a few weeks, until the watehs subside and the track can be resto'ed. And what you lose in interest you'll gain in price, for cotton is going up."

"That's true," said Skinny, more urbanely. "The new levee is as strong as Gatun Dam. But," he added, with characteristic daring, "if you're afraid it will break and spoil this cotton, say so right now and we'll close this powwow."

"Nobody is less afraid of the levee breaking than me," answered Bonebrake, with a deeper truth than his hearers wot of.

IT was now twelve o'clock and Delacroix suggested dinner, seconded by Bonebrake. The quartette walked over to the Jeff Davis House.

"Porterhouse steak—the thickest you've got and red rare," ordered Skinny, surlily; for, realizing the preciousness of every minute, he had favored getting the sale into iron-clad form before eating.

"Sorry, boss," said the colored waiter, "but we'uns are down to ham and aigs 'count of the flood. Served the las' steak at breakfast."

The simple meal was only half eaten when a smothered, protracted boom that might have been born in the bowels of the earth and percolated outward, floated through the open windows. The waiter dropped a plate with a crash and darted from the room. Ulick McAfferty, who could back a pair of deuces with half a thousand dollars without batting an eyelash, visibly paled. Even Bonebrake, for whom the sound heralded victory, felt his scalp creep as a man leaped to his feet and shouted hoarsely:

"My friends, that explosion ordains the baptism by immersion of three counties of the great commonwealth of Mississippi! God pity the poor!"

The dozen or so of guests, with appetites gone, arose simultaneously. Bonebrake insisted on paying his party's score. His back was scarcely turned before McAfferty, livid with rage, deluged his two stool pigeons with a torrent of curses. Colonel Kite, with a red spot in each cheek, suddenly reached for his hip pocket. But Delacroix disarmed him, and the quarrel was smothered just as Bonebrake reappeared.

SKINNY'S wrath proved premature, for upon reaching the street Bonebrake asked: "Has this place ever been inundated?"

"It got wet around the edges once, 'way back in '82," answered Skinny. "But there'll never be another flood like that one, the way the river's been dredged and straightened."

"I'll take a chance on it, anyhow," said the young speculator. "You gentlemen go on to the gin house and draw up a bill of sale. I've got a little business on hand, but I'll get back as soon as I can."

"You agree to eight cents," asked Skinny.

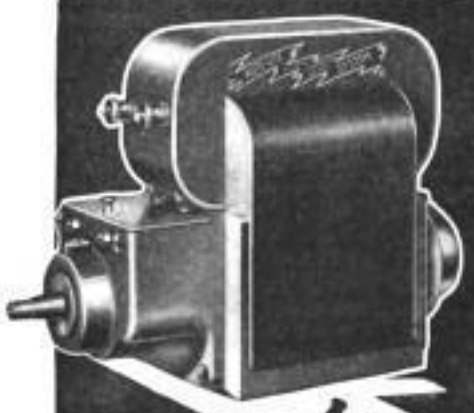
"Well, leave the price blank," answered Bonebrake pleasantly. "Under the circumstances, it seems to me that you might shade that a little. But we'll talk it over."

Delacroix executed a neat dance step on entering the office, but no joy illuminated McAfferty's face as his pen

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scratched laboriously over the blank bill of sale he had fished from Shopiere's desk.

"Gentlemen, this is too easy," he observed dejectedly, running his fingers through his bristly, iron-gray pompadour. "There's a nigger in the fence som'ers. He's goin' to balk at the price, I believe."

"Better sell it a cent or two off than not at all. This cotton is sure a goner."

"Of course it's a goner, ordinarily speakin'," retorted Skinny irritably. "Only a fool would buy it now at any price. Yet that kid's no fool, and he's goin' to buy. He's got something up his sleeve, I tell you."

"Well, you don't care, as long as he buys," returned the major.

"At a cent or two off?" snorted McAfferty, with a red face. "It's blasted easy for you figgerheads that have got nothin' at stake to prate about a cent or two off. Two cents on this batch of cotton means five thousand dollars—a handsome piece of change."

"I don't think it necessarily follows that he has something up his sleeve," ventured the colonel. "I think his buying may be charged to the optimism and rashness of youth."

"Piffle! That youth ain't rash. He could hornswoggle a whole regiment of grayheads like you, colonel—with two companies like the major here throwed in for good measure. Yes, sir! He's handlin' us a stacked deck, and I'd lay down five thousand in gold to know the run of it."

MEANWHILE Bonebrake was killing time against the arrival of the *Valley Belle.* Such citizens as had time to talk agreed that Main Street would be under water in a few hours. The gin house, they cheerfully informed him, stood on lower ground and would be under ten or twelve feet before morning.

After an hour he took his stand on a corner which gave him an unobstructed view to the west, in which direction he glued his eyes. Then growing a little nervous, he walked down the street, and presently passed a young woman sitting on a veranda, with a pair of field glasses in her hand.

"Pardon me, seh," said she, with a pretty flush, "but aren't you one of the gentlemen who bought Mr. Shopiere's cotton?"

"Yes, miss," he answered, doffing his hat.

"Well, seh, theh's a steamboat over yondeh in the woods, and I thought mebbe you could get her to come over heah and save that cotton."

His heart missed a beat, but he took the proffered glasses. Sure enough, the white upperworks of a steamboat showed plainly through the screen of trees; and while he looked a black cloud of smoke escaped from one of her chimneys, like a soap bubble from a pipe. The two clouds which followed, at intervals of about twenty seconds, were visible to his naked eye. It was Captain Calvert's signal.

"I was just going to telephone to the ginnery when I saw you coming," said the girl.

AGAIN his heart, usually so steady, cut a dido.

"Mighty kind of you, miss, but I'll save you that trouble. I'll get in communication with that boat at once. Meanwhile, I must make a confidence. My partner, Mr. McAfferty, has a very bad heart. Any sudden emotion, the doctors say, might carry him off. He's at a high tension now, and I'm going to keep this steamboat a secret until I'm sure I can get her here. May I rely on you to do the same?"

"Ce'tainly, seh," she answered warmly.

With another Chesterfieldian bow, Woody turned back toward the ginnery. The board sidewalk was now as resilient as if laid on bed springs; his knees had a tendency to hit his chin, and he could almost smell the mint which a sable butler twisted between his fingers in preparing a julep on the Greek portico of Hillcrest.

"All filled in except the price, eh!" he observed as he scanned the bill of sale in the presence of the three silent, watchful men. His fingers trembled slightly, and his throat was dry as he added as casually as he could: "Gentlemen, I find that this cotton is in more danger than I supposed. Under the circumstances, I can offer you only three cents a pound."

Had an aerolite from heaven exploded in the room, the ensuing silence would not have been more profound. Then McAfferty leaped to his feet.

"I'll burn it first!" he shrieked.

"Very well," answered the other smoothly. "It will fitly celebrate your bankruptcy."

NO one else spoke. Delacroix nervously licked his lips as he thought of the revolver in the pocket of the apoplectic-hued man. Then McAfferty caught his breath with a gasp.

"Come outside," he said hoarsely to Bonebrake.

They made their way through the curious crowd which was gathering to see how these strangers would suffer great loss—much as an Indian village might have gathered to see a prisoner burned at the stake. Skinny's hard eyes swept the landscape. The water had already advanced half the distance between 'Gator Creek and the town.

"You consider this honorable—to stick a knife into me up to the hilt when I'm down?" he asked quietly.

"The word honorable has a strange sound on your lips, Skinny," answered Bonebrake sternly, though the man's haggard face touched him. "What was it your intention to do when you tried to dump this cotton on me at eight cents? Yet my knife isn't quite hilt deep. I could have offered you one cent a pound and you'd have taken it. I'm making you a present of the other two—which is more than you would have done for me."

"All right. Let it go at that." He drew out and uncapped a fountain pen to sign the bill of sale. "How you goin' to pay me?"

"By personal check."

"How do I know your check is good for seventy-five hundred dollars?"

"You don't know it—and you won't until you present it at the Boatmen's Bank."

"All right. Shove it in! You want Kite and Delacroix to witness this?"

"Hardly." He called forward two of the bystanders.

Skinny slowly, reluctantly inscribed his signature. "Now show your hand!" he sneered.

Two minutes later a couple of darkies galvanized into unwonted activity by the present of a silver dollar apiece, hastily heaped up such odds and ends of wood as lay near at hand and applied a match. When the fire was burning briskly they rolled on a barrel of resin and soon a pillar of smoke, as black as obsidian and capped like a mushroom, reared itself heavenward. A moment passed and then the crowd on the platform stiffened into a hearkening attitude at the distance-mellowed blast of a steamboat's chime whistle.

A vociferous cheer went up. Skinny McAfferty's sea-green eyes glazed with astonishment and chagrin. He pursed his thick, unshaven lips, and then thrust his hand at Bonebrake's.

"Congrats! The slickest rascals I've ever knowed were them with angel faces."

TWILIGHT had fallen and the salt from tide was licking the store fronts on Main Street before the *Valley Belle*, breathing hoarsely through her 'scape pipes, approached the scene. Then a sunburst leaped from the electric searchlight, scoured the water and the houses, routed the dusk from every box, painted every face a ghastly white, and finally rested on the spot where Woodford Bonebrake stood signaling with a handkerchief.

The call of the leadsmen then became audible.

"Quarter twain. . . . Quarter twain. . . . *Mark* twain. . . . Quarter less twain. . . . Nine and a *half*. . . . Nine f-e-e-t. . . . Nine feet. . . . Eight and a *half*!"

The engine bells jangled. Half speed, fell to quarter speed.

"Eight and a half. . . . Eight feet. . . . Seven and a *half*. . . . Seven and a half. . . . Seven f-e-e-t. . . . *Mark* twain. . . . Six f-e-e-t!"

AGAIN the bells jangled, and with an expiring snort or two the engines were still. The boat, hulking darkly behind her blinding, cyclopean eye, forged almost imperceptibly nearer. The stage plank swung out like a huge antenna. An upright figure, with a hawser light in his hand, balancing on its extreme end.

At a sharp command from Captain Calvert the plank was lowered and the figure—a deck hand—sprang nimbly down and made his hawser fast. The capstan pawls tinkled over the ratchet

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ring; the engines were set back a stroke or two, and the *Valley Belle* snuggled against the end of the platform so gently as hardly to stir it.

Captain Calvert stepped ashore and greeted Bonebrake with ambassadorial dignity, accompanied by a wink.

"How much?" he murmured.

"Three cents."

"Bully for you! A cent too much, but good enough. Run—tell the girl. She's nigh crazy."

THE "girl" was standing on the hurricane deck with one hand on the big landing bell, her face faintly illuminated by the lights below. She fluttered her handkerchief at Woody, and he bounded up the forecastle companionway three steps at a time.

"I'll clean up better than twenty thousand!" he panted from his sprint.

She gave a little cry of delight and extended both hands. It was a tense quarter of a minute which followed, her hands in his, her quick breath upon his cheek.

"Deeda, is Hillcrest to be mine—or *ours!*"

From below came the creak of the forehatch windlass and the melodious, weird chant of the black roustabouts: "De las' sack! De las' sack!"

"Woody," she answered with faltering tenderness, "I have told you that I can never marry a gambler, whether his tools are cards or margins on exchange."

He tightened his grip on her hands.

"Deeda, if you'll marry me, I swear never again to margin a stock, bond, or package of produce."

She smiled sadly. "You couldn't keep it, dear."

"Try me!" he begged.

She hesitated. "I will! I'll put you on probation for one year."

"Make it six months. If I can hold out that long I can a year."

"Very well."

HE swept her to his breast; he showered her face with kisses. But, alas!—the sleekest rascals are those with angel faces!

"Oh, make it three months, my darling! That will give you plenty of time to make your wedding pretties, and if I can hold out three months I can six."

"Three months! . . . Oh, Woody, dear! This is shameless of me!"

Human Carpentry

By SAMUEL H. ADAMS

WHAT is a surgeon? By present standards in this country, any graduate of a medical school who chooses to appropriate the term. For the most delicate, most dangerous, most technical of all craftsmanship no special education or training is required, though it is generally available. As matters now stand in medical practice, when the general practitioner must be on emergency call for every known ailment and accident, it would perhaps be unwise and impracticable to demand a separate diploma for operative work. But that there should be some distinguishing mark whereby the public could determine what physicians are adequately fitted by training, experience, or exceptional qualities for the craft of the knife is most desirable. Hence the prospective value of the movement for a society or college (in the sense of qualified organization) of American surgeons, electing to membership men of special training or proved acquirements, and guaranteeing, not officially or legally but by the recognized authority of its standards, the fitness—technical, ethical, and moral—of the men who are entitled to affix its distinctive letters to their names. Such an organization is now being planned by a number of the leading surgeons of the country. Its opponents object that it will tend to divide sharply medical from surgical practice, and that the surgeon will become a mere "human carpenter," to whom the physician will turn over such patients as he sees fit after diagnosing their cases. Even if this be so, the gain to the public health will not be the less. And the devoted expert of that combined science and craft which restores ease to the pain stricken, movement to the paralytic, sight to the blind, and even reason to the mad will lack for no highest honor from those whom he serves and saves by whatsoever name he may be known.



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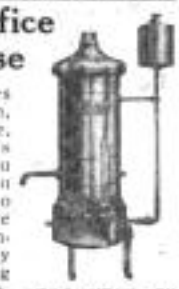
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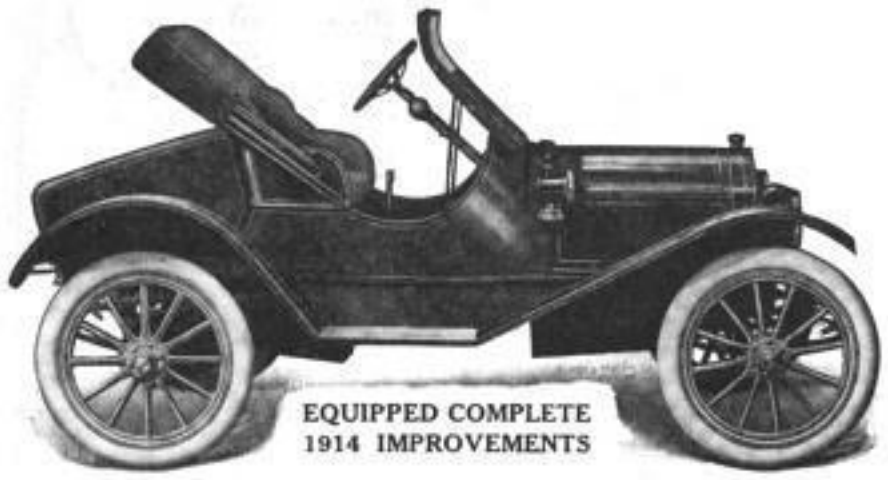
Glidden Tour Trophy

The Glidden Tour this year started at Minneapolis on July 11 and terminated at Glacier National Park, Montana, on July 19, the course covering more than 1,300 miles and embracing stamina-testing stretches of rough roads in Minnesota and Dakota and monumental hills in the Rocky Mountains of Montana.

The team of three METZ "22" regular stock cars was the ONLY team holding a perfect score for the entire eight days of the tour. The nearest competitor showed a perfect score for only the first two days. The METZ cars also were the ONLY cars in the tour that were equipped with GEARLESS transmission.

The METZ team of three regular stock cars was last to leave noon control on the last day of the tour, passed all the cars ahead, caught the pace-maker ten miles from the finish, and crowded him over the last mountain range, finishing the last run of the tour with 20 minutes to spare.

And this on top of the fact that the METZ "22," before entering the Glidden Tour contest, made a remarkable non-stop record of 1,600 miles from Boston to Minneapolis in 90 hours, beating its own schedule by 6 hours in spite of having to drive over 100 miles additional on account of twice losing the road.



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WE have told you, time and again, that the METZ "22" is the very essence of **Efficiency** and **Dependable Construction**, that it is a **Practical** car. Its performance, as above recorded, sweeps aside all argument, all doubt. It was pitted against cars costing from five to ten times as much, yet **all three** of the METZ cars made **Perfect** scores throughout the contest—a showing which was not even approached by any one of the competing teams.

The METZ "22" won the Glidden Tour and the Glidden trophy simply because it was the best-built car and the most practical car entered in the contest. It is the lowest-priced car on the market, and remarkably economical in cost of operation and upkeep.

It will make from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed, and climbs hills as fast as any regular stock car made, regardless of price. It is commonly reported by owners of the METZ "22" that it travels from 29 to 32 miles on a gallon of gasoline, and from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires.

It is equipped with 4-cylinder 22½ h.p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, extension top with cover slip and curtains, full elliptic springs, standard artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, 5 lamps and gas generator, horn, pump, tool outfit, etc. It is a high grade, fully guaranteed car, torpedo semi-enclosed-body type, left-hand drive, center control. Its gearless transmission entirely does away with aggravating and expensive "gear troubles."

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A Job of Work

(*Continued from page 6*)

eye over Mr. "Blinky" Anderson's celebrated basement. Most of the light in the place was concentrated over the roped platform of the ring, and all he got was a vague impression of space. There seemed to be a great many people present.

His eye was caught by a face in the first row of ring-side seats. It seemed familiar. Where had he seen it before? And then he recognized Mr. Bivatt. It was a transformed Mr. Bivatt, happier-looking, excited, altogether more human. Their eyes met, but there was no recognition in the millionaire's.

FREDDIE'S attention was diverted from audience to ring by the arrival of the Tennessee Bear Cat. There was a subdued murmur of applause. The Bear Cat was an extraordinarily muscled young man. Lumps and cords protruded from him in all directions. His face wore a look of placid content and he had a general air of happy repletion, a fate-cannot-touch-me-I-have-dined-to-day expression. He was chewing gum.

A shirt-sleeved gentleman of full habit climbed into the ring, puffing slightly.

"Gents! Main event. Have an apology offer—behalf of the management. Was to have been ten-round bout Sam Proctor, better known as the Tennessee Bear Cat, and One-Round Smith, at one thirty-three ring side. But—seems to have been a—naccident. One-Round havin' sustained severe injury to foot. Rend'rin' it—impossible—appear t'night before you. Deeply regret unavoid'ble dis'pointment."

The portly man's breath was going fast, but he still had sufficient for a brilliant flight of fancy.

"Have honor, however, present t'you Jimmy Smith, brother of One-Round—stranger to this city—but well known on Pacific Coast—where—winner of forty-seven battles. Claimant to welter-weight belt. Gents, Jimmy Smith, th' Santa Barbara Whirlwind!"

FREDDIE bowed. The speech, for some mysterious reason, had had quite a tonic effect on him. The mere thought of those forty-seven victories gave him heart. After all, who was this Tennessee Bear Cat? A mere walking repository of noodle soup, weakfish, fried chicken, eggs, corn, apple dumplings, lager beer, and cup custards. A perambulating bill of fare.

The introducer, however, presented him in another aspect. He had got his second wind now, and used it.

"Gents! The Tennessee Bear Cat! You all know Sam. The toughest, huskiest, wickedest little old slugger that ever came down the pike. The boy who's cleaned up all the lightweights around these parts, and is in a dead straight line—for—the champeeonship of the woild."

He waved his hand dramatically. The Bear Cat, overwhelmed by these tributes, shifted his chewing gum to the other cheek, and simpered coyly, as who should say: "Stop your nonsense, Archibald!" And the gong clanged.

Freddie started the fight with the advantage that his plan of campaign was perfectly clear in his mind. Rapid attack was his policy. When a stout gentleman in shirt sleeves has been exhausting his scanty stock of breath calling you a whirlwind, decency forbids that you should behave like a zephyr. He shook hands, and, on the principle of beginning as you mean to go on, proceeded without delay to poke his left earnestly into the middle of the Bear Cat's face. He then brought his right round with a thud on to what the latter probably still called his ear, a strange, shapeless growth rather like a leather cauliflower, and sprang back. The Bear Cat shifted his gum and smiled gratefully.

A HEAVY swing on the part of the Bear Cat was the next event of note. Freddie avoided it with ease, and slipped in a crisp left. As he had expected, his opponent was too slow to be dangerous. Dangerous! He was not even making the thing interesting, thought Freddie, as he side-stepped another swing and brought his right up to the chin. He went to his corner at the end of the round glowing with satisfaction. This was easy.

But toward the middle of the second round he received a shock. Till then the curious ease with which he had reached his opponent's head had caused him to concentrate on it. It now occurred to him that by omitting to attack the body he was, as it were, wasting the gifts of Providence. Consequently, having worked his man into an angle of the ropes with his back against a post, he feinted with his left, drew a blow, and then, ducking quickly, put all his weight into a low straight right.

THE effect was remarkable. The Bear Cat uttered a startled grunt; a look came into his face of mingled pain and reproach, as if his faith in human nature had been shaken, and he fell into a clinch.

"Leave me stummick be, you rummy," he hissed rapidly. "Ain't you got no tact? "Blinky" promised me fifty if I'd let you stay three rounds, but one more like that and I'll forget meself and knock you through the ceiling."

Only when he reached his corner did the full meaning of the words strike Freddie. All the glow of victory left him. It was a frame-up! Blinky, to insure his patrons something resembling a fight, had induced the Bear Cat to stall during the first three rounds.

The shock of it utterly disheartened him. So that was why he had been making such a showing! That was why his jabs and hooks had got home with such clockwork precision! Probably his opponent had been laughing at him all the time. The thought stung him.

THE third round was the most spectacular of the fight. Even the regular patrons of "Blinky's" Saturday night exhibitions threw aside their prudence and bellowed approval. Smiling wanly and clinching often, the Bear Cat fixed his mind on his $50 to buoy himself up, while Freddie, with a nasty gleam in his eyes, behaved every moment more as a Santa Barbara Whirlwind might reasonably be expected to behave. Seldom had the Bear Cat heard sweeter music than the note of the gong terminating the round. He moved slowly to his corner, and handed his chewing gum to his second to hold for him. It was strictly business now. He thought hard thoughts as he lay back in his chair.

In the other corner Freddie also was thinking. The exhilarating exercise of the last round had soothed him and cleared his brain; and he, too, as he left his corner for the fourth session, was resolved to attend strictly to business. And his business was to stay five rounds and earn that $100.

Connoisseurs in the ring seats, who had been telling their friends during the previous interval that Freddie had "got him going," changed their minds and gave it as their opinion that he had "blown up." They were wrong. He was fighting solely on the defensive now from policy, not from fatigue.

THE Bear Cat came on with a rush, head down, swinging with left and right. The change from his former attitude was remarkable, and Freddie, if he had not been prepared for it, might have been destroyed offhand. There was no standing up against such an onslaught. He covered up and ducked and slipped and side-stepped, and slipped again, and when the gong sounded, he was still intact.

Freddie came up for the fifth round brimming over with determination. He meant to do or die. Before the end of the first half minute it was borne in upon him that he was far more likely to die than do. He was a good amateur boxer. He had been well taught, and knew all the recognized stops for the recognized blows. But the Bear Cat had either invented a number of blows not in the regular curriculum, or else it was his manner of delivering them that gave that impression. Reason told Freddie that his opponent was not swinging left and right simultaneously, but the hard fact remained that, just as he guarded one blow, another came from the opposite point of the compass and took him squarely on the side of the head. He had a disagreeable sensation as if an automobile had run into him and then he was on the floor, with the stout gentleman sawing the air above him.

THE thought of $100 is a remedial agent that makes oxygen look like a sleeping draft. No sooner had his mind turned to his mind than his head cleared, and he rose to his feet, as full of fight

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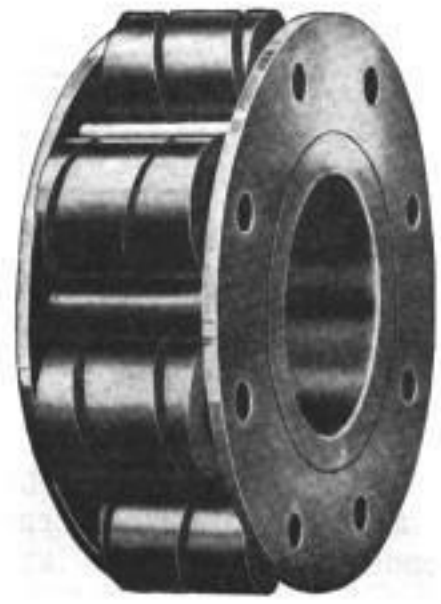
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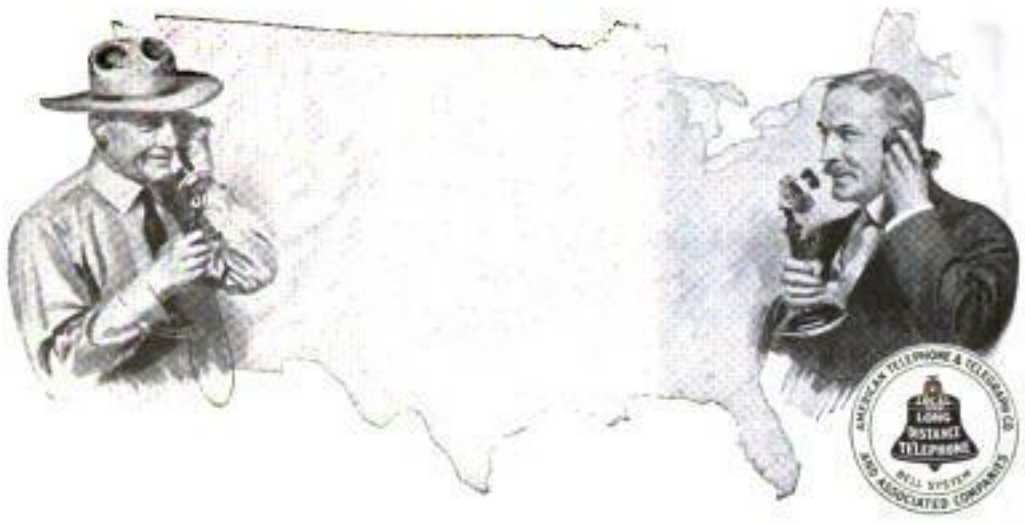
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"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"
—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

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as ever. He perceived the Bear Cat slithering toward him, and leaped to one side like a Russian dancer. The Bear Cat collided with the ropes and grunted discontentedly.

PROBABLY, if Freddie had had a sizable plot of ground such as Yellowstone Park or California to maneuver in, he might have avoided his opponent for some considerable time. The ring being only twenty feet square, he was hampered. A few more wild leaps, interspersed with one or two harmless left jabs, and he found himself penned up in a corner, with the Bear Cat, smiling pleasantly again, now making hypnotic passes before his eyes.

The Bear Cat was not one of your reticent fighters. He was candor itself.

"Here it comes, kid!" he remarked affably, and "it" came. Freddie's world suddenly resolved itself into a confused jumble of pirouetting stars, chairs, shirt fronts, and electric lights, and he fell forward in a boneless heap. There was a noise of rushing waters in his ears, and, mingled with it, the sound of voices. Some person or persons, he felt dimly, seemed to be making a good deal of an uproar. His brain was clouded, but the fighting instinct still worked within him; and almost unconsciously he groped for the lower rope, found it, and pulled himself to his feet. And then the lights went out.

How long it was before he realized that the lights actually had gone out and that the abrupt darkness was not due to a repetition of "it," he never knew. But it must have been some length of time, for when the room became suddenly light again, his head was clear, and, except for a conviction that his neck was broken, he felt tolerably well.

HIS eyes having grown accustomed to the light, he saw with astonishment that remarkable changes had taken place in the room. With the exception of some half dozen persons, the audience had disappeared entirely, and each of those who remained was in the grasp of a massive policeman. Two more intelligent officers were beckoning to him to come down from the platform.

The New York police force is subject to periodical attacks of sensitiveness with regard to the purity of the city. In between these spasms a certain lethargy seems to grip it, but when it does act, its energy is wonderful. The East Side Delmonico's had been raided.

It was obvious that the purity of the city demanded that Freddie should appear in court in a less exiguous costume than his present one. The two policemen accompanied him to the dressing room.

On a chair in one corner sat the Tennessee Bear Cat, lacing his shoes. On a chair in another corner sat Mr. Franklyn Bivatt, holding his head in his hands.

Fate, Mr. Bivatt considered, had not treated him well. Nor, he added mentally, had T. Mortimer Dunlop. For directly the person, to be found in every gathering, who mysteriously gets to know things in advance of his fellows, had given the alarm, T. Mortimer, who knew every inch of "Blinky's" basement and, like other dead-game sports who frequented it, had his exits and his entrances — particularly his exits — had skimmed away like a corpulent snipe and vanished, leaving Mr. Bivatt to look after himself. As Mr. Bivatt had failed to look after himself, the constabulary were looking after him.

"Who's the squirt?" asked the first policeman, indicating Mr. Bivatt.

"I don't know," said the second. "I caught him trying to beat it, and held him. Keep an eye on him. I think it's Boston Willie, the safe blower. Keep these three gooks here till I get back. I'm off upstairs."

THE door closed behind them. Presently it creaked, and was still. The remaining policeman was leaning against it.

The Tennessee Bear Cat nodded amiably at Freddie.

"Feeling better, kid? Why didn't you duck? I told you it was coming, didn't I?"

Mr. Bivatt groaned hollowly. Life was very gray. He was in the hands of the police, and he had indigestion and no pepsin tabloids.

"Say, it ain't so bad as all that," said the Bear Cat. "Not if you've got any sugar, it ain't."

"My doctor expressly forbids me sugar," replied Mr. Bivatt.

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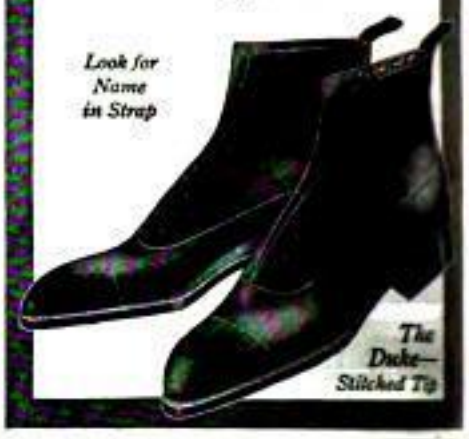
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The Bear Cat gave a peculiar jerk of his head, indicative of the intelligent man's contempt for the slower-witted.

"Not that sort of sugar, you rummy. Gee! Do you think this is a tea party? Dough, you boob. Plunks. Getters. Feel in your pockets."

MR. BIVATT appearing to be in a sort of trance, the Bear Cat felt for him, and extracted a pocketbook.

"I guess these'll do," he said, removing a couple of bills. He rapped on the door.

"Hey, Mike!"

"Quit that," answered a gruff voice without.

"I want to speak to you. Got something to say."

The door opened.

"Well?"

"Say, Mike, you've got a kind face. Going to let us go, ain't you?"

The policeman eyed the Bear Cat stolidly.

The Bear Cat's answering glance was more friendly.

"See what the fairies have brought, Mike."

The policeman's gaze shifted to the bills.

"Say," he said severely, as he held out his hand, "you don't reckon I'd take a bribe, I hope?"

"Certainly not," said the Bear Cat indignantly.

There was a musical rustling.

"Don't mind if we say good night now, do you?" said the Bear Cat. "Mother'll be getting anxious about us."

THE policeman with the kind face met his colleague in the basement.

"Say, you know those guys in the dressing room," he said.

"Uh-huh!" said the colleague.

"They overpowered me and got away."

"Divvy," said the colleague.

Having lost the Bear Cat—no difficult task, for he dived into the first saloon—Mr. Bivatt and Freddie turned their steps toward Broadway. A certain dignity which had been lacking in the dressing room had crept back into Mr. Bivatt's manner.

"Go away," he said. "I will not have you following me."

"I am not following you," said Freddie. "We are walking arm in arm."

Mr. Bivatt wrenched himself free.

"Go away, or I will call a police—er—go away!"

"Have you forgotten me? I was afraid you had. I won't keep you long. I only wanted to tell you that I had nearly made that $500."

MR. BIVATT started and glared at Freddie in the light of a shop window. He gurgled speechlessly.

"I haven't added it all up yet. I have been too busy making it. Let me see. Week at the hotel—two weeks at "Blinky's"—a hundred for staying five rounds—I've got—"

"Will you kindly stop this foolery and allow me to speak?" said Mr. Bivatt. "When I made our agreement, I naturally alluded to responsible, respectable work. I did not include low prize-fighting and—"

"You said manual work or brain work. Wasn't mine about as manual as you could get?"

"I have nothing further to say."

Freddie sighed.

"Oh, well," he said, "I suppose I shall have to start all over again. I wish you had let me know sooner. I shall try brain work this time. I shall write my experiences and try and sell them to a Sunday paper. What happened to-night ought to please some editor. The way you got us out of that dressing room! It was the smoothest thing I ever saw. There ought to be money in that. Well, good night. May I come and report later?"

He turned away, but stopped as he heard an odd choking sound behind him.

The realization of the probable behavior of his son Twombley, should he learn of these matters, had come home to Mr. Bivatt.

HE clutched Freddie with one hand, and patted his arm affectionately with the other.

"Don't—er—don't go away, my boy," he said. "Come with me to the drug store while I get some pepsin tabloids, and then we'll go home and talk it over. I think we may be able to arrange something after all."

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A Vagabond Poet

(Concluded from page 8)

a scheme to make an Athens of every dirty village in America. Big enough, and worthy enough, to be sure! "Make a small town beautiful and you make it moral." His mission was to get his message accepted, and first in Springfield, his own home town.

HE began by a course of lectures, in the last of which he recited a poem, "The Building of Springfield," which was the platform of The New Localism. It begins:

Let not our town be large—remembering
That little Athens was the Muses' home,
That Oxford rules the heart of London still,
That Florence gave the renaissance to Rome.

And its trend may be guessed from couplets like the following:

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in rather than go home.

While giving his new gospel time to take root, Lindsay busied himself with many activities. For awhile he was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work. Then he went forth as an emissary of the Anti-Saloon League. But all the time his soul was in strongly insurgent mood, erupting in a series of pamphlets whimsically entitled "War Bulletins." "War Bulletin Number Three" proclaimed that, religiously speaking, the poet had dragged his anchors, and was no longer to be counted with that almost entirely orthodox body, the Disciples of Christ, into which he was born. Once off the reservation, he seems to have endeavored, pythonlike, to engorge all the idols of all the cults, as witness these few selections from the very remarkable "Creed of a Beggar," in "War Bulletin Number Three":

I believe in God, the creeping fire, the august and whimsical Creator, maker of all religions, dweller in all clean shrines.

I believe in Christ, the Socialist, the Beautiful, the personal savior from sin, the Singing Immanuel.

I believe in that perilous, maddening flower, the Holy Ghost.

I take for my brother the Lord Buddha, remembering with happy tears the hours when he was my master. I take for my friend the founder of Christian Science. I cannot accept her teachings, but I can rejoice in the peculiar presence I have found in her churches, etc.

And while Lindsay was doing these things in Springfield he was collecting a group of his poems and printing them in an odd-shaped volume, entitled "Tramp's Excuse" in an edition of 300, of which he gave away for the asking.

His summed-up passion for The Village Beautiful was expressed in the autumn of 1910 in a Melchizedekian publication called "The Village Magazine," the initial number of which proclaimed itself also the last.

IT was quarto size illustrated to [illegible] felt with the Lindsay style of decorative drawings, most of them full page and leaved in with gem after gem of most deliciously lilting verse. This, like Lindsay's other publications, was printed at his own expense and given away. The issue consisted of 700.

But recognition begins to come. After the publication of "The Village Magazine," Hamlin Garland sought Lindsay out and brought him to Chicago to make an address before the Cliff Dwellers' Club, which expressed its appreciation by erecting the sorrel insurgent to membership. On the same visit Lindsay was invited to speak before the Art Institute—which for years he had slaved unrecognized or at least unregarded. A volume of his poems, too—the first to be regularly published—has been put upon the press.

It seems impossible that the cities and villages of the Middle West shall not respond to some extent at least, and whether consciously or unconsciously to the eccentric poet's Gospel of Beauty. Yet, after all, the man's vocation as missionary of the beautiful is less significant to the casual eye than his vocation as a poet. Though he may, like the "Eagle forgotten," "live in mankind," it is by what comes out of his ink horn that the world will remember or forget him. That this issue is still in doubt the poet has himself revealed in "An Apology for the Bottle Volcanic," a part of which may constitute our final clue into his quality:

Sometimes I dip my pen and find a bottle full of fire.
The salamanders flying forth I cease but admire.
It's Ætna, or Vesuvius, if those little things were small,
And then 'tis but itself again and does not smoke at all.

And yet when I am extra good and say my prayers at night,
And mind my ma, and do the chores, and speak to folks polite,
My bottle spreads a rainbow mist, as from the vapor fine
Ten thousand troops from fairyland come riding in a line.

Lindsay's ink pots have smoked [illegible] promising stuff. Who knows what the defying lavas they are yet to flow!

Swimming

By LEONARD HATCH

ABOUT the springboard, the "crik," and the old swimming hole there has been rhapsody and reminiscence to spare. In the midst of all this enlargement on the joys of swimming, the sheer healthfulness of the sport is often overlooked. Yet for growing boys and girls nothing can beat it. G. Stanley Hall, who knows about all there is to be known concerning the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of the child, has said in his book, "Youth":

"Too much can hardly be said in favor of cold baths and swimming at this age. . . . The moral effects of plunging into cold and supporting the body in deep water is not inconsiderable in strengthening a spirit of hardihood and reducing overtenderness to sensory discomforts. The exercise of swimming is unique in that all the movements and combinations are such as are rarely used otherwise, and are perhaps in a sense ancestral and liberal rather than directly preparatory for future avocations. Its stimulus upon heart and lungs is, by general consent of all writers upon the subject, most wholesome and beneficial. . . . The very absence of clothes and running upon the beach is exhilarating and gives a sense of freedom.

This does not mean that the growing child should try to see how far he can swim or undertake any similarly foolish aquatic stunt. If there be any doubt about his ability to stand cold water, let a doctor be consulted. But speaking for youth in a body, there can be no question of the wholesomeness of swimming. A deal may also be said of its usefulness. You who can't swim, pause to hear what Benjamin Franklin has to say in a letter:

I cannot be of opinion with you that it is too late in life for you to learn to swim; the river near the bottom of your garden affords a most convenient place for the purpose. And as your new employment requires your being often on the water, of which you have such dread, I think you would do well to make the trial; nothing being so likely to remove those apprehensions as the consciousness of an ability to swim to the shore in case of an accident or of supporting yourself in the water till a boat should come to take you up. . . .

Learn fairly to swim, as I wish all were taught to do in their youth; there would on many occurrences be the merit for having that skill, and on many the happier, as freer from painful apprehensions of danger, to say nothing of the enjoyment in so delightful and wholesome an exercise. . . . And if I must have boys to educate I should prefer those schools (other things being equal) where an opportunity was afforded for learning so advantageous an art, which, when learned, is never forgotten.

When it comes to putting a wise thing in a wise way, nobody has "got a thing on" old B. Franklin.

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Sex Lessons for Chicago Schools

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN your issue of July 26, 1913, under the heading "Modesty and Shame" you give vigorous and pointed expression to the conviction that sex hygiene should be taught in the home and in the school. Your editorial was based no doubt on printed reports of the discussion given the subject by the public and by the Board of Education of the City of Chicago. You will be glad therefore, I am sure, to record the final decision of the board. At the meeting of the board, July 9, 1913, the report of the Committee of Finance, recommending concurrence in the following report of the Superintendent of Schools, was adopted:

The Superintendent of Schools reports that the following plan for teaching personal purity is submitted in response to the motion made by Mr. J. M. Loeb, and adopted by this committee: That the superintendent be instructed to prepare and perfect a plan by which courses of lectures on personal purity shall be installed in the public schools at the opening of the term in September next.

The superintendent recommends that effective speakers on personal purity who use simple, yet scientifically correct language be secured to give in the fall term of 1913 a course of three lectures on this subject in each of the twenty-one high schools, the pupils to be grouped in reasonable numbers, boys and girls separate; provided that all pupils who bring notes from their parents asking to have them excused, shall be excused; that after December, 1913, the lectures be limited to first-year classes in physiology and hygiene or in biology; that kindergartners, teachers in the lower grades, and nurses be requested to endeavor to guard the young children from practices taught by the unchaste.

The superintendent further recommends that a list of lectures for the high schools be prepared by the superintendent and submitted to the Committee on School Management in September; that $10,000 be apportioned from the Contingent Fund for salaries, subject to concurrence by the Committee on Finance.

Your committee further recommends that if, as a result of the successful teaching of this subject in the high schools, it be deemed advisable to extend the work to the upper grades of the elementary schools, the superintendent be instructed to prepare a plan for the carrying of the work into the elementary schools, this plan to be submitted for approval to the Committee on School Management.

It will readily be seen that such caution as was exercised in reaching final action was due to the desire to promote real progress by adopting a wise and sane program. JACOB M. LOEB.

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Here It Is

I TOLD you last week that I had something very interesting—and I might have added "important"—to publish this week, and that I hoped you would read every word of it and then "Think" about it. I assure you that it is well worth your while to do it.

This is a letter which I recently received from Mr. C. W. Ridinger, President of the Iron City Electric Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and in it he shows how "Price Maintenance" is an incentive to progress, while "Price Cutting" is a deterrent.

The big, important point which he brings out is that manufacturers would not, as a business proposition, put a lot of money into new labor saving devices, conveniences, etc., which, when put on the market, would relieve the public, if it appeared certain beforehand that these manufacturers could not sell the article at a profit and, at the same time, *control the resale* so that people between the manufacturer and the public would handle the article at a profit.

Here is what Mr. Ridinger says:

"The Writer has read with interest the article of Mr. Brandeis which was in this week's issue of your paper, and was glad to know that some one has started the American people to thinking regarding the 'Price Maintenance' question.

"I believe the electrical business, as a whole, is more affected at the present time by price cutting than any other line of trade, and I also believe that unless in some way this can be stopped and the manufacturers can force the maintenance of a selling price on the articles which they manufacture, that the electrical industry will stand still.

"Electrical machines, devices, etc., are more or less conveniences and in order to get them before the public a lot of money has to be spent in developing, advertising, canvassing, demonstrating, etc., and after this has been done, and the article put on the market, the dealers will not handle and push it, unless they can make a reasonable profit. If the manufacturer who has gone to all of this expense cannot maintain the selling price, or could not prevent some large department stores or large interests from using it as a leader at cut price, it would ruin the sale, as the other dealers all over the country would refuse to handle or have anything further to do with the device or line of machines.

"The manufacturer could not distribute these conveniences direct, not having the organization, and to form an organization large enough would put the cost of the article so high he could not compete. He must therefore distribute his goods through the natural channels and through people who are in close touch with the customers.

"From this, you can see that it would be foolish for a man or company to get out anything new or spend money in developing some new convenience knowing that the sale might be 'killed' by some unscrupulous dealer.

"I certainly trust that other magazines and other publications widely distributed around the country will take up this same subject and that our legislators at Washington will soon see the advantage of permitting a certain 'price maintenance' under restricted conditions."

Now, I hope you will give this matter of "Price Maintenance" the deep thought which it deserves, for I want you to understand what it really means to *you* as a Consumer. It is in your own interest and in the interest of the "Golden Rule" in business that I urge you to do this.

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

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Salesmen—For High-Grade Side Line To Stationers, drug and jewelry trade. Big commissions, samples. Commission on repeaters. Exclusive territory. H. W. Hasley, 96 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

Salesmen—Shirt And Custom Tailoring Experienced also women to sell custom underwear, hosiery, fit and price. Whole or part time. Experience unnecessary. Ohio Textile Co., 212 State St., Perrysburg, O.

Drug Salesmen Wanted To Sell A High Grade line of toilet preparations as a side line. Exclusive territory. Quick sellers. Established 25 years. Goldmann Co., 1 West Illinois St., Chicago.

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It looks delicious—but what's *in* it?

HOW often can you answer that question about the dainty, tempting foods on your own table? How often can the house-wife or the cook answer it truly? Take that cool, shimmering, jelly-like dessert, for example. All the cook can tell you is that she emptied it out of a pretty box and followed the directions printed on the label. She doesn't know whether it's as pure and clean and wholesome as it looks, or whether it's that frequently-sold article colored with coal-tar dyes and denaturalized and disguised with ether-flavors. Nobody knows. It takes a chemist to find out.

That's the point: nobody knows! Realize what that means. Grasp the simple fact that you and the people who choose your foods are guessing at it—choosing in the dark between honest, clean, wholesome victuals and debased, drugged, dirty imitations—running the daily chance of eating chemically disguised counterfeits—spending hard-won money for near-worthless or worse-than-worthless food values.



Look out for the jelly desserts marked color or flavor artificial.

And here is point number two: you don't need to guess. You can quit this costly, risky, silly process whenever you wish. You can *know* about your food-supply, definitely and easily, by just getting and using

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This is simply a handy, indexed, classified guide to pure foods. It gives you a list of a number of absolutely pure brands of every important eatable. This list was compiled by the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., "the Pure Food Town", where for ten years competent, unbiased chemists have been analyzing one food-product after another—listing those which measured up to the highest standards of purity, honesty, and nutrition, forgetting about the others.

The Westfield Book does not harrow your feelings with needless descriptions of food-horrors. It has nothing to say about the bad foods. It simply gives you a wide choice among those which exhaustive tests have proven practically perfect. One glance at the proper page will make you able to tell your grocer the names of brands which you can buy with absolute safety, and you will very quickly find that your grocer can supply you with those brands quite as readily as with the others.

You can get a copy of the Westfield Book by sending 10c in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. That's all you need to do, to be sure your foods are pure—the Book is so easy to use that you won't know you're doing it! No matter how keen your judgment may be, no matter how cautious and clever you are at your buying, don't you think it's foolish to go on guessing when ten cents will make you *sure?*



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 9-6-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

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STAG

SMOKING TOBACCO

The high point in tobacco making.

Sold in the 90 CENT Glass Humidors and handy HALF SIZE 5 Cent Tins.



P. LORILLARD CO. 1760 ESTABLISHED

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the pound glass humidor prepaid by parcels post to any address in the United States, for 90 cents. Address Stag Department, P. Lorillard Company, 95 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

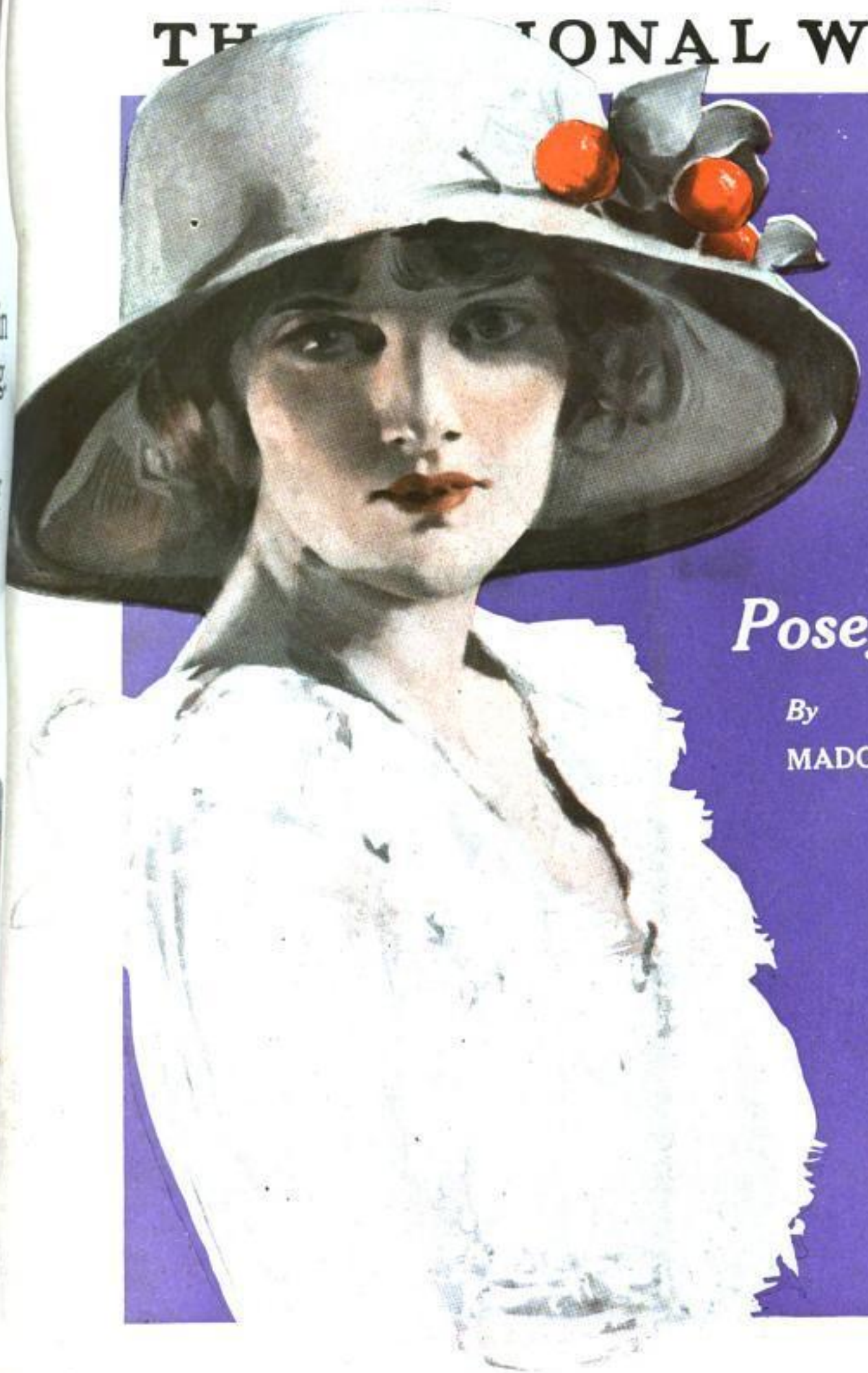
EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

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5¢ a copy

Collier's

TH ONAL WEEKLY



Enter Posey Cotton

By

MADGE C. JENISON

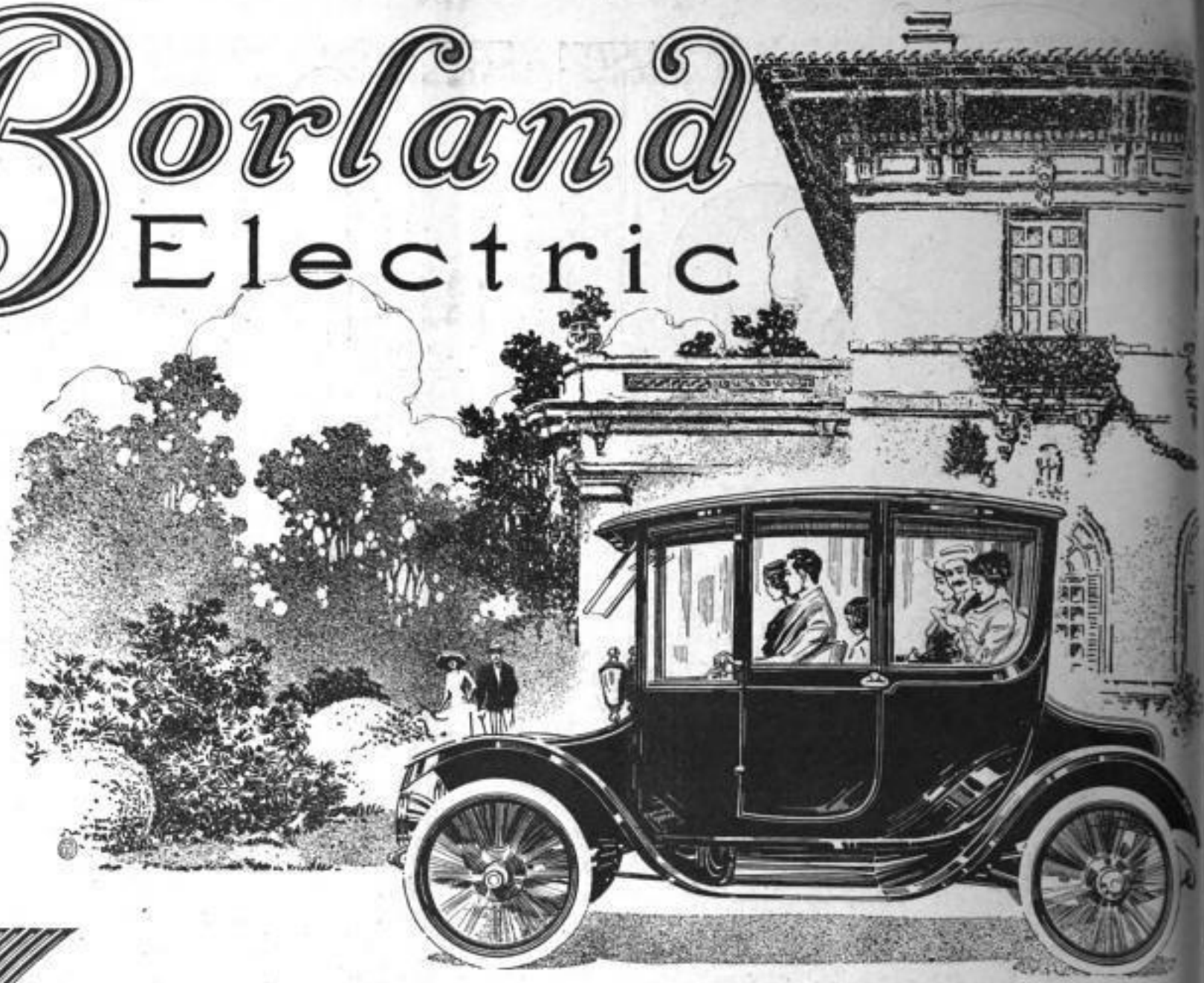
VOL. FIFTY-ONE NO. 26

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

SEPTEMBER 13 1913

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The Borland Electric



Imagine the enjoyment of a pleasure jaunt with the entire family comfortably seated in this roomy, handsome Borland Coupe!

Be sure you discriminate carefully. Never have so many wanted electrics—because as a type of car the electric is acknowledged ideal for city and suburban use. Let your standard of comparison be the Borland standard. Then you are certain to choose the right electric—the car that will satisfy best.

Five-Passenger Coupe, $2900

The Borland Electric

Either Forward or Rear Drive

Before Deciding Which Electric—Bear the Borland in Mind

Remember, please, that the Borland Electric has all the best and latest features. The graceful, harmoniously-designed exterior; the beautiful finish; the spacious, comfortable, five-seated body, luxuriously-appointed; the easy, simple control; the quiet, unobtrusive mechanism—your sense of the appropriate will delight in these. But, forget if you can for a moment the lasting service your Borland will give for every use—business or pleasure—the year around; and think what it means to own an electric that bears the Borland name. For this is an assurance of permanent satisfaction which every Borland owner knows is priceless.

The Borland Electric Roadster $2550



Here is a unique electric—the Borland Electric Roadster. Just look at its rakish, racy lines; its greyhound-like build. For the business or professional man, this car is remarkably useful; suitable in fact, for all who prefer an open-body electric with wheel steer. Low upkeep cost and ample mileage. Equipment includes "Exide" batteries; handsome mohair cape top with slip covers and Klaxonet horn. Pneumatic or cushion tires optional. Complete..... $2550

The roomy, harmoniously-designed, 5-passenger Borland Coupe, illustrated above, is completely equipped throughout. Rear seat is 50 inches wide and 22 inches deep, luxuriously cushioned. Wheel base 96 inches. Motor mounted on specially designed frame of three-point suspension, preventing jar and vibration. Upkeep cost reduced to minimum because of mechanical simplicity. Horizontal control from either the front or [illegible] seat. Six speeds forward and [illegible] verse, insuring flexibility of power under conditions. Automatic cut-out [illegible] power when emergency brake is [illegible] "Exide" batteries, standard [illegible] ment. Standard makes of cushion [illegible] special electric pneumatics optional. Complete,..... $2[illegible]

Write today for the Borland Poster Book illustrating and describing the Borland Electric models

The Borland-Grannis Company

320 East Huron Street

Chicago, Ill.

(7)

DEALERS

If there is no Borland representative in your locality, write or wire us today for our interesting agency proposition



Society Brand

CLOTHES

and their twenty-eight practical features

Young men—and men who stay young—keen, alert, eager for smartness and perfection, are the inspiration for the fresh, vital quality of Society Brand style.

They recognize and appreciate the little touches, the *style-character* which is exclusively a Society Brand quality. In addition, they secure the following marked features which add much to the pleasure and comfort in the wearing of these premier clothes.

Coat

No. 1. Pencil Pocket at end of inside breast pocket.

No. 2. Cash Pocket on inner left side.

No. 3. Cloth Perspiration Shields at arm-pits to protect lining.

No. 4. Neck Cape; prevents wrinkling below coat collar. Patented.

No. 5. Extension Safety Pocket; conceals and secures letters, papers, etc.

No. 6. Boutonniere Holder under lapel.

No. 7. Watch Pocket within outside breast pocket.

No. 8. Cash Pocket in outer right pocket.

Vest

No. 9. Side Buckles to produce smooth-fitting back.

No. 10. Velvet-lined lower left pocket for watch.

No. 11. Pencil or Fountain Pen Pocket. Opens in seam of upper left pocket.

No. 12. Vestee, detachable, attached with buttons; adds dressiness.

No. 13. One inch outlet on each side of vest back.

No. 14. The shoulder free or Athletic Vest with models Budd and Gabby. Designed to afford ease of action. Differently cut armhole permits of free shoulder movement.

Trousers

No. 15. Permanent Crease; keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. Patented June 16, 1908. No. 890792. On all peg and semi-straight trousers.

No. 16. Cash Pocket within right-hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on the same side without confusion.

No. 17. Guard in watch pocket to prevent theft or loss.

No. 18. Pencil Pocket in right-hand hip pocket. Very convenient, especially when no coat or vest is worn.

No. 19. Tunnel Belt Slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.

No. 20. Specially Designed Button at front of waistband. Adds tone, smartness.

No. 21. Hip pockets to button.

No. 22. Improved Secret Money Pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside button.

No. 23. Specially Designed Side Pockets; big, roomy and shaped to follow the form of the hand.

No. 24. Hanger of Silk Braid.

No. 25. 2½-inch Turn-Up, for soft Turn-Up, or permanent cuffs.

No. 26. Reversible Leather Belt. Covered with material to match trousers. Can be worn either side out by unsnapping buckle and reversing belt.

No. 27. Safety Catch-all in side pockets, to prevent currency from rolling out when in reclining position.

No. 28. Braided Waistband on the trousers of Row, Chicago, Ritz-Carlton, Gabby and Budd Models. Gives finished appearance.

Our Fashion Panels

showing the cream of Society Brand Suits and Overcoats in the new fall and winter models, mailed for three cents to any address on request.

Made in Chicago by

Alfred Decker & Cohn

Sold by Leading Clothiers Everywhere

To Canadian Patrons

Society Brand Clothes are also made in Montreal, by Samuel Hart & Co., under Alfred Decker & Cohn supervision.

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The Way One Man Helped Out—

Reproduced below is the text of a letter that one Westfield Pure Food enthusiast sent out to many of his married friends. He bought a supply of "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" and sent a copy with each letter. Read the letter and *you* will want a copy of this famous little guide to pure food—the only book of its kind in all the world.

Perhaps, after you have read this letter and received your copy of the book, you will want to "help out" the way Mr. Van Sant did. Through his thoughtfulness and kindness he started something that will be far-reaching. Will you follow his splendid example?

When you have read his letter, lose no time in sending for your copy of

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

Let it guide you in the purchase of your food supplies. It will make you *sure* your foods are *pure*.

NOTE: This letter was accompanied by a reproduction of the Westfield page that appeared in Collier's Weekly for July 19, 1913.

July 31, 1913.

"Dear Madam:

"Possibly you have thought that the 'guaranteed under the Pure Food Act' label on the cans and bottles of food you eat, insures the purity of the contents. But such is not the case.

"See exhibit enclosed, showing photograph of bottle of French peas—guaranteed by the pure food laws—yet admitted by the manufacturers to be colored by the poison, sulphate of copper. (I left my penknife in a similar bottle and in one hour a very perceptible copper-plating had covered it.) Kindly note also the statement of Dr. Alsberg, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, which defines the limitations of these laws.

"There is one way—and only one way—to be sure of the purity of your canned foods. Consult The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, a copy of which I am enclosing.

"The history of the Westfield idea is very interesting. Briefly, it started with the efforts of Prof. Lewis B. Allyn to make his chemistry course in the State Normal School at Westfield practical for his girl students. First he showed them how to take spots out of dresses—then how they could change the color of fabrics with the aniline dyes he got out of the candy they were eating. This led to analyses of the various foods marketed in Westfield and the boycotting of grocers, bakers, and other dispensers of food, whose goods were unwholesome or poisonous. And the result is that now pure food only can be bought in Westfield, and pure food manufacturers all over the country ask Prof. Allyn to analyze their products, which he does without charge, always buying his samples in the open market.

"My only reason for writing you is in the hope that you will talk this subject over with your friends, in your club, your literary circle, your church; and that perhaps you may see your way clear to organize in your community an exhibition of Westfield approved products to show your neighbors and townsfolk the value of pure foods. Or if this seems to you to be impracticable, any concerted action to bring about strong public sentiment and support for the products listed in the booklet (the only ones you KNOW are pure and wholesome) would be of great benefit to your community. The Westfield plan is not to put the manufacturers of impure foods out of business, but to force them to market wholesome products only by creating a strong public sentiment and action against food adulteration.

"These Westfield booklets can be obtained from the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., for what they cost, ten cents apiece. If you want to eat pure food, you believe in the Westfield campaign, the sole object of which is to tell you what foods are pure. And believing in it yourself, surely you want to show your friends how they, too, can be certain of getting pure products only.

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) "ROBERT M. VAN SANT."











Tear Off The Corner Of This Page

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

State .....

Who's Your Grocer?



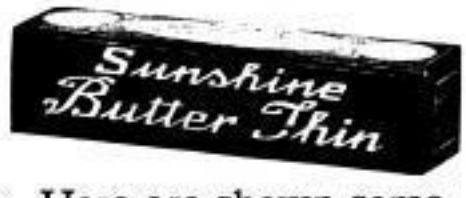












Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products









Enter Posey Cotton



By Madge C. Jenison

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

THE last time I had seen Posey she was sitting astride her mother's fence informing the boy next door that he was a chicken-hearted coward. Now, with a zest for sport ch I have seldom seen matched, Posey and Posey's her told the story of how she had attained her sent altitude on one of the pinnacles of New York . They both regarded it obviously in the light of adventure. I thought, as I sat looking at Mrs. on, how entertaining it was, that she would some e have her own suite at the Ritz in London, which certainly will, and shop down Regent Street from xi told to wait. In Mrs. Cotton's very pallor there ael to be, as we say, sand—the sort one sees men reling into mortar on spring days—good for build- no end.

osey for her part sat curved into a decayed morris r in that attitude of hers all line, her eyes melting vanishing on bright wings in and out of the story. y would just touch me with their silken spark then they would fly away out of the window as e fireflies spangle and fade through a summer . When you are excessively pretty, have fire- in your eyes and sway very softly at the waist n you come into a room, I suppose the world is to grant you all the small favors. The achieve- t of note is to extort from it the more signal ones. had been a piece of team play. When Posey and were eighteen and nineteen, Mrs. Cotton left phis, Tenn., and came on to New York. She dloned a dressmaking business in which she had oyed eighteen girls, but there was, as she ex- ed, nothing more for Posey and Milly in Mem- Tenn.

f you want to get the big things," Mrs. Cotton icated this visionary move upon fortune, "you to get where the big things are."

HE harvest of her ten years of business life had been invested mainly in gilt-edged Posey and Milly, but a fund had been reserved for this of mutation. They rented an apartment on River- Drive. Such munificence in launching two undem- rated careers received the same sanction in Mrs. on's philosophy as the departure from Memphis. ou cannot get the big things unless you get with ig people."

e girls began at once to beleaguer the managers. had taken leading rôles in the plays at Miss Ros- 's school in Baltimore. But they expected, of se, to begin at the bottom and work up—certainly. They would have accepted any part, however small. They knew so little that they did not know any better than to go to a manager's office and ask to see him.

"Have you an appointment?" the office boy would inquire with the lassitude of that species of human being, so honeycombed with power and sin.

No, but they would wait.

"Nothing doing"—the youth who had sighted a thousand stars would just manage to toss off, and give his attention to candidates with more professional eyelashes.

THEY were so extremely pretty—Posey and Milly. They did not want to be pretty. They wanted to be actresses. But they were pretty, and so that hectic Broadway world in which they were elected to try out what ore was in them was conciliatory. They made friends, received advice, and an intimation that a stage career was about as easily attained as the top of Mount McKinley. Sometimes a kindly person gave them a letter to a manager. Across a space of velvet carpet, over a mahogany table, "wide as a battle field," covered with mucilage pots and entrancing stacks of clippings, Posey or Milly would face at last one of those gentlemen who have everything they want.

"And what can I do for you, Miss Cotton?" he would say, estimating her as he signed checks.

Posey or Milly, somewhat disconcerted by that pleasant feeling as of one's chest having suddenly quite ceased to exist, would make the answer which murmurs eternally up and down Broadway.

"I want a part, sir."

"What experience have you?"

"Why—as yet—I am just beginning, sir—but I should be so glad to try anything." The accent is sweetest Memphis, Tenn., the manner the best drawing-room Miss Rossiter, but what an edgelessness there is about the elegant young girl!—they seem to come by the dozens—vealy, milk fed. The great man shakes his mighty head on its inward throne.

"My dear child," he says smiling, for no one could help melting toward Posey and Milly even though it were a waste of time, "don't you know that it takes years of experience," etc., etc.?

There is a great similarity about all these coveted interviews with gentlemen who have everything you want. When they began to call you their child, Posey said, you always knew it was all over.

After each of these episodes there were family councils on "Just How to Get a Manager Coming On, Before He Asks If You Have Any Experience."

"Well, I should like to *know*, sir, how all these other girls got *their* experience," Posey once remonstrated at the usual congé, as if a person who owned nine theatres were as much to be held up on his statements as any of one's relatives talking about suffrage.

They had been in New York for eight months before anything whatever happened. Mrs. Cotton was beginning to watch her balance at the bank with a constant cold sensation. It was the kind of balance that whenever you thought of it you put on your hat and went out and walked. One day when she came in she told the bell boy that she would like to rent one of her rooms if a quiet young lady could be secured, well recommended and orderly, who would hardly ever be at home. The next day a child on the third floor was taken ill with scarlet fever. Its father asked the hallboy if there was anyone in the house who might by chance bunk him for a few weeks. By these simple means Posey and Milly—and Mrs. Cotton—first set their feet upon the bottom of the ladder of which Mr. Dietrich Von Cuyl was fast approaching the airy top.

"It seemed just like Fate," said Posey, and let fly a shower of fireflies over me. "He was an actor."

MR. DIETRICH VON CUYL was a product of the age, and of old New York stock, who was carrying a family heritage of taste into a new métier. The Dietrichs and Von Cuyls and all collaterals of the blood had always been composed of about seventy-five parts taste and the remaining twenty-five parts mostly hauteur toward the absence of it. They had been collectors—pot hooks, Limoges enamels, letters of Goethe, Japanese prints in the days when Japanese prints were supposed to be Japanese art. They had been connoisseurs of real estate, women, and cheese; essayists, diplomats, even performers on the 'cello, and, if feminine, the harp. None of them had by any chance ever been an actor. Perish the thought! But Karl Marx and the "Third Renaissance in Art" have played many a trick with taste and old families. They had suggested to Dietrich Von Cuyl that he make an occupation of a thing he loved instead of only tapping it with his finger nail or eying it from a padded chair.

Dietrich Von Cuyl was thus, as will be seen from the beginning rather than the close of the previous paragraph, a gentleman—a matter of some gratification to Mrs. Cotton. He also knew how people made their way in stage careers, having been forced by family prejudice to make his own. He suggested that they must have some engagements to pose for illustrators and fashion magazines, and must get into one of

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the moving-picture companies. He thought he could arrange both matters, and he hung his hands over his stick and began to speak of something else with the nonchalance which is so exhilarating in those who are taking our destinies off our hands for a time.

And so it happened one festive day that Posey and Milly went with him to tea in a gorgeous Gramercy Park studio, hung with armor and bits of ragged brocade, set around with glass bowls of white iris and chairs made of pew ends out of the Touraine country—and with a Wall Street ticker in the corner. They walked back along the avenue telling each other and Dietrich Von Cuyl how truly wonderful it was that their host had just happened to be doing a novel with a tall heroine at that very time, how delightful it was that he had taken them in spite of their noses not being much, how they loved his kind of chin, what fun it was to take tea off a model's stand, and the sun shone and little children skipped beside their nurses, and the horses' hoofs struck the asphalt full of ringing music, and Posey and Milly glanced aside into the windows at all the confections which they were some time to have.

"That was the first," Posey interjected her little headliner thoughtfully.

It was a very thin current of warmth, however, which they could bring into the cold stream of outgoing expenditures. The lease on the Riverside Drive apartment was not renewed in the fall. They went to a family hotel in the Seventies because one is not required in a hotel to agree to have a checking balance for any stated length of time. In a few months the family hotel too became a thing of the past. They moved into a little Eighty-eighth Street flat—neighborhood dingy. Girls from Memphis, Tenn., began to be stowed quickly away in it. One of the results of Mrs. Cotton's exploit had been that it produced a revolution in Memphis, Tenn. Other mothers kindled by her temerity came on to New York with their daughters or sent them up to Mrs. Cotton, to try their luck doing monologues in the negro dialect, or to study for grand opera, or go to the Academy and splash around at Art. There was even a representative of "the Kaus." Mrs. Cotton never quite got on her feet about "the Kaus." It seemed at times to be something about the laboring classes which would certainly land Linda in jail, and at other times it seemed to be something about Woman. Mrs. Cotton thought of Woman as a tall person, about ten feet, dressed in the Roman style, the same concept being used for Lady Macbeth. Whatever "the Kaus" was, Linda worked hard at it and read late in well-bound books, and when anyone worked hard at a thing and backed it with print bound in volumes, Mrs. Cotton respected it, whatever her own "apperceptive mass" for it might be. Everyone in those six bare little rooms was young, poor, obscure, and burning up with love of the game, except Mrs. Cotton, and she was so preeminent in the latter field that her status in the former three did not matter.

"It has been hard—yes," she assented, "but of course that is what makes it exciting."

BY THE middle of the second winter they had come to their last ditch. Mrs. Cotton, having the dressmaker's hand, kept the girls looking the pink of the fashion, but they walked sometimes to appointments. One morning late in January Posey presented herself at one of the agencies feeling an unusual accumulation of firmness. She felt as she looked over the railing which ran across the unelect end of the room that she could have tossed over her shoulder the pulpy man with dirty fat hands who sat at the desk, and walked off toward the deep-blue future with him without the slightest inconvenience. Something had stiffened in both the girls. They had passed through the time when purpose is made over into determination.

You do agencies in a continuous chain. You have, as Posey explained, to "keep yourself in their eye." The manager of the Carper and Dotter Agency was always busy when Posey called. He was busy now.

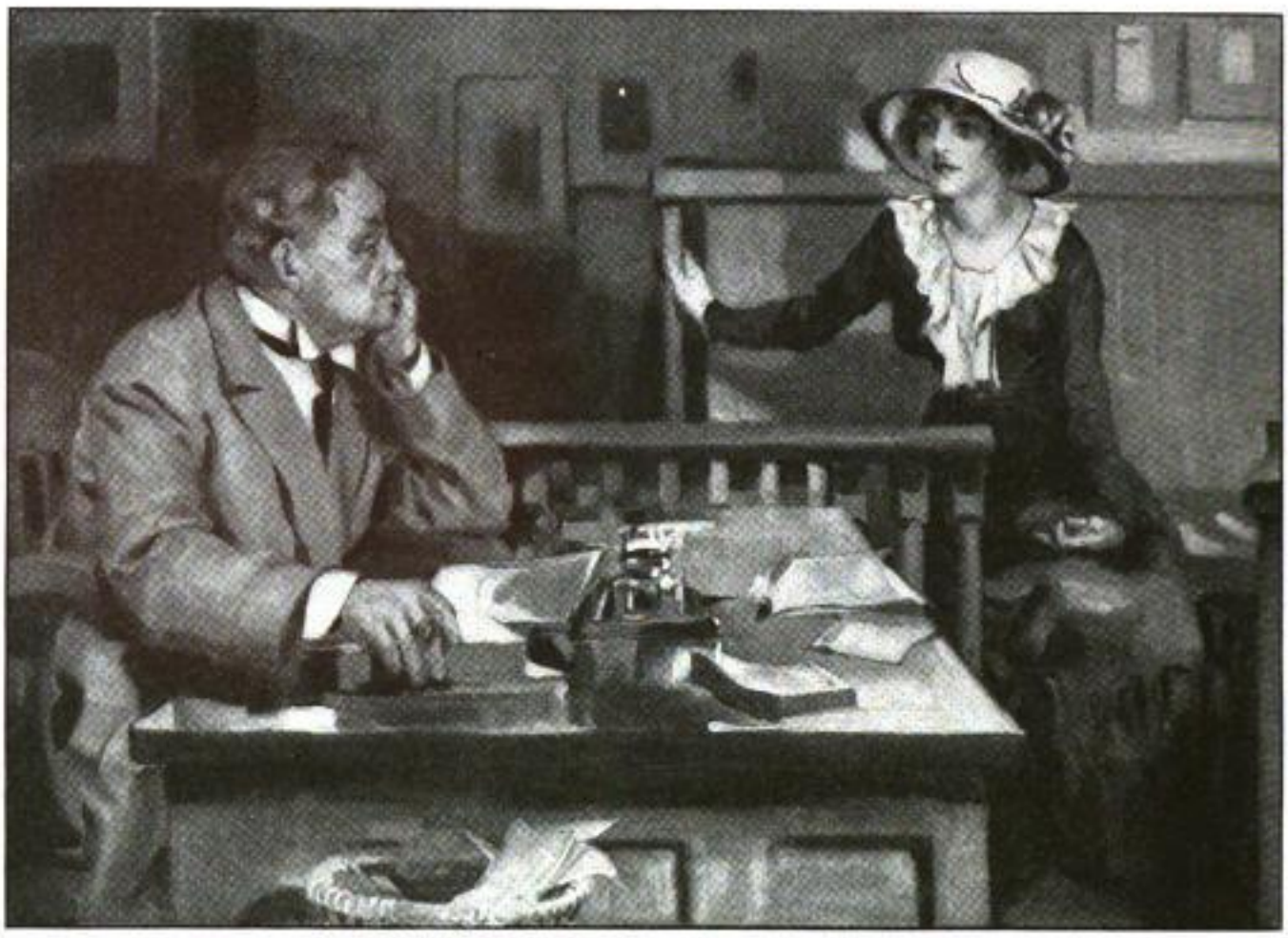
"I will wait," said Posey with the voice of Memphis, Tenn., noticeably compounded with steel trap, and quartered herself in her young moon way in a chair.

The busy oysterlike man glanced at her, shuffled papers, and yawned. Posey regarded him and waited. He did not seem to be doing much.

"Very well," thought Posey. "I'll stay here until he calls the police. I intend to begin my stage career to-day."

SHE studied the superscriptions in large handwriting on the neighboring photographs, and invented opening remarks to shake a heart of water. A man in a plaid hat who blinked constantly came in and said that, of course, you could make money off a declining market just as well as off a rising one, Kansas was going to raise 250,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and didn't Mr. Carper desire to acquire a few shares in a chance in a thousand? He was followed by a large girl with a Greek profile, black lynx furs, and ragged part book extricated with a jerk from her muff.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'll have to give this back to you," she said, throwing it down on the desk and



"All right," commented Mr. Carper, grinning at her. "You ain't the great emotional actress of the century, my dear, but you'll do — only take off your height every way there is"

tossing a terrifying display of claws and tails and carnivorous mouths over her shoulder.

The oysterlike man grew suddenly quite impassioned. He looked angry and anxious.

"But they depend on you, Miss Fortescue. I can't be placing you if you ain't going to stand by your word like this," he said, glaring.

"I'm awfully sorry," assented Miss Fortescue cheerful as a bonfire, "but it's 'The Green Lady.' You know yourself I couldn't lose the chance. Don't be a stiff one, Mr. Carper," advised the child of luck in black lynx, and took herself off without more words.

Posey looked at Mr. Carper. Mr. Carper looked dubiously at Posey.

"Why don't you give me that part?" she suggested, since he seemed to consider it her turn to move.

"Well, you probably couldn't do it," returned Mr. Carper, conversationally. "It's only one of the bits but it's got to have kick put in it. I don't consider that you'd ever do for a part that's got to have kick. Sweet and low, sweet and low, is your class—the rainbow and shadow effects. You understand I don't care who has it. It's all the same to me, Lord knows. There's no hard feeling, I hope. But that's my opinion, knowing the profession as I do, that you'd never get off with this part. What for a lady's maid are you built—now, I ask you—a foot taller than any star going? And all said, you ain't experienced—I know 'em when I see 'em—and beginners always let a man in wrong with a stage director if he gives way to his finer feelings and takes 'em."

He seemed to hang tremulous as a tear. Posey tried with all the experience of her arduous year, four months, and eighteen days, not to let her grow supplicating.

"That girl was tall. Just let me read it," she [illegible]

There were eight lines. Posey reconnoitered for a moment and then declaimed them with fervor of Troilus on the Trojan walls.

"All right," commented Mr. Carper, grinning [illegible] so that three long gray folds ran down his [illegible] "You ain't the great emotional actress of the [illegible] tury, my dear, but you'll do—only take off your [illegible] every way there is," and he wrote her out an [illegible] cation to enter Paradise under Carper and [illegible] patronage.

Experience! It was a four months' tour in [illegible] Every night for four months Posey said [illegible] "Madame, monsieur le baron ees come," and made exit with a curtsy and flirt of skirts. Once she [illegible] with another curtsy and flirt of skirts: "Eh[illegible] sieur, he ees so small, so quick ovair, ze little—[illegible] you say—kees—one!—he is—nossing!" And in [illegible] great scene she said: "Alas! madame, catastrophe [illegible] ze greatest — [illegible] le baron ees kee[illegible] self!" and she had [illegible] an elaborate piece [illegible] business throwing [illegible] windows and fa[illegible] the star with one [illegible] those entrancing [illegible] flounced aprons s[illegible] cacious in revivi[illegible] fainting actress [illegible] "Kick!" she said [illegible] herself the last [illegible] every night, [illegible] thought it in the m[illegible] ing before her brain [illegible] fairly fronted the [illegible] of day.

The company was [illegible] merry crew. In one [illegible] where the rear [illegible] of the hotel looked [illegible] over a wild little [illegible] the girls who [illegible] them used to fish [illegible] the windows after [illegible] came home from [illegible] theatre at night. [illegible] one night Posey [illegible] shrieks of incredu[illegible] pulled up a [illegible] trout. They tried [illegible] keep it in the [illegible] pitcher to show [illegible] heavy tragedy man [illegible] went in for stories [illegible] the fishing way. [illegible] somehow it "caught [illegible] had cold in the night and—wasn't it too bad [illegible] died." Posey appeared very commiserating.

On this tour Posey had, too, her first experience of the ultimate adventure. The manager asked her to marry him. I suppose Posey was one to set middle-aged masculine imagination brooding that man ought to have a home—I'm just out of the street—life not coming to anything—bachelors ought to be taxed." The manager in hand was a man who understood business. He saw that she was ambitious. If she would marry him—thus he pressed his suit—he would give her all the things she wanted.

"I'm going to have them anyway," replied Miss Cotton placidly, and negotiations were closed.

"He wasn't so very nice," she explained the discrimination at a time when one is in no position to be "choicey."

Mrs. Cotton was so glad to have Posey back at the end of the tour that she thought she had never been so glad of anything. She would have gone literally to sleep on the girl's doormat. Milly had had nothing. Posey returned to famous illustrated and moving pictures for the month still remaining of the season. The summer wore on stagnant. Autumn brought a fresh wind to lift their waiting sails. A lady with whom they had made friends in the [illegible] arranged a little dinner party at the Knickerbocker at which they were to meet her friend, Miss Trottie Fairfax, who might help them. If it had not been for the Riverside Drive apartment and the family hotel in the Seventies, they would never, as Mrs. Cotton pointed out, have known either Dietrich Von Cuyl or Miss Trottie Fairfax.

THE girls had never been much to the cafés. Mrs. Cotton did not want them seen there, she said, until they could be seen with the right people. Miss Trottie, if not precisely one of those for whom this expression was originally coined, came well within it for Mrs. Cotton's purposes. She proved to be an amiable young person in a Liberty frock of such soft mull as one thinks of for the infants of the royal family, and a pink tulle hat with a cream-colored ostrich. She was booked to star in "The Gunpowder Girl" the following winter. Posey and Milly drank in every gesture and observed * (Concluded on page [illegible])

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Inspiration Heights

By Elizabeth Gaines Wilcoxson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HOTTINGER

A LETTER from a rich uncle is supposed to be a gratfying occurrence, especially when such letters generally contain a remittance. The fact that his rich uncle's letters came in the smallest and cheapest possible of envelopes, addressed in a cramped scrawl and soiled with finger prints, was not all that modified Brandt's gratification when he received one. Brandt simply had the tendency, not uncommon among nephews of rich uncles, to think that the remittances should be more frequent, larger, and accompanied by fewer remonstrances and less advice.

The avuncular letter that finally upset his calculations and altered his course for life read like this:

YAKIMA, WASH., Jan. 8, 1909.

DEAR NEPHY. *i inclose hearwith a hundred dollars. its the last bean your pointer get till you arn same. you have been out of school five year now and haint done a blame thing but mess up with dobbins of paint. i aint saying a word aginst that there pichter of a wheat field you sent to your aunt ellen for her Birthday tho same cost me over (4) four dollars at the express office and your aunt bought a (15) fifteen dollar frame to go around it and also it cost me (9) nine dollars to git the pichter molding on to hang it up on to because sam got the wall plaster all so tore up it had to be plastered half way around all over again. i allow howsumever it is now time for you to git in and fish or cut bait. i want you should pack up your duds and hike out here where real folks is. them friends of yourn back there is just a set of fluzics. i will make you an offer as follers, to whiz. you can take that there hundred and go to scratch or you can pack your duds as hereinbefore stated and hit the trail for this ranch and work here ontill you git enough ahead to make a first payment when i will sell you as rich a forty as is in all Yakima country on easy payments with interest. you will get regler wages and board same as the rest of the hands and not a bean more with the lone of eny of the drivin hosses to take a girl out driving with on sunday. there is one owns the ranch joined onto mine and if you have got any sense at all you will set to and marry her. sense runs in the Ashe fambly, but by ham, brandt, i sometimes think it run out before it got to you. she is a long legged rangy critter about seventeen hands high and has the finest apple land in the state. her eyes sorter toe in but shes highly egicated and if you have eny sense you will marry her. let me hear what you are going to do about this because i have got to figger on hands for the summer. you probably wont amount to much till you git seasoned but youll take up some room.*

your affectionate uncle Peter. your aunt Ellen sends her love. dont forget it is the last bean. real wheat is (80) eighty cents a bushel. have you ever arnt eny on what you painted? do some thinkin, brandt.

Accordingly Brandt did some thinking, as Uncle eter suggested. Fanny Kent helped him think. He as engaged to Fanny. Fanny operated an adding achine in a gas-fixture business. She worked till x o'clock in the evening, so Brandt had all day for inking before he saw her. He simply gave her ncle Peter's letter to read. Fanny was a practical erson who had abandoned a career and the masterece after a short, hard struggle, but she had always emed in accord with Brandt's ambitions; at any te, she had never voiced any sentiments to the conary. But now she looked at him rather wearily d asked:

"Well, have you made up your mind?"

She was a white-faced, slight little thing, pretty d serious eyed, and with a particularly lovely outh. But tired lines were beginning to drag at r face. Adding machines operated forty-eight hours week contribute such lines.

BRANDT looked at her reproachfully, and Fanny answered the look.

"Well, Brandt, you can't go on like this forer. Why not go out there and get a home started. u can keep on painting there if you wish, when ere's nothing else to do."

"Fanny! How preposterous! I didn't suppose you d it in you to say anything so silly."

"I do not see how it is preposterous," combated Fanny. "I think your uncle is right. You are twenty-six, Brandt, and I'm half a year older."

With that for a start, a long argument followed, and when it was finished, Brandt was white with anger and Fanny's green eyes were greener than usual. That night Brandt wrote to Uncle Peter and declined the ranch job, but in such a tenderly respectful way that it almost—but not quite—touched Uncle Peter for another hundred. But Uncle Peter's reply still bored firmly to the point:

I want you should remember nefy if you change your mind there's forty dollars a month and board in it for you but not airy bean more will i send you to loaf on not even if i know you are travelin on Shanks mare.

Two weeks later Fanny married William Brown, an energetic young man well connected with the gas-fixture business. He was not rich and, in the absence of any sentiment in the matter, Fanny would have preferred the thin-haired, thick-figured, rich lord of the works who rolled up in a wadded limousine; but as that gentleman did not even offer her the place in his life that middle-aged rich gentlemen in his circumstances sometimes offer to poor young women in hers, she married William and they immediately went to housekeeping with everything of good quality and fully paid for, and she has no further part in this story.

BEING engaged to Fanny was a five-year habit with Brandt, and he felt horribly bereaved without her. He decided to go West after all. But in the meantime so much of the hundred dollars had been spent that he had not enough left to buy a ticket as far as eastern Washington. While he passed another month trying to dispose of his collection of pictures for anything like his estimate of their value, the balance of the hundred went. It was at this juncture that he received a letter from Enoch Boggs of Seattle, accompanied by a quantity of beautifully illustrated literature concerning and descriptive of a certain addition to the City of Seattle that Boggs had platted and put on the market. He and Boggs had been schoolfellows in the Middle East, and since Boggs went West, Brandt had occasionally received letters from him—letters that breathed a fire of energy, aspiration, courage, and success. Boggs was considerably older than Brandt, and at school they had had little in common; but now in his present straits, Brandt thought of him as a possible port, and wrote frankly, asking his advice.



"Go slow, old girl," she communicated to her reflection in the mirror. "Go slow. There's some sort of a Dolly person waiting where he came from"

"There's all the chance in the world here for everybody," acclaimed Boggs with Boggsy enthusiasm. "It's just up to you, old man. We've got a proposition right in our ten by twelve office that ought to clean us up half a million in a year if handled right. Clean, straight, hot-cake, sure-thing business and no graft. We can use a dozen live wires. If you're on, come ahead."

BRANDT wrote asking for a little more definite information as to just what he would be "on" to when he should arrive, and was not wholly convinced that Fortune had opened her widest door to him when he learned that he was to sell lots in a new city addition. Boggs could strain large effects out of nothing. But the day he received Boggs's last letter, he was feeling particularly blue, desperately futile, dejectedly beaten. That night he sat reading the illustrated prospectus of Boggs's new city addition, called "Inspiration Heights," pictured on a high table-land, bounded by lakes and mountains and Puget Sound. Beautiful bungalows were photographed on beautiful streets. A particularly picturesque hotel stood on a smooth flower-decorated lawn. The line under the picture read: "We expect to have this ready for occupancy by midsummer. It will be leased by a prominent Seattle hotel man." Another paragraph confidently announced: "We expect to have the addition under sidewalk in a very short time. The streets will be illuminated with three-cluster lights placed in the trees along the sidewalk."

Brandt drowsed to sleep and dreamed that he was there selling lots, and as fast as he sold a lot he took a spade and removed it and Enoch put another in its place, working very rapidly and urging Brandt on with an earnestly chanted refrain: "Boy, boy, be a wire, be a wire, be a wire—a live, live, live—" chanted Boggs.

The next morning Brandt arose, sold all he had, including his watch, and raised just $200. He bought a ticket for Seattle.

When he arrived, it was raining. All the world splashed around under umbrellas. Brandt dived into a hotel conveyance. He dived from that into a hotel. It was a very middling sort of hotel, and the office floor was covered with linoleum upon which wept the umbrellas of many wet persons. Brandt hated rain. He hated wet persons. He had traveled in a state of depression; he was still obsessed by it, and the rain and wet people filled him with horrors.

"No, I will not take a room, at least not till later. I wish to look up some friends first. Where's your dining room?"

"Next door. Right out front," answered the clerk briskly. Brandt looked wretched. To go out front was to get rained on. He had no umbrella. But he tried it, ducking from door to door with his shoulders drawn up. After eating, he ducked back again, and sent out for an umbrella. While waiting for it, he stared gloomily out the window at the people splashing past. A fat man drifted in and took a chair near Brandt. He took off his hat and gave it a shake. Brandt edged away from him.

"Wet day," said the man conversationally. Brandt grunted.

"But it was a fine day last Tuesday," added the man cheerfully.

"Is a 'fine day' so rare here that you talk of it for a week afterward?" asked Brandt. The man placidly dug up a pipe and filled it. Strangers who took unkindly to the climate did not excite him.

"Oh, so, so!" he observed mildly. "This is our rainy season, you see."

THE umbrella came and Brandt fared forth to find Boggs. He found the little office open but uninhabited, and it was almost as small as Boggs had said. A cheap pine desk, a typewriter table, and three chairs furnished it. Several city maps hung on the wall, and a blue print of "Inspiration Heights." As he stood vaguely undecided, a girl came in, bringing a dampish, rubbery atmosphere with her. She unfastened a raincoat as she entered, got out of it with a jerk, and hooked it to a wall rack in the corner, at the same time speaking to Brandt.

"Looking for Mr. Boggs or one of the salesmen?"

She had an air of breezy, impersonal familiarity. She twitched off a red-knitted cap and attached it to the hook above the coat, and ran her fingers through a

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crinkly mass of drab hair, making it stand out in amazing proportions.

"Yes, I wish to see Mr. Boggs," answered Brandt, and even to himself his voice sounded mournful. The truth was that the day was so dismal, the prospect looked so gloomy, and his spirits were so low that he just wanted to sit down and cry. The large girl gave her rough, short, brown skirt a shake, and straddled across the room to squeeze into the small space between the typewriter table and the window.

"He's gone out to Inspiration Heights. He took out some parties to show 'em lots. If it's about lots you want to know, I can show you what we have on the blue print and tell you the prices."

"Thank you, I don't care about the lots. If you will tell me what car to take—"

The girl laughed.

"Sure. It's the new Interurban. It's about a hour's ride, you know, and a mile walk west of the station. But, say, you wouldn't more than get there before— Oh, hello, there!"

SHE suddenly broke off and addressed this last over Brandt's shoulder to a soot-grimed man who had come in and stood dripping at Brandt's heels. Brandt moved sideways with a feeling of strong repulsion. The girl unwedged herself and strode forward.

"Say, Mr. Boggs has just gone out there. He left a check for you; he thought probably you would come into town, it was so rainy. What's doing?"

"We're comin' on pretty fair," replied the sooty one, folding the check into his purse. "I run out of dynamite this morning and thought I'd better take advantage of this cussed downpour to come in and git some more. We've done got Main Street all blowed, but it'll take forty pound more to blow out that there boulevard. Some of them stumps is stickers, lemme tell you. I ain't sure yet but it'd be cheaper to get a donkey engine and pull 'em than to use such a blasted lot o' powder blowin' 'em."

"Well, see here," cut in the young woman, "you fellows will have to get that clearing done and some sidewalk down right away. We've used up every bloomin' one of the old prospectuses, and our new ones can't be sent out until we actually get some sidewalk *down!* D'you get that? It's printed in black and white that sidewalks and lights *are* in. There's not a darn "We expect" on "Our proposed" to take off the curse. If we should send 'em out now, we'd go to jail for using the mail to defraud suckers."

"Well, b'golly," protested the man, "we're doin' the best we can. You must ricklect that that there addition was under big timber. I'm tellin' Enoch all the time that we need more help."

"MORE help!" echoed the girl crossly. "Do you think it's raining money in this office? If you don't hurry and get some planking down so we can send out the new folders and sell some more lots East, we'll all go to jail," she predicted darkly.

"This is Tom Eck," she said, turning to Brandt. "He's clearing the ground out at Inspiration Heights," she explained.

"Are you—you are not talking of the new *city* addition called Inspiration Heights, are you?" queried Brandt, looking at the man.

"Sure we are," said Eck. "What'd you think we was talking about—Pioneer Square?"

"Then it must be another part of the addition that I refer to," replied Brandt stiffly, resenting Eck's impertinence. "The place I mean is already built up with pavements and lights in. I think you do not get me."

"I think we've got you, all right, all right, if you've been takin' long shots off the prospectus," retorted Eck, guffawing gleefully. "Say—you look over that there promisin' folder again and see just exactly what it did say," he recommended jocularly.

"So long, Miss McGee. Tell Enoch I've ordered the dynamite. I'll rush things as fast as I can. You better explain to this gentleman how to read that there folder." And with another guffaw of unmalicious mirth the sooty one went out.

Georgia McGee turned quick, inquiring eyes on Brandt, and favored him with a tentative, propitiatory smile.

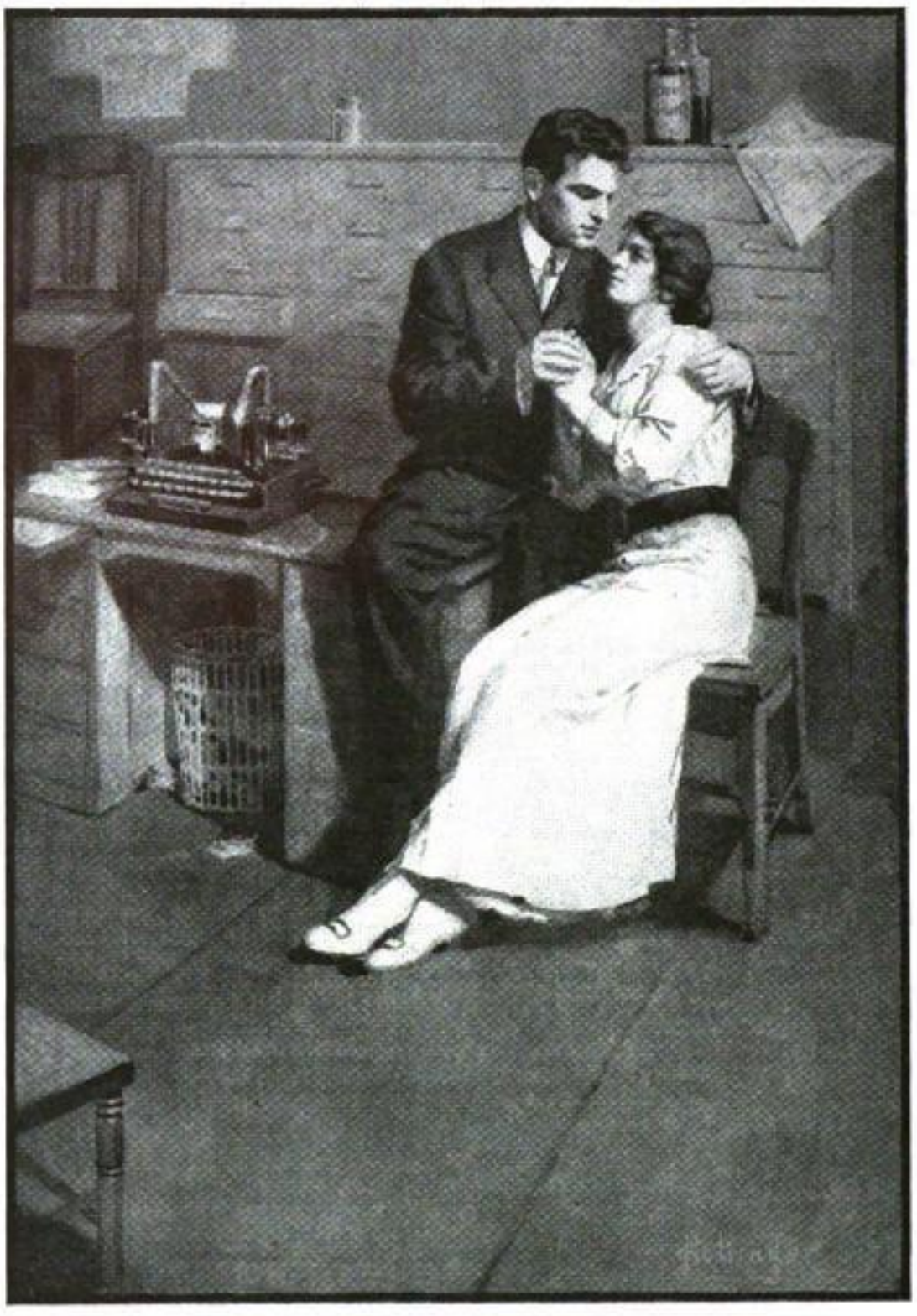
"Are you one of our purchasers?" she asked.

"No. I am Brandt Ashe. I—"

A wave of immense relief swept over her.

"Oh, sure!" she interrupted heartily. "I know; I wrote the letters to you, and read yours. Sit down, won't you? Mr. Boggs will be in some time this afternoon. Have you just got to Seattle? No wonder you were rattled about the addition." She dexterously swung a chair in Brandt's direction and he sat down.

IT must be noted here that Georgia McGee was a tall, plain girl, awkward and ungainly; her legs were long, her arms were long, her face was long and plain enough to be called homely, though no particular feature was namably out of joint. It was relieved from downright ugliness by her solidly packed white teeth and her eyes, so dark gray that in an uncertain light they looked black. They were really beautiful



Within the half hour following the two of them reached a very complete and detailed understanding, even to the date of the wedding day

eyes, and had a fine, friendly, self-unconscious direct way of looking at one. They sparkled luminously when she became intensely interested; they changed expression with every change of thought; but always they were self-unconscious. And Miss McGee herself had a wonderfully self-unconscious, friendly, and marvelously competent air. She was not busy, she said, and Brandt remained till Boggs came in. No one could have been more surprised than Brandt to discover that four hours had elapsed, that he had occupied an entire afternoon telling a stranger all about himself.

BUT even in reflecting upon it afterward, he saw that it seemed a perfectly natural thing. She was such a competent, substantial, sympathetic person, so likable; almost alarmingly capable; his wavering spirits went literally to roost upon her sustaining and dependable shoulders. If Brandt had been a woman he would have been of the clinging-vine variety. If Georgia McGee had been a man, she would have been the kind upon whom vines cling. He hadn't known it, but little Fanny's positive nature had served, more than any real love between them, to hold him five years. Georgia McGee revealed herself at once as a veritable bulwark to lean on.

But he could not look at her without thinking of the ridiculous phrasing in Uncle Peter's letter describing the neighboring ranchwoman. "She's a long legged rangy critter about seventeen hands high . . . her eyes sorter toe in—" To make the application more complete there actually was a singular cast in Georgia's big, luminous black-gray eyes. It could not be called "toeing in" exactly; but there was an uncertain focus, when she glanced from some angles. It was not always noticeable, but Brandt thought it had an oddly attractive effect, like a faint lisp in the speech of a woman with a charming voice. Whenever a sudden glance brought it out, it always made him want to see her do it again. He grew vexed with himself because his uncle's silly description stuck in his head. Undoubtedly there was an unusual length of limb to her; Brandt himself was five feet ten and, standing, their noses were nearly on the level; but then a tall woman always seems taller than a man of the same height, particularly if she is ungraceful. Still Brandt thought she must be full "seventeen hands."

By night Georgia McGee was in love with Brandt Ashe, and knew it. But, "Go slow, old girl," she communicated to her reflection in the mirror on going to bed. "Go slow. There's some sort of a Dolly personwaiting in the background where he came from. There always is for good-looking men like him. And you bet she doesn't look like *you*, either." After which she looked in the glass very hard for a minute and then did a dreadful thing. She deliberately brought her eyes crossed to a focus on the tip of her nose, and stuck out her tongue at herself. Then she switched off the light and sprang into bed with a thud.

IN talking with Brandt the day of his arrival, Georgia had ascertained to a dollar how much money he had, and how little experience in earning any. She had had doubts as to the success he would have selling real estate, but she said to herself:

"Well, I won't throw a scare into him right now, anyway. He already looks enough like a forlorn orphan away from its mamma for the first time. Georgia, I see your finish." And she sighed deeply.

It turned out quite as badly as she had anticipated. There was no use talking, he was not cut out for a real-estate salesman, so he told himself, and told Georgia, too. In her heart Georgia agreed with him, but she cheered him on and kept on cheering even when things looked darkest. After two months, he had made the sum of $15 in commissions. Furthermore, he was dead broke without a pawnable asset. It was at this ebb that Georgia said to him, her eyes glowing with the earnestness of her interest:

"Gee whiz, Brandt! I don't know why I didn't think of it before! I'm a muddlehead not to have. And don't let Boggs know I put you on, he'd think I ought to have turned it into the office direct. But I've got a friend just across the street—a lawyer named Jim Tarbell, he is—and he's all the time picking up sales of real estate for different clients. I'm going to see him right this day and put him next to you, and all sales from him the commissions would be yours—see?"

Brandt appreciated this. He was so discouraged that even this grain of hope helped. And it transpired exactly as Georgia had thought it might. Even before night he had $50 commission to his credit, for it appeared that Tarbell had already made up his mind to purchase certain of the lots at Inspiration Heights as an investment for himself, and closed the deal the very day through Brandt. Furthermore, Tarbell proved such a valuable asset that inside of two months Brandt was $300 to the good, and the month following that the Tarbell business netted him $700 in commissions. Enoch then offered him a partnership on a cash basis with other considerations binding on future business. Brandt felt a little cheap. He knew Boggs did not, that he, Brandt, could have gone on as he languished in the county almshouse and his efforts brought him nothing, had it not been that Tarbell, besides buying half a dozen choice lots at Inspiration Heights, had simply come to him at various times and told him of certain pieces of real estate he wished to sell, sent Brandt to negotiate for them. (Continued on p

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE important fundamental aspect of Washington politics, more vital in its bearing on the political future of the country and on the fortunes of parties and politicians than either the tariff or currency bill, is President Wilson's ascendancy over Congress. Many Republican Senators, especially Senator Cummins, have been very much disturbed about this. Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania has talked hysterically about

> Legislation by Executive intimidation and coercion, and the personal visits of the President to the lobbies of this chamber in order to whip Democrats into line for free sugar, free wool, and other schedules that they know will be destructive to the people of their States.

Another Republican Senator, William Bradley of Kentucky, said:

> The present bill is the creature of the President, who refused to allow Congress to adjourn. When he cracks his whip every pony, gayly caparisoned, prances into the ring. When he fiddles, the Democratic Congress dances, and when he ceases they all take on a funereal look and anxiously await more music.

These, of course, are partisan expressions. A nonpartisan newspaper, the Washington "Times," which is on the whole rather friendly to the Wilson Administration, describes the situation:

> *The big political question right now, the question that is discussed wherever politicians meet, is how long the President can maintain his remarkable ascendancy over Congress. That ascendancy is the big, striking fact about the present situation on Capitol Hill. Nothing like it has been known. . . .* Can President Wilson continue his grip of the situation for four years? If he does, he will make a record of Executive control quite unprecedented, and he will relegate the Congress of the United States to a position so unimportant as to deprive it of about all its dignity. The presumption of three coeval and coordinate divisions of this Government is fast becoming a grim jest. . . . So it comes about that the strong Executive gets applause, without ever a thought of the degradation that comes, by that same token, to the great legislative branch of the Government.

All this is great foolishness. Domination such as President Wilson admittedly has over Congress is all a matter of prestige. There is nothing fixed or crystallized about it which cannot change overnight. It is a matter of atmosphere, and, being so volatile, is as certain to change. Indeed, as every experienced politician knows, the most certain thing about it is that some day it will end. President Wilson has the whip hand over Congress just now merely because he is trying to do some things that a great majority of the people want done. Let him get on the unpopular side of an issue, with Congress on the popular side, and we shall immediately hear talk of the exaltation of the Congressional branch of the Government. Wilson is able to compel Congress to reduce the tariff because the people want tariff reduction. He is able to compel Congress to stay in Washington much against its will to pass a currency bill because the people want a currency bill passed. He is able to sustain his Mexican policy because it is the policy which the people like. When the regular session of Congress begins next December a field of legislation will be taken up in which public opinion is much less crystallized, is much more evenly divided. The number of people who believe that Wilson is right on the issue of enforced competition *vs.* regulation is probably about equal to the number who believe he is wrong. When Congress takes up this epoch-making subject next December, the legislation that will finally come to the surface will represent much more the aggregate opinion of individuals in the House and Senate rather than the opinion of the President. Meantime the ascendancy which the confidence of the people gives to President Wilson has given us a more useful and efficient session of Congress than we have had for several years before.

The Republicans Give Up

SENATOR PENROSE in his long speech, delivered August 25, more or less formally gave up the ghost:

> I will say candidly, Mr. President, that it has not been my intention to offer any amendment, with perhaps a few exceptions, to the pending bill. I take it, although I am not authorized to speak for any Republican Senator but myself, that such is the general sentiment on this side of the Chamber. I fully realize that no amendment offered by me or by my party associates has any chance of passage at this session of Congress.

That the Democrats, with a majority which continually fluctuated between three and nothing, should be able to hold the individual Senators in line, is due to what is called the dominance of President Wilson. That the same party in the same situation twenty years ago was not successful, and was destroyed because it was not successful, was due to the lack of dominance of President Cleveland.

Coming

NO ONE can observe the patience and thoroughness with which the Senate has debated every schedule of the tariff, and each minute subdivision, without wishing that the Congressional Record were available to more readers. Another clear fact is that much of this minute discussion of small fields of commerce ought not to take up the time of ninety-six Senators, but should be delegated to a small board of experts. Some fundamental changes in the form of the national Government, to promote greater efficiency, are sure to come soon. It is just because Congress has more to do, because an increasing number of affairs are coming within the domain of Federal legislation, that Congress has been in session for five summers in succession. It is probably fair to say that four-fifths of the aggregate time of these sessions has been wasted, because of the unwieldiness of the form of government. All this summer, while the Senate has been debating the tariff bill, the House has had no important work that could be done at this time.

Mexico

SENATOR JOHN W. KERN of Indiana incorporated in the Congressional Record some extracts from a speech made to the Republican Editorial Association of Indiana by ex-Vice President Fairbanks:

> I have no doubt that the disturbances in Mexico during the last few years have been due in a greater or less degree to an effort on the part of ambitious, cunning men to force intervention and possibly annexation to the United States. The exploiters of public utilities and of the mineral and agricultural resources of our neighbor have undoubtedly thought that they would gain much if they could force intervention by the United States. There are soldiers of fortune in Mexico who would undoubtedly welcome such a contingency. . . .
>
> If our speculators in Mexico suffer pecuniary loss as the result of recurring revolutions, that is a matter for future consideration, when stable government and peace are fully established in that country. It is not warrant for shedding the blood of Americans. To sacrifice the life of one soldier for all of the dollars investors or speculators have ventured in Mexico would be the supremest criminal folly.

Nearly all that need be said on the side of wisdom in respect to the Mexican situation is embodied in these words of Mr. Fairbanks. The Americans who have property in Mexico acquired it because they hoped for big gains. Just because Mexico is a less stable country than the United States, money invested there can usually make larger speculative profits. It was for these profits that the speculators in lands, mines, and public utilities went in. If they had been content with ordinary profits they could have invested their money at home under a stable government. They took a long chance to make big profits. Now that the chance has gone against them they are not game. They want the United States Government to help them out.

One Senator

SENATOR ALBERT B. FALL of New Mexico is the war eagle of Congress. A newspaper in his home State, the Albuquerque "Journal," says of him:

> Senator Fall doesn't want peace in Mexico. He was against Diaz and for Madero until Madero won; he was against Madero and for Orozco until Madero was overthrown and killed; he is against Huerta and for Carranza now. Senator Fall is for rebellion in Mexico. Why?

The Nashville "Democrat" is probably correct when it answers this interrogation by pointing out that the Senator's Mexican mines would be worth ten times as much under an American protectorate.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington which will give the record of any member of Congress on important roll calls, or supply information concerning Congress and the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Washington Bureau

Munsey Building, Washington, D.C.

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A Marathon for Modern Spartans

MOST advertisements are paid for with money, but this—for the city of Bellingham, Wash.—is bought by six American athletes with Spartan efforts, bruises, and thrills. To advertise the city, an annual Marathon is run from Bellingham to the summit of Mount Baker and back. The course is 100 miles and mounts from sea level to an altitude of 10,827 feet. The part of it that lies between the city and the base of the mountain may be covered by train or by motor, but 34 miles must be traversed on foot. Our photographs show the two ends of the course: the upper one is a glimpse of the summit of the mountain; the lower shows the winner of this year's race, Paul Westerlund of San Francisco, as he sprinted to the finish line in Bellingham. He covered 44 miles by train, 22 by motor car, and 34 on foot—100 miles in 9 hours 33 4-5 minutes. His cotton track suit was splashed with mud on a country road, then drenched with rain; and, finally, as he neared the mountain's summit, he made his way through a blizzard and at times plunged waist deep into light snow. Two of his rivals fell into crevasses, one to lie helpless at the bottom for five hours.

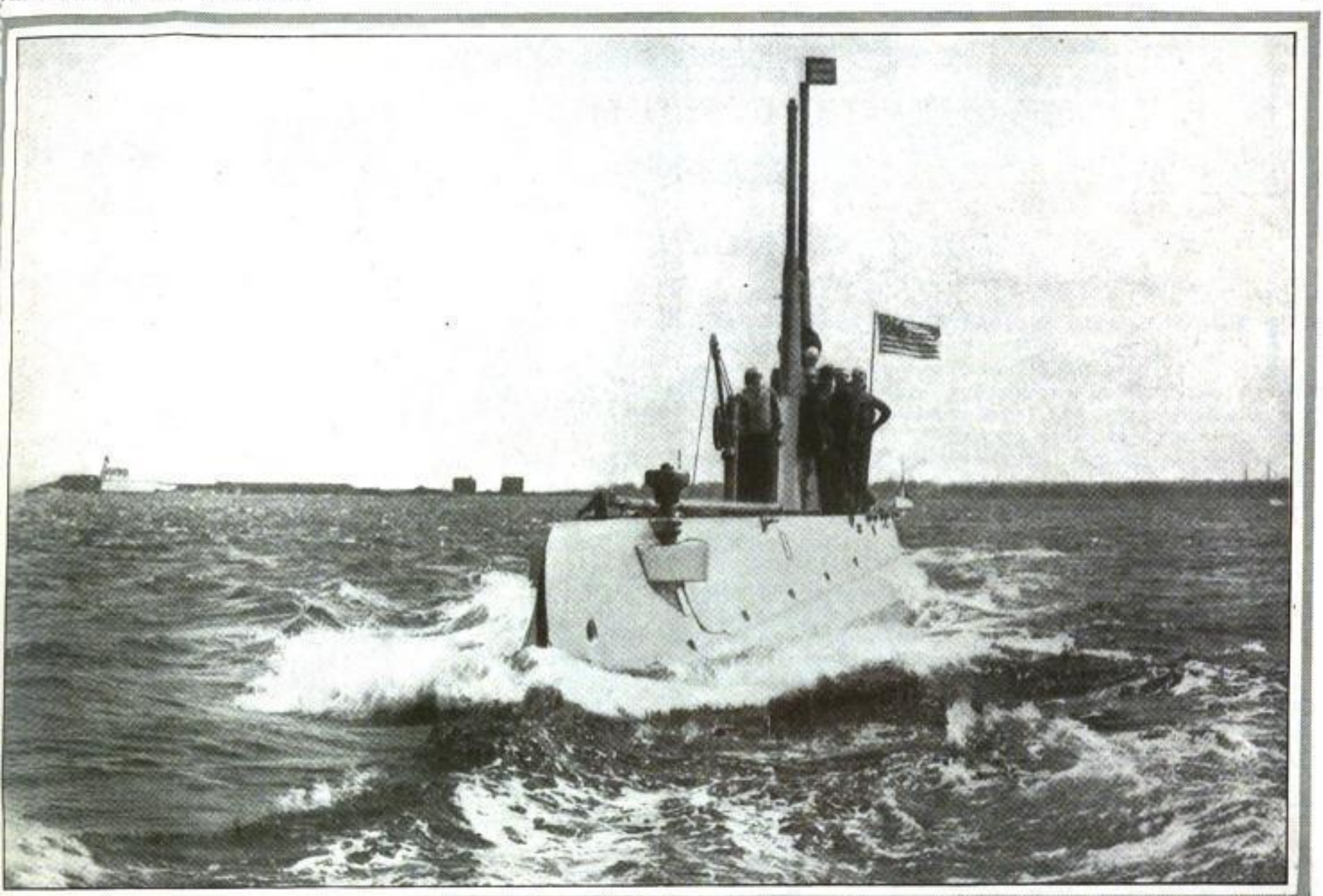


Dervishes Win a Desperate Battle

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT'S gallantly proved declaration that Englishmen "can meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past," was demonstrated again last month in Somaliland when a horde of more than a thousand dervishes, armed with rifles, attacked a company of the Somaliland Camel Corps. They killed R. C. Corfield, the commander of the British troop, and slaughtered or seriously wounded fifty of his men. A piece of desperate gallantry saved the others from death when G. F. Archer, a young district commissioner of the British Protectorate, went to the rescue of the troop with twenty Indian soldiers and a few friendly natives.



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...ting Rays of the Navy

WHILE the modern submarine has never fired a torpedo in war, it has changed the tactics of the sea. A blockade such as that at ...tiago is no longer possible. In peace maneuvers the little fel...s always have "got" the big dreadnoughts. While cruising sub...rged, the two periscopes are the submarine's eyes. They show the accompanying photograph (of the *D-1*) as two masts stick... out of the conning tower. In the summer these vessels are ... as a furnace; in winter like an ice box. In times of peace ...ir crews live on board the "mother ship," except, of course, dur... evolutions. Submarine service carries extra pay for the en...ed men, and a bonus for underwater work. Abroad there have ...n numerous submarine accidents with great loss of life, but ... American service has so far been free from serious disasters.





Surfless Surf Riding

THE geography of Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, makes this popular English watering place give more than the average amount of attention to ferries, for the Medina, with a width of a third of a mile, divides the city into an east town and a west town. Large boats and small, steam and gasoline and hand-power craft, and a floating bridge are kept in service. Yet it was proved this summer that the most exciting and novel ferry of all is a plank towed by a launch. Cowes has discovered in this method of transportation a new sport—surfless surf riding. A bathing suit is essential to complete enjoyment, for the chances of falling off the plank or staying on it are usually about equal.

Simplified Diving

A PARISIAN inventor has been exploring the floors of French rivers without wearing a heavy diving helmet or leaden shoes. The apparatus he uses (shown in the snapshot above) weighs only 14 pounds. To a belt buckled around the diver's head is attached a tube that fits between the teeth like the perforated mouthpiece of the rubber "nose guards" worn by American football players. At the other end of the tube is an air reservoir and a hand pump, such as is used to inflate a motor-car tire. The diver breathes through his mouth. The air reservoir keeps the air flowing steadily at an even pressure. Two flat tubes, more comfortable than a clothespin, but serving a clothespin's function, pinch the nostrils shut.

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COLLIER'S

Editorial Comment

Superliterature

THE UNUSUALLY HIGH LITERARY MERIT of President Wilson's message on Mexico must not be allowed to dazzle or blind us to the still more brilliant quality of his diplomacy. There is a notion abroad, particularly in virtuous England, that ours is a "dollar diplomacy"—which comes gracefully from a country whose foreign relations are based on anything but altruism. And right here at home we hear sarcastic sneers concerning "grape-juice diplomacy." Ad nauseam we are told that we have no trained diplomats, no diplomatic tradition, none of that skill that is implied in the journalist's phrase, "formal representations," none of that mechanical adroitness that characterizes, say, Señor Gamboa's note to "Mr. Confidential Agent" Lind. How closely, yet how imperfectly, Señor Gamboa must have perused the old models of Europe! We lack such diplomats as Señor Gamboa, yet, when crises arrive, always the miracle happens; and a Roosevelt can conduct peace negotiations between two belligerents with the skill of a Disraeli, and a Wilson staggers mere adroitness by simple, clear, cogent words that a Talleyrand would have laughed at. President Wilson's diplomacy actually surpasses his literary skill—which is praise indeed.

Omniscience

SOME FOLKS, including most editors, think that a newspaper should pretend to be omniscient. Not so the Kansas City "Star." A subscriber of theirs expresses disappointment "to find no editorial advice on the Mexican situation." The editor of the "Star" promptly confesses, "with proper humility," that he doesn't know what the Government ought to do, though

> maybe he will some day. But meanwhile he simply has to plug along, letting the Administration handle the situation as best it may.

That policy is not showy, but it happens to be honest. It is especially sensible, too, in dealing with a shifting issue, upon which new lights play as often as the sun rises and sets. Though editors in their conceit may sometimes imagine that this is a government by printer's ink, there is nothing to prevent the more modest of us from conceding that in matters of foreign policy it is well to allow the President just a *leetle* rope. On occasion it is the best plan for all of us who have delegated our sovereign authority to the Administration and the Congress to sit back, hold our peace, and read some such improving work as Carl Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico." The responsibility is largely President Wilson's, and thus far it has not proved too heavy for him. General Victoriano Huerta has made several mistakes, but none more grave than that of assuming this country to be made up of Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives in foreign as well as in domestic politics. The Senator from New York did not exaggerate when he remarked of Mr. Wilson's address to Congress:

> The impressive utterance of the President is the voice of the American people.

Few of us, of whatever party, are taken in by the shrill voices of a handful of self-interested Senators and yellow journalists.

Polecats of Politics

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE demand nothing of any public official until he shows a desire to serve them well and honestly. The rascal is seldom if ever bothered unless he steals with both hands or is caught with his head in the till. But the honest official is not only commanded to walk a chalk line from election until retirement, but it is also asked of him that he show a lily-white record straight back to the day of his birth. No one has a keener appreciation of this popular weakness than the boss. That is why he never bothers himself very much about the honesty, ability, or efficiency of the official, or troubles to attack the administration of the office. What he wants is to find out whether there ever was a "woman"—no matter how far back. Was he ever seen in a saloon? Can some girl be hired to sue for breach of promise or for the support of a child? Did he frequent race tracks? Can he be sued for a bill? Not one of these things directly affects an official's efficiency, to be sure, but that doesn't worry the people. If anything is unearthed they attack the poor devil with a peculiar ferocity that seems reserved for the men who try to serve them. When we began philosophizing we weren't thinking about New York State in particular, yet the attitude of the New York "World" in the Sulzer case is typical. Its attack upon him is a queer blend of Pharisaism and rage—the same blend that one always f... in the enthusiasm with which honest people turn on an h... official who has been "polecatted." By outdoing his enemies... attack, the "World" wants to show that *it* is clean and sweet—... *it* is possessed of that Roman virtue which refuses to protect ... own friends in wrongdoing. Also, the newspaper vents its r... against Sulzer for having ever led it to speak well of him, thereby putting it in a false position. Sulzer is none the better for ... but it happens that his accusers to-day are the men who "cleared" Stilwell and who yield servile obedience to a boss who dominates the worst political machine in America.

Dark Spots

A SECRETARY is one intrusted with secrets. That is the e... mological meaning of the word, and is still its meaning ... common speech. Even in our Federal Government the various ... retaries who make up the Cabinet are men intrusted with the secrets of the Government—so far as there are secrets. Edward J. Ward, Wisconsin's manager of social-center activities, calls attention in an address to the fact that the person who possesses the community's secrets is always, and necessarily, a man of power. If he knows the evil secrets of the people, he is a power for evil. Nothing has ever shown this more clearly than the impeachment of Governor Sulzer if we assume, for the sake of the argument, that Sulzer is guilty as charged. Tammany makes it its sinister business to know every fact, weakness, and sin of public men. So does every boss of the Tammany stripe—Cox of Cincinnati, Dennison of Omaha, *et hoc genus o...* They watch men's private lives, not for the purpose of helping them in the community, but to secure power over them, to have "something on him." Not only can they know what men are vulnerable, but they can promote to high and powerful place the men over whom their whip may be cracked successfully. If we could only know how public men in boss-ridden communities have benefited politically by their secret sins and crimes, we should see in a fierce and lurid light the mystery of many a public man's career. Why should Tammany lift to power a man who is personally clean when one with dark spots in his life can be just as well given preferment? The good man is free at any time to break with the gang, while the one with a seamy side to his story—a seamy side hidden from all but the argus eye of the Secretary of Evil—can never do so. He must serve the Secretary or Else. If Sulzer turns out to be guilty as charged, he will be punished as an example to all whose secret weaknesses and sins make them similarly vulnerable. And it is perfectly safe to assume that few in the inner circles of Murphydom are in position to ignore the warning.

Secret Strengths

AGAIN QUOTING WARD OF WISCONSIN, what it would do good to have in every community is a force of Secretaries of Goodness—men who will know the secret strengths, finenesses, and goodnesses of men, and put them at work for the community's good. Most people have their secret weaknesses and sins. Perhaps all men have their secret strengths, finenesses, and goodnesses, but they are quite as apt to be ashamed of the latter as the former. Ward insists that the social-center movement is the thing which will give every community an antithesis of Murphy and Cox—a hired man who will dig for goodness in the citizenship as the gang boss digs for evil. He will dig for these good things as for fine gold, and will see that they are made to function through neighborhood meetings for all sorts of good and pleasant purposes. Nothing which we can at this moment call to mind throws up into such vivid contrast the difference between men like Murphy and men like Ward. It is a difference like that of which Tennyson speaks when he says that men almost differ as heaven and earth, but women worst and best as heaven and hell. Tennyson seems not to have visualized such contrasts in men as this of which we speak.

Castro

THE TIME HAS COME when Cipriano Castro may properly be relegated to the past tense. He is no longer potent for mischief. With the collapse of his recent attempt to reestablish himself in Venezuela, the fiery little Andino ceases to be important or considerable as an element in international politics. So long as

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

was in control the little South American republic—in truth, a dictatorship—was a sort of diplomatic witch's stew. At one time or *another* he had embroiled his country with England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and the United States, while to the neighboring nations of South America he was a veritable firebrand. Personal avarice was the mainspring of his malign activities. He could not keep his hands off a dollar. Concessions, commercial rights, treaties, and agreements were naught to him where his greed was excited. What he wanted he simply reached out for and grabbed. Ignorant, untrained, without the restraint of tradition or any true sense of patriotism, he ruled solely through fear of the soldierly qualities which were his redeeming attribute. His political strategy was no more than a weasel-like ability to escape through small openings; his statesmanship a mere tricky knack of setting his enemies against one another. His elimination removes an irritant spot in the body politic of the nations.

That Personal Note

THE PERSONAL NOTE is struck in different ways by different individuals. The New York firm of Rogers Peet & Co. strike it in one of their advertisements in asserting that "not the least of our business assets are the 'men behind the counter.'" The advertisement is worth reading:

> For the most part, they've grown up with us and consequently "know the business" from A to Z.
>
> Mr. LEMUEL R. KNIFFIN, for some years in charge of the Livery and Auto Wear Department of our Thirteenth Street Store, is spending the summer at Newport.
>
> He is not there for his health or pleasure, but to help our Newport representative reorganize his business and put it on an up-to-date basis. You see we make merchants.

Whoever reads thus far in the advertisement reads to the end. He wants to learn more of the competent Mr. KNIFFIN and his summer plans; failing that, something of EDWARD J. TRACEY, described as "another good one," who meanwhile receives Mr. KNIFFIN's customers and sells them Norfolk suits, leggings, caps, goggles, rubber coats, and gauntlets with reinforced palms. The literary critics talk of the "personal note" in literature; let them go to the wise advertiser.

Caught

GARBLING is the pettiest form of literary chicanery. The sorry pirates who practice it generally escape detection through their obscurity; but occasionally one is caught in the act, as in the instance of the "News and Register-Tribune" of Roswell, N. Mex. In its zeal for the liquor interests, this newspaper quotes, giving credit, an editorial from COLLIER'S, which it heads, "LINCOLN no Prohibitionist," and which has just lately been used as campaign material by the saloon politicians of the State. The quotation is accurate except that it omits one brief but significant passage. From its mutilated form the reader might well derive the impression that COLLIER'S was exploiting LINCOLN as an out-and-out advocate of the whisky party. He could hardly have supposed this had the newspaper misquoter not carefully blue penciled the following sentences:

> ABRAHAM LINCOLN believed drink to be probably the greatest single curse upon the earth. How it should be decreased was a question of reason and experience. If he lived to-day our guess is that he would, like most wise men, approve of prohibition in certain neighborhoods, condemning it in others.

Such was our guess then; such it still is. And, for a further surmise, if the liquor advocates in New Mexico have so bad and weak a cause that they must serve themselves by such disreputable journalism as that of the "News and Register-Tribune," that State would, in our opinion, be one of the localities in which LINCOLN would be found in the Prohibition ranks.

A Foreign Missionary

TIRELESS SARAH BERNHARDT will essay this fall a comic rôle in a play by TRISTAN BERNARD. In the meantime the great actress is not averse to giving interviews. This is what she says of America:

> Thirty-eight years ago I found audiences there very attentive and full of respect for French literature, but far from familiar with it. I found that the majority followed my plays from printed books. Now almost no one bothers about books. Everybody seems to understand French and everybody knows the French authors. I am proud to have had a modest share in the expansion of French culture beyond the sea.

The impression is more flattering than just, though there is talk in New York of establishing a theatre and a company to act in French exclusively. It is true, too, that our audiences are better able to appreciate a French play than they were a generation ago, and Mme. BERNHARDT deserves some of the credit. Many the playgoer who has brushed up his French by reading in advance of the performance the piece he was to see her interpret; many the more proficient linguist who has attended her plays primarily to keep his ear attuned to the "golden voice" that has worn so surprisingly well and to the beauty of the French language which that voice has embellished. Our native speech and our drama have no such foreign missionaries. Perhaps FORBES-ROBERTSON, the newly knighted English actor, comes nearer than any other Briton to rivaling SARAH in the art of reading verse.

The Navy

WHAT with 12 per cent of the tars total abstainers, and 80 or 85 per cent moderate drinkers (the figures are those of Chaplain MACDONALD); what with that and many of the men learning how to swim (thanks to Assistant Secretary of the Navy F. D. ROOSEVELT), our navy seems to be smashing all the time-worn traditions. But it is rough weather for traditions these days anyway.

Woman's "New Freedom"

"FALSE AS A WIG." That is the way a correspondent of ours disposes of an account of "The Breakdown" that COLLIER'S published a few weeks ago. The letter is worth quoting:

> Have you any idea of moral conditions *as they are* in the average dull small town? Morals are personal. Eternal vigilance is the price of decency: keep boys and girls busy at something interesting. In a small town a lot of people sit round and stew in a slow, dirty, stupid mess of sexual corruption. Have you ever heard the talk in a small country bar or barber shop? In the city men have to meet and overcome their job every day, and the blood must circulate in brains and muscles. The animal incidents of life are not so grossly in evidence. Have you read ZOLA'S novel, "La Terre"?
>
> What you need chiefly to get hold of is the fact that there is a selective process going on in this world. Some go to the city to die (more or less slowly), but more go there to *live*. The girls of the city see the facts of prostitution more clearly than you writers; they know harlotry to be less a matter of champagne and fifty-dollar hats than one of helpless exposure to the beastly and brutal whims of the fellow who has the price. It means lingering death. Matrimony pays much better dividends. Working girls hang together in all ways: please notice the protective demeanor they use when on the street. If allowed free effect the sentiment of the girls will force the "tough ones" out of the average factory or office. Ask any man who is familiar with conditions in the telephone central offices of the large cities ten years ago and now.
>
> We are hindering sex oppression, and will make it increasingly difficult and dangerous, but we can never make empty sacks stand up. Women are, as your editorial on "The Breakdown" suggested, freer now to live their own lives and to make their own choices. They are less and less under tutelage and guardianship.

We thank our critic for pointing out the brighter side of this brand of the "New Freedom." He exaggerates his point, but is justified in urging that the towns and villages have no monopoly of virtue. The city's test consists in cruelly seeking out one's weaknesses—weaknesses that might have gone unsuspected and undeveloped at home, on farm or in village. The young man or young woman who has purpose and self-respect, and something beyond that—an idealism that has assumed many forms, but always makes for character—need not fear the city. It is the drifter who throws up her arms and goes down in mid-channel. But the drifters are many, and they do not always realize their own impotence.

Hospitality

OUR WAY OF LIVING has changed; the form of our home life and the manner of receiving our friends have changed; but through all the shifting phases of the human family, the essence of hospitality has remained the same—to break bread and to converse. There have been hundreds of innovations in the way of entertaining one's guests—monkey dinners, barnyard dances, vaudeville stunts, amateur plays, and games—always games both with and without stakes. But these are free shows, not hospitality. Hospitality is enjoying with others that which is our own; dividing with them the bread for the body, sharing with them the experiences and fancies of the mind. True hospitality is where one from the outside is welcomed into the home circle. He brings with him something of pleasure and thought and fellowship which he leaves in that home; he takes away with him a share of the cheer and warmth of the fireside. To sit down together and break bread—one's own bread—and then sit together before the fire—one's own fire—and tell of that which has happened on our pilgrimage, and speculate on what is yet to come; that, whether in an Indian's wigwam or a baron's castle, is the end and soul of hospitality.

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DANCERS *have played nearly as prominent a part as any other Russian artists in stimulating Europe's recent "craze for all things Russian." Perhaps it was in recognition of this service that the Czar paid Mme. Pavlowa the compliment this summer of ordering the sculptor Seraphin Soudbinine to London to model, for reproduction in porcelain, several of the poses of her dances*



IT IS DOUBTFUL *if any other nurse in modern times was so much a celebrity as Robert Louis Stevenson's "Cummy," who died a few weeks ago in Edinburgh in her ninety-second year. Stevenson dedicated his "Child's Garden of Verses" to her: "To Alison Cunningham, from her boy," and called her his "second mother." She survived him nineteen years*



FOR *fifteen years Edward S. Curtis has been the Gibbon of the North American Indians. His history of the original Americans, illustrated by his own camera, is now nearly half written. That is to say, he has completed nine books of a twenty-volume work. He has traveled the equivalent of twenty times around the globe in securing his materials. The undertaking was made possible by the financial backing of J. Pierpont Morgan*



TINY BROADWICK *is a miss of eighteen who makes a living "demonstrating" a patent aerial lifeboat. An aeroplane, sailing faster than the speediest of ocean liners, takes her up as a passenger to an altitude of 1,000 feet or more. Then she cuts the "lifeboat" from its davits and floats home under an inverted bowl of red, white, and blue silk*

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Roman Arenas Where Brutality Survives the Centuries

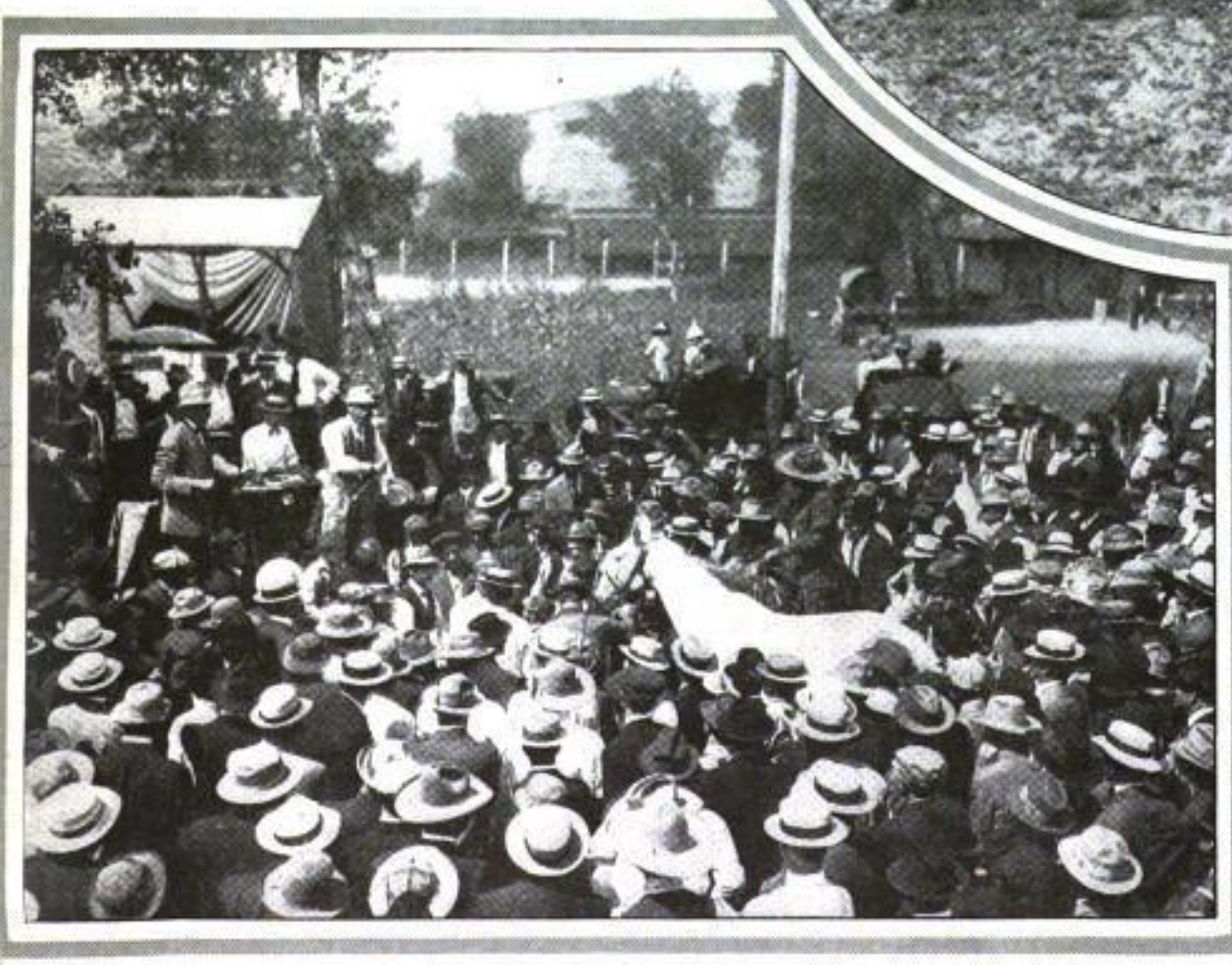
THROUGH eight or nine centuries the brutal has followed the brutal in the old Roman amphitheaters in Arles, France, and Segovia, Spain. Irwin Leslie Gordon, F. R. G. S., who contributes the photograph reproduced above, writes:

"Gone are the gladiatorial contests—the bullfight remains. The arenas where Christians once were martyred now resound to the mad applause of spectators who no longer turn down their thumbs but who yell for the death of the bull."

Some of the best known Spanish champions receive $1,000 for killing three bulls—an afternoon's work.

A different method of bullfighting, illustrated in the snapshot at the right, is still in vogue in Japan.

"It was perhaps suggested and begun," a Japanese correspondent writes, "by the Spanish tradesmen who visited our shores frequently in ancient times."



Auctioning Isham. Colonel C. J. Bills, the buyer, is the man on horseback

A Touch of Sentiment at the "Buffalo Bill" Auction

THE auction of "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show in Denver included one redeeming incident. When a hostler led out Isham, the white horse that Colonel Cody has ridden for nearly twenty-five years, the hubbub of talk among the bidders abruptly subsided. A sharp clicking of camera shutters was for a few moments the only sound.

The auctioneer waved a cane and explained to the crowd of circus men and stock buyers that Colonel Cody had not been able to save enough from the ruin of his fortunes to purchase even this horse, but that a friend, Colonel C. J. Bills, had hurried to the auction from Lincoln, Neb., to buy Isham and promptly give him back to the old owner.

Carlo Miles, an Indian, had not heard of the agreement and had come to the auction with the same purpose in mind. He began bidding against Colonel Bills, raising $5 or $10 at a time until the Colonel bid up to $150. Then tears began coursing down the Indian's cheeks, and he confided to a friend that he "couldn't go much further," but that "if the man who buys that white horse doesn't give it back to Colonel Cody, I'll steal the horse to-night and take it to him."

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The Keeper's Comedy



By F. J. Louriet

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON D. SKIDMORE

THERE were four men sitting around the stove in Nolan's saloon in the Prison City smoking when the door opened and a short, burly man in the uniform of a prison keeper stamped in and flung himself roughly into the first vacant chair.

"What's the matter, Doyle?" asked one of the men. "Anything wrong up above?"

"No, there's nuthin' wrong," grunted Doyle, "only I'm damn sick of that coal gang. They ship every tough loafer and hobo that comes into the pen on to my gang and expect me to break his spirit."

"You're equal to it, ain't you?" dryly returned the one who had asked the question.

"*I* don't pretend to do it," replied Doyle. "It's the coal that does the business."

"I can't see what there is so heartbreakin'," said the young fellow with the red necktie, "for gentry of that description in shovelin' a little coal."

"You've never been inside, up there, have you?" asked Doyle.

THE young fellow shook his head in emphatic negative.

"Well, I'll tell you what it's like," said Doyle slowly. "You see, these coal cars are shunted in every morning through the lower west gate and stand in a long line on the side track right under the south wall. I have to be up there at half past six in the morning, get my breakfast, and let my men out of their cells. They're a miserable lot of Polacks, Slavs, Hungarians, and every kind of blame Dago. There ain't four men out of twenty I've got that can talk three consecutive words of English. Well, they get their breakfast now at seven o'clock, and by twenty minutes past seven that rotten old gray line begins to pour out of the dining hall. I meets my gang at the door and shoves 'em down alongside the cars and bundles two of 'em into each car, one at each end, with a shovel in their mitts and a push on the back that means: 'Go ahead now and shovel for all you're worth'; and then all I have to do is to walk up and down that line of cars tryin' to look uglier than they do.

"But they have to keep right on shovelin' out coal till they've got a wagon full, and then they have to drive to the coal sheds and dump their load and come back and fall to shovelin' again. And there ain't no loafin' and there ain't no shirkin', and every man works from daylight till dark, with time to eat his dinner, and no frills on that. And what he does one day he keeps doin' six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, for one year or ten years, as his case may be. So, though you may not see it, the job o' coal shovelin' gets a trifle monotonous after a while."

The old man with the whiskers, who sat close to the stove, looked up.

"Don't none o' them fellers ever try to skip his job while you're at t'other end o' the line?" he queried. "'Twouldn't be no use to make a break for the wall, I s'pose?"

DOYLE snorted. "That's the chief satisfaction of our life," said he, "when we see one o' them guys makin' for the wall, is to shove the crook of a cane round his neck and yank him to the ground. Make breaks for the wall? Why, these foggy mornin's just nuts to them. It's a regular standard thing this time of year to have one or two of them sneak out of line, climb up on a coal car, and then hop for the top o' the wall. That is, providin' none of their friends, who work in the wagon shop, has had savvy enough to put an extra plank—by accident, of course—where they can reach it. Once in a while that happens, and then if he has the luck to escape bein' shot by the guard, he may get over, and you all know what happens next after that. Big bell, everybody out, hunt the country high and low, till we get him. And we generally do get him. Then they stick him in the bull pen and the door is shut for a couple of days, and you hear howls."

"Say, Doyle," broke out the man who had spoken first, "isn't there anything in that place but tragedy and killing and trouble with the inmates?"

"Inmates be blowed! Call 'em what they are, convicts. I'm sick of 'inmates'! Well, I don't know. There's plenty of battle, murder, and sudden death in my gang; though now I think of it, I could tell you of one little occurrence that you might call comedy, if you looked at it that way."

"Fire away; we're listenin'," said the man, settling himself comfortably in his chair.

"You see, for my job I get all the foreigners—all the tough foreigners—that is, fellers that have stuck knives into their mothers and brothers and friends at some celebration or other. But this particular case I'm thinking of wasn't a cutting scrape at all; it was two brothers that were sent up for larceny—got three years apiece. They were from some up-State jay county, and I happened to be in the hall when they were brought down through the gate, and of all the tough-looking mugs I ever saw in my life they certainly took the cake.

"THEY looked pretty much alike: short, thick-set Slavs, with wiry, black hair, all tousled and hanging over their foreheads; little, beady, black eyes, and cheekbones that stuck out almost like horns under their eyes. They each had a short-clipped, bristling mustache over a mouth like a cavern, and four or five days' growth o' black beard, with hairs stickin' up above the necks of their dirty flannel shirts. Their entire outfit would 'a' been a disgrace to the worst hobo I ever saw on the bum.

"The keeper that brought them down says to the hall master: 'Here's a couple of tough customers for you that you want to keep a sharp eye on.'

"Well, they were stripped and given a bath, and the man in charge of the bath told me afterward that he nearly had to shovel the water out when they were through.

"It seems that neither of 'em could speak a word of English, so after their description had been taken in the hall master's office, it was impossible for the deputy warden or the hall master to get at any information as to their history. They tried sending around to the shops and getting a specimen of every kind of foreigner there was in the place to try to talk to 'em, but it was no go, so they had to give that up. The only way they could be broken in at all was by some of the keepers takin' 'em by the back of the neck and walkin' 'em to where we wanted 'em to go, and then goin' through the motions of what we wanted 'em to do.

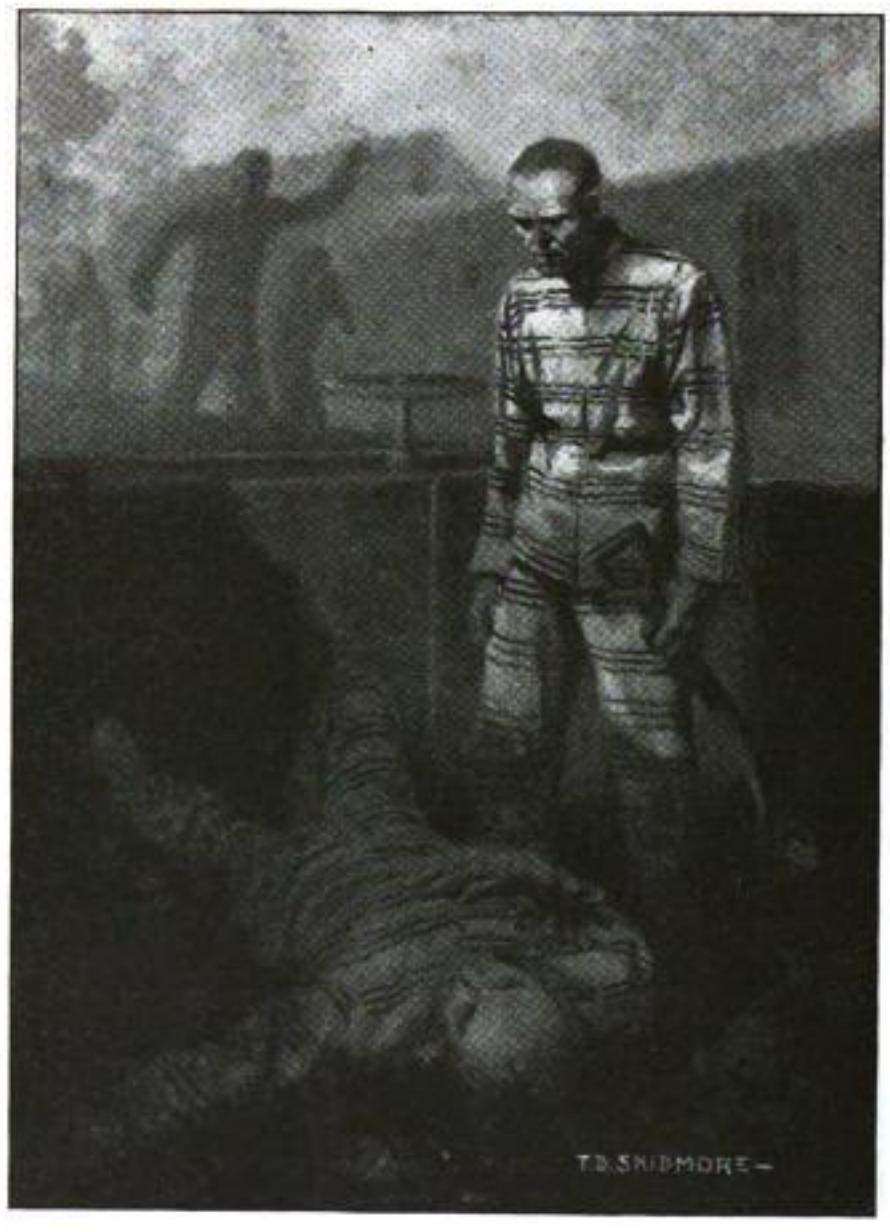
"Of course I got them on my gang. When they were handed over to me I shoved each one of 'em into a car with an old hand, and showed him how to shovel the coal into the cart alongside the car. They certainly dug in for all they were worth, and I must say they were fine workers. Either one of 'em could beat the old hand in his car by fully ten minutes in loading up a wagon.

"But I didn't let that fool me any, for they were the most villainous-looking specimens I ever had, and besides that, the deputy himself told me that he understood they had the name in the county jail of being desperate characters. I piloted 'em around for a couple of days, till they got onto the ropes, all the time lookin' for trouble, but evidently trouble wasn't lookin' for me, because nothin' happened.

"It wasn't till a week or ten days later, one cold foggy mornin' when I was down at the far end of the line, all at once I heard a terrible rumpus back where the oldest of these two fellows worked.

"'Here it comes!' says I to myself, and makes about three jumps for the other end o' the line. Sure enough, there lay the Polack that worked with him, a feller that was doin' his last year, with his head all cut open and done for. The bold chap was standin' open-mouthed, as if he didn't know what to do next, and never offered to move till I knocked him down, and then he begun to put up some fight. I was bumpin' his head against the side of the flat car, when out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of a tall, lanky, red-headed Hungry tryin' to sneak down the line from the back side of the car, and, by George! he was hangin' on to a bloody shovel!

"'Oho, so that's the game,' I says to myself, and I drops John—as I had christened him, for I couldn't twist my tongue around his jaw-breakin' name—and dives for the Hungry, blowin' my whistle at the same time.



"'Here it comes!' says I to myself. Sure enough, there lay the Polack that worked with him with his head all cut open and done for"

"WELL, the usual proceedings took place after that, and we found out that the red-headed feller had had a grudge against the Polack all along—says he'd done him dirt long before on the outside—and he couldn't stand it to think the Polack was goin' to get out ahead of him. So that was all there was to that."

Doyle had been pulling at his pipe between the sentences of his story; now he stopped, and after cleaning it out, sat absently polishing the bowl against the knee of his trousers. The man whose question had provoked the narrative looked around at the rest of the group and winked solemnly.

"Some folks might call that only, Doyle," said he, "but then there are others that might call it only a case of keeper going off half cocked."

Doyle did not reply for a moment, but drew a pinch of tobacco from his pocket and carefully refilled his pipe. When he had a thin haze of smoke curling over his head again, he spoke.

"You remind me of the cons on Sunday," he said. "They begin to kick about the length of the sermon before the chaplain's finished prayin'. I hadn't got to the comedy yet, such as 'tis."

"My mistake," returned the man. "No harm done. Proceed with the sermon."

"It's all very well," pursued Doyle, "for you fellers to sit around here and toast your shins all day and expect me to come in and spin yarns for your recreation, but it's a different matter when you're here

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up against that bloody gang all day long the way I am. You've got to act first and let explanations come afterward, or somebody else'd be holdin' down your job mighty soon."

"Sure, sure," said the wizened little man who had not spoken before. "We understand that, and everybody knows they can't get ahead of you very fur when it comes to quick action. But say, Doyle, didn't that feller have it in for you for jumpin' on him that way for nothin'?"

"THAT'S sort of a joke, too," replied Doyle. "For quite a while I thought he did. You know, under the reform system we give the men five minutes before mealtime to wash up—that is, we knock off work five minutes before the bell and they can wash if they want to, though few of 'em do. Well, a day or two after this fracas, John came up to me in washin'-up time and spread out one hand and begun makin' motions over it with the fingers of the other, jabberin' away in his lingo meanwhile. I had no idea what he was drivin' at, so I just shoved him back in the line and he shut up. The next day his brother came up and went through the same rigamarole, and back he went into line, the same. Every day after that, whenever I came along where they were workin', they would start up this performance.

"After a while it struck me that they were tryin' to go through the motions of writin' something, and then I begun to think of their Black Hand societies and such like that I had known of, and I made up my mind they were tryin' to tell me how they had me down in their books.

"I was speakin' about this one day over in the hall, and the convict clerk in there said:

" 'Say, Mr. Doyle, maybe all these fellows want is just a chance to write home to their folks. If they mean any harm to you they wouldn't be warnin' you all the time.'

"I thought that sounded reasonable, and anyway I got it on my mind that I wanted to know what they was drivin' at, so I went to the deputy and asked him if there wa'n't some way we could get hold of a body that could understand their lingo, and I told him I thought they wanted to write home.

"The deputy says: 'Well, every man has that privilege, and I'll see if I can't fix it for 'em.'

"So what does he do but go downtown and skirmish round in the factories till he actually finds another feller of the same breed, and he brings him up and lets the three of 'em talk together."

"If it wouldn't be disturbin' the harmony of the game," said the young man in the red necktie, "I'd like to ask a question at this point. How did them chaps ever get a trial, if nobody understood their talk?"

"That's just what I'm comin' to," replied Doyle. "They told this feller a long story, and he repeated it to me, I bein' present by the deputy's orders. Now I'll give you the whole case in a nutshell, for I spent more'n a month writin' back and forth to the clerk of the county they come from and gettin' the facts, which I could pretty well piece together with their own story and with what I know of the workin's of the game.

"It seems that the charge against them was larceny in the nighttime, and they were seen committing the larceny—both of 'em—by the marshal of the town. He went down to the sheriff's office and told the deputies there what he had seen, and two of 'em went up and arrested these fellers in their own house and pulled 'em to the jail, the marshal swearin' to the complaint.

"THE next day somebody in the jail goes to 'em and teaches 'em the word 'guilty' in English, and then they were put into court and the charge read, and each of 'em said 'Guilty,' and that settled it. There were no witnesses necessary, nothin' necessary at all, and they gets their little dose of three years apiece, and Mr. Prosecuting Attorney puts $25 in his pocket for each conviction.

"You know that's the law for counties that don't pay their prosecuting attorney a regular salary; he gets so much for each conviction that he makes—and, of course, he has to live. To be sure, there's a rake-off from that goes to each policeman or deputy sheriff that makes an arrest, but that's only calculated to promote a general feeling of brotherly kindness.

"Now here's where the comical part of this story comes in, if you see it that way. It seems these two desperate characters were workin' in a rollin' mill in this town where they were arrested. They had a nice little home outside the town, one of 'em bein' married, with a couple of kids, and they all lived together on their earnin's, sendin' a good portion back to the old country, I suppose. They had a little garden alongside the house and raised their own kitchen stuff, and there were other little houses and gardens all around 'em.

"THIS night the two men comes home to supper and finds their stock o' vegetables has run low, so the two of 'em jumps over the fence into their neighbor's garden and picks out a couple o' cabbages and takes 'em home to the woman to help out their supper. While they were pickin' up these cabbages, of course the town marshal happens to pass and sees 'em jump over the fence with their plunder—and there you are. Three years apiece for a cabbage apiece.

"Well, when I got the facts all together, I thought since they had pestered me so long to do some writin' for 'em, I'd do it, so I writes direct to the Governor myself and tells him what I know about the case, and the long and short of it is that they gets pardoned and gets off with less'n three months instead of three years. We dressed 'em up in citizen's clothes and turned 'em out with their $7.50 apiece from the State, and they may be eatin' their cabbage by now, for all I know. So there's the whole story. Is it comedy, or ain't it?"

The man who had asked the first question shook his head. "Not for me, Doyle," he said.

The Pink Sox Scout

By Arthur Chapman

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

MISS ELIZABETH B. B. MURPHY—she always maintained that the initials stood for baseball instead of Barrett Browning—paused before beginning the telegram which was to notify a certain firm of cocoa makers that she had resigned her position as demonstrator of their breakfast necessity.

She made an attractive picture, framed in the ticket-office window, according to the critical judgment of the telegraph operator who stood waiting to receive her message.

"I declare if I haven't forgotten the name of this seething metropolis," said Miss Murphy, balancing her pencil meditatively. "I've been here three days, too, and have poured cocoa for all your best people."

"It's Plum Valley," said the operator, "and you bet this is goin' to be a live town, too. It ain't so much now, but we've got the water power, and there's nothin' goin' to stop us from bein' a manufacturin' center in the near future. Why—"

"I'm not a factory promoter after a free site," said Miss Murphy, without looking up. "I'm writing to my employers, firing myself. After you have clicked off this message I shall regard myself as a free lance. I'm through working for unappreciative people, though I must say that I couldn't have picked a more depressing place than this future metropolis of yours in which to write my Declaration of Independence."

THE operator took the message and counted off seven words, all of them short and one of them fairly snappy.

"If they all used as few words as you, our wires'd drop off the poles f'r lack of use," he said, with a grin.

"There's no use raiding the visible supply of wood pulp in such matters," said Miss Murphy. "Leave that to the three-decker novelists. My seven words will do as well as 7,000. Besides, they will cost considerably less. Here's your sixty cents—and did I understand you to say there is going to be a ball game on one of your future factory sites sometime this afternoon?"

"You bet there is. The Mitford boys are over here to play our team, and the game'll be on in a few minutes—right up Main Street, past the hotel, and first pasture to the left. You want to get over there and see Lew Hankins, the 'Jake,' pitch. Say—he's got 'em all around here beat a mile."

Miss Murphy stepped out on the station platform,



Said Miss Murphy: "I know every kink of the game. I'm a scout—and I've got my eye on you"

leaving the operator singing the praises of Lew Hankins. She did not care to hear anybody's praises sung just then, for, in spite of her calm exterior, Miss Murphy was about as near complete discouragement as she had ever been in her life. Being out of a job for the first time in seven years, and in possession of $17, some more than doubtful mining stock in her suit case, and two hungry brothers at boarding school, who was Lew Hankins, that his surpassing virtues as a baseball pitcher should dull the edge of her misery?

"Still, a look at the game wouldn't be a bad thing," mused Miss Murphy. "It'll be four hours before there is another train for Chicago, and these country games always drag so that three-fourths of my waiting time's as good as killed."

So Miss Murphy sauntered in the direction pointed out by the operator, little knowing that her guide was acting in the capacity of Fate's humble but efficient instrument.

A chorus of yells told her that the game was "on," and she hastened her steps along the rickety board sidewalk. Reaching the baseball grounds, she mingled with those at the home plate—a cluster of town residents and visiting farmers, tapering off at first and third base into the inevitable fringe of barelegged small boys.

The Plum Valley team had gone to bat first and had scored one run. The teams had just changed positions, most of the players being tall, sunburned young fellows, several wearing farm overalls in lieu of uniforms. They fielded with alacrity and accuracy, when the ball was shot back and forth, while the batsman's critical selection of timber was awaited, and it was evident that the Plum Valley team was somewhat above its class average. But Miss Murphy, trained to the game from many grand-stand surveys in the "big league" towns, felt a strange thrill as the Plum Valley pitcher, after a long preliminary "wind-up," shot the first ball over the plate. No, ratiocinative reader, it was not the thrill of love, for the Plum Valley pitcher was lathy and freckled and red-headed, and not at all the ideal enshrined in the Murphy heart. It was the thrill that comes to the baseball Columbus, who, journeying through the mazes of a "bush" league, at last sights a phenomenal player. Something in the bend of that long, supple body, and the elastic swing of the arm, had told Miss Murphy that here was a real pitcher.

"Now don't let your Irish enthusiasm gallop off with you, Murph, old girl," whispered Miss Murphy to herself, struggling to keep down the elation that was akin to the miner's surge of joy at opening a pay streak at grass roots. "You've got to look into this cold-bloodedly and scientifically. You've got to find out every kind of curve and delivery this human hop pole's got, and whether there's any flaw that's going to keep him out of fast company—whether he goes up in the air, boots the ball, or falls on his red head in fielding bunts. You've just got to imagine that these fellows batting are the premier swatting outfit of the big leagues, and then dope out what would happen."

So, from the forefront of the crowd at the home plate, heedless of the dust of battle and the danger from foul balls that caromed off savagely swung bats, Miss Murphy studied every detail of Lew Hankins's game. Every time the Plum Valley team came to bat she summed up her impressions of Hankins's fielding performances in the previous half inning. She noticed that he batted well, too—once a stinging single over second base, and another time a two-bagger that would have been good for a home run had not the Mitford right fielder made a remarkable stop with one hand.

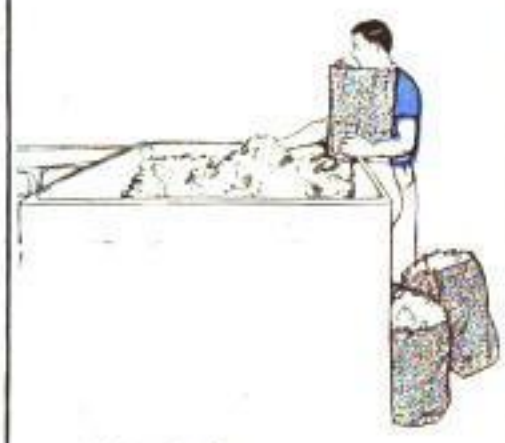
THE game did not drag, as Miss Murphy had anticipated, for the Mitford players were as children in the hands of the tall, grinning pitcher whose bumpkinlike antics told why the crowd hailed him as "Jake." The balls from his freckled hand whizzed over the plate with dazzling speed, and the

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1. Bringing in the skins

From Russia, Scotland, Saxony, France, England and Australia come our furs. Hare, Otter, Rabbit, Nutria, Beaver, Muskrat and Mink supply the furs used in the manufacture of hats. When these skins reach us, softening and cleansing is the first treatment they receive.



2. Mixing the fur

Then the hair is pulled or sheared from the pelt by cunning machines, and the soft mass of fur remaining is treated with a preparation which makes it "felt" readily, later. At this point the fur is cut from the skin. After carefully selecting and mixing the various kinds of fur necessary to make the hat wanted, blowers separate the heavier particles of hair and other foreign substances from the fur.



3. Fur formed into cones

Operators then feed into a large cabinet called a "former," in which is a hollow perforated copper cone with a wet surface, the exact amount of fur necessary to make one hat. A rapidly revolving fan sucks the fur on to the cone. This fur sticks to the wet surface, the cone is withdrawn and wrapped in wet cloths, then immersed in warm water, when felting begins.



4. Shrinking and felting

When the fur is slipped off the cones, it is a long, conical, soggy object much larger than a hat and in shape far removed from any suggestion of a hat. Three at a time, these cones of felt are plunged into hot water and so manipulated by hand and rolled by machines that they shrink to about one-third original size.



5. Dyeing

In the dyeing room, huge vats that can hold twenty-four dozen hats at once, filled with various dyes of purest quality, receive and impart color to these smooth, shallow, felted cones that are hats-to-be.





13. Packing

After a final, careful inspection, the last of a series of inspections that take place at each stage of its manufacture, the hat is packed for shipment.

Mall... A...
"Cr...tted"

Ever a Ma... Distin...

THE dress of every civilized nation—in every clime—has been featured by the hat. The ancient Greeks wore casques fretted with rare and beautiful designs. The Romans invented the felt hat—and made it a mark of great distinction. Even the primitive savage makes his headdress his most conspicuous adornment.

Today, Sir, you must give heed to *your* hat! It is still *most* important. It is first seen and last noted of your raiment.

A Mallory hat, as we have shown here, is from raw fur to finished product a hat of quality, service and style.



New York Store 1133 Broadway

E. A. MALL... & SON...
FACTORIES ...RY, CONN...

EVER... after... make th... proper s... of every ...
Mall...
sive featu...



f. Softening

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12. Trimming

When this is done, the hat is ready for trimming—binding the brims, sewing in the sweat leather, putting on the band and bow, "the final touch"—all this done by skilful girls.





11. Shaping soft hat brim

Heated iron and sand bag then give the brim proper shape.

Hats

tted"

Distinction

EVERY detail of its making is personally looked after by E. A. Mallory and Sons and they make themselves responsible in person for the proper style, color, finish and lasting superiority of every hat going out of the Mallory factory.

Mallory Hats are Cravenetted. This exclusive feature makes them weatherproof.

In fine men's-wear shops, you will find *many* Mallory Hat models—all distinctive in style and quality.

Look for the Mallory name, in all Mallory Hats.

Mallory Hats are *moderately priced*—Derbies and Soft Hats $3, $3.50 and $4 each—Velours $5 to $10.



SONS, Inc.
Y, CONN.

Salesroom 13 Astor Place cor. Broadway



10. Ironing soft hat

In the meantime, the soft hat which we left in the stiffening department has been treated with a weakened solution of shellac that permits it to retain its character as a soft hat. After being stretched and blocked as was the derby hat, it is drawn over a block and thoroly ironed and surfaced.



9. Cutting edge of brim

The hat now passes to experts who shape the brim to the style and size required. One machine cuts the brim, another curls it with hot irons. To perfect this curling, the brim is again softened by heat and shaped by hand.

Stiffening

erbies and soft hats part company here, the derbies going to the stiffening room, where real care and ...nce must be employed. A preparation of chemically ...ceased shellac dissolved in alcohol is there ap... After being steamed, the felted cone is next ...ed into a hot alkali bath, which removes all superfluous shellac from the surface.



7. Blocking

Here it is that one begins to see the material take the hat form. After another hot bath, the cones are placed in stretching machines and roughly shaped. Then they are placed over blocks and shaped by hand, while the part that is to go into the brim is pulled out at right angles.



8. Finishing

In preparation for the finishing room, the hat, after being softened into workable form in a steam oven, is placed under a hydraulic pressure of 500 lbs. to the inch in a steel mold that corresponds exactly to the shape and size of crown ordered. The hat is then rubbed down with "pouncing" paper, after which a special polishing compound is applied with a hot pad which brings out the lustre.

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Mitford bats scarcely touched the cover of the sphere once in an inning. Occasionally Hankins worked a change of pace, and sent a puzzling slow ball to the plate—but always with that lightninglike motion that made the batter look for speed. At the end of the game, with the score seven to nothing in favor of the Plum Valley team, and with the grinning Hankins receiving the plaudits of his admiring townsmen, Miss Murphy summed up the attainments of her discovery.

"He's got speed to put out at interest, and he could waste three on Ty Cobb and then fan him out. He makes every curve jump like a live thing, and he's got more control than a trust magnate at the United States Capitol. He fields awkwardly but gets results. Nobody could pivot quicker on a bunt. I don't know how he'd take a lacing, but he's got a chin like one of the Neverquit family. And those monkeyshines of his ought to be good for 10,000 extra at the gate in one season. The pink-sheet editors would wear out their typewriting machines turning off stories about the 'Jake' pitcher—the wonderful, eccentric, red-headed terror of the Pink Sox, as that's the team I'm going to land him for."

FOLLOWED by a crowd of noisy admirers, the redoubtable Hankins clattered to the hotel, a red and black striped sweater protecting his precious pitching arm. There was to be another game next day, and Hankins was to pitch again. Miss Murphy laid her plans accordingly, with all thought of quitting Plum Valley gone from her mind. She did not even know when the 5.45 train went through for Chicago, as she was busy in her room, evolving a wonderful document, with a headpiece made of the showy picture on a certificate of stock in a worthless mining company, and the tailpiece being the golden seal of said corporation. The space between was filled with a unique agreement, written in purple ink, shaded with red, in which Lew Hankins, party of the second part, agreed to give Elizabeth Barrett Browning Murphy, party of the first part, an option on his services for ninety days, in which time the party of the first part agreed to secure for the party of the second part a position as pitcher for some Class A baseball team at a salary of not less than $5,000 per annum, the purchase money for said Hankins going to both parties in equal proportions.

Miss Murphy finished the document just as the supper bell rang. In the dining room she sniffed battle, as well as ham, fried eggs, and warmed-over coffee. A stockily built, keen-eyed little man of middle age and with a most engaging profile was talking to Lew Hankins over a half-demolished meal. When the little man emphasized a point, it was with a finger whose tip was tilted forward at right angles.

"Who is the little man with the baseball finger, talking to that Plum Valley baseball pitcher?" queried Miss Murphy of a crockery drummer who had been sitting opposite to her for several days, and with whom she had struck up a dining-room acquaintance.

"That's Teddy Wilson, manager of the Rockport team in the Corn Belt League," said the drummer, glad to air his information. "He's the best judge of raw material in the minor leagues, is Wilson. If he ever signs Hankins, he'll sell the 'Jake' for a fortune."

MISS MURPHY scarcely heard the praise of Wilson. Her head was buzzing with battle cries. There was danger of losing her "phenom." Hankins was her discovery. She had realized the value of this human gold mine, without a "tip" from anybody else. Now she did not propose to be cheated at the last moment. She had heard of Wilson—once a player of national repute and now a successful manager in a minor league.

"He's too shrewd to talk business to Hankins at the table," she thought, eying the competitor who had so suddenly confronted her. "He's giving the 'Jake' a line of funny stories now and waiting till the animal has filled his tummy and is feeling less savage. If I land this prize I've got to cast my best and prettiest fly right now. Turning to the crockery drummer she said:

"Do you know this pitching person?"

"Hankins, you mean?" said the salesman, his face lighting up. "Surest thing. I'll introduce you to him. He's a good kid, but so green it's a wonder some foraging cow didn't grab him off years ago. Come on over."

Wilson, confident that his stories and his supper had made his prey about ready for the landing, had stepped into the hotel office for the cigars which Hankins had confessed were his only indulgence.

The crockery salesman performed the rites of introduction, and Miss Murphy took the chair that had just been vacated by Wilson, and began to sing the Hankins praises after the manner of one who knew nothing whatever of the national game. The crockery salesman laughed behind his hand as he heard her ask Hankins why he had not struck the bats of the opposing team oftener, and then, after murmuring his excuses, stepped into the office to tell the boys how Hankins had a baseball kindergarten on his hands.

As soon as the crockery salesman had left, Miss Murphy lost her look of innocent wonder and interrupted Hankins in the midst of an elaborate explanation of the fact that a baseball pitcher is supposed to attempt to strike out the batter and not to hit the bat.

"Drop into about six bars of rest right there, Mr. Hankins," said Miss Murphy, in a low, fierce voice



With the grinning Hankins receiving the plaudits of his admiring townsmen, Miss Murphy summed up her discovery

that started the "Jake" twirler into open-mouthed astonishment. "I know every kink of the game. I'm a scout—I'm the Buffalo Bill of the big leagues when it comes to the scouting game. I'm here looking for talent, and I've got my eye on you. I want your name to the finest contract that ever a young baseball player signed."

"But—but—" stammered Hankins. "I've almost promised to sign with Mr. Wilson. We was goin' to close the deal after supper."

"How much does he offer you?"

"'Leven hundred a year and—"

"It might as well be eleven cents, as far as you are concerned. Why, man, what's the use of signing with a minor league manager, which means anyway another year in the bush, when I'm here to rocket you into the big leagues in a blaze of fire and glory? What do you say to a $5,000 contract with the Chicago Pink Sox, with half your purchase money? All you've got to do is to sign this option, and fame and wealth are yours."

The perspiring Hankins, his jaw dropping low through the wonder of hearing a young woman promise him the realization of the baseball dream that had filled his youthful mind, gazed at the document that was shoved across the table by Miss Murphy. As he gazed, the door opened, and Wilson looked in, a bundle of cigars in his hand.

"The 'Jake' is sure telling her the rudiments of the game," was the verdict of the crockery drummer when Wilson returned to the office with the report that Hankins was still being monopolized by the girl who didn't know anything about baseball.

MISS MURPHY turned once more to Hankins who was looking in awe at the document he was to sign. There was nothing of baseball in the decorative effect, but Hankins was visibly impressed. The picture showed a glorious sunset peeping over the edge of the Rockies, and a miner and his burro were in the foreground. A gauzily clad sprite, representing the Spirit of Fortune, was beckoning the prospector on to the lucky spot where, in the left-hand corner of the picture, gold was heaped by the bushel. So awed was Hankins that he hardly read the option which, in Miss Murphy's firm, round handwriting, engaged his services to whatever team that young woman should designate.

"Don't delay," said Miss Murphy, as Hankins wavered. "Don't let it be said that a Hankins failed to recognize the knock of Opportunity at his door. Remember how that poem goes? It starts off something like this:

"Master of baseball destiny am I!
Curves, speed, and spitballs on my coming wait;
Big leagues and bush I walk; I penetrate
School grounds and sandlots, and passing by
Leaders and tail-end teams, soon or late
Knock once on every player's gate."

The combined effect of poetry and art proved too much for Hankins. Yielding to the double parody of Ingalls on opportunity and Gaskell on contracts, he affixed his signature about eight inches south southeast of the prospector and his burro, Miss Murphy having deftly extracted a fountain pen from her reticule and thrust it into the hand that was soon to be pictured on the sporting pages as the most wonderful baseball hand in all the world. Then, walking to the hotel office with her capture, Miss Murphy met Wilson, who had turned again, in vague uneasiness, toward the dining room.

"I can't talk business with you any more, Mr. Wilson," said Hankins, guiltily, "'cause I've went and signed a contrac' with Miss Murphy here, who's scoutin' for the Chicago Pink Sox, and who offered me lots more than you wanted to give. Miss Murphy, Mr. Wilson—Mr. Wilson, Miss Murphy."

BUT Wilson, white with rage, scarcely acknowledged the introduction. Clapping his hat down over his head, he bolted out of the office and dashed for the train to take him back to Rockport, while Miss Murphy sauntered leisurely after him, composing a telegram to the owner of the Pink Sox, which would convey all the intelligence she had to impart and at the same time leave her enough to pay her hotel bill.

When "Old Roman" Mahoney, owner of the Pink Sox, alighted from the train early the next afternoon at Plum Valley, he looked about for the mysterious baseball scout who had sent him such a thrilling telegram the night before. Miss Murphy recognized the gray hair, the keen blue eyes, and the strong, clean-shaven face of the richest and most popular manager in the national game—once a great baseball player himself.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mahoney," she said. "I'm here to take you over to the grounds to show you Hankins performing in the pitcher's box. The game's just about ready to begin."

"But," said the puzzled manager, "this telegram I got is signed E. B. B. Murphy. I want to find him and tell him that this sort of thing is most unusual. I've never paid any attention to amateur scouts before, but this chap's telegram had something in it that brought me here in spite of myself. I'm not superstitious, but I thought I'd take a run out here, even if it did prove to be a wild-goose chase."

"I'm the E. B. B. Murphy—the initials standing for Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

MAHONEY whistled, and then he laughed heartily.

"That's a rather poetic name for baseball, isn't it?" he said, thinking how the sporting editors would like to get hold of the story about the shrewdest manager in the business being inveigled nearly a hundred miles from Chicago to look at a baseball player, solely on the judgment of a woman.

"Three-fourths of the name spells poetry, all right—but look at the Murphy! Isn't that as baseballish as your own name, Mr. Mahoney? Trust a Murphy for knowing a ball player on sight."

"All right," laughed the manager. "I begin to believe in your judgment right now. But lead me to this Hankins phenom."

The game was a repetition of the game of the preceding day. Miss Murphy, standing beside the silent Mahoney, made no comments as the "Jake," pitching as easily and steadily as if the greatest judge in the business were miles away, held the Mitford batters helpless. After the game Mahoney walked silently back to the station, evidently in deep thought. Finally he turned to Miss Murphy and said:

"I've been trying to figure out just how this wonderful thing happened. I'll tell you frankly that your man is a jewel—the greatest

(Concluded on Page 22)

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Pith of the Food Law

By Lewis B. Allyn

N your Pure Food Department you make frequent allusions to the Food and Drugs Act. often see the phrase on ge of our package goods. ll you describe it briefly that a layman can get the eral idea?

M. H., Indiana.



his department has re-ed many inquiries like above, and brief com-t may be of value to the dent of foods, as well as alue to the consumer. In road way the law em-ces the following heads or ions: Scope of the law, inistration and enforce-t, guaranty clause, origi-package clause, food and drugs af-ed by the law, adulteration of food drugs, standards of purity, mis-nding and mislabeling, exports of food drugs, imports of food and drugs.

uch has been said and written about "good old days," but whether they e really better than the present, as as purity of food products goes, may part be illustrated by an anecdote n "Judge":

A newly married couple had had a e disagreement about the muffins, the band complaining that those his her used to make were far superior. s moved the bride to action, and the t day she set before him a plate of rolls which she lade him taste. w you have hit it," he enthusiasti-y exclaimed; 'these are exactly what her used to make. How did you do 'I will give you the recipe,' replied wife. 'I used oleomargarine for but-cold-storage eggs, put alum in the r and borax in the milk. Your her lived before the passage of the d and Drugs Act.'"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

those good old days there was much substitution as well as a propen-to put positively injurious or dan-ous substances in products intended human consumption. Of course to-we know that oleomargarine is every t as wholesome and as nutritious as er and that cold-storage eggs may be nently fitted for domestic purposes, the line must be drawn at alum, ix, and other mouth and eye washes, icularly when used in our foods. It not uncommon in those days to find onate of lead, gamboge, Van Dyck wn, verdigris, and even Scheele's green. ndreds of years ago the adulteration foods was by no means unknown. s would seem to indicate that from early times men have been influ-ed by a desire for gain, though it be he expense of their neighbors.

o adulterate the food supply, or, in r words, to trade illegally upon the idence of the consumer, has long considered a criminal offense. If parties to a transaction cannot it, this transaction is an immoral

The precept of Caveat Emptor—the Buyer Beware—is not in as good ding as it formerly was. A business ch is conducted upon such a basis is siness which places the premium of roval upon fraud and deceit. It was ly because a few people were tired the wholesale trickery practiced by dishonest purveyor of food products, ly because the medical profession, e of the eminent food investigators, mpioned by Mr. Paul Pierce and cer-of the food commissioners and food nists under the leadership of Dr. vey W. Wiley demanded a full in-igation of the rottenness of Ameri-food products, that the Food and gs Act was eventually passed. The y of this act, from its inception to present time, reads like a romance—mance which is true. It has proved e a step in the right direction, and n present indications its stride is to materially lengthened. The present l law, as has been pointed out, does stand for, nor advocate, the purity of foods. It has, however, in several instances set standards of purity which in a measure act as a guide for manufacturers and analytical chemists. "Spices," says the law, "are aromatic vegetable substances, used for the seasoning of food, and from which no portion of any volatile oil or other flavoring principle has been removed, and which are true to name." The amount of ash, crude fiber, volatile oils, and the like is specifically stated. "Maple sirup is a sirup made by the evaporation of maple sap, or by the selection of maple concrete, and contains not more than 32 per cent of water and not less than .45 per cent of maple sirup ash." "Lemon extract is a flavoring extract prepared from oil of lemon, or from lemon peel, or both; and contains not less than 5 per cent by volume of oil of lemon. "Vanilla extract is the flavoring extract prepared from the vanilla bean, with or without sugar or glycerin, and contains in 100 cubic centimeters the soluble matters from not less than 10 grains of the vanilla beans." This latter standard is particularly meaningless because of the difficulty in determining the amount of extractives, which varies greatly in different grades of beans.

Yet in a general way the standards of purity are helpful, and point to the time when practically all of our food products will be controlled by reliable chemical data. Then, too, the use of certain drugs of no condimental value is forbidden as food preservatives, among which are saccharin, borax, and the compounds of fluorine; while others, concerning which violent discussion has taken place, such as benzoate of sodium, salicylic acid, sulphurous acid, alum, and the like are permitted. No improper motives should be attributed to the framers of the law, or in many instances to those who have in part emasculated it, as the history of the Food and Drugs Act parallels the progressive history of every great movement.

Sophistication of food products has always taken two distinct forms—that of fraudulent and that of injurious adulteration; to say nothing about a modified third type which is of much later orgin—namely, the practice of making exaggerated claims for, or erroneous statements concerning, the product in question.

HOW FOOD IS ADULTERATED

THE first or fraudulent type means simply cheating, a process which affects the pocketbook of the consumer and the morals of the packer. It may take various forms, such as adding starch to sausages, paraffin to candy, or water to milk; or it may take the form of removing part of the necessary constituents or valuable ingredients, such as taking the cream from milk and selling the skim milk as the whole article, removing part of the essential oils from spices and selling the consumer what is virtually powdered wood dust; extracting the alkaloids from drugs and selling the residue as the first-class product; robbing wheat, rice, and other cereals of their natural mineral constituents; and finally this fraudulent practice may take the form of bleaching or dyeing the article in question so as to make it appear of greater value than it is—for example, the miller may take the whole-grain flour and treat it to an electric bath, and produce that aristocratic but debased white which the perverted taste of the public demands; or he may dye his glucose jelly red to make it resemble strawberry or currant, or put Orange 1, a permitted coal-tar color, into his "Orangeade," which bears no relation to the orange, to make it look like the genuine article.

It is this tendency to conceal and mask the real character of his product which causes the careless or ignorant to manufacture and vend these glaring monstrosities of coal-tar dye and ether called "Blood Orange," so much in evidence at the ball game, the circus, or the county fair. It is writ in large letters that no parent should allow his children to drink the drugged and dyed concoctions under the name of soda water or soft drinks.

The second type always consists of the addition of dangerous or toxic ingredients to food products.

The demand for information on this subject is very great, and when public interest is aroused there also arises an unfortunate tendency toward exaggeration, which frequently amounts to sensationalism. Here are two letters bearing on the point. A misguided individual from California writes as follows:

"I am preparing a lecture upon the adulteration of foods and find it difficult to collect samples. I want to show my audience the terrors of food adulteration. Where can such collections be purchased? I will be glad to pay any reasonable price."

THE CRY OF IGNORANCE

IF it is true that adulterated samples are difficult to get in California, everyone will doubtless breathe a prayer of thanks. Collections of adulterated food are not for sale, as such, but it does not require great search to enable one to purchase them in large quantities in the open market in any State. To do this with dispatch and effect in many instances one has only to read the label, which will in all probability state the adulterant if it is present.

Here is a letter from Brooklyn which is the voice of another form of ignorance:

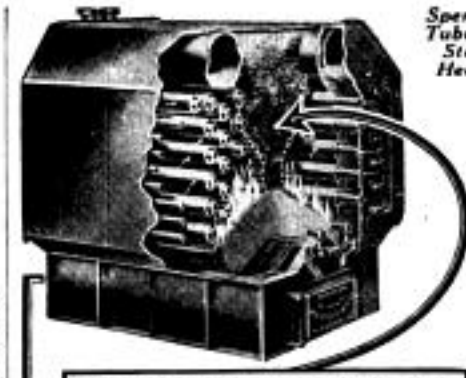
"I have read in COLLIER'S your statements regarding pure food. Now if you know anything about pure food, I would like to know where it can be bought. I know pure food, and say we cannot buy it in all New York, as it is not fit for pigs to eat. We are afraid to buy prepared foods or canned goods. We cannot as housekeepers demand pure foods, and we must take what we can get or starve. Cold storage is our ruin, as bad as the trusts. All meats are kept with preservaline and are not fit to eat, yet we pay the highest prices. What good is it to tell us about pure food if we cannot get it?"

Answer: No good at all. Happily this issue of COLLIER'S should dispel some of the gloom of the correspondent. Morbid attitudes upon any subject are to be deplored. The food question is no exception. Our foods are frequently spoken of as poisoned and the manufacturers as poisoners, while the truth of the matter is that no manufacturer deliberately adds or intentionally administers virulent substances. "No manufacturer," says Dr. Wiley, "adds to his product that which he believes is injurious to the health of the consumer. He may be criminally ignorant or thoughtless, but it is not to his interest to shorten the lives of his customers or to impair their appetites."

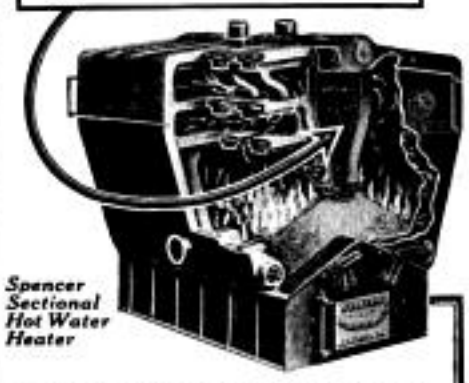
BIRTH OF PURE FOOD LAWS

NOTWITHSTANDING this, injurious substances are added to food products, a practice which obtains to a degree to-day, and it is with this criminal ignorance, indifference, or apathy that the Food and Drugs Act has to contend.

As soon as society emerged, it formulated definite laws to protect itself as well as to punish the transgressor.


Spencer Tubular Steam Heater

The water-jacketed magazine holds a 12 to 24-hour coal supply, feeding automatically.


Spencer Sectional Hot Water Heater

— Coal bills reduced ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF;
— Coaling ordinarily but once a day;
— Even heat 10 to 12 hours *without attention.*

These *are* unusual advantages. An understanding of the construction of the

Spencer
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shows *how* these advantages are possible. Thousands of "Spencer" owners *know* they are *facts.*

Magazine Feed—Sloping Grates The "Spencer" water-jacketed magazine holds a 12 to 24-hour coal supply, feeding automatically. Sloping grates insure even depth of fire and perfect combustion.

Burns Cheap Fuel The "Spencer" *successfully* burns the cheapest sizes of hard coal, such as No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, and other inexpensive Southern and Western coals, at a saving of $2 to $3 per ton, and requires no more tons than do ordinary heaters of the larger, expensive grades.

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For Apartment Houses The "Spencer" keeps up heat all night if desired without attention. No alternately underheated nor overheated apartments. No cold rooms due to the janitor "banking fire."

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WINCHESTER

20 GAUGE

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

The Winchester Model 1912 is a correctly proportioned, light-weight, small-gauge repeater, which, for strength, balance, symmetry, shooting qualities and refinement of detail and finish, is in a class by itself. It weighs only about 5¾ pounds, yet it has surpassing strength, because all its metal parts are made of Nickel steel, which is about twice as strong as ordinary steel such as is used in similar guns of other makes. The receiver, which is closed on top and in the rear, is unmarred by a single screw or pin. The handsome walnut stock is finely proportioned and has a full comb and a small, well-shaped grip; features which count for easy handling and accurate sighting. The 20 gauge is a fine shooting gun, the famous Winchester system of barrel boring insuring a good, even spread of shot and excellent penetration. This gun works easily and smoothly and can be taken down as readily as a double barrel gun. The introduction of this gun makes it unnecessary to pay a big price in order to get a first class small gauge shotgun, for the Model 1912 *lists* at only $30.00, and it retails for less.



WINCHESTER

SHOTGUN SHELLS

Good ammunition is required by the best of guns for good shooting. Winchester Loaded Shotgun Shells—"Leader" and "Repeater" give the fullest measure of shooting satisfaction in any gun. This is not due to any one of the many desirable and distinctive features of their design, construction or loading, but rather to the harmonious combination of them all. Winchester Shotgun Shells are loaded in all desirable gauges and with innumerable combinations of powder and shot. Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition are sold everywhere. Be sure to ask for

Among the earliest laws formed are those relating to the food supply.

It was not until 1883 that effective food laws were passed and in a measure enforced. This was the Massachusetts Act, which contains the fundamental structure upon which an important part of the Food and Drugs Act is built. It has since been incorporated into nearly all of the various State laws. For the benefit of several correspondents, the eight principal points follow:

Food shall be deemed adulterated—

If any substance has been mixed with it so as to reduce, depreciate, or injuriously affect the quality, strength, or purity.

If a cheaper or inferior substance has been substituted for it wholly or in part.

If any valuable or necessary constituents or ingredients have been wholly or in part taken from it.

If it is in imitation of or sold under the name of another article.

If it consists wholly or in part of a diseased, decomposed, putrid, tainted, or rotten animal or vegetable substance, or article whether manufactured or not, or in the case of milk, if it is produced by a diseased animal.

If it is coated, colored, polished, or powdered in such a manner as to conceal its damaged or inferior condition, or if by any means it is made to appear of greater value than it is.

If it contains any added substance or ingredient which is poisonous or injurious to health.

If it contains any added antiseptic or preservative substance except common table salt, saltpeter, cane sugar, alcohol, vinegar, spices, or in the case of smoked foods the natural products of the smoking process.

Prior to 1906 food commissioners of certain States reported themselves powerless to prevent the shipment of adulterated foods into their States. Their only recourse was to prosecute the local seller. In some instances the ends of justice were not gained, inasmuch as the dealer was innocent of any attempt to deceive. A Massachusetts case is to the point. A grocer sold a State inspector a bottle of liquid labeled "King Art Pure Lemon Extract." The label bore the name of a concern of Connecticut. Analysis showed that the extract contained wood alcohol—a substance known to be poisonous and injurious to health. There is no reason to suspect that the Massachusetts grocer knew the dangerous character of the compound he was selling to his fellow citizens. He was prosecuted and fined, while the really guilty parties, the Connecticut manufacturers, were immune so far as the Massachusetts law was concerned.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

IN 1905 and 1906 public sentiment was worked to a high pitch of interest by the exposés of our rogue food products. In response to the demand a bill known as the Food and Drugs Act was passed by Congress on the 30th of June of the latter year. This is held by some to be the most important law ever sanctioned by any government.

In its present form it is not satisfactory for the consumer as for the manufacturer and for the retailer of foods entering into interstate commerce, but it is a beginning, and with the ever increasing interest and demands being made by consumers, it is bound to be amended so that it shall stand simply for PURE food and the protection of this dependent latter class.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

It Means Very Little

In buying a case of Louisiana molasses from the best grocer in Berkeley, I notice on the label "contains sulphur dioxide," as per F. I. D. No. 89, February 28, 1908. Kindly explain the allusion. Would the sulphur dioxide bar this sirup from being listed among the pure foods?

Mrs. A. G. Y., California.

Food Inspection Decision No. 89 states as follows: "No objection will be made to foods which contain the ordinary quantities of sulphur dioxide, if the fact that such foods have been so prepared is plainly stated upon the label of each package." This decision amends No. 76, which limits the amount of sulphur dioxide by saying: "Pending investigation, the Department of Agriculture will institute no prosecution if the total amount of sulphur dioxide in the finished product does not exceed 350 milligrams per liter in wines or 350 milligrams per kilogram in other food products of which not over 70 milligrams is in a free state." Thus the presence of a deleterious and injurious drug is permitted, and we do not see how you can be sure whether it is in "ordinary quantities" or not.

This sirup could not be listed as pure food, as it is plainly and probably legally adulterated.

There Is a Possible Danger

Will you be kind enough to give me a little information, as I do not know where else to ask for it: Is there any danger of poison from the use of a common brass faucet which is not tinned inside, through which to draw hop beer which contains nothing but hops, sugar, water, and yeast?

C. E. A., Massachusetts.

Beer made as you suggest contains acetic acid, which might act upon the metal, forming a poisonous compound, especially if allowed to remain in contact with the faucet.

As more or less of the inner part of the faucet is probably exposed to the action of the liquid in question, the substitution of a tap of glass or tinned metal would be desirable.

A Progressive Idea

The city of Austin is now getting out a new municipal code. It is our purpose to make this code embrace the best ideas of the leading cities in municipal government. We especially desire to incorporate in this code comprehensive and up-to-date ordinance relative to foods. If you are in a position to give us any idea or furnish us with any suggestions or literature on this point, we shall be very glad to receive such. Even the ordinance of Westfield on this subject would help us. Anything you can do for us will be greatly appreciated.

J. R. Trice.

A sure sign of progress of any municipality is shown by the strength of its food regulations.

The Westfield standard, as adopted by the Westfield (Mass.) Board of Health is as follows:

"Foods shall not contain added copper, formaldehyde, sulphurous acid or its salts, boric acid or its salts, benzoic acid or its salts, formic acid or its salts, hydrofluoric acid or its salts, nor any other noncondimental preservative.

"Foods shall not be colored with coal tar dyes, nor with poisonous mineral colors, nor be contaminated with mineral fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to deleteriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

"Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and packages shall bear no dishonest label nor label bearing any extravagant or misleading statements."

It is a drastic and far-reaching regulation and one which cannot be strictly enforced to the letter without the hearty sympathy and cooperation of the food dealers and an intelligent public. It will be noted that it precludes the use of several substances sanctioned at least allowed, by the Federal law in its present form. In its practical working out it is of immense value to the citizens.

For general code laws concerning the food problem there is probably no better authority nor anyone more competent to be of assistance than Mr. Leonard P. Cassidy of the Boston (Mass.) Municipal League." Mr. Cassidy's experience in such matters has been of the broadest character and he stands ready to assist in every possible manner.

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Danger Signals

By JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

THESE observations are addressed to the man of forty or thereabouts. My hope is that whoever eds to be, or thinks he needs to be, ade young again in body, may find here- something to his ends. To begin with, haven't the slightest notion of "throwg a scare" into anyone; as regards ost people there would be very little ason for that. In reading about these nger signals (which are to flag the an on the street against ailments to hich those of us over forty are more less prone), let no one imagine that e jig is up for him, or that he can w see the grim specter beckoning—t by a long shot! I am especially ncerned to make this preliminary statement, because a man's health and his pe of longevity are absolutely his most ecious possessions; consequently when gets morbid about his physical condion, his imagination often works terbly overtime. I am going to wind up th something about "factors of safety" our bodies, which will certainly resure many who, recognizing one or other of the danger signals mentioned, y conclude themselves to be down and t. My idea, then, is not to disturb, t only to urge the man of twoscore take thought, in order that he may fely and pleasantly attain to his threeore and ten; and the paragraphs will ntain no information as to "what is od for" this, that, or the other individl complaint or "misery"; the family ctor is the man to go to for such vice, as well as for consultation whener anything is wrong in one's "innards."

EVERYBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

A GREAT many of us are born with body habits, and others of us just turally acquire them after birth; doc's call these habits temperaments or idencies, or predispositions. To be born th them does not necessarily mean that are born with the diseases they lead or represent. In fact, abnormal heredt doesn't count nowadays for nearly as uch as it used to; we are seldom born th the diseases themselves, but rather th tendencies to them. And these ter may manifest themselves as the al thing sometimes very late in life. d it behooves the wise man to recall ything of that sort in his family hisy; and then to guard especially ainst the disease to which it may lead. re are some of these body habits:

Fall thin specimens, with slight small es, slender ribs, and long narrow sts (that you can run your knuckles ng as on a xylophone or a washard) had just as well take a little inest in the present antituberculosis sade—especially if those with that id of make-up have oval faces, a nantic expression, bright eyes, delie skin and coloring, and run to art poetry.

Some people are born with a tendency obesity; these are by far the best-ured among our fellow citizens. Let h a one never hope to be lithe and llowy throughout his life on this ndane sphere—that is, if he is born h the obese temperament; the star rt in "Patience" is not for him. Or, a lady thus "tendencied" reads this, let not hope to curl up in a buttercup, the Fairy Queen in "Iolanthe."

Those who acquire "heft" in life are entimes "reduced" effectively enough, they will only have the will power stay so by keeping away from the hpots. And why should the fat man t to bant? "Nobody loves a fat man." Nonsense! Everybody loves a fat man. Jollity, eupepticism, oleaginous geniality constantly ooze from him to bless and permeate civilization. The fat man is optimism's best asset; how cheerless we would be without him. The tendency to obesity is almost never successfully combated; and yet, seriously, there are some diseases of later life which depend on fat deposition in various organs, and against which it were well for the stout individual to guard when he turns forty.

HOW'S YOUR LIVER?

THE short man, with the chest wide and round and large, must not aspire to play the trombone, or to march in a band tooting that huge instrument which encircles the body; and such occupations as glass blowing must be eschewed by such a one. For he has a tendency to wheeziness, to barrel chestedness, and to short windedness, which is likely to grow on him later in life—like the undertaker in "David Copperfield."

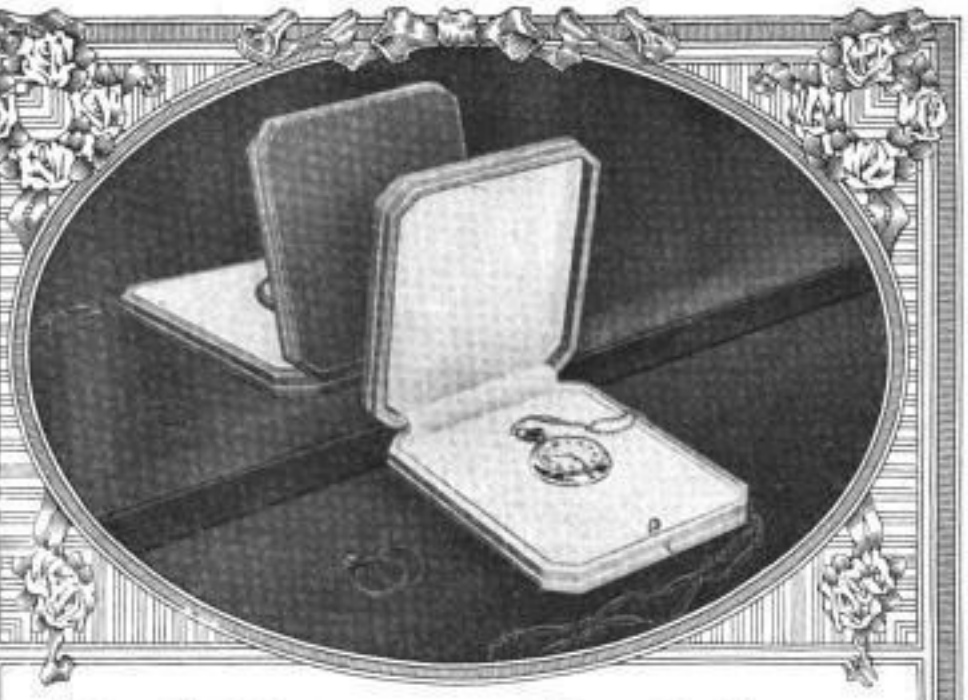
Then there is the gouty temperament, which from time to time, according to the medical fashions of various eras, has been called the arthritic, or the rheumatic, or the uric-acid or the lithemic habit. Such people are apt to be pretty good livers, generally robust (seemingly so at any rate), well developed as to body, the face florid, the hair thick (and sometimes iron gray quite early in life), good teeth, the appetite hearty, good digestion, and a strong heart with high-pressure arteries. A century ago—in the days of the three-bottle men—people of the gouty habit were prone to wine, especially port; to-day the trouble is not so much with drinking as with too much eating. (Pretty nearly all of us do that.) So the gouty have to prepare themselves against arterial and heart changes, kidney and liver troubles, and apoplexy. It is quite as true to-day as when the dictum first appeared some twenty years ago, that a man is just as old as his arteries. With these physiological hose pipes (which deliver blood instead of water) sound, elastic, and unrupturable, their owner is young at seventy; he who has them of poor material is like to be old at fifty. And that venerable "Punch" joke—"Is life worth living? it depends on the liver"—is fraught with wisdom, as are almost all really good jokes.

RICKETS VERSUS EUGENICS

ON the other hand, there is the lymphatic temperament—those who have been born rachitic, weak of body, poor blooded, not well developed, prone to catarrhs; they have little power of resistance and are constantly in danger of contracting some serious disease. Such people have in times past been among the world's greatest benefactors. It seems as if Providence, by way of compensation for their bodily handicaps, had given them noble souls, triumphant over their bodily ills by their indomitable wills, masterful men as to their brains, geniuses in literature and the arts and in world-enriching sciences. The human race cannot afford to let such inspiriting examples as these pass away untimely; nor should there be occasion for that. Almost all these fellow mortals can be built up and made virile and ablebodied, as fit physically as mentally; and can, with proper care and guidance, live as long as any of us.

Then there is the neuropathic temperament; and this is a hard proposition: because there is so much innate cussedness in these very trying, though often





The Riverside Jewel Series Waltham Watches

The word "Riverside" means to the watch-wise all that is desirable in strength, precision and everlastingness. The Jewel Series of these Riverside Watches are for women and render to them that accurate and dependable service which used to belong exclusively to men's watches.

These Jewel watches are small, beautiful in appearance, and not expensive, yet they fully measure up to the standard of instrumental excellence which is required of all Waltham Watches.

This watch will make a perfect gift from Him to Her or from Her to Herself.

Our Riverside booklet will be sent to you free—and gladly.

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"Baker Service Follows Every Baker"

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Canada: The Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Builders Also of Baker Electric Trucks.
Branches or Dealers in Principal Cities

most lovable specimens. And here it must be emphasized that there is no inherited tendency which cannot be successfully fought and downed—except possibly alcoholism, especially when it is bequeathed by both parents. But even thus handicapped, one can win out if he can keep from the Great White Way, go off on a ranch or to Patagonia, or anywhere outside of civilization, with a mentor able to help him control his addictions and his perversities—a dominant mentor, who could on occasion, if need be, hand over a good, healthy, corrective wallop.

EVEN NEUROTICS CURABLE

AND as to that sin of the father which was visited unto the third and fourth generation, modern medical science has proved that, alone and uncomplicated, it seldom endures beyond the second generation—often, indeed, is not transmitted at all, although the Mendelians seem now to have something to say as to that. And yet it is an awful thing to have acquired; if you don't believe me, go and see Ibsen's "Ghosts," a play perfectly well founded on scientific fact.

The drug failings also are likely to be manifest in people of the neurotic temperament. And yet there is no drug addiction—cocaine, opium, absinthe, or any other—which cannot be triumphed over if only the right kind of fight is put up.

(Just a parenthesis here about the acquired habit of taking the coal-tar drugs, acetanilide, and so forth, for headache and for that feeling the morning after. It is dreadful how prone young people are to these things. I recall how, at lunch one day, our maid appeared with the face of a corpse, and with lips as blue as the ink I am now using. We sent her at once to bed, and upon investigation, this was the cause of her appearance: That morning I had received an advertisement of a coal-tar product, with tablets to try on my patients; as usual I promptly chucked the whole into the wastebasket. The maid in the morning found these tablets in the box, with the legend on it that they were good for headaches. She took not one but several, with the result narrated. Had I not restored her, she might have been fatally poisoned; nor would hers have been the first case of this kind, by any means.)

Well, to return to the neurotic temperament: this can be triumphed over and brought to normal, but in most cases only after the bitterest kind of struggle. Remember that the three modern fates which govern human destinies are heredity, environment, and will. When the heredity is bad we have to offset it by a combination of environment and will, each of which is at least as powerful as heredity. So let the neurotic get into the outdoor world, which is his best environment; and let him gloriously exercise the divine human will. Then, believe me, he can triumph over the demon that would otherwise destroy him body and soul.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

AND now a word about infection, heart disease, and the pace that kills. In England it has been found that one-third of all the deaths between fifty-five and sixty-five come about through damaged hearts; in the United States there has been during the last decade a constantly increasing percentage of deaths from this cause. All doctors know that this is largely by reason of the worry, the hurry, the strain, and the dreadfully high pressure of modern commercialism, and social distinctions, and the mania for wealth—factors which tend to undue wear and tear of the precious organ which must supply the body with its life-sustaining fluid. The nervous system, which is basic for all existence, and which especially controls the circulation, is in one who feels that he has to cope with and be in and of the madding crowd, in constant stimulation. But apart from the nervous system is the fact that men of affairs, who have come down with pneumonia, grippe, or a like infection (the toxins or poisons in which are dreadfully disintegrative of the vital organs) can simply not be made to take the prolonged rest which is imperative for convalescence from these infections. Many of these patients—and elderly men too—are in their offices when they should most decidedly be in their beds. "Such a fussy lot, those doctors," declared one such; "besides, an old horse that once lies down never gets up." He put on his overcoat, went to busi... returned that afternoon in collapse, ... died next day. Another, a grippe ... valescent, concluding he never felt ... ter in his life, told his doctor to go ... went downtown, and died in the ... Another, a pneumonia convalescent, ... up to play cards with his wife, and ... back lifeless upon his pillow.

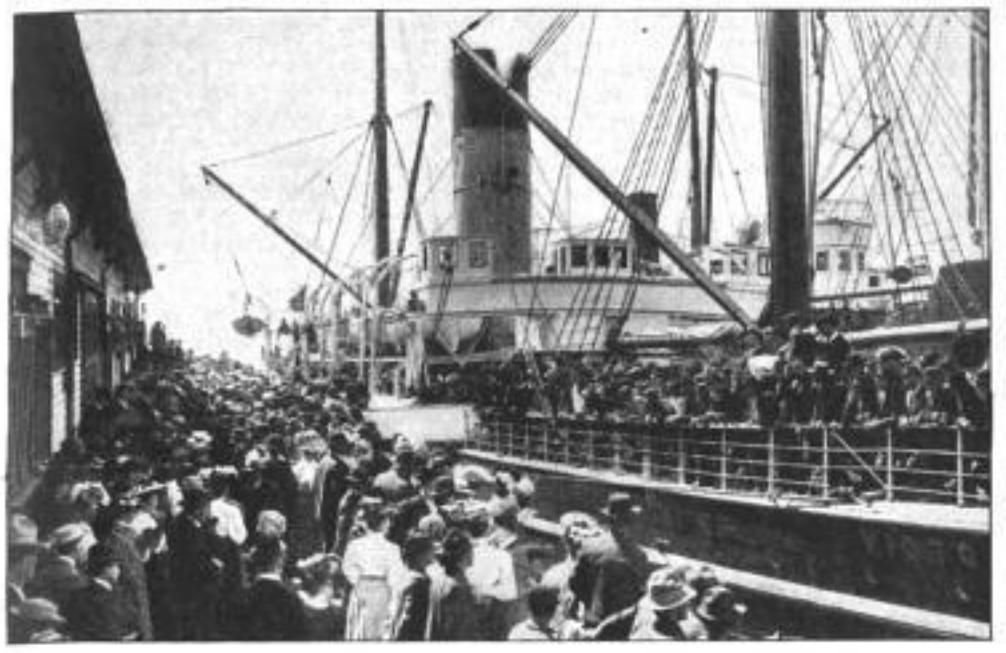
The fault is not here with the doct... to whom it is not given to command ... manners and customs of the age; ... can but warn against fast living ... against business habits conducive ... such tension as must inevitably lea... an untimely break-up: they can ind... dicate the fever, the weak and unver... pulse, the dyspnœa, the blue lips, ... cold finger tips, the ashy face, the ... tended veins in the neck—and tell ... dire meaning of these danger signals.

And now as to the tendency to cancer. Many deaths from this disease ... after forty-five years; and most de... between sixty and sixty-four are due ... it. While consumption destroys ... kind from adolescence to life's pr... cancer claims the greater number ... victims in the afternoon and evening ... life. And it is a curious phase of ... law of compensation, that while ... sumption, the Captain of the Men... Death, destroys mostly civilization's ... merged strata—the poor, the starved, ... the exhausted—cancer on the other ... does the larger part of its gleaning ... among the well-to-do in life, those ... have never felt the stress of poor... Patrician cancer has a predilection ... the homes of the prosperous. ... loves a shining mark—the illustrious ... those of great worldly importance, ... whom communities can ill spare, ... who have, through many years of ... activity, fairly earned ease with dig... in a serene and respected old age. ... is there any disease so insidious ... cancer. Therefore let the man ... forty, especially with cancer in ... family history (though there is ... little in cancer heredity), who ... any inflammation in the mouth, or ... indigestions are not easily relieved, ... who has inexplicable pain in the ... domen; or the woman whose func... natural to her sex seem abnormal ... such sufferers frequently consult ... advisers of tried skill and reputation.

DO NOT WORRY

AND finally about those factors ... safety; they are our reserve ... which avail us in times of undue ... and strain, and which keep our ... in fairly normal condition, despite ... many chances we take and the ... agencies inimical to human exist... The term was borrowed by Dr. ... of New York City from the mech... engineer, who must estimate the ... of safety required in constructi... gines, bridges, and so forth. In ... chanics it is calculated that give... tures should be capable of withst... not only the stresses of reasona... pected maximum loads, but also ... several times such loads. The fa... safety in mechanics is founded ... finite human ignorance of what ... happen; and upon a wise desire ... vide against contingencies. ... Creator has provided us with ... forces; the potential energy of ... organs far exceeds the needs of ... everyday humdrum existence. ... take away a diseased kidney; ... patient gets along comfortably ... remaining kidney, living oftentimes ... tend the funeral of many of his ... not thus handicapped. Then, ... four-fifths of his liver has been ... from a dog, who keeps happy ... with his remaining fifth: and ... the case of many of our functi... necessary mechanisms are doubled, ... even trebled. The function of ... is often assisted by those of ... organs. Living tissue is provid... one important factor of safety ... peculiar only to living things, ... to any other kind of machinery—... the means of self-repair. These ... of safety promote the integrity ... the perpetuation of the species, ... an important bearing on the pr... natural selection. And physicists ... that most men and women could ... human span of life, despite the ... diseases (sometimes indeed, de... treatment for them), despite ... and other untoward circumst... which humankind is constantly ...

So do not worry; but do heed ... signal, especially when it flashes ... forty!



The Sailing of the Fleet

By ADELE M. BALLARD

I SENSED some unusual excitement in the morning air. Coming to a cross street, I stopped for a moment and looked down toward the bay. The street was alive with people hurrying along on foot and in automobiles, all bound in one direction. Then I caught sight of the boats, those birds of passage, and forgotten was the perfection of the day as I joined the crowd.

Down on the dock I found a corner on the outskirts of the restless throng from which I could see and hear. Little groups would be squeezed out of the willing mob, and presently be caught up again after a few sentences were exchanged. One pair of sweethearts I remember distinctly—he was so big and blond, showing plainly his Viking ancestry, while she suggested a demi-tasse, small and dark.

"A year?" he was saying, the question underscored with a hurried fierceness.

"I don't know—maybe," she replied in an uncertain way, thinking perhaps of the long twelve months ahead and the possible other lover nearer home.

"A year! I come out for you!" This time there was a new inflection in his voice, and, catching her hand, he pulled it close to him. She felt the mastery.

"All right, I'll go then." Looking up, she caught the gleam of happiness in his eyes, and the next words were: "Will you give—" I heard no more, but knew that the ancient barter had begun.

GAYETY AND SADNESS

AS they passed out of hearing a mother and two sons took their place. Standing with joined hands, they had no thought for those about them, only when the crowds pressed upon them the younger son moved around to shield her and she thanked him with a smile. It was the real breaking of home ties, for she was to be left behind, to join that innumerable army of those who stand and wait. If successful, one of the sons would come out for her the following summer and they would go in together.

After the boats had disappeared and the white trailing foam had vanished I saw her again; with head erect, but tear-blinded eyes, she stumbled over a plank as she was leaving the dock. I caught her, but she pushed my hand away and passed on without a word. Poor, bereaved mother! She could not endure being touched by alien hands when those on which she had depended were gone. I saw the long, lonely days and lonelier nights that were lying in wait for her, with the tortures that only a loving heart can conceive, and thanked fortune that had withheld from me the gift of children.

But if there was sadness there was also gayety in the noisy crowd that looked like a blur of riotous coloring in the sunshine. Wives returning to their husbands after being out for a year, and the usual quota of newly weds. Of course there was the usual bunch of students going up to work in the mines during vacation, and they were more than a little proud of their new high boots and flannel shirts as they went skylarking through the crowd.

"I enjoy the summers up there immensely, but I came out last winter and it was nearly the death of me." The speaker was a well-known newspaper woman of the Northwest. "The extreme cold—part of the time it was forty below—exhausted my vitality, and at the end of the 300-mile stage ride they had to lift me out and carry me into the hotel at D——, and there I stayed for a week recuperating before I could come any farther."

Then she told of the wonderful celery and tomatoes they raised in their tiny hothouse, and of paying $108 a ton for the blacksmith coal they used in their mine; $18 it cost them down in the States, and the balance for transportation.

AFTER THE GOLDEN FLEECE

THERE were many soldiers of fortune on their way North—gold, the excuse. That has always been sufficient, but behind that, lying hidden away in the back of the brain, is the primitive longing for adventure, peril, and the tingle of nerves that awaits it.

Tragic possibilities give life its meaning, its majesty, its courage to turn from the gayety of the lighted streets with the throngs of pleasure seekers to the hazards of the frozen North. It is our last frontier with its own peculiar zest of uncertainty, and under the veneer of what we call civilization lie the racial and elemental passions, just as Mother Earth lies beneath the asphalted streets of the city.

The commonplace man, bound down to his commonplace pursuits, looks on with perhaps a glint of envy in his eyes as he watches the fleet go forth; but it is soon forgotten as he buries himself in the narrow existence of his roll-top desk. But it is the uncommonplace man who is to be pitied when the gangplank is raised and the gate is closed. Bound down by the short but imperious word Duty, he stands there in silence, eating out his heart while his thoughts travel swift as light to the land of gold. Vicariously he goes into the tragical life of the northland. The orbit of his sphere is not bounded by his desk, but in spirit, at least, crosses that of these modern Jasons in their quest for gold and adventure.

Every year during the early summer the Northwest fills up with men bound for the treasure box; some outfitting for a season of prospecting, some preparing to take in parties of men to break trail for the Government work in various lines.

Boundary surveyors come a little later, generally at the close of the college year, when the parties are headed by advanced students and professors of engineering. They take up their difficult work in the field, which means clambering up snowy peaks in the teeth of rain and sleet; crossing snow-covered glaciers where the reflected rays of the sun burn faces and necks to a blister; groping their way through mists so dense that the men go roped together in single file and the whole universe is blotted out.

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER

BUT when camp is finally reached at night, and the rain-soaked or frozen clothes are dried, the perils of snow-slides and hidden crevasses are forgotten and it all goes in the day's work.

Again and again these men come out on the late boats declaring that it is the last time for them, but the following season finds them back again looking forward joyously to the summer's work that means fighting for supremacy. They will feel like reaching out their hands in greeting when they again catch the first glimpse of that white land. The glis-



Not Nut Meats

Though the taste is like toasted nuts.

These are simply whole grains—Rice grains in this case—puffed to eight times normal size.

We sealed the grains up in guns. We kept the grains rolling, for one whole hour, in 550 degrees of heat.

That heat turned the moisture in the grains to steam, and created tremendous pressure. Then we shot the guns.

And these grains came out—steam-exploded—filled with a myriad cells. Airy and crisp and nut-like—walls as thin as tissue.

Like fairy wafers with a fascinating flavor.

And millions of dishes are now served mornings, with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West



They Float

Countless homes now serve them also as a dairy dish for suppers. Serve them in bowls of milk.

They get whole grains with every granule exploded, so digestion can instantly act. Toasted, bubble-like wafers, four times as porous as bread. Fragile, crisp and dainty—the most inviting morsels ever made from grain.

And they use them like nut meats—use them in candy, use them to garnish ice cream. Children eat the grains like peanuts in the hungry hours between meals.

These are really food confections.

Tell your grocer to send you a package of each and see how your folks enjoy them.

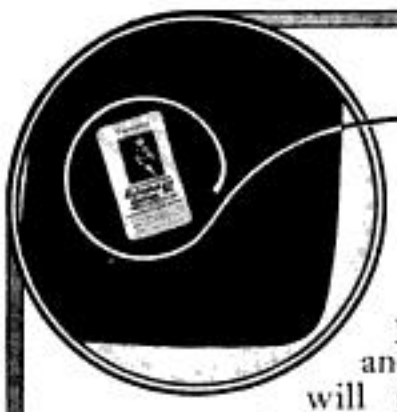
The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Made by the process of Prof. A. P. Anderson

(444)

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For in these suits and overcoats at $17 we offer the values you previously associated only with clothes costing anywhere from $3 to $8 more. A great capacity plant—one of the largest in the whole world—and scientific methods enable us to create this NEW CLOTHING ECONOMY for you.

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The Styleplus Store in your town!



Henry Sonneborn & Co.
Founded 1849 **Baltimore, Md.**

Styleplus Clothes — *Look for this label in the coat*

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically and permanently.

Certain-teed

Rolls Roofing Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. ***Certain-teed*** Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of.

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Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company
E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill.



Certain-teed Shingles for Bungalows and Residences

Certain-teed Roofing in Rolls for Farm Homes and Buildings

tening peaks, the snow-covered islands, and the pale-blue tints of the glacier ice fields entrance the sight and give no hint of the rolling tundras and sunlit valleys of the interior, where the summer air is hot and the gardens are abloom.

To be sure, the season is short but the "midnight sun" works magic, and the outlander must see before he can believe the stories of the vegetables raised up there. Another thing that seems amusingly paradoxical is the fact that the boats now carry heavy shipments of ice cream to the North. The thought suggests coals and Newcastle.

The earth in the making—think of what it means to watch that! To trace the crushing of those mighty bowlders into fragments; the slow grinding of those fragments down, down, down to the pulverized earth from which the tiny plant life emerges. Think of seeing that with your own eyes! And that is [illegible] one phase—one little phase—of the life North. It is no place for [illegible] they are utterly weary of themselves [illegible] life, for even the strong and courageous go down in the battle against the forces of nature. Every recurring spring [illegible] covers the toll that Death has taken, but it goes unheeded. The joy of the struggle—even the remembrance makes the heart beat faster and the old [illegible] grips one again with the call of the [illegible] voices to the wild! That is it—the [illegible] of the primitive man heart to the [illegible] ling of alien forces—and if he goes down well, he goes down! So, year after year the fleet fares forth, the bands play, the cabins are heaped with roses like flower shops; the railing of the decks lined with passengers, smiling or tear-dimmed, sometimes both at once: a bit of gay [illegible] life spread before us, vivid and rai[illegible]

Is an Increment Tax Feasible?

A Reply to a Collier Editorial

BROOKLINE, MASS.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IT WOULD be interesting to consider the relation of the general increment tax (in practical application and as a matter both of abstract justice and of constitutional law) to special assessment taxes paid on account of public improvements supposed to have conferred special benefit upon particular pieces of land. Ohio, I believe, like Massachusetts, is very weak in the application of the special-benefit tax as compared with many progressive States; but in a place like Kansas City, Mo., where nearly the entire cost of acquiring the land and constructing the improvements for the park system and the streets is paid for by special assessments on the land supposed to have been specially benefited, the relationship between these special-increment taxes and a general-increment tax is important. Perhaps it would do to deduct the total amount of all special assessments levied during a given period from the total increment in land value and to assume that the remainder was the amount due to general causes—to community action at large. But such community action, resulting in this general increase in land values, is dependent upon and is supported by the regular annual tax revenue of the city, and if one landowner has been for years paying ten times as much taxes on his land as his smaller neighbor, it would seem that this larger contribution should be taken into account in determining the amount of increment of land value which each should be permitted to receive and retain.

CONSIDER also this question, which seems fundamental to the general-increment tax: *Is it wise for the State or its municipal corporations to gamble against its citizens in the land market with loaded dice?* In a period which is conspicuous for a long-continued and general rise in prices (whether due mainly to the depreciation of gold or to other causes), and also for a long-continued increase in the size of cities, which necessarily involves the lifting of much land from agricultural to urban values, people tend to forget that land not only rises in value but also falls in value. If every increase in the value of each piece of land must be bought and paid for by its owner, and the price of the increase deposited by him in the public treasury, then should he not receive compensation for a decrease in the value of the land due to causes beyond his own [illegible] This is not merely a matter of fairness, it is a matter of public expediency; because to do otherwise, instead of decreasing speculation in land and encouraging investment in fixed improvements, as [illegible] seem to believe, would, it seems to me, have absolutely the reverse effect.

IF the prospective investor who wishes to build a home and live there with his family, or to erect and operate a factory must face on the one hand the possibility of a substantial increase in the market value of the site, which increase he must pay for by an additional cash investment deposited in the public treasury (even though the increase of value may be due to causes that do not benefit his particular business or increase his income); and if he must face, on the other hand, the possibility of a decrease in the market value of the site without corresponding compensation paid to him out of the public treasury, it will look to him so much like "heads you win, tails I lose," as to the land investment that only the prospect of a very large profit on the building will induce him to invest at all. The shrewd speculative trader who devotes his time and study to keeping tabs on the land market and *on the doings of the official valuers* will, however, be in a position to gamble on the uncertainties of the case with a margin in favor of the shrewder and the more successfully corrupt of the traders. The tendency would be to put the ownership of land more and more into the hands of professional landlords and to make the average citizen more and more a [illegible]

All we need to do is gradually to increase the proportion of the total taxes which are raised in this manner, correspondingly relieving taxation upon improvements and otherwise. Just when it will be found expedient to stop [illegible] this process, if at all, short of the single-tax ideal (i. e., the abolishment of all other taxes and the collection of a tax on land equal to the whole economic rent), no one can tell until experience throws more light upon the subject.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

Cheesecloth in the Garden

FLORAL BLUFF, FLA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

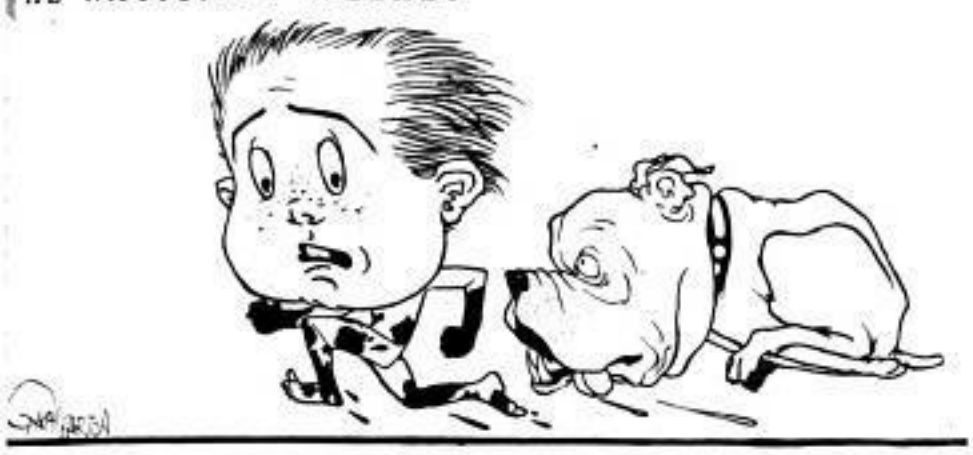
I GET much information from reading the "Farm" articles in your interesting publication, and would like to inquire if your contributors' attention has ever been called to the use of brown cheesecloth for gardens in semitropical portions of the United States. I have found that here in Florida the use of this material, which has the practical effect of cutting off the sun's "actinic" rays, enables me to grow vegetables and grass on the pine barren soil which has hitherto been considered worthless. The cloth is colored by creosote, which can be bought everywhere and applied by anybody.

The use of uncolored cheesecloth by tobacco growers here, in Cuba, and even in the Connecticut valley dates back fifteen or twenty years, but I believe the additional benefit of using this brown color is not generally known. I discovered it accidentally myself, and by use of a kodak found that I was cutting out the actinic rays.

I was told by a doctor that this was precisely the effect of a coat of tan on the skin of a white man, and that I had probably made a discovery of value. Judging from my experience, anyone who has had a little experience in gardening can come to the South and support his family on a quarter of an acre of land the land from Georgia to southern California if he will cut out the "hurtful" rays of the sun and admit the "fertile" [illegible]

I believe the matter to be worthy the careful attention of experts. There never be any secret about it or [illegible] for patent, and it might make many prosperous who are now wilting under fierce actinic rays. RICHARD S. H[illegible]

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Swimming on Sunday

By HOMER CROY

GOVERNOR MAJOR of Missouri says that the happiest days of his life were when he was a boy on a rm and ran away, swimming, Sunday 'ternoon.

I have been a boy on a farm and have n away, swimming, Sunday afternoon, it my great love for the truth keeps e from saying that these were the hap- est days of my boyhood.

One Sunday I invited two boys to me home with me after Sunday school. dinner pa told me not to go swimming the creek that afternoon, as I might t the yellow jaundice. Yellow jaundice comes very few people. Yellow jaun- ce makes a person look too much as ough somebody had dropped an egg in ll possession of its powers on him and en had maliciously hidden the towel.

WE boys wandered out to the creek. We looked into the cool depths of e water, but we couldn't see any yellow undice. We felt that it had been a ckward season for yellow jaundice, d that probably all the spawn had en killed. For some reason or other forgot all about what pa had said, and a fit of absent-mindedness took off my othes. When next I noticed what I as doing I had water in my ear.

We swam down the creek and made a ppery bank, where we would go up the top and coast down on the lower d of our spinal column and our elbows. ring of this, we began to throw mud at ch other, lifting our voices in light- arted laughter. I had just planted a ge, pliable handful of mud in the ear one of the fellows, and was laughing his plight, when I saw pa coming wn by the creek with a long, shapely zel-brush sprout in his hand. The ght had thickened. Then it suddenly rurred to me what pa had said at ner. I felt nonplused at myself for ving forgotten it, and decided to go some quiet spot and think it over ne. With me to think was to act. I ed with great celerity; it was the best nd of celerity I had ever come across. darted out through the underbrush ard my clothes, but some unthinking son had removed my raiment. The son had left no clues. I would have n more content if he had taken the es and left the clothes.

must have clothes! What would ple think if they met me on the moor h nothing on except a mud bath? I nted to save these people all the em- rassment I could, so I streaked it for the house of a neighbor. Here I in- tended to bathe in the water tank and get enough clothes to return home. But the neighbor's dog did not know this; he misunderstood my plans. He thought I had designs on the house. But I hadn't on a single design. All I had on was a layer of gumbo and a friendly mien. I had no place to put my hands. The pockets on my friendly mien were missing.

The dog was a large, quick-tempered creature and rushed at me impulsively. Without my trousers I kept wondering what he would find to set his teeth into. He came at me rapidly, as if that wasn't worrying him. It worried me greatly, although I said nothing to him about it. When he came at me I withdrew. I withdrew so fast that I did not stop to open the gate for him.

Although I was not hampered by any wearing apparel or finery of any kind, I did not make the speed I desired. The dog was good at running. I don't know whether he was bred for running or not —I did not stop to inquire. I did not stop to cavil. I had left all my cavil in my other clothes. The dog snapped at my calf. I removed it as rapidly as I could, and spoke to him in a deep gut- tural, but he paid no heed to my wish to be left alone. Finally I reached the high wooden gate behind our barn and mounted it. Once I was safe, the dog turned and withdrew in the direction whence he came. No effort was made on my part to detain him. Just as I drew in a sigh of relief I heard a step. It was pa with the same hazel sprout in his hand.

OUR greeting was short and our con- versation desultory. When I came down pa told me to turn my back to him, although I felt that this was not man- ners. But immediately I felt something else. I stood with my back to him for a long while, first on one foot, then on the other; part of the time I spent in mid- air. When pa and I had finished with the hazel sprout it was about worn out. So was pa, and I myself felt that we had accomplished enough for one day.

That night at supper mother looked at me and exclaimed: "Why, son, it beats me where you got that mud!"

"It beats me where I got it, too!" I answered fervently, but mother thought mine was just a fill-in answer.

Governor Major's happiest days may have been the ones when he ran away and went swimming on Sunday, but his father must have patronized a different hazel patch from mine.

Lawyer and Landlord

By WALT MASON

HAVING accumulated a comfortable fortune as lawyer, banker, farmer, statesman, and in a few other rôles, le P. Waggener of Atchison got up ew scheme to prevent the possibility is dying rich—at least, too rich. He ds no public libraries or hospitals, he sends no tainted money to the ges; but every summer he celebrates birthday with a grand picnic and horee to which all children are wel- e. Thousands of little ones have the of their lives on Balle's birthday. he foots the bills. The good and the t travel hundreds of miles to see the ivities, and last year President Taft nded, and beamed on the multitudes way that warmed every heart. The rd of virtue is tha: Mr. Waggener is "mentioned" on every street corner sas as good material for the United Senate. This by way of introduc- the following pathetic incident:

Mr. Waggener owns many houses and other property, and has an agent who looks after that business. The other day a man of dejected appearance called up- on him and said:

"Mr. Waggener, I live in a rented house, and the roof leaks, and the doors won't shut, and the windows don't fit. Suppose I refuse to pay rent until the owner makes it habitable; will the law uphold me?"

Mr. Waggener's sympathies always are with the downtrodden and oppressed.

"Surely the law will uphold you," said he "Just refuse to pay rent until re- pairs are made, and if trouble is threatened come to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Waggener, I'll do as you say. I'm living in one of your houses, you see."

For a moment the lawyer looked wilted, but he rallied bravely. "My charge for advice," said he, sternly, "is $50."



One of the Burley Tobacco Company's "City Club" Farms—The Premier Soil

Twice Selected

From The Premier Burley Soil

Smokers should know where their Burley is grown if they want to get the best.

For there's a vast difference in these tobaccos, which is due to different soils.

City Club—the finest brand of Burley ever sold in a 10-cent tin—is raised on the famous "Blue Grass" sod of Kentucky's hillside slopes.

No other land is so rich in limestone deposits. It forms *The Premier Soil* for Burley.

Here, the long, silky, light-colored leaves known as The Precious White Burley, grow as they grow nowhere else in the world.

The King Leaf From Each Plant

We get "the cream" crops from 200,000 acres. We separate them into grades in our own warehouse—the largest in the world. Then we pick over Grade No. 1 to sift out the choicest leaves.

Thus we get the *King Leaf*, from these perfect plants, to make the finest Burley smoke men know.

Do You Smoke Such Tobacco?

Compare it, side by side, with your present best-liked brand. Decide if that brand is "Premier Soil" tobacco. You who want exquisite mildness with rich, full-bodied flavor, must get your tobacco from such soil.

From Seed to Tin

We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

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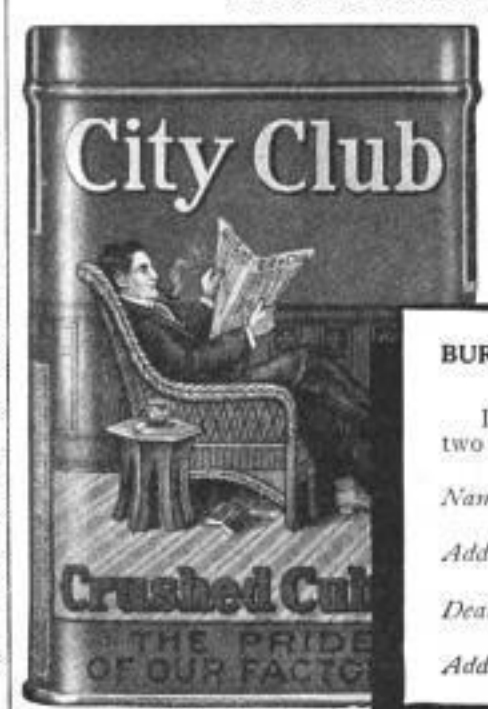
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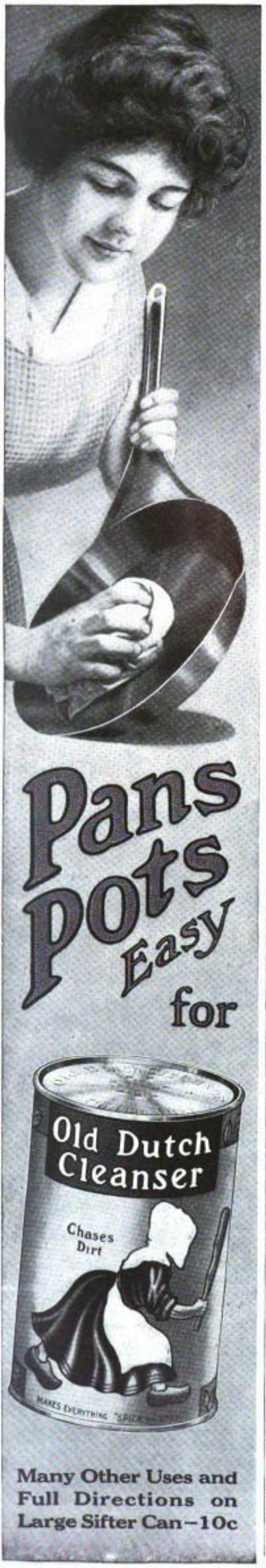
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Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

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Brickbats & Bouquets

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COLLIER'S editorials shine with unabated brightness. . . . And the best part of many of them is their spiritual quality. Emotion is happily mixed with reason. That is why I cut them out and paste them on my shop walls. "The Poet," "Worry," and many of the kind are blessings to us who have fallen so far short of our expectations.

JOHN H. BRAYTON.

✚

We have always liked COLLIER'S WEEKLY for a fighting magazine, though it does not fight the main scrimmage line.—*The Masses* (Socialist), New York.

✚

Incidentally we gather from the way COLLIER'S is bragging on itself that W. R. Hearst is running it.—Topeka (Kas.) *Capital.*

✚

Every time we read COLLIER'S WEEKLY our shoulders begin to itch with that strange desire to sprout wings and fly away from all the forces of evil. Virtue drips from every line in COLLIER'S, like honey from a beehive.—Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser.*

✚

PALESTINE, TEX.

COLLIER'S is blazing the way that all other decent periodicals must one day follow. After a long and intimate acquaintance with the pages of your estimable sheet, I will make the assertion that for intrepid daring to take the side of right as opposed to wrong, reckless of every consequence that may follow, COLLIER'S is without a peer to-day. Its careless readiness in this regard is no less apparent than its intellectual acumen in the premises. Its strength is a terror to evildoers in high places. . . . Its utterances are timely, illumining, and comprehensive. No modern, befogged and bewildered as he often is as to current issues, can well get on entirely neglectful of the great white way that follows the dazzling searchlight of COLLIER'S magazine. You have the "God-speed" of every honest American.

JNO. C. SILLIMAN.

✚

DANVILLE, ILL.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY always did appeal to me. But it now has taken on new life, and every week becomes more and more interesting. And the series of articles, "The New Politics," by R. M. McClintock, touches the mainspring of all.

JAMES KNOX.

✚

The fastidious COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Columbus (Ohio) *Journal.*

✚

COLLIER'S is a noisy and offensive busybody.—Arkansaw (Ark.) *Thomas Cat.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY protests that the Congressional Record is unreliable. This is one of the least of its faults. The chief complaint against the Record is that it is utterly dull and hopelessly stupid.—Kansas City (Mo.) *Star.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says the Congressional Record is unreliable, which is the first direct evidence we have had that anybody ever read it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY gravely informs us that the Congressional Record is unreliable, but we hardly think that any great number of people will be led astray by unreliable information gathered from scanning its pages.—Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian-Pilot.*

✚

There are other signs that COLLIER'S intends to butt in to the liquor evil.—Holyoke (Mass.) *Transcript.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY announces an undertaking which is the silliest and wildest yet attempted even in the sensational press most earnestly seeking fame and circulation returns by appeals to disorderly and anti-American feeling.—Roanoke (Va.) *Times.*

✚

Every day reveals the truth of the fact set forth by COLLIER'S that there is an indissoluble partnership between the evil influences that menace the integrity of American cities.—Louisville (Ky.) *Post.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

From the viewpoint of a salesman, a veteran I may say, Mr. Maxwell's story about "Salesmanship" is strictly all right. His style alone makes the article interesting, and his knowledge of his craft is thorough.

CLAUDE C. HAYWARD.

✚

The "Hawk-Eye" believes that there are many sane Democrats in Congress who will act as a check on any attempt to carry out COLLIER'S idea of free-trade tariff ripping.—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye.*

✚

"Direct legislation" has not brought with it the millennium. One of the chief advocates of this reform—COLLIER'S WEEKLY—admits with regret that the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people" already is deteriorating that body.—Denver (Colo.) *Times.*

✚

As time advances, COLLIER'S is gaining more securely its place as the foremost weekly of the nation, and the cause of this popularity is the broad, sensible view it takes of men and things.—Corning (Cal.) *Observer.*

✚

Mark Sullivan, whose "Comment on Congress" in COLLIER'S WEEKLY is among the most powerful agencies in weekly journalism working for cleaner politics, is a friend of the Wilson-Underwood Bill, an enemy of the tax on sugar, or rather of the strategy of the friends of sugar in the past and now.—New Orleans (La.) *Item.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will find that they have not got a Fairbanks to deal with in Governor Sulzer of New York. They assassinated Vice President Fairbanks politically, but unless we are very much mistaken, Sulzer will give them a little more excitement. Ridicule is one of the deadliest and most contemptible weapons a newspaper can use, and the spectacle of a great paper like COLLIER'S stooping to such mean attacks on a man of the known character and ability of Governor Sulzer is disgusting.—Grand Junction (Colo.) *Daily News.*

✚

The leading editorial in COLLIER'S WEEKLY this week on Governor Sulzer, reproduced in the "Star" yesterday afternoon in the article headed "Shed no Tears for Sulzer," is a remarkable bit of character analysis. If you happened to miss it, look it up.—Kansas City (Mo.) *Times.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, an unusually fair and independent publication.—Richmond (Ind.) *Palladium.*

✚

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Permit me to express my great pleasure at the stand you take on moral questions. Your paper is a mighty force.

EMMA HARRIMAN.

✚

ALAMOGORDO, N. MEX.

It is reasonable to assume that you appreciate the worth of Peter Clark Macfarlane as a correspondent, but you do not know how heartily I agree with you. The purpose of this letter is, therefore, to remedy your deficiency in the latter respect. He set a high standard in the beginning of his work for you. I thought he would do well to maintain that standard. Instead he continues to develop strength and power hitherto held in reserve. His "Building an Exposition" is the work of a master from the beginning, which holds the attention, clear through to the end, which is eloquent enough to deserve to be called a peroration.

GUTHRIE SMITH.

✚

NEW YORK.

My congratulations to you. You are making the best magazine you ever put out. I am "foolish" maybe to like having some one pat me on the shoulder when I have done something good. I believe you are, too. So I am telling you. And I ought to know, for I have read COLLIER'S (good and bad) for more than ten years. Most of the time I've owed you money. I think I do now, and I'm glad of it.

J. W. BINDER.



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Enter Posey Cotton

(Concluded from page 6)

very detail of her seductive appearnce from the tip of her buckskin toe the remotest quiver of that curving ower of fortune made.

Miss Trottie on her side took to em. As she scooped sorbetti out of orange wreathed in smilax, with quick tle stabs of momentary interest in food, e said that she would get the manager give them both places in the chorus. Mrs. otton had reservations about choruses. would all have been far easier, of ourse, if Mrs. Cotton had not held to ite inflexible reservations regarding usical comedy. But in this case Miss rottie assured her that everything was bsolutely all right," the costumes, the retto. As they said good night about e door of Miss Trottie's machine, it as arranged that they were to meet the next day at the theatre at 2.30. hey came home at five with contracts their pockets. One day at rehearsal iss Trottie, prancing off after the bang, bang, bang" song, came upon the ber of her protégées in the wings and t down on an adjacent gilded wheelrrow to talk things over.

"Now I like you," said Miss Trottie airfax to the electrified Posey. "I think u're all right. I like the way you do ur work. You stand around when I'm on d watch everything I do and how I do and some day I'll be sick and get you a ance to rehearse in my place. They don't e the understudy. You Posey-Cotton up the comedy man too. He's your golden ir to fame. He goes off a pound every ne he hears the understudy's name."

In two days Posey knew all the songs. y the fall of the fourth day she could ve gone through the business with an rthquake rippling under her feet. She ould have straightened her chic little t with the silver quills slanting either ay across the back like the tails of me heavenly cocks in battle, and when e echo of falling architecture had bsided she would have been heard st closing the chorus. One morning hen they were waiting for Miss Trot- to arrive, a thing always difficult for iss Trottie to do, the comedian asked e stage director to try Miss Cotton in e "You Are So Dear to Me" song.

"What's the name again?" inquired e stage director as the palpitating sey was beckoned out into the open. sey told herself that everything deended upon the next four minutes.

"You do that just the way I like it, did," said the comedian when they had ished, and patted her on the cheek. sey thought she had never known such pleasant man.

"The Gunpowder Girl" had an immeate success. It was, as Mrs. Cotton d with infinite relief, "so refined." You uld have taken an aunt to it. Miss Trot- blew through it as daintily as a drift apple blossoms across a floor. The altz song was to be heard along with e chatter of every café. Posey and Milly ttled down to the routine of a winter's n in New York. They tasted the intoxiion of being part of a success, and ung into a great wheel of new experices and efforts. Every night when they me home there was a hot supper, over ich Mrs. Cotton listened to the reports the evening and offered motherly adce on every thinkable point.

ONE Saturday afternoon in February, as she was partaking of a late lunch- on the kitchen table, there was a call r Mrs. Cotton on the telephone, and illy's voice, shaking with excitement, eeted her from the other end.

"Mother, Posey's *on*," it said. "She's *now*. Come right down. Oh, mother, e's so cunning with her feet—you don't ow. She sort of rolls them over the way e did when she was a tiny little girl." Mrs. Cotton, wiping away tears, abandoning those hooks which her hands embled too much to secure in their oper eyes, sitting on the car with her art trumpeting hosannas of brass long all those people who hadn't ughters going up in stage careers, somew reached the theatre, procured a ticket, l from her place at the rear of the part she gazed across the breathing darks at that half-shrinking little figure and veiled a bright span of time which was her minutes nor years—just life.

t was that day that I came upon sey. The curtain was lifted a little le at the beginning of the play, and of those depressing gentlemen who ounce a change of cast appeared before it with a letter in his hand. The audience received his news with the melancholy characteristic of audiences presented with an understudy. The curtain rolled up on the usual harbor of a tropical island—frothing skirts of white tarlatan, flying green ribbons, poppy-wreathed hats, uniforms of scarlet and Prussian blue, passing and counter passing—the scruff of sandpaper tingling behind the heat of feet. The scene foamed off into a welter of color. The conductor made a quick pass of his baton. The soubrette fluttered out to the footlights. Her breath was rather quick on her lips. The tenor and comedian closed in on each side of her. She seemed somehow—like some one—I saw that it was Posey Cotton. I am sure everybody in the house must have smiled. There was such a radiance of dew on that appealing young figure, so careful, so watchful, so very brave, trying to make no mistakes, beseeching you to like it ($30 a week between those two $1,000 a week public favorites), standing with her feet rather close together.

BEFORE the girls came out, Mrs. Cotton stole away. Nobody ate much at dinner. Posey had to tell the story over and over—how the stage director had met her in the hall as they went in, and said: "Miss Cotton, we'll have to put you on in the title rôle this afternoon. I don't see myself how you're ever to get through with it, but Miss Fairfax 'has tonsilitis'—she's really getting a divorce—and the comedian refused to have the official understudy." She had to tell and retell how she was just going to say: "Mr. Macomber, I couldn't possibly do it—I've never even been on the stage alone," when Milly gave her a dreadful nudge and said: "You know what mother'd say, Posey"—and so she answered instead: "I'll do my best, Mr. Macomber"; how the comedian said to her not to be frightened—he'd stand in the wings all the time she was on; how he gave her a little push when her cue came and said: "There you are now—ladle out Posey preferred to 'em—they're gasping for it"; how she looked back and saw Milly; how her blood froze when she saw that the manager was in his box; how your knees acted so queer at first that you couldn't think of anything else; how the audience applauded so once that she had to go back three times; how she had done each song "like this," and how she was going to do it "like this" in the evening.

"Posey, you *must* eat something," urged Mrs. Cotton as time drew near for the girls to go back to the theatre. "You must drink a glass of milk anyway."

"Oh, *mother*, I couldn't *eat*," cried Posey, quite beyond carnal wants.

The entire household attended the evening performance: Academy of Fine Arts, brown corduroy without belt line, profile of the sorceress of the Nile, "the eyelids are a little weary" sort, walk undulating; "the Kaus" with hands in its pockets, crush hat, and a breath which would have suggested cigarettes to Mrs. Cotton if such a thing could be; and Mrs. Cotton herself pale as an underfed archangel—they filed in, as exalted a row of dreamers as sat in the house that night, I am sure. Miss Trottie absented herself on two evenings of the following week and Posey took her place. About the table after they came home she danced and sang and showed how she "intended to do it next time." Long after the rest of the glowing little household had fallen away to bed, Mrs. Cotton sat with stiffening eyelids and suggested and listened.

"Oh, mother, you aren't interested!" cried the indefatigable Posey when the head of her audience dropped on its hand upon the stroke of three.

"It isn't every woman who could be the mother of an actress," commented Mrs. Cotton, smiling in her quiet certainty of knowing one fitted for that destiny. They looked at each other. It was all the story there was.

"That's all—yet," said Posey, falling into her young moon curve in the other side of her morris chair. "I'm back in the line now. I just stand in front of the fireplace and shake hands with three earls at the Lord Duntatterly's ball, and in the last act I say: 'I do not know, my lord.' But I'm only twenty-one," and the fireflies touched me with their soft wingy gilt, "and I've been on four times in a leading rôle on Broadway."



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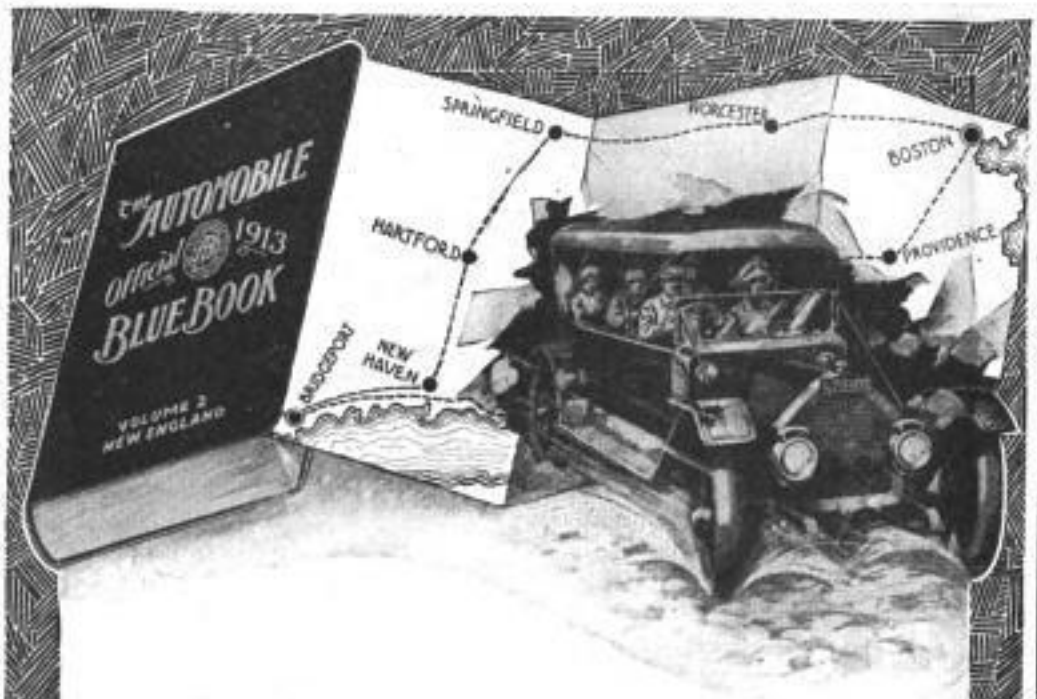
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Inspiration Heights

(Continued from page 8)

However, Brandt told Georgia of Boggs's offer, at which she flared indignantly.

"The nerve of that man! Expecting you to put real money into this hot-air concern!"

"You don't think it a good idea?"

"Gee whiz, Brandt! You need a guardian!"

Brandt was conscious that he ought to feel resentful at that. But he could never bring himself to resent Georgia's speeches, however scathing. By now he liked Georgia so much that he even admired her; and he was in love with her eyes, and had discovered that all of her crinkly drab hair was her own.

"What would you suggest, Georgia?"

"Buck Boggs and open an office for yourself," Georgia suggested promptly. "Why not? When Boggs threw his hat into the ring, he hadn't a thing but jawbone to work on. Couldn't pay the first month's office rent in advance. But he's long on nerve and it's not a bad thing to have."

"But—but, Georgia, I couldn't get along without you," complained Brandt helplessly.

A DARK blush mounted up in Georgia's thick-skinned face, but she treated the question with her usual straight-from-the-shoulder blow.

"Well, you won't need to. Give me desk room and I'll open a public typewriting place. I've been planning to do that for two months. The arrangement will suit me, and it will be good business for you."

A week later Brandt had chosen two small adjoining rooms in another building, and in a couple of days more "Brandt Ashe, Real Estate," and underneath it, "Georgia McGee, Public Stenographer" appeared on the ground-glass door.

Both the real estate and the typewriting business prospered. Success brought its own, and Brandt began to gather a small clientage. Georgia took charge of the office details. Practically all that Brandt did was to exhibit the property to prospective purchasers. One day, eight months after the office had opened, Georgia said:

"Say, Brandt, Jim Turbell has got an aunt or cousin or grandmother or something over east of the mountains somewhere who wants to sell a farm. Jim gave me the description and I've sent out a dozen or so letters to some names I've listed inquiring for farms. Maybe we'll turn a sale, eh?"

"Much in it?" inquired Brandt, absently. He was tracing a location on a blue print and did not look up.

"Sure. It's one of those fruit-land affairs. There'll be twenty-five hundred in commission if we turn the trick."

Brandt looked up with a smile at her. "Here's hoping we do!" he said.

GEORGIA echoed the hope, and then Brandt thought no more about it, pending Georgia's report on further development of the situation, until one day Georgia told him with some excitement that a man had bought the place.

"One of the names on my list, too. What do you think of that! He was such a cheap-looking geezer, I didn't think it worth while to even speak of his having been in the day he blew in here and I sent him over to Jim to get particulars. Seems as if he tore out and went over to see it, right off. He was over here this morning with Jim, and from the way he was acting you'd suppose he was afraid the ranch would get away before he could cinch the deal. He was on the jump to leave for the East. Somebody back somewhere had died or something and he had to go see about it, so he left power of attorney with Jim to fix everything on the hook. Seems as if he's some relation to somebody that Jim's kin to by marriage or death or something. Jim's fixing things up right away, and maybe you'll get in the commission in time to turn that option trick on that piece of acreage south of town. If we—you—could plat that, it'll be a big thing. These big sales beat rubbing the old lamp, eh?" That was what Brandt thought, but he insisted that half the commission was hers, and only desisted from teasing her to accept it when he saw that she was becoming really hurt and displeased. He was thinking of it two days later, returning from the bank after depositing the check for commission



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that Jim Tarbell had left in the office for him. He was trying to think of some way whereby he might possess Georgia of her rightful share of the amount. As he stepped in the office, he heard Jim Tarbell's voice, pitched angrily, talking to Georgia in the inner office, the door of which stood slightly ajar. Naturally he gave ear without thinking, and the words arrested him on the threshold:

"—— how much longer this nonsense is to continue, and where you expect to get off at. If your brother was alive—"

"IF my brother was alive, he would know enough to attend to his own business," countered Georgia, wrathfully.

"Meaning that I don't!" retorted Tarbell hotly. "It's just what I *am* doing —attending to my own business."

"And then some!" flung back Georgia.

"I suppose you are going to *marry* that fellow!" came from Tarbell.

"I am," replied Georgia, her voice dropped to a calm of concentrated rage. "I am; and what are *you* going to do about it?"

"You *are* a fool," returned Tarbell with conviction.

"That will do for you, Jim Tarbell—"

Suddenly Brandt realized that he was listening to a conversation not intended for his ears, and with the realization he acted with automatic suddenness. He simply stepped backward and walked away as fast as possible. It seemed to him that something was squeezing him very tightly and he breathed with difficulty. Also when he pushed the elevator signal, he noted that his hand was shaking. An hour later he returned: Tarbell was gone, and Georgia was all serene and humming softly to herself. She glanced up and started to speak and then stopped and stared hard at Brandt.

"Why, how funny you look, Brandt. What's the matter?"

After a second's hesitation, Brandt went right to the quick of the matter.

"Georgia, I came in a while ago when Tarbell was talking to you. I couldn't help overhearing what he said—and what you said."

THE effect of this upon Georgia was startling. She went white and stood up, gazing at Brandt speechlessly.

"I am sorry, Georgia. But I wanted to tell you that I'd heard. Please don't look as if you minded my knowing so much. I'd never thought of your marrying, and it kind of knocked me out, I guess. You see, I'm a creature of habit, I suppose, and it takes a jolt to bring me face about."

"My—*what?*" ejaculated Georgia. The color had not yet started back to her face, and she looked on the verge of a breakdown.

"I'm sorry I overheard, Georgia, if you mind telling me so much; but I happened to step in just as Tarbell asked you the question, were you going to marry somebody, and I—you answered that you were. I had not intended to stand listening; as soon as I got my wits, I backed out and went away. Georgia, I guess I'm a fool all right, but until—"

"*Was* that all you heard, Brandt?" cried Georgia, the color sweeping back into her face, a joyous light glowing in her brilliant eyes. "Honestly, honor bright, Brandt?"

"Certainly, Georgia," answered Brandt, dully. "But that was enough for me. But since I've already heard that much, don't you think we're friends enough to tell me the rest—who, and when? You see I want to know the worst." He produced a wry smile; Georgia seized his hand with a buoyant joyousness.

"All right, Brandt. Here's the worst! Jim and I got to quarreling, and I said that just to put one over on him, I'm not going to marry at all. How could I be going to marry and you not know it?"

"You couldn't, I hope, Georgia, *dear!*" cried Brandt fervently. "For when you do marry, I hope that it will be to *me*. Do you—*could* you think about it, Georgia?"

GEORGIA smiled adorably. She did not reply as she might have done that she had already thought of that very thing many times: and even dreamed of it in her sleep. But her smile was apparently satisfying and conclusive to Brandt; and within the half hour following the two of them reached a very complete and detailed understanding, even to the date of the wedding day.

"What's the use of waiting, Georgia? I'm becoming horribly rich—nearly

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$5,000 to the windward!" boasted Brandt gleefully. And with adorable compliance Georgia agreed that there was no use in waiting, and consented to a marriage so sudden that it amounted to a premeditated elopement. Brandt wished to include a visit to Uncle Peter's in the wedding trip. "Honestly, I feel as if I owed my life's happiness to Uncle Peter, Georgia! If it hadn't been for his acting up, I'd never have come out here, and so I'd never have met you!"

Georgia appreciated that point, but she presented several well-taken reasons for not making the visit at least right away. But it came to pass by a trick of luck that Brandt was destined to go after all, for the very day after their return from the wedding trip—a very short little trip into British Columbia—a telegram summoned Brandt to Uncle Peter, who was desperately ill. Georgia insisted upon remaining to attend to the office business, and Brandt went alone. However, Uncle Peter's illness transpired to be more acute than serious, for he was already recovering when Brandt reached the ranch. Brandt remained for a two-days' visit. He enjoyed modestly airing his success to Uncle Peter. But Uncle Peter took it calmly enough.

"I AIN'T grudgin' the admission you done well by yourself, but I 'low it's more of a happen so. Anyway, I'm glad you've wed a sensible wife. I'm fixin' up a deed to a fine forty of fruit land f'r a weddin' gift. I jist bought it last week off'n' Jim Tarbell, a Seattle feller. He's fust cousin to a farmer woman that owns that three hundred and twenty acres next jined to mine. It seems she's gone and married some wuthless feller in Seattle where she's went to live f'r a couple o' years past with the place leased out. Jim was out here last week ez mad ez a duck in a windstorm. It seems ez if th' gal has been cavort'n' 'round buyin' up her own land in diffrunt names and causin' Jim all kinds of trouble gettin' abstracts and titles onkinked from the tangle, and sich; and finally she ups and did actually sell a forty of the land, and I bought it, ez ten acres is all ready to bear in one more year.

"She's th' gal I wanted you should marry, Brandt. I didn't know she was livin' away from the place when I wrote ye'. Her folks was oncommonly sensible, an I figgered she must of got some sense; but women's sense is like a pig in a poke, enyhow. You generally can't tell whether they've got it er not when they ain't got a man to boss 'em. Jim he tried to hold this one down, but she jest kicked over the traces and went, and he couldn't do narthin' with her, though he's wore hisself thin trying. She's a long-legged, rangy critter, seventeen hands high, and her eyes sorter toe in; but she owns a terrible fine piece o' land, and I think she'd a suited you, Brandt."

"What was her name?" asked Brandt, with a peculiar premonition.

"Georgia McGee," said Uncle Peter.

Sic Transit

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CAN this be Death?
I did not know
That Death could be so kind:
I feared immeasurable woe—
A choking, horrid fight for breath—
A rushing of the wind.

But—over there,
What strange clear Light
Is breaking through the darkened skies?
Whose hushed Prayer
Divides the solemn pauses of the Night?
What form is it that flies
And brings to me an unguessed Peace,
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Lips pressed upon the racking pain?
With what unalterable gain
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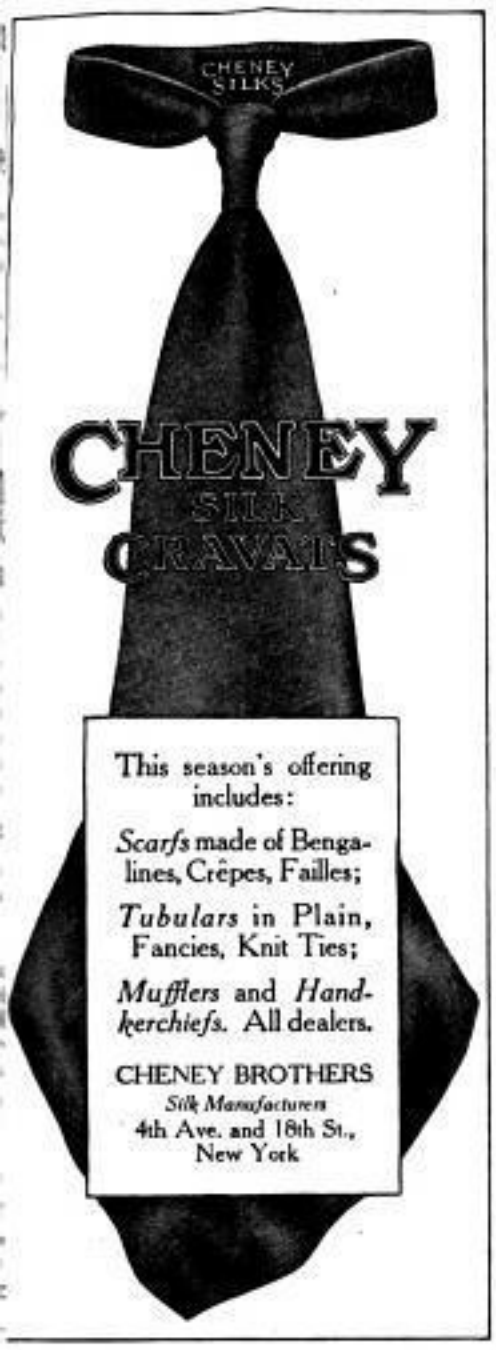
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The Pink Sox Scout

(*Concluded from page 10*)

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COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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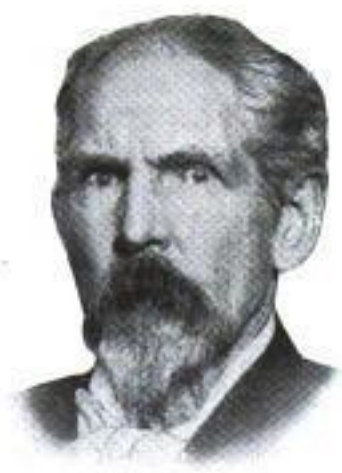
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